

# OPERATION FANTAST

Vol. 1 (New Series)

WINTER - 1952

No. 11



## CONTENTS

	Page
Science Fiction on the Silver Screen - <i>Paul W. Healy</i> . . .	3
Book News and Reviews . . .	6
Browsing thru . . . . .	12
DIANETICS: My Experience <i>Vernon L. McCain</i> . . . .	16
"SYDNEY FOWLER WRIGHT" <i>Dr. John K. Aiken</i> . . . .	18
FILM Review : <i>Fred J. Robinson</i> . . . .	20
General Chuntering . . . .	21

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## Operation Fantast

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Subscription Rate: U.K. 5/- U.S.A. - 75 cents. Australia - 6/9.

(Subscriptions cover four issues, and include membership of O.F., and entitle members to receive all NEWSLETTERS, Etc., issued in the Subscription period).

## Editorial

With great regret we inform you that the health of Michael Tealby has given way. He is at present in hospital, and will we fear be far from well for some long time. We hope that he will soon be out and around again, but even then we understand that he will not be able to take an active part in fandom, even if his doctors will permit him to take an interest in it.

Mike has, for the past four years, done yeoman service for O.F., and fandom in general. For his part in operating the library, only, he deserves credit and awards beyond any we can give him. His additional activity as editor and publisher of "Wonder", as an enthusiastic letter writer, and in other ways, has brought him many friends who, we feel sure, will miss him as much as we shall. It is probable that it is these very activities that have caused his health to finally fail. He has been a semi-invalid for some length of time, a very cheerful, and far from self-pitying one - in fact, he kept the fact strictly a matter known to a few. Most of us would now be happy to help him, if we could. We understand from his mother the best way we can help him is to leave him alone, and not to bother him with letters, which his doctors will not permit him to answer.

Mrs. Tealby will be sending us all his unanswered correspondence, and with the aid of some other friends of Mike's, we will deal with it to the best of our ability.

With regard to "WONDER", well, we fear it will no longer be published. We know that Mike, if he were able, would refund all unfulfilled subscriptions, but we are sure you will not want to bother him with such matters. So that you shall not lose, we propose to extend O.F. subscriptions, in the case of WONDER subscribers who are also O.F. members, for the appropriate number of issues. In the case of subs, from people who are not O.F. members, we propose to offer them membership for the equivalent of the number of copies of WONDER due. This action will be taken as soon as we receive from Mrs. Tealby a copy of Mike's subscription list.

The LIBRARY will go into suspension until alternative arrangement can be made. Steps have already been taken on this matter, but as we are in Germany, and everything will have to be done through the mail, it will take time. Member's accounts are being balanced as at end of December, as soon as someone able to do the job can get the material, from Mrs. Tealby. No charges will be made against them from then on, until we are able to advise you of resumption of business. It would be appreciated if you would forward to us at the editorial address, a book or books from the library, if you have them. Should you owe the Library money, please do not forward it until it is again functioning. If you want to withdraw your credit, please wait on that also. You will appreciate that it will not be possible for the members who are 'balancing the books' to make any transactions until that operation - quite a large one - is complete.

We think that is all for the moment. Not a very cheerful editorial we will agree, but the loss of Mike from our team is a very great loss and we do not feel very cheerful about it.

Fantastically yours,

*Joyce and Ken Slater*



## Science Fiction of the Silver Screen

by Paul W. Healy

It would seem that Hollywood has at long last rediscovered science fiction! After wandering in a cinematic desert for over a decade, the science-fiction fan has at last found a wonderful and fertile oasis, where he can bask in the sun, and watch great clusters of fruit ripen on the palms. It has been a long wait, and a dry one - but it was worth it!

The past eighteen months have seen the American release of six, or seven, major science-fiction films: *ROCKETSHIP X-M*, *DESTINATION MOON*, *THE MAN FROM PLANET X*, *THE THING* from another world, *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, and *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*; if one counts Arch O'Brother's *FIVE* as an s-f film that brings the total up to seven. Not many, compared to the number of westerns, mysteries, and comedies spewed out of Hollywood in the same period, but a rich harvest indeed when compared with the total production of s-f films in both the U.S. and England from 1940 to 1950.

This dearth of s-f films during this period is not easy to explain, particularly when one considers the early history of the cinema. One of the most widely admired (and hence most widely pirated, at least in America) of all George Melies' films was *A TRIP TO THE MOON*, released in 1902. It was a very free adaptation of Jules Verne's tale, although it satirized the scientists of the day, and filled the moon with beings even less believable than Campbell's plant man of *"THE THING"*. Melies followed this film with many other fantasy films, and with a second one lampooning the savants of the time - *THE IMPOSSIBLE VOYAGE* (1904). It should be borne in mind that these films ran only 15 to 20 minutes, or about twice the time it takes to show a modern cartoon short. They were produced at a time when the full effects of trick and process photography were just being appreciated by motion picture producers, and they explored all types of trick devices to the fullest extent. After the novelty of these tricks had worn off the science fiction theme lost favor with cinema producers until after the advent of sound in 1928. Not that there were no English or American films with s-f plots in between - *THE LOST WORLD*, from the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was released in 1925 - the first of a series of films on the "lost world" theme. During the last war, while living in Cleveland, the author was fortunate in meeting one of the technicians who helped produce this film. He attended one of the meetings of the Case Cinema Club, and after the show spoke to the members about the problems of production. He recalled that the dinosaur models were of rubber, and that their skins split rather often; they were of such a size that one of them could be carried under each arm. The film was very well done; Wallace Beery turned in a fine performance as Professor Challenger, and Bessie Love, Lloyd Hughes, and Lewis Stone were all good in supporting roles.

After sound pictures were firmly established s-f films began to appear more often. The early 30's saw the release of the English films *THE F.P.I. (Floating Platform One)* with Conrad Veidt, *TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL*, starring Richard Dix, and later (1936) *The Shape of Things to Come*, by H.G. Wells, produced by Alexander Korda with Raymond Massie, Ralph Richardson, Pearl Argyle, and Kenneth Villiers in the principal roles. Here was science-fiction at its best; Ned Mann's models of the city of the future and its machines, and of the space gun and its projectile, were completely believable. Of course, the war which Mr. Wells foresaw starting in 1940 (he miscalculated by about one year), did not drag on quite so long as he predicted - not did it have the foreseen effect on civilization - that is being saved for the end of the next war! But Wells' vision of the machines, cities, and civilization of the future was beautifully realized by the sets designed by Vincent Korda, and the musical score of Arthur Bliss gave power and majesty to the production. Not to be outdone, Hollywood had already produced Wells' *THE INVISIBLE MAN* in 1933, and followed it with *THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* (very freely adapted from "The Island of Dr. Moreau"). The Wells fantasy, *THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES*, was released from England in 1937, and was a favorite revival in this country - a couple of years ago, usually teamed with *THINGS TO COME* as a double feature.

3.

Another great film on the "lost world" theme was *KING KONG* (1933). Kong was a colossal ape living in the midst of prehistoric monsters in a dense jungle on an unknown Pacific Island (unknown to anyone except the hero and the natives of the place). Actually Kong was a model only four feet high, but he was handled with such skill that on the screen he really seemed alive. After his untimely death atop the Empire State Building he was succeeded by *THE SON OF KONG*, who was followed in his turn by *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG* - who, it is sincerely hoped, will be the last of the line!

Mary Shelley's novel *FRANKENSTEIN* was brought to the American screen in 1931 with Boris Karloff as the monster, and succeeded so well in scaring people half out of their wits (when the film was first shown most theaters in the U.S. advertised the fact that a registered nurse would be in attendance for those who fainted) that Universal followed it with *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935), *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939), *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1942), *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* (1943), *THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1945), and last (and certainly least) *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* (1948) - a fate which shouldn't befall even a monster, much less a well intentioned, if misguided, scientist like young Frankenstein! Most of these films after the first could scarcely be classified as true science-fiction, and they wouldn't be mentioned here, except for the fact that there isn't much else to mention in the last decade. 1941 saw the release of *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE* (the Frederic March version), and *THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE* came out in 1944. In both the "science" was negligible, and probably they should both be classed as fantasies rather than s-f films. Of fantasy films there was certainly no dearth in this period; Hollywood alone produced more than 40 from 1942 to 1949, and England and France contributed many fine fantasy films in the same interval.

This brings us back to the present period, and the current crop of films. Of those named in the second paragraph five are first class productions, well calculated to make new friends for science fiction. I fear that *ROCKETSHIP X-M* and *THE MAN FROM PLANET X* will make enemies rather than friends. *ROCKETSHIP X-M* was so full of errors it would be impossible to list them here, and the acting was of the most amateurish kind. It would have been better for everyone, if all the footage of this film had been left on the cutting room floor. Much the same can be said for *THE MAN FROM PLANET X*. The science fiction in *FIVE* is confined to the first five minutes; the destruction of nearly all human (and most animal) life is indicated with fair realism. After that Mr. Oboler's five remaining humans are brought together gradually, and are rapidly reduced to two before the picture's end. Mr. Oboler is thoughtful enough to leave a man and woman around to repossess the earth, but the atmosphere of the film is one of pessimism and ever-deepening depression. Since *DESTINATION MOON* and *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* have been discussed fully in recent issues of *SCIENCE FICTION*, no more will be said of them here. *THE THING*, based on John W. Campbell's "WHO GOES THERE", is good science fiction, and skillfully presented. There are spots which strain the imagination - such as the quick melting of a huge block of ice by a small electric blanket - and it does not seem too probable that an intelligent plant would evolve into human form, unless one is vain enough to believe that all forms of intelligent life will ultimately become like us, at least superficially! But aside from these more or less minor defects the film is an excellent one, and is highly recommended.

*THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, from a short story (in *asf*) by Harry Bates, permits us to make the acquaintance of Klaatu (Michael Rennie) and his robot companion, Gort. Gort is a pleasant creature whose "head" houses a ray capable of disintegrating any earthly material - and more wonderful still, doing it selectively! The space ship in which Klaatu arrives is saucer shaped and able to do 4,000 miles per hour in earth's atmosphere. This is explained by noting that the space ship is made of a metal unknown on earth. The interior of the space ship is quite impressive and fairly convincing; the control room is especially good. Patricia Neal and Sam Jaffe turn in fine performances as the only two sympathetic people Klaatu encounters during his brief sojourn on our troubled world.

No article about science-fiction films would be complete without some mention of the s-f serial. Once in a while one of these has been • For example: *STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN* (A Matter of Life and Death was the British title), *DEAD OF NIGHT*, and *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*, to name but a few.

: *asf* (USA) '50 Jul & '51 Nov. *asf* (BRB) '50 Dec.

4.



cut down and released as a regular feature - an example would be **MARS INVADERS THE EARTH**, made from an old Flash Gordon serial to take advantage of the Orson Welles scare from the radio broadcast in the fall of 1938. Of course, since over half of it was cut out it was even more disconnected than the original serial, which is saying a great deal. Anyone who attends a neighborhood house in the U.S. on a weekend has a hard time dodging a chapter of one of these serials, most of which have at least one "mad scientist" as the villain. It may be that these films were supposed to take care of the demand for s-f films, and hence the dearth of feature films on the subject during the past decade.

Now that Hollywood has "discovered" Heinlein, Campbell, and Balmer and Wyllie we may at least hope that it will produce more of their works. Since a ready-made sequel to **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE** exists, After Worlds Collide, it seems reasonable to suppose that we might have it someday soon. A number of Heinlein's "Future History" stories would make excellent films; "The Long Watch", "Roads Must Roll", and "Green Hills of Earth", to mention a few; perhaps J. Arthur Rank will recall how well **THINGS TO COME** was received, and will start production on **The Food of The Gods**, or even **The Time Machine**. A vast literature has been built up during the last decade in the s-f field, and we can expect several more good films before the present cycle runs out.

• From Fred Robinson's **STRAIGHT UP** we learn of the following British films now in production: **THUNDER FROM THE STARS**; a fantasy-comedy, titled **MR. PEEK-A-BOO** about a man who can walk through walls; and a cartoon adaption of the late George Orwell's **ANIMAL FARM**. Hollywood is in front, tho, **WAR OF THE WORLDS**; **I CONQUER THE SUN**; **VOYAGE TO VENUS** being the most attractive of a lengthy list Mr. Robinson has quoted.

Dr. Healy, author of the preceeding article, was formerly editor of the **MOTION PICTURE BULLETIN** of the Motion Picture Council of Greater Cleveland; has been a Director of the Case Cinema Club; formerly Audio-Visual Aids Director of Southwestern College, Kansas, and is at present a member of the U. of New Mexico Film Society. He possess his own sound library, and combines with his ardent interest in films an equally enthusiastic appreciation of fantasy and science-fiction in all of its forms.

#### SOURCE MATERIAL

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES: Deems Taylor and Hale & Peterson. (First Ed., Simon & Schuster, New York, 1943)

HISTOIRE GENERALE du CINEMA, Vol. 2. Georges Sadoul.

LES PIONNIERS du CINEMA (1897-1909) Georges Sadoul. (Editions Noel, Paris, 1947)

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN FILM: Lewis Jacobs (Harcourt Brace, N.Y. '39)

THE FILM GALE: Lew Warren (Werner Laurie, London, 1937)

FILM: Roger Manvell (Revised Edition, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1950)

THE CINEMA, 1950: Edited Roger Manvell (Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1950)

THE CINEMA, 1951: Edited Roger Manvell (Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1951)

JOINT ESTIMATES OF CURRENT MOTION PICTURES: (The "Green Sheet" of the Motion Picture Association of America).

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## Book News

## and Reviews



IN GENERAL : by E. J. Carnell

A lull has settled on the British publishing world, at least in so far as science-fiction is concerned. After the initial experimental publications by various British houses in 1951, this is to be expected - when 'reader reaction' as judged by sales is known to the publishers we can expect more books - or no more books, according to the results.

The anthologies have had a better sale than the novels, so far. It is safe to say that much, at present. That can be expected, however, as in modern times the 'short story' has a popularity in any field. It is after the appeal of the short story of a given type has 'taken', that the novel of that type starts to come into its own.

As most readers will know, I have compiled an anthology representing solely British authors, which will be published some time in 1952 by one of London's leading publishers. At present, I can tell you more than that. But other works will be appearing, and currently available is a new science fiction book from BOARDMAN'S.

Written by Francis and Stephen Ashton, **WRONG SIDE OF THE MOON** is "space opera" of a fair standard. Concerned to a large extent with commercial and political intrigue, it is nevertheless a story of the conquest of space, and is kept reasonably within the bounds of scientific plausibility. At 6/6, it is worth buying.

For the fanatic gadget-science reader, the same cannot be said of **LORD DUNSANY'S** recent **THE LAST REVOLUTION** (Jarrold's, 9/6). Should you be appreciative of Dunsany's style of writing, his intense descriptive power, and his somewhat cynical attacks on our modern civilisation, then this long novel is recommended.

Other things which are definite in the future include a sequel to Paul Capon's **THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN**, entitled appropriately enough, **THE OTHER HALF OF THE PLANET**. It will be appearing from HEINEMANN in the early part of this year, at 10/6.

Despite the fact that KIMSLEY PRESS are overdue with the second set of four titles in the **CHERRY TREE** fantasy series, other publishers continue their somewhat indiscriminate issue of 'science-fiction'. Several 'fans' have, however, commented on an improvement in the general quality of these works. Several titles by Gill Hunt, in the Curtis Warren series, have been pronounced 'almost readable' by the fussiest of fans! Personally, I will agree an improvement is noticeable, but there is still room for considerably more 'improvement' before most of them become 'readable', except under duress.

**PRINCE CASPIAN**, a sequel to **THE LION, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE**, a juvenile fantasy by C.S. Lewis, appeared from Geoffrey Bles at 10/6, a short while before Xmas, and for the serious reader I can recommend Kenneth Heuer's **MEN OF OTHER PLANETS** (Gollancz, 12/6). I feel that Mr. Heuer has carried his speculations a little too far; his unbridled enthusiasm for peopling the Galaxy has gone further than 'scientific guesswork' will justify. The book makes interesting and entertaining reading, just the same. **ROCKETS, MISSILES, AND SPACE TRAVEL** has now appeared from CHAPMAN & HALL, (30/-). Far from being a revised version of Willy Ley's former work (**ROCKETS AND SPACE TRAVEL**, '44), this is in effect an entirely new book, containing up-to-the-minute information.

Keeping up with the American market becomes increasingly hard on the pocket, and the anthology situation becomes absurd. Only too many of the recent anthologies have contained a high proportion of reprints from other anthologies. However, Raymond J. Healy's **NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME** (Henry Holt) does contain stories which are NEW, and which, as yet, have not been printed elsewhere. Authors include Asimov, van V, Bradbury, Boucher, and other equally famous names in the ten tales used. **BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL** (World Publishers, 2/50) contains the collected gems from the pen of Malcolm Jameson, featuring the space navy of tomorrow. Published as a juvenile, the characterisation, the wealth of detailed tradition of the navy, and the general soundness of plotting take these stories well above the normal 'juvenile' standard.



Wilson (Bob) Tucker's CITY IN THE SEA (Rinehart, \$2.50) is an original novel, a delightful and intriguing fantasy of a world totally changed by an atomic blow-up, is the first fantasy novel from Tucker, although it will be well known that he has several (five) 'detective' yarns previously published by Rinehart. It is also Rinehart's first departure into the realm of 'true' science fiction. I hope to see more books of this quality, both from Tucker and from Rinehart.

GNOME closed the year with Padgett's THE FAIRY CHESSMEN & TOMORROW AND TOMORROW; other publications being postponed. But the long awaited Simak 'CITY' series is promised for mid-1952, and TRAVELLERS IN TIME, a super anthology, should be available now.

FOUNDATION: Isaac Asimov (GNOME PRESS, 2.75)  
NUTRO 29: Frank Norris (Rinehart 2.75)

(Reviewed by H.J.Campbell, F.C.S., F.R.H.S., M.S.C.I.)

Our Isaac puts in a good deal of spade work (digging deeply) before he lets Gnome Press bring out his "FOUNDATION" between boards at \$2.75, and the story is now more or less intelligible to people who haven't spent their lives poring over Hansard and the Political History of the World. Even so, it is pretty hard going for the first few chapters unless you happen to be mad about sociology. Later on though, you tend to get the drift of the thing, and I know several people who have read right through the book.

It's an Aldous Huxley type of thing, all about the political intrigues of the far future, well-told but terribly complicated to my simple mind. Action is pushed right to the rear, while philosophy rears to the fore and takes up about 240 of the 250 pages. Definitely not a book for the blood-and-thunder boys, but full of suspense of its own queer type. Of course, you ought to have read it, just for the record, but apart from that.....

