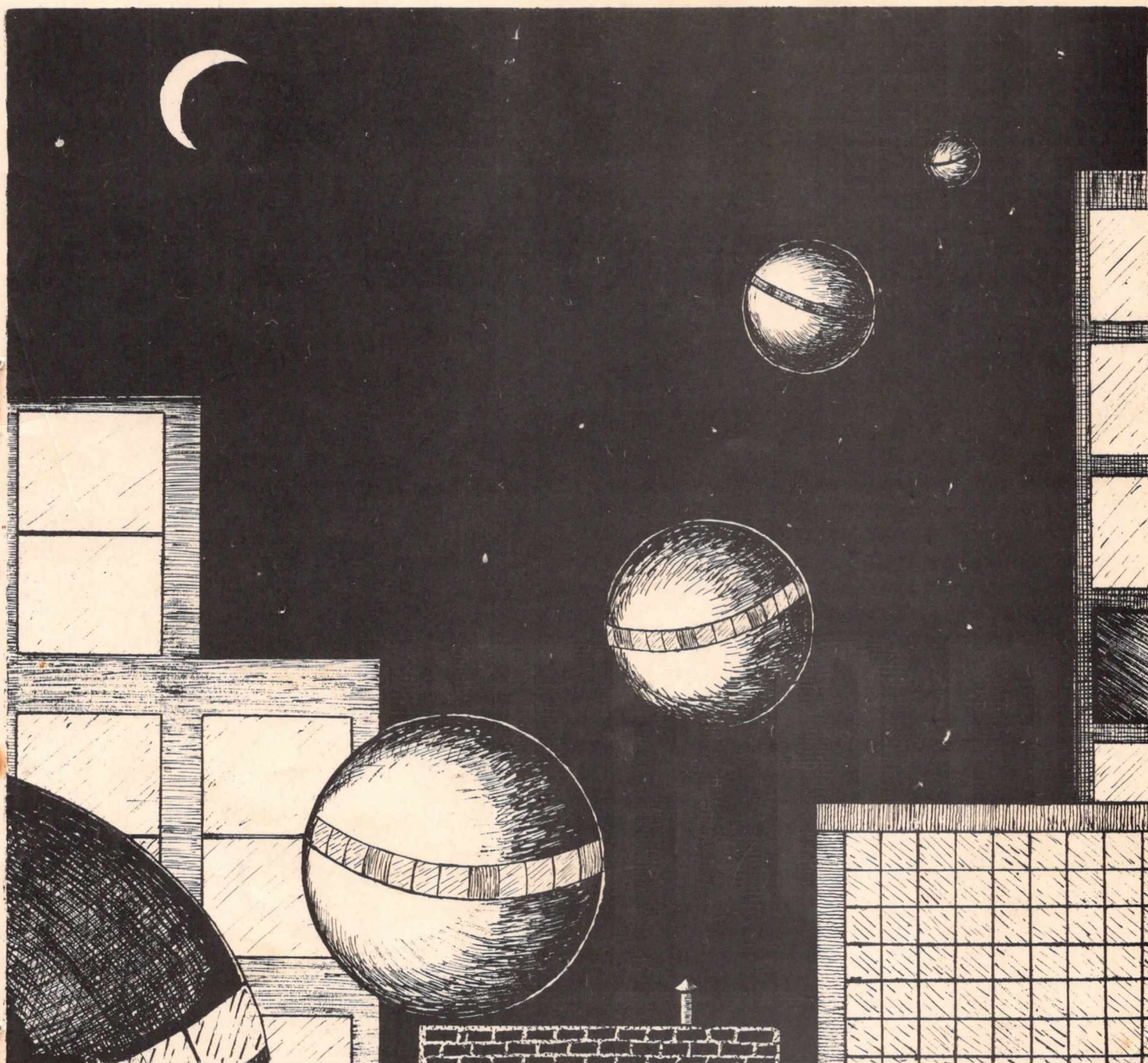


ETRON

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Cover for ETRON # 2 by

Jim Parry

ETRON # 3 goes to press around October 10. Please send in
any kind of good material.. We don't specialize.
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(Editor: Jim Schreiber)

Aquarium

Andrew Cley

Ben felt the oppressive, hot rays of the sun penetrate his denim clothing and turn his body into a sweating torment. Even the broad-rimmed hat didn't keep the full intensity of the sun off his head and perspiration fell off in drops from the end of his nose and sideburns. He was relieved that he had only one more furrow to plow; when he was through with that he could work in the moist coolness of the milk shed. As he neared the end of the last row, Ben saw his son walking across the field. Finished, he let the tractor idle while he wiped his face with a bandana. The boy, Ronald, came toward him.

