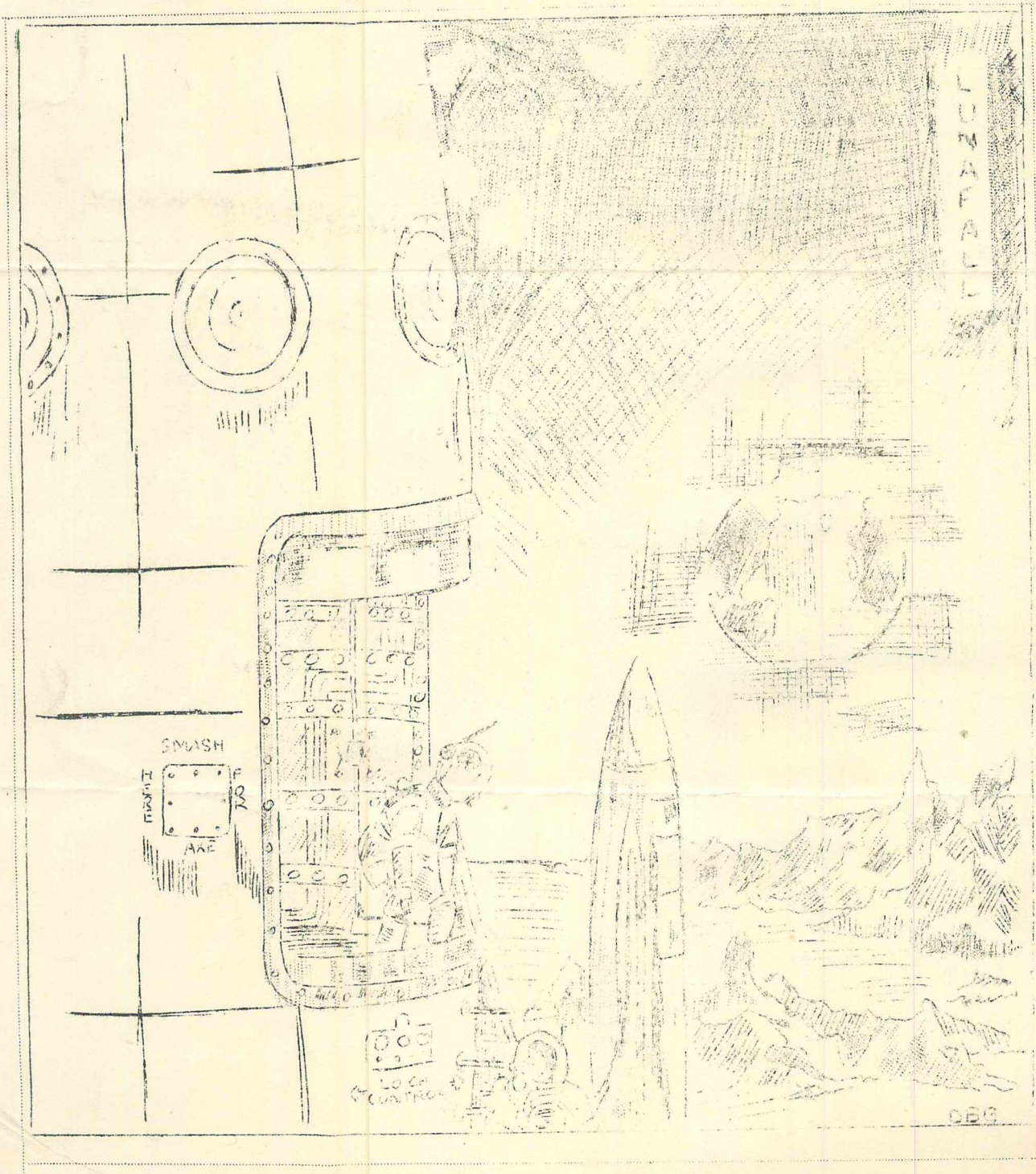


# SPACE-TIMES



OCTOBER 1953

VOL. 2, No. 10



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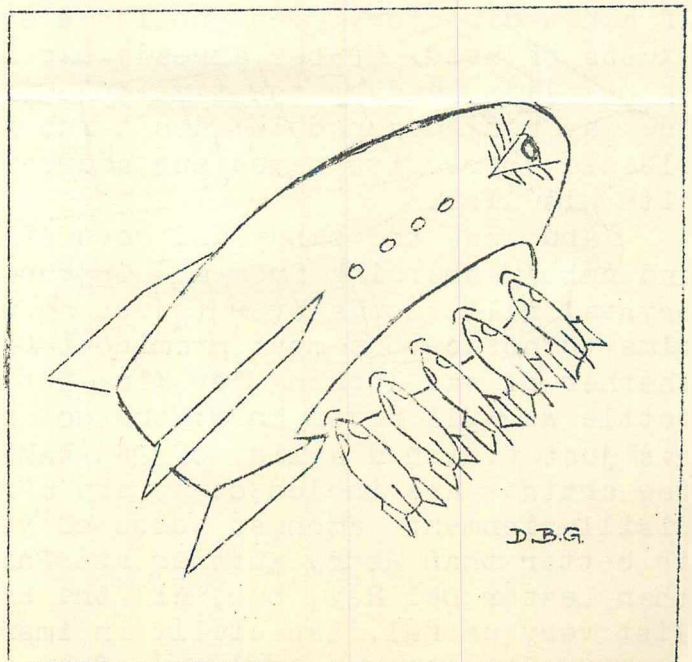
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 We invite all fen ( and others ) to criticise, write for us, do art work for us.....



REFUELLING

AN EDITORIAL ON.....

SPACE - TIMES . PROJECTS

by Eric Bentcliffe

We would like here to give you details of several projects, now being worked upon by SF readers, and which will be published under our aegis.

Dale R. Smith, apart from sending us his regular "Diary", has for some time been working on a PRELIMINARY SURVEY OF BIBLIOGRAPHIC TOOLS FOR SCIENCE-FICTION. We would like to quote a recent letter of Dale's, as we feel that he knows more about this subject than the writer. " I have always been disturbed by the lack of access to serious works and articles on science-fiction, due to there being no general system of cataloguing. In a small way, with the materials I have at hand, I have attempted to do something to remedy this situation. I have gone through most everything I have and made notes of material treating SF in a serious manner....." As Dale has a collection of which any SF enthusiast would be proud we think the results of his project should be very interesting, and of some considerable use to the SF reader. Publication will probably be early next year.