Frank Norris has done something worth looking at in "NUTRO 29", which Rinehart put out at \$2.75 and call a romance. This is the slighter kind of science fiction - rather like SUGAR FROM THE AIR that McDonnell wrote a while back. There are no spaceships, pirates, or even time machines. There is a synthetic food - pellets that fortify better than rump steak, not counting the chips, onions, mushrooms, and tomatoes. And boy oh boy, what those commercial types do with it!

As usual, of course, the scientists who made the damned stuff are relegated to the background - indeed, they are shot at, kidnapped, and well nigh massacred by the opposing factions who are after the lucrative Nutro-29.

A little seaweed, a little sunshine, stewed up with a pinch of catalyst, and stirred till stiff, and the whole damned world goes crazy. Just because food is dirt cheap and doesn't have to be worked hard for, all the chaps who put caps on milk bottles, drive underground trains, and spend their lives pressing a button on a machine until a screw comes out - and then pressing it again - all these folk, together with the rest who work for money alone, migrate like disgruntled swallows away from their jobs and dreary habitats. The result, on world economy and politics, can well be imagined - but can be better read in this entralling book that has its complement of spies, phlegmatic Russians, and curvaceous ladies.

This is the kind of book that, in the early stages, can definitely indoctrinate the public with science-fiction ideas and desires. Read it, and spread it about.

THE HIDDEN UNIVERSE: Ralph Milne Farley (F.P.C.I., \$2.00)  
ROGUE QUEEN: L.Sprague de Camp (Doubleday, \$2.75)

(Reviewed by Steve Gilroy)

Just why your (and my) editor should see fit to send me these two items for review, together, I do not understand. It is said that comparisons are odious. That could not be more true than in this case. THE HIDDEN UNIVERSE contains 97 pages of highly imaginative fiction under that title, plus a further 34 pages under WE, THE MIST. Frankly, I couldn't have cared less if I'd missed reading those two when they had magazine publication. Why they should receive the honour of being enclosed between boards defeats me. The first is a fair yarn about a commercial "Boss" who exploits a system of reducing men to 1/72nd of an inch in height, and speeding up their time-experienced by a ratio of 32:1 (normal time). This enables him to maintain a production system of several worlds in a large warehouse. He also

trains the unfortunate semi-slaves of this test-tube culture for war, and is thus able to bargain with the President of the USA when the States are faced with war. All his plans are defeated by a hero who enters Boss Frain's service in an effort to find his (the hero's) brother, but falls for the lovely red-haired daughter of the Boss. As the entire scene of this yarn is played inside a small space in the aforementioned warehouse, it is difficult to call this story space-opera, but that is what it is, nevertheless. And it does not have the glorious action-scope of such epic Spaceopera as SKYLARK to recommend it. It would better have remained forgotten. WE, THE MIST, deals with an entirely different type of plot. It is based on the 'all-powerful-entity-defeated by good' theme. A peculiar gaseous substance forms in a hollow in a wood, an escaped convict gets absorbed by it, and his mentality takes control of it. Subsequently he/it absorbs a whole gaol-full of criminals, and threatens the well-being of the USA. The coalesced criminal entity is defeated firstly by the doctor (not well known, and sneered at by his more 'qualified' colleagues), who discovers that salt (for some unstated reason) is a threat to the chemical (?) stability of the composite-mental-gas, and secondly, by the head warden of the prison, who makes the entity/entities consider him to be a master-crook, is absorbed, and then overthrows them by his innate power to control and subdue evil. Actually, a good fan-tasy-weird yarn, but even combined with the other yarn, not worth a price of \$2.00

The only comparison - and it is really an antithesis - that I can make between this book, and the story of Iroedh, the Rogue Queen, is that in the latter the USA is not threatened. Otherwise there is no ground at all, common to both, on which any statement can be based.

For instance, the Doubleday book is worth 2.75. And it contains a yarn you won't have read before, as this is the original. Don't be confused with ROGUE PRINCESS appearing in February '52 SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. There is no connection.

ROGUE QUEEN is based on the cultural background of Viagens Inter-planetarias, which concern readers will have met in many of L.Sprague de Camp's recent stories. However, V.I. only enters the plot as a factor limiting the actions of the Terrans involved.

In some ways Mr. de Camp resembles Edgar Rice Burroughs. His yarn is often an adventure story set in an exotic background. However, de Camp does place logical limitations on his characters, which the justly famed ERB often omitted to do. But science - in the form of gadgetry - is equally absent, and in the form of comparative cultures, well defined, is equally present. This is a point frequently overlooked in both the work of ERB and L.SdC, when their works are discussed.

Iroedh is a worker in the ultimate of totalitarian states - the bee-hive-colony. Although female, like all workers, most of her feminine attributes are repressed. She does, through her choice of a spare-time enthusiasm, have some slight understanding of the true relationship between male and female, and shares this with a drone of her colony. In a series of adventures brought about by the advent of the Terrans, and their affect on the internal relationship between several colonies, her artificial repressions are lifted, as are also those of her drone-friend, Antis. Iroedh develops into a "queen" and Antis into a "man" - and a fighting man at that!

Needless to say, the story deals with the polyandric society of the bee-colonies, and the commencement of their conversion back to a monogamic society, more than it does with the Terran interlopers on the scene. Nevertheless, the Terrans form the catalyst - although that is hardly the correct term - which brings about the action of the story, and as human behaviour cannot be compared with chemical behaviour too closely, it is not surprising that certain human reactions are included in the story.

THE MOON IS HEAVEN: H.J. Campbell (ASFM No. 16, 1/6)  
COMING OF THE DARAKUA: F.G.Rayer (ASFM No. 17, 1/6)

(Reviewed by K.F.S.)

These latest two titles from Hamilton & Co.'s "AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION" continue the steady improvement of this monthly magazine. In Mr. Campbell's yarn he insists on retaining the 'second person' method of telling the story, a method that is effective - but which I find inclined to make me lose interest. Apart from that, he has outlined a very fine story of man's first attempt to reach the moon. For Brit-



ish fandom, at least, it will be amusing to see the London Circle dragged willy-nilly into the affair; under able leadership of Sed Idnell. (Ted Gernell?) their part in the story is not a great one, it is admitted, but they do do a certain amount of rough work. Hewers of wood and drawers of water. The high spots - including the moon - are reserved for a party of five men and one woman, the leader being one 'Atah Kark', a gentleman who has at his finger tips and in his brain all the necessary skill and knowledge required to operate the first of the sky-going ships. British fandom has already pinned this character down to Arthur C. Clarke. But the story - well, it has a love interest, it has a villain. The space voyagers have trouble, both with their vessel, and with their air-supply during their accidentally prolonged sojourn in the inhospitable satellite of earth; four of them do return safely, I am happy to say, and Atah Kark is one. There is heroism, and some common sense, in the ingredients that go to make the yarn. It is well-worth reading - especially at only eighteenpence.

In COMING OF THE DARAKUA, Mr. Rayer is even more severe with mankind than he was in his recent 'between boards' TOMORROW SOMETIMES COMES. I conclude that like many another author, Mr. Rayer takes a very dim view of mankind as a whole. He is not content here with subjecting mankind to a war that cripples the species...he introduces an extraterrestrial entity who is so great, and so alien, that it does not realise mankind is sentient, and so accidentally wipes out a good proportion of them. Just to make life really difficult for the survivors, he then plays his trump card. A race of extraterrestrials who proceed to wipe up the remnants! However, the first-comer, the DARAKUA, discovers, at last, that man is intelligent, and so decides to preserve the half-dozen or so survivors, and remove the threat of the other aliens, who are also being rather objectionable to the Darakua. Unfortunately, a faction of the survivors refuse to believe the Darakua is a thinking being, and try to blow him up with dynamite. Naturally, he is slightly annoyed, and changes his mind. The man who has been in mental contact makes a self-sacrificing effort to convince the Darakua that the dynamite was a mistake, and another human sacrifices himself to save the first one.

All this sacrificing causes a change of viewpoint in the Darakua, who considers that a being - or race of beings - who will destroy themselves for others must have some good in them, no matter how hard it may be to see it, and so finally he does save them, and then leaves to find himself another abode.

Throughout the yarn overtones of TOMORROW SOMETIMES COMES may be seen. The Darakua resembles in action the Mens Magna, the other alien people may be equated with the mutants. The story does not compare so well if looked at in that light - but taken by itself, it is an excellent tale, and once more, well worth the eighteenpence it will cost.

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE: Arthur C. Clarke (Temple Press, 12/6)  
THE SANDS OF MARS: Arthur C. Clarke (Siddewick & Jackson, 9/6)

(reviewed by Steve Gilroy)

Atomic power - in the form of a bomb - came as a shock to most of mankind. It came as a shock to most of "fankind" also - preceeding in realisation the dream of space travel.

In Mr. Clarke's excellent book "INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT" he discusses the accomplishment of this latter dream in language perhaps a little over the head of the general public. This second serious work on the same subject - THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE - gives a detailed, but non-technical, survey of the entire problem. If I may be permitted an unsuitable cliché, it brings space travel "down to earth"! Not only does he, in this work, cover many aspects that he had ignored, or glossed over, in the earlier book, but he does it in language which states in clear and simple terms what can be done now, what is possible in the future, and what is highly improbable.

His comparisons to explain the basic principle on which the rocket operates should for ever rid us of those people who say "But what does it push against?" The explanation of the gravitational hill, or hole out of which the rocket must climb, will clarify and dissolve many murky thoughts which exist in the minds of even the most hardened fans. "Free fall", and what it means, should no longer be a mystery, and the use of the term "free orbit" as an alternative is a suggestion that I most heartily welcome.

