

# RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST





THIS ISSUE is dedicated to a gal named

**RUTH STAGE**

who came out of nowhere to varitype  
99-44/100ths % of the copy in this  
issue at a time when we needed help  
badly. (See also her review of OTHER  
TIMES) Newsstands section.



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Published by the *ELVES', GNOMES' and LITTLE MEN'S*  
*SCIENCE FICTION, CHOWDER AND MARCHING SOCIETY*

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# THE LITTLE MEN

## AND THE MOON

By Don Fabun

Essentially, this is the story of a "publicity gag" and how it worked. You might be interested in it, because about 80% of all the news you read in your newspaper has been "planted" in the same way we planted this story.

These days, publicity is "engineered." From inception to finish, it is under the control of the person, or people who "engineered" it, and if the plans were right, and the timing was right, and you are lucky -- it works.

**P**ublicity engineering begins with a need -- a need to "build up" a personality, to float a new issue of stock, to launch an actress on a career, to keep a name firmly im-

planted in the public mind, or -- in short -- to multiply the number of visual and auditory stimuli relating to a specific event in space time.

In our case, the need was a simple one -- we wanted more people to know about the *Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society* so that we could collect more dues and have more money to do more things.

**T**he next step in "publicity engineering" is to get an idea. Frequently, this is the most difficult step, and it is for this reason that public relations men and press agents often make quite a good living.



It can't be just any old idea, but one that has the following attributes:

1. It must be timely.
2. It must appeal to the emotions or imagination of what newspaper and magazine editors conceive to be "the public."

3. It must appear to be "news."

**T**he idea itself does not need to be a new one; it is very doubtful if there are any "new" ideas that are acceptable to the public. The press agent usually works with old ideas, but tries to find some new way of presenting them.

Certainly the idea of claiming an area on the moon -- or the moon itself -- was not a new one. We stole it from Heinlein's novel, "The Man Who Sold the Moon" and we knew, even then, of several different attempts to claim the moon that had been reasonably successful.

**A**lthough the idea for filing a legal claim on the moon was first introduced to the Little Men about a year and a half ago, nothing was done about it. The reason was simple, the most important ingredient of all was missing - namely, somebody to do the work. For a successful publicity stunt requires work - lots of it - and somebody has to do it.

Fortunately, during this period, Les Cole had come into The Little Men, and Les has the rare attribute that he is able to do things and willing to do

them. The idea appealed to him and in November of 1951, he began laying the groundwork.

**F**irst, Les dug up an astronomer among The Little Men who was willing to draw up a claim based on a specific, identifiable portion of the moon's surface. The astronomer picked out such an area and set about drawing a scale map of the claim. His work sheets appear elsewhere on this page. (Fig. 1 & 2)

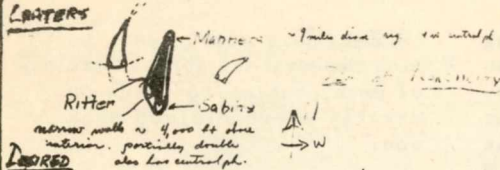
This work was completed in January of this year and the claim was submitted to a civil engineer who helped work out the proper terminology.

**T**he map and the claim were then photographed and lithographed, and Les wrote two letters; one to Oscar Schachter of the United Nations Legal Department (see Fig. 3 & 4) and one to the President of the United States informing of the action and asking for comment.

The two letters were then sent (February 13, 1952) and a general news release prepared on the fact that a claim to a portion of the moon's surface had been presented formally to the United Nations. The news story, accompanied by a print of the claim and the moon map was sent to the city editors, news editors and columnists of each of the major local newspapers. In many cases, the lead paragraph of the story was slanted specifically for the newspaper it was mailed to.



## CRATERS



## DIMENSIONS OF CRATERS

### IS BETWEEN CRATERS.

### DISTANCE FROM CHOSEN POINT TO "MANNERS"

## IAU COORDINATE SYSTEM

Manners: 11 mi? diam. n. E. of  
more Tranquillitatis. distinct central  
ms.

Sabine ~ 18 mi diam.

Collated List No.	Designation	Position S ° E °	Diameter (Diam.)	Authority
540	Sabine	+ 343 + 24	18	Weller
540a	Sabine A	+ 333 + 22	2	Commission
540b	" B	+ 276 + 25	2	Commission
540c	" C	+ 369 + 18	2	Commission
540d	" D	+ 402 + 23	2	Commission
541	" e	+ 338 + 6	(Peak)	Weller
542	Ritter	+ 329 + 35	19	Weller
543	Ritter B	+ 324 + 37	8	Weller
544	" C	+ 323 + 48	8	Weller
545	" D	+ 321 + 54	4	Weller
537	Manners	+ 341 + 80	9	Weller
537a	Manners A	+ 326 + 61	2	Commission
536a	Argo B	+ 355 + 50	4	Schmidt
536b	Argo C	+ 365 + 68	2	Commission

Above information from Blagg and Weller, "Named Lunar Formations", published 1935 for Commission 17, IAU. Map from Vol. II, table, Vol. I.

The units in the columns of dimensions are .001 r. (One unit = .001 r = 1/1000 semi-diameter at mean libration).

All of the formations with the exception of 541 are walled craters.

Original work sheets used by astronomer in determining spot for Little Men's moon claim. Final figures were said to be accurate to within five linear miles on moon's surface. Note astronomer-type doodles. (Below) The claim and map as they were presented to the United Nations and the press.

Be it known to the United Nations that the Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society has discovered deposits of sylvanite, located 23.7 miles 537°E of the northernmost point on the northern rim of the crater Manners, on the Moon and does hereby set up claim to the following area:

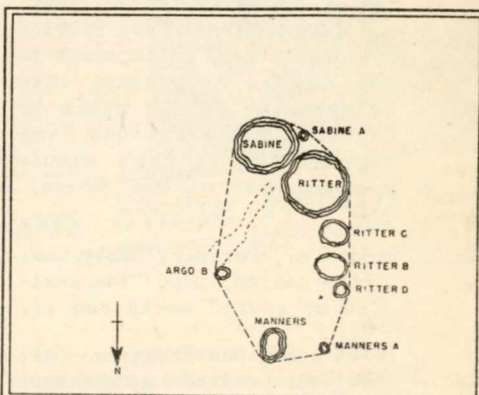
The area bounded by a line from the northernmost point on the northern rim of the walled crater Manners extending E11°S to the north wall of Manners A; thence the southeast wall of Manners A to its easternmost point; thence a line S15°E to the northeast wall of Ritter D; thence to the wall of Ritter D at its easternmost point; thence a line due south to the easternmost wall of Ritter; thence the southeast wall of Ritter to the southeasternmost point; thence a line S45°E to Sabine A; the wall of Sabine A to its southernmost point; thence W25°S to Sabine; thence the southwest wall of Sabine to its westernmost point; thence a line N5°W to Argo B; thence the west wall of Argo B; and from the northwesternmost point of the wall of Argo B, a line N26°E to Manners; thence the northwest wall of Manners to its northernmost point as delineated on the attached map.

The said society petitions the United Nations to issue to it a patent and title to the above-described area, in consideration of which the said society will assign to the United Nations ninety per cent of all profits that may accrue from the development and sale of the said sylvanite.

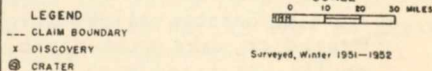
In the event that radio-active ores or elements, capable of being used in atomic research and development, should be discovered in the above-described area, it is understood and agreed that all such aforementioned radio-active ores and elements shall become the sole property of the United Nations.

In ratification of the foregoing, we hereby set, our hand and seal this 13<sup>th</sup> day of February, 1952.

Leater Cole  
Chairman.



MAP OF CLAIMED AREA, THE MOON





**A**nd now, there was nothing to do but wait. We had no way of knowing if the story would "take" or not -- chances were that it would be filed in the waste-basket in most city rooms and forgotten. We had mailed the story on a Monday so that it would arrive on Tuesday locally -- a time when news is pretty scarce and all the feature material used up the day before. On the other hand, we took the chance that a good juicy axe murder or another international crises would put the quietus on the yarn before it ever started.

Tuesday morning came, Les went to work and got to his office at 8:30 a.m. At 8:55 the phone rang, setting off a chain of events that carried the story into the pages of every major local newspaper, out over the Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service national wires, on to coast-to-coast radio newscasts, into television, on the cable to England, and even into Time magazine. Here's Les's minute by minute diary of "Mad" Monday.

8:55 a.m., Berkeley Daily Gazette called, said "fascinated by story" would run it.

10:05 a.m., San Francisco Call Bulletin called to make sure moon craters mentioned on map actually existed.

11:10 a.m. Gazette called back. Wanted to make sure claim really was filed with U.N.

1:45 p.m. San Francisco News

called, said they'd sent to Lick Observatory for picture of moon, wanted to check on exactly where claimed area was.

2:05 p.m. Gazette called again for interview; said remaking front page to make room for story.

4:30 p.m. Friend called to say she'd heard the story over Gillespie's newscast.

4:45 p.m. Gary Nelson called to say he'd heard it on Sam Hayes' program.

5:05 p.m. Les Avery broadcast story over station KRE in Berkeley.

5:05 p.m. United Press San Francisco office called for interview.

6:25 p.m. University of California "Daily Californian" called for interview.

*(By this time, Les had managed to struggle home and then up to the Rhodomagnetic Digest print shop where we all sat around the darkened room listening to ---)*

8:15 p.m. Morgan Beatty on a nation-wide broadcast gave the story three minutes, put it ahead of Churchill and the atomic bomb

*(When the broadcast was over, I think we were all a little awed by what had happened. In a little over 24 hours since the publicity story had been dropped in the mail box, here were the Little Men on nation-*



SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1952

# First Claim on the Moon

It is now being asserted that the first claim on the moon has been made. The claim is for a portion of the moon which is to be used as a base for a lunar colony. The claim is made by the Little Men's Science Fiction Club, a group of science fiction fans who are active in the San Francisco area. The club has been active in the field of science fiction for many years and has a long history of promoting science fiction in the community. The club's claim on the moon is a result of its long history of promoting science fiction and its interest in the field of space exploration.



## Ore on That There Orb—

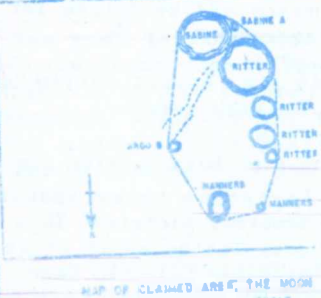
# Local Moon Claim Is 'Dead Serious'

By TERRY HANSEN  
If you think that ore dreamed up by members of Berkeley's "Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction Club" and Marching Society for a portion of the moon was a publicity stunt, you're wrong. Lester Cole, leader of the club, said the group is dead serious about wanting mineral rights to one section of the moon. In fact, the Marching Society has already filed such a claim with the United Nations. The club's claim is for a portion of the moon which is to be used as a base for a lunar colony. The club has been active in the field of science fiction for many years and has a long history of promoting science fiction in the community. The club's claim on the moon is a result of its long history of promoting science fiction and its interest in the field of space exploration.

S.F. CALL-BULLETIN FEB. 26, 1952 Page 4

# Berkeley Club Petitions UN for Piece of the Moon Claim

It is to get in on the next moon race. As you have to do, we want to jump a claim that the United Nations by a petition. The club is the first rocket club in the world, and it is still a bit unsure, but the formal claim is made on a specific part of the moon—the first part of the kind so far as anyone knows—is already claimed somewhere in the north of the United Nations in New York.



## Want Tellurium In Their Chloride

By George Dunbar  
The "Elves," Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction Club and Marching Society of Berkeley has filed a claim with United Nations for mineral rights along the southwest shore of the Sea of Tranquility, it revealed today. The Sea of Tranquility is on the moon. "First action of its kind in history," said Lester Cole, spokesman for the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men. At last report, battles in the Homestead Mine were building firm in the face of the announcement. The mineral which Cole and the other Little Men hope will make them rich is tellurium. Tellurium is an ore composed of gold, silver, and tellurium. On earth, tellurium is found in various forms, such as, rocks of volcanic origin. Craters Look Good The club's claim is for a portion of the moon which is to be used as a base for a lunar colony. The club has been active in the field of science fiction for many years and has a long history of promoting science fiction in the community. The club's claim on the moon is a result of its long history of promoting science fiction and its interest in the field of space exploration.



## A piece of green cheese GLMS etc. march, will soon rocketship

By BRUCE ROBERT  
The club's claim on the moon is a result of its long history of promoting science fiction and its interest in the field of space exploration. The club has been active in the field of science fiction for many years and has a long history of promoting science fiction in the community. The club's claim on the moon is a result of its long history of promoting science fiction and its interest in the field of space exploration.

## Group A For Min Rights

By TERRY  
Berkeley's "Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction Club" and Marching Society for a portion of the moon was a publicity stunt, you're wrong. Lester Cole, leader of the club, said the group is dead serious about wanting mineral rights to one section of the moon. In fact, the Marching Society has already filed such a claim with the United Nations. The club's claim is for a portion of the moon which is to be used as a base for a lunar colony. The club has been active in the field of science fiction for many years and has a long history of promoting science fiction in the community. The club's claim on the moon is a result of its long history of promoting science fiction and its interest in the field of space exploration.

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wide broadcasts, and two major daily newspapers had plastered the story on the front page. (See Fig. 5). It was about this time that I realized that one thing had been overlooked -- the "follow through". The yarn would be dead inside of another five or six hours unless we could pour some fresh material into it.)

That Tuesday night, after the Morgan Beatty broadcast, we began, rather desperately, to dig up some follow through material. I called Anthony Boucher and asked him to prepare a statement that could be used, commenting on the Little Men's claim, since Boucher is certainly the biggest "name" in science fiction hereabouts.

Then I tried to find Governor Warren's press agent, on the supposition that a potential presidential nominee would be glad to comment on anything as hot as this. I didn't make any connections, however, and we began sweating a little to think of a new gimmick.

Finally, Les called Chicago and suggested that the fans there get hot on the story by protesting the moon claim and to send the protest to the local AP, UP and INS bureaus. Unfortunately (from our standpoint) this was not done, and all we got was a nice long letter explaining "it is too bad you couldn't have broken this story along about July when it could do us more good."

Quite late that first night we finally went to bed, having

done everything we could think of to keep the story alive.

Came the dawn (Wednesday, Feb. 28) and Les arrived at his office to discover a phone call from Sampson of the *London Daily Mail*, calling from New York. He wanted more details of the story being carried on the Associated Press national wire. The rest of the day went like this:

9:05 a.m. Mayell of United Press-Fox Movietone News called for an appointment to take pictures.

1:55 p.m. Alfred Wright, head of *Time* magazine's San Francisco office called for an interview.

2:45 p.m. Wright called back for more details.

6:15 p.m. Began posing for Fox Movietone television and newsreel pictures. This ordeal lasted until after 8, with Les Cole, Es Cole, Anthony Boucher, Eric Ely, Gladys Fabun, George Finegan, Gary Nelson and myself making like *Little Men* -- or what the newsreel cameraman thought *Little Men* should act like.

That same day, the second day after the story broke, the *San Francisco Chronicle* carried it on the front page of its early editions, the *San Francisco Examiner* carried it inside and the *San Francisco News*, finally having gotten its picture of the moon gave it a big feature on page 12.



