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W. L. Hamling (himself)



IMAGINATION is funny

By Les and Es Cole

THE EDITORIAL in the Nov., 1951, issue of IMAGINATION is the antithesis of everything we had come to hold desirable in the field of science fiction, and should the trend, as indicated by that editorial, continue, we and others of our ilk shall probably be driven from the field. It seems incredible to us that a person holding a responsible position as editor of a science fiction magazine -- any science fiction magazine -- could indulge in such hysterical immaturity as that displayed by William L. Hamling.

Briefly, the person makes these pithy points: (1) the great post-war increase in stf popularity is good, but the trend towards "intellectual type" stories (and God knows how intellectual stf has become!) is bad because it shows "a rather disturbing lack of proper direction." (2) Science fiction should not "grow up" because its only purpose now and in the past has been to "entertain." (3) The trend is now toward the adult or "intellectual type" of story and away from the escapist adventure, suspense and solid action story. (And yes, you-high-IQ'd-moron, that's very nearly a direct quote!) (4) A story or picture may be defined in absolute terms of good or bad dependent upon its popularity with the public.

THERE'S MORE in this fantastic indictment, but we wish to discuss those basic points first. It is time, we feel, to put a stop to the huckstering of the professionals in regard to the desirability of increased stf population. The only reason why this can possibly be considered "good" is that it attracts more buyers to the field. Frankly, we don't give a damn about the increased numbers of crackpots attracted by Hamling's magazine. What we find fearful is the incapability of Mr. Hamling's giant brain to wrestle with such "intellectual type" stories as those appearing in WONDER, STARTING, and PLANET to name a few. These apparently show the "lack of proper direction."

WE WILL grant that the prime purpose of science fiction is to entertain. However, the implication that science fiction cannot be mature and entertaining both, bespeaks only the rather low level of editorial policy found in IMAGINATION.

ASIDE from the fact that some of the most "adult" literature we've read has been "escapist, suspenseful and solid-action," we seriously question Hamling's statement that stf is trending towards maturity and away from adventure stories. Obviously there are two points of view being expressed here. We feel that the only science fiction magazines worth reading are ASF, GALAXY and MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. Below these we find most of the magazines operating on the SSS policy: Sex, Sensationalism, and Shallow Plotting.

On the other hand, Hamling apparently feels that the afore-mentioned three are setting out on the deliberate policy of showing up the rest and trying to "educate" them from snobbish heights. (This, incidentally, is quite plain from Hamling's defensive attitude.) As we say, it's a question of subjective appeal. But we do point with pride to the great popularity that GALAXY attained within an issue or two. Seems as though some of the old guard, reactionary snobs are still with us, doesn't it?

The other point we wish to discuss -- the old "if it sells, it's good" philosophy -- is really a special case of Thrasymachus' general theorem that "Justice is the interest of the stronger or ruler" or, to jazz things up a bit, "Might makes right." We don't intend to launch a long philosophical argument here. What we would like to bring out is that this thinking results in the typical Hollywood picture (The Public likes Betty Grable musicals, and the Public-God bless it! - cannot be wrong.); it results in the Jack Woodford novel; it results in TV; and it results in mob

thinking and politico-economic systems like the late, unmourned Nazis.

On a lower level the "if it sells it's good" idea defines "good" or "bad" literature in absolute terms of public approval. That may appeal to a particular kind of mind, but completely disregards certain implied moral and cultural values in literature, certain "non-speakable" or indefinable values to which we as a nation always give lip-service. This last may sound contradictory, but think it over. After all, isn't this American, land of free opportunity with the biggest, bestest, mostest Public Libraries in the world? But let's can that: if it sells it's good and burn-the-books-boys, there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!

Further on in the editorial we come across a beautiful example of confusion-and-half-truth technique. Hamling says, " 'ROCKETSHIP X-M' hit the theaters before 'DESTINATION MOON' which had quite a bit of advance billing. X-M did a land-office business. 'DESTINATION MOON' did not apparently achieve the heights of popularity expected. As far as we can see, the reason for this was that 'DESTINATION MOON' concentrated too much on the technical side instead of the story side."

A quick reading of the foregoing quote might leave the reader with the impression that the Lippert production was better box-office than DESTINATION MOON, and the reason for this was because the latter was too technical. Our sources in The Industry say DESTINATION MOON did much better than Hollywood, in general, expected it to and that the only reason ROCKETSHIP X-M produced a profit was because it cashed in on Pal's publicity.

According to VARIETY, October 3, 1951, under the lead "Predict More Science Fiction Pix," DESTINATION MOON grossed \$2,800,000 in the U.S. and Britain while ROCKETSHIP X-M took in \$600,000.

We are going to leave you with a bad taste in your mouth. We are going to quote from the summation of the editorial:

The so-called adult story is nothing more than an attempt to show the reader how dumb he is and how smart the editor is. . . So we're going on record right now with IMAGINATION. We don't intend to force intellectual nonsense on you, our readers. We're convinced you can do your own thinking and further that it would be an insult to infer that you can't. Science fiction readers are mentally adult or they wouldn't be reading it!"

A PROPHET IS WITHOUT HONOR IN HIS OWN SOCIETY,

AND THE "GARGANTUAN LAUGHTER" BECOMES A SHAMEFACED SNIGGLE.

Charles Fort

and a

Man Named Thayer

By ROBERT BARBOUR JOHNSON

On a certain January evening, back in the year 1931, a group of prominent gentlemen gathered in the New York flat of one Charles Hoy Fort, a resident of the Bronx. Present were Theodore Dreiser, Burton Rascoe, Harry Elmer Barnes, John Cowper Powys, Booth Tarkington, Harry Loen Wilson, Ben Hecht, Alexander Woolcott, Clarence Darrow, J. David Sterne, Aaron Sussman, the publisher, and several others, including E. Allen Smith, who later wrote an amusing though slightly inaccurate account of the proceedings. The purpose of the meeting was the establishment of a "Fortean Society," to carry on the work of their host, and to spread his ideas.

As for Fort himself, he surely needs no introduction to devotees of fantasy and science fiction, since he may well be termed the "spiritual father" of both fields of literature, especially in recent years. It was recently proposed to form a club that would be called "Writers Who Have Stolen Plots from Charles Fort, Inc." But the idea was dropped when it was realized that such a group would have to include virtually every modern author in the imaginative field, including many now deceased! At least a dozen full length

novels, and more than a hundred short stories have been founded, directly or indirectly, on ideas set forth in his four books; "Lo!", "The Book of the Damned," "Wild Talents" and "New Lands". And more are turning up all the time.

A or is this surprising. For these books are a compilation, documented, indexed and classified, of strange, eerie, and inexplicable happenings on this supposedly mundane earth of ours within the last century -- happenings far stranger than the most wild-eyed pulp fictioneer ever dreamed up! Through his pages stalk unknown animals, alien races visitants from other planets, survivals of strange cults, rains of blood and living creatures, teleportations, and a whole host of people, living among us, yet seemingly possessed of powers and abilities that border on the supernatural. Men they could not catch. Men they could not see. Men they could not hang. The maddest menagerie and freak show ever assembled under one canvas! And all of them from fairly reputable sources; newspapers, records, police blotters, even scientific publications and textbooks. Yet somehow, they were ignored by a world that could not fit them into any definite category, and preferred to relegate them to oblivion; "Damned facts", by orthodox science, yet well attested. Startling to read and nightmarish to speculate upon.

They may not all be true, of course. Indeed, there is strong evidence that Fort did not actually believe all of them himself, or the theories he drew from them. Many are unquestionably "hoaxes" arising from the most gargantuan sense of humor in modern letters. Physically, the man was an almost exact "double" for the screen comedian, Chester Conklin and he was also pure "Mack Sennett" in mentality! His books were written with a slapstick instead of a pen and are one long guffaw from start to finish, interlarded with conceits and wisecracks to a degree that sometimes offends more serious readers.

S till, the fact that Fort himself invented nothing, but simply set down what had been previously recorded by thousands of observers all over the world -- this seems to mitigate against hoaxing to a large degree. There is nothing obviously faked in the books. I have, of course, not been able to check all the innumerable references myself; it would take a lifetime. But I have checked a considerable number, and they are all correct. The things happened, or, at least, vast numbers of disinterested witnesses believed they saw them happen. Moreover, they have gone on happening, since Fort's death. The amount of "Fortean occurrences" in recent

ber, and they are all correct. The things happened, or, at least, vast numbers of disinterested witnesses believed they saw them happen. Moreover, they have gone on happening, since Fort's death. The amount of "Fortean occurrences" in recent years has been startling; certainly his books would have been colossal expanded had he lived a while longer. In one department alone, the famous "flying saucers," more phenomena have accumulated in the last four years than in the century and a half previous! At the time he wrote "The Book of the Damned," absolutely no one but himself believed in "flying saucers". Now, I think it is safe to say that a majority of thinking people do, though they may have variant theories to explain them.

S o, at the very least, his theories deserve investigation. And it is highly unlikely that they will get it from orthodox scientists. Science has become a bit more broadminded since his day, what with Einstein and the atomic bomb! It's horizons have been enlarged somewhat, if by blasting! Still, the attitude remains pretty much that of a prominent physicist with whom I talked only the other day. He solemnly assured me that Fort was all wrong in his ideas about scientists; that while a certain dogmatism may have existed once, it was all gone now, and that present savants are wholly open-minded and ready to investigate anything, without preconceptions. "Do you mean," I pressed him, "that if I were to bring a werewolf into your laboratory, that you would investigate it without prejudice?" "Oh, well," he shrugged, "of course, there ARE no werewolves. . ."

H ence an organization wholly dedicated to the collection and investigation of Fortean phenomena is not only desirable, but necessary, if anything is ever to be learned at all. It could be of tremendous benefit, in enlarging the knowledge of mankind. It is my painful duty to record, however, that the present Fortean Society is NOT that organization, and shows no signs of ever becoming so.

T he whole trouble seems to be that the group is in the hands of the wrong people; or rather, the wrong person. Even that group of original Founders, though admittedly eminent, were none of them Fantasy writers, or even students of the subject. They constitute almost a "Who's Who" of non-imaginative writing. Of the lot, only Woolcott and Hecht ever even dabbled in the field. Not a single famous Wierd, or science fiction writer is listed in that original roster. A

few have joined it since: A. Merritt belonged until his death and Ivan T. Sanderson, the "wired Naturalist," who has discovered evidence of so many strange creatures, is a present member. But such men are few and they have nothing whatever to do with running the Society. Indeed, they do not seem even to be welcomed.

The whole organization has gravitated into the hands of one man, original secretary, Tiffany Thayer. Six of the Founders, beginning with Dreiser, edited one issue each of the Society's publication, "Doubt", then gradually dropped out. Thayer has edited all subsequent issues of the magazine, collect the moneys, handles all the correspondence, and is very much a "one man band." To all practical purposes he IS the Society.

Aor, so far as can be learned, has Tiffany Thayer any qualifications whatever for that role, apart from having taken it over. He was a professional writer, but not in the least along Fortean lines. He is the author of such books as "The Old Goat," "Call Her Savage," and other works distinguished chiefly for a rather dull pornography, totally unrelieved by the imaginative touches of such as Thorne Smith. In recent years, Thayer seems to have devoted himself wholly to the running of the Society, which presumably also provides his income. He apparently uses it entirely as a vehicle for his own ideas and "pet peeves," which no check on his authority whatsoever.

The members of the San Francisco branch found that out to their sorrow, a couple of years ago! This Chapter, made up largely of writers, artists and students of bizarre subjects, all Fortean devotees, was not only the second largest in the country, but the first to hold regular meetings and investigate phenomena as a group. It was honored by the title of "Chapter II", with New York as "Chapter I". Meeting in the "Writers' Workshop" of Kenneth MacNickoll, on Lombard Street, its gatherings often numbered fifty or more. It gathered and forwarded tremendous quantities of data, none of which ever appeared in the Fortean magazine. Thayer was critical of the Chapter from the beginning, since it insisted on following straight Fortean lines and ignoring his innovations. "Most of the members," he complained in a letter. "are not so much concerned with two-headed calves as with other rebellions!"

Finding us adamant, he resorted to stronger measures. Using the pretext of some correspondence with "Fate" magazine, (of which he disapproves, possibly because it con-

tains more actual Fortean matter than his own publication) he simply excommunicated the entire Chapter, forbade it to hold further meetings, or to use the Society's name in research. Seeking to appeal his decisions, we were horrified to discover that there is no one to appeal to! The original Founders are all either dead or quiescent and Thayer rules alone; an absolute Fuhrer. Virtually all the local membership, myself included, resigned in a body, in protest. And none of us will ever again have anything to do with the organization, though of course we all retain an enthusiasm for Fort and his ideas.

And what, precisely, are these "other rebellions" in which we fell short? It is possible to gain an idea of them by a glance at the magazine, "Doubt" which is, in essence, the voice of the Society, since it has no formal organization, no dues apart from the subscription price, and now holds no meetings. "Doubt", a thin quarterly in microscopic print, is an unaesthetic affair, with some of the most hideous "art-work" ever printed; daubs satirizing Religion, science, government, and almost everything else. Its advertising, apart from the Founder's works, blurbs chiefly two totally unknown (and completely un-Fortean) tomes called "America Needs Indians!" and "Raped Again!" The latter is described as a "blueprint for enslaving whole populations." So far as is known, Fort wasn't interested in enslaving populations. In an appended list of some twenty publications offered for sale by the Society, only one, a tiny pamphlet on an alleged sea-serpent off the New England coast, remotely borders on Fort. Its recent Holiday issue featured a sale of "sacriligious Christmas cards." The description is the magazine's, not mine. I didn't order any.

The editorial tone is distinctly juvenile; it reminds of nothing so much as the publication of the Louisville Male High School, which I attended at the age of 14! Much of its "humor" is not even sophomoric. As one lone example, newspapers are always referred to as "wypers". This would be an exceedingly dull wheeze, even if used only once; when it occurs a dozen times in every issue, the effect is maddening. It is varied only by "free prez." Irony is laid on with a trowel; Japanese are "Yellow Bellies" and Russians, "Those Damned Reds." This is the intellectual tone of the whole publication. The childish pretense is consistently maintained that the foundation date of the Society was "the Year One" and all items are double-dated from that, adding to the confusion. Thayer seems to write most of the material himself, signing himself "YRS". This, also, presumably is

supposed to be funny. An occasional short article sometimes creeps in, always by unknown authors, usually mathematical, and always unintelligible.

Extracts from the notes of Fort are published in a special section in the rear of each issue. This is the only really Fortean matter in the magazine, and it is largely meaningless, since the references are cryptic, in a sort of "shorthand" and no attempt is made to translate or develop them. An occasional note on phenomena occurs now and then in the text, but it usually is colored or slanted to make a political preachment. (Strange irony, since Fort himself utterly eschewed politics, and never wrote a line on it himself.) Thayer's own brand, wholly subversive, though so "woozy" in content that it is difficult to say whether it is Communist or Fascist. It appears to be a blend of both. Thus, during World War II, "Doubt" sniped at the Allied side in every issue, attacked Civil Defense, and violently espoused the cause of Conscientious objectors. Its tone favored the Axis. More lately, however, it had taken a distinctly Red tinge, hailing the escape of Gerhardt Eisler as "the Most Fortean event" of its period. Garey Davis, the curiously deluded young man who renounced American citizenship and became a "World Citizen", was made an Honorary Fellow of the Society for his action. Since Davis has since recanted his action and applied for reinstatement, he presumably is "non grata" now!

When the atom bomb first appeared, Thayer denounced it as an obvious hoax, a deception of the American government! For months he yammered at the "palpable fraud" and denounced those silly enough to be taken in. He finally quieted down, under a deluge of protest by his members, but he has never officially retracted the absurd view.

He reacted likewise in the matter of the flying saucers, when they first appeared. These were perhaps Fort's greatest discovery, and the strongest verification of his theories. He was writing about such things, from records covering almost half a century, twenty years before Kenneth Arnold saw that historic first covey over Denver." Yet, incredibly, Thayer disbelieved in the saucers, too; they were another fraud of the villainous government, this time to

stimulate recruiting of Air Raid wardens! Since there was no war going on in 1947 and '48, the great period of saucer activity, this appears to be crediting our officials with more foresight than they have shown in anything else. Likewise, if Fort's data is accepted, the government seems to have begun its campaign some years before the invention of airplanes! Yet, though his membership really howled this time, and deluged him with protests, Thayer again refused to retract. He still is reluctant to print any saucer data and continues to attribute it all to the Wicked Air Raid Wardens. Wardens seem a fixation of Thayer's; presumably he was once spoken to disagreeably by one. At all events, he rails at the "pis mires in white helmets" continually; and is currently engaged in a program of rebellion against the whole Civil Defense set-up, urging the members to turn lights on during blackouts, refuse to cooperate, etc. He proposes to run advertisements in New York newspapers, seeking to persuade citizens to civil disobedience. "Let us all be blown up together, rather than submit to dictatorship by Wardens" appears to be his slogan. It is doubtful whether this will win many followers! Moreover, if he persists in it, he will undoubtedly wind up in the "can", thereby paving the way for a successor who might put the organization back on the track from which it has so far strayed. So let it not be thought that I am trying to discourage him. . .