After clearing away much of the "dead weight" of half-understood and mis-understood terms and principles, Mr. Clarke soars to a discussion of the space-vessel proper, and again clarifies the points to be considered. He points out that for maximum efficiency more than one type of spacecraft will be necessary, and draws an analogy between ocean-going craft, and coastal steamers, which makes the necessity obvious. The "popular" conception of the space-vessel comes under a highly accurate fire of facts and well-established theories in the form of shapes, weights, and strength of construction. From there he changes his target to other problems - air supply, food, living-conditions - of the space craft, and maintains his accuracy. Then the problem of the bases which will need to be established on other worlds is discussed, very fully. And finally, consideration is given to means of propulsion other than the rocket, and the possibility of interstellar, as opposed to interplanetary, flight.

To summarise, an interesting and entertaining book in simple language, which might well be republished fifty years hence, with some slight modification, under the title of "The History of the EXPLORATION OF SPACE". It will cause the people who read it, not already "in the know", to realise just how close Man is to setting his feet on very - 'foreign lands'!

From the serious and factual discussion of space travel we move to the fictional - but equally 'factual' - presentation of the same ideas. The Mr. Clarke writing the "SANDS OF MARS" is the Arthur C. of "PRELUDE TO SPACE" (GALAXY S-F NOVEL No. 3), and not the Arthur C. of "AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT" (Startling Stories '48 Nov.)

This novel might be the glamorised documentary of some hero of the past, if we were now around the year 3,000 A.D. As in "PRELUDE", the main character, Martin Gibson, is a person of literary bent - a writer of "space opera" who is invited to visit the colony on Mars. Gibson, perforce, travels through the system which Mr. Clarke has approved in "THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE", and from the fictional viewpoint it is a system equally as sound as it appears in the "serious" form. By "coastal vessel" to the orbital station, and from there by "ocean liner" to Phobos, which serves as the orbital station of Mars.

The average reviewer will doubtless call "SANDS OF MARS" a highly imaginative novel. Reading it in conjunction with "EXPLORATION", published a month earlier, I can see but one place where Arthur C. Clarke has allowed his imagination to take the story outside the very factual limits he has placed on space-travel. This is the introduction of the native Martian animal (?) life. Just one species, and withal a very possible one at that.

More story and plot are apparent in this novel than in "PRELUDE", which is a good thing for popular appeal - the struggle of the Colony to become self-supporting, and to throw off the shackles of the bureaucratic financial control of an Earth-bound executive; the interplay of personalities; the conversion of Martin Gibson from a "their" to an "our" outlook on the Colony; the love interest, slight although it is; the secret of "Operation DAWN". These and many more themes are closely interwoven into a story which, while not spectacular in the fashion of "SKYLARK OF SPACE", is a far more believable story of man's adventures beyond the bounds of this planet than most I have read.

If "PRELUDE" may be accepted as preceeding "SANDS", and if Mr. A.C. Clarke intends to write more yarns on the same theme, he is well on the way to building a "History" to rival that of Robert A. Heinlein.

#### SHASTA SCHEDULE

On good authority I learn that SHASTA have laid out an impressive publication schedule for '52. CLOAK OF AEGIR (Campbell) should now be out in the States, to be followed in Feb by Rena Vales original yarn BEYOND THESE WALLS. THE GREAT BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION an anthology by Melvin Korshak, will follow, and about the same time should appear Will Jenkin's (Murray Leinster) SPACE PLATFORM. This latter is also an original, in accordance with SHASTA's current policy to avoid too frequent

reprints. After that the programme is not so clear, but currently in the works are the following: THE STARWAYS, Poul Anderson; FRONTIERS IN THE SKY, Rog Phillips; THIS IS -LAND, EARTH, Raymond F. Jones; a novelization of van Vogt's "ATOM - GODS" shorts, to be followed by the WIZARD OF LINN. Last item to be issued in '51 was CURME GREY'S MURDER IN MILLIENUM VI.

THE DEMOLISHED MAN, by Alfred Bester, currently appearing in GSF has been sold to SHASTA (hard cover rights) for \$1,000 - advance! This is about the highest yet paid.





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#### Browsing Thru ...



Main item of interest (at least to me) in the current crop of mags is Howard Browne's editorial in the February '52 AMAZING. In this he blithely informs us, as a 'fact', that "Homo Sapiens will never get into a space ship and roam the void", and later, "Cold fact says no to all our dreams". For good measure, he states, "Cities built by Man upon the Moon? Absurd.", and there, friends, we have the viewpoint of the present editor of a science-fiction magazine that was once the undisputed leader of the field - but that was a long time ago.

The principle of such statements is simple. Once you can get your readers to accept the fact that space travel is, and always will be, impossible, you can print stories containing absolute rubbish (as for instance Don Wilcox' yarn the IRON MEN OF VENUS in the same issue) for the whole basis being contrary to logic, why worry about the incidental?

As Mr. Browne says: "Our author gets a novel idea....." From now on a 'novel idea' can include blasting off in the kitchen sink. Those extra planets which continually crop up in AMAZING's stories are now explained. If you say they can't exist, Mr. Browne says - well, as we can never go there to find out, what does it matter? Logic goes for a Burton!

Despite this, AS Jan contained a reasonably logical, and scientific-ally acceptable yarn in Walter J. Miller's "THE RELUCTANT TRAITOR". Sceneed on Mars, where the current crop of colonists are being dictatorially administered by the villains, it deals with a hero who goes over to the native Martians' side in order to help them against man, & at the same time to help the colonists against their overlords.

Rog Phillips and Gerald Vance fall into line with the new "anything goes" policy with a couple of whacky, but amusing, short items. In a fairy-tale Mars, Skipper Sam Davis wins the Princess - and gets a shock when he discovers that all the best people on Mars have two heads; that is the basis of Vance' yarn. Rog gives us one of those yarns of his about folk with spare bodies - home made ones. THE LAST REVOLUTION by Stephen Marlowe is a yarn of the "old school", where the Last Men re-embody a man from the past to aid them in defeating a race of intelligent 'beast-humans' who threaten their existence. Final yarn in the issue is Milt Lesser's THE IMPOSSIBLE WEAPON, a neat bit of writing, but with an overworked theme. Little man makes good - enemy destroyed by reflecting their own weapon back at them.

In Feb issue, apart from the Don Wilcox yarn - of which the least said the better - we have a Rog Phillips novel, THE VISITORS, which is good reading. A few signs in the sky, and untoward happenings, and Bancroft, buried for six years, is resurrected. The police are mystified - you can't charge a man with an offence of that nature - but by watchfulness they discover the solution to the mystery - a very good scientificfictional one, not a detective story solution. Clyde Woodruff tells a tale wherein the science of the ancients (20th Century Man), aids their somewhat highly-cultured, but decadent, descendants, in THE STIVER PLAGUE, an implacable menace story. THE FIRE MAGICIANS by John Jakes is a fighting-hero PLANET type tale, good reading for those of you who prefer the accent on adventure, and Theodore Pines with a neat-ly written yarn, unfortunately appears to have taken Mr. Browne's edit-orial to heart.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES is at least honest. It makes no pretence at printing science fiction, and so REST IN AGONY! by Ivar Jorgensen is a very acceptable fantasy. It has many scenes of a dream-sequence nature that I thoroughly enjoyed, and I have no hesitation in recommend-ing it to old UNKNOWN-lovers.

Apart from that, the issue doesn't have much to recommend it. WHEN GRAVED STEPS IN by P.G. Rayer is a neat little yarn - but it is little, being only 2,575 words long. Paul Fairman's tale is a ghost yarn, 12.



nothing more. Geoff St. Reynard's WRESTLERS ARE REVOLTING could have been amusing, but isn't, and as serious writing it is deplorable. Burt, B. Iston's SATELLITE OF DESTRUCTION was quite well plotted, but frankly bored me - earth conquerors, internal dissension, hero-makes-good.

STARTLING STORIES, monthly from January, opens up its new life with JOURNEY TO BARKUT by Murray Leinster. Existing alongside ours is the world of legend - a common theme. Tony Gregg finds a coin of Barkut, and uses it as a mascot. Tossing the coin and following it's decisions lead - as him, after an adventurous trip, to the world of Barkut.

His previous adventures pale in comparison with the ones that befall him in this land of the Djinn and the Ifrit. A strictly whacky tale but a fine and enjoyable piece of writing. Science-fiction is the base for the other four tales in this issue, Raymond Z. Gallun's THE GREAT IDEA being the best for my money. A conveyor-belt gravity-operated system of communication between the moon and earth would be a good idea, wouldn't it? Every so often someone had THE GREAT IDEA....

LOST ART, by A. Bertram Chandler, includes space and time travel, and makes a worth-reading story. They dealt in antiques - and obtained them to order - if you could pay! John Wyndham's THE WHEEL is a rather familiar item, the antimachanic attitude after the blow-up, but it is given a new twist by Mr. Wyndham. Mack Reynolds' HOW GREEN WAS MY MARTIAN is a delightful bit of nonsense, about a Martian who gets embroiled in Hollywood's activities, and who comes out best.