From the U.S.A., we turn to Scotland, where Peter Baillie is also rather busy at the moment, compiling a directory of Anglo-Fandom. This has been done before, of course, ( Mike Rosenblum in 1945, and recently John Gunn and Vinç Clarke ) but the fannish population is, it seems, always one jump ahead of the rent-collector, and the face of fandom is changing continually. For this reason, if a new directory were published every month it would not be in excess of need. Peter already has some 600 names and addresses on his list, and by the time this item goes to press ( I know we are way behind schedule: don't rub it in...JSM) He would be very pleased to receive names and addresses of fans you know to check with his list.

And now, the sands and corn of Egypt. We see something green and nobly emerging from a deep dome of sand, but at this point our crystal ball clouds over ( just as well ) and we have only just time to notice the most prominent feature of H.P. Sanderson. Now, whether he was looking for King Tut's tomb or just a half-empty bottle we will never know: the bo has an enquiring mind.... He has just finished a list of PEN-NAMES OF SF & F AUTHORS, and no few artists are included. We are afraid that this may cause some disillusionment amongst those of you who think that Lewis Padgett is better than Henry Kuttner and Phillip St. John a better editor than Lester Del Rey, but, all the same, we think you will find the list very useful. Especially in impressing fans who have not got a copy. It will not be long before you see this item.

Continued on page 10

# ELECTRONIC

## WEATHER

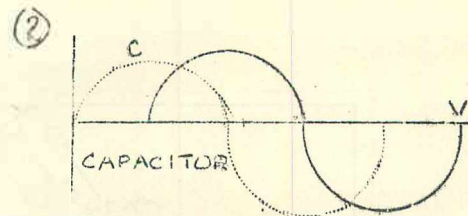
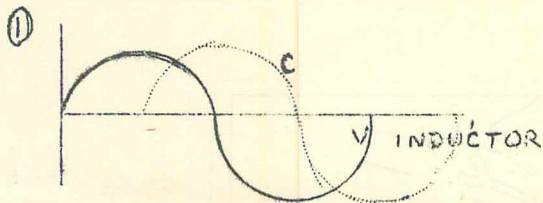
## FORECASTING



By  
Terry Jeeves.