The whole thing would be amusing, were it not so serious, for Charles Fort deserves better of Fate. His was the most original mind of our era; one that evolved some fascinating concepts, if they could be verified. And evidence for them continues to pile up, even after his death. The things he wrote about are still happening all about us. Strange objects in the skies. . . and a woman in a Southern hotel burns to a cinder, in a room showing scant traces of fire. . . Farmers near Sacramento comb irrigation ditches for an alligator seen by scores. . . and something walks on three-clawed feet, with an eight foot stride, across a Florida sandbar. . . and a chunk of ice, seen and handled by friends of mine, falls from a sunny sky in Oakland, with no airplanes overhead. It all goes on as before; but now no one is looking. The Society that was founded to carry on after Fort is off chasing the wicket Air Raid Wardens and following cheap and silly political ends. And all his work goes for nothing.

Yes, it is perhaps appropriate that Theodore Dreiser should have been among its founders. For the Fortean Society, as presently constituted, can only be called "An American Tragedy!"

SCATTERED THROUGH EVERY COMMUNITY ARE THE PRE-FASCISTS,
DID 'DIANETICS' HAVE A SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR THEM? . . .

DIANETICS

and the

AUTHORITARIAN PERSONALITY

By O. GEORGE FESSENDEN

About a year prior to the time of this writing, two books appeared almost simultaneously on the American scientific scene. The first was aimed at the lay public and received an instant popular acclaim. Immediately upon publication it

an instant popular acclaim. Immediately upon publication it hit the best-seller lists, selling some 4000 copies a week. In one city, Los Angeles, it jumped in one week from tenth to first place on that city's best-seller list and perched there for nearly three months before beginning its descent. Articles based on the book, both pro and con, appeared in Time, Newsweek, Look, Liberty, Pic, Home and Garden, The Reporter, Astounding Science Fiction, Planet Stories and several others.

The second book also had an instantaneous success, although different in magnitude and nature; it was barely mentioned outside of technical journals. The first book was "Dianetics" by L. Ron Hubbard; ex-engineer, science fiction writer and naval officer. The second was "The Authoritarian Personality" by T. W. Adorno, Else Frenkel-Brunswik, Daniel J. Levinson and R. Nevitt Sanford; it was part of the Studies in Prejudice series, sponsored by the American Jewish Committee.

But the relationship between the two books was more than a contrast in virtues.

The Authoritarian Personality grew out of a study of the prejudiced individual and evolved into a larger one: a study of the "potentially fascist individual," one whose structure is such as to render him particularly susceptible to anti-democratic propaganda." From the results was drawn a picture of a personality basically similar to that which the neo-psychanalyst Erich Fromm has called "the authoritarian personality." This is the individual whose attitudes toward himself, society, and the physical world are largely concerned with two dichotomies, both interrelated: dominance-submission and ingroup-outgroup. The authoritarian individual (to the extent that he is authoritarian) displays a well developed rationale-structure, based on these dichotomies, similar to that displayed by all other fascist, potentially-fascist, and prejudiced persons -- although there are some typical variations within the limits of that structure.

The authoritarian pattern is a major one in our culture and is well represented in popular opinion and literature. Usually, the human sciences have lain outside the interests of the authoritarian as they to question those basic assumptions which he so unconsciously and so stoutly upholds. Occasionally, some "popular" work on psychology captures his fancy; usually, then, such a book owes its appeal to the fact that it puts into words the authoritarians unconscious attitudes and supports them, developing what Dr. Frederick Wertham has called the "air-conditioned conscience." Dianetics has gone most of these books one better. It has taken the authoritarian's ideals and attitudes and shown that not only are these "normal", but that those aspects of his personality which disturb his equilibrium can be exorcised, with the result that he becomes -- literally -- a superman.

Let us take the picture of the general psychological make-up of the fascist and pre-fascist drawn in The Authoritarian Personality and see how it compares with the dianetic outlook and philosophy.

The personal history of the authoritarian includes a strongly-emphasized submissiveness to a rigidly dominant father in a family characterized by status- and economic-insecurity. This results, principally, in the dominance-submission dichotomy which forms the basic blue-print into which he subjectively arranges society. The "breaking-the-spirit" routine imposed by the parents upon the child results in a tension and anxiety which impairs the develop-

ment of spontaneous feelings of warmth and affection; conversely, deep feelings of hostility are engendered which are projected outward upon others. Having no real emotional understanding of sympathy or love, group-status and the relations between in-groups and out-groups become an automatic explanation of human relationships; groups are thought of as being basically unfriendly towards one another, except under those circumstances in which they are bound together in a larger group as protection against other similar-mass-groups. Under this system, loyalty is substituted for affection, "blood being thicker than water." This ego-structure includes conventionalized attitudes towards society and morality, a strong concern with a masculinity-femininity dichotomy, a lack of a sense of continuity with childhood, a sentimental attitude toward parents (beneath which is hidden an intense resentment), a sense of conflict between "emotion" and "reason", a dislike for introspection, and so on.

Dianetics' theoretical structure is based on the supposed existence of the engram: a moment of painful unconsciousness, existing at some time on the individual's "time track", which contains a recording of some remark or statement made by someone present, during the moment of the person's unconsciousness, which our individual later acts upon as if it were a command. . . . Later, this engram can be re-stimulated by someone repeating that phrase. Besides obvious psychological difficulties, engrams are held responsible for a surprising number of diseases, including common colds, allergies, arthritis, ulcers, heart trouble, myopia, deafness, glandular imbalances, etc.

Perhaps most noticeable in this system is that the description of pathology used (by Hubbard) implies no basic connection with the personality as a whole. Hubbard speaks of pathologies as exterior things which have become "internalized." (*Dianetics: Evolution of a Science*, by L. Ron Hubbard, *Astounding Science Fiction*, May, 1950.) The researchers on The Authoritarian Personality project found, at the Langley Porter Clinic in San Francisco, that these patients who scored high in authoritarianism:

"more often brought up the onset and causes of their

symptoms because they felt as if these symptoms had come about mysteriously "all of a sudden" on a certain day and that 'everything had been quite all right before.' This is another example of the authoritarian's unfamiliarity with their inner lives their need to be like everyone else, and their strenuous efforts at keeping less acceptable impulses and emotions completely out of consciousness. When these impulses finally do break through in the form of symptoms, they are often felt as ego-alien intruders, which appear "suddenly" and often without any reason at all." (page 959).

The highly-authoritarian patients were fond of describing their illnesses as starting after some accident, operation or other externally-caused onset of "physical weakness." In dianetics, the accident or operation would be seen as the moment in which the engram was contained, or as the moment in which the (most likely prenatal) engram was restimulated.

Patients who scored low in authoritarianism did not assume that the cause of their illness lay in some specific incident but were inclined to relate their disturbances to their entire life history, and were able to see, under analysis, the relation of their symptoms to the rest of their personality.

Hostility towards the parents is clearly revealed by the pre-clear's fantasy during revery (a light hypnotic state, although Hubbard denies it); this, as mentioned, is another characteristic of the high scorer who verbalizes conventional, stereotyped attitudes concerning his parents --- yet thematic apperception tests readily outline the great load of hostility he bears for his parents. The low scorer is more objective in his familial attitudes, often critical and demonstrates much less unconscious antagonism.

Dianetics seems primarily preoccupied with the "psychosomatic" diseases of allergies, arthritis, paralysis, and others, and the overwhelmingly major portion of its publicity has concerned the removal of these afflictions by erasing the engrams which caused them. Besides the miraculous aspect this lends to dianetics, the findings of the research project at the Langley Porter Clinic suggests another significance for its emphasis.

"There is also a tendency on the part of (the authoritarian patients) to develop somatic rather than psychological symptoms. Many of these somatic symptoms, on closer examination, turn out to be an expression of repressed effects. Thus, the tendency to develop and to focus on somatic complaints can be considered parts of the defensive activity of the high scorer's narrow ego, which shuts out extensive parts of the individual's inner life and as an additional defensive measure, causes rejection of any thinking in psychological terms, and instead, an emphasis on thinking in terms of physical causation." (page 937)

In dianetics, the ego is divided into the reactive mind (emotions) and the analytical mind which computes (thinks). Thus a division is effected between emotion and intellect, another of the dichotomies popular with the authoritarian, whose repressions create the semi-conscious anxiety that his "primitive impulses" may well up and swamp his reason and what happens in (to use the standard dianetic term) aberrations: engrams inhibit or totally incapacitate the analytical mind by acting through the agency of the reactive mind.

Such terms as compute, processing, demon-circuits and monitor cells are typical of the mechanical terminology of dianetics, by which it manages to avoid the danger of "emotionalism," impersonalizes pathology, minimizes guilt feelings and gives an impression of being "scientific," reminiscent as it is of the super-popularized version of cybernetics. (Hubbard's original term for his system was "traumatic psychology"; he changed it to "dianetics" shortly after the appearance of Dr. Weiner's interesting work).

A person also has -- in the authoritarian and dianetic points of view -- an inherent personality; in dianetics the modifying statement is added that this inherent personality is innately good when untainted with engrams, a state which it can achieve only by undergoing dianetic processing. This personality, in addition to engrams, is motivated by various drives. For example, there are four dynamics of preservation: (1) self (2) family (3) nation (4) mankind. Hubbard does not explain how he arrived at the formulation of these dynamics; possibly he would consider any question of them surprising. They bear a remarkable resemblance to the authoritarian's "common-sense" structuralization of human relations -- which might be expressed in concentric circles of in-group allegiance and out-group potential hostility: (1) self (2) family (3) nation -- or community, state, firm, corps, etc. (4) race or religion. It might be suggested that Hubbard selected "mankind" as dynamic four rather than, say, "race," because as a science fiction writer he is accustomed to thinking in terms of mankind against extra-terrestrial creatures (see especially his stories "To the Stars" and "Final Enemy") as well as a desire to appear conventionally non-prejudiced.

As can be seen from the foregoing, dianetics has evolved a complex and fairly self-consistent rationale describing the motivations behind the behavior of human beings. This structure affords the dianetic pre-clear a situationally-acceptable excuse for verbalizing his hostility towards his parents, family and associates, who have wronged him (given him engrams) when he was helpless (in painful unconsciousness or while embryonic). This emotional discharge results in (or can result in) the release of the specific affect or symptom with which the pre-clear's particular fantasies in this instance are associated. The only significant change that has taken place is an even more effective (because more highly rationalized) repression of the true sources of his emotional disturbances; furthermore, the paranoid aspects of his personality -- present in every authoritarian -- have been strengthened and fortified.

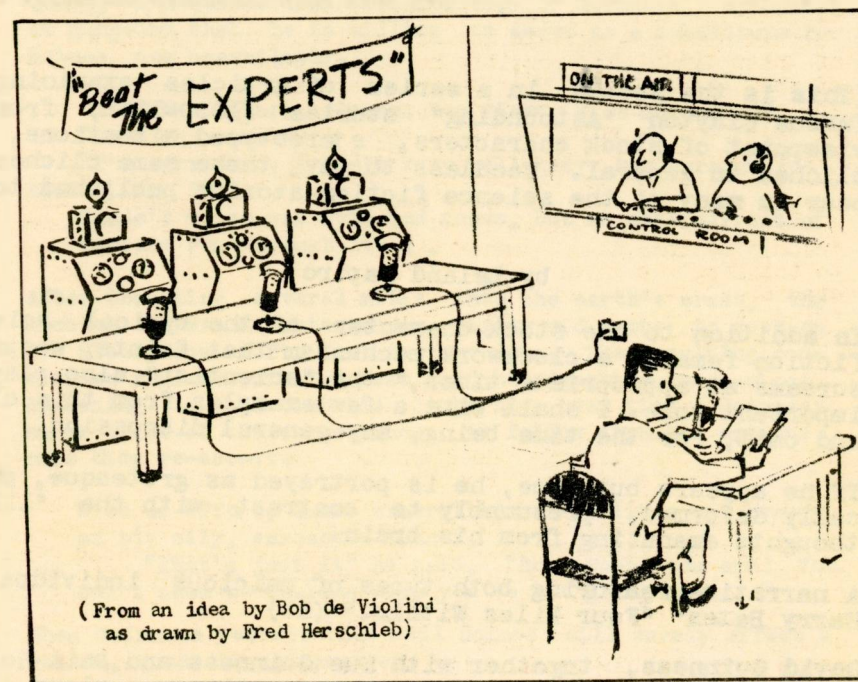
The dianeticist's charge that psychologists and psychiatrists have refused to accept dianetics because of "Entrenched Authority" was to be expected; naturally they (the dianeticists) saw the situation in terms of an in-group versus out-group and ascribed to the out-group (the psychologists) who are not members of groups and who challenge dianetics do so because they are aberrated; "it is their engrams speaking." Thus under the dianetic system, all critical appraisal of the system is blocked, creating an inviolable, dialectic stronghold.

Viewed in the light of the findings in THE AUTHORITARIAN PERSONALITY, dianetics reveals a disturbing susceptibility to fascistic philosophy in that segment of the populace that has accepted it.

REFERENCES:

Dianetics: the Modern Science of Mental Health, by L. Ron Hubbard; Hermitage House. \$4.00 - 1950

The Authoritarian Personality, by T.W. Adorno, Else Frenkel-Brunswick, Daniel J. Levinson, R. Nevitt Sanford; in collaboration with Betty Aron, Maria Hertz Levinson, and William Morrow. Harper and Bros., New York. \$7.50 - 1950



(From an idea by Bob de Violini
as drawn by Fred Herschleb)



(This is the second in a series of articles examining the famous Clayton "Astounding" stories (1930-1932) from the viewpoint of stock characters, stereotyped situations, and cliches in general. Needless to say, these same cliches appear in many of the science fiction stories published today.)

by Leland Sapiro

In addition to the stock-character of the typical science-fiction female "a clockwork mechanism that faints, weeps, and screams at appropriate times," the "scientist" also plays an important role. I shall cite a few examples from this class, and omit, for the time being, any general discussion.

If he appears but once, he is portrayed as grotesque, physically deformed, presumably to contrast with the "linear" thoughts emanating from his brain.

A narrative featuring both types of malicious individuals is Harry Bates' "Four Miles Within." (15)

David Guinness, together with Sue Guinness and Phil Holmes, his daughter and collaborator, respectively, plans a four mile subterranean descent, utilizing his own invention, the

"earth borer." Holmes has just left camp to fetch water when

there cracked through the velvet night the faint, distant sound of a gun . . .

Sue's face went white . . . without a word her father stepped out of the borer and looked at her.

"That was a gun!" he said. "Phil didn't have one with him, did he?"

"No," Sue whispered. "And -- why there's nobody within miles of here!"

Then, from one of the broken patches of scrub came a mocking voice.

"Ah, but you're mistaken, Sue," it affirmed. "But that was a gun."

David Guinness jerked around, as did his daughter. The man who had spoken stood only ten yards away, clearly outlined in the bright moonlight -- a tall, well-built man, standing quite at ease, surveying them pleasantly...

"Quade! James Quade!"

The man nodded and came slowly forward. He might have been considered handsome, had it not been for his thin, mocking lips and a swarthy complexion.

Quade, a dissatisfied former partner of Guinness, announces at gunpoint that he is willing to serve as a substitute for Holmes, now unavailable.

"Into the sphere, please. You first, Miss Guinness."

"Must she come?"

"I'm afraid so; I can't very well leave her here unprotected, can I?"

Quade's voice was soft and suave, but an undercurrent of sarcasm ran through it. . .

After thrusting several miles into the earth's crust, the machine enters a subterranean cavity and comes to rest on its floor, some fifty feet further down. The resulting concussion renders both Guinness and his daughter unconscious. Awakening to find that his limbs have been tied, Guinness warns Quade of the consequences to follow from his actions, once they re-ascent.

With an effort, Quade controlled his feelings and assumed his oily, sarcastic manner.

"That's just it" he said, "How stupid you are! You don't seem to realize that you're not going back..."

When Guinness retorts that Phil Holmes will surely effect a rescue, Quade is unimpressed.

"...Oh, no, he won't. Perhaps you remember the shot that sounded from the water-hole? Well, when I and my assistant, Juan, heard Holmes say he was going for water, I told Juan to follow him . . . till I got back up. But Mr. Holmes is obviously of an impulsive disposition, and must have caused trouble. Juan, too, is impulsive; he is a Mexican. . ."