The February issue contains a long story by Margaret St. Clair, titled VULCAN'S DOLLS. This is an entertaining mixture of ancient mythology with tomorrow's science (?), but completely pointless. It seems to have a plot, but this gets lost in the ornate 'fantasy' of the story, and I rather feel that Miss St. Clair's characters lead her to an unfortunate finish. Supporting yarns in this issue number five, the longest being a time-travel story by Fletcher Pratt. The action all takes place in the 'present', the characters - or two of them - being time travellers. A quiet, well-developed yarn, making very good reading. Graham Doar proposes the query WHO KNOWS HIS BROTHER? as the title of his story, dealing with man - and mutant - after the atom war. The outcome, as he outlines it, is far from unbelievable. Mankind has only too often been guilty of the same type of action as are the characters of Mr. Doar's story. Chad Oliver has a short, THE SUBVERSIVES, in which the infiltration of earth by aliens is disclosed - a neat turn - in a not-uncommon theme - makes the story excellent. Leigh Brackett is present with a tale of interplanetary exploration, and in THE FIRST SP-ACEMAN Gene L. Henderson points out a dead hero may be preferable to a live one - if one overlooks the hero's point of view....

March issue features Henry Kuttner with WELL OF THE WORLDS, fantasy from Kuttner at his best - the 'other world' type of tale, with a touch of Merritt showing through. Ken Crossen has a humorous yarn, in which the troubles of Galactic hucksters are portrayed. How would you go about selling hats to creatures who were already equipped with very nice halos? Apart from its farcical base, which gives the yarn a delightful absurdity, it is also a pretty fine 'interplanetary' tale.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY '52 Feb has a lead novel by Joe Gibson, titled THREE WORLDS IN SHADOW, in which interplanetary skulluggery is defeated by the true-blue hero and his girl friend. An entertaining yarn in which a plot to control the air-supply of the colonised worlds is upset when a beautiful female inherits ownership of the supply company, and enlists of a rocket pilot to find the spanner that someone - the villainous manager - has dropped into the works. L. Sprague de Camp features in this issue with ROGUE PRINCESS, a somewhat lighthearted yarn of what happens when a time-viewer proves screen-star Claude Godwin has a claim to the British throne, and he is kidnapped into a shot-gun wedding with a Princess of Greenland. All this for the sake of power-politics - which come in for a just measure of ridicule from Mr. de Camp. To be honest, the science-fictional element of this tale is slight, but its fast moving action and amusing situations more than make up for this deficiency. COMMUNICADO by Katherine McLean is a Fac-tion (?) piece dealing with communication and the psi-faculty. The con-cluding short tales are worthy of attention, ORDEAL ON SYRTIS by Milt Lesser for the novel way in which he puts over an otherwise trite plot and Michael Sherman's INTERVENTION, although not quite so 'standard' in plotting, is also developed in rather novel fashion.

13.

March issue of PLANET has two long 'novels', Poul Anderson's CAPTIVE OF THE CENTAURIANS, and TONIGHT THE STARS REVOLT, by Gardner F. Fox. The Anderson yarn is up to his usual action standard, and has some nicely developed situations - and for a change the hero and heroine do not marry and live happily ever after. They just aren't the types. Gardner Fox's tale shows considerable improvement over that TIMEPRESS OF THE TIME FLOW epic that appeared in the first of the revived MARVEL, but is still nothing but 'blood-and-battle' rubbish. How-ever, don't be put off. If you like action, there is plenty of it in this yarn.

AMBASSADORS FROM VENUS by Kendall Foster Crossen is a neat yarn, if slightly familiar. I like the treatment that Crossen gives his stories and he certainly makes the suspense hold out in this one; even after the general picture is clear, he manages to deliver a final finish-ing punch!

The three short yarns are fairish, Raymond Z. Gallun's RETURN OF A LEGEND being best in my opinion. However, I hope this doesn't mean that we are in for a cycle of 'only the 'real' Martians can inhabit and survive on Mars' stories. MARS CHILD from GSF is still familiar in my mind, and although the story is entirely different, the point being made is the same.

NEW WORLDS bi-monthly from January (we hope) has a Quinn cover, symbolising the A. Bertram Chandler lead yarn, PEST. The story is one of an ancient Martian intelligence who, after the importation of land-crabs and rabbits by Terrans, is enabled to take a hand - or rather - a claw, in affairs for the first time in several centuries. Unfortunately, his/its activities are not exactly neighbourly, and prove to be upsetting to the Terran-Martio colonists. The introduction of a lady news-gatherer, & a Terran spaceman, both somewhat in disavowal to the Martian administration, make the ingredients for an excellent Chandler yarn. Four supporting yarns, best of which was E.C. Tubb's WITH-OUT BUGLES, go to make a good issue of the foremost British mag. The Tubb tale is also told against the sandy blackcloth of Mars, but is totally different. Here man is embattled with his environment to a far greater extent - and to what purpose? That is what the powers-that-be would know. Why should money be expended to no apparent purpose? Mr. Tubb gives a pretty sound - and humanistic - reason. ALIEN ANALYSIS, by Dan Morgan, is a 'psycho' story, something in the Asimov style; the psychologist, the Empire-building space captain, and the incomprehensible alien culture. The solution is good, and although you maybe have read something like it before, it makes a welltold and interesting yarn. Syd Bounds makes with a little space piracy in A MATTER OF SALVAGE, and Ian Wright completes the story content of the issue with OPERATION EXODUS. This again may have a familiar ring, I think, but it is totally different in both outlook and ending to the story it is almost certain to call to mind. Just to give you a clue, it deals with the first meeting between mankind and another space-faring culture, out in the wastes of the interstellar void.

F&SF '51 Dec and '52 Feb contain the usual admixture of the old & the new, with the advantage (as always) that few of the 'old' or reprinted tales will have met the eye of the normal s-f enthusiast before. Fritz Leiber, in THE LAST GODS DIE (Dec) has written a tale that can be said to have beauty, a thing rare in s-f; a story of the last men, and their descendants. Zenna Henderson with COME ON, WAGON, has written a little gem, underlining the non-humanity of children, a not uncommon theme, but given a somewhat different treatment here. In THE PEDESTRIAN (Feb) Ray Bradbury continues his indictment of mankind, and despite my lack of appreciation for Bradbury, I feel that his fans will find here a story to their taste. MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO, by Miltred Clingerman, is a charming study of an old lady - and proves beyond all possible doubt that the 'nuisance' who makes interminable antimacassars, and what not, may be an entirely different person if viewed through other eyes. Kenneth Cassens has a delightfully elongated, and hilarious, bit of nonsense in THE LONELY WORM, and the de Camp and Fletcher Pratt touch is given to the Feb issue by a 'GAVAGAN'S BAR' item. Horror themes are not absent; Idris Seabright's THE HOLE IN THE MOON, John Wyndham's JIZZLE, and L. Major Reynolds' FLOOD supply this to the Feb number, and Wellman's O UGLY BIRD and the EARLIER SERVICE (a neat pun of a title) by Margaret Irwin and the necessary drop of bitterness to the Dec number.

THE EVENING STAR, Dr. Keller's sequel to THE CONQUERORS, appears

14.



in the Winter '52 issue of FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE, other two reprint yarns being Wesley Arnold's WITHIN THE PLANET, and VIA DEATH by Gordon A. Giles. It would appear possible that all the 'VIA' series will be reprinted in time, VIA ASTERIOD having appeared in '51 Fall issue. The new stories include an excellent one by H.B. Fyfe, in which a Tellurian exploration ship meets with some folk who have a very complete system of measurement. de Camp, Mack Reynolds, and Robert Moore Williams are responsible for the remaining three new yarns.

WONDER STORY ANNUAL '52, trimmed edges, 162pp, leads with DEATH OF IRON, S.S. Held, and supports it with seven other reprint tales.

January issue of OTHER WORLDS will be disappointing to those who like to read their yarns at one sitting. It contains the second half of ACT OF GOD, by Richard Ashby, and the first part of THESE ARE MY CHILDREN, by ROK Phillips; a short yarn HAPPY SOLUTION, by T.P. Caravan, a very small item of cynical-farcical nature, and THE REAL FLYING SAUCER, by Kenneth Arnold, in which the final indisputable proof of the existence of the FS is given. Provided that 'indisputable proof' means so many words written on paper, well, you have it here. But my dictionary will not let me accept that definition, however. The two serials are good, and worth reading - ACT OF GOD is built around a fight to discover the secret of immortality, with a few gadgets thrown in; and a rather retiring character who, it develops, is 'god', although not in the sense normally accepted. As often appears in the material RAP usually publishes, considerable 'preaching' occurs, but it does not detract from a good story. THESE ARE MY CHILDREN also includes some missionary work, a 'return to God' concept, and considerable Communist-baiting. So far as it goes, I liked it, but I'd prefer to have it all in one issue - even if there is nothing else! Balance of the Jan number is made up of the usual departments, in which RAP gives fandon the best chance to express its wants, views, and so forth, given by any of the magazines.

GALAXY Dec cover was a Xmas scene - s-f base. One of the first I can recall, and quite well done. All stories complete, and well up to standard. Although I thought Damon Knight's yarn a little lengthy for its content. In the Jan issue commences THE DEMOLISHED MAN, by Alfred Bester, a story which looks as if it will develop into a real topline although it is hardly possible to see the line of development from the first part. THE GIRLS FROM EARTH by Frank M. Robinson propounds a problem of colonisation, and answers it in satisfying fashion. J.T.M. Intosh, in HALLUCINATION ORBIT, takes the 'how do you know you are same' theme, gives it a neat twist, and concludes there are times when it is best not to know - as in a Trojan orbit someplace out around Pluto!