"Hi Pop!" he said. "I didn't know you'd be done so soon. Ma told me to bring you out something to drink."

"Thanks Ron, I sure needed it."

Ronald put the jug on the ground and bent over to unscrew the tight-fitting lid. Ben started to get off the tractor; from the far corner of his eye he noticed the shadow of a cloud moving across the corn field. "That's fun---."

"Huh, what's fun?" asked Ronnie. He got up from the ground with the jug opened in his hands. His father was not in sight. "Hey! Where'd you go, Pop?" No answer. "You playin' tricks on a scorcher day like this?" Ronald wanted to know. When only silence answered him he walked around to the other side of the tractor; all he could see for a radius of many yards was flat, plowed-up land. Ronnie began a hunt for his father, smiling tolerantly to himself, but after a good ten minutes of looking and calling he began to feel rather scared. Now that he thought about it, he couldn't really figure where his father could have hidden - or why. An unreasoning fear took hold of him; in spite of the shimmering heat of the day, he shivered.

That night the local paper's "Items of Interest" included the disappearance of a farmer from a near-by farm.

The cylinder was four feet in diameter and four feet high, by rough estimate. Of the many he had tried, Ben found the most comfortable position was one in which he lay with his knees up and his hands under his head for a pillow. Ben was the kind of person to make the best of any situation. Instead of crawling around like a rat in a trap, he examined his surroundings with eyes and fingers, then relaxed as well as he could and waited, thoughtfully, for something to happen. He didn't think he had died of a heart attack. He told himself that the cylinder was physical; his being in it, though unaccountable at the moment, had a logical explanation. Besides, there was a tube letting in air at the bottom and one drawing it out at the top -- dead men didn't need air. There was a soft brightness filling the interior of the cylinder that was reassuring and soothing. Best of all, his container was pleasantly cool. Ben felt as if he might fall peacefully to sleep if he were not so all-fired curious. After all, a fellow can be as calm as he likes, but how do you get off your tractor in the middle of the farm you'd been born on

and step into a metal shell without knowing how you did it? A puzzle if ever there was one. Pangs of consternation shook him a bit when he remembered Ronnie - how would the boy feel about the disappearance? - and Liz and little Ben? Would he ever see his family again? He resolutely put panic out of his mind; in good time all would be explained.

"No," declared Explorer 2X to himself, "there is no substitute for actual observation, and I'll show them there isn't! Cutting us off from the most valuable means of gaining information because of squeamishness is idiotic, and this will prove it!"

He watched the creature. He could see that its oxidation organs made the whole of its structure pulsate, and he could not repress a wave of revulsion. How would it feel to have a rigid, difficult-to-maneuver form like that, with organs separate, and stiff pipes jointed to the four corners of the main structure, topped by a ridiculous ball on a pipe so short it limited the ball's motions unbelievably. Why, it would be impossible to accept such a concept of a living being without seeing it. Impossible to imagine locomotive propulsion could be produced by two long, irregularly shaped shafts, with flattened, divided ends.

What a fool Leader 3 was not to have captured a specimen long before this. What was the good of skirting the planet periodically, trying to make intelligible contact, and coming no nearer to it than brief glimpses of movement in the planet's crude, slow air-going craft? Why depend on making use of antique communication systems, such as the Earth used, to establish friendly contacts eventually. All a waste of time. What was needed was action and a thorough study of specimens.

What a thrill it would be to go home and tell of his accomplishments and his plans. It was possible that he would be made Equal-Leader with his father as a reward for getting places at last with this slow-moving Expedition! What a triumph at his age! Less than half that of some of the doddering old fools who held up Exploration interminably with their rules and over-scrupulous ideas.

Now for some data: Explorer 2X reached over and lowered the light in the Specimen Cage which he had so secretly and carefully built. He wanted to see what the creature's reactions would be - probably not much. It stayed so quiet, its intelligence seemed to be of a very low order indeed.

Leader 3 examined the reports he had just received. So 2X had finally done it - ignored a direct request! What if he was the son of an official! He should never have been given the authority of Explorer 2X. Perhaps 10X, certainly no higher, with responsibility for two Junior Explorers and two vehicles besides his own. How did such a thing happen?

