

# S P I N N A K E R   R E A C H

Volume 2 No. 1    October 1961    An Entirely Uncalled for Pub  
Nevertheless published by Russell Chauvenet for Shadow Mlg. 6  
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THE fading away of Spinnaker Reach, and the shadow thereof, was not part of a plan. The expressions of regret politely phrased by a few are joyfully appreciated; the premature jubilation of others is naturally scorned. SR will henceforth resume the even tenor of its 8 pg. quarterly editions, in the Shadow Mlg. for a while yet, till enough of the FAPafen have looked upon the gafia when it was green.

The main obstacle to the publishing schedule was the summer trip to the West Coast, a rather pleasant interlude on the whole, but as we met with no actual fen of any presently active species, the trip seems to call for no detailed account. To an Easterner the extreme dryness of parts of the West made an alarming impression. We never really got used to the brown hills of California, and we think of the Montana plains and the hills of Eastern Oregon as particularly arid and desolate terrain. But Wisconsin and Minnesota are pleasant lands. San Francisco was our favorite city, though, and I particularly liked our little side trip to Muir Woods (Coastal redwoods). Not many places are left where a sense of enduring peace can be so keenly felt.

The arrival of the 5th Shadow Mailing was welcome, and lap #2 makes an amusing official organ. I don't approve of sending the S Mlg. out to everyone on the list; and I do approve of admitting contributors to the elite even at the expense of those on the fringe of 35. But I'm not running the show, and if the Master's Voice says 105 so the thing must be. If, that is, the disaster that overcame my aged Speedoprint during the summer can be mastered. As if heat had reached it, the ink curdled to glue and stuck the inkpad all but irretrievably to the drum. I'm cutting a few stencils in the blind hope the Speedoprint can be reactivated with nothing more than a new inkpad and fresh ink.

Considering that a nuclear war would probably have an adverse effect on the continuance of the FAPA, it can be assumed that most of us are opposed to the idea. The object of Russian foreign policy is obvious enough: They are out to conquer the world. The object of United States foreign policy, as nearly as I can make it out, seems to be to defend the freedom of all who are still free from Communist tyranny, but to make no move toward the liberation of those who have passed under communist rule. If the gains are all to be one way, if the establishment of the ruthless dictatorships of the miscalled "Peoples Democratic Republics" is to be irreversible, then it seems that our defensive policy will be inadequate in the end. The motto of the State of New Hampshire should be more widely honored: Live free, or die. While I am sure a war would benefit neither side, I feel we must not allow the Russians to assume, falsely, that we lack the will to defend our freedom.

ACROSS THE FIELDS

A collection of 8 short essays by Alvin S. Fick, privately printed on his "Pinion Press," (1957).

In carefully chosen phrases and laconic, third-person sentences, Alvin Fick in this small book opens a window on a man's age-old relationship to the Earth which forms and supports him. Even if some of the most effective pieces take note of almost irrevocable changes, the passing of the horses and the horse-drawn implements, the kerosene lantern, and other farming traditions, nevertheless the dominant mood is appreciation of the things that do not change.

So shallow are the roots of the modern city dweller that few among us can know what tradition means, or what it is like to do something that we know our father, and his father before him, were long accustomed to do, as described in 'A Countryman's Thanksgiving.'

Great pains are taken in these brief country essays to banish excess sentimentality and restrict expression of the relationships between Man and Nature to a dry, matter-of-fact tone. They are all the more effective for this Yankee restraint. Man's roots to the Earth are basic. Only the countryman knows and feels this, and only a gifted countryman could have made this so clear in such a limited space.

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Modulate vocalizations and maximize dimensions of personally portable timber.....TR.....

FOOTNOTES ON NATURE

A collection of 18 essays of varying length, by John Kieran. Doubleday & Co. (1953)

A thicker volume, with a wider range and somewhat different purpose, this book is equally as successful as "Across the Fields" in turning our attention toward elements in nature beyond the brief concerns of most daily civilized existence. The separate pieces are considerably different in mood and treatment, but none is without interest and some contain passages successful in picturing the natural world as the truly wonderful place it is.

Increase caloric intake, imbibe, and express jubilation, in view of impending joint demise.....

## The Russian Attack on Telepathy

"You will close the armored door behind you, place the helmet on your head, stretch yourself out, and sleep. You will wake up when I order you to."