ASF Dec concludes ICEWORLD, one of the best yarns from the pen of Hal Clement for some time, and introduces J.C. (Judy) Day with a nice yarn DUNE ROLLER, which unfortunately did not appeal to me. That would appear to be my fault, not Judy's; I seem to expect space-ships, mutants, and Galatic observers in every yarn, and am disappointed if I do not get them. This story is extremely local, includes a somewhat unusual monster, some love interest, and develops slowly. It has good and sound characterisation, and emotional appeal, but in type it took me back about fifteen years. A refreshing change, and it will appeal to the newcomers, who don't remember such yarns as MENACE FROM ANDROMEDA, and others of that type. Jan issue features THAT SHARE OF GLORY, by GM Kornbluth, a Galatic coverage yarn which shows there more ways of controlling an empire than that of EE 'Skyhawk' Smith, the Vegan Confederacy, and so forth. In this one it is done by herald-interpreters! A telekinesis (TELEK) yarn by Jack Vance is the 'short novel', and there are three supporting stories and two articles, all good. FRESHWATER, by William Tenn, leads the Feb number, giving a new concept of the possible effects of an alien culture on mankind - and vice versa. EV, a very short tale by Gallun & Bixby, is extremely good, and STAR-LINKED, by H.B. Fyfe, which suggests a job for invalidated space-men, impressed me a great deal. Two novelettes, one more short, and two articles make up a standard issue of ASF. The Spring '52 issue of TWO COMPLETE SCIENCES - ADVENTURE BOOKS contains yet another printing of Williamson's THE HUMANOIDS, and a new yarn, THE OUTCASTS OF VENUS, by Anaximander Powell. In the latter some Terrans are stranded on a hostile (kill on sight) Venus, and after numerous hair-raising adventures, escape. In this item the stress is on the 'adventure', but it makes for half-an-hour of entertaining reading.

That concludes about all the coverage I can give to the mags for the first part of 1952 - but it looks like being a good year.

15.

## DIANETICS: My Experience

by Vernon L. McCain

We have done quite a bit of work on Dianetics around here, in Oregon, and made some startling discoveries. It is now a popular rumour that Hubbard, in his own terminology, is "extremely aberrated", and our results would tend to confirm this..

The whole thing reeks of medicine-man salesmanship. The chances of anything of value having come out of Hubbard's irresponsible handling are at least 1,000 to 1, against, and yet he seems to have managed to thumb his nose at the odds, and get away with it. About all that he appears to have done is correlate much previously observed (but seldom studied) phenomena of the mind, whipped it together into one juicy pudding, "stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum" in the form of a possible, but as yet unproven, cure for many 'mental' ills. I personally have uncovered pretty positive proof - in my own opinion, although nothing that I could put in a test tube - that many of his claims are false, his reasoning unsound, his therapy unproved, and perhaps untested. But, wonder of wonders, it works! Or it seems to, albeit in a halting and inefficient fashion. But one thing I have proved for certain - his claims for it being harmless to be used by the inexperienced are 100% wrong. The stuff is pure dynamite! I will admit if you stick rigidly to the therapy as defined in the book you probably won't cause any serious damage. But you could audit from now till Doomsday without obtaining the slightest result. The more recent bulletins, and the training given students now, outline a somewhat further advanced, more efficient, and more dangerous therapy.

Yet even this new technique is an unweildy, hit or miss affair, which takes forever to yield observable results. Anyone who doesn't regard Hubbard as a Messiah and who isn't too terrified to assume the responsibility of experimentation to prove or disprove Hubbard's claims, can find dozens of discrepancies in the theories, and short cuts in the technique. This will also uncover the powers, both for good and for bad, which Dianetics actually has. And, believe me, it isn't the sort of thing one should use as a parlor game!

Everything I have seen indicates that dianetics, as it's main critics claim, is just a new form of hypno-therapy. That canceller in each session isn't there for the fun of it! Without that, the auditor's powers to affect the pre-clear's mind are almost unlimited. Not the thing to let an unbalanced, foolish, or power-hungry person use - or more likely, misuse. But, also, without the canceller Dianetics becomes more effective. Happily, we have found a bridge between the two by which it is possible to work without the canceller, and still enjoy its protection.

At present, I am auditing two people, and being audited myself. But we surround ourselves with every type of safeguard. My prize case is a fellow (a fan, incidentally) who can perform all sorts of amazing mental tricks while in therapy. But as recently as two months ago, had I the motive to do so or the foolishness to blunder into it, I could have used the techniques unfolded by Dianetics to put him into an insane asylum for the rest of his life, or to depress his intelligence close to the feeble-minded level. I could not do this now. His case is sufficiently far advanced for his "file clerk" to keep very close tabs on everything that happens, and censors most of it. The file clerk, in fact, has more to say about the auditing than I, now!

Perhaps I can use an analogy to best describe it. You are undoubtedly familiar with some of the phenomena produced by hypnotism. Hypnotism is like a club; effective, but crude. Dianetics has substituted a stiletto for the club; more dangerous, more effective - and also more useful - than ever.

I agree wholeheartedly with everyone who condemns the manner in which Dianetics has been handled from the start, until the present. But I know that the people who discount Dianetics itself have never actually tried it. It is highly dangerous, yes, but indications are that it may give from 30% to 40% of the boons that Hubbard originally claimed for it, which is far better than anything else the world has to offer at present.

Were it an accepted psychotherapeutical technique, I would be all for 16.



confining its use to doctors and psychiatrists. But it is still so crude and undeveloped, that even if they were to study it seriously (which most refuse to do) they would have only a slight advantage over the layman in developing it. Perhaps in fact they would have a disadvantage, due to preconceptions. But the doctors, on the whole, are not interested - so this is going to be developed by the laymen.

But, like an atomic bomb, or a carton of eggs, it must be handled with care. I think I was lucky and used the correct procedure in approaching Dianetics. I think it best to work with someone closely, who has had experience, study carefully their technique for some long time, learn all the possible safeguards, and then, if you are sure of yourself, you may attempt it's use. And remember that you can never use too many safeguards! Don't believe anything until you see it proven, but equally, don't disbelieve anything until it is disproven so that you can see it. In other words, be a cautious and open minded skeptic, and perhaps you will find something in Dianetics worth having.

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.. Since this was written your editors have been informed that Hubbard himself has been receiving therapy. and although improved, his own and others experiments on his mind in the past have produced 'aberrations' which require long and constant therapy in hands more skilled than any at present available.

VERNON L. MCCAIN is the editor of WASTERBASKET, a neat and very amusing fanzine. Originally, the article printed above consisted of extracts from letters exchanged between Vernon and myself, and I was so struck by the clear and honest approach that Vernon made to the subject, the admission of faults, and statements of truths, supported by evidence, (in the form of case histories which have not been printed for obvious reasons) that I asked Vernon for permission to print the extracts as a connected whole. Any slight patchiness in the completed article is my fault, and not Vernon's. K.F.S.

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#### MEMORIAM

It is with regret that we record the death of Mr. M. J. Jordan, of Surbiton, Surrey. His death occurred at Kingston Hospital, on the 21st December, 1951.

Mr. Jordan had been for many years an enthusiastic reader of s-f, a form of entertainment he considered to outweigh all others. With his death we have lost a staunch supporter of the field.

Although not an active fan, he subscribed to many fanzines, and was one of OPERATION FANTASY's earliest members. He corresponded with a great many other enthusiasts, and will be missed by many who, although they had never met him personally, knew him well from his letters.

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#### FANTASY PRESS SCHEDULE

GREY LENS MAN appeared late in November, 1951, and was followed by Miller's THE TITAN. Delayed items in probable order of appearance in 52 are Jack Williamson's LEGION OF TIME, and John W. Campbell's re-written THE BLACK STAR PASSAGE. Both of these titles required considerable work to be done on them to make them acceptable by modern standards.

These will be followed by THE RED PARI, last of the Weinbaum collections, THE CRYSTAL HORDE, by John Taine, ISLANDS OF SEACRE, by Jack Williamson, SECOND STAGE LENS MAN, THE TIE CONQUERORS, by L.A. Eschback, and G.G.G. 666, by John Taine. Two further titles are also on FP's 1952 schedule, but titles have not yet been announced.

Of probable interest to most fan will be the SCIENCE FICTION BOOK PLATES, at \$2.00 per 100, now available from Fantasy Press. Some of the plates may be obtained in assorted batches. All are very fine art work, the best in our opinion being those of Cartier and Bok.

The limited editions scheme begins to take firmer shape, and will be four titles per year, to be selected by a team consisting of Schyler Miller, Oswald Train, and an as yet unnamed fan. However, the cost, in few of the poorer than expected response, will be \$3.00 per book.

## "Sydney Fowler Wright"

by Dr. John K. Aiken

Mr. S. Fowler Wright is, above all other writers of fantasy, the one about whose personal opinions and prejudices one is most tempted to speculate. This, for several reasons. For one, his versatility. Fowler Wright is no Lovecraft, Shiel, or Clark Ashton Smith: in addition to a considerable bulk of fantasy (which he himself considers his most important work) he has written many mystery and detective novels (mostly under the Sydney Fowler pseudonym), a novel ("THE SIEGE OF MALTA") on a scheme planned but hardly more than begun by Sir Walter Scott, biography, poetry, and a remarkable political prophecy in "PRELUDE TO PRAGUE". The latter, written after a visit to Germany in 1936, was thought so dangerous by the Nazis that they made every effort, without great success, to suppress its European publication; in England it passed almost unnoticed.