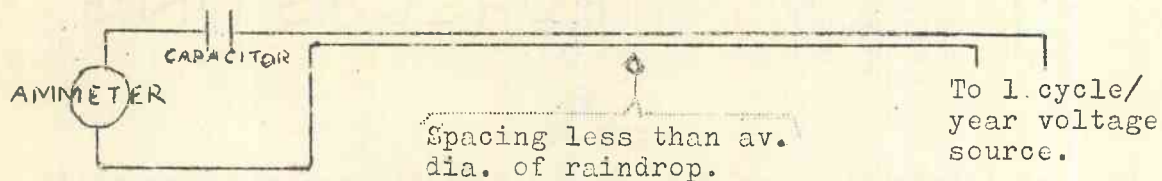
Weather forecasting has made great strides since the days of 'a red sky in the morning'. Now the art has become a science, and its tools are barometers, sonic balloons, and jet aircraft. Recent advances in electronics have brought to light the possibilities inherent in a well-known, but little investigated phenomena, that may well render obsolete all earlier tools of the meteorologist.

The principle is already familiar to anyone with a grounding in basic radio, but for those who lack this familiarity, it might be best to discuss it briefly at this point. As any electronic engineer will tell you, 99.9% of such devices employ coils (known as inductors) and open circuits (known as capacitors). Also, most of these are powered by alternating current; usually referred to as A.C. Actually, this A.C. is produced by the application of an alternating voltage (A.V.) of 50 cycles per second (50 c/s). If an alternating voltage is applied to a circuit embodying an inductor, current does not flow immediately, but follows a quarter of a cycle behind. In other words, the current lags behind the voltage. In a circuit using a capacitor, the current leads the voltage, again by a quarter of a cycle (or  $90^\circ$ ). This is shown graphically in figs 1. and 2.



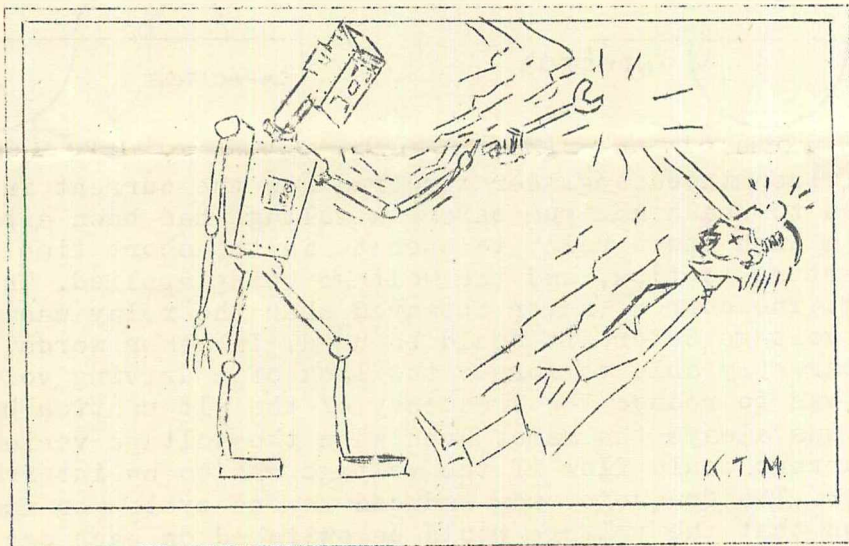
An inquisitive minded engineer wondered how the current in a capacitor knew when to reach maximum before a voltage had been applied, so he arranged a high speed relay to operate in the short time between the current starting to flow, and the voltage being applied. The results were surprising. The current never appeared when the relay was scheduled to cut off the voltage before it could be used. In other words, the current was apparently able to foresee the lack of a driving voltage. The next step, was to reduce the frequency of the alternation by steps, but the result was always the same, even when the voltage varied once a minute, no current would flow if the voltage was to be interrupted 15 seconds later. The frequency was reduced to one cycle per month, and it was laid down that the voltage would be switched on each day at 8 a.m. Obediently, the current would begin to flow well in advance of this time, until one day it failed to flow. No one could give an answer until a week had gone by, and the reason for the failure became apparent. The lab assistant, whose job it was to switch on at 8 a.m., had a very unreliable alarm clock. On this particular day it failed to function, and as a result no voltage was provided to cause a current to flow a week previous.

This accident gave added impetus to the experiments, and by degrees, the frequency was reduced to one cycle a year, or in actual fact, almost pure direct current (D.C.) It was at this stage that a practical application to weather forecasting began to appear, and a pilot experimental model was made and put into operation. A schematic diagram is shown in figure 3.



When the one cycle per year voltage is applied, the current flows well in advance, due to the action of the capacitor. It is observed by deflection of the ammeter (A) and the current is fed to the capacitor (C) and the ammeter via two bare copper wires spaced apart by less than the average diameter of a raindrop. Obviously, if at some date in the future rain falls, at least one drop per 763 (Protts Estimate) will land across the wires, thus short curcuiting them and cutting off the voltage. The current, acting in complete foreknowledge, cuts off in the present, thus predicting the future rainfall. Unfortunately, as the voltage is present throughout the year, except at the two zero points, no exact date for the voltage cut-off (i.e. rain) can be given, BUT the device gives a clear indication that there will be rain sometime during the year. Now all that remains to be done is to find out when.....