The subject who received these instructions from the mouth of Dr. Vassilief, Professor of Psychology at Moscow, entered a kind of cage supported by pilings and completely isolated from the exterior world. Neither sound, nor light nor electromagnetic radiations are able to penetrate it. The subject can only be seen by television, by means of signals transmitted along an armored cable. The screen shows him putting on a helmet connected by wires to an electronic amplifier, then stretching himself out on a sofa. The subject falls asleep: the hypnotic suggestion of Prof. Vassilief has taken effect. In the interior of the armored cage, the electrical currents of the subject's brain are faithfully recorded. Simultaneously there is recorded a time signal given by a chronometer, which writes time to the thousandth of a second on a magnetic tape.

At the end of a dozen minutes, Prof. Vassilief seats himself in an armchair. He concentrates intensely and when he is at last ready, he mentally gives the order to the subject to wake up. At the same time, Prof. Vassilief presses on a button which registers on tape the exact moment when he made this mental decision. The subject wakes up. And even before he wakes, the electrical currents of his brain have changed. And the exact instant of these changes has also been recorded on tape.

When one compares these tapes one sees that a very short yet measurable instant, a miniscule fraction of a second, has passed between the giving of the order by Dr. Vassilief and the awakening of his subject. Something we do not understand, a force still to be discovered by science, has passed with a very great speed between the brain of Dr. Vassilief and that of his patient. Something which travels very fast, but less rapidly, it seems, than light and radio waves.

This historic experiment, made in Sept. 1960, opens a new era in the study of telepathy. Not only has it proved that telepathy exists, but also -- and for the first time -- that one can measure its velocity of propagation, even if only in an approximate way. Now, for the true scientist, measurement is all. Science only exists where one is able to measure something, said the great French scientist Claude Bernard, the creator of the modern experimental method.

Dr. Rhine, to whom we are stongly indebted in this field, studied only statistics, without measuring anything. The historic experiments on transmissions between the submarine Nautilus and a base on land were inquiries, not measurements. For the first time, Vassilief succeeded in introducing science, with all its electronic apparatus for measurement, recording and control, into the domain of telepathy.

Vassilieff was preceded by other scientists of the Soviets and of the Eastern countries, whose experiments prepared the ground. The Czech Phigar recorded arterial pressure in

subjects making a considerable mental effort. He verified what was already known, that this arterial pressure rises. Phigar then placed in the same room, at a distance of 5 meters, another subject who himself was not doing any mental work.

And Phigar proved that in this second subject the arterial pressure also rose, with a certain lag behind that of the first subject. The tension and effort of the first subject stimulated at a distance a reaction in the second subject.

This was not, certainly, a transmission of thought, but of effort, nervous fatigue, of stress, as specialists say. Yet it was transmission at a distance.

At the same time, in the beginning of 1960, a Russian, A. N. Leontieff, showed that the human skin is capable of being sensitized to various energies, in particular to the radiant energy of visible light. Leontieff proved that a subject with eyes blindfolded, who received a brief electrical charge sensitizing the skin, is thereafter capable of telling, with eyes still blindfolded, when light is shining on his skin. More extraordinary still, he attains the ability to distinguish between red and green, solely through his sensitized skin. The experiments of Leontieff have been verified in the most thorough way. No faking is possible. This does not concern telepathy or extra sensory perception, but Leontieff's results are nonetheless important: He has shown that under special conditions the human skin can signal to the brain the color of a luminous source without use of the eye.

The Russians are minded to go on to the end, to unveil all the secrets of telepathy. They are convinced that they will find a logical, scientific explanation, not relying in any way on the supernatural. The battle is now joined to the full.

The Russians attach a capital political importance to success in this field. Dr. Rhine, the American scientist who has primed the scientific study of the transmission of thought, has written in his work, "The Secret Power of the Spirit":

"If one can prove, thanks to transmission of thought, that the human soul exists and is characterized by supernatural powers, this will be the strongest blow ever struck against communism."

The Russians are picking up the challenge and reversing the problem. They think that if Soviet science, the new science, that which has launched Gagarin into space and created the huge atom-smashing machines of Dubno, is able to explain the great mystery of the transmission of thought, it will thus again demonstrate the superiority as much as by the conquest of space or victories over the atom.

The political theorists of the Kremlin are thinking also of the large under-developed masses, of the multitudes of men in Africa, Asia and South America. In these countries the transmission of thought and the psychic powers are a reality proven daily and accepted by all. If the large

masses of what one may call 1/3 of the world learn that the traditional powers of sorcerers, fakirs, fetishers, have been tamed, explained and mastered by those same people who launched the Sputnik into space, the overwhelming superiority of the Soviet Union will be recognized by 2/3 of the inhabitants of the earth.