Here the recital stops. To understand why, let us see what has been occurring up on the surface:

Holmes' quick wits more than compensate for his aggressor's lasso and pistol, therefore Juan's ambush is unsuccessful. After disarming his attacker, Holmes explores Quade's living quarters and finds a second machine similar to that constructed by Guinness and himself. When asked for details, Juan states:

"..He hire me with much money. He buy thees machine inside and we put him together. But he could no make him work -- it take too long. We watch, hear old man go down tonight, and--"

The greaser stopped.

"And so he sent you to get me, while he kidnapped the old man and his daughter..." Holmes supplied, and the other nodded.

"But, I only mean to tie you!" he blurted, gesturing weakly. "I no mean shoot! No, no--"

Magnanimously granting forgiveness, Holmes, after leaving the Mexican well-secured to his cot by a length of rope (but within reach of food and water), enters Quade's borer and starts his descent.*

*It is not explained why this machine now functions correctly when previously "he could not make it work."

This voyage terminates in the same manner as the previous one; and it is this machine, plunging through the cavern roof, that interrupts Quade's monologue. Also knocked senseless, Phil is removed from the borer and, later, interrogated by Quade about his impulsive assistant.

Phil forced himself to be calm.

"Your pal, the greaser?" he said outtingly. "He's lying on a bunk in your shack. He shot himself, playing with a gun."

Quade chose not to notice the way Phil said this, but a little of the suave self-confidence was gone from

his face when he said: "Well, in that case I'll have to hurry back to attend to him. But don't be alarmed...I'll be back for you all in an hour or so."

At this, David Guinness struggled frantically with his bonds and yelled: "Don't believe him, Phil! He's going to leave us here, to starve and die!"

Quade's face twitched perceptibly. His eyes were nervous. Phil Holmes looked square into his eyes. . .

"You couldn't desert us, Quade. You haven't the guts. You haven't the guts."

Quade promptly demonstrates that he does, indeed, "have the guts" by sprinting toward the sphere with Holmes directly behind him, darting inside, slamming the door shut on his indignant pursuer, and racing his machine toward the surface. Minutes later, Quade is forced to return.

"... the three stared at the borer ... striving to solve the mystery of why it had sunk . . . they saw why -- and their eyes went wide with surprise and horror.

A strange mass was covering the top of the earth-borer, something that looked like a heap of viscid, whitish jelly. It was sprawled shapelessly over the round upper part of the metal sphere, a half-transparent, loathsome stuff, several feet thick in places.

And Phil Holmes, striving to understand. . . saw an awful thing. "It's moving!" he whispered, unconsciously drawing Sue closer. "There's -- life in it!"

"Oh, God!" Phil whispered through the long pause. "It can't be real!"

"Protoplasm -- a monster amoeba," David Guinness's curiously cracked voice said, "Just as it exists on the surface, only microscopically. Primate life. . ."

Re-emerging from his borer to ascertain the cause of its mechanical failure, Quade eludes the sentient jelly perched on top and, accompanied by the other humans, leaves the area as quickly as possible. After negotiating a multitude of obstacles -- crevices, rock-barriers, rivers, etc. -- always closely followed by the omni-present protoplasm, they double back toward their original point of departure.

Quade was there first . . . they saw him standing beside the open door of the sphere. . .

"So!" he observed in his familiar, mocking voice. He said something else, but the two men and the girl did not hear what it was . . . their eyes were held by what was hanging above him, clinging to the lip of the hole

the sphere had made in the ceiling.

It was an amoeba, another of those single-celled protoplasmic mounds of flesh. It had evidently come down through the hole; and now it was stretching, rubber-like lower and lower, a living, reaching stalactite of whitish hunger.

Quade was all unconscious of it . . . He shrugged his shoulders and turned to the door. And that movement was the signal that brought his doom. Without a sound, the poised mass above was dropped . . .

The heap of whitish jelly fell squarely. There was a brief moment of frantic lashing, of tortured struggles -- then only tiny ripples running through the monster as it fed.

This scene fresh in their minds, the trio returns, virtually unopposed, to the upper world.

Mr. Bates, who printed the foregoing story under the pseudonym of "Anthony Gilmore" served as editor of Astounding during its sponsorship by the Clayton Magazine Company. In this capacity he issued the following pronouncement:*

After all, for story purposes it is more effective to make him a foreigner than an American. Every large non-English speaking country furnishes its quota of objectionable characters . . . Somebody must be unsocial and obstructing.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in his poem,** "The Stranger", has expressed these same sentiments:

The Stranger within my gate,
He may be true or kind
But he does not talk my talk--
I cannot feel his mind.
I see the face and the eyes and the mount,
But not the soul behind.

The men of my own stock
They may do ill or well,
But they tell the lies I am wonted to,
They are used to the lies I tell;
And we do not need interpreters
When we go to buy and sell

The stranger within my gates,
He may be evil or good
But I cannot tell what powers control--
What reasons sway his mood;
Nor when the Gods of his far-off land
May repossess his blood.

* January 1932

** Quoted by Potter and Manning: Nationalism and Sectionalism in America 1775-1877.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR READING

BRIDGING the gap between the formulae of the technicians and the fine-spun dreams of science fiction writers are the books of the "popularizers." Non-fiction, yet non-technical, their works form the substratum on which much of next year's science fiction will be based. This summer, not otherwise distinguished for its science fiction out-put, saw the publication of several very excellent works with which you should be familiar.

ROCKETS, MISSILES AND SPACE TRAVEL
by Willy Ley (Viking Press: \$5.95)

Too well known to need any introduction here, Willy Ley has, for most of us, stood as the major prophet of space-flight and the chief expounder of the mysteries of rocketry. His earlier books, ROCKETS (1944) and ROCKETS AND SPACE TRAVEL (1947) have now been superseded by this massive new work, which includes all of the old material and much that is new. Aside from the fact that Willy Ley can write entertainingly, he has the advantage that he was an early member of the German Rocket Society whose enthusiasm and work, whatever its politics, are chiefly responsible for the advanced state of rocketry today.

Aside from its detailed history of the concept of space-flight and the invention and development of the rocket, Willy Ley has added performance information on the many German rockets, both produced and not produced, during the second World War; charts on mass-ratios, fuel expectancies; performance characteristics on American rockets and missiles; a bibliography on rockets that lists English, French, American, German, Italian, Dutch and Russian works and a list of the currently active amateur rocket societies.

This work, when placed alongside Arthur C. Clarke's "Interplanetary Flight," and the collected journals of the British Interplanetary Society, will give amateur space-flight enthusiasts just about all the information that is now publicly available on the subject. We expect that the monstrous, impractical space rockets that have become a cliché in science fiction will gradually disappear as more and more writers take the time and effort to study these books and base their fictional space craft on facts and not fancy.

ROCKETS, JETS, GUIDED MISSILES and SPACE SHIPS
by Jack Coggins and Fletcher Pratt
With an Introduction by Willy Ley
(Random House - \$1.00)

IF THIS isn't the biggest buck's worth in the non-fiction field, we'll eat it, four color plates and all. Despite the title, which seems to be involved in a progressive word-game (first: Ley's "Rockets," then Ley's "Rockets and Space Travel," then Ley's "Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel") and a garish cover illustration that seems to be a refuge from Ace Comics, this is a very, very excellent job. It reproduces, in simple, easy to understand terms, the main outline of Willy Ley's superb "Rockets, Missiles and Space-Travel," illustrates virtually everything mentioned in the text, and manages to do so without ever "talking down" to its potential audience.

PURISTS and those with technical background will still like Willy Ley's book best, but the 99-44/100% of the population remaining will take to this book like a duck to water. Many of the illustrations are reproduced, lithographically, in four or more colors, and all have been done by Jack Coggins. He is no Chesley Bonestell, and this is no CONQUEST OF SPACE but it comes as close to it as you can get for a dollar. You may have some difficulty finding it, because Random House listed it as a "juvenile" and a good many bookstores do not, ordinarily, stock a juvenile. It is NOT a juvenile. The text is clear and accurate, with plenty of information packed in. By all means, if you can scrape up a buck someplace, invest in this one.

Book Reviews

SPACE MEDICINE
by JOHN MARGARER
University of Illinois Press - \$3.00

SUB-TITLED "The Human Factor in Flights Beyond the Earth," this slim (83 pgs.) volume is a compendium of six separate essays by experts in their fields; Space Medicine in the U.S.A.F. (by the Surgeon General) Multi-Stage Rockets and Artificial Satellites (Wernher von Braun); Physiological Considerations on the Possibility of Life under Extraterrestrial Conditions (Hubertus Strughold); Astronomy and Space Medicine (Heinz Huber); Orientation in Space (Paul A. Campbell) and Bioclimatology of Manned Rocket Flight (Conrad Buettner).

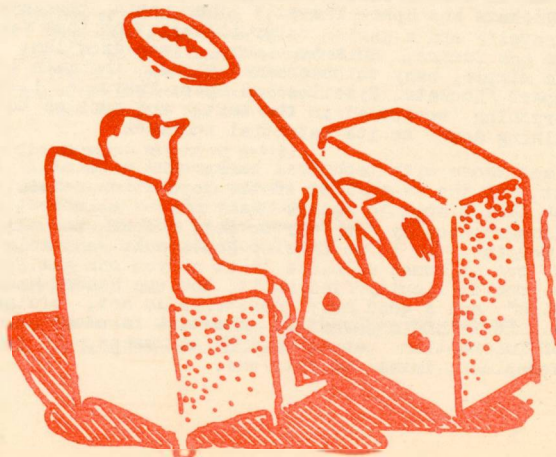
HISTORICALLY, the book is important because it quite possibly is the first to be published by a major scholastic press on the technical problems of the human body in space. It represents the "coming of age" of a subject that hitherto has been the special property of "fans" and of special societies and comic-book adherents.

UNFORTUNATELY, despite the beautiful format, the impressive list of names, and the beauty of its diagrams and illustrations, SPACE MEDICINE is a dull book. There is a very little in it that will appear as new material to readers of this magazine; or, indeed, to any one who has read science fiction publications over the last few years. Perhaps fact is always somewhat less than fiction, but we have always believed the opposite to be true.

ASIDE from its historical value, and the fact that it is very impressive to leave lying around on your coffee table, we see little advantage to investing three dollars in this book. The same material, in a much livelier form has appeared in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and in COLLIERS magazine, both articles having been abridged in RHODOMAUNTIC DIGEST-- under the title, "Sweeney's Big Jump." We would not for the world suggest that our treatment of this subject was more accurate nor superior to SPACE MEDICINE; we simply feel that our version was more readable for the non-technician.

THE SEA AROUND US
by Rachel Carson - (Oxford Press, \$3.50)

AGAIN and again in American publishing it has been proven that the public will take to its heart any book dealing with popularized science, providing that it is well written, that it deals with phenomena within general experience, and that the reader is not "talked down to." Paul de Kruif, for instance, with "Hunger Fighters," "Microbe Hunters," and the rest, was to a large extent responsible for the halo worn by biological research men these days; Roy Chapman Andrews' "On the Trail of



Ancient Man" and other sagas put the archeologist on the public map; Willy Ley and Ivan Sanderson have brought the wonders of natural history to more people, probably, than all the text books put together.

ALL THIS is by way of explaining how Miss Carson's book, a treatise on oceanography and marine biology, has headed the non-fiction best seller list in the best markets in the country. Not only does she know her subject, but Miss Carson can write. It is a rare combination. And the information in her book is so fresh, so new, that when the NEW YORKER did its usual exhaustive checking on the portion of her book serialized in that magazine, it discovered that she was the only authority on many of the facts!

WE WILL not be surprised if some enterprising science fiction writer, a little tired of super-physicists and hypoed-psychologists, turns his attention to the men who are investigating what is perhaps the least known, least understood natural phenomena on earth -- the sea. We hope so -- some good yarns could result.

THE TRUE BELIEVER
By Eric Hoffer (Harper, \$2.50)

THOSE who already know about this book may lift an eyebrow at seeing it listed here. As anyone who reads book advertising knows, it is a political study by a San Francisco longshoreman, and it is currently riding high on best-seller lists all over the country. Neither its non-literary origin nor its sales-record would recommend it for inclusion here; but the contents certainly do.

MR. HOFFER has undertaken a most penetrating and lucid study of "the most feared man of our times" -- the mass convert, the fanatic, the hard core of those revolutionary movements that make our more violent history. His thoughts on the subject seem almost entirely original. He finds that, paradoxically, it is not the poor and oppressed who revolt but the semi-privileged. That it is not tyranny that destroys authoritarian governments, but liberalism. That all revolutions begin to destroy the possibility of freedom, not slavery. To the "true believer" it is the fear of becoming free, and having to compete in a free world that drives him to revolutionary activity. He must lose himself beyond all reason in a movement where his individual inadequacy will be hidden by the movement itself.

FOR THOSE who read "The Foundation" series and other science fiction based on "psycho-history" and on political concepts of the future, Mr. Hoffer's book will come as sunlight on a cloudy day. Those who write of vast authoritarian systems in their society of the future (such as Orwell's 1984) might well re-examine their premises in the light of Mr. Hoffer's work. Those who would create a society of free people in the world of the future, must reckon with Hoffer's "true believer" who will fight to the dying breath to prevent - not others' freedom - but his own.

THIS BOOK is strong stuff, and the followers of cults and hangers-on of causes will not like it.

THE PUPPET MASTERS - Robert A. Heinlein - Doubleday, \$2.75
Reviewed by David G. Spencer

INVASION STORIES are usually a dime a dozen, not, however, when done by as capable and skilled a writer as Mr. Heinlein. This is, in essence, a fiction solution to the "flying saucer" mystery. In 2007, the

"saucers" revisit Earth and this time invade. The invaders are by nature adaptable parasites and intend to use earthmen as hosts.

THE BUSINESS of this novel is concerned with the problem of convincing Earth that there has been an invasion, and of repelling it. The lead in the fight is taken by a super-secret intelligence agency, and the action centers around the efforts of its agents.

SUFFICE it to say that this is a fast-paced intriguing novel. The ending is plausible enough, although were one to carp there are some minor flaws which might be dealt with in a more extensive review.

Those who cannot obtain the book may follow the serialization in GALAXY. Two parts of a total three have appeared to date.

SEETEE SHIP by Will Stewart - Reviewed by LARRY RATNER

ALTHOUGH published in book form after SEETEE SHOCK, this is chronologically earlier in Stewart's see-tee series. It tells the story of the discovery of the "bed-plate" which makes possible the successful use of see-tee power in the later story.

Though written in the same suspenseful style as SEETEE SHOCK, it does not strike as realistic a note, chiefly because the entire story hangs on a "negative time" gimmick. We're not saying we can't take a dash of negative time in our stories, but SEETEE SHOCK is much more in line with an extrapolation of present knowledge and makes for a more believable story.

KINSMEN OF THE DRAGON by Stanley Mullen - Reviewed by LARRY RATNER

AN ADVENTURE in the Sax Rohmer tradition with all the necessary prerequisites: a super-scientific villain, Franchard, and a beautiful girl, Darla, who, though in the enemy camp, falls in love with our hero and aids him.

Science and fantasy enter the story as we learn that Franchard comes from a world in the same position as ours, but separated by a "vibratory curtain." This "other world" is identified with Allwyn, the nether world of Celtic mythology.

It's a fairly well written story, but, if you change Franchard to Fu-Manchu and Allwyn to some hidden section of China, you've read this one before.

THE IRISH POST

by WALTER WILLIS
Editor of SLANT

THE BIGGEST news in the British sf world at the moment is the affaire Arthur C. Clarke and the British Interplanetary Society vs. Picture Post. All three are highly reputable institutions, but the name Picture Post may be less familiar to you than the other two. It is the foremost British illustrated weekly, rather like LIFE in appearance, though of course a good deal thinner. It has a prodigious circulation and an almost equally deserved reputation for conscientious and accurate reportage.

SO WHEN Picture Post announced it was going to run an illustrated feature on space flight, dozens of European fans, including myself, ordered half-a-dozen extra copies to send to American friends. Mine are still lying on the table. The article was a tremendous disappointment. Not only was it dull, pompous and inept, not only were the illustrations extremely rag-and-bonesteil, but the whole thing seemed to even the most ignorant of reader to be remarkably inaccurate. An even more extraordinary fact about this regrettable feature was that not once did the name of Arthur C. Clarke appear.

NOW, as everyone in Britain knows, Arthur C. Clarke personally discovered space. No spaceship takes off in the Sunday papers without his personal supervision. He is as completely identified with space flight in the public mind as Abbott with Costello. An article about space flight without Arthur C. Clarke's name appearing at least 17 times is quite unthinkable.