"Our culture is infinitely superior to any we have yet found," mused Leader 3, "Yet individuals put in an appearance among us who are inferior to beings on the planets we explore -- in understanding if not intelligence. 2X must report here, surrender his commission, and return by the next freighter for re-education. We must see that a breach of this kind never occurs again. That is a problem for the Explorers' Committee, since one of its members created the situation. What is to be done with the specimen?"

Destroy its memory? Destroy its life? Such a decision has never come up before any of us before. A pre-civilization plague on that know-it-all 2X and all his kind!!!"

The light had dimmed out in Ben's cylinder, and as it dimmed he had discovered something very strange — the material which he had thought metal was transparent! When the interior illumination faded, he had been able to see outside into the soft mistiness that encircled his cylindrical shell; into murky distances beyond it, and off into far spaces where dim circles of light, arranged like portholes in a ship, glimmered. Just beyond the sides of his cylinder he distinguished a bulk of some sort, discernable only because it was darker and more dense than the surrounding mist. Watching it, Ben had the eerie impression that it was watching him! From it, occasionally, came flashes of tiny lights, that moved with such rapidity and brilliance they were like showers of infinitesimal Fourth of July sparklers. In the distance these showers were repeated after a while in a much larger and more brilliant display. The bulk moved away with an easy speed—a lightness and grace Ben had seen only in clouds moving across the sky on an evening of high winds and threatening cold. The eruption of lights from the bulk became weird, spuming things, uncomfortable to see, and its graceful motions became ugly, painful contortions.

"That blind old fool!" stormed 2X, "How dare he give me such a request! Those Explorers flanking me are laughing their heads off. Well, I won't report." 2X roared into his sending set, "I WON'T REPORT!!!"

The two beside him were not laughing now; they were maneuvering their scout vehicles above and below him, to sandwich him in between. He knew it wouldn't be long before they would have him in a position to be hauled back ignominiously to the outpost. He reached his gunnery seat and after four salvos saw the remnants of the Explorers and their vehicles plummet to Earth, burning bright green as they streaked through the atmosphere of the planet.

There was no immediate trouble for him now. His conquest of Earth in the name of Science was much closer at hand, despite the protest of Leader 3 with his foolish qualms about the "rights" of low intelligences. Only two unarmed vehicles were stationed at the outpost just then. He wondered if his sending set could possibly reach the Home Planet. After a few moments of rapid calculation, he turned up the power of his set.

Leader 3 was in front of his viewing screen. He was still numbed by the suddenness of the catastrophe and the loss of two Explorers. He could not remember a time when such wanton destruction had taken place. It was against their culture — an impossible, unheard-of thing. In the past inferior mutations had done foolish things, but nothing at all like this; they had never been permitted to get into a position where they could do them. Leader 3 pitied Leader 1X for his clever but maniacal son. How did one break such news to a fond father?

He remained silent when Leader 1X appeared on the viewing screen, waiting for the unhappy parent to speak. He was amazed

to see Explorer 2X, superimposed from the sending set of his space vehicle, beside his father. It was plain to Leader 3 that the younger Explorer not only had concealed a weapon and used it illegally to destroy life, but he had concealed the improvement of his vehicle sending set, and used it — again illegally — for his exclusive purposes. Leader 3 waited, in pity, for a poor father's recognition.

Leader 1X spoke, "I am shocked that a young and talented officer Explorer should be so discriminated against by his Leader. Banished for a minor infraction — forced to defend himself from his two assistants who were by you requested to destroy him for not surrendering to uncompliant requests. You will leave, therefore, by the next freighter for extensive re-education. Explorer 2X will assume your duties.

Leader 3 did not dignify this with a reply. His expression of pity included both father and son. The smug expression of the new Explorer-Over-All spread over him. His pity included Earth, too, and its sprawling, gross forms of conscious life, soon to be a ripe field for bio-research — an unlimited storehouse of specimens.

Explorer 2X, the new Leader 3, hovered near the Specimen Cage, spewing excitedly over the project about to begin. He spoke to the lab assistant, "Prepare the dissecting device....!"

Ben had a short moment of surprise and curiosity at the whirling object that came through the walls of his cylinder. His curiosity died in a gurgle of froth in his throat..

Ex-leader 3 looked past the bleak walls and out the viewport. His glow ebbed slightly as he watched the myriads of craft converge on the alien globe.

"Inferior as you are," he thought, "you don't deserve this from us....."

THE END !!!!!

Andrew Cley

+++++

A JOKE (????)

For the followers of Freud:

A woman walked into the office of a noted psychiatrist, holding a duck under her arm.