END



by Dale. R. Smith

There is a nip in the air, and the days are so short that it is too dark to work in the yard after dinner. Technic lor leaves are falling to the ground and all that is left in my garden are parsnips and some green peppers that didn't have time enough to grow up. The outside painting is finished, screens are off and storm-windows on - about all that is left is to bring in garden hoses, & put up the snow-fence. However, being driven indoors is not too bad. It gives me an opportunity to relax in my den, and by swiveling in my chair, to contemplate my SF collection, and so fabricate profound assemblages of words for this column.

While having a quick breakfast the other morning I was again reminded that the younger generation is being well prepared for the advent of space flight. For, upon dipping into a box of cereal, a card appeared, and proclaimed itself to be a SPACE PATROL MAGIC SPACE PICTURE. In black and white was the head of a man, labelled as COMMANDER BUZZ CORRY. Instructions followed - "stare at the small spot in the center of the picture. Count to 30 slowly. Then stare at one spot on white-colored wall or in sky for 10 seconds. Huge magic space-picture will appear and re-appear before your eyes! - Buzz Corry is Commander-in-Chief of the Space Patrol. He can out-think giant brain-machines. Buzz was the first explorer to reach Pluto. He protects space-lanes from evil foes !!!" — I didn't have any luck in getting this "magic" picture to flash for me, but I need not despair, for this card was only No. 1 of a series of 24. ( Small spots in this column are NOT to be stared at )

Ray Palmer and Bea Mahaffey have a new one. MYSTIC MAGAZINE, stories of Secret Truths - Life after Death - Re-incarnation - a Cult Lore. ( Blimey... Eds ) In the Editorial Palmer states, " This is a magazine of fiction. The stories you will read herein are not based on reason or knowledge" That is what I consider a boo-boo. He should break his pen and bury it. None the less, The Man from Tomorrow feature, formerly of OTHER WORLDS, seems to have found an appropriate home, in this magazine. MYSTIC MAGAZINE is digest-size, 35 ¢, and published bi-monthly by Palmer Publications, Inc. The first issue is dated November 1953.

We have had 3-D movies for some time, but now 3-D has entered the SF comic-book field. A SUPERMAN Comic book is out, " in startling 3-D life-like action " A pair of "Superman goggles" is supplied with each copy. The right eye is green and the left is red. - Prediction: 3-D illustrations in a pro-mag in 1954. - THOUGHT: 4-D for people with three eyes.

TOBS IN SCIENCE FICTION has issued No. 2. The first issue was large-size and 25 ¢. The second is Digest-size and 35 ¢. All stories in both are reprints from PLANET STORIES. Between the 2 issues 13 stories from 1942 to 1950 have been reprinted. The illustrations are changed. Can we ask for more - short of nothing.

## DALE'S DIARY - continued.

Browsing through a laboratory apparatus magazine, 1942 issue, a little prediction concerning post-war automobiles seemed worth repeating - engines in rear, wheels 13 inches and less in diameter bodies of opaque-colored plastics, 250 miles per gallon and prices as low as \$ 400.00 - most of that sounded less fantastic in 1942 than it does today. The trend since the war has been the production of bigger and faster and tinier cars that cost more, use more gas and wear out quicker. And there are so many cars on the streets and highways that it is seldom a real pleasure to drive. Convenient parking space is largely non-existent and automobile manufacturers continue to report new production highs each year. If for no other reason, we will be forced into space-flight to provide parking lots on the moon.

There is a number - I hate things like this ---- A five-digit number is such that the first digit plus the second equals the third. The first digit multiplied by 4 equals the fourth digit. The 4th digit minus the 2nd digit equals the fifth digit. Twice the 3rd digit plus the 2nd digit equals the 5th digit. Twice the 2nd digit equals the first digit. None of the digits is 0 - I hope this useless thing annoys you as much as it did me. But just in case you wish to check your answer it is lightly masked as the answer to the following: 3 x 3564.5 , plus 10693.5

MORENEXTMONTHMORE NEXT MONTHMORENEXTMONTHMORE NEXT MONTH WE HOPE

## B O O K R E V I E W

by

Terry Jeeves

THE BEST SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES (3rd series) edited by Blejler and Diktv, published at 9/6d by Grayson and Grayson, contains no less than 16 delectable items of SF.