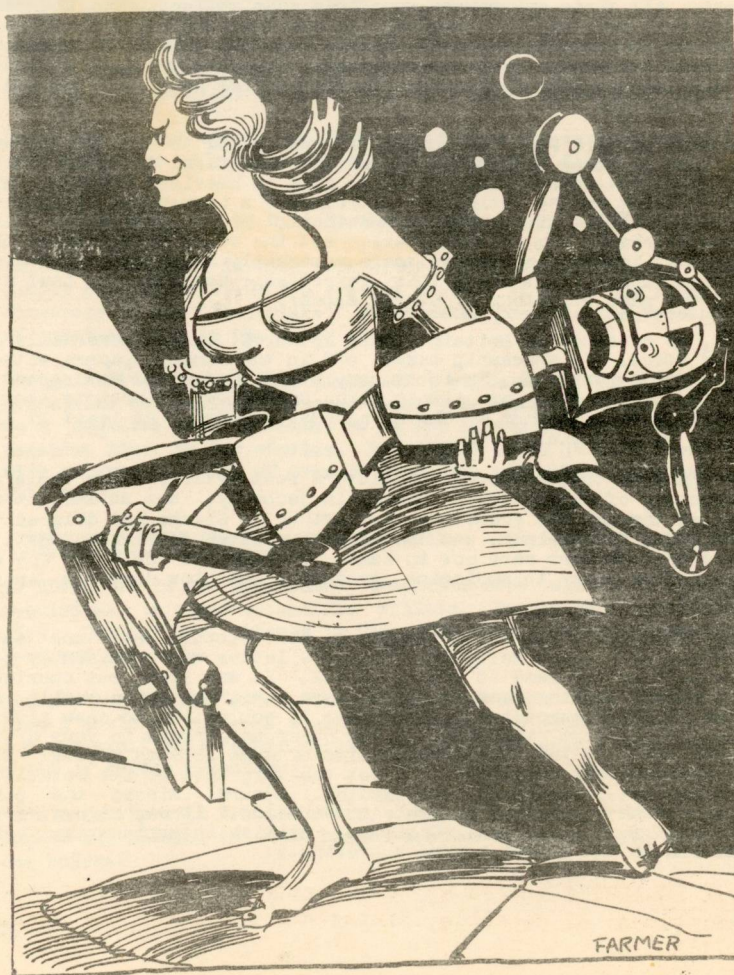
IN THE days that followed the Picture Post article, the whole ordered structure of civilization seemed in jeopardy, but at last it was revealed through the grapevine that Arthur C. Clarke had deigned to take notice of the article, and had himself written to Picture Post. It was felt that matters were now in hand. It remained only for the editors of Picture Post to apologize profusely and bow down to Arthur C. Clarke.

THE GREAT man's letter appeared in the Picture Post and at first glance, all seemed well. Mr. Clarke's letter was prominently featured. The average fan read it with approval. It was firm, but courteous. He was merely putting them in their place, without being really severe. With Olympian magnanimity, he began: "I would like to draw your attention to the more important of the numerous errors in your article on space travel." There followed a list of some 15 such errors: "contrary to astronomical evidence . . . not the brightest of its satellites but the faintest . . . incorrect . . . misleading . . . absurd . . . missed the point . . . ought to have obtained accurate information." It was signed "Arthur C. Clarke, B.Sc., F.R.A.S., Chairman, British Interplanetary Society." The fan in the street nodded approvingly.

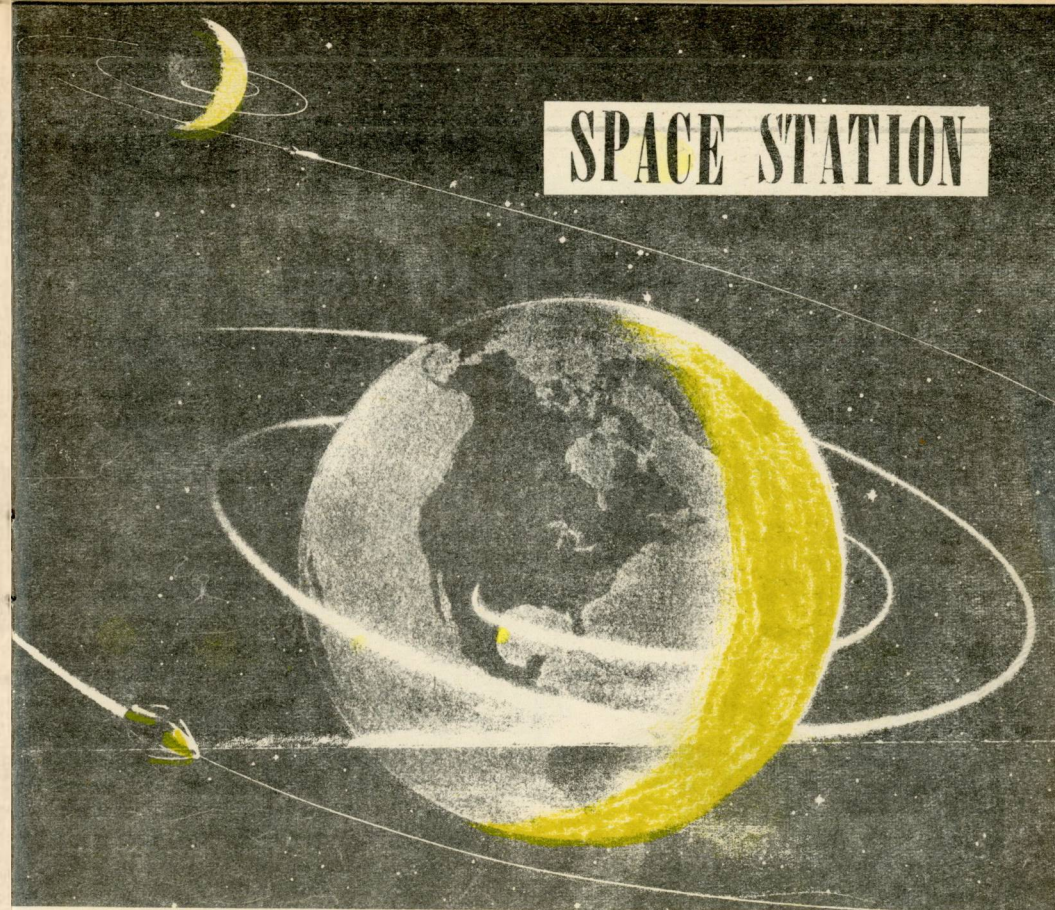
IT REMAINED only to read the grovelling apologies of the author of the article. But what was this? "...belied....it should be remembered...." This was NOT repentance! And there was worse to come. "...of which Mr. Clarke seems unaware...no relevance...neither Mr. Clarke or his colleagues can claim any credit...society of dreamers...should, before misleading the public, consult and make themselves acquainted with the actual data..." This, of the British Interplanetary Society!

IF THERE was anyone present when Mr. Clarke read this article, he has not survived, but according to last reports from "The White Horse," where the London Circle meets each week, he has now cooled down to a white heat. He and the B.I.S. are reported to have consulted their solicitors as to whether there is a basis for a libel action in a statement of accusing a limited company of "misleading the public." From all that I have been advised, there is, and they intend to fight Picture Post to the death.

If THIS action ever comes to court, it will be one of the most fascinating of the century. A correspondent tells me that Arthur C. Clarke is already talking of subpoena-ing the Astronomer Royal! I hope to be able to report further development in the RD, but I'll have to make sure of my legal position first. In England, once a court case is sub-judice all public comment is prohibited by law. I don't know how this will affect the British correspondent of an American journal.



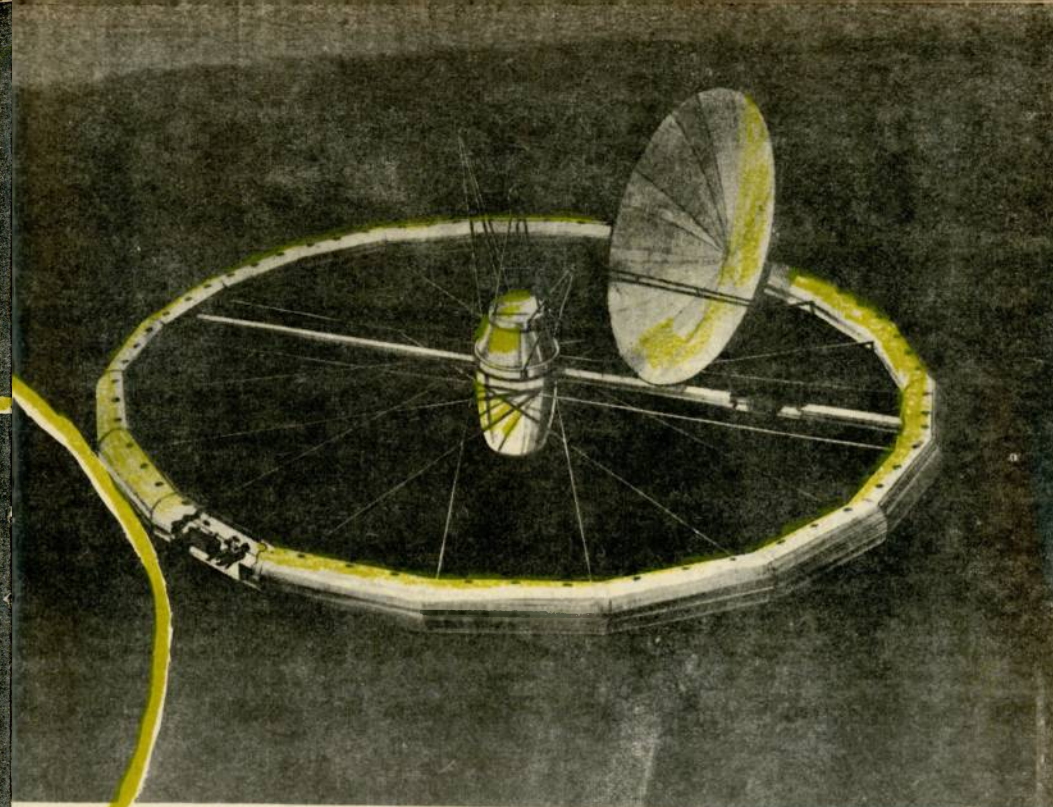
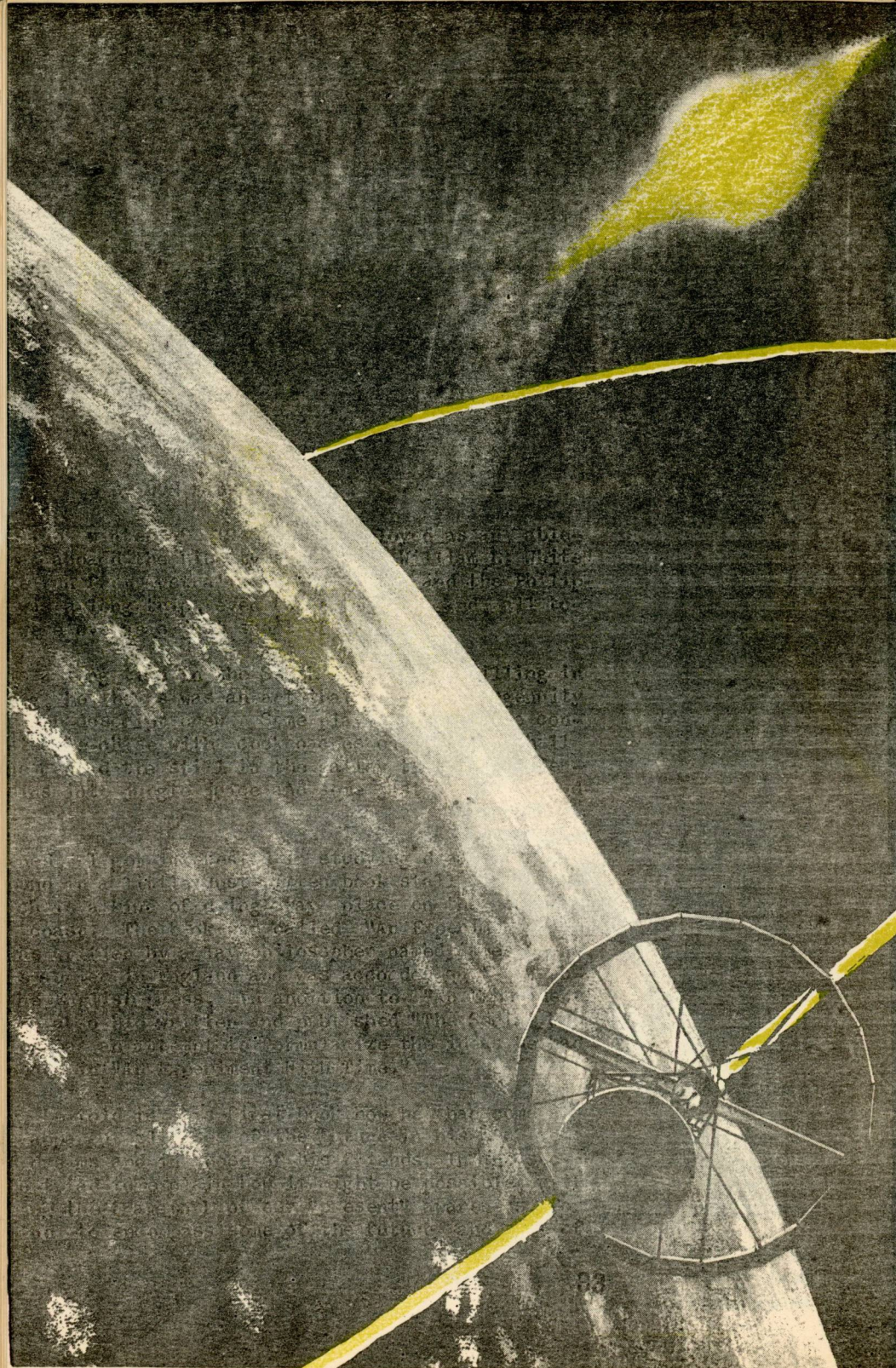
SPACE STATION



IF WORLD WAR II -- the European part of it -- had lasted a few months more, the Germans at Peenemünde may well have completed their A-9 and A-10 rockets. These rockets had a take-off weight of 85 metric tons and were designed for trans-Atlantic flights. Had they been completed, and the American designed Aerobee been added, we would now have a permanent orbital satellite. It was that close.

CHANCES ARE that a permanent orbital satellite will be constructed within a decade. The first one will be small, probably will telemeter information back to earth. Others to follow will probably contain the materials needed to construct a manned "station in space." This station will serve as the take-off point for the first true lunar rocket: it will be an unsurpassed meteorological station; a laboratory for free fall experiments in physics that cannot be done on Earth; and, quite possibly, a potential military base for launching atomic missiles at targets on Earth.

ON THE FOLLOWING pages we have gathered some pictures and descriptions of possible shapes and sizes for the orbital satellite.