The psychiatrist asked: "What seems to be the trouble, Madam?"

The woman smiled, and replied: "Oh, it isn't me, doctor, it's my husband. He thinks he's a duck."

(Note to "rival" faneds: If you want to get me into trouble, here's your chance. This "joke" was used without permission.)

EXPERIMENT IN HYPNOTISM

JIM PARRY

The following is, to the best of my ability, an accurate account of my first attempt at the process of psychosomatics, most commonly known as hypnotism:

There are several factors which should first be related in order that the reader may get a better outlook on the unusual qualities of this incident. The major factor is that I had no previous experience with hypnotism except for one brief affair during which I was the subject. Outside of this one occurrence, my knowledge of hypnotism was nil. The second factor which should be considered is my subject's skepticism in regard to the mental phenomenon which is looked upon as mysterious by most people. He had made it quite clear that he did not believe the story I had told him about my own experience, but was willing to let me try it on him if only to prove its fallacy to both of us. The third and final factor is that although the person who first aroused my interest in hypnotism had given me a book on the subject, I had not yet read any part of the book when I made my first attempt.

At first, we experienced no success because of my subject's amusement over the fact that his eyes would start to close when such was suggested; but we overcame that difficulty by abandoning the fascination technique whereby the subject gazes intently at a suggested object until his eyes tire and he wants to close them, and instead used the vocal suggestion method under which the subject starts with his eyes already closed and is lulled into sleep by the voice of the hypnotist. No one was more surprised or amazed than I was when my subject, who has asked to remain anonymous for fear of being ridiculed, actually did lapse into a deep hypnotic sleep. Naturally, I was at a loss as to what to do or say next, but I struggled through some basic tests to determine just how far under my influence he actually was and for some reason, perhaps because I had seen it so often in mystery movies, I told him that he would remember nothing that had happened upon awakening. When I woke him up he called me a crackpot and refused to believe that he had been hypnotised; he kept insisting that he had just fallen asleep of his own accord. However, I was able to convince him that he should let me try again, this time with the idea of having him remember everything that had happened.

By this time I was feeling considerably more confident and was able to "put him under" even sooner and with less amounts of suggestion. We ran through the basic tests again, and I impressed it upon his mind that he would remember everything that had happened save the post-hypnotic suggestion which I would give him. For those of you who have no knowledge of hypnotism whatsoever, a post-hypnotic suggestion is one given to the subject while he is in the hypnotic state that he will obey or carry out after he has returned to the waking state and is in full possession of all his mental and physical faculties. In this case, I told him that when he heard me say a certain phrase, his left ear would begin to itch intolerably until I

told him that it would stop. I then instructed him to wake up feeling refreshed and invigorated and remembering everything that had happened except the post-hypnotic suggestion. This he did, marveling over the reality of hypnotism and how "raring to go" he felt. Then, I casually spoke the phrase to him and just as casually he began to scratch absentmindedly at his left ear until, when it became more annoying to him, he cursed at a "bug or something" which had bitten him. When told that it would stop, it did, and he was amazed quite noticeably when I told him the circumstances involved. Then, a very strong curiosity arose within my subject, and he as much as demanded that I put him under for a third time and question him extensively to find out where he went while in that condition. I was somewhat reluctant at first, having little or no knowledge of just what I was doing, but after a brief discussion of the matter, I consented to carry out his wishes. This, I believe, is the most intriguing portion of the entire experiment, and I've sincerely tried in the paragraphs following, to record the entire "interview with a sleeping mind" as close to verbatim as my memory will allow. I will gladly swear under oath as to the authenticity of the statements contained herein. I honestly maintain that I have made no attempts whatsoever to glorify the incident by adding anything that did not actually take place.

Question: I'd like you to make attempts to describe anything you may "see" in your present state of mind. Is there any "scene" or location or any familiar "landmark" that you can describe? You can talk aloud quite easily and should experience no difficulty at all in describing what you see.

Answer(laboring at first, then with less effort): Black... blackness...but not blackness really...it's nothing...just—nothing.

Question: Just nothing. Alright.. I want you to find words to describe what you see. Try harder, and it should be easier for you this time.

Answer: It seems to be a wall...just a wall of blackness...no...it's a triangle shape room—like a triangle...I'm inside of it with the blackness.

Question: A triangle shaped room full of blackness. Give me more details. Is it like anything you might find any place on Earth?

Answer: No...it's like nothing on earth...it's cold in here ...there are openings in the wall.