An excellent dust-jacket by Marriott protects stories by Temple, Kornbluth, Vance, Lieber, Boucher, and others too numerous to mention. The jacket illustrates Grinnell's "Extending the Holdings", to my mind the only weak yarn in the lot. Is this why it got cover support ?

Starting with 'The Other Side' (Walter Kubiilius), that excellent tale of an alien menagerie, we proceed via a time-travel piece of Bester's into Kornbluth's 'Marching Morons' Remember that beautiful line " Freud forgive me for I have neur-oses" ? Next comes a robot yarn with a difference, & later we meet a Tucker time-travel tale entitled 'Tourist Trade'. Bill Temple gives us that rather bitter yarn 'Two Shadows', & a Max Larkin tale follows from the pen of John Christopher. Space forbids further details, but William Tenn ends the feast with 'Generation of Noah', NOT a Biblical allegory, but a story which makes you want more. This book is definitely one of G&G's best, a 'must' for your library, and a bargain for 9/6d. I know, because tho' I read it free for this review, I'm still buying the book. I recommend that you do the same. END



# LONDON LETTER

par

Brian qui Boit.

The sole item for this month is the report on the MEDCON and my first job must be to congratulate Jim Guy, Tony Thorne, Brian Lewis and all their helpers for putting on a Grade A show. It was clear to all present that preparing this ingenious display must have been almost a full time occupation for the past few months. To get down to a few of the basic details we must admit that in common with most conventions the morning session was delayed, not I might hasten to add because of the Medways lack of co-ordination, but due solely to the small number present.

Lunch was taken in two sittings at 1.00 p.m. and 1.30, and during the meal conversation flowed freely, due to a good piece of organisation in having twenty seated at the same table, this definitely provoked conversation and effectively broke the ice.

After lunch the programme got under way with a study of robotics by a robot name of Len Smith, he did a good job of convincing us of the impossibility of robots but unfortunately his wiring went wrong at the crucial moment and he was carried from the stage. Next in line was the Fantableaux with the whole shower of Medians offering prizes for the first to guess the story portrayed. An interesting sideshow throughout the whole proceedings were the co-Medians with zap guns who fought a running battle all day. Good fun too, trouble was I had to wait for my suit to dry before going out on Sunday morning.

Now came Bert Campbells description of his American trip, this according to Bert was one long round of lechery, this was in part substantiated by his haggard appearance and the weight of the hirsute appendage upon his jaw. Notwithstanding his dissipation Bert must be congratulated on an excellent impromptu speech. Peter Hamilton then gave us the 'gen' on his new mag, "American S/F" which should appear in February, price one shilling. (Plug-Free sub Peter ?). A surprise interview of Mr Paterson of Scion came next, his reference to Authentics editor as "our unknown friend" made Campbell retire in confusion. Mr Paterson appears to be a most reasonable gentleman, in fact he requested as many criticisms of Scions new venture, 'The Vargo Statten Mag', as were possible.

Another highspot followed with Tony Thornes Epishow, this consisted of a back-projection of various well known objects, and again prizes were given for the quick-witted. Thus we went to tea, more zap-gunning and more nattering.

At six prompt we were invited to listen to The Medway Electronic Digital Computing Rotary Analytical Numerating Kontraption, (The Medcrank to you), giving answers to questions from the hall. For example to the question, "What part does sex play in your life ?" the answer came that it wasn't play for an electronic brain, IT WAS DAMNED HARD WORK !!. Now came the first part of the film show, the premiere of the 'White horse' film was given, unfortunately backwards ! We then had two hours of semi-scientific shorts and cartoons, with a break for boozing naturally. Immediately after this a gentleman introduced himself as Big-head, not without reason too,

The penultimate item (un. Jewish (to us de dishonary) was an exceedingly good horror story told by Jim Guy with the aid of stereophonic sound. The excellence of the sound effects can be judged by the fact that 10 minutes of tape-recording took eight solid hours of preparation. Finally came the auction at which good quality books were sold, other conventions please note- no crud. My only complaint was the slowness of the auctioneers, there must be a continuous fire to keep the audience on its toes.

Still we can't complain, YOU DID US PROUD KEDWAY !!!!