PNEUMATIC ORBITAL SATELLITE
designed by Wernher von Braun

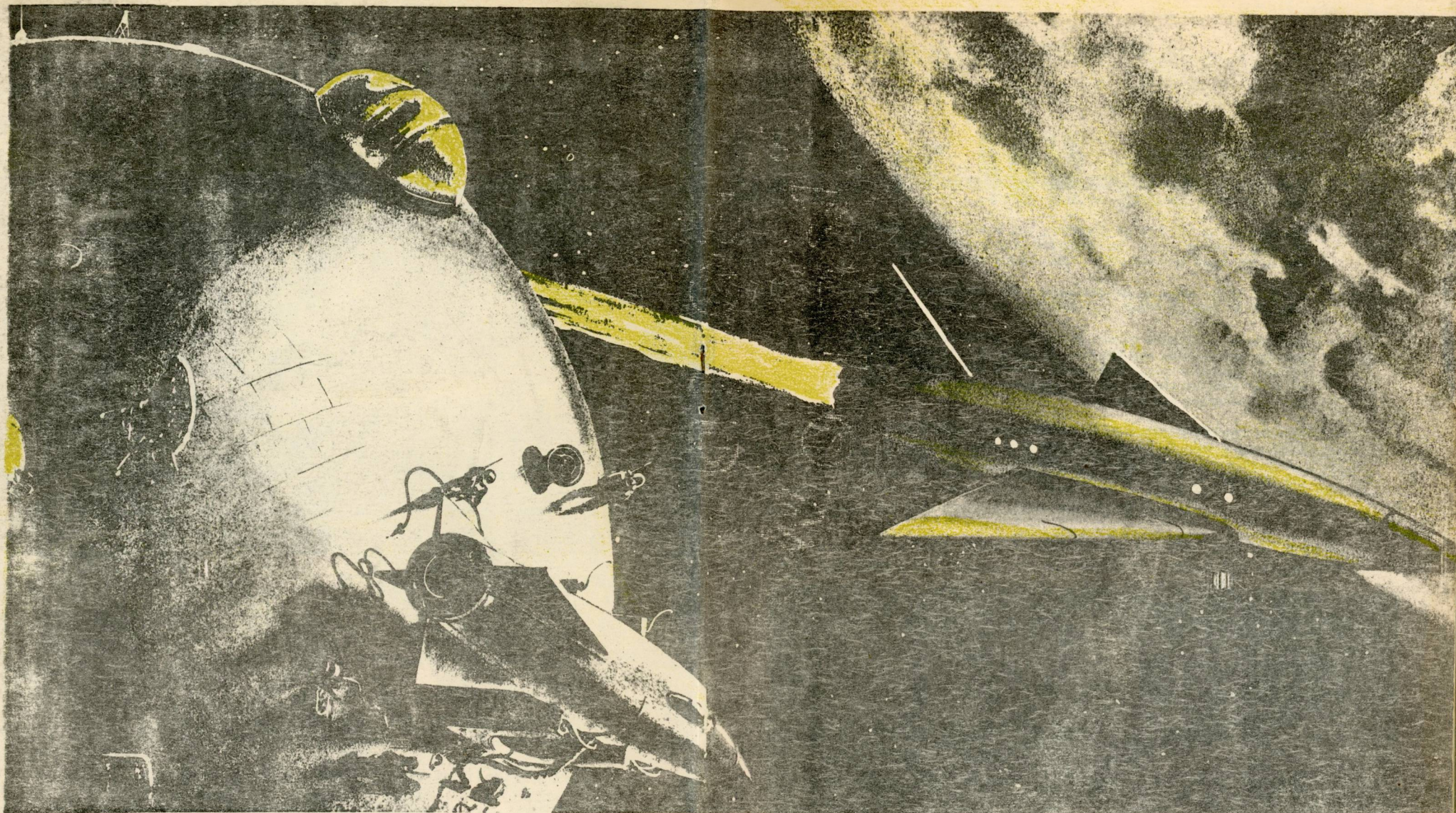
The station has the form of a giant doughnut about 200 feet in diameter . . .

It rotates about its hub, the centrifugal acceleration at the rim providing artificial gravity . . .

The ring itself is composed of flexible plastic which is hauled in collapsed sections to orbit, assembled by men in space suits, and inflated like a tire . . .

The parabolic mirror in center concentrates solar heat on a spherical steam boiler which drives a turbine to furnish electrical power.

von Braun is a member of Ordnance Research and Development Sub-Office (Rocket), Fort Bliss, Texas. The picture and description first appeared in *SPACE MEDICINE*, University of Ill. Press.-1951. It is reviewed in the book section of this issue.



SPHERICAL METALLIC SPACE-STATION

The above is an artist's conception of a rigid, spherical orbital satellite to be used as a construction platform and refueling station for true interplanetary space ships. The station itself would be rotated in space so that artificial gravity is provided on the inner side of the shell by centrifugal force.

SHOWN attached to the surface is an earth-to-station rocket which has matched speeds with the satellite and is held to the hull by magnetic clamps. Parabolic mirror next to main hatch is power source. As drawn by Jack HOGGINS for the book, ROCKETS, JETS, GUIDED MISSILES and SPACE SHIPS by Jack HOGGINS and Fletcher PRATT, Random House, N.Y. (\$1).

MANNED SPACE LABORATORY

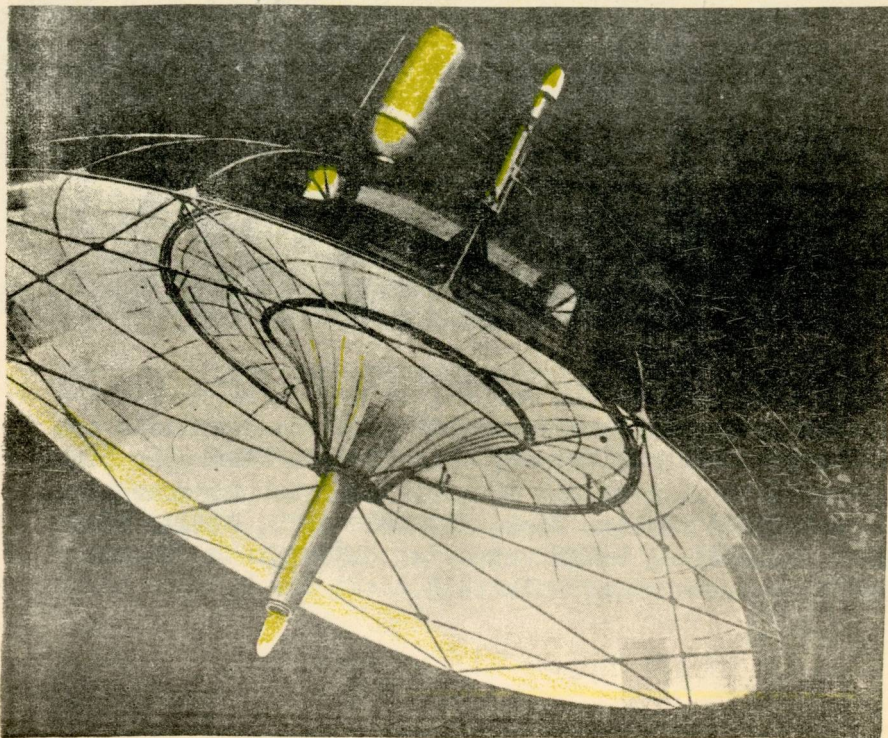
This station in space was described at length in an earlier issue of the *Rd* (Vol.III - No. 1).

The mirror is 200 ft. in diameter, and would gather 4000 kW of solar energy which is converted into power through the system of pipes (filled with fluid) shown at the center.

A staff of 24 could be maintained in the laboratory on a minimum of 70 tons of water, air and food per year.

The entire structure turns in space, providing artificial gravity on the rim, and the men would work with their feet against the outer rim, their heads toward the center. At the point of rest at the hub of the structure, space ships would land, discharge, and take off.

This orbital satellite was first described in *INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT* by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper & Bros., N.Y.) \$2.50. It is the conception of H.E. Ross (Journal, British Interplanetary Society, 8, 1-19, Jan. 1949) as drawn by Ross & Smith.



THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF MAN WHO EXPLORED THE

LAND OF NOW + 1

by DON FABUN

IN THE FALL and winter of 1944 I was employed as an able-bodied seaman aboard the Liberty ship "S.S. William L. White" on a shuttle run from Australia to New Guinea and the Philippines. It was a long trip, even for a Liberty, and, all together, we were overseas just short of a year.

A year is a long time in the South Pacific and filling in the long, hot hours was an art that taxed the ingenuity of our non-descript crew. Some played poker; some conducted a steeple-chase with cockroaches on the mess hall table; some tended the still in the galley that turned fermented raisins into jungle juice and some just slept. I studied dreams.

AS IT happened, I got interested in studying dreams through a book I found in a little dust-bitten book stall in Townsville, which is a kind of dying-away place on the northern Queensland coast. The book was called "An Experiment With Time" and was written by a lay-philosopher named James Dunne. He died this summer in England and was accorded quite an obituary in the English press. In addition to "An Experiment With Time" he also had written and published "The Serial Universe" which was an attempt to formularize the ideas he had first expounded in "An Experiment With Time."

Briefly, he told in his first book how he had come across apparent glimpses of the future in his own recorded dreams and in those of his friends. In the second book, he tried to explain how it might be possible, without disturbing the framework of our "present" awareness, for the human mind to encompass some of the future and some of

the past. No judge of Mr. Dunne's philosophic arguments, I nevertheless feel that they are based more on a semantic paradox than on fact. What I was interested in was Mr. Dunne's assertion that all normal people normally dream of the future and that an examination of their dreams will turn such material up. Some people, apparently, do it better than do others, but it is a matter of degree. Well, here was something that one could lay one's hands on; either I could record my dreams or I couldn't; and if I could, then I ought to be able to sift the material and see if any of the future turns up. It was that simple.

I like anyone else starting out on an experiment or an exploration, I started out by rounding up the equipment I would need. A good flashlight, a pencil and a pad of paper about covered the list. Later on, when I'd had more experience in dream-hunting, I taught myself shorthand from an old Gregg short-hand book that happened to be aboard. This proved to be very valuable. At best, dream imagery is fleeting and evanescent. The sheer mechanics of transcribing this imagery into English words and phrases is a difficulty that takes both effort and time. In the process, much is lost. On the other hand, shorthand is quite fast, requires no effort, and takes care of all the routine connectives and transitional phrases. However, it is optional. I was able to record quite detailed dreams long before I became proficient at shorthand. Today -- ashore -- I think I would substitute a tape recorder and "talk my dreams" directly into that.

ALTHOUGH there were good times and bad ones, I think there was a steady improvement in my dream recordings as time went on. They became more detailed and longer. Although the average recording ran to between 150 and 300 words, there were several that ran to 1500 words and more. My accumulated note book, typewritten, singespaced, filled a large binder at the end of nine months of almost continuous recording.

At this point, I would like to say that many people have assured me that they couldn't do anything like this because they "never dream" or "never remember a dream." I think, though, that most of them have never really tried. At first, it is a disappointing sort of research, but as time goes on, you get better at it and soon have a pretty good sampling of this curious mental activity; a sample gathered from various times during the night. The content of the record naturally varies from person to person. Some people seem to remember sounds best; others remember actual physical feel of things while others remember primarily the color and shape of things. In general, a person's dream records will be the counterpart of the way he remembers impressions

in waking life. I, for instance, remember only visual data; I even "see" music as colors and shapes. I have a high visual content in my dream records, but a failure to record dialogue from the dream's "dramatis personae."

Given, then, the willingness to try to put down my dreams, the time and opportunity for doing so, and a fair idea of what I was looking for, there remained yet to figure out some "system" to my study.

I AMES DUNNE did not bother to go too much into a logical exposition of his case. He said that people dreamed, that they can remember their dreams, and that in the memory of their dreams they will find traces of events in their future. The phenomena, therefore, is subjective; it is tied into the particular time-track of the individual, "that three-dimensional worm in space-time." Now I do not know anything about what makes us dream, nor what the mechanism is, nor how it works. Neither, so far as I can determine, does anyone else. Any person who has examined the available written material on dreams and dreaming will discover, as I did, that about 99% of the material is based on conjecture and about 1% on research. So I was free to postulate anything I liked to the "dreaming mind."

THE dreaming mind, I reasoned, is engaged in constructing a rebus - or picture puzzle - of a moral or emotional dilemma confronting the dreamer. Theoretically, the dreaming mind can draw upon the whole of the past and the whole of the future of the dreamer for its pictures. The amount of possible material available to the dreaming mind is therefore directly related to the age of the dreamer and his probable life expectancy. Since I was 25 at the time I made this study and have a probable life expectancy of at least 50, then it was possible for my dreaming mind to draw almost equally on past or future. Naturally, any single dream might be based wholly on material from the past; some might be wholly from the future; and most would be a mixture of both. Statistically, over a longer period of dreaming, one could expect that the dream records would reveal about an equal amount of "past" imagery and an equal amount of "future imagery."

Since I obviously could not wait for 25 years to see how much of my "future" imagery "came true", I arbitrarily decided that I would only consider those dream images that had a waking counterpart ten days prior to the dream and ten days after the dream. (At the end of the study I had accumulated exactly 100 dream images that seemed to relate without question to a waking event. Of these, 56 related to events occurring before the dream; 44 related, or seemed to relate, to events occurring after the dream).

Once I had isolated the "elements", I then began trying to cancel out all of those that indisputably related to a remembered past event. For instance, persons I had met in the past; objects that I had seen; things I had heard or read about or had described to me. To aid me in this, I had kept a very detailed diary of my waking days and this helped to jog my memory on many things that I might

Office = 7 post card = 9
advertising on - = 1 revise =
Reverse : personalized message, printed =
to color fountain pen writing
for word "Friend" = ~~~~~
R. C. P.

2/19

6400

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THIS is a typewritten transcription of the dream notes shown on the opposite page. All of the ADDED material -- i.e., waking addition to the actual dream notes -- are underlined. Each "element" (any person, place of thing) has been given a number. Later on, these elements are searched to see if they derive from a remembered past experience. If they do correspond to a past experience, the dream record and the experience are written down separately. Untraced dream elements may possibly show up in the future, as determined by comparing them to a detailed diary.

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24 hours ought to be just as accessible as the past 24 hours. A chart showing the frequency of related "past events" and "future events" should be a bell-shaped curve. As a matter of fact, that is exactly the way it came out! Taken together the frequency distribution and the time distribution of the alleged "future" elements seem to me suggestive that a real phenomenon is being dealt with here, but it is equally possible, as any good psychologist (or statistician) would point out, that I "made it come out that way."

Lets take a look at one of these dreams to see what kind of material they contained. This is probably typical of the sort of dream record that I got and it contains material that indisputably relates to the past, and a couple of elements that appear to relate to a future event.

It is night and I see a woman climbing an R.R. embankment accompanied by a child. Below the embankment is a farm. As she approaches, she says, "It's the Russians." I answer, "they'll do it every time..."

The farm is out of perspective; forms, dressed in white (but I feel they are Negroes) steal through a sparse orchard. The forms are all out of proportion and move two-dimensionally. Have a feeling something about KLU Klux Klan.

Suddenly, a tall this girl comes out and shrieks, "An ear of corn!" I have a feeling she is a Communist. The others are afraid of her. The situation is becoming critical when one I think of as the mother stops things by stepping on an electrode. There is a feeling of horror as I realize she cannot remove her foot. Finally she manages to do so. Slyly, one of the daughters suggests that the Communist, who is talking wildly and places her fingertips together, pick up the wire. A feeling of suspense until she does so. As she holds the wire, she becomes ecstatic, making undulatory motions with her free hand indicating the pulsation of electricity through her body.

MOST of the imagery in this dream was easily traced. Just before I fell asleep, I overheard the deck engineer warn the third assistant engineer against touching a live wire in the fuse box outside my foc'sle. The third assistant is a tall, thin man. The only time I ever talked to him, we discussed Communism -- but that one conversation was held three days after the dream. It is, of course, perfectly possible that I brought up the subject of Communism because of the dream, and therefore "made it come true." I don't know. If I did, it was completely an unconscious act.

Each person, of course, will have his own dream world. I am fortunate in having a vivid imagination and my dreams are rich in imagery, colorful in the extreme, and every bit as good as going to a movie or watching television. While it has nothing to do with this particular study, it should be pointed out that in the nine months of my dreaming with 204 full length dream records, I encountered a number of related dreams that seemed to have no counterpart in real life. There were dream cities whose streets and buildings I "knew" in my dreams; persons whose faces and personalities I recognized; continued situations left over from earlier dreams; none of which I was ever able to trace definitely to my past life. Again it proves nothing; except that one-third of our lives are spent dreaming, and it is possible that we lead another existence during that time; one that has its own scenery, its own people, its own problems and solutions.

HERE is a dream, for instance, that never "made sense" and defied all my efforts to break it down, although I'm sure the Freudians would have a field day with it:

Apparently I am engaged as a gardener on the Roosevelt estate.....I look in the window and see the Roosevelt family eating. It is in the morning and I am sent out to prune an enormously tall tree that grows upon the grounds.... Particularly, I am to cut off the ends of one or two long, tendril like branches that run by me. These, oddly enough, are made up of heavy line, perhaps three or four inch jute... To my horror, I discover they end in giraffe heads, and if I snip off the tendrils, I most certainly will kill the animals....

WELL, it doesn't prove anything, one way or the other. But I do want to point out that anybody who attempts this type of study will run into a good many strange things, many of which will never seem to resolve themselves into dream portrayals of waking situations. One must work only with what is left after the pure fantasy has been deducted.

As I have mentioned earlier, virtually nothing is known about dreaming except for the theories of psychologists and psycho-analysts. The only book I have ever found that has controlled laboratory experiments in it is Mary Sturt's' PSYCHOLOGY OF TIME* in which she investigated how much dreaming could be done in a limited time. Her method was to create stimuli for the subject while the subject was asleep and then have the subject record his or her dreams. The stimulus would generally show up in the dream and since the interval was known, it was possible to get an idea how fast we dream. So far as Miss Sturt could discover, we can dream faster than we think, because dreams are usually almost

pure imagery and do not require "verbalization." The often heard theory that actually we do not dream at all, but just "rationalize" back from the moment of awakening seems to have absolutely no empirical evidence at all, but is quite popular, nonetheless.

Now I would like to present ten examples of dream material and their waking "causes." I will tell you right at the start that five of these dream elements were "caused" by past events and that five were related to future events. See if you can determine which is which. The "interval" given after each recording refers to the time lapse between the event and the dream. Answers are given at the end of this article.