Question: Openings? Are they doors? Or windows? Or what?

Answer: No. Just...(here he paused, his face contorted in the mental struggle to find more and better descriptive words) Just...openings.

Question: Alright. Go on.

Answer: The wind's blowing in the room...in through the openings.

Question: Do you think that the possibility of your body temperature being down would make you feel chilly and therefore give you the illusion that the wind is blowing? That is, do you think the wind might be in your imagination?

Answer: No. I know the wind is blowing...it's moving the blackness in the room...I can see the blackness moving.

Question: Well, do you have any feelings or emotions toward

this "room"? That is, does it effect your state of mind by making you feel happy or sad or afraid or anything of the sort?

Answer: No...No emotions.

Question: Well ah, would you say that this is something you would expect to find in a "pleasant" sleep? (He had previously been told that it would be a restful and pleasant sleep.)

Answer: No...no, it's not pleasant. (At this point he began to writhe restlessly on the bed as if he were physically struggling in some way.)...I can't get out...It seems so close ...so close.

Question: You can't get out through the openings? Can you see outside of the room?

Answer: I'm getting out through the openings in the wall.

Question: What is it like out there? Describe what you see outside of the room.

Answer: There's nothing out here...Just space. It goes way down—way down...I can't see the end of it...It seems colder out here...quite a bit colder...the wind was coming from out here.

Question: It was warmer within the triangle-shaped room?

Answer: It doesn't look triangle-shaped from out here... it's different.

Question: Could you describe the difference?

Answer: Now it's just a wall in space, going way down.

Question: Alright now, I want you to return to my bed... I want you to come back.

Answer: We can't go back yet Jim...Got to get away from the wall first. So cold...so cold near the wall.

Question: You will find that you will grow comfortably warm as you get further away from the wall. Do you not find this to be true? You are moving away from the wall and getting warmer as you do so. You shall no longer be cold.

Answer: It is getting warmer. And I'm moving away from the wall awful fast...miles at a time! There's something out there ...in front of me in space.

Question: What is it?

Answer: I can't make it out...It's too far away. Just looks like a speck...miles away. I'm moving toward it quite fast, but it doesn't seem to get any closer.

Question: It will get closer. Do you know of any word that you could use to describe it with? Is there anything on Earth that you could compare it with?

Answer: It's getting closer...I've never seen anything like it...I don't know what it is...It looks sort of human, but...I can't describe it. There's no word that fits it.

Question: It looks human you say. Does it have arms and legs or anything like that?

Answer: (By this time his face was contorted in apparent mental strain and his legs were moving up and down slowly as if he were racked with pain. His breathing was heavy and irregular. He went on.) It...it's shaped like an eclipse...It keeps changing shape.

Question: Like an amoeba?

Answer: Yes...It's over next to the wall now. I guess I didn't get too far away from the wall after all.

Question: Why?

Answer: It's right behind me. I must've only taken one step.

Question: This "thing" next to the wall...could you use any word to describe it to me? Is it horrible, or what?

Answer: mmmNo...I can't say. I can't comprehend it so I can't explain it. (Here he was noticeably upset, and seemed to be cringing, as one might do from something loathesome.)

Question: Does it promote any particular feeling in you? You seem to be cringing. Does it make you cringe?

Answer: (With a shudder) Yes...I don't like it!

Question: Alright. I think this has gone far enough. I'm going to deprive you of the power of speech now—you can no longer utter a sound. I am going to count backwards from three, and when I reach the count of one, you will be completely awake and shall feel no ill-effects from this experience...Three... you will suffer no after-effects and will remember nothing that has taken place...Two...you will feel no ill-effects... ONE...you remember nothing.

My subject awoke immediately. He felt slightly dizzy but said that he felt no ill-effects and could remember nothing. He found it hard to believe that what I told him was true, but he took my word for it and made me promise never to repeat the incident with the use of his name. In accordance with that promise, I have purposely withheld the name of my first subject, but I do maintain that every word of this document is absolutely true.

What is my reason for presenting this record, you may ask. My only reason is that I feel that it may be of some use in determining just where the subconscious or conscious mind does go during sleep. Is this triangular-shaped room in another dimension? What sort of indescribable "things" does our mind encounter while our bodies remain dormant and unaware? Does our mind actually travel from our body during sleep. These questions will doubtlessly go unanswered for generations to come until people will drop their attitude of skepticism which has always been so prevalent in human nature. Only time and research with an open mind can tear down this impenetrable wall of apathy, and only time and research, the road to truth, will succeed in such an undertaking.