**A**t the time of writing (mid-April, the story is nearly dead, but reports of it keep trickling in. So far, we know of stories carried by the following newspapers:

THE DENVER POST  
THE BOSTON TRAVELER  
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH  
LOS ANGELES TIMES  
LOS ANGELES NEWS  
PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN  
THE ARIZONA STAR

and from papers in :

New York City  
Seattle  
Chicago  
Atlanta  
New Orleans  
London, England  
Sydney, Australia

Little by little, requests for membership or information come in, too, often from outlandish places — or at least they appear outlandish to us.

**S**o that is the story of the *Little Men's* claim on the moon. It was a publicity idea that bore fruit after several months of careful work. Fortunately, it hit during a lull in the news, and for a very brief time, the *Little Men* were famous. It doesn't prove anything, but the techniques used may be useful to somebody planning a convention or a membership drive, and we pass them on for what they are worth.

# Berkeleyans Claim Moon's Wealth

## UN Backs Away So They'll Jet Up To Grab Mines

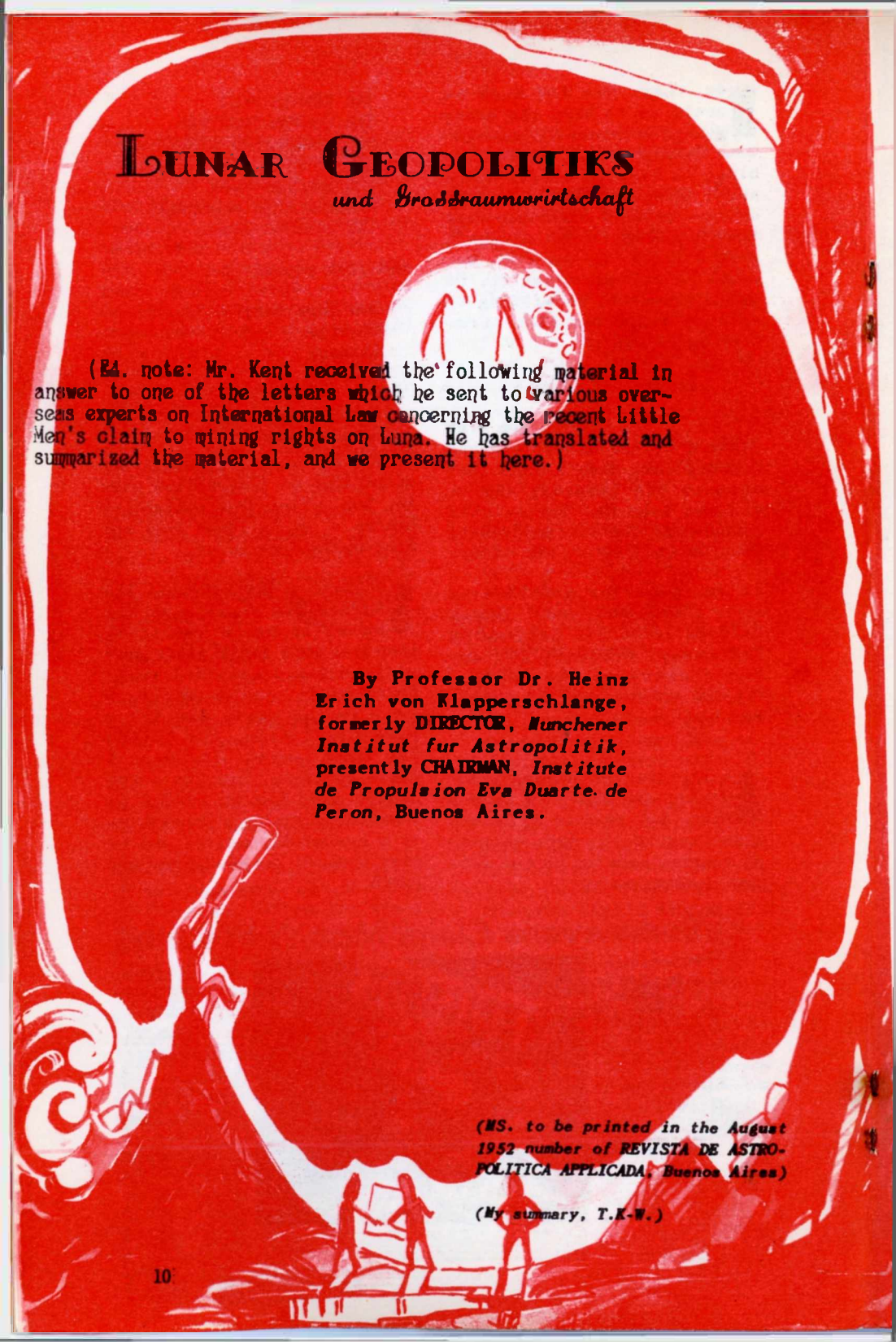
R. TERRY HANSEN

[illegible][illegible]



# LUNAR GEOPOLITIKS

und Grossraumwirtschaft



(Ed. note: Mr. Kent received the following material in answer to one of the letters which he sent to various overseas experts on International Law concerning the recent Little Men's claim to mining rights on Luna. He has translated and summarized the material, and we present it here.)

By Professor Dr. Heinz  
Erich von Klapperschlange,  
formerly **DIRECTOR**, *Munchener  
Institut fur Astropolitik*,  
presently **CHAIRMAN**, *Institute  
de Propulsion Eva Duarte de  
Peron*, Buenos Aires.

(MS. to be printed in the August  
1952 number of **REVISTA DE ASTRO-  
POLITICA APLICADA**, Buenos Aires)

(My summary, T.K.W.)



WITH REFERENCE to the somewhat erroneous article which was published over my name in the ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR GEOPOLITIK in June 1922,<sup>1</sup> I feel that it is necessary that the basic hypothesis be brought up to date.

The unhappy outcome of the unpleasantnesses on the international scene has, fortunately, no basic undermining effect on the geopolitical bases (*Grundlage*) of the inter-planetary and inter-stellar rationale. This despite the outrageous claims to the contrary by the Bolshevik, Poles,<sup>2</sup> Czechs,<sup>3</sup> and Russians.<sup>4</sup>

With proper understanding of *Grossraumwirtschaft* (the economics of large spaces) and the normal laws of the expansion of dynamic states, there remains only the inevitable future control of the Eurasian land-space by the revived Aryan controlled heartland-state, and the likewise inevitable control of the Western hemisphere by the growing state of true socio-politico-economic-military sanity, the state controlling the new American

heartland of the Rio de la Plata. This is not a fanciful desire, but basic geopolitical necessity (*Geopolitische Notwendigkeit*).

These two states, *GrossEurasien* and *NuevoAmerica*, being Pacific Ocean powers, will have the exclusive control-claim of the Terran satellite. (von Klapperschlange here refers to the "Pacific Ocean Derivation" theory of the Lunar origins. He specifically states that recent scholarship has proven without question the correctness of this theory.<sup>5</sup>)

The further fact is that the claim made by a Berkeley, California USA, group has no legal status inasmuch as the *Dresdener Raumfahrt Verein*<sup>6</sup> laid formal claim to the entire moon before the League of Nations as early as 1924<sup>7</sup>, and according to league regulations, renewed this claim each six months until the transference of League functions to the United Nations.

WITH REFERENCE to the commonly accepted tenets of International Law, perhaps the application to the UN has meaning, but it should

1. H.E. von Klapperschlange, "Die Entwicklung der Weltraumgeopolitik" *ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR GEOPOLITIK* (München) June 1922, pp. 472-488.
2. Cf. Dr. E. J. Tereczenko, "Newsbriefs on Current Scientific Affairs" *POLSKI OTRZUTOWY ZURNAL* (Warsaw) May 1947, p. 213
3. Cf. Dr. Ing. N.D. Slanska, "Foreign Topics" *NAMESICNIK—VEDECKA REVUE* (Brno) Winter 1948, page 33.
4. Cf. Leading article, *ASTROPOLITISCHESKOE PREDMETY GAZYETA* (Atomsk) 15 June 1949, pp. 4-22, *passim*.
5. Klapperschlange here cites Prof. Ing. I.B. Hirnloos, and Dr. W. Kottesser, *DER URSPRUNG DES MONDES*, Leipzig, 1944.
6. A "front" for the infamous NSDAP-controlled *Institut für Astropolitik*. T. K-W.
7. League of Nations Real Property Claims Listing, *L.N. Doct. No. 327-421-A722*, Geneva, June 1925; and in succeeding volumes, under claims 327-421-A722a to 327-421-A722x-22.



be understood from the beginning that there is no satisfactory basis for such a legal framework in the world of reality. Understanding (if this is at all possible) the milieu of the development of these doctrines, in the debased and decadent world of non-rational social organization, International Law remains a type of farce, a type of continuation of the crumbling *status quo*.

**I**N SHORT, it is a fiction, built by (to say the kindest) misguided men and states, striving to stave off the inevitable, striving against the natural development of dynamic state-organisms. Thus, it must be that the dynamic necessities of the geopolitical elements transcend, and deservedly so, the accepted and allegedly "eternal verities" as pictured in customary International Law.

**B**UT EVEN to accept the claim as legally valid, under the acceptance of the United Nations system, geopolitical realities deny the possibility of any such organization being acceptable as a basic norm for the conduct of international affairs. Lacking satisfactory geojuristic underpinnings<sup>8</sup>, such an organization cannot enforce its decisions, and most assuredly is in no position to exercise jurisdiction over non-

Member states and over territories not actually under the control of the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations.

This particular opinion is mirrored even by the Bolshevik scientists<sup>9</sup>, despite their general wariness of *cosmopolitanism*. Thus, we are able to marshal a world-wide array of scientific opinion behind the rejection on geojuristic and geopolitical grounds of such spurious claims to the earthly satellite.

Any rational examination of world history, even as seen by the traditionalists, indicates the truth in the geopolitical system of analysis: virile, dynamic states displace the obsolete, decadent states; certain races have shown their cultural and military ability to dominate—and this is beyond question. Can we not, therefore, assume that there are definite, valid reasons behind this? Such reasons are summed up in the term *geopolitical necessity*.

**T**HESSE dynamic state organisms are to be served; but they are to protect and defend themselves. Having superior cultures, it is not only their duty, *but their destiny*, to expand to their geopolitical limits. Following control of the planet EARTH, the logical expansion point—in keeping

8. Cf. *HANDBUCH FÜR GEOJURISPRUDENZ*, Berlin, 1941, especially Chs. 7, 9, 32, and all volume XII, Part II.

9. See L. Turapov, "Spacewards Projections of Real Estate Holdings by the Capitalist States", *ZHURNAL GEOPOLITICKI* (Sevastopol) May 1951, p. 14.

and Dr. F. J. Tereczenko, "Unlimited National Sovereignty—Upwards" *ZHURNAL POLSKIEGO MIESIACA KULTURALNE POROZUMIENIE* (Warsaw) September 1950, pp. 710-711, and October 1950, pp. 820-823.



with the *Lebensraum* and *Atemweite* aspects of *Grenzgefühl*—is to LITA.<sup>10</sup>

Unquestionably, the necessity for control of the moon is pressing. The entire researches of the *Institut für Astropolitik*, with which I have been associated, have tended<sup>11</sup> to show the absolute application of the geopolitical method of analysis and prognosis in the realm of space travel—(*Weltraumfahrt*). The brutal realities of space combat<sup>12</sup> demand control of LUNA, over the entire space of the body, despite the limited usefulness of certain sectors for staging areas and installations for repair and upkeep; especially for the suitable ground defenses for living-quarters areas

in the "perpetual shadow-zone" of the satellite.

Furthermore, missile-launching platforms must be erected in suitable spaces, for communications as well as for defense of the so-called "artificial satellites", to be constructed in orbit around Terra.<sup>13</sup>

**I**N SUMMARY and recapitulation the following points must be emphasized: *first*, the United Nations has no possible jurisdiction over the moon; *second*, only the true geopolitically-destined Pacific Ocean powers have a legitimate claim; *third*, space—and lunar-geopolitical realities demand this control mentioned in point two.

10. Cf. *ASTROPOLITISCHES JAHRBUCH 1937, 1939, 1943*, publications of the *Koenigsburger Hochschule der Astropolitischen Subjekten*.
11. *ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR ASTROPOLITIK* (München) January 1945 (Anniversary Review Issue) *passim*.
12. See Generalleutnant Prof. Dr. Alfren Friedrich von Pfeffernusse, Adjutant des Generalstabs, *DIE ENTWICKLUNG DER TAKTISCHEN UND STRATEGISCHEN METHODS DES WELTRAUMSCHLACHTES*, Oberkommando der Wehrmacht Research Papers, No. 1943-21a, Berlin, May 1943.
13. For a discussion of vectoring problems in this case, see Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Fullungshemd, "*Die Probleme der Raketenvektoren*", *PHYSIKER BRIEFE* (Heidelberg) June 1929, pp. 427-449.







# LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE

By Gary Nelson

Rick Roberts, lost on an interstellar flight, lands on Vinga VI after his fuel is exhausted and his search for a planet with earthmen on it ends in failure.

Well, he thinks to himself, I'm not so bad off even if my fuel is gone. The ship is safe, and this is a perfect planet with plenty of oxygen and water. I think I'll explore a bit.

While he is exploring, he comes upon the most beautiful girl he has ever seen, even though she has purple skin. She is running from two interesting--from an academic point of view only--monstrosities which apparently have unchivalrous designs on her. Rick immediately whips out his trusty, needle-ray, disintegrator and disposes of the two fugitives from a Martian jexla addict's dream.

Taking the girl to his ship and quickly learning her name--Zinsu--and language, he discovers that she is the queen of a race which has been subjugated by the race to which the two monstrosities that Rick killed belonged. Rick then conceives a plan to place Zinsu back on her throne and get rid of the monsters for good. He carries out his plan despite the numerous problems which beset him and then marries Zinsu and becomes the co-ruler of Vinga VI. The happy couple are soon blessed with little Vingains.



You have probably read a variation on this type of story at one time. This is, of course, a hack plot, but even good science fiction, which is supposed to be based on extrapolation of known facts, suffers from the same deficiency in the important aspect of the postulation of extraterrestrial life. Although I have no exact figures on the matter, I'm willing to bet that more than 50% of all science fiction stories have extraterrestrial life forms involved in them. While a few authors have been careful in their construction and use of life on other planets, the majority have not and have postulated improbable and impossible life forms with little or no regard for scientific facts.

Actually, this article is a kind of defense of the latter authors, for I believe that there are many life forms and millions of planets in the universe. And I also believe, unlike the authors mentioned above, that I can support my assumption with facts or intelligent theories. Furthermore, I think that life will follow definite patterns and we may find life forms somewhat similar to us.

In the vast reaches of the universe it is inconceivable to me that there is no other life, except on the planet earth. I don't think that any intelligent person who has done any thinking on the subject can hold such a view. Human knowledge does not permit an answer to the question; however, I think that it permits me to postulate that conditions favorable to the existence of life will be found throughout the extent of the universe.

My postulate is based on the fact, or at least what is as good as a fact, that the laws of science, as we know them, hold true throughout the universe. An exact statement of it would be this: I am contending that, as the laws of science will be the same everywhere, conditions favorable to the existence of life will exist in most of the universe. A further extrapolation is, of course, that, as there will be favorable conditions, there will be life, and, *I hope*, in forms that will not be extremely different from the types we are familiar with.

A strong argument I could use but won't is that life exists on earth, and the laws of probability practically prevent this from being a unique situation. As I said, however, I'm not going to use this line of reasoning. Instead, I will try to give more substantial reasons for any conclusion that I make. I will use earth only as a reference for clarification of certain points in the discussion.