Soviet scientists believe now that thought is transmitted not from brain to brain as has been believed up to the present, but from body to body.

They are convinced, following the work of certain physiologists, and notably of K. M. Bikhoff, that in the interior of each cell there exist receptors which receive rays and energies from outside, and which transmit them to the nervous system throughout the entire body.

These ideas were confirmed 9 May 60 in a sensational communication made to the Academy of Sciences in Paris by 3 French scientists: Sadron, Douzou and Polonsky, a communication which was presented by Francis Perrin, high commissioner of atomic energy. The three Frenchmen discovered that the nucleus of the cell, or more exactly, the nucleic acids within the nucleus, behave like electromagnets and like condensers of electricity. Each cell, not only those of the brain, is thus able to receive, record and probably retransmit energies.

Following the work of the three Frenchmen, the Russians made an extremely brilliant original experiment which will probably remain classic in the annals of the science.

They hypnotize a subject and suggest to him that he sees luminous images. Then without the subject suspecting it, they bring a powerful electromagnet up to the back of his head. And the subject then declares that the images he sees are displaced in that direction. Thus, the imaginary sensation of the hypnotized subject corresponds to a grouping of electrical forces which a magnet can attract just as it attracts iron filings.

From this we understand what the transmission of thought might be. A sufficient mental effort or a strong enough emotion acts on all the cells, and this action produces in the entire body a grouping of forces which act externally and are capable of affecting another heart, other muscles, another nervous system than that of the subject.

How, exactly, does this transmission occur? It is this which remains to be discovered. Not, in any case, by radio waves. Precise measurement of the radiowave emission of a human being was carried out by Prof. V. K. Arkadieff at the University of Moscow. The emitted energy is miniscule and incapable of travelling far. And in the experiments of Vassilief, the subject was protected against radiowaves. No, the transmission occurs by another medium, but the means are certainly physical and have nothing to do with any occult force. The medium is probably related to the magnetic field, a force long known, but whose properties are only beginning to be clarified.

The Russians are certain now that what is transmitted is not words, not articulate thought, but very simple sensations. The image of a card, as in the American experiments, for example, or simply signals like "Yes or No", "Right or Left." .....

In order to avoid possible confusion between hallucinations and "thought" transmission, certain Soviet investigators recommend making trials with normal subjects under hypnosis. They prefer to avoid as much as possible the use of subjects who are mentally ill, instable, or those who are customarily called mediums or sensitives.

The greater part of the Soviet scientists now think that by means of investigations such as these, the mysteries of telepathy may soon be clarified.

-- By Arsène Lenormand  
in "CONSTELLATION"  
September 1961

Translated from the French  
and slightly abridged by Russell Chauvenet

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EDITORIAL COMMENT on the above article: Constellation is a popular French monthly something like a livelier and more "sensational" Reader's Digest. Its reliability is not guaranteed by me, but the names and dates cited in the article give it a plausibility sufficient to make me give it the benefit of any doubt, even tho I have made no effort to verify any of the information.

One may reasonably doubt the author's enthusiasm for the 'superiority' of Soviet science; the report on Vassilief's experiment in waking up a subject by mental command rather suprisingly makes no mention of the obvious 'control' experiment of waking him up by an electric shock. The time measured in the experiment described has human variables at both ends. We cannot be sure the button-pressing and mental-signalling are precisely synchronized; nor do we know that we may not be principally 'measuring' the time it takes the subject to react to the arrival of the signal, whatever it may be.

Aside from this, the concept that telepathy is body to body, not mind to mind, was new to me, and I find it interesting. It might be remarked here that a reliable means of transmitting "Yes" or "No" as clearly distinguishable sensations is all we would need to transmit any desired information, eg in Morse code or as binary streams (with suitable repetition of items and various simple built in checking devices to verify the authenticity of the material received by this means).

On the whole, it seems reasonable that the line of investigation discussed may produce useful, or at least interesting, light on some of the capabilities of the human mind and body.

THE FIFTH SHADOW MAILING

Les Gerber is to be commended for maintaining this passably worthy institution. Regrettably, Nov. 11 is the current date, and SPINNAKER REACH will have to be mailed separately if we are to take Les' Nov. 5 deadline seriously. Perhaps we'll make the 7th in good order. The retrograde motion of the W-L has faded those FAPA prospects, even for such as I within nominal sight of the Goal.