1. DREAM RECORD - The colored illustration from a magazine drifts down from somewhere above us and sinks through the water. So clear is the water we can see it perfectly.

WAKING EVENT - We are working overside; someone throws a magazine overboard and, as it sinks down, we can see the page very clearly through the water. INTERVAL - 7 days.

2. DREAM RECORD - I am aboard ship and carrying a rifle. In front of me is an absurdly small boy with a rifle. He is being helped by a woman.

WAKING EVENT - Rifles are issued crew members during the Neptune Rex ceremonies. One of the members is dressed as a "Queen". (Firearms are prohibited aboard merchant vessel, and I had never seen rifles aboard before. INTERVAL - 6 days.

3. DREAM RECORD - Some place we came upon many ships anchored. One of these is pointed out to _____. It has a big, fat funnel aft and a single mast set well forward.

WAKING EVENT - We come into Hollandia where many ships are anchored. On the second day, a transport pulls in with a single mast set forward and a very fat funnel aft. (This is not a usual arrangement, and preceded the C-4 ships, which look something like that, by two years.) INTERVAL - 8 days.

4. DREAM RECORD - I am standing on the staging over the side of the ship. A very large fish swims beneath us and I stand up to spear it as it passes beneath me.

WAKING EVENT - B _____ and I are on a stage painting the side when a big fish swims under me. I say that I wish I had a fish spear, as I'm sure I could spear it. INTERVAL - 4 days.

5. DREAM RECORD - A speed-boat comes close to the fantail and I can see a man making his way forward in it, with a line, apparently desiring to make fast to us.

WAKING EVENT - A small craft comes alongside. It has a man standing in the bow with a piece of line looped in his hand, making ready to moor to us. INTERVAL - 2 days.

6. DREAM RECORD - I am on some rocky place and looking down find in the quartz stone some soft, yellowish dust which I somehow know is gold.

WAKING EVENT - I read in Edwin Corle's book, "Coarse Gold" (pg. 17) "I picked up a rock and took a look at it. . . . It was as pretty a piece of rock full of free gold as any man could ask God to let him see." INTERVAL - 7 days.

7. DREAM RECORD - An aircraft of the old fashioned monoplane type with fixed landing gear comes in very slowly.

WAKING EVENT - I see an old-fashioned monoplane fly in slowly over our anchorage and I watch it from the bridge. INTERVAL - 1 day.

8. DREAM RECORD - As the planes pass over I throw myself behind the bulwarks and onto the deck underneath the forward gun platform, covering my ears.

WAKING EVENT - As enemy planes pass over the ship, I throw myself onto the deck behind the bulwarks midships, covering my ears to avoid concussion. INTERVAL - about 8 hrs.

9. DREAM RECORD - Then a formation of fighter-bombers comes in, dropping what appear to be depth charges. What they drop is cylindrical in shape and gray in color, and some remain floating on top of the water.

WAKING EVENT - One of the large number of fighters flying over our anchorage jettisons something we think is a bomb. It turns out to be an empty wing-tank and floats after hitting the water. INTERVAL - 8 days.

10. DREAM RECORD - The field of vision is like a movie screen, and is totally black at first. There are two or three small bursts of light, followed by a tremendous arc of flame, which dies down to a steady glow of burning. "Got one!" somebody yells.

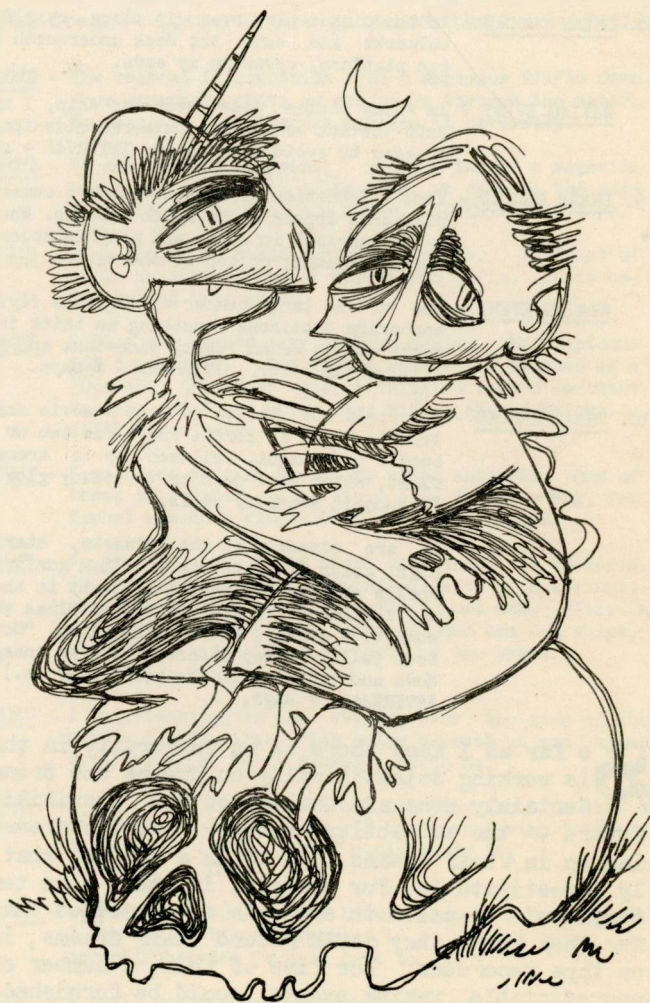
We are standing at the bulwarks, staring into the night which is pitch black. Then gunfire and tracer shells make small bursts of light in the air before us, followed by a great burst of flame which settles down to a steady, red burning glow. "Got one!" somebody yells. (They referred to an enemy plane shot down and crashing on the beach near us.) INTERVAL - 7 days.

So far as I know there is no University in the world that is working scientifically on dreams and dream phenomena. Certainly none are working on the possibility that the future -- the subjective future -- of the dreamers is turning up in their dreams. Yet it is a subject that is eminently investigatable. For example, if there were ten volunteers they could be asked to sleep in a controlled environment. After they awoke they could record their dreams, independently, on tape recorders. For five of them, a number of controlled unpredictable waking events could be furnished; visual or auditory. For the other five, no controlled stimuli. An examination of the dream records should show traces of the future events; they could be compared against the control-group. It would be that simple.

WHAT you have read here does not in any way "prove" that we dream of the future. It doesn't in fact, prove anything except that here is a phenomenon that is rather interesting; that can be investigated by anyone willing to take the time, and trouble; and that it might -- just might -- have something to it. If anyone wants to try it, I'd like to hear from him.

*PSYCHOLOGY OF TIME by Mary Sturt. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. London, 1925.

- 1 - Past
- 2 - Future
- 3 - Future
- 4 - Past
- 5 - Past
- 6 - Future
- 7 - Past
- 8 - Past
- 9 - Future
- 10 - Future



FIVE

- Produced & Directed by Arch Oboler

WE SAW this picture last night. Since then, we have been wont to drop off into moody silences, gnaw at the stubs of our fingernails, and look through people - not at them. It's that kind of a picture.

WE WAIT for the swirling smoke and winds to blight the City; picture in our minds eye the gape-mouthed skeletons perched in busses; see the sterile, arid world without its ant-like streams of cars, its great swirling hives. See it, indeed, as FIVE saw it; without life, without hope; a meaningless thing, turning softly in space.

THE STORY was, as everyone knows, about five survivors from an atomic dist attack which wipes out everyone -- and every living thing but plants -- on earth. So there are five; a pregnant girl so deeply in love with her husband that she will not believe he is dead; a young liberal ("I'm just an average sort of guy, I never cared much for people"); a Negro porter from a bank ("I was going to be a teacher; I guess I just got off the track somewheres."); a bank clerk ("We're really quite a big firm, almost three quarter of a million dollars in assets") who thinks he is on a vacation; and a young Fascist, ("I've always been alone, done things alone. I, Eric, climbed Everest alone, I was on the last ridge when it happened.")

The story concerns those five. But all the earth is not big enough for five people; this planet is scarcely large enough for two, as this picture proves.

THERE really is nothing else you can say about it. The whole, hopeless dilemma of you, and me, and the guy next door, is contained in these FIVE. It offers a solution, but only in the last five words, the final spoken text of the film. They are without question the only possible solution; but we are too proud to say them.

THE ONLY criticism we have heard from people who have seen FIVE is that "they just sit around and talk." What in God's name does this guy think people would do on a lifeless world? Write a book or start a war or build a skyscraper? Brother, there ain't nothing left; there's nothing else to do but talk.

WE DON'T want to see this one again. We've got enough to think about for a long, long time.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

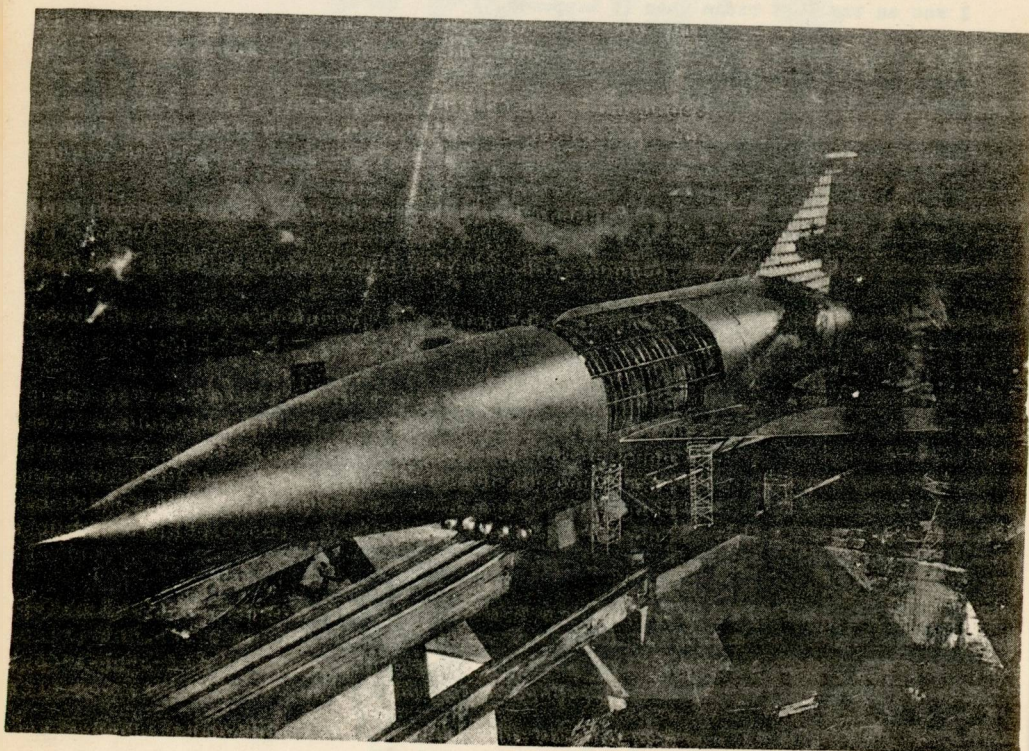
A George Pal Production

THANKS to the generosity of George Pal and Paramount Studios, a select group of the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction Chowder and Marching Society was given a special showing of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE at the projection room normally used for previewing a film for San Francisco movie distributors, early in October.

ABOUT forty odd (some very odd) people were on hand to witness what proved to be, for most of them, the most enjoyable picture they had seen in months. With some minor variations, and a change of names, the picture follows quite closely the book after which it is named, so it is familiar to most of our readers.

In a rare flash of ingenuity, we collected slips from people who saw it, asking for their comments. All together, we have fourteen of them, and they represent, we feel, a pretty fair cross-section of opinion. Those who thought the technical details were excellent, but the plot weak were almost equally balanced by those who thought the plot and characterization excellent, but the technical details poor. Those who felt it was superior in entertainment value to *DESTINATION MOON* outnumbered those who felt it was not as good as the earlier Pal production.

In reading over the slips turned in, there seems to be an undercurrent feeling that *DESTINATION MOON* was a sort of documentary to prove that rockets are real; that *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* is a sort of popular exposition to prove that it is possible to base an interesting story about rockets; and that it is now time for Pal Productions to turn its attention to "really good science fiction."



One of the scenes from "WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE", showing the space ship under construction.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

turned up from Universal--International without much publicity, and I can't say that I blame them. I would have tried to keep it quiet, too. It's a fantasy -- forgive me, Lord Dunsany, forgive me, John Collier --about a dog that inherited six million dollars, was immediately poisoned and went to an animal limbo called "beastatory." (This will give you an idea of the level of the humor.) And in *Beastatory* he gets a chance to go back to Earth as a human and avenge himself. The cast includes the dog's ghost, a horse's ghost, and a man who seems to be part of a horse. (Never mind WHAT part of a horse.) The one good gimmick I found in it is that, in *Beastatory*, the animals that have led blameless lives are passed on to animal Heaven, while those that have sinned must go back to Earth and live out a life as a human (or "Humanimal"). The theory is that there is no worse punishment than being a human. There is a certain amount of weight behind this theory, and it is a pity the producers did not play it up more. But they didn't, preferring to lean heavily on gags such as Dick Powell passing a fire hydrant only with obvious restraint, and not being able to see a lovely garden for the trees. The sign this one needs is, "No One Over 16 Admitted Unless Accompanied by a Child." In God's name, if they're going to make wacky fantasies --- a most laudable idea--- why not Saki's "Tobermory", or Dunsany's "Jorkens" pieces? Or for that matter, Reg Bretnor's "The Gnurrs Come from the Voodvork Out!" (Reviewed by BOB McCARY)

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

is disappointing. It is taken from Harry Bates' fine story, "Return of the Master," taken so far, in fact, that little of the original story line is left. This is the theme of a giant robot and a superman coming to Earth and scaring everybody to death. It was a good idea, and Bates' story had a nice little kicker at the end: it turned out in the last sentence that the robot was the master, and the superman the slave. Twentieth Century Fox lost that idea and replaced it with a Message: that as long as Earthmen played around destroying only themselves, the higher civilizations didn't care; but now that we are on the verge of reaching out into space, they tell us to "Knock it off!" For an insignificant sum you could sent this message via Western Union, and be just as subtle as "The Day the Earth Stood Still," and have room left over for 12 more words, such as, "Now is the time for all good studios to make adult movies." In all justice, Michael Rennie plays a good superman, and the movie itself is on a popular-enough level so that it may induce non-fans to attend the good science-fiction films. (Reviewed by BOB McCARY.)

by JAN ROMANOFF

IN recent weeks I've noticed in several magazines a tendency to be late; several weeks late. This could mean one of two things: material and production costs are becoming progressively harder to meet, or, science fiction is heading into a bad period -- a period of decreasing popularity. Of the two suppositions, I prefer the former to the latter.

AMAZING STORIES

November - 1951

CONTINUING on its admittedly faulty course, with Editor Browne at the helm, it is still far and away the worst magazine on the stands. The novel, "Beyond the Walls of Space" by S.M. Tenneshow (a house name) is the usual, all too familiar, written exactly to formula type of thing. Weak plot, deliberate clumsiness, and written down to an eleven year old audience.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

November - 1951

USUALLY a little better than its mate it doesn't offer much this time. The lead novel, "The Man Who Stopped at Nothing" (Paul W. Fairman) is easily the worst story I've yet to come across in these pages. It's almost as nauseating as the disgusting illustrations accompanying it. A well written short by Stephen Marlowe is good reading. The rest of the issue contains the efforts of Geier, Ross, Umphry and Phillips.

FUTURE

November - 1951

THE NOVEL, "Experiment in Genius" by William F. Temple, supposedly a study in psychology, is just so much trash -- and very uninteresting. Milton Lesser has a good space opera -- the only worthwhile story in this issue.

IMAGINATION

November - 1951

IN HIS editorial, editor Hamling says, in effect, that there is too much of an accent applied to "adult" science fiction. I wonder if he really believes it, or is just laying the foundation for a quick switch to an "Amazing" type policy? The lead novel, "Beware, the Usurpers" by Geoff St. Reynard (Bob Krepps), a sequel to his well known, "The Usurpers" which appeared in an issue of F.A. last year, is very good. The rest of the issue is represented by: Oberfield, de Camp, Crouch, Sturgis and Lesser.

MARVEL

November - 1951

CONTINUING to improve, it offers a novel by Richard Matheson, "Mountains of the Mind" for criticism. It concerns itself with answering the problem of "where do man's ideas come from?" and does a good job of it. Was surprised to see a short by Bradbury entitled "Embroidery." A surprise, because he hasn't appeared in the pulps for quite a long time,



devoting his attention to the slicks and stage plays. Rest of the issue: Asimov, Leiber, Pratt, Gallun, Vance, Tenn, Burks and Latham.