—JIM PARRY

REMAINS TO BE SEEN

Watch the next ETRON for another story by Jim Parry. He returns with a fiction piece entitled "Sign by the Road."

You'll also see the results of a collaboration between our Andrew Cley and Ralph Rimmer. This yarn isn't yet finished but I've seen the results so far, and it's GOOD.

Sound like a boast? O.K., read ETRON 3 and prove I'm right.

And we can still use your manuscripts, old and new. Send them in right away, and you'll see your name in

"THE ASTOUNDING S - F OF FANDOM"

WEIRD SCIENCE

Jim Parry

During the last portion of the 1940's, an organization was formed which was to become one of the most successful ventures in the history of the comic magazine publishing business. This organization was composed of a group of young men who had artistic abilities and sincere ambitions to dominate something new, something outstanding, to the comic industry. Under the skillful leadership of Managing Editor William M. Gaines, the Entertaining Comics Group launched their noble but ineffective attempts to compete in an already overcrowded field of love magazines, and eventually found that the national interest in love among teenagers had begun to lose ground. Undaunted by the low sales record and equally low profits, strategist and humanist Bill Gaines got together with his friend and associate editor Albert B. Feldstien, and came up with the now famous "New Trend" in comics. Thusly, in the spring of 1950, there appeared on the newstands for the first time a magazine "Introducing the New Trend in comics: Scientific Suspense Stories we dare you to read!" This magazine was WEIRD SCIENCE.

WEIRD SCIENCE, the "comic" book that dared to be different, the magazine that in physical features was similar to the scores of other so-called comic books but which was as different in reading quality from the average as the telephone book is from OTHER WORLDS. For the first time, comic books no longer existed as such, but became, in Bill Gaines' own words: "A method of telling a story using pictures, captions, and balloons. It is merely a colloquial name for a medium of presentation." Yes, WEIRD SCIENCE was different! It did not indulge in space opera and/or "Buck Rogers type stories." It concerned itself with adult science fiction stories and appealed remarkably to an adult readership rather than the usual juvenile group attracted to comic books. These are stories of solid entertainment, and nothing is spared in their makeup to insure the highest possible quality. Some of the stories have been based on classics of science fiction as written by such masters as Ray Bradbury. Others are the ingenious original creations of Al Feldstien's wonderful imagination. Both factors combine to make WEIRD SCIENCE a blessing to sfans who are pressed for time and can not follow all the great material of the promags.

WEIRD SCIENCE conforms to the "E-C Tradition." The E-C Tradition is one of the realistic, adult stories which are superbly plotted right up to and including their famous "twist" endings. This tradition is largely responsible for Entertaining Comics' phenomenal success, and is definitely the reason why so many people who would ordinarily scorn a so-called comic book, will gladly read and thoroughly enjoy any E-C publication.

All in all, WEIRD SCIENCE has high quality, low cost, swell people behind it, and the best darned stories it is possible for a comic publishing house to produce. But don't take my word for it. Go out and invest one thin dime into an issue of WS, and you'll really be pleasantly surprised to find that any one of the featured stories is well worth the cost of the entire magazine.

—Jim Parry

THE HUNGRY PLANET

....Andrew Cley

The crowd had reached the fighting stage. Three furtive scuffles had broken out in the last hour. Lanic clasped with both hands his plastic credit card; he was taking no chances on having it eased out of his pocket. To make the waiting less boring he tried to estimate the size of the line. It was about a mile long and the people, as close as he could gage, were about four abreast. But it was hard to tell; the black, blue and dark green of the workers' uniforms blended together. He had been waiting six hours now, and as yet was only three-quarters of the way through.

The loud speakers took up their hourly broadcast: "People of the United Socialist States; You need not be hungry any longer! The ships will arrive tomorrow!" Lanic tried to remember back to when he had first heard those words—whether it was months or years. Then the broadcast went on with the orders for conserving energy and the penalties of the day for not doing so.

After the broadcast he settled into a numbed sleep while still standing. He was brought out of it sharply by the insane screaming of a girl twenty feet down the line in front of him. She kept it up until one of the soldiers came to investigate. The crowd watched apathetically as the soldier struck her sharply with his rifle butt and loaded her on a Military Conveyance Belt leading underground. Lanic remembered when he had been in the army. His energy consumption had been better but it had been harder to keep down because of the greusome aspects of his duties. He again settled into his stupor.