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O, Stark and Timeless Reality

by: Mal Ashworth

Mrs. Norm and her husband, Ab, who was a Science-Fiction fan, lived in a little clearing in the middle of a mist. As the clearing grew larger and they missed more of the mist they had an awe-inspiring view of the dense wood surrounding their little domicile. Mrs. Norm sighed, wishing they had a real cile instead of just a dummy one, but there was no hope of that while Ab spent all their Sabre toothed tigers on those stupid stone magazines with their vulgar chippings on the front. It wouldn't have been so bad if he'd have read a good rock once in a while, but no. He had to go and fill his head with all that rubbish about metal weapons and people who cut their hair every ten years. Mrs. Norm killed their pet Dinkysaurus with a well-aimed Mastodon tooth. That state of affairs would never come about. Ug, Slag, Grug, Ook, Yaroo and all the other Gods never meant people to go tampering with nature like that. Just then Awe, who was their only son and whose name was short for Almost, having got over his inspiration, noticed the postman pulling his Tyrannosaurus to a stop outside their tree and beginning to unload another pile of magazines for Ab. Awe prodded Ab gently in the ribs with a nearby Triceratops' tail, whereupon Ab grunted loudly, removed his knees from his mouth and spat out the yaks head of his previous supper which he hadn't quite finished. He reached out lazily and grabbed the bi-yearly newspaper as it came sliding down the branch. He belched bad-manneredly at the headlines which read "Civilisation in Danger of Collapse?", thinking what a lot of heads they must use up in doing lines for a paper with as large a circulation as that. There were at least three readers now, which was double the number of only sixty three years ago. It must have been a little uneconomical, he reflected, publishing a paper with a readership of only one and a half. Education he decided was a wonderful thing, as he threw the paper through a window in the other side of the tree, where there hadn't been a window before he threw the paper through it.

He picked up "Thrilling Village Stories" and dragged his wife three times round the room by her hair when he saw that the lead story was one called "Right across a River in 27,000,000 B.C., by his favourite author Ed Crud. It also contained a supposed fact article called "Flying Pterodactyls Have Landed", by some chap who claimed to have had an interview with a man from another jungle. He settled down to read the story and was immediately oblivious to the entreaties of his wife, supported by repeated belabourings about his head with her quarter ton granite rolling pin to go out and find some dinosaur for dinner. He was in his element and could not be so easily distracted.

Finishing Ed Cruds epic he relaxed luxuriously on his swamp-thorn bed and let his mind soak out to the very limits of existence. The sheer imaginative power of Ed's writing exhilarated him - right across a river - how he'd love to be the first man even to reach the nearest island! He became aware of the displacement of his ultra-modern Atlantosaurus' Anatomy hairstyle due to his wife's fervent entreaties regarding their dinner and, although she had now abandoned her attempts and was cluttering up the place with some horrible little reptiles with long tails from her crocodile tears, he considered using her to fatten up his Christmas Elasmosaurus. However, due to Ed's influence he was in a kindly, benevolent mood and contented himself with smacking her playfully on the head with a bound volume of "By wheeled carriage to the next village". It was a beautiful solid-flint first edition and he was surprised to note that the brontosaurus hide binding didn't stop her head from cracking slightly at one side.

Ab stretched, sighed contentedly and picked up his clubs to set off for another day's work. This dreadful monotony, the same old routine, day after day, it was soul-destroying. How could one's mind contemplate the mightiness of existence while tracking a Diplodocus through a swamp or catching a few Sabre toothed tigers? He sighed again. For two flints he'd give up his family life and go try and cross a river on his own. He checked his imagination from racing away with that wonderful thought and started to load his clubs onto Mrs. Norm. As he dragged her through the doorway the heaviest one fell off on his big toe. "Goddam", he yelled. "What did I say?", he asked himself, forgetting his big toe which was a jelly now anyway. He tried again. "Goddam". Diving back into the tree, he fished out his block of sandstone and a small, sharpened flint and started to write a letter to Yug, the famous semanticist, to tell him of the new sound he had invented. Yug had always said that nine sounds were inadequate for full expression of meaning and now HE'D invented a tenth. To the Saltpan with a Diplodocus dinner; he was going to be famous.

That's the lot, the end I mean

Have you paid your membership fee to the Supermancn yet ??????  
Ab sent a Sabre tooth last week, but we'll make it easy for you. Send half a crown to Brian Varley now and you're in. Easy ain't it ??

**EDITORIAL - continued**

In our opinion the most important step forward since the first issue of Space-Times has now taken place - the formation of the SPACE-TIMES RESEARCH BUREAU. The first undertaking of this Bureau will be a complete and fully comprehensive survey of fandom. Stuart Mackenzie, a professional statistician ( and the new publishing editor of ST (( Don't I know it - got any aspirins ..JSM )) ) has compiled a questionnaire which you have now received touching on all the facets of SF fandom. Initially this has been distributed through S-T and Operation Fantast: other fan-mags will follow. This will be a pilot survey. Later the questionnaire will be printed in NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION (February issue). We thank Peter Hamilton for his co-operation in this. We hope to print also in one of the US pro-mags.