OTHER WORLDS

October - 1951

THIS magazine is rapidly becoming one of the poorest sources for obtaining science fiction. Reverting to stories of "Amazing" ilk, it is getting progressively worse. Snaver practically fills up the whole issue -- reason enough for not buying it. Efforts of Geier, Byrne, and Bloch don't do much to help it.

PLANET

November - 1951

THIS ISSUE, like so many preceding it, is sheer unadulterated hack. It seems to me that PLANET magazine pays more attention to a writer's name than to his work, which is evidenced by the miserable copy turned out by such well known names as Stanley Mullen, Poul Anderson, Mack Reynolds and Eric Frank Russell.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY

November - 1951

LIDDELL (Kuttner), Smith, West and del Rey -- an impressive list of names come up with totally unimpressive offerings. The featured story, "We Shall Come Back" by Liddell is little better than a transplanted western with a few nazy plot ideas tossed in. Ironical that magazines like this continue to exist when honest efforts such as the ill-fated "Word as Beyond" fail.

STARTLING STORIES

November - 1951

USUALLY a safe bet for a good novel and a couple of readable shorts. This month's long novel, "The Star Watchers" by Eric Frank Russell, has the earmarks of being one of the best yarns ever to appear in either this magazine or its companion. Though it has the overtones of being an ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION reject, it certainly seems that ASF is just where it should have appeared. By all means, get it.

NEW WORLDS

Autumn - 1951
Reviewed by L. E. BRANDT

AGAIN NEW WORLDS rings the bell, and a high level bell it is, too. How the editor maintains such quality at about half a pence a word is a mystery, though.

VERY amusing was the predicament of a time-traveler stranded in post-war England who couldn't build a time machine to take him home because he had "No Priorities." When last seen he was busily running around collecting red tape by the yard, and filling out various forms in at least octuplicate -- with carbons.

THE LEAD story whirls the reader through the vortex of space-time confusion. Not too new, perhaps, but good space-opera.

THE PUBLICATION of "Empire" is of some historical interest because it is undoubtedly one of the first stories that Simak ever wrote.

THIS SPACE operetta (it's much too goodhearted to be called opera) concerns the stock activities of stock characters. The hero is all good, the villain is all evil and complete with crooked back and sneer. There are also the Good Scientist, the Bad Scientist, the Traitor, and a few assorted thugs. A Capitalist Baron attempts to set up an economic dictatorship of the solar system. The Good scientist conveniently discovers the principles of a new science, whereupon he and the hero, aid by their handsome selves, set up mountainous masses of machinery which allow all sorts of applications of this science. They then proceed to foil the Capitalist Baron despite all the efforts of the aforesaid Villain, Bad Scientist, Traitor and Thugs.

THE ONLY item of interest in this melange is the Capitalist Baron. He is not pictured as a secondary villain, but as just a good-hearted fellow who happened to pick the wrong means to help humanity. Phases of the National Association of Capitalists.

REALLY! If the standards of the magazine, GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, are not going to be applied to choosing GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS, then the name should not be applied to these so-called novels or the magazine will suffer from the association. Never mind quantity; just give us quality. "Prelude to Space" showed that it can be done. And let these rejects of by-gone days rest in peace!

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION - October 1951
Reviewed by PAUL H. FINCH

I buy and read the s-f magazines on the theory that if each issue contains one likeable story, time and money have been well spent. In this issue, there are two good ones: a short by Ralph Williams, "The Head Hunters" and the first (long) part of Hal Clement's three part serial "Iceworld." In the short, a non-terrestrial is engaged in hunting human specimens for his world's museums and zoos, while his intended specimens, in turn, are hunting Alaskan goat for a big-game hunter's private den. Who gets whom? Fine suspense-staining until the very last. This story belongs in any self-respecting anthology. Clement's "Iceworld" is a good Clement; extra-terrestrial detective, who does his stuff on Earth. Fast-moving, but at a seemingly leisurely pace, with rather realistic characters.

FOLLOWING these two is a typical Lester Del Rey short, about man's fruitless seeking for new worlds to colonize and other sentient life to fraternize with. It is entitled "The Years Draw Nigh." Good del Rey if you like his gentle sadness and futile future. The Eric Frank Russell "Ultima Thule" is bare-faced philosophy (no man is an island theme).

The locale -- "no-space" -- gives the story a too-attenuated air. H.E. Fyfe's "Thinking Machine" is so-so standard s-f. It tells of the Earthling who outwits the Arcturian and inherits, thereby, his (stolen) calculator, only to find that maybe he has a tiger by the tail.

"These Rare Earths" is the article, by William Olcott, and has several photos. If you are interested in the problems of rocketry, this should prove interesting. "The Editor's Page" by Campbell, refreshingly, if one year late, confesses that dianetics is no panacea. As for the value of dianetics otherwise, "the man doth protest too much." P. Schuyler Miller's book reviews, "The Reference Library" calls to the attention of our authors the article dated April 20, 1951, in SCIENCE, by J. R. Pierce, regarding the lack of science in science fiction.

A VERY short feature on page 144 is entitled "English Spelling Book: Lesson I." Is ASTOUNDING beginning a crusade against the idiocy of English spelling? Refreshing, if true.

ALTOGETHER, this issue is worth your time and money.

THE BIG O - Vol. 1, No. 3, SAFS #16, FAFA #56, quarterly. Edited by Es and Les Cole, and Cpl. Clarence L. Jacobs, 614 Norvell Street, El Cerrito 8, Calif. No price listed. Mimeographed, 30 pgs.

Without qualification, this is the funniest amateur publication these old eyes have seen. Although the Coles, Es and Les, live just a whoop and a holler away from the incubation room of the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, we had not met them until someone dropped a copy of "THE BIG O" on the old orange crate that serves us as a table. From then on we had a bad time trying to decide whether to give up the Rd and throw in with "Ma and Pa Jukes of stf" or whether to have the Coles throw up the Rd with us.

Among the features we particularly liked were "Why Artists Go But Gray" by Hannes Bok (you can read it in reprint version in the current issue of SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST): "What Sience Fiction Has Done for Me" by Henry Morgan (which concludes with the thought: "The science fiction of today may very well turn out to be the science fiction of yesterday.") "Don't Feed the Carbon Atoms" by Carl Murray, (with a footnote that says, "The Nertz Equation, which expressed the action of a free American radical, states: 'Two can go into a fifth with none left over, but there will be one to carry.'" and a movie review to end all movie reviews on "THE THING."

As those who are in the know, know, THE BIG O is a euphemism for the earlier title of this magazine, which was then called "ORGASM". We asked Les for copies of this collector's item and he let us peek through them, slapping our press in escrow until we gave them back. The earlier issues were not as good as No. 3, but had some mighty fine stuff in them, including the "DEPARTMENT OF USEFUL INFORMATION" which offered as a guiding light to posterity the following gem:

The gestation period for the female elephant is twenty-one plus-or-minus months.

In fact, the three issues of THE BIG O are crammed full of nature notes, including one on the libido of the camel that is too good to print here.

COSMAG -- Vol. II, No. 1, September, 1951 combined with
SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST -- Vol. I, No. 3, co-edited by Ian. T. Macauley and Henry W. Burwell, Jr. 22 pgs. Multilithed, issued bi-monthly, single copy 25¢, 6 issues, \$1.25

To the marriage of true fan-zines admit no impediment, fore here is a happy and harmonious combination of the already well-known COSMAG and the newly formed and well received SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST. Beautifully multilithed and nicely laid-out, the two-for-one magazine is excellent in every way but one -- the Fanscient size makes for what must be the world's tiniest type. Having shelled out the dough for the stock used in the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST for most of its issues, we can sympathize with any attempt to cut down on the size of pages. On the other hand, type that is reduced to less than 6-point seems to us to put too much strain on these weary old eyes of ours. If COSMAG-DIGEST were double its size, we'd say it was one of the finest looking magazines currently available.

Featured in the COSMAG section are reviews of current fan publications, an article by Lee Hoffman entitled "The Martian Gremlshunk" and a round-up of old fan letters from the pages of old pro-and-fan magazines by Richard Elsberry (the round-up is by him, not the letters), and a section of letters to the editor. SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST contains reprinted articles from "The Big O", "Gorgon" and "Slant #4."

ABORTIONS -- Vol. I, No. 3, September, 1951. Edited by Ken J. Brueger and Eugene Smith, 11 Pearl Place, Buffalo 2, N.Y. 20 pgs., Mimeographed; 10¢ per copy.

Noteworthy in this, the third of the ABORTIONS, are a long short story, a short (not short enough) long story, a poem, and a naked lady on the cover. Turning the cover with a sigh we arrived at a movie review of a flicker called "The Strange Man From Planet X", a picture which we fortunately have not seen. The closing comment of the review is "I had only Fillinger with me and I'd rather make love to a pregnant heifer" indication, we take it, that between watching the picture and Filling-er, he wisely chose Fillinger, whoever she is, or he is, or it is.

The long short story is called "The Underwater Wait" by Raymond L. Clancy, billed as "A Supercolossal Saga of That Scout of the Spaceways --Julius Jerque (himself) and the amazing kidnapping of the grand high Boodler of Baronika, now told for the first time in English prose." We predict that Hollywood will grab this up, film it under the name of "The Girl of the Lumberlost" and call it science fiction.

The poem (this is the only way we'll ever get any poetry in the DIGEST) is as follows:

Hickory Dickory Dock
Two mice ran up her sock
One stopped at the garter,
The other was smarter.
Hickory Dickory Dock. by I.J. Wolf.

MAD - Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1951. Edited by Dick Ryan, 224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio. 22 pgs., Mimeographed; 15¢ per copy; 12 issues, \$1.50.

According to the editorial preface, MAD is the first GLEEPzine, a Gleepbeing described by R. Mark Rutledge on Pg. 6 as a "small sort of thing compared to a human being." They mate 25 times every Gleepyear and have 500 little GLEEPS each time. They have come here to live, as if we didn't have enough to worry about already. MAD is offering a genuine unretouched original drawing of "Gomer GLEEP" (sent in plain wrapper) for an unspecified amount.

Also according to the editors--anent contributed material, "We can use anything . . . therefore we draw the line only at good taste." They do not say which side of good taste they are drawing the line on, however.

Besides the GLEEP story, there is an intelligent appraisal of pro-zine policies "Science Fiction?", and reviews of pro-zines and fan-zines. Since we have already started doing so, we will quote some poetry, although it's just the first four lines from the only poem in the issue:

'Twas the night before deadline and all through the house
Everyone was stirring, even the mouse.
The stencils were hung on their racks with care
In hopes that a misso soon would be there.

QUANDRY - No. 14, Vol. II, No. 2, October, 1951. Edited by Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Georgia. Monthly, 30 pgs., mimeographed. 15¢ per copy, \$1.50 per year.

Being late-comers to the field, this is the first "Quandry" we have seen, though Lord knows we've heard enough about it. People keep picking up our magazine and saying, "You ought to see Quandry." As it turns out, we've seen Quandry, and all those people are right. It's a fine job.

This particular issue is chock-full of notes, fragments, and drawings concerning Nolacon, and if you attended Nolacon, chances are you are mentioned or quoted someplace in the issue. Miss Hoffman's drawings (we assume most of them are hers, though Lee Bishop took a crack at some of them, too) are superb. There's a little THING engaged in tugging a bathtub up an interminable flight of stairs, page after page, whom (or which) we find very funny.

There are all sorts of quotes in the issue, the one we like best being a statement by Greenleaf: "During the whole convention Kerkhof never had a breakfast he didn't have to blow the foam off of." Probably the feature in the issue that we liked the best was the full page ad announcing "The First World AVOIDICON", which closes with the adjuration, "Avoid the AVOIDICON."

WOOPS! We almost forgot to include the little poem that rounds off the issue:

Little Miss Muffett	
Decided to rough it	Along came a logger,
In a cabin quite quaint	Who plied her with cider
And medieval	And now she's
	The Forest's prime evil.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION - Vol. I, No. 1., Fall, 1951 -- Edited by Charles Freudenthal, 1331 W. Newport Ave., Chicago 13, Illinois. Pub. 3 times a year; 25¢ per copy. 32 pages, multilithed.

Well, somebody's up and done it! Here is an amateur science fiction magazine published by the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club that finally combines, in a single format, everything that a top-flight publication should be. It is very neatly and cleanly multilithed, intelligently laid out, and contains articles that are extraordinarily well written. Furthermore, the articles are apt - they deal with subjects that are certainly of interest to science fiction readers, and they do so on an adult level.

Features include a beautifully written profile on H.L. Gold by Martin Gardner; a critical article "The Case Against Bradbury" by Edward Wood; a profile study of Bill Hamling and his pro-magazine "Imagination" by Charles Recour; a satirical essay "Immodest Proposal" by Robert Bloch; an anonymous study of "The Decline of the Pulp"; and the first intelligent account of the international science-fiction convention in London: or at least the first intelligent one we've seen.

Although it so happens that this reviewer completely disagrees with Mr. Wood's criticism of Bradbury, we must admit he does a nice job of appraisal. "Immodest Proposal" is an excellent adaptation of Dean Swift's famous "A Modest Proposal" and has one of the best punch lines we've ever run into with our eyes wide open.

"The Decline of the Pulp" is a factual, well documented study of the almost cataclysmic fall of pulp circulation since 1946. The old time pulp is disappearing, and the author considers that it is going the way of all felsh because it has failed to keep up with the times. In the entertainment world, modern production is just too slick, too well planned for the cheap formula story, the amateurish art work, and the poor printing to keep up with. Perhaps, like the movie industry, which weathered a similar crisis a year or so back, the pulps will clean house, roll up their sleeves, and start fighting their way back with good plotting, stimulating art work, better paper and finer printing. Those few pulps still going strong -- Astounding; Galaxy; Fantasy & Science Fiction are still in the game because they have made an effort to present the finest possible magazine their budgets will allow. But you should read the whole article, as it appears in the JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION, in order to get the full story.

In fact, if we had to make a choice between buying a copy of any of the current pro-magazines and a copy of JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION, we would choose the latter. It's the biggest 25¢ worth we've seen in the science fiction field to date.

TRILOBITE -- No. 2; Quarterly. Edited by M. McNeil, 2010 McClen-
don Street, Houston, Texas. 12 pp. Multilithed. 5¢.

THIS is about as strange a little publication as has crept into our mail box in a month of Sundays. It contains an editorial, an exhortation to join ASFS, a poem, a short story and several very, very odd illustrations. The poem ends:

Mortal man, your life is short,
Your soul you do asxphyxiate.
Lift up your eyes,
Behold the skies,
Blast off! Aspirate!

SHADOWLAND -- No. 2, August - 1951. Edited by Sam Martinez. P.O.
Box 2032, Tulsa, Oklahoma. 16 pgs. Hectographed. No
issue or subscription price listed.

A very neat job, digest-sized, using two-color spirit duplication in a much more expert way than we've seen it done before. Text is in two colors; the standard duplicator purple and in a pale green. Unfortunately, the pale green does not stand up too well, or at least didn't in the copy we have, but it is nicely used.

There are three short stories in the issue: "Rejection Slip", "Panties from Heaven" and the "Awful Eyeful." Of these, "Panties from Heaven" as a sexy little number that gave us some ideas for the next office Christmas party. There are several poems in the issue, nice layout and excellent line drawings by Bill Rotsler. The cover illustration, contributed by Fred Morgan, is of professional standard. As is frequently the case, the most entertaining section seems to us to be the "Scraps from Our Mail Box" which is crammed full of brickbats and bouquets for this first issue of SHADOWLAND.

TO THE EDITOR:

I have one copy of your fine magazine RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST on hand and agree that it is one of the best fan efforts produced.

I have been busy producing SCIENCE FICTION NEWSSCOPE and so have not been able to afford RD, but someone mentioned to me that RD exchanges with any regularly published fanzines. I am not sure whether or not this is true, but I decided to write you anyway.

My zine is published monthly but costs only 50¢ a year which is far from your rate. However, if you do trade I hope you will consider my magazine. I am sending you a copy of the anniversary issue for your approval.

LAWRENCE CAMPBELL
Malden, Massachusetts

YES, the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST will exchange with other regularly published amateur publications, so long as it is economically feasible. We feel this is the best way to get a representative sampling of other amateur publications and we like to see what others are doing.

TO THE EDITOR:

Greetings and best wishes from the 5th Annual WESTERCON Committee. We feel that all participating organizations should be informed of all important facts that pertain to this convention and so this letter is being sent.

Last year, as you no doubt remember, the WESTERCON was held in San Francisco and was a very fine one. This year, San Diego is playing host. We have just completed negotiations for part of the convention. Here they are:

DATE -- June 21 & 22	GUEST OF HONOR - Ray Bradbury
PLACE -- U.S. Grant Hotel	PROGRAM - includes a gigantic s-f film salon, plus many other events being planned.