Fortunately, I have a rather impressive fact on which to begin the proof. There are more galaxies in the universe than there are stars in our galaxy. And the latest rough figure for the number of stars in our galaxy is a hundred billion—100,000,000,000. Therefore, there are more than that many galaxies, and if we want a rough approximation on the number



of suns in the universe, we square the earlier figure and get the staggering figure of ten sextillion— $10^{22}$ . Of course, a number like that is practically meaningless, but it might convey some idea of the tremendous size of the universe.

Now for fun we can make a theoretical calculation on the number of possible planets in it. There is no apparent limit on the number of planets a star can have, so I'll just pick an arbitrary figure. Let's assume that each star may have ten, like the sun. We then arrive at  $10^{23}$  for the number of planets. If this figure were true—and keep in mind that it undoubtedly isn't; it could be billions or more off—the chance of life occurring on some of them would be very good; probably some would have intelligent life.

However, that little excursion into the realm of possibilities does not prove anything. Before I can prove that there will be conditions favorable to life on other planets besides earth, I must show that there will be other planets outside the solar system. Fortunately, most of the newer cosmologies presuppose the existence of numerous planets. Older theories, which had the planets formed from their sun by collisions with passing stars, prohibited planets from being common.

The collision theories were attempts to reconcile the old nebular hypotheses with the problem of angular momentum. The angular momentum of the solar system is concentrated in the major planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; they have 98% of it. This situation could never have come about from sun tides or the contraction of a great gaseous nebula into sun and planets. Hence, the theorists decided that the passing of a star close to the sun had produced huge tides on it, and finally matter was actually ejected from it. This matter received most of its angular momentum from the passing star; while most of it was lost to the passing star, a little of it stayed to form the planets.

Further investigation showed that it was extremely unlikely that the planets were ever part of the sun, but if the sun had been at one time part of a double star system, and the other sun had a collision with a third, then the planets may well have formed in the collision. This collision was supposed to knock the other stars away and leave the sun alone with only the fragments from the collision remaining; these later became the planets.

Sir James Jeans calculated that one collision of the type described above would take place in every  $5 \times 10^{17}$  years; and from that calculation showed, by taking into consideration the number of stars in the universe and the age of it, that it would be unlikely if there were more than 50 solar systems in the whole universe. You can easily see that if these figures were correct, there would be little likelihood of finding any other life.



Fortunately again, geology and geophysics have come to our aid and pretty thoroughly discredited those theories. The earth is too good a cross section of the elements in the universe to have been ever part of a star--nearly 90% of all the elements exist on the earth in appreciable amounts. The stars are formed of the very light elements, mainly hydrogen and helium with only minute traces of the heavier ones. The heavy metals, which are very abundant on earth and planets, are especially out of proportion; heavy metals cannot exist at the high temperatures found in most stars, so it is hard to see how the planets could have been part of the sun or any star. A mass torn from a star is not likely to condense but rather would dissipate into space. Even if it could coalesce, the light atoms would not combine to form heavier ones.

Safely rejecting the collision theories, we can now consider either of two alternatives: either the planets were formed at the same time as their sun, or they formed later by a different process. Both of these possibilities are equally appealing, for they allow the existence of many planets. I'll discuss the latter case first because most of the modern cosmologies favor it.

The objections to the old theories, the frequency and abundance of the heavier elements, have been instrumental in the formation of the new. Where did the planets get their elements? This question plagued theorists until the calculations on the amount of cosmic dust in the galaxy were made. Nearly half the mass of the galaxy was found to be in the form of dust and gas clouds. And this dust and gas contains more than 90% of the heavy elements in the galaxy, although most of it is also hydrogen. Cosmologists soon realized that here in the dust was the place to look if they wanted to find how the planets were formed.

Hoyle, in his book, *THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE*, said that the planets might have formed from matter ejected from exploding super-novae, but the best observations on super-nova have shown that the matter they eject when exploding has no tendency to condense but forms expanding gaseous nebula, like the "Ring Nebula" in Lyra.

The best planetary formation theory to date is that of C. F. von Weizsacker. He believes that cosmic dust clouds are responsible for planets and has an interesting explanation for his beliefs. According to him, a star passing through a dense dust cloud will pick up a certain amount of dust by its gravitational field; the amount will vary with the mass of the star. The dust particles would be rotating in random paths about the star, and as they would be in a relatively small space compared with their number, there would be frequent collisions among them. These collisions would cause the particles to take the path of least resistance. These would be



soya-bean shaped, and once a particle was in such a path, it would be unable to leave it. Gradually, these masses, their size determined by their distance from the star, would become more and more compact and eventually form into planets. The smaller ones nearer the sun would lose the lighter elements in the process.

Another interesting theory is that of Hannes Alfvén. His again depends on having a star pass through a fairly dense dust cloud and the particles being attracted by the gravitational field of the star. It differs in that the light from the star is taken into account. Alfvén believes that the light photons from the star would exert enough pressure on the little dust particles to arrest their fall into the star. Furthermore, he says that the outward pressure of the photons and the inward attraction of gravity would reach an equilibrium at critical distance from the star, depending on various factors like the mass of the star, masses of the particles, surface temperature of the star, etc. And the final result, he believes, would be planetary masses rotating around the star.

The mathematics involved in making the calculations on these two theories shows, surprisingly enough, that the planets would form at distances agreeing with Bode's law. But they do not explain the reason for the existence of a planetary plane like the solar system's. Of course, there's no proof that a planetary plane is common to all systems. It has been suggested that the rotation of the star might determine it.

Going back to the other alternative, we find that the current theory on stellar formation is also based on cosmic dust. But it is hard to conceive how the planets could have formed at the same time because of the old problem of angular momentum. Therefore, I don't think this alternative is any more feasible than the old collision theories.

The von Weizsacker and Alfvén theories are just two of many now proposed and which space will not let me discuss. It is possible that neither of these is correct or that a combination of them is the way planets actually form. But that isn't important: what is, is that new cosmologies almost insure the existence of myriads of planets on which life might develop if the conditions were favorable. I intend to show it will.

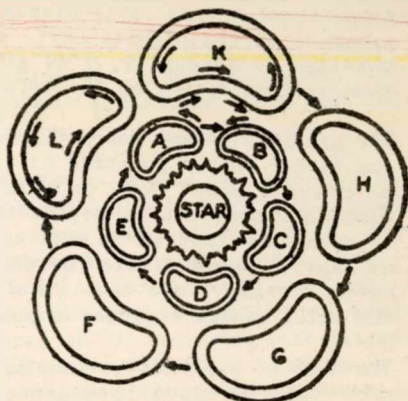


Figure 1. Schematic diagram of von Weizsacker's dust clouds forming into planets.



From now on the existence of planets is assumed and the discussion will be focused toward the types of planets and the conditions on them. I'll discuss the mass, position, and composition of the planets next, and instead of stating various theories individually, I'll give general interpretations of them, concentrating on the apparently important points.

The gravitation and hence the mass of the star is the governing factor in the position of a planet; the mass of the planet plays a minor role in this action. Most of the work on planetary position is beyond the scope of this article, but it does show that it is very unlikely that a planet the size of Jupiter would circle the star at a distance less than the earth's orbit. More than likely, the general arrangement of the solar system would be a good model to use for any system.

The mass of a planet will naturally be dependent on its composition. The dust formation theories pretty well explain this facet, while the other types do not. Usually the mass of a planet will depend on its distance from its sun. Planets, closer to their sun, will be smaller than the outer planets because the increased orbits of the outer planets will allow the dust formations to be bigger.

The third point, composition of the planets, is not well understood yet. Most theories on it are at great variance with each other, and it is impossible to ascertain which is correct at present. Probably the only way we'll ever know for sure the composition of an extraterrestrial planet is to visit it. However, the generally accepted idea is that the reason planets have different compositions is that they have different gravitational attraction. During their formation, they had the same material, but as the formation progressed, the smaller masses lost most of their light elements, while the larger masses kept. Hence, planets vary in composition.

If we are correct in assuming that the planets formed from cosmic dust, then we have to explain the presence of chemical compounds on the planets, as there are few, if any, compounds in the original dust--it is mainly single atoms or ions. The explanation is fairly simple though. As the planets condensed, they became warmer and warmer--the contraction of a gas causes the temperature of it to increase--until the elements began to combine spontaneously. The temperature didn't get high enough to cause all the compounds to form; only the elements that combine easily did. The planets were still less hot than the earth's center now.

This uniformity of planetary composition is a nice concept if true, for it will allow many earth-like planets to exist, which is the thing I have been trying to obtain. Of course, this only means that the planets might be earth-like in their geological make-up; it does not mean that they would support earth-like life because too many other factors enter into the problem.



Surface conditions are the most important consideration to the life on a planet, they are mainly determined by factors outside the planet. The temperature is one important factor; it is a product of the light which the planet receives. This in turn is dependent on the planet's distance from the temperature of its sun.

Stars vary so greatly in respects to their luminosity that there can be no set limit for the ideal distance for a planet to be from its sun so that it can support life best. However, if there are as many planets as we think there are, it should be expected that there will be some, maybe many, which will have temperature ranges comparable to earth's. I would imagine that average temperatures in the universe for planets would be less than earth's, not warmer, because the sun is a little warmer than the average star, although nothing can be said definitely on the subject.

A physical movement of the planets, their rotation on their axes, does have considerable effect on the surface conditions. There is no way to estimate the length of extra-solar planet's days, unfortunately, except by measuring them. As we are unable to do this, we are out of luck--and I, for one, hope this deplorable situation will be quickly remedied. There are limiting factors in planetary rotation, but they only set the minimum and maximum rotational periods. As most planets would have periods somewhere between the two extremes, they are not much help, although the least rotation period is not uncommon to a certain type of planet.

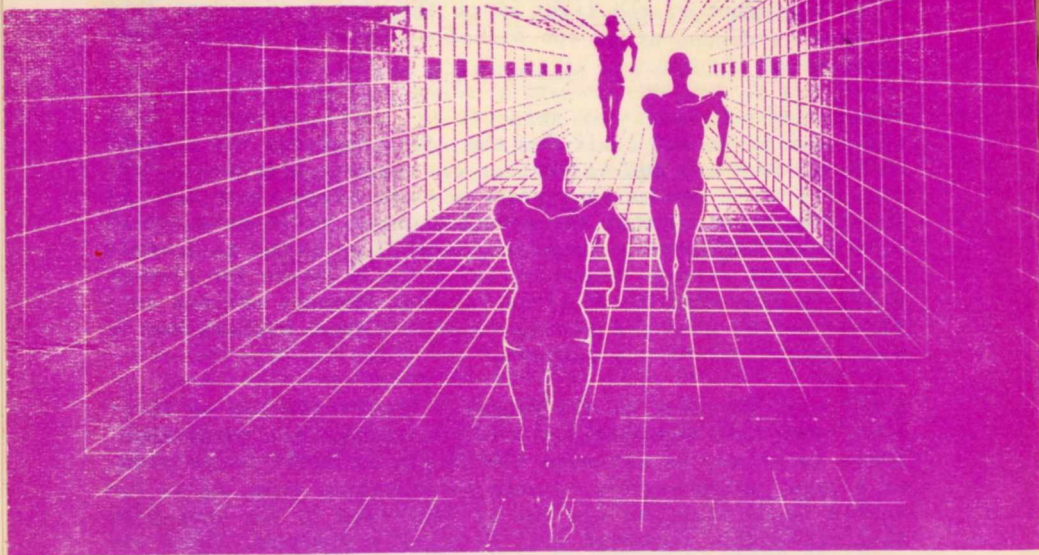
The least rotational period that a planet can have is one that is equal to its year; we have an example of this in the solar system in the planet Mercury. Planets of this type would develop a queer kind of life, if any, by our standards --not to say that all extraterrestrial life might not seem queer by them. These year-day planets might have hot sides and cold sides, but probably no life forms would adapt themselves to both sides. I don't think that these planets would have much practical value, although they might be interesting from the scientific viewpoint.

The maximum limit can be ignored completely because no planet would ever reach it.

To be concluded



# CLICHE: INTERIM



By Leland Sapiro

**T**he current series of "Cliche" articles is an outgrowth of ideas derived from Professor Hans Reichenbach's lectures on Inductive and Deductive Logic at the University of California (Los Angeles), and attempts to construct a definition of "Science-Fiction" using concepts from set-theory.

The fundamental idea, "class", is introduced in the first section on *Characterization*, and the concept of "well-defined class" in that on *Logical Coherence*. The well-defined set is discussed again in the last section on *Situation*.

**T**his notion of a "collection" of objects, although simple, has important philosophical and mathematical applications.

Professor Charles B. Morrey's text on the Theory of Functions begins like this:

*"The entire study of Analysis has been made to depend upon the notion of set in the sense that a universe of objects...and a single relation between them is postulated— which system is then required to satisfy certain axioms. The natural numbers and real numbers then appear as certain sets and a complete foundation for the theory of sets as well as of ordinary Analysis is deduced."*

**C**oncerning another topic, the "Mad Scientist", the final essay is given by this passage, quoted by Professor Gilbert Norwood (*Greek Tragedy*; Methuen & Company, London; 1942) from Euripides' *Melaniope*:



*"Happy is he who hath won deep learning. He setteth himself neither to hurt his fellow-citizens nor toward works of iniquity, but fixeth his gaze upon the ageless order of immortal Nature, the laws and methods of its creation. Unto such a man never doth there cling the plotting of base deeds."*

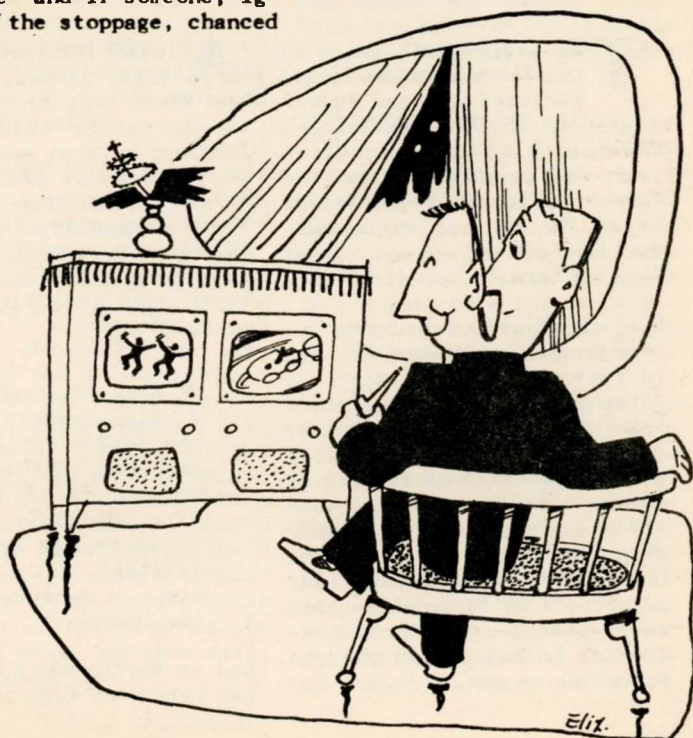
(Don't attempt to look up this play—after the literary bonfire at Alexandria this is the only fragment we possess.)

**T**here is a distinction, made by Lord Russell, between "knowledge" and "true belief":

*"Even a stopped clock is right twice a day",* states an old adage—and if someone, ignorant of the stoppage, chanced

to look at the clock at one of these two instants, he would believe that it read correctly. In this case his belief would be true; but he cannot be said to have knowledge of the correct time.

**S**imilarly, the Clayton writers possessed a true belief that scientists are not malicious persons, but they did not have knowledge of this. With one exception, no sensitive writer was a regular contributor to this magazine. These authors were concerned with two stereotypes—the "Scientist" and the "Criminal"—which would correspond to each other only if the scientist went insane; their minds simply did not operate at any higher level.