"Move on! Move on!" He awoke to the sound of the command and the pain of a bayonette jab in his back. Unknowingly, he had been carried along with the line. He was now at the huge entrance ramp of the Energy Consumption Bureau. The line split up into groups that went to separate windows for their issue. He received his small square package and left by the main exit.

As he came out into the street he saw a Youth Parade marching along—if their shuffle could be called marching. He noticed on one of the many posters an illustration of a tree and he tried to think of the last time he had actually seen a living, growing tree. Sitting down on one of the seats of the Northbound Conveyance Belt he recalled being taken to see the Bad Lands of the Dakotas when he was a very small boy. They had been considered unusual, then, because of the barren desolation; now the whole country was as barren—nothing except the outline of the cities broke the vast miles of devastation.

The Government had tried everything to stave off the coming hunger, from raising food chemically, to using the plants and simple animals of the sea. The World War had caused the failure of most of these plans. Radioactivity had made it impossible for plants to live in locations where conditions had formerly made their cultivation worthwhile. To produce food chemically for six billion population was

impossible. So the Government had expended fifty billion energy credits and one billion property credits in the construction of rocket ships. The fleet was to go to the small Space Stations on Mars and form colonies for the cultivation of lichen and other crops, if possible, to feed Earth. The last publicized report stated they were doing fair. Then the reports had stopped and the planet turned to scavaging. The Government stated that dead bodies would be used for energy consumption and all should be turned over to the Energy Consumption Bureau. The Government helped along in various ways but the people were becoming progressively thinner, and a desperate hope in the missing ships persisted.

As he came into the main part of the city, Lanic installed his smog filter and tight-fitting smog goggles. The Conveyor stopped. There were four loud blasts of the city's whistles, meaning "Attention!" Over the loud speakers came the order: "People of the United Socialist States; Go to your nearest viewing screen, for in five hours the rockets will arrive." It was no record playing. Lanic recognized a live voice by its genuine excitement and was one of the first to reach the viewing screen across the street. A crowd quickly formed around it. As he waited, Lanic munched his energy consumption pills called (unofficially) "rigor mortis ration."

Propaganda films on the construction and use of the rocket fleet were being shown on the screen. The films showed how the lichen would be cultivated in immense and palatable quantities, then reduced to highly concentrated form, so that one pound dissolved in fifty gallons of water would be an extremely high energy consumption material. The land surfaces of Mars were not restricted by radioactive areas. It was explained the lichen could be grown in unlimited amounts! The story went on and on.

Now the picture on the screen switched to the Space Port, and an excited announcer was telling the massed crowd assembled there and the screen viewers why no information had been given out about the ships. Trouble in the Colonies had developed and the contact had been broken. Now evidence picked up on radar left no possible doubt that the ships were returning.

"They are entering our atmosphere!" yelled the Announcer. Tense minutes later the noise of the first ships descending could be heard, like gigantic cataracts. The Announcer was making wildly excited ejaculations with his arms and appeared to be shouting something, but the rocket's noise drowned out all other sound.

The rockets came down in a shower of flame from the jets in their tail fins. Even before the smoke cleared away, and while the ground was still hot, the crowd came swarming out. Quickly a barricade of barbed wire was thrown up by the soldiers. The Announcer was escorted through the crowd and taken up to the door of the lead space ship, where a ladder had been placed. He ascended to the door.

As the door of the ship started slowly to open, the cheers of the crowd died down to a murmur and the murmur to complete silence. The rocket ship door was open now; out of the dark interior stepped the emaciated, but still recognizable, figure of Barro Crome, originator and Leader of the Expedition. His voice was unsteady, but it was still the cold, concise,

impersonal voice of Crome. "There will be no energy...the Colonists... destroyed...all ships but the ones in which we escaped...there is no further use for us to go there." came through the microphone, loosely held by the open-mouthed announcer.

Lanic stood, with the others around him, in the same deathlike stillness as that which held the Space Port.

"Is...that...all...he is...going to...say?" choked out a man at his side, finally.

"What else can he say?" said Lanic, in an energy conserving monotone.

The next few years no words could describe.

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ETRONOTES

In continuing the discussion on Flying Discs, the Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization is publishing this article which was written by one of its members. Articles by non-members will be welcomed.