As the negotiations are completed, more information will be forthcoming. We feel fully confident that we can count on you for formal support-via attendance. One favor we would like to ask and that, if possible, is for a listing of all your members' addresses.

Until June 21 and 22, and the 5th Annual WESTERCON, I remain.
fantastically

ROGER NELSON, Chairman
San Diego, Calif.

Letters

TO THE EDITOR:

This may not be the longest-delayed reply to a request for subscription there has ever been, but it will do until another comes along. Your post card of November 29, 1950, disappeared until now and I have been too busy and too lazy to hunt for it in a great stack of letters. This should not be taken as indicating that I care little for RMD, which I consider the best thing to hit the fanzine field for a long time. I am enclosing a cheque for \$5.00 for renewal of my subscription, starting with Volume II, No. 3, if you can still supply these issues from the past year.

The item I remember most vividly from the old RMD is that list of science fiction lectures. I hope these are being, and have been published in full.

ALASTAIR CAMERON
Saskatoon, Sask.
Canada.

TO THE EDITOR:

Would you please send me your new *RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST*? -- 1 copy only -- (for the time being), -- if possible -- for which I am enclosing .25¢ in stamps! -- can this be done? I sincerely hope so! --

You know, I'm not too sure that this'll work out alright, but when I manage to mumble or shriek the weird word "EGALMASFEOMISOBCORDUTIGEL" - ghastly things will begin to happen! --

Shelves with little elves, tables with sables, hobnails, with ten thousand pails, banks playing pranks, etc. are liable to come popping out of unknown dimensions, and interstellar drainpipes! --

Sounds rotten, doesn't it? Anyway-- would you also kindly enclose with the *Digest* (with Liberal sprinklings of Bicarbonate), --A catalog, and if you have any mailing lists, of further Literature!--

My deepest thanx to all of you for this: frightfully Yurs,

BRECK TILDEN
Long Island, N.Y.

TO THE EDITOR:

At first, I was quite indignant at the thought of paying \$2.50 for ten issues of an amateur magazine. For the same money, I can get 12 issues of most professional ones. Then I read the magazine from cover to cover.

Enclosed is the \$2.50. Start with the III-2 No.

Only thing in the magazine I didn't like was the review of the *THING*. It happens to be one of the five leading pictures of the month. (Sept., 1951) And it was good entertainment according to many non-science fiction fans. Naturally, many were disappointed in it. But it still had merits. And, as R.J.Banks has said, would you rather sit through a poor science fiction picture, or a poor western, mystery, romance, etc.? By the way, I know no one who considered *THE THING* as anything but a horror picture, certainly not science fiction. Go on and see a double-horror show, such as *SON OF DRACULA* and *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, and maybe you'll appreciate *THE THING* by contrast.

Neal Clark Reynolds
Fullerton, Calif.

The listing which follows is a continuing feature of the Rhodomagnetic Digest. The books mentioned are part of the personal collection of J. Lloyd Eaton, first chairman of the Society. It is one of the largest and most comprehensive collections of fantasy and science fiction in the world. For more information see Volume I, number 2 or 6 of the Digest.

By J. Lloyd Eaton

Stories are rated as follows:

- *** Good to excellent.
- ** Fair to good.
- x When included in the rating may be considered an additional * by those who enjoy cerebral stimuli. It may also serve as a warning to those who want an evening of light reading.
- * A fantastic, but not good escape reading; for collectors and students only. Read at your own peril!
- Not fantastics; masqueraders, religious, occult, economic treatises, thinly disguised as fantasy; too poorly written even for the collector.
- () Not fantastics; marginal.
- C Not in the Checklist.
- s Short story collections. Total number of stories given, with each fantastic listed and described.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson

- * The White People. *Harper; N.Y.*; '17 - Ghost. (Also see Wagenknecht, *Six Novels of the Supernatural.*)

Burnett, Whit. (Ed.)

- *** Two Bottles of Relish. (Anthology) Title story by Dunsany very good; Others poor.

Burnshaw, Stanley

- C* The Sunless Sea. *Dial; N.Y.*; '49 - Novel in framework of fantasy and symbolism.

Burr, Amelia Josephine

- The Three Fires. *Macmillan; N.Y.*; '22 - One Episode of ink reading of future; otherwise not fantastic.

Burr, H. M.

- C* Around the Fire. *Association; N.Y.*; '12 - Episodes in life of prehistoric tribe.

Burrage, A. M.

- *** Seeker to the Dead. *Swan; Lon.*; '42 - Satanism thriller.
- s Some Ghost Stories. *Palmer; Lon.*; '27 - Shorts (13).
 - ** Playmates. - Nice child-ghost story.
 - ** The Green Scarf. - A signal.
 - * The Wrong Station. - After death?
 - * The Gambler's Room. - Evil spirits, no horror.
 - * The Summer House. - Pleasant ghost.
 - * The Yellow Curtains. - Maybe?
 - *** Nobody's House. - Remembers.
 - *** Between the Minute and the Hour. - Time.
 - *** Footprints. - Vengeance after death.
 - *** Browdean Farm. - Evidence.
 - *** Furze Hollow. - Old lore.
 - * Wrastler's End. - Vengeance after death.
 - * The Room over the Kitchen. - Ghost, no horror.

Burrard, Gerald

- The Tiger of Tibet. *Watt; N.Y.*; '25 - Adv., secret society, treasure - poor.

Burroughs, Edgar Rice

See Checklist for titles. Everyone knows this prolific writer, and if one is in the mood for a purely action thriller (many with a surprising amount of meat withal), pick any title. I would rate them all ** and ***. Personally I like best the first several of his *Mars* series, *The Land That Time Forgot*, and the first couple of *Earth's Core* stories.

Burroughs, Joseph B.

- * Titan, Son of Saturn. *Forum; Cin.*; '21 - The Antichrist with all of the Biblical trimmings. More interesting than many such.

Burtis, Thompson

- ** Haunted Airways. *Doubleday, Doran; N.Y.*; '35 - Juvenile.

Burton, Miles

- * The Secret of High Eldersham. *Mystery League; N.Y.*; '31 - Murder, covered by fake witchcraft, and not too much mystery.

Burton, Richard F.

- ** Vikram and the Vampire, or Tales of Hindu Devilry. *Longmans, Green; Lon.*; 1870 - Hindu Arabian Nights.
- *** The Arabian Nights.

Busch, Niven

- * The Carrington Incident. *Morrow; N.Y.*; '41 - Fairly interesting and imaginative story of Hitler, but not a true fantastic.

Russon, Paul

- * The Fire Spirits. *Heinemann; Lon.*; '29 - Historical novel, with hidden sect of Mithra worshippers; borderline fantastic.
- ** The Man Who Was Born Again. *Day; N.Y.*; '27 - Historical novel, some horror and some fantastic.

Butcher, Margaret

- C* Destiny on Demand. *Skeffington; Lon.*; N.D. - The Gods take a hand but essentially a novel.

Butler, Evan

- C* Talk of the Devil. *Moxon; Lon.*; '48 - Satan comes to England to help them go to the devil - but, innate honesty of the English makes his efforts not too successful.

Butler, Samuel

- *** Erewhon. *Mod. Library* - Satire, Utopia.
- ** Erewhon Re-Visited. *Mod. Library* - Satire.

Byatt, Henry

- * The Flight of Icarus. *Lisleys; Lon.*; '07 - Usurps the word of Power - the Antichrist - but pays finally.

Bynner, Edwin Lassiter (and other authors)

- C-s The Chase of the Meteor and Other Stories. *Lothrop; Bos.*; 1890 - no fantasies.

Byrne, Donn

- s The Changeling and Other Stories. *Century; N.Y.*; '23 - Shorts (13)
 - ** The Keeper of the Bridge. - Human sacrifice necessary.
 - *** The Parliament at Thebes. - Animals ask help against man.
 - Wisdom Buildeth her House. - Sheba and Solomon.
 - *** Delilah, Now It Was Dusk. - A different side to the story.
 - *** A Quatrain of Ling Tai Fu's. - Chinese medicine.
 - *** By Ordeal of Justice. - Magic.
 - *** By Ordeal of Justice. - Magic.

Bywater, Hector C.

- ** The Great Pacific War. *Houghton, Mifflin; Bos.*; '42 - Written in 1925. A prediction and a good one.

Cabeen, Francis von A.

- ** The Colonel and the Quaker. *Goodman's; Phil.*; '06 - Ghosts of a Revolutionary time C, lonel and a Quaker of 1750 return to compare their times with now. Of historical interest to Philadelphians.

Cable, George W.

- Strange True Stories of Louisiana. *Scribner's; N.Y.*; 1893 - None fantastic.

Cabot, Calvin Quincy

- C- The Year of Regeneration. *Hapner's; N.Y.*; '32 - Political.

Cadell, Elizabeth

- C** Brimstone in the Garden. *Morrow; N.Y.*; '50 - Fairish comedy with slight sprinkling of the Devil.

Cahun, Leon

- The Adventure of Captain Maga. *Scribner's; N.Y.*; 1889 - Historical adventure; one oracle.

Caine, William

- (**) The Strangeness of Noel Carton. *Putnam; N.Y.*; '20 - Abnormal psych. Interesting development of double identity.

Caine, W. Ralph Hall

- * Annals of the Magic Isle. *Palmer; Lon.*; '26 - Celtic legend.

Cairnes, Mand

- *** Strange Journey. *Norton; N.Y.*; '35 - Quite a good mind-switch story.

Cairnes, William Elliott

- * The Coming Waterloo. *Constable; Westminster*; '01 - A future war when written, but no technological advance and little interest to us.

Caldicott, Sir Andrew

- s Not Exactly Ghosts. *Longmans, Green; Lon.*; '47 - Shorts (12).

- * A Room in a Rectory. - Evil pressure.
- ** Branch Line to Benceston. - Double life.
- ** Sonata in D-Minor. - Sort of sci. fict.
- ** Autoepitaphy. - Ghostly power.
- The Pump in Thorp's Spinney. -
- ** Whiffs of the Sea. - plus dreams.
- * In Due Course.
- ** Light in the Darkness. - Native curse.
- * Decastroland.
- * A Victim of Medusa.
- ** Fits of the Blues. - Native curse
- * Christmas Re-Union.

Calderson, George

- ** Dwala: A Romance. *Smith, Elder; Lon.*; '04 - Missing link becomes premier of England. (Is that fantastic?)

Calthrop, Dion Clayton

- ** Hyacinth. *Duffield; N.Y.*; '28 - Light fantasy; immortal from Olympus in our time.

Calverton, V. F.

- * The Man Inside. *Scribners; N.Y.*; '36 - Semi-science; mind and hypnotism.

Cameron, Isabel

- C(*) A Highland Chapbook. *Mackay; Sterling, Scot.*; '28 - Essays on Scottish legends and beliefs.

Cannaerts, Emile

- C- The Devil Takes the Chair. *Cresset; Lon.*; '49 - Essays on morality in story frame-work.

Campbell, Alice

- C- Juggernaut. *G & D* - Just mystery story; some science, some horror.

Campbell, (Sir) Gilbert

- s Wild and Weird. *Ward, Lock; Lon.*; 1889 - Shorts (14)

NOTE: Checklist gives pagination wrong. There are three parts; stories of Russia (162 pages), England (143 pages), Italy (175 pages). It seems probable that Part II is same as *Mysteries of the Unseen*; or, *Supernatural Stories of English Life*.

RUSSIA:

- ** Nepimoff's Father. - Faust tale spoiled by denouement.
- *** The Thief's Taper. - Rather good horror tale of a type *glory hand*.
- * The White Wolf of Kostopchin. - Werewolf.
- * The Midnight Skater. - Demons.

ENGLAND

- * The Warning of the Sword. - Omens.
- * A Day's Shooting. - Spectre at murder trial; retribution.
- * What Was It? - Ghost takes a child.
- * The Ghost at the Proscenium.
- * The Lady Isopel. - Ghost.
- * 48, Fernvalley Terrace, N. - Ghost.

ITALY:

- * The Evil Eye.
- ** The Marble Faun. - Forces of Evil.
- ** From the Grave. - Ghosts and Vendetta.
- ** The Green Staircase. - Ghost, Gothic type.

Campbell, J. L.

- C*** The Miracle of Reille. *Collins; Lon.*; '30 - Good Religious miracle story.

ON the otherwise pleasant afternoon of October 5, Mrs. Benton Bowling, trustee of the Burbank (South-
ern ugh!California) Public library, introduced a
resolution to be acted upon by the California Lib-
rary Association, meeting in otherwise intelligent
conclave in San Francisco.

Since, if adopted, the resolution would also apply
to science fiction books, we have a special inter-
est in it. We are mindful that science fiction has
been banned in Soviet Russia. The resolution asked
that stickers be placed in all books carried by
California Public Libraries and each sticker would
list pages containing "anything immoral or subver-
sive."

We wish to place this magazine on record as being
fully behind Mrs. Bowling's resolution. As one who
had spent hours fumbling through "Lady Chatterleys
Lover" looking for immoral passages; who wasted an
hour on "Memoirs of Hecate County" before he found
"The Princess With the Golden Hair"; who spent a
whole day reading "Ulysses" before he found Mrs.
Bloom's soliloquy, we can think of no greater ser-
vice to readers of the uplifting than to list all
pages containing immoral passages.

Such a system would save hundreds of hours of un-
dergraduate time; time that could be spent design-
ing bigger bombs, more virulent biological weapons,
and other humanitarian-scientific projects.

Mrs. Bowling, a non-voting member, voted "No!" on
a resolution condemning her resolution and floun-
ded out of the meeting, thus making it unnecessary
to continue to operate the air-purifying system.
She did not, therefore, get an opportunity to pre-
sent a foremat for the immoral and subversive stick-
er for the books.

This was unfortunate, and we wish to rectify the
oversight with our own handy-dandy sticker, the
undergraduate's best friend, which can be affixed
to virtually any book you happen to read, includ-
ing this one:



READER — BEWARE!

Readers are cautioned against reading the
following pages of this book which contain
certain immoral and subversive statements.

Immoral and lewd photographs and "artwork"
have been removed from this book, but cop-
ies may be obtained from the Committee for
\$5 per set, SENT IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

IMMORAL

4 letter words: Pages _____

11 letter folk-expressions:
Pages _____

Boudoir Scenes: Pages _____

Anatomical Descriptions: Pages _____

Blonds _____

Brunettes _____

Red-heads _____

Too dark to tell _____

Reproductive Processes: Pages _____

Action taking place in:

Convertibles _____

Nash Ramblers _____

Model A's (obsolete) _____

Canoes (Archaic) _____

Kitchen (see Esquire _____

March 1946) _____

SUBVERSIVE

Thinks Russia is a country (sub-
versive since 1946): Pages _____

Doesn't like McCarthy (subver-
sive since 1943): Pages _____

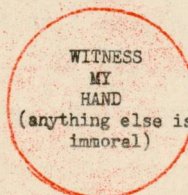
Thinks B-36's can be used for
offensive purposes, too (subver-
sive since 1948): Pages _____

Mentions Spanish Civil War: Pgs. _____

Thinks some people make more
money than other people: _____

Mentions the Depression (subv-
ersive sine 1939): Pages _____

Once attended a meeting of any-
thing (sugversive since McCarthy)
Pages _____



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Contributions in the form of articles, art work and reviews are cheerfully, but not always quickly, accepted. No fiction or poetry even read, much less accepted.

We will exchange with regularly published amateur science fiction publications, even up, copy for copy.

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The Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society is composed of people who are interested in reading, writing, or collecting science fiction and fantasy in any of its forms. For meeting dates and further information, contact any of the officers at the Garden Library, 2524 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, Calif.

The Officers of the Society are:

Chairman	Les Cole
Vice-Chairman	Eric Ely
Secretary	George Finigan
Treasurer	Maggy Garrison



A SHORT WHILE AGO someone wrote in to ask us if they could buy a "lifetime membership" in the Little Men for a friend currently serving in Korea.

THE CATCH, of course, was that the writer didn't specify whose lifetime -- our's or the boy's in Korea --- he wanted the membership for. We poked around through our mortality tables and came up with the fact that the young man in Korea had a somewhat better chance of surviving the next 50 years than we did. The life expectancy of science fiction bookstores, we noted with anxiety, is not very great.

SO, WE DECIDED to sell him the lifetime membership on a contingency basis; if he died first, we would not bill him any more, and if we died first, he wasn't to expect the DIGEST to come out as regularly as it had been. We settled on 3,586,979 yen* as a likely price, as this would broaden our interest and give us a yen for many things we do not now have a yen for.

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* We were going to make it 3,586 979 sen, but as everyone knows, "The wages of sen is death."

* Besides which the monetary unit in Korea is the won, but we don't want won, we want 3,586,979.

** The price of hamburger is up to 87¢ a pound.



-From "The Illustrations from the Works of
Andreas Vesalius"