(Quite by chance, along about the time Mr. Silverberg's article came in, Popular Mechanics brought out its Fiftieth Anniversary Edition. On page 35 of that issue there was a reprint of an article by Jules Verne

himself, disclaiming having invented the submarine. The article first appeared in 1904 and we are reproducing it below, more or less as an addendum to "Notes on the Nautilus." Editor's note.)

## Future of the Submarine

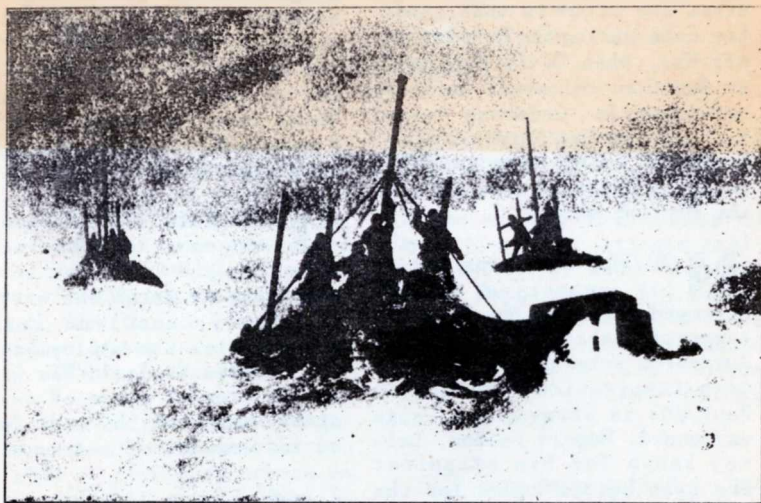
**Author of the Nautilus Says Its Use Will Be Confined to War and It Will Bring Peace**

**By Jules Verne**

For some inexplicable reason many people insist upon regarding me as the inventor, or the imaginer, of the submarine. I am not in any way the inventor of submarine navigation, and reference to the authorities will show that many years—fully fifty, I should say, before I wrote about the Nautilus—the Italians were at work upon submarine war vessels, and other nations were busied with them, too. All that I did was to avail myself of the great privileges

as to the possibility of that), what would be gained by any such sub-ocean traffic except freedom from sea-sickness? No submarine would ever cross the bed of the Atlantic faster than a ship upon the waves would traverse it.

I am an old man now, and working, as well as my deficient eyesight will allow me, upon my one hundred and second volume of boys' stories, and as I look back on the years which have passed since I first wrote



**First Test of Submarines in a Gale.—Forthmouth Flotilla Navigating the Surface in a Wild Sea**

of the fiction writer, spring over every scientific difficulty with fancy's seven-leagued boots, and create on paper what other men were planning out in steel and other metals.

The future of the submarine, as I regard it—and let me here disclaim all gift of prophecy—is to be wholly a war future. The Nautilus, as I have written of it, will never be, I think, an actual fact, and I do not believe that under-sea ships will be built in future years to carry traffic across the ocean's bed to America and to Australia. Even if the air difficulty were successfully encountered (and I have my grave doubts

the life-story of the Nautilus, and of its owner, I see no progress in the submarine which makes me hope for its use as a commercial medium. It has been wonderfully improved, I grant you—miraculously improved almost—but the improvements have all tended to one point—its efficacy as a war weapon; and that will be its one use in the future, I believe. I even think that in the distant future the submarine may be the cause of bringing battle to a stoppage altogether, for fleets will become useless and as other war material continues to improve, war will become impossible.



**F** or some time we of the *Rhodomagnetic Digest* have smarted under the accusation that not only is the *Digest* not a "fanzine" but that we wouldn't know how to put out a fanzine if we tried. To stop all this nonsense, we are publishing here a real honest-to-goodness fanzine, our personal candidate for the FAPA and SAPS annual awards.

DO NOT OPEN IF  
UNDER FIVE  
YEARS OLD

Postmaster: May be opened for postal inspection if necessary. (Personally, we wouldn't wish it on a dog.)



folio  
by ghu



# Ghosh-Whow!!

The Zine

For Grown-Up Fen!

*Sticky Crotchles*





This is Ghosh-Whow, the zine for grown-up fan, published and edited by me, the editor, on the DAVIA (Dashing-Away-From-It-All) Press at 2384 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California.

Hooreyforthe35Hooreyforthe35Hooreyforthe35Hooreyforthe35Hooreyforthe35

### Editorial

Well, here it is time to put out another ish of G-W, and I've (Pardon me, I'm composing this directly on the stenoile and I've run out of correction fluid!!!!) got a great mag here. Say!!! We have got some material here from some real BMP's. You're old ed is sure pleased with this collection.

Great Ghni How can these people complain about "The Thing"? This was a great picture!!!! It had everything suspense and action and humor. What to they want for their money?

The olAde editorial offices got a letter the other day from a Brooklyn fan, and we are proud to run it right here:

Dear Ed,

The last ish of i Ghosh-Whow was simply terrifihihihi  
Ghu knows it was better than Mikre Mikromoton which  
appeared 14 years agothih

Will you please write me a 500 page artical for a  
zine which I am going to put out when I get through  
collage. I am now in grammar school.

Phantastically yhours,

Amy Camas  
Brooklyn

Boy!!!! All that egoboo and for little old me! And I certainly will start to work on that 500 page article, Amy!! You can expect to get it some time around the middle of next week. Second thought, better wait till the week after. I8've got to do an article for Gregg Paulkins first.

Well, I guess you fen aren't reading this just to read what your old ed has to say!! Oh, no. So, home we go!!!! Our own special review of the fanzines we got in the old offices.

Heffalump: noted.

Ichihihihi: Not bad for a new-comer! Keep the good work up. Your cover good, but could use some work and improvement. Ask Grotchler to do some for you!!!!

HeavenWarp: Awww, Art, you say the nicest things about me!!! Now, you ~~me~~ know the Warpzines have always been my favorites. Glad to hear about the good news!!!!

BheeristheonlytrueghodBheeristheonlytrueghodBheeristheonlytrueghodBheer



Tom Jones: Myrt G. Bus is another new-comer, but I like her stuff!  
That department, "A Rose By Any Other Name", is sure  
swell!!!! Sure glad to hear about the good news!!!!

Incline: Sure swell! I like Walt's stuff, I sure do! 'Course, Walt  
wouldn't know little old me--he's a real ENF--and Incline  
is a subzine, and a foreign one, but I sure like it!!!!

Puzzlement: I sure like those lil peepul, Dee!!! And I roared at  
"Don't Carp Once Or Twice"!!! But what if they don't  
want to call it Chicon II? That's their business, they're  
running the Con! But I guess I do agree wih't you, after  
all!!!! And we fen will call it what we want!!!!

Chic: Noted. Sure glad to hear the good news!!!!

Rhodanetic Digest: Lot of magazine---60 pages---for the \$0.25,  
but that's about all I can see. I guess their  
articles are a little too "high-brow" for a  
"low-brow" like me. But you try it, maybe  
you'll like it!!

--ooOoo--

Well, that sure does it!!! If I've skipped anybody, send a letter of  
complaint to me. Let me know, huh?

And remember, send me some material!!!! I won't be able to put out a  
good mag, as good as it has been, unless you fen support me. So,  
c'mon, get that stuff to me!

See ya next month!!!!

Ye Oldde Editor!!!!!!

AttendChiconIIAttendChiconIIAttendChiconIIAttendChiconIIAttendChiconII

"Do you believe in humans?"



# LOVECRAFT

Fantasy

Or

Fiction ?

by

Elmer Zilch

I  
first met Lovecraft in 1921 when I was not yet born. He was  
waiting on my mother, which can be very trying as best shown  
by this quote:

"Ere the dark bowl of Walpurgis  
Night  
Fell on the horror...  
Ia! Ia! Ia!"

and sparse, his beetle brows crossed in an effort of reaction.  
"Why, no!" he said in his rich, deep baritone. And somehow  
I knew things would go from better to Miskatonic U. (in '92)  
This can be shown by the quote from "The Lurker On The Doorstep":

"Slothful Yddgrisil, horror and stench  
arose from the black filth which squatted on  
my doorstep. The air was heavy with a black,  
filthy, horrible stench, and I recoiled in  
horror!"

I  
(and my mother) left the corner grocery knowing that as long  
as this country was in the hands of such philosophers as  
Homer P. Lovecraft, we were internally secure!



YE ED'S MAILBOX

Dear Ed,

You are wrong in your article "I Love Stan Kenton" in saying that the 1892 Ford was the first true automobile. Most authorities agree that the first, a four-wheeled vehicle powered by an internal combustion engine was built in Austria by Siegfried Marcus in 1875.

Sincerely yours,  
Danner W. Mildew

--ooOoo--

Whew!!! If you say so, Danner!!

---Ye Ed

--ooOoo--

Dear Ed,

Note: re your article, "I Love Stan Kenton", human beings, like all higher animals, multiply by the union of the two sexes; but marriage must be given the hallmark of social approval by being concluded in a public and solemn manner receiving, as a sacrament, the blessings of religion.

Sincerely yours,  
Myrt G. Bus

--ooOoo--

Boy!! What a neat idea!!!!

---Ye Ed

--ooOoo--

Dear Ed,

I enjoyed your article "I Love Stan Kenton" very much, but you are nuts, dear Friend. E.E.Smith is a pseudonym for Thorne Smith; however, Sam Moskowitz does not exist.

Sincerely yours,  
EEB

--ooOoo--

Whew!!! If you say so, EEE!!

---Ye Ed

--ooOoo--



--ooOoo--

Dear Ed,

You made a mistake in your article entitled "I Love Stan Kenton." You are wrong in saying that the use of teak as structural timber in Mosques is recent.

Among the ruins of the old city of Vijayanagar, on the banks of the Tungabhadra in southern India, and in the old cave temples of Salsette in western India, and in Persia, and other places too numerous to mention, pieces of teak have been found in good preservation ranging in age from 500-2000 years.

Sincerely yours,  
Pester and Fester Ember

--ooOoo--

Whew!!! If you say so, Embers!!

---Ye Ed

--ooOoo--

Dear Ed,

I sure got a big bang out of your "I Love Stan Kenton", but I guess most of it was too deep for me. How about writing a short article like this for my zine, Amazing?

Sincerely yours,  
HB

--ooOoo--

Boyll What a neat idea!!!!

---Ye Ed

--ooOoo--

Dear Ed,

Wouldn't it have been better in your article, "I Love Stan Kenton", to have stated the first electromagnetic equation as

$$\frac{\epsilon}{c} \frac{\partial \mathbf{E}}{\partial t} + \frac{4\pi\sigma}{c} \mathbf{E} = \text{curl } \mathbf{H}$$

Sincerely yours,  
Kax Measler

--ooOoo--



ANOTHER GOOD NIGHT ?

Dear Ed,

Usto ran this poem in her kine. Maybe you remember it. Again.

REPRODUCTION OF SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM

Soaring hindward

UP!

Legs of mankind's horror

GREEN!

A pantoon of motion,

A merrithon of notion,

The cosmos while, dies, is KEROSENE!

The man-things exploded, screamed

Dying thousands; the black crystals

Notes: jangling ebony, enveloped the moon--

Wings turtled, antennae straining. . . .

Cocophony serene

HEAD!

Comets of grimest streets

REDOOM!

A bottle fly's emotion,

A jug of Beal's mad lotion,

My psyche gyrates, gambolts, is COMPOUND!

Now honestly, Ed, Maybe I'm being picky about this, but frankly this poem stinks. It doesn't rhyme, the meter keeps changing, there is no sense to it, and WORST of all, it doesn't seem. Poetry should be sensible and readable and really, I know you agree with me and I think we should start a campaign against INCOMPREHENSIBLE POETRY IN VAN NINE.

—Nirvan Z. Shtetman

You sure have a small idea there, Nirvan!! Let's sure get on the ball and start it rolling. I sent a copy of this letter to Nirvan and here is his answer. I sure think you have a small idea here, Nirvan!

Your article, Nirvan, is unvarnished and outstanding. A poem should appeal not to the intellect but to the senses, and its merit of appeal, it successful, is of no import. A given poem which might seem highly elegant to me might be meaningless to you. I feel that, in the poem which you cite, the author has thrillingly conveyed the majesty, wonder, and great sense of achievement which dawns with the final sex [u]ment of marriage. Can you ask more of a poem?

—Orison Nirvan



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FROM: Ghosh-Whow  
2524 Telegraph Ave.  
Berkeley 4, California.

TO: *Rhomagnetic Digest*  
*2524 Telegraph Ave.*  
*Berkeley, California*

PRINTED MATTER ONLY!!!

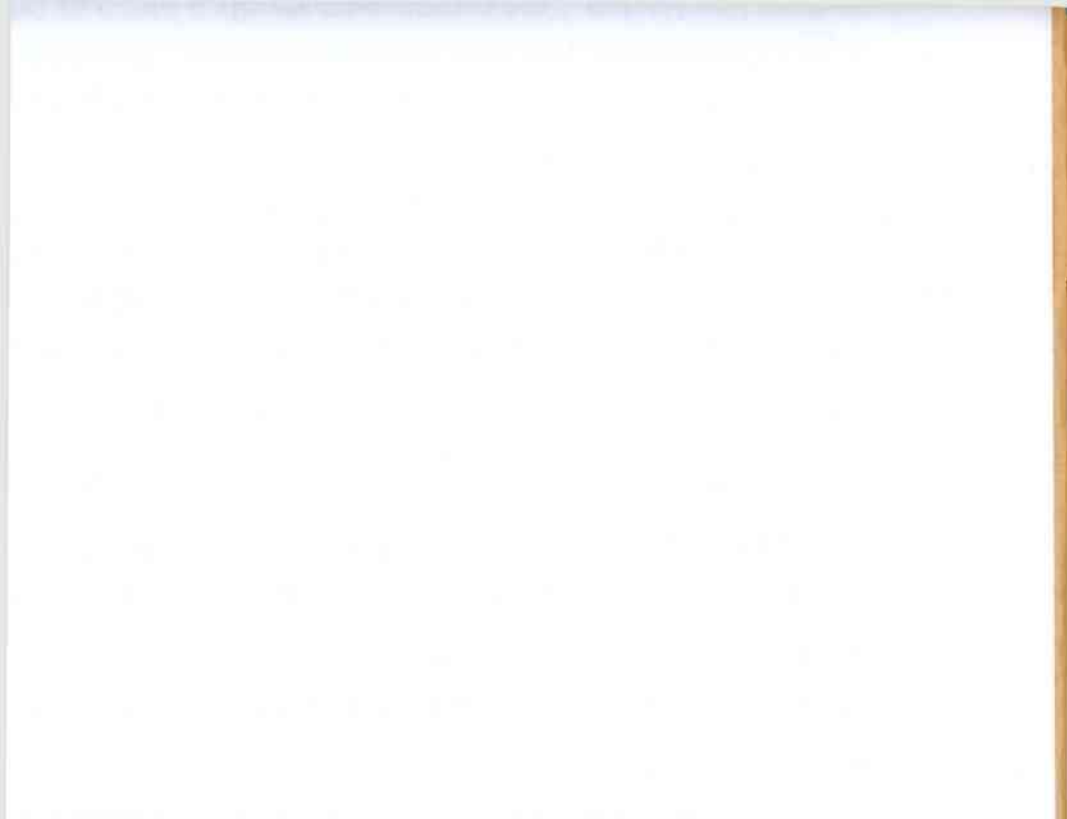
Attend Chicon II----the FAN'S convention!!