In another important respect does Fowler Wright differ from what may be called the Supernal School of fantasy writers. He is no stringer of verbal pearls for its own sake, no addict to the vague, highly-flown and far too highly-coloured phrase. Indeed, his dry, precise, economical use of the English language is the most characteristic feature of his very individual style. Nor is the result at all dry; for the author's imaginativeness, skill in characterisation, and craft in the contriving of tense situations, are brought out all the more forcefully by the careful and meaningful prose from which they are constructed.

But the salient deduction which the reader cannot help but draw from Fowler Wright's work is that, at least as revealed in his fantasy, he is a mass of ferocious and extremely intelligently-main-tained prejudice. To the science-fiction enthusiast the most surprising of his antipathies will no doubt be that directed against science itself and the whole breed of scientists. As pictured by S. Fowler Wright, the scientist is scarcely human: he is usually a wizened, dull-eyed, dwarfishly repellent and malignant subman. Even in those rare cases where he is physically normal he is dead to all moral or ethical sense, one who would dissect his living grandmother to discover one trivial experimental fact.

Fowler Wright's attitude to scientists and the value of science is, in fact, as pitiless as that of C.S. Lewis in the Ransome trilogy, although his angle of attack is different from Lewis', being based on a naturalistic rather than a Christian ethic. Like Alexis Carrel, (who, in "MAN THE UNKNOWN", arrives at similar conclusions by a biological approach) Fowler Wright is in favour of a return to the simpler, harder, more rural life in which men are freed from the misuse of scientific knowledge. Perhaps he is wiser than most: but why, then, is he so preoccupied with scientific fantasy? This is the question that the reader is bound to ask. For Fowler Wright's works in this field are not merely satirical or conminatory attacks: they teem with interesting and original quasi-scientific ideas (as for example those in "POWER"), with carefully worked-out predictions of the future ("THE WORLD BELOW", or "THE ADVENTURE OF WYNDHAM SMITH"), or studies of terrestrial disaster ("DAWN" and "DELUGE") or far off times ("THE VENGEANCE OF GWA") or places ("THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW"). There is no doubt that he possesses plenty of the essential qualities of the true scientist - clarity of expression, strictly logical thought, the capacity for imaginative but reasoned prediction - to make his work unusually interesting and convincing. In this, as in other ways, he is something of an enigma.

Science is, of course, by no means Fowler Wright's only target. Birth control, the internal combustion engine, capitalism, tyranny, and the habitual methods of the police come in for many shrewd knocks. On the other hand, he shows more than a trace of a predilection for a hereditary aristocracy, horses, and a certain amount of polygamy. Clearly, certain of these likes and dislikes are not incompatible with one another: others lead him into difficulties, such as the suggestion in "POWER" that dictatorship, if by a member of the landed



gentry, might after all be no bad thing. On the other hand, the two-women-to-one-man theme in "DAWN" and "DELUGE" is handled with a sympathy unequalled, I think, in English literature.

Fowler Wright's attitude to the legal tradition shows an interesting ambivalence. He is clearly fascinated by the intricate mass of rules whereby civilised populations have come to live and has written an outstanding trial scene: that in "REX v. ANNE BICKERTON", in which he shows (not without a bang or two at expert witnesses) how prejudice and preconception can misuse the legal system, and intelligence nevertheless produce a fair result from it. Against this, there is in "THE WORLD BELOW" a whole-hearted denunciation, in the form of an inquisition of a group of "humans" of the future whose habits are a satirical extravaganza upon our own, of restrictive and prohibitive legal regulations.

It is clear that the author's philosophy, as expressed in his fiction, is not wholly self-consistent. Whose is? An ounce of inconsistency so well argued, of prejudice so trenchantly maintained, is worth a ton of careful, dull consistency in which no offense is given and no idea new. And, after a diet of the more purple and less truly literate of our fantasists, Fowler Wright's style is a constant joy, good English bread and meat after an icecream sundae containing thirty ingredients, most of them of dubious quality.

"THE WORLD BELOW" is one of the most original of all the many novels of the future, its least credible feature being that, within such a short space of time (100,000 years) such drastic biological and geographical changes could have taken place in the world. But, this granted, the detail of the characters and lives of the intelligent beings of the future world (few of them remotely human) is perfectly fascinating. The hero, projected from the 20th Century and armed, by his own choice, only with an axe, strikes up an alliance with one of these superior beings, in the course of which he finds his human weaknesses mercilessly exposed; and at the end, the tragedy and mystery of the giant superhumans, the enigma of their war with the vast insects - or ships? - is magnificently described. Despite the comparative absence of human characters and action, which he handles so well in "DAWN" and "DELUGE", this is the author's finest fantasy.

His short stories, the best of which he himself selected for "THE THRONE OF SATURN" (many appearing in an earlier collection, entitled "THE OLD GODS GO"), form a varied and distinguished group, full of fire, sardonicism, and wit. Scientists, for the most part Professors, figure here and there, banefully enough. Each seems worse than the last, in fact; Prof. Cawstin in "THIS NIGHT", who, by mechanised blackmail, forces the loveliest and most aristocratic girls in the country to his beastly will; Prof. Borthin who wishes to transplant babies' brains into dogs and vice versa; Prof. Brisket in "BRAIN" who, even after self-administration of a drug inducing boundless good nature, wipes out the entire Council of Scientists by which the country is governed; all these are keen competitors for the absolute nadir of sympathy. In "P.N.40" we have the flirt of a young couple, suffering from the anachronistic emotion of love, from the Controls of the Euginic Era, an era which clearly finds little favour with the author; in "AUTOMATA" we see the final elimination of man by the mechanisms he has created; in "JUSTICE" a savage picture of the slaughter of the aged, whose numbers in the community have risen to an unbearable extent owing to human tampering with the natural rhythm of birth and death. "ORIGINAL SIN", one of Fowler Wright's best and most characteristic stories, that of the last man - and last two women - on earth, has a particularly sardonic final twist. "THE RAT", already often anthologised, is more humane and optimistic than most, its doctor hero quite a sympathetic character, hardly even murderous; but even in the grimmest of the tales there are flashes of wry humour, such as the incident of the intelligent but benevolent pig in "BRAIN" who inquires for a good butcher. And "THE TEMPERATURE OF GELHANNA SUE" is the purest farce. "APPEAL" is one of Fowler Wright's favourite trial scenes, complicated by literally post-mortem evidence, and again with a grim twist to the ending.

Fowler Wright's philosophy makes an interesting contrast to that of H.G. Wells. Nothing could be farther from Wells' vague, rose-tinted scientific utopianism than the dozen or so precise and detailed

19.

alternative pictures Fowler Wright has given us of what a world run by scientists may be like. - most of them quite as intolerable to our way of thinking as Orwell's "1984". Only in "THE TIME MACHINE" - his first fantasy and his best - did Wells venture into the territory away from which Fowler Wright is warning us with a bitter pessimism which makes Wells' hopefulness seem flimsy and tawdry. And, looking at the world as it is today, who will venture to doubt that he is the more nearly right?

## FILM REVIEW

by Fred J. Robinson

### "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"

This is a British fantasy film in colour which I can definitely recommend. From a little known company, Romulus Productions, it does them credit.

It is tense and exciting in parts, as well as being deeply moving in others. The setting is in Esperanza, a fishing village in Spain; the story being told by an English archeologist living there with his daughter. The daughter, beautifully played by Sheila Sim, is in love with a racing motorist who has come to the village in an endeavour to break the world speed record, on the long beach there.

He, however, loves the beautiful Pandora Reynolds, a rather callous "Venus". She persuades him to give up his racing enthusiasms, and his car, to marry her, and from this point the theme of the film becomes apparent - the measure of love is what one is willing to forgo in return for it.

Into the background of the story comes a Dutchman, Hendrik van der Zee. The plot thickens, for Hendrik is none other than the Flying Dutchman of legend, doomed to roam the oceans of the world until he can find a woman willing to give her life for him. The wife whom he murdered, back in 17th century Holland, is re-incarnated in Pandora. Cursed because of that crime (in the film at least) he now realises that his fate is resolving itself - if he can get this woman to love him, and die for him. But if he wins her love - and if she loves him enough - can he then permit her to die?

There is propounded the problem of the film, and in order not to spoil your enjoyment, I will not expose the following events, nor the ending.

Starring as PANDORA, Ava Gardner acts adequately if not brilliantly, and opposite her as the Dutchman is James Mason, who turns in a better performance than he has done for some time. The best performance, in my opinion, comes from Nigel Patrick as the racing motorist. Supporting well is Mario Cabre, also in love with Pandora, and who both murders and is killed for his love. There is a brief but excellent performance by Marius Goring (of STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN fame), as a drunk who commits suicide - again for the love - or lack of it - of Pandora. Photography is by Jack Cardiff, who has done a fine job.

Three scenes I considered outstanding; the court scene where the Dutchman curses all women and God, when sentenced for his crime; the scene where, at high speed, the car catches fire; and finally the bullfight where the Toreador is gored by the bull at the end of an outstanding performance. These scenes, if you see the film - and I do hope you will - are memorable. In fact, the whole film is one that I shall long remember - and it is a MUST for fantasy fans!

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION !!!  
ASTOUNDING STORIES !!!

BOX No. 54, care of O.F.

'58 Dec.  
'59 Jan.Feb.Mar.Apr.May.Jun.Jul.  
Aug.Oct. '40 Aug.  
'41 Mar.Jun.Jul.Nov.  
'42 Feb.Mar.May.Jun.Jul.Aug.Sep.  
'43 Jan.May.Jun.Dec.  
'44 Feb.Mar.May.Jul.Aug.Sep.Dec.