The ramifications of this, the first real autopsy on the recumbent body of fandom, are immense and require more space than we have at our disposal to do them justice. One thing we would emphasise, this survey and the questionnaires you fill in can influence the whole field of science-fiction publishing.

It will tell the publishers ( and the fans ) just what type of SF is the most widely enjoyed, and we can obtain for you more of the type of story and magazine you enjoy. We might add that the questionnaires you fill out will only be seen by one person and will be treated as strictly confidential: after correlation of the questionnaires they will be destroyed. So please do not be afraid to answer " I drink too much ".....Help us to help fandom by completing your questionnaire NOW..... EB

ENDOF SERMONENDOF SERMONENDOF SERMONENDOF SERMONENDOF SERMONENDOF SERMONENDOF

CORN-BELT COMMUNIQUE .....H.P. SANDERSON WANTS TO KNOW.....

In the May '53 issue of ASF, there was a little piece, presumably written by editor Campbell ( J.W., not H.J. ) as follows: " Pi equals anything but 3.14159. Pi, however, is a transcendental number - the ratio cannot be expressed exactly in any system of units. But Pi is a concept of Euclidean geometry, and applies only to plane circles and straight line diameters. In the more general case of a curved surface, Pi can have any value less than Pi. For a non-uniformly curved space the ratio could have any value less than Pi: in spherical space anything between 2,000 and Pi.

BUT - our real space is curved. Therefore, whatever the real value of Pi in our space is, it is both variable and less than Euclidean Pi: What then is the value of Pi appropriate in the intensely distorted space of an atomic nucleus? or at the surface of a white dwarf star? "

IF YOU WILL...(1) Analyse the above. (2) State what Campbell is trying to say (3) State what his idea was in saying it. (4) State what purpose it is supposed to serve.

END

by Eric Bentcliffe

NEWEST science-fiction magazine to reach us is SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES, a Columbia publication, 35 ¢ and digest-size. This first issue has a very attractive cover by Schomburg... depicting a "one-eyed thing" being awakened by the ever-loving mushroom... stories are of a fairly high standard, general style of the magazine is somewhat similar to the late WORLDS BEYOND, which by us is also lamented.... Ray Palmer has announced his intention to fictionalise FATE, the previously factual publication of his company, which dealt with Saucerian and Atlantean mysteries.... personally we have always thought it to be fiction. AUSTRALIA now has two new pro-mags, POPULAR SCIENCE FICTION, & FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION. These are digest-size, monthly, and cost 1/3d. ...first issues will be all reprint but it hoped to include original stories by Australian authors before very long; the reprints to be used will be mainly American..... The current (Sept) issue of ASTOUNDING features an excellent dissertation on British science-fiction publications, details of pocket books and reprint publications are given, and John Russell Fearn's speech at the 1952 Mancon is quoted from.... well worth reading,... Also in this issue of ASF is a "Baldie" story by Lewis Fadgett, entitled 'Humpty Dumpty'... these mutant yarns of Kuttner's were always among our favourite opii, and we hope that this is the first of a new series on this theme..... Fiction House reprint mag TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION is to forsake the pulps and turn digest - see Dale's Diary.... we hear that if the new format is a success they might even print an original story once in a while TWS will be published a month late with the October issue becoming a November ( so ST is not the only one...JSM)... it is possible that STARLING may also jump a month..... James (Blanche) White has sold a story to ASF, we hope it will be the first of many.... Dave Gardner, another two to NEBULA.... Reject in reverse, Tony Thorne recently had a story returned from Liverpool's SPACE DIVERSIONS: the yarn has since been bought for a certain Scottish pro-mag.... The Sept. issue of PEON ( Ed. Lee Riddle ) contains a good take-off on the Fantastic Spillane story, written by Jim Harmon.... we read this out at a recent conclave in Liverpool to a very appreciative audience - dead hot on sex & sadism, these boys.... HYHEN, that punny magazine emanating from the shaws of the EMERALD ISLE concerns itself Octoberly with Bea Mahaffey and her sojourn in Ireland: we believe that this magazine may be retitled HYMEN.. recommended reading if you like puns BALLYHOO, a Stateside quarterly devoted to humour and photos of La Munroe, has brought out a "Special chock-full of Space" issue (Replete with aforementioned lady in space-suit).... some quite good cracks herein- quite a few are unintentional and apparent to fen alone..... ARTHUR COOK, 45 Derby Street, Blackburn, Lancs., would like to hear from folk in that area interested in SF with a view to forming a club..... Vinç Clarke has produced a very useful little booklet containing the names and addresses of all British fans known to him ( see Editorial ).... not a complete