A NOTE ON THE TYPE IN WHICH "GOSH-WHOW" WAS SET (?)

Generally known as Gruesome Gothic, the face for this type was first cut by an unemployed Royal typewriter salesman whose chief customers were fan editors. (That's why he was unemployed.) Aside from complete illegibility, Gruesome Gothic is distinguished by the drop out "o" which falls out of mimeograph stencils, and for the multiple strike-over, as in a n and p. Punctuation marks are chiefly €. Available in a wide variety of sizes, each more gruesome than the other.





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FEB. 13, 1952

Dear Tony: Know you'll be pleased to hear that my s-f story **THE OTHER FOOT** which appeared in **Now-Story** last year has been picked for reprint in the **BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES** of 1952. I'm mighty pleased! This is the first anthology, as far as I know, by the **BEST** anthologies, used by the **BEST** anthologies, as far as I know. They have used several fantasies, in the past, but no s-f. This is a great thing for the field, I think, and I hope this is only the start of a trend which will get more s-f in all other "literary" anthos. in the coming decade. Best to you and Mick! and the famillies! Yrs, Ray

**BRADBURY-**  
**ANA**

Feb 16. 52

Mr Ray Bradbury  
10750 Clarkson Dr  
Los Angeles 64 Calif

Dear Ray:

I'm as pleased (for you) about the inclusion of **OTHER FOOT** in Foley's **BEST 52** as I am (in a broader sense) exasperated.

To my mind this is very far from one of your best stories, or one of the best stories in the field. The reasons for its inclusion seem to be not its intrinsic merits but A) its fashionable racial angle; B) its appearance in a snob market.

Even on A), **MIDDLE OF THE AIR** (rejection of which is one of the greatest boners in B-M-C history) is markedly a better story... but it appeared in a "disreputable" market.

No, I won't say this is the first s f in **BEST**. Apart from my aiding somewhat with the people who think you (like most of us) don't write a s f, see George P Elliott's **THE NRACP** in **BEST 50**...again future (though not interplanetary) extrapolation of racial theme. It's a story I like very much—but am doubtful whether we can use such a "literary" item of such great length. Anyway an item I think you'd enjoy.

I don't think we can feel we've really cracked down the barriers until Foley reprints a story from **GALAXY** or **ASF** or **F&SF**. (There is at least a partial crack in her listing "distinguished" stories from **F&SF**.) This instance just confirms my feeling that the higher Critics look more closely at the source of a story than at the story itself.

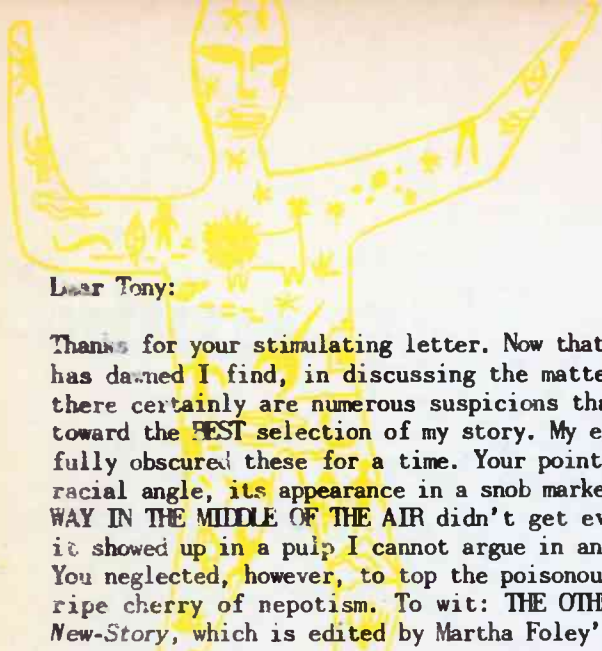
This is a bad-tempered letter, but I'm sure you'll understand that the temper is directed at cultural trends & nowise at you. I'm hopeful that we'll soon get a Bradbury slick-reject so superlatave that Foley can't help taking it!

Please come up soon. It's much too long.

Best,

Tony





19750 Clarkson Rd.  
L.A. 64, Calif.  
Feb. 18, 1952

Dear Tony:

Thanks for your stimulating letter. Now that the soberer morning has dawned I find, in discussing the matter with Maggie, that there certainly are numerous suspicions that might be directed toward the **BEST** selection of my story. My ego, of course, carefully obscured these for a time. Your points on its fashionable racial angle, its appearance in a snob market, and the fact that **WAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR** didn't get even a nibble because it showed up in a pulp I cannot argue in any way shape or form. You neglected, however, to top the poisonous sundae with a nice ripe cherry of nepotism. To wit: **THE OTHER FOOT** appeared in *New-Story*, which is edited by Martha Foley's son.

Of course, we have no way of x-raying Martha Foley's thoughts. If we could, we would either wind up with a photo of a number of literary particles colliding violently with some anti-pulp molecules, liberally sprinkled with branches of the family tree. Or we might find the serene mind of a woman with fickle, but nonetheless understandable tastes. I've spent a number of evenings with Miss Foley; she is a charming and quiet woman, and seems to exhibit none of the stigmata of the literary high-brow. This can be successfully hidden, of course. Even *I* haven't picked up a copy of *TWS*, *ASTOUNDING*, or *PLANET* to read in a long while. I suppose I have missed quite a few good stories. My main reason, of course, being lack of time; the other being that I've been too disappointed on those occasions when I *did* try a random number. To my mind, only your magazine and *GALAXY* seem to be bailing out the ship. Though friends tell me that *ASTOUNDING* has improved somewhat lately. What we're up against in the **BEST** or **PRIZE** editors then is this: they lump all the magazines together. This is wrong. But they go right on doing it. Hell, I get the same reaction in book-shops. I've been trying to get a Westwood Book Shop to carry my books for over a year. An Iron Curtain greeted me every time I walked in. Visions of **BEMS** danced in their heads. Finally, in desperation, I forced one of the buyers to read my 25 cent edition of **CHRONICLES**. Next time I walked in, a miracle of good-will and literary fellowship bloomed all about. "Why didn't you *tell* us!" they cried. It is exasperating. But if the people in the book shops have this prejudice, then it will certainly carry back up to Foley and



others. They pick up *AMAZING* or *ASTOUNDING*, or read the wrong issue of *GALAXY*, and bang! the Iron Curtain is stronger than ever. You can't get them to go back to drink again. (*Block that metaphor!*)

In fact, the very existence of *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* is due, today, to snobbism. I don't think I've ever told you the story behind this. In 1944, I laid the plan for that book, did some of the early sketches and stories, put them in my file, forgot them. Then I went on with other Martian stories, unconsciously following a pattern. On occasion I revived interest in the *CHRONICLES en toto*. But in late 1948 I wanted to compile a book of my short stories for Don to show around to publishers. So I put together stories like *POWER HOUSE*, *AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT*, *INVISIBLE BOY*, *I SEE YOU NEVER* (*The New Yorker*) and a wild melange of fantasy, s-f, realism, love-stories, studies of Mexicans, etc.

I sent this to Don. He submitted it to Farrar-Straus. F-S rejected it, and wrote a stunning note to me, saying that the writing in most of the stories was 'pulpish'. I was disheartened. Then, I got into a towering rage! 'Pulpish!' I re-read the letter. My God! The story they had spoken of as 'pulpish' had been selected by a quality magazine, *CHARM*! The letter reeked of literary snobbism. They cited *THE EARTH MEN*, *MARS IS HEAVEN*, and *AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT* as being particularly bad!

Jesus, I was mad! Thank God for my anger. I packed up my valise and I went down to the Greyhound station and I went to New York. I wanted to see what editors looked like! I gave my potpourri of stories to Doubleday. What did they suggest, what could be done, how was this book to be saved? I had supper with Walter Bradbury. If only, he said, you could cut out the realistic stories, the fantasies, and give us a book more unified, with more of a theme--

I sat there. My jaw dropped. *What an ass!* I thought of myself. The words *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* slipped out of the back of my mind and stood in full view behind my eyelids. I can have the outline for your book tomorrow morning, I said. I remembered everything in my file, everything I had started and put away in 1944, after reading *WINESBURG, OHIO*. I went to my room at the YMCA that night and typed out the complete outline, chapter by chapter, for *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*. Doubleday accepted this



Before I left New York. I turned the book in to them six months later.

Thank God for Farrar-Straus! Thank God for their particular snobism! I shudder to think; perhaps someone would have published that awful melange and thus killed, in the crib, my best book so far!

All of this to illustrate what we are all up against. All we can do is combat it when we see it. I've made a steady try at getting booksellers in this community to sell s-f, but, better yet, read it. I particularly mention *F&SF*. For yourselves, I hope you are sending *gratis* copies of the mag. to people like DeVoto, Foley, Brickell, Barzun, Cerf, etc. This may not be much of a way to fight the line, but if anyone is going to break it down, you two people will. If you could make a concerted effort to get people like Isherwood, Hortense Calisher, Jean Stafford (you think up some names) to try their hand at s-f or fantasy, I think much could be done to draw people toward the field, using author appeal. Once these authors understand that no restrictions are placed upon them, and that they can create successfully within a fascinating framework, half the battle is won. I've been trying to interest Doubleday in a project like this, with myself as editor. I thought of it about three years ago and broached it at the same time as I sold *CHRONICLES* to them. The idea being to get STEINBECK, HEMINGWAY, FAULKNER, CAUTE, JESSAMYN WEST, etc, to each write one story of the future, on any theme, any theme at all, using the type of people they understand best, to be published in a book by Doubleday, after pre-publication in *Collier's* or *The Post*. this latter factor is absolutely necessary, of course, for a slick magazine would have to stand the initial expense of paying these writers for their expensive services. The Doubleday book would pay them chicken-feed unless it turned into a runaway seller. It's been a favorite dream of mine, I've outlined it twice to Doubleday over the years, they have my outlines on file, yet nothing happens. I have hoped they would talk it over with *Collier's*. Silence. I think it could be one of the most exciting books of our time. Either very good indeed or very boring. There's no way I can get this book moving, however, without someone backing me. Do you guys have any suggestions?

I've come a long way around. All of it to say I realize the prejudice rampant in the literary world, but I think the door is ajar. Remember, every time we get it open an inch, *SPACE CADET* or *FLASH GORDON* slams it back a foot. We're still kind of a joke. When I'm introduced at parties and someone asks me what I



do and I say 'write s-f' there is a tolerantly amused smile. The people turn away to other topics. I am left in a purple rage, after trying to explain that all s-f isn't the same. They say, yes, yes.

*Example:* the buyer in one of the large bookstores here invited me up to his house last Sunday. His store carried my books simply because the books were selling. He wouldn't read one. I'd been at him for two years. Just give it a try, I said. I'm busy, he said. And went on reading THE DISENCHANTED and THE CAINE MUTINY. Well, this particular gent happens to think the sun rises and sets on Gerald Heard. I happen to think about the same; I've rarely spent an afternoon like one I had with Mr. Heard about a year ago, walking about his garden, talking, talking, talking. I came away absolutely exhilarated, drunk. That's neither here nor there. Anyway, this book-seller, a great Heard admirer and a Vedantist, invited Heard over last Sunday. There were about ten people there, including myself and Mr. Heard. What happened? Mr. Heard spent most of the afternoon tossing intellectual titbits back and forth with me. The result: yesterday the Book-Seller called me as if I had sat at the right hand of God! Called me to read *your* review, Tony, in the *Tribune*, about the book Nolan put out on my first ten years. Read the review to me twice! Gaped over the fact that I *knew* Heard and could talk with him about flying saucers, nuclear fission, the end of the world, totems, spider civilizations, and other s-f flora and fauna. The implication being that my bookseller friend was going home that very night to read everything I had ever written. A house didn't have to fall on this man. Only Mr. Heard.

Snobbism, snobbism. The world teems and swarms with it.

Magic names. We'll have to use some magic names to get the people inside the tent. The more magic names you can get on your cover, the quicker we can spread the gospel. This isn't a cure-all, but just one part of the problem. The other is for every writer in the field to continue writing his best. Not to be tempted to overproduce to make money. So far, it has been no temptation to me. When you sell a few to *The Post*, the money gives you the time to let your stories simmer in the file. For instance, you'll be glad to hear, I hope, that the spider story I told Mick about is now in its second draft. I took it out and glanced it over last night and it looks pretty nice. I think another draft should fix it, and then will send it on to you. Thank God for the necessary time to watch over stories. Last year I sold fewer original stories than at any time since I be-



gan writing. I think I sold 10 new stories. As against some 90-odd sales of subsidiary rights, TV, radio, anthology, foreign, etc.

Tell Mick his suggestion on *THE PLAYGROUND* has bubbled in my mind since the night I saw him. It seems very fine now and when I rewrite the story again, will incorporate said changes before sending story to Don to try again with *Harper's*, etc. I'm deeply obliged to Mick for this suggestion.

*THE ILLUSTRATED MAN* will be out in April from *Bantam*. My fantasy anthology will be held over until Sept. Damn!

Have just sold a new s-f to *Collier's*.

A very disjointed letter. No time to retype it. Main point being, it's wonderful Foley puts *F&SF* stories on her distinguished list, and I believe it's only a matter of time before she takes one of the stories for the book. I don't think she's as snobby as the others, but certainly much of that racial angle appealed to her in taking *THE OTHER FOOT*.

One last item. Only item I disagree with you on. I like *THE OTHER FOOT*. Other people like *THE OTHER FOOT*. Matter of taste. Now, on the other hand, if you'd said, don't like *THE VISITOR*, don't like *THE CONCRETE MIXER*, don't like *NO PARTICULAR NIGHT OR MORNING*, I'd have shaken your hand. Tried to get *Bantam* to cut them out. Righteously, they refused. No abridged versions! But, *THE OTHER FOOT*? I like it.

Just to show you how objective I'm feeling this morning, I very much like the Boucher story in the current *F&SF*. Hey!

Okay, spoil-fun. Didn't see *BEST OF '50* Didn't see *THE NRACP*. Oh, hell!

Hope to send my Spider up to you in about a month! Non-poisonous, of course. Best to you, Phyllis, the boys, Mick, and Annette!

Yours,

P.S. Have just counted the pages and words in this letter and will sell you the whole damn thing for ten bucks. Uncut!