'46 Apr.Jun.Aug.Sep.Nov.  
'47 Jul.Nov.Dec. '48 Feb.Mar.  
'48 Jan.Jul.Aug.Sep.Oct.Nov.Dec.  
'49 Jan.

PRICES: '38 - '39 3/9 each (55¢)  
'40 - '44 7/6 each (1.10)  
'46 3/9 each. '47 on, 3/3.

20.



## General Chuntering



Anyone really interested in magic should invest in Paul Christian's *The History and Practice of Magic*, a limited edition of 800 copies two volumes of about 360pp each...Only five guineas (\$14.70).....the SCIENCE COMICS ANNUAL previously noted as available from Thorpe & Port -er at 5/- never materialised.....DUNE ROLLER, Judy May's yarn from the Dec '51 ASP, was televised on the TALES OF TOMORROW programme, Jan 4th...Judy, who graces the cover (together with Bea Mahaffey) of Jan SPNL is chairwoman of the TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, to be held in Chicago.... convention membership passed the 200 mark at the year's end....no news about the real WORLD convention for '52 is available yet...the one to be held (we hope) during June in London....Lee Hoffman's QUANDARY, as of now 7 for \$1.00, may change publication schedule in Sept '52.....THE SUNDAY SUN, Northern British newspaper, ran a series titled MAN'S LAST FRONTIER - SPACE ! by Jack Geiger, INS staff correspondent, starting Nov 11th...same date THE EMPIRE NEWS published first installment of a politico-sci-fi, I KILLED STALIN...COLLIER'S, Oct 27th, was given over to how the USA beat the Reds in WW III...UNIVERSE, Heinlein, Dell pb, in -troduces a new low (in price) for sci-fi...just 10/- ! ...the opposite in finances is SHASTA's upping of the prize money for their ANNUAL S-F MOV -EL competition to FOUR THOUSAND BUCKS ! ....winning novel will also be printed in pb form by Pocket Books, Inc. ....Blieker and Dikty (those two seems to be sci-fi's leading anthologists) have edited an item to be pubbed by Farrar, Strauss, and Young in Feb/Mar, titled IMAGINATION UN -LIMITED, each yarn dealing with a different science....Rog Phillip's long delayed WORLDS OF IF is now available from Merit books at 35/-....

Borley Rectory, (the most haunted house in England) creeps back in the news occasionally. Mainly the reports are from psychic investigators who now claim the Rectory is not haunted, and never was. In fact, some reports go so far as to infer that the "occurrences" were fakes - and that the late Harry Price knew it ! Personally, I've always consider Mr. Price as an impartial witness, and I take a dim view of the belated attacks being made upon him. Anyway, he knows the answers now - which is more than his opponents can say !

'52 WONDER STORY ANNUAL has Death of Iron by S.S.Held as lead yarn. ....van Vogt is reported to be working on a new novel to be printed by Simon & Schuster, based on the theme used in THE GREAT JUDGE (Fantasy-Book)...Fantasy Book's eighth issue is out, still running in serial the Murray Leinster yarn JOURNEY TO BARKUT, printed in full by SS in Jan, '52 issue...an anthology of fantasy art, titled the HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION ART, compiled by Mort Weisinger and Julius Schwartz, will be released some time in '52, at \$10.00...British and USA fans in Germany and Britain can now listen to DIMENSION X over the AFN at 19.30 hours on Mondays, and DAN DARE ON VENUS was broadcast from Radio Luxemburg - 19.15 every night...Mike Tealby's WONDER (Summer issue) is devoted to the SHAVER MYSTERY...for neo-fans not acquainted with this, the thing which caused the biggest disturbance in fandom ever, the able expounding of the MYSTERY by Ralph M. Holland, and associated articles by Ron T. Deacon, Peter Russell, and Mike himself, is well worth the 6d that it costs....

Appropos of mysterious happenings Oscar Janssen draws my attention to a report in the DAILY MIRROR (LONDON) Dec 29th, page 7, titled "THE MAN IN THE WHITE APRON WHOSE SHOP HAD NOTHING TO SELL", which tells of a shop bearing the sign "R.G.WILD, GROCERY & PROVISIONS" for eleven yrs and which during all that time sold nothing ! To possible customers a reply was always given by the proprietor - "the shop is not open yet."

Never was there anything in the shop to sell - displays of dummy packets on a white counter, and a little grey-haired man in a white apron were the sole contents and occupants. Sometimes the proprietor would stand outside the shop bowing to passers-by. For a fortnight before the report appeared the little man was no longer seen. Investigation disclosed that he had died - his body lay on a bed in an upstairs room. The shop was in Richmond Road, Twickenham, Middlesex. Mr. Janssen asks me "Was he a Galactic Observer ?" I don't know - what do you think ?

21.

Marvel returned to pulp size with the Feb '52 issue....there is a little uncertainty apparent about the future of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES ....the news that FA would go digest-slick-35¢ with the May issue has now been contradicted by the announcement that the mag would continue. ...and that Ziff-Davis will introduce a mag titled FANTASTIC QUARTERLY fulfilling the digest-slick-35¢-colored-front-and-rear (and internal!) illos design reported for the FANTASTIC change....ASP will use different colour title-backing strips with each issue....Arthur C. Clarke's Dec. broadcast reviewing fantasy films was followed by a broadcast in Jan., on the BBO's YOUNGER GENERATION programme, in which Arthur. Dr. J.G. For -ter, and four 'under twenties' (two of them White Horse visitors) discussed films, and SANDS OF MARS, and other sci-fi concepts....Frederic Brown's NIGHT OF THE JABBERWOCK, a murder-mystery with fantasy overtones, was published by BOARDMAN's at 9/6....latest in mystery yarns in which a fan-interest is developed is Mack Reynold's THE CASE OF THE LI -TTLE GREEN MEN (Phoenix, USA)

While I write, this a forecast. It should be history when you get O.F. A science fiction strip will start in THE DAILY HERALD (London) Jan 21st. Designed to run for a number of years, the strip will be in story-sections lasting 6-8 weeks. Much depends on its reception, and British fans should write in their honest opinions of it. If you feel it is not as good as it might be, say so, and why. If you think it is good, say so. But don't just ignore it - if no interest is shown, well Odam's Press will conclude (and rightly) that the British public are still not sci-fi minded. This may have an effect on other plans, although any such are strictly in the air. Don't butter the strip if it stinks - but PLEASE don't ignore it !

The MEDWAY SF FAN CLUB was formed on 27th Nov '51...membership was only two ! ...but leading member Tony Thorne hopes to find more, & he has a large library of mags and novels to loan to them...folk in Gillingham, Kent, region should contact A.C.Thorne, 21 Granville Road, Gillingham, Kent....STRAIGHT UP is a new news-mag from Fred Robinson, 37 Willows Ave, Tremorfa, Cardiff, Glam., 5/- per year, aim of which is to get the news and pump it out as fast as possible - first issue of 8 quarto pages shows plenty of wit, and some swift reporting....H.C.Urey (Nobel Prize Winner) is new faculty adviser to the UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB...LIVERPOOL S-F SOCIETY has now been formed...already they have arranged to handle sci-fi film advertising for Mersey-side British Gaiety theatres, and so are getting free advertising...mutual aid...they have a permanent meeting place at "SPACE DIVE", 13a, St. Vincent Street, Liverpool, 3, which is open day and night to members, each of whom holds a key...subs are 2/- per week...official meetings are held Mondays and Saturdays...full information from the Secretary, Jeff Easley, 1, Gorsebank Road, Liverpool, 18...Eric Benteliffe, of NWSFC, informs me that during a recent visit to KEMSLEY HOUSE, he saw bundles labelled "THE LAST SPACESHIP"...on enquiry this proved to be the fifth Cherry Tree pb going for binding...NWSFC is aiding in a publicity scheme for THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL...10,000 copies of a 'mock-up' newspaper being distributed...in return for their aid, one of the few 'factual' reports in the paper is an advert for the club...SUSPENSE has discontinued after four issues, reason being "due to high costs and limited sale"...A SWEDISH FAN CLUB has been formed.....FUTURA, forbrenig for science fiction...beginning of the year it had 18 members...address is Klubbacken, 24; Hagsten, Sweden. Chairman is Mr Sture Lönnerstrand, and foreign relations member is Sigvard Ostlund, of Smedsbackagatan 7 II, STOCKHOLM, Sweden...John Cooper, one-time president of the Aussie Sydney Futurians, sailed for London in the ORONSAY, during December...Bill Russell, another down-under fan, sailed on the Norwegian tanker, JAMES STOVE, touching at Abadan, Cair, Hamburg, and other points...Australian S-F Society membership was 59 at the New Yr. and Aussie fan Al Haddon is producing a fanzine TELEPATH...ultra weird artist Rosaleen Monton will publish a volume of her drawings, bound in BAT'S SKIN...costing around £10 ! ....and if I have forgotten any odd item that might have interested you...I'm sorry...adios for now...K.F.S.

.. .. .  
ADDENDUM: "C.L.MOORE", by Arthur F. Hillman. (O.F. 9).

Tom Cockcroft of New Zealand advises me of the following three items which were omitted from list of Miss Moore's stories appended to the ar -ticle above:

MIRACLE IN THREE DIMENSIONS,	Strange Stories,	'39 March.
FRUIT OF KNOWLEDGE,	Unknown,	'40 October.
DAEMON,	F.F.M.	'46 October.

22.