21 st C E N T U R Y B O X

by G. M. Carr

This column is by courtesy of the N3F Manuscript Bureau

FOUR POSTER, with Lili Talmer and Rex Harrison, is a straight conversion of the stage play of that name, & is unique in that there are only two characters in the entire picture: so cleverly is it done, tho', that one has the illusion of a whole cast of characters. It is only when you try to recall what the rest of them looked like that you realise they were only mentioned, and never on the screen... Probably this play will in time be considered one of the really great pieces of literature of this era, but right now it is so commonplace and so much a part of ordinary contemporary living that it is merely embarrassing.

Since the action all takes place in a bedroom, naturally the subject matter is, to begin with, touchy for our particular set of mores.... Every married person is sure to find something of him or her self in these intimate bedroom scenes... whether it is the bride's shocked realization of what's going to happen on that bed in a few minutes' time, and her fluttery efforts to stall it off, or the uninhibited tom-cattling of a husband in the dog-house, or the delicately tender understanding of a mother's sorrow at the death of her first-born son.

It is, in more ways than one, a moving picture. Toward the end it develops a touch of fantasy which peoples the room with the ghosts of the old man's yesterday, and does this with a touch of humour that makes it entirely forgivable. For instance the old man -- a widower for many years and trembling with the feebleness of ninety-odd as he attempts to finish the bit he is working on -- is pestered by the vision of his lovely young wife as she used to appear in her black satin bloomers and black lace corset. She perches on the edge of the bed, and taunts him, as wives occasionally do when they are in the mood for attention. He says, "Go away, you bother me. I know you are just in my sub-conscious..." then he looks up with a startled expression..."My goodness, and what a lively sub-conscious I've got ! "

The character analyzation was just stupendous, and the acting superb. It is difficult to see how any two people could carry such a flawless psychological interpretation and never make a mistake all evening. Of course, this was all that it had, since there was very little action and almost no plot -- just the twp people standing there, yakking at each other, and occasionally moving from the bed to a chair -- but it portrays marriage in almost appalling frankness. Aside from the excellent acting, there were some animated sequences between scenes. These high-brow Mickey Mouses ( Mickey Mice ? ) were cute enough to have been a play in themselves and served as an adequate commentary of what took place between actual screen scenes.

\* Recommended for adults - the young fry will be bored stiff.

## First Interim Report on Fan Survey

In this month's Editorial you have been told that ST has formed a Research Bureau, and by now you will also have received a copy of the Pilot Survey questionnaire. The immediate question is WHY?

For some time SF has been attracting more and more attention from publishers, fan, and the world in general. Men have come under a microscope, and some of the people who look down that microscope are in our humble opinion more than some hat cross-eyed..... hence the survey to get the FACTS just for once.

We have talked to a number of fan and publishers about this scheme... all are enthusiastic.... so please do all you can to help by completing your questionnaire and persuading others to fill in the General Survey form which will appear in the Feb. issue of NEBULA. Thanks be to Peter Hamilton, Britain's most helpful promag editor....

Method of analysis of the questionnaires is simple, and ensures secrecy. The questionnaire is received, given a serial number, and the answers transferred to a coding sheet - on the coding sheet no writing appears, merely numbers. These sheets are verified, and the questionnaire itself is then put through a "paper-mincer" and reduced to confetti, while the coding sheet passes to a Hollerith operator who punches the details on three separate cards. These are then used to obtain tabular results..... quite a process, but we want to do this thing properly, if at all..... incidentally, don't waste time by sending in more than one questionnaire - we do check names & addresses for duplicates before coding....

A summary of the results will appear in this magazine, & should response be good we hope to get out a little book on fan.... sort of a Kinsey report..... without too much of the sex stuff, though. We think fan are normal people.

I'd be happy to have any suggestions you might care to make regarding the questionnaire or survey... we have already had a number of replies to the pilot survey and believe me, it looks as if the answers to some of these questions will do a lot of damage to certain publishers & novels.... You'll hear from us again...but remember it will take a few months to get everything done... so bear with us. J. Stuart Meckenzie  
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ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR ABILE (continued from opposite page)

list of UK fandom but very handy all the same...Wind plans to issue supplementary lists from time to time if demand is sufficiently great....cost is only 1/-, from Vincent Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent.

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