Ray

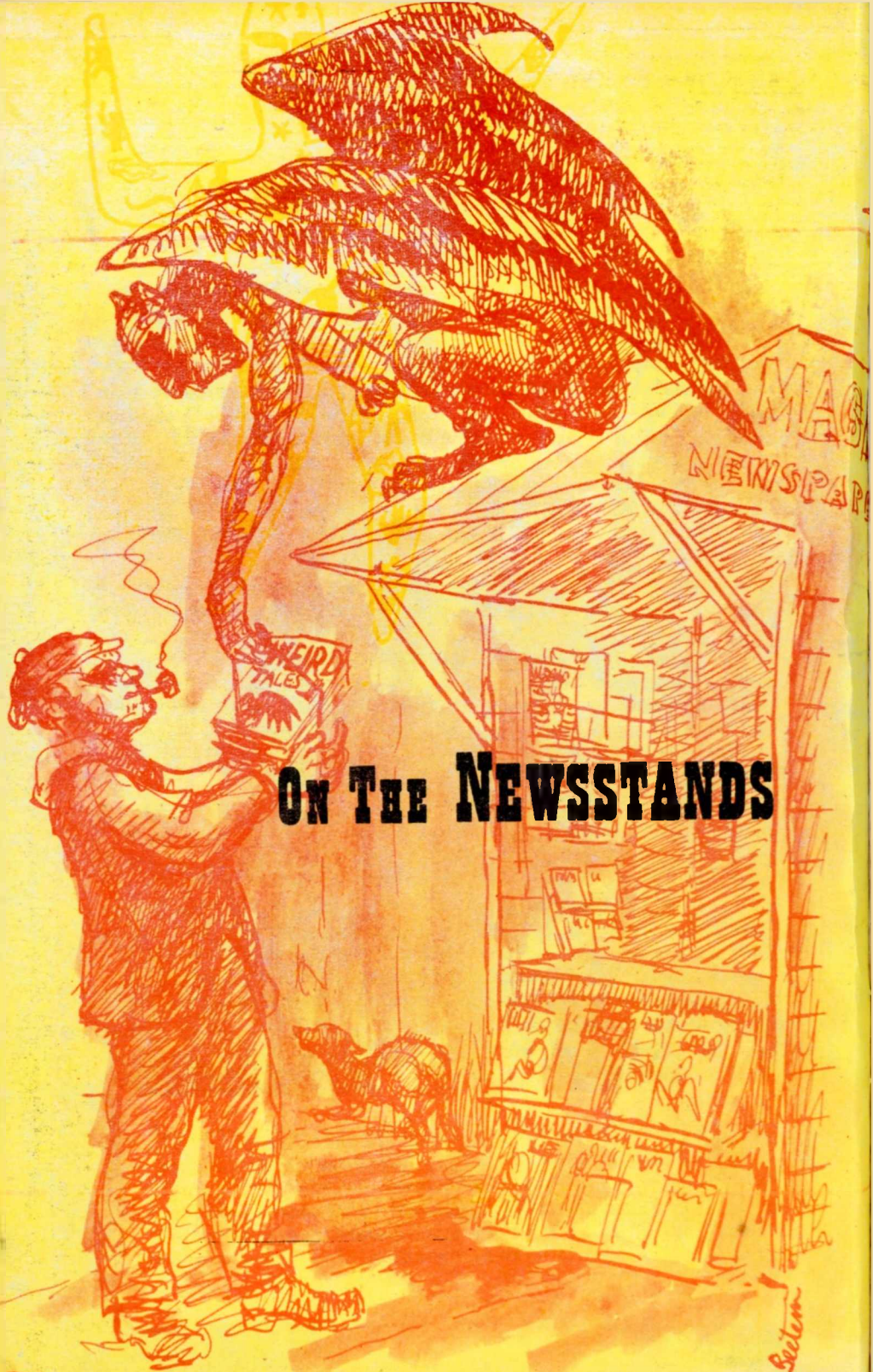




**L**ast month, following a whirlwind campaign in which he was not opposed, George Finigan defeated write-in candidate General Dwight (Ike) Eisenhower to become chairman of the Elves, Gnomes and you-know-whats of Berkeley. Mr. Finigan is shown as he strikes a statesmanlike pose prior to accepting the gavel. (Photo courtesy *Blur*, the national weekly.)



# ON THE NEWSSTANDS





(The most significant trend in science fiction in the last few years has been the gradual, but increasing, acceptance by the general press of science fiction stories and themes. From now on, Newsstands will attempt to cover as many of these "off-beat" publications as possible. The future of science fiction publication may well belong to the slicks — plus that small handful of magazines — *ASTOUNDING*, *GALAXY*, the *MAGAZINE OF FANTASY* & *SCIENCE FICTION* — that present quality work in the field.)

"*LIFE*," said my wife, "has an article on *Flying Saucers* this week."

"Great," I said, "we'll buy a copy."

This hurt. As inveterate readers of *Harpers*, *Atlantic*, and *The New Yorker*, we avoid *LIFE* as we do *Readers Digest* and the more onerous forms of plague. But flying saucers are one of my special interests, and even if they were in *LIFE*, I had to see that article.

So we set out into the cold, cold world (after all, it's spring in Berkeley) in our little old Jeep, looking for *LIFE*.

First place I tried, a drugstore down at Vine St., was sold out. So, too, was the jernt across the street. Likewise with ten more newsstands and drugstores I hit. Now look, Mac, Berkeley's getting to be a big town now. 120,000 people. And people buy magazines. And when *LIFE* sells out inside of 48 hours, brother, that's *NEWS*!

Now I know what's *NEWS*! when I'm hit over the head with it, although I can name four big metropolitan dailies that don't\*, and so I kept on with my search.

It so happens that, just for the laughs, I occasionally am known to enter a liquor store and so it was that, after a tankful of gas and another million miles on the speedometer, I stumbled upon a liquor store and walked bravely in. There, in the back, was a character with his feet on the stove, reading *LIFE*.

"Wanna sell it?" I asked.

"Whatcha think I'm in business for?" he countered. So—we made a deal, although I bought a bottle of wine too, just to make him happy.

\**San Francisco Examiner*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Oakland Tribune*, *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*



As we started the Long Voyage Home, my wife read to me from **LIFE**.

"Whydya 'apose it sold out?" I asked.

"Mebbe," says my wife, "it's this here picture of Marilyn Monroe, the Talk of Hollywood."

So I tied up traffic while I took a gander at Marilyn who is hoisted up on **LIFE'S** front cover. "Honey," I says, "what she's got ain't been news since Adam et the apple. It's a cover, all right, but it wouldn't sell out **LIFE**."

And so we went through the issue and there was nothing in it that isn't in **LIFE** every week except for the *Flying Saucer* yarn.

This made me feel very good. I think no other story in recent years has so clearly shown the low state to which contemporary journalism has fallen. Here is a yarn of international interest; one that could prove to be the greatest news story in history and not once — to my knowledge — has an honest and intelligent job of coverage been done on it!\*

But newspapers don't go in much for reporting anymore; they just rip the stories off the teletype. And magazines don't go in for coverage, either; it's easier to rewrite publicity handouts. So the greatest news story of our time has lain moldering while bright young Yale graduates eternally rewrite the slush that is handed out to magazines with the third class mail every Monday morning.

**LIFE** did a job of it, damn Luce, anyway, and perhaps it is the only magazine with the money and the prestige to put the story over. For **LIFE** comes out with a flat declaration that the flying saucers are real (only morons and high ranking intelligence officials have ever thought they weren't) and that they are extra-terrestrial in origin.

This is the biggest science fiction story of all time, although, personally, I do not know of a single science fiction magazine that has made even a half-hearted try at it) and it is supported by the kind of reporting that makes you believe that if only all the journalism schools were closed, there still might be a free press in this land.

**LIFE** covered the story. It asked President Truman what he knew about flying saucers and he said he didn't know anything. They asked the heads of government departments that might have anted up the dough it would cost to build them.

---

\* I except the article by *True* magazine, published early in the first years of the saucers and which probably represented about all that could be done on the yarn at that time.



They didn't know anything, either. Then it traced down all the big shot scientists and technicians in this country to see if perhaps they might be working on flying saucers. When the roll was called, they were all present and accounted for, most of them wrapped up in such cultural enterprises as atomic bombs, guided missiles, bacteriological warfare and nerve gasses.

Then LIFE, unhampered by the ethics of modern college journalism, went completely berserk and thought of interviewing the people who had reported seeing flying saucers! This journalistic coup yielded extraordinary results including the startling fact that these were real people, they had no publicity agents, and some of them had technical backgrounds. All of them were pretty much in agreement over what they saw.

Here are LIFE'S conclusions:

1. Disks, cylinders, and similar objects of geometrical form, luminous quality and solid nature for several years have been and may be now, actually present in the atmosphere of the earth.

2. These objects cannot be explained by present science as natural phenomenon — but solely as artificial devices — created and operated by a high intelligence.

3. No power plant known or projected on earth could account for the performance of these devices.

WHAT THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE NOT:

1. They are not psychological phenomena.
2. They are not a Russian development.
3. They are not distortions of the atmosphere resulting from atomic activity.
4. They are not all Skyhook balloons.

THE EXPERTS SAY:

Dr. Walther Riedel, one-time chief designer and research director at the rocket center in Peenemunde says, "I am completely convinced they have an out-of-this-world basis."

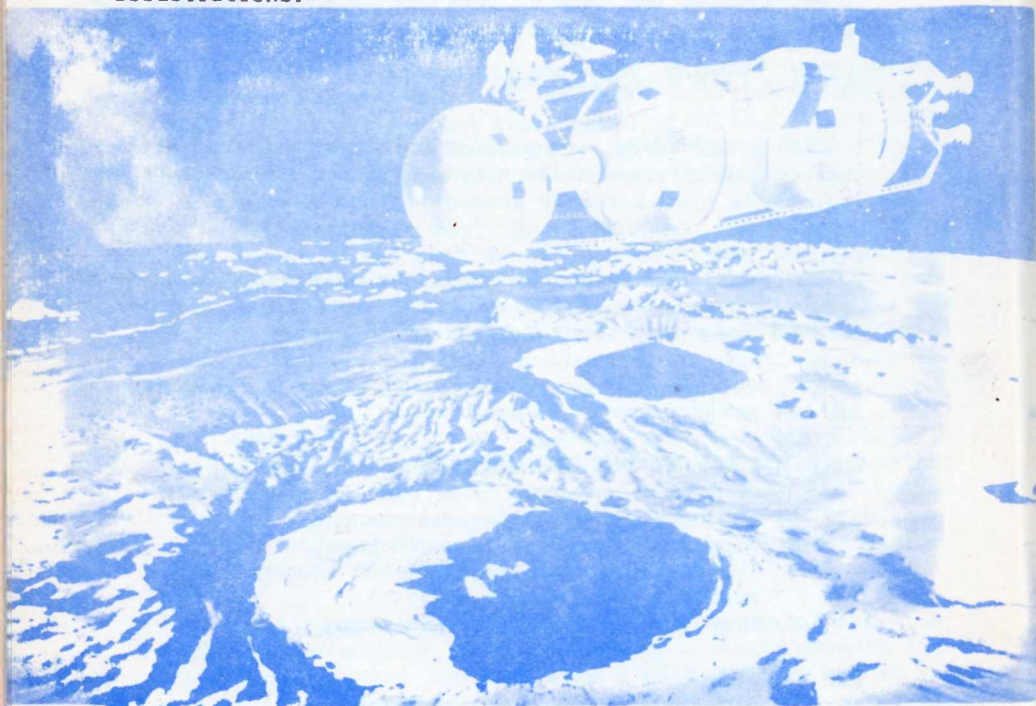
Dr. Maurice Biolt, one of the U.S.'s leading aerodynamists and prominent mathematical physicist, says, "the least improbable explanation is that these things are artificial and controlled . . . My opinion for some time has been that they have an extra-terrestrial origin."



## COLLIER'S and the CONQUEST OF SPACE

If ever there was a measure of the difference between "slick" publication and pulp publication, it occurred in the March 22 issue of *Collier's*.

Here were all the old, familiar science fiction ideas; that man is shortly to conquer space, that he will use rockets, that "free fall" will be a strange and terrifying experience, that orbital satellites will be the first step, that national claims on the planets and satellites will be a three aspirin headache for the United Nations. Here they all were, the old familiar ideas, with our old friend Chesley Bonestell showing the way with his magnificent full color illustrations.



But there was a difference. This was a slick, general circulation magazine. It was clay coated stock so that the Bonestell illustrations jumped out at you. This was slick editing, and the text was short, interesting, to the point. Even Willy Ley was all dressed up in evening clothes, white tie and all, telling not us--we knew Willy as an old friend--but those millions of others, that someday soon we'd have a station in the sky.



All of a sudden, science fiction had grown up, and it will never be the same again. No longer the property of that relatively small handful of people who thought and dreamed, but the property of the Masses, with a capital "M".

Personally, I was not sorry to have it happen. Now the pulps, who have been in the vanguard for so long, will have to turn to new, and different ideas, because you cannot ever hope to match a million dollar budget with a thousand dollar budget, unless you have something new and different. And from now on, space travel and rockets belong to everybody and science fiction will have to turn to those new ideas and those new excursions of the human mind that are too hot to handle for the slicks.

I'm looking forward to what happens next. However, as a sort of interim consolation prize, I would like to point out that in our area, at least, the *Collier's* that had the space articles in it sold out all over town — and it's a big town. It shows that we haven't been so crazy all these years, after all.

#### TIME AND THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS (CELESTIAL CHESS DEPT.)

In the field of public relations and advertising, **TIME** is the Supreme Accolade. It is to publicity what the *Croix de Guerre* was in World War I and the DSC was to World War II. Hit Time, Mac, and buddy, we've needed a guy like you around here for a long time, and I think the boss has a little present for you.

April 14, the British Interplanetary Society hit **TIME** with two full columns of type — all about how to make talk with our Neighbors (honest to God, **TIME** capitalized it!) the Martians. Lancelot Hogben (*Mathematics for the Million*, *Loom of Language*, Hogben) was reported as having made a speech to the B.I.S. on how to make speech to extra-terrestrials.

What he had to say is not very important; any good semanticist could do better; so could any good scientific linguist. But good semanticists and good linguists don't get in **TIME**: just Yale graduates and the boys from Beacon Hill. Hogben is neither; but the Martians can,\* and that's all that really counts.

As a brief, but revelatory, excerpt, we quote:

"At last, when interplanetary chatter becomes commonplace individual humans should be able to make friends with individual Martians. They can compare their rhythms of life and death. They can even compare their respective intelligence by playing CELESTIAL CHESS across the emptiness of space."



## HABPER'S and the AMNIOTIC FLUID

Never one to do things by halves, Harper's Magazine, in its May issue features two articles on space flight: *The Astronauts Are Serious* By Harland Manchester and *No Go, Space Cadet* By John McPartland. The first one, "Astronauts", is a fairly traditional treatment of the subject, although there are a couple of fresh ideas in it. But the second article is a quite radical departure and could serve as the springboard for half a dozen fresh space flight stories.

After a preliminary in which he points out that human knowledge and power are growing "at a high-order exponential curve of acceleration . . . We are acquiring as much new information each two years as we acquired in the total of human history up to now. . ." McPartland says that, "Man will travel, in time, to the planets and stars--but it seems unlikely now that *men* ever will."

If human beings do travel in space, they may go suspended in a liquid cushion that fills the body cavities as protection against acceleration. Experiments along this line, he says, are being done in a laboratory near Chicago, using dogs as subjects. But chances are no man will ever make the trip. Why should he? asks McPartland. Telemeters and servomotors can do a better job of exploring than any man who ever lived. They are lighter, need no oxygen, need no food, don't have to be protected against acceleration, can stand great extremes of temperature, and live virtually forever. Furthermore, they do not get homesick, nor become psychopathic under stress, and they can pick and transmit a wider range of information than the most perceptive of men.

"Man as an individual is the limiting factor. . . Toughen him by replacing the carbon of his tissues with silicon . . . fill in his body cavities with subtly chosen fluids... cushion his brain and strengthen his emotional framework so that he will not go mad, wrap him in energy fields and dense-nuclei shielding so that he will not be destroyed by deadly radiation -- do all these things and he is still too frail for even trans-solar travel, his generations of life too brief for the stars.

"Double his span of youth and he still ages too soon for a voyage merely to Pluto; his race is lost in the dust of time before a journey to Alpha Centauri could be completed. Breed him as a new species in nurseries on the moon, give him a life of a thousand years or more, and he is still a May fly fluttering briefly against the inalterable realities of interstellar time and space."



**ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION** May 1952

Reviewed by Gary Nelson

Two stories, *Blood's a Rover* and *What Have I Done*, in this issue are of special interest because they are the exact antithesis of each other in that the first expounds the nobility of the human race, and the other emphasizes its baseness. Of course, there is both grandeur and retrogression in the race, but in the black-white land of science fiction you are never aware of this. A science fiction reader has to be fairly adaptable to be able to read these stories—one right after another. Of course, that is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the science fiction reader; he can and often does read every and anything.

The lead story, *Blood's a Rover*, by Chad Oliver, was, in my opinion, the best story in the issue. The idea in it is basically the same as that behind the *Lensmen* series of E. E. Smith, but it is much more ably handled than Smith's stories ever were. If Doc Smith could have written the *Lensmen* stories on the same general level that Chad Oliver has written his on, they could have been some of the best science fiction ever conceived. But where can you get with dialogue like, "QX", "hot jets," and "blast off?"

Of the shorts, I liked *What Have I Done*, by Mark Clifton, best, although his central character is more than a little unbelievable. Eric Frank Russell's short, *Fast Falls the Eventide*, was a novel idea, but its style made it drag a bit too much. *Half the Victory*, by Brain Parker, belonged in the civil defense handbook for myopic directors but hardly in *Astounding*.

The serial, *Gunner Cade*, by Cyril Judd, was well written and most of the characterization was excellent; however, the plot was so trite that I really couldn't get interested in the story as such. I did like the author's ideas on the future of Washington, though.

**GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION** May 1952

Reviewed by Gary Nelson

The story which I enjoyed most in this issue was *Wheels Within*, by Charles V. De Vet. It is one of the really original ideas that I have seen in the past few months. The ending was certainly not obvious until the end, almost a rarity in itself these days.

*Category Phoenix*, by Boyd Ellanby, was interesting and good escape literature, but its problem, as is true with most of the present day science fiction, is that it suffers from that insidious disease, senility of the plot. Fortunately, this story did not have the other common maladies which usually accompany senile plots—boringness and stereotypeness. The author was able to produce an original enough culture that my interest in the story was kept by that alone. Maybe all we can hope for now is old ideas made interesting by the addition of new gimmicks because all the new ideas have been used up, but I certainly do not think so.

*Lost Memory*, by Peter Philips, failed to arouse my interest. *Freudian Slip*, by Franklin Abel, is pure fantasy, and, although it was a fair fantasy. I don't believe that it was outstanding enough to rate a spot in *GALAXY* in preference to science fiction.



This number is not distinguished by any superlatively bad trash, as was the April issue. The usual pattern . . . "Man sought the secret of eternal life in this EMPIRE OF WOMEN". Any author with a story rejected elsewhere will do well to send it to *Amazing*. But the story had better be pretty damn bad!

The two novelettes, *Lover When You're Near Me* and *Garden In the Void*, by Richard Matheson and Poul Anderson, respectively, show an interesting contrast in that the latter story is pretty good and the other is the worst story I have read since the *Blue Men of Yrano*. I had to force myself to finish it to the end. Its one redeeming feature was that it was so bad that it was almost ludicrous.

The second installment of *MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE* is the one redeeming feature, and actually is very good. But the editor half spoils the real merits of this imaginary history by pretending that — like the Shaver Mystery — it is true.

## OTHER TIMES April, 1952

Reviewed by L. Per Gjorn

Never having written any magazine reviews before, I am somewhat uncertain where to begin. So I guess what I'll do first is read the current copy of *OTHER TIMES* BEFORE WRITING MY REVIEW OF the stories in it. I realize this is unorthodox and contrary to the currently accepted procedure for reviewers to follow, but then I've always been backward in everything.

To me the most interesting features in *OTHER TIMES* are the translations of stories from little-known editions of Science-fiction by foreign writers. These are printed in English for the first time in *OTHER TIMES* and thus made available to a wider reading public:

Outstanding in this particular issue is "*A SPIRIT AMONG THE MAGICIANS*" by hoocyardini. This is a difficult story to review as the author makes use of a new literary form which omits all punctuation and capitalization and also unconventionally leaves out all the words, the entire story being written in ectoplasm. This makes translation very difficult but the staff of *OTHER TIMES* succeeds admirably in re-creating the atmosphere of the story — one guaranteed to chill the marrow in your bones and set your teeth on edge and chattering.

*Don't miss this one! It's great!*

But don't read it alone on a dark night, either.

Also in this issue is a masterly analysis of current Fantasy-And-Science-Fiction novels, with reviews written by a number of different foreign reviewers. These reviews are so interesting from a comparative standpoint that I quote them *in statu nascendi*.

\*Known as the stream-of-unconsciousness-technique



<b>TWENTY THOUSAND WHAT ?</b>	Powerful plot action packed ...light..... bright..tight	...Just as good as... "HOW ROUND THE WORLD"	...Not up to the author's best & highest standard ... ...top-notch ...though	Plot, characters, and everything. Need we say more?	KEY TO RE-VIEWERS: 1-2 B.T-N. Urshu
<b>MURDER HAS A RUEFUL COUNTENANCE</b>	Hackneyed plot. . . ..tedious	..seems vaguely familiar somehow	.gets off to a slow start and keeps it	Terrific value if you're in the curb market..	3-4 Shu-Tà D'Or 5-6 Pik Oopstyxx
<b>THE INNOCENT BROAD</b>	Inter-esting format	..Aluminum cover—and asbestos(!) jacket ... lessen the danger of spontaneous combustion	Banned in Boston... ... Burnt elsewhere	"Mother, mother , ...turn the hose on me!"	7-8 Chloe S'Agate

The lead story in *OTHER TIMES* is "*HOI POLLOI*" by Anthony Muncher and translated from the aboriginal by A. Belcher (!hic!)

*HOI-POLLOI* is a semi-fictional-semi-autobiographical sketch, being a loosely constructed series of reminiscences by a Science-fiction reviewer and would-be writer—who is on the staff of *NEW TIMES* (a very contemporary publication) & reviews all the fantasy and science-fiction that finds its way to the editorial rooms of *NEW TIMES*.

One morning in Spring this book reviewer finds several letters on his desk. They are from compatriots in the reviewers trade. Curiously enough they both request him to take over their reviewing stints for a 2-week period while they are on vacation. Muncher accepts and then the bright idea strikes as if from nowhere. Feverishly he sets to work. In no time he has composed a form letter which he sends to the Book-Reviewers on each and every newspaper and magazine in the country and elsewhere, including the Scandinavian. He offers to substitute for them for 2 weeks and gets enthusiastical acceptances 100%.

Whereupon Muncher writes ALL the book reviews for ALL the papers. What an opportunity! He plugs several titles dear to his heart\* and urges everybody to rush right out and buy "*HELL-O-MAHONEY*" (*Quicksilver & Small*, \$2.29 lb. postpaid)

*A-BOOK-A-DAY* makes it their Thursday choice. *BRIEF DGEST* wants it. Two Movie Companies buy the title for a fabulous sum. Immediately requests start pouring in to all bookstores everywhere for copies of "*HELL-O-MAHONEY*". The Book-Stores wire the publishers for copies whereupon the publishers start looking thru their waste baskets for "*HELL-O-MAHONEY*". Then Muncher shows up on the doorstep and offers to

\* "as for the bucket....Nantucket"



write the book for them for a cash consideration in advance and on the line. Since "HELL-O-MONEY" is such a best-seller already, Quick-silver & Small are only TOO happy.

The remaining stories in the April issue of OTHER TIMES are swell!

(Biographical note: L. Per Gjorn is an exchange student. When asked why he became an exchange student he replied, "Well—I have always had a firm conviction that the proper study of mankind is the stock market". Then doubts were raised as to the truth of his remark about two movie companies buying the title to Hunchers book he had a ready reply: "As a matter of fact THREE movie companies bought the title—one the first half, another the last half and the third just closed a deal for the punctuation!"

FANTASTIC Summer 1952

Reviewed by L. E. Brandt

This new magazine has been a long time in coming, but it was certainly worth waiting for.

The first issue is off to a fine start — it has the most unusual and striking cover on a magazine in a long time; beautifully and brightly done without being garish. Inside, the artwork is up to the same standard and at least two of the cartoons are guaranteed to bring a smile.

The contents page has enough name writers to make the most cynical fan drool in eager anticipation. And indeed the stories are of a high quality. The lead science fiction novel is as good an adventure yarn as anything in *ASTOUNDING* today. The fantasies run from the delightfully satirical "For Heaven's Sake" to the starl little horror piece by Kris Neville; which, incidentally, should really establish him as one of the top writers.

Neville achieves all his shock without the gore and bloodcurdling screams of the classic fantasies; in fact, working with ordinary people and broad daylight he weaves a wondrous spell and leaves you gasping with the irony of it all.

The reprint novel "Professor Bingo's Snuff" by Raymond Chandler has the same crisp and bitterly frustrated little characters that Chandler creates so well. Although perhaps the story as a whole isn't quite as three dimensional as his longer detective novels, it is not to be missed.

Even H.L. Gold stopped editing long enough to turn out a humorous short about psychiatrists and leaves you wondering if their patients are so harmless, at that.

NEW WORLDS March, 1952

Reviewed by L. E. Brandt

This must be an off month for the science fiction magazines. Editor Carnell, in desperation, seems to have turned to the wood pile to fill this issue.



The lead story is as old and pulpy as anything that has ever appeared in print. In the story "*The Flame Gods*" we again have a devastated world, a world ruined and radioactive as a result of an atomic war. And out of the ruins a group of scientists have grabbed control and set up a religious hierarchy—a la "*Gather Darkness*"—to rule the people. The rest of the story stumbles along with the hero fighting the evil scientists to free the enslaved masses; also fighting the treacherous Jorgen for the hand of the lovely Carol in true hack tradition.

For those who have missed the old master, we have a story in true van Vogt tradition by E. C. Tubbs. The reader is plunged into the action right in the middle, is confused more and more, and just as vV would do it, the hero is shot, lesser characters die and are reborn. And at the end you're still not quite sure just exactly what happened or why. If you miss vV, this is your meat.

However, probably the best piece in the issue is a shorty called "*The World that Changed*". The rest are passing fair.

**MARVEL SCIENCE FICTION** May, 1952 Reviewed by Elizabeth Connolly

Doesn't the title sound a little bit too glib? MARVEL SCIENCE FICTION!! It's a *marvel* that the newsstands still do the publishers of this magazine, and I use the word advisedly, the favor of keeping it on their stands.

Take, for example, the "feature" attraction, "*She Knew the Face of Evil*." This so-called science-fiction story deals with the inner sense which a girl possesses, enabling her to feel the presence of an invisible being, whose sole purpose is to feed on the energy of human beings, and thus deprive them of their very lives by absorbing all the energy from their bodies. Television — the worst show on any channel would be better time spent than reading this.

The other "gripping novel", *TIME WAS* is a slight improvement, but then, what wouldn't be? Dealing with the abilities of superhumans to take the place of men who are working on a rocket ship to explore the more elusive planets, they deem that it shall not be, for it has taken them long periods of time to develop to the point where man must admit their superiority in every way: knowledge, physical development, and the ability to assemble facts in suprisingly short periods of time into workable knowledge. No, the threat to their planet must be erased at all costs.

However, the prize in poor stories in the May issue I bestow upon "*Star Wife*" by Alfred Coppel. This is one of those "poor-woman-in-new planet-finds-readjustment-hard-but-finally-triumphs-amid-a-blaze-of-glory-and-is-loved-by-all-in-the-final-outcome" type. In a sense it is somewhat like the "and they lived happily ever afterward" endings which so many of us had instilled in us as youths, and which, unfortunately, many of us still believe, naively, of course, to be as yet the case.

All in all, this book, with its "BIG 132 PAGES" is highly unpalatable reading material. So, unless you wish to clutter up your minds with trash, concentrate on anything else but this science-fiction trash.



# LETTERS





Dear Mr. Fabun:

Volume III Number 17 of the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, which arrived today, is handsome in a good many ways besides production. Good lineup of articles, attractive art, interior color that I wish we could somehow get for GALAXY ... and the cleanest, prettiest job of layout and printing I've yet seen in a fan magazine, with the exception, perhaps, of SLANT. Actually, I think the two draw a close decision, one I wouldn't care or dare to make. I like them both.

What motivates my writing to you is a spirit of friendly inquiry. The defense I offered for Amazing Stories and Howard Browne seems to have been misunderstood. I certainly don't feel that editors must hang together or hang separately. Browne doesn't need anyone to hold him up, nor did I believe he did; I simply offered my personal opinion, which, I thought, had validity. It doesn't seem to for your readers, but I think that's because Amazing doesn't satisfy their adult reading needs, on which basis they have an incontestable right to object to it. But the importance of the magazine in introducing youngsters to science fiction is something that professionals cannot overlook. My suggestion was merely to view it as such and not to contrast it with mature books, which is comparable to judging primary school compositions on the same terms as doctorate theses.

However, that is a point I'm not willing to argue about. I am concerned with Gary Nelson's review of GALAXY. My editorial thinking is still fluid enough not to goad me into proving my position, but into improving it, which is what I would like to do here, with the help of your readers and reviewers.

Mr. Nelson states that the fiction in GALAXY has moved so far from the field of science fiction that it cannot be classified as such any longer. On the other hand, Mr. Finch's review of Astounding objects to the amount of science in the stories and articles, and indicates a need for more attention to the fiction in the book's title. This sort of ambivalence can drive an editor batty. What is the happy medium? Not the other magazines reviewed; they were judged as harshly.

My solution of the problem has been to induce authors to integrate science into narration and, where it can't be done and would hold up plot and character development, to indicate rather than detail it. This may result in fiction that seems to understress science, but I've been aware of the danger. In many cases, the science is integrated so shrewdly that it doesn't seem to be there, primarily because it does not halt the story. This would be the perfect answer, in my opinion -- fiction that does not resemble stories welded to textbooks, a practice, by the way, that I was guilty of in my very early writing.



A barrier to this solution, though, is the literary ability of current authors. Some are capable of weaving in their science through action, either psychological or physical, while others are not; at any rate, at their present stage of craftsmanship. I'm convinced that more will adopt this method before long, and many who are now unable to do so will learn the technique. Obviously, it's more difficult than simply holding up everything while a bolus of static text matter is shoved into the story, but I can see by reader reaction, including Mr. Nelson's, that it produces better entertainment.

Some stories would suffer if the science in them were more than indicated in broad outline. Applying an inflexible standard of so much science to so many words is clearly not the answer. The emotional effect desired is the criterion upon which I've been operating.

As for types of stories to be found in GALAXY, I'm trying to run samples of all categories. The emphasis that Mr. Nelson found on the sociological is probably justified; my evaluation of science fiction, both before and after I began editing GALAXY, has been that far too many stories occur in societal vacuums, and also that future civilizations, based preferably on detectable but not blatant trends or tendencies in our own, can provide backgrounds and motivations for advanced fiction. Advanced, that is, in the sense that this aspect has not been explored sufficiently. BEYOND BEDLAM was the first major job I experimented with; it wasn't completely successful, both in my opinion and the author's, but it was the foundation for deeper thinking, out of which have come THE DEMOLISHED MAN and, starting in the June 1952 issue, THE COPYSMITH by S. D. Gottesman. Both carry the approach several steps forward, and I hope to have more that will work in other directions. Not, I hope, backward to illogical or undeveloped environments.