PANTOPON: I don't know Kaby but once upon a time I memorized the Song of Hiawatha. Lost as most of it now becomes, it is still possible for me to recall a few lines and assure myself that you are wrong. O the joy of detecting error, and my apologies for the jubilation it brings. The metre in Hiawatha is NOT dactylic tetrameter; it is trochaic tetrameter. Keep reading SR and I almost promise to make a boo-boo or two myself which you in turn will enjoy correcting. -...-...-...those were dactyls:::-...-...-...those were trochees! ....With due respect to your own contributions, I still found Don Fitch's Mr. Sung the dominating character in your 2d issue.

W'BASKET: What an innocent sense of duty to future historians you must have to tremble in such visible awe before the possession of 2 copies of the same fanzine! Without hesitation or qualm, the round file solves such problems!... Never before have I read such a peculiarly amusing autobiography. Its good to know that "The Life and Times of Cal Demmon" is a feature I can write anytime without even the usual bother of such preliminary research as asking whoever he may be.

THE LURKING SHADOW: I'm afraid that the Hansen History seems almost unbearably sober and dignified by comparison with the preceding Demmon.....Wasn't it Lord Dunsany in "Two Bottles of Relish" who set the classic standard in disposing of the evidence?...The universal consternation at retrograde motion on the W-L does not seem to have resulted in the loss of a single candidate, so if this was a humorous "test" on the part of FAPA officialdom, we seem to have passed it.

IDLE HANDS: I should think LEGIBLE reading material should command a higher credit rating than poorly reproduced material. Rather than give micro-elite pages more credit, I'd give them less, and IBM card capers none. (That last as a matter of principle, ignoring the fact that because of my profession the IBM cards are readable to me)....Fortunately I never quite dared buy the Harley-Davidson I once dreamed of. I came unstuck from my leg-powered bike quite often enough.

PIFSISSEWA: Chimaphilacorymbosa, I take it? "The old woman" was rather labored & longwinded; Wells seemed more entertaining. Having allotted but this one page to 5 Shadow, I can now but smile and fade a w a y .

## THREE REGATTAS (1961)

**INDIAN LANDING:** Long had my love of sailing trembled before the sight of a raincloud. Here finally on the Severn River above Annapolis, I sailed in the rain and liked it. The duels between identically equipped sailboats are endlessly fascinating, as first one and then another skipper gets maximum use out of each puff or slant of air. In the first race the leader could not find the second mark through the curtains of rain, and sailed past it in the wrong direction! Another craft ahead of us fouled out and withdrew from the contest, so that suddenly we were fighting for second place rather than fourth. And what a spirited fight! Bruce Zeisel's Windmill #320 turned each of three marks side by side with my Windmill #61, and we had to come from behind three times to pass him before second place was ours. With every sense keenly alert to gain each possible inch, and full attention focussed on the race, the rain became the unimportant matter it truly was. Winning is so far from being everything that this race in which we were 2d, sparkles vividly in my mind while others that we won made no such impression. Not that it isn't pleasant to win, of course!

## POTOMAC RIVER SAILING ASSOCIATION MEMORIAL DAY RACE

From Mt. Vernon to Alexandria up the Potomac River can be a rugged bit of sailing over some 12 miles of water. There was plenty of wind as we maneuvered for the start, a crazily mixed fleet ranging from small cruising craft through Thistles Lightnings, Mobjacks and Hamptons to our much smaller Windmill and a few even tinier Penguins. Altho time allowances were made, all boats started at the same time. We were on a broad reach in 15 to 18 knot breezes, and for much of the first hour we had our Windmill up on a plane, sliding over the water rather than plowing through it. Under these circumstances faithful DAISY, Windmill 61, accomplished wonders. We stayed ahead of larger, more powerful boats; we even gained on many of them, and for an hour's run to the bend of the river we were amazingly close to the front of the fleet. Alas! Between us and the finish line lay long miles of water, where a dead beat into adverse current awaited us. On the new point of sailing we couldn't plane, and the taller craft with their greater spread of sail began to pass us. From glory to farce: we became entangled in a fishnet; we ran aground on a mudflat; we sailed under the same bridge three times (twice going north, once drifting back when the wind died!). Ah, me. And yet, a wonderful time.

## SEVERN SAILING ASSOCIATION ALL JUNIOR REGATTA

It is not (of course) as a participant, but as a spectator that I enjoyed this event. There is a thoroughly pleasant feeling to watchin your son go out and win, and here it was that he steered his Penguin to three consecutive wins over a tough and capable opposition. The bold port tack start that crossed them all, the skillful navigation, the sharp upwind work and patient offwind sailing....a joy to behold.