Mr. Nelson's statement that this produces contemporary fiction honestly confuses me. If he means contemporary to the extrapolated society, he's right, of course, except that, since the purpose is not prediction and the societies may or may not eventually exist, this is a rather loose use of the word. But they decidedly are not contemporary to our own civilization. If a convincing picture of a possible society is contemporary fiction, not science fiction, then what is science fiction? Where is the border Mr. Nelson mentions without specifying? And in what way does GALAXY manage to keep on the wrong side of it? As you may judge from my reasoning, I'm very much aware of what I am trying to do. Where I am baffled is in the reasoning of readers like Mr. Nelson: if ODD JOHN and other stories that are almost universally considered



science fiction are not science fiction, what are they? And, to repeat, what is science fiction? I thought I had a workable definition; evidently I do not ... fiction based on and motivated by an extrapolated background. If Mr. Nelson has one that can clarify my thinking, I'd earnestly appreciate having it. I don't want to return to swashbuckling or masses of data available elsewhere, but neither do I want to alienate such readers as your reviewers and readers.

H. L. Gold

Editor

GALAXY Science Fiction

*Thanks for the letter, Mr. Gold. We are always glad to hear an editor's opinion on our reviews of his magazine.*

*To clear up a minor point of confusion, the word, contemporary, is used with a connotation similar to AVANT-GARDE, but any confusion on this usage was probably due to the reviewer because he thought that that connotation was generally recognized, as in contemporary music and contemporary design.*

*We have been informed that the story which is mentioned in the letter, THE COPYSMITH, by G. D. Goddesman, has had its title changed to THE GRAVY PLANET. Goddesman is a pseudonym of Poul Anderson and C. M. Cornbluth.*

TO THE EDITOR:

I've just been reading an interesting little book called *Notes of a School Principal*. The author has, for the last 25 years, been Principal of Secondary School No. 110 in (you should excuse the Expression) Moscow, USSR.

In his chapter on children's tastes in reading, he makes the following remarks touching on your and my favourite diversion:

*"It will be in place here, I think, to say a few words about scientific romances for children. This kind of literature is extremely popular in school libraries and in principle it is really very necessary. A good scientific romance teaches children to dream and to dare; it puts before them, in an easily-understood and vivid form, problems which mankind has yet to solve and which are or soon may be on the order of the day. The "romance" part of it should have roots in reality. Besides being well written, interesting and having the right kind of outlook, a scientific romance should make the young reader feel, "True, that doesn't exist yet, but man will surely achieve it." Unfortunately, we still have too little literature of this type. Many books which claim to be scientific romances are simply romances, with nothing scientific about them. One such book, Belyayev's Amphibious Man, evoked the following apt comment from sixth-grader Remizov: "In depicting his amphibious man, the author ignored the real laws of nature, and what he has imagined has no chance of ever being realized."*



This chap evidently appreciates the difference between science-fiction and fantasy, which problem agitates the fans from time to time. When I read the excerpt quoted above I thought, By golly, Rho. Digest passed some remark not long ago about the Soviet Union and science-fiction. Sure enough--Vol. III No. 3 --"We are mindful that science-fiction has been banned in Soviet Russia."

Galaxy's Editor Gold commented in January, "..... science fiction becoming so important a phenomenon that even the Russians had to pause between walkouts to term it a sign of capitalist degeneration."

It would be interesting to know exactly what the Russians said. The sweeping implication of the two quotes above, that all science-fiction is forbidden to Soviet readers, is not borne out by the Soviet educator's *Notes*, published in 1951. Such a wholesale condemnation would be no more sensible than to prohibit the art of cartooning because some cartoons have aroused displeasure. I don't think communists are that stupid, do you?

On the other hand, if there has been criticism of certain trends in science-fiction writing, we may agree or disagree with the criticism but surely we cannot condemn the act of criticising. Isn't that what we fans are always doing? Isn't that one of the hall-marks of democracy?

Since we are on the subject of s.-f. in other lands, a suggestion comes to mind. How about prodding one of your knowledgeable contributors to give us an article on non-english s.-f. stories. Surely this literary field cannot be a monopoly of authors who write English.

I close with high praise for your art-work. The calendar in particular was swell. The whole magazine is swell.

ROBERT ATKINSON  
Verdun, Quebec  
Canada

*Reader Atkinson's letter had a very sobering effect on us. We were brought up short, and for a little while, we wondered how this could have happened to us. Yes, we said that Russia had banned science fiction. And where did we get the information? From GALAXY's editor, Gold. Did we check it? NO. Why not? Because we wanted to believe that Russia had banned science fiction. Why? Because we have been trained to believe that Russia always dislikes those things we like best. But isn't that poor editing? It certainly is. Do you have any sort of defence? No. See that you do better in the future, then! Yessir, we will, sir. And we will.*



## TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir:

I trust you will forgive my use of pen and ink; home for the week-end from the University. I have no typewriter. Have been reading *THE RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST* for six issues or so now, and have found few points of just criticism—considering of course that it is an amateur and unpretentious magazine. And it is not now with *RD* that I find fault, but with Gary Nelson, critic of *GALAXY* in the Nov-Dec 51 issue of *RD*.

In truth, my point of exception is minor, but it happens to be a point of some vexation for me, and I cannot resist an opportunity to argue here: he states that *GALAXY* is not printing science-fiction, but fiction of the "future" and "sociological" fiction. Before going further, I must state that I am not criticizing Mr. Nelson's review, his ability, or his statements. I do criticize what I cannot help but consider "some confusion" in the usage of the word "science". It appears to me that Mr. Nelson's use of the word is incorrect, that the word he intends—the meaning he intends—is "technological".

This propensity of the modern American to view Technology and science as the same is incorrect—science deals with method, with action and reaction, and sometimes with results—Technology with the application of the bases of science.

*GALAXY* does not print a great deal of "technological" fiction—but "science"-fiction is plentifully, if not too well, as Mr. Nelson suggests, represented. I feel Mr. Nelson's division of *GALAXY*'S stories into future and sociological betrays his error—for is not sociology at least heralded to be a science?

At this time I shall not consider whether "science"-fiction or "technological" fiction is to be preferred.


Sincerely,

PHILIP G. WAGGONER  
Champaign, Illinois



# IN MY OPINION

By J. Lloyd Eaton



*With considerable misgivings we once more present J. Lloyd Eaton's column in what we fondly conceive to be alphabetical order. This is the third time.*

Stories rated as follows:

- \*\*\* Good to excellent
- \*\* Fair to good
- x May be considered an additional (\*) for the intelligentsia. Not for light reading.
- \* A fantastic, but not good. Collectors and students only, Read at your peril!
- Not fantasies; masqueraders; too bad even for collectors.
- ( ) Not fantasies; marginal
- C Not in the Checklist
- s Short story collections. Total number of stories given.



Campbell, John W. Jr.

- \*\*\* The Mightiest Machine. (*Hadley, Prov.*, '47) Sci-fict. Interplanetary.
- C\*\* The Incredible Planet. (*Fantasy Press, Reading*, '49) Sci-fict. Ideas turn into incredible inventions in no time!
- Ca Who Goes There? (*Shasta, Chicago*, '48) Shorts (7)
  - \*\*\* Who Goes There? — Monster can mutate into the bodies of any living thing.
  - \*\* Blindness — He solves atomic power from the Sun, his little invention making it unnecessary.
  - \*\*\* Frictional Losses. — Mankind learns.
  - \*\*\* Dead Knowledge. — Molecules
  - \*\*\* Elimination. — Fore-see
  - \*\*\* Twilight
  - \*\*\* Night
- C\*\* The Moon Is Hell & The Elder Gods. (*Fantasy Press, Reading*, '51)

Campbell, Reginald

- C\*\* Death by Apparition. (*Cassell, London* '49) Better than fair "thing" story.
- Ca The Abominable Twilight (*Cassell, London* '48) Borderline. Psych. horror. Madness at will.

Campion, Sarah

- C\* Thirty Million Gas Masks. (*Davies, Manchester*, '37) Pacifist fantasy.

Candler, Edmund

- The Dinosaur's Egg. (*Dutton, N.Y.*, '26) Fantasy? Amusing? Some science.

Cannon, Alexander

- C\* Powers That Be. (*Dutton, N.Y.*, '35) Master of the Great White Lodge. Science?

Canton, William

- \* The Invisible Playmate. (*Stone & Kimball, N.Y.*, 1896) Really there.

Cape, Judith

- \*\* The Sun and the Moon. (*Creative Age, N.Y.*, '44) A peculiar serious fantasy. She can pour herself into inanimate objects—and her lover.

Capek, Karel

- \*\*\* R.U.R. (*Doubleday, Page, N.Y.* '25) Sci-fict. Robots.
- \*\* The Absolute at Large (*Macmillan, N.Y.* '27) Sci-fict.
- \*\*\* The M.K. Secret (*Luce, Boston*, '25) Longevity
- \*\*\* War With the Newts (*Allen & Unwin, London* '37) Sci-fict. Animal intelligence.
- \*\* Krakitit (*Macmillan, N.Y.* '25) Sci-fict. motif — but mostly foreign style love.
- Meteor (*Putnams, N.Y.* '35) Psychology
- \*\* Fairy Tales (*Allen & Unwin, London* '33) Fantasies (10)
- \* Tales From Two Pockets — Shorts, detective. Very borderline.

Capes, Bernard

- A Jay of Italy (*Methuen, London* 1905) Not fantastic
- (\*\*\*) The Lake of Wine (*Heinemann, London* 1898) Good adv., not fantastic
- Our Lady of Darkness (*Blackwood & Sons, London* 1899) Not fantastic
- \* At a Winter's Fire (*Doubleday, McClure, N.Y.* 1899) Shorts (11)
  - \*\* The Moon Stricken — Sci-fict.—Did Shiel read this?
  - \*\* Jack and Jill — Fantastic slide down ice crevasse.
  - \* The Vanishing Horse — Ghost
  - \*\* Dark Dignum — Ghostly revenge.
  - William Tyrwhitt's "Copy" — Ghost
  - A Lazy Romance
  - Black Vann
  - \*\* An Eddy on the Floor — Supernatural
  - \* Dinah's Mammoth



- \* The Black Reaper — Fantasy
- \* A Voice From the Pit — Fantasy — Sci-Fict.?
- \* From Door to Door (Stokes, N.Y. 1900) Shorts (17) Only readable ones listed.

#### Fantasies

- \* The Sword of Corporal La Costa — Were-wolf
- \* The Lost of Time — Whimsy
- \* The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth — Religious

#### Romance

- (\*\*) The Chapter's Doom — Melodrama

#### Whimsy

- \* The Scatterling and the Aurelian — Fantasy

#### Levitiae-

- \*\* A True Princess — Humorous fantastic idea
- \* Above Proof — Fantasy
- \* The Lady-Killer — Ghost

Ca Leaves and Fishes (Collins; London & Glasgow; N.D.) Shorts (21)

- (\*\*) A Gallow's Bird — Invite a villain
- \* A Ghost-Child
- \* The Ghost-Leech
- \* Poor Lucy Rivers — Ghost-writing.
- \* The Jade Button — Longevity and luck.
- \* The Ghost-luck

#### Capon, Paul

- \*\* The Other Side of the Sun. Hureman; Lon.; '50 - Sci-fiction; interplanetary.

#### Cardinal, Jane

- \*\* The Living Idol. Payl; Lon.; N.D. - Lost race thriller; really quite good.

#### Carey, Henry

- \*\* The Vampires of the Andes. Jarrolds; Lon.; '25 - Fantastic adv.; rather metaphysical and not too plausible.

#### Carey, Joyce

- \* The African Witch. Morrow; N.Y.; '36 - A novel about effects of Ju-Ju on African culture.

#### Carfrae, Elizabeth

- The Devil's Jest. G&D - Poor, not fantastic.

#### Carleton, William

- \* The Evil Eye; or, The Black Spectre. Excelsior; N.Y.; 1896 - Long Gothic with spectres and banshees.

#### Carling, John R.

- \* The Weird Picture. (Little, Brown; Boston; 1905) Horror.
- (\*\*) The Viking's Skull. (Little, Brown; Boston; 1904) Fairly good mystery story of treasure and murder. One passage of clairvoyance — not a true fantastic.

- C- The Doomed City (Clode; N.Y.; 1910) Not fantastic.

#### Carlinke, D.T.

- \* The Ordeal of Oliver Airedale. (Scribner's; N.Y.; '41) A picture satire on U.S. History and events leading up to the last war



Carr, John Dickson

- \*\*\* The Burning Court. *Harpers; N.Y.; '37* - Witchcraft.
- C\*\* The Devil in Velvet. *Harpers; N.Y. '51* - Devil sends back to 17th century England to solve a murder mystery.

Carr, Robert Spencer

- Cs Beyond Infinity. *Fantasy Press; Reading; '51* - Novelettes (4).
  - \* Beyond Infinity. - Space travel; "fountain of youth."
  - \*\* Morning Star. - Visitor.
  - \*\* Those Men from Mars. - Change things.
  - \*\* Mutation. - Better, in the past.

Carrington, Herevard

- Cx True Ghost Stories. *Ogilvie; N.Y.; '15.*
- Cx The Invisible World. *Rider; Lon.; N.D.* - Scientific researches in the psychic phenomena.

Carruth, Hayden

- \*\* The Adventures of Jones. *Harpers; N.Y.; 1895* - Very "tall tales;" e.g., extracting electricity from cats by the "Cat Motor."

Carruthers, Frank

- C(\*\*) Terror Island. *Chelsea House; N.Y.; '25* - Fair treasure story, not fantastic.

Carter, Nicholas

- C\*\* Fighting Against Millions; or, the Detectives in the Jewel Caves of Kurn. *Street & Smith; N.Y.; 1893*; wraps - Lost race, and the coincidences fall thick and fast.

Carter, Tremlett

- \*\*\* The People of the Moon. *Electrician Pub. and Marshall, Hamilton & Kent; Lon.; N.D. (1890?)* - Good adventure sci-fict of races of people in and on the moon.

Case, Josephine Young

- \* At Midnight on the 31<sup>st</sup> of March. *Houghton, Mifflin; Bos.; '38* - Blank verse fantasy-community suddenly moved out of this time.

Casseri, Gordon

- \* The Elephant God. *Putnam's; N.Y.; '21* - The king elephant is tame and loves him.
- \* The Monkey God. *Sears; N.Y.; N.D.* - The sacred monkeys protect him.
- The Jungle Girl. *Allen; Lon.; '33* - A little of the king elephant again - not fantastic.
- C\*\* The Tiger Girl. *Allen; Lon.; '34* - His only true fantasy - a fair yogi magic and were-tiger--but why the title of Tiger Girl?

Cauffman, Stanley Hart

- \*\* The Witchfinders. *Penn; Phila.; '34* - Adventure in Old England.

Celiere, Paul

- C- The Startling Exploits of Dr. J.B. Ivies. *Low, Warston, Searle & Rivington; Lon.; 1886* - Mild humor, not fantastic.

Cerve, W.S.

- \*\* Lemuria; the Lost Continent of the Pacific. *Rosicrucians; San Jose, Calif.; '35* - They had a third eye & Calif. is all that remains of the Garden of Eden.

Chadwick, Philip George

- \*\*\* The Death Guard. *Hutchinson; Lon.; N.D.* - Sci-fict. Synthetic life and future war.



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George Finigan  
Gary Nelson  
Eric Ely  
Maggy Garrison



ADDENDA and ERRATA . . .

Pg. 57 -- It's S.D. Goddesman

-- It isn't Poul Anderson, it's  
Frederick Pohl

-- Cornbluth starts with a "K"

otherwise page 37 is in pretty good  
shape.

ERRATA jr.

Next to last line above, number  
should be 57, not 37

If anything else happens, we'll  
let you know