In view of the recent sightings of discs in various parts of the world, and the exposure of the hoax contained in the book by Frank Scully, "Behind the Flying Saucers", ETRO is preparing for even more expansion and improvement of facilities. Any suggestions of possible lines of research, or any other ideas along this line will be gratefully received.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FLYING DISCS

A Summary - Part II

by Phil Rasch

(Part I of this chronology appeared in THE GORGON, Vol. 2 N. 4)

In a previous article the material on the flying discs which had appeared in print to the end of 1948 was summarized. Since that time considerably more disc fact and fantasy has been published and it is the purpose of this installment to bring the account down to the end of 1949. Consideration of the problem has been complicated by the fact that other types of flying phenomena have been reported during this period. To attempt to include all of them may result in an inclusion of meteors, etc. to the point that the problem becomes insoluble; to reject them may result in the discarding of extremely valuable evidence. Somewhat arbitrarily, the writer has decided to concentrate on discs alone and let others deal with non-disc material. He reserves the right at any time to change his mind if it becomes apparent to him that this is the wrong procedure.

On March 28, 1949, Dr. F.L. Hovde, President of Purdue University, told the Seattle Mile-Hi Purdue Club that the saucers were all products of the imagination. Dr. Hovde's remarks carry special interest because of his standing as Chairman of the Defense Department's Guided Missile Committee.

On April 3, Walter Winchell announced flatly that

the flying discs, which have never been explained, are now definitely known to be guided missiles of Russian origin.

Winchell's statement raises more questions than it answers. Who knows that they are Russian missiles? To judge from Dr. Hovde's remarks, the Guided Missile Committee apparently has no such knowledge, and they should be in a favored position to receive any such data. How does this explain the sighting of apparently similar objects in the 1870's? Are we to believe that the Russians are so stupid as to take such a chance on a top secret weapon falling into the hands of their greatest potential enemy? If Russia had such a weapon would their policy not be even more aggressive? Where are the pieces of such missiles which have been recovered and how has identification been made? Whatever the truth about the flying discs, identification of them as Soviet guided missiles appears a very improbable solution.

On April 8 the Los Angeles papers reported that Air Force intelligence men had obtained from Noah L. Clubb, of Montrose, Colorado, two segments of what may have been sections of a flying disc.

Pieced-together the segments evidently were part of a wheel-shaped instrument about four feet in diameter, the rim being of aluminum construction. It was slightly less than two inches across and one inch thick.

On the inner edge of the wheel, at intervals of about three inches, were tube-like wicks about two inches long and of brass construction.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, the segments have never been identified.

The Saturday Evening Post for April 30 and May 7 contained a long two-part article by Sidney Shallett entitled "What You Can Believe About Flying Saucers." Shallett had spent nearly two months going into the mystery in considerable detail with the intelligence and operations personnel of the armed services. He makes it plain that his considered opinion is that there is no bona fide evidence to support the conclusion that there is anything mysterious about these saucers. They can, he argues, all be explained by reflections, weather balloons, planets, radar target balloons and other purely normal objects.

Practically simultaneously (April 27) the Air Materiel Command issued a twenty-two page digest of preliminary studies made on the flying saucers. The personnel of Project "Saucer" apparently approached the job in a scientific manner, laudably free of any preconceived bias. They reviewed the reports of similar unidentified objects contained in The Books of Charles Fort and considered the possibility of visitors from other worlds, as well as all other facets of the problem. Certain inconsistencies in Arnold's report led them to believe that what he had seen were actually some sort of known aircraft. The object photographed by Ryman was believed to be a synoptic weather balloon. Chrisman and Dahl's story was classified as an out and out hoax. The Shreveport disc was the work of a prankster playing a joke on his boss. (The original reports of these tales were covered in the previous The Gorgon article).

So far as visitors from other worlds were concerned, the Air Materiel Command believed that if intelligent life existed on

Mars, it would be too busy with the problems of survival to be visiting us. (One might argue that if the problems of survival were so serious, the Martians would of necessity be driven to efforts to reach other planets.) If intelligent life exists on Venus, "her cloudy atmosphere would discourage astronomy, hence space travel." The nearest star which might support life is Wolff 359, which is eight light years away. "Thus, although visits from outer space are believed to be possible, they are thought to be highly improbable." Further, scientists "find it hard to believe that any technically established race would come here, flaunt its ability in mysterious ways over the years, but each time simply go away without ever establishing contact." Questions as to the feasibility of such aircraft were answered by the statement that "the circular platform has not been used in representative aircraft, either military or civilian, because the induced drag is excessively high."

After looking into more than 270 instances of unidentified flying objects, the Air Materiel Command concluded that:

About 30% were conventional aerial objects.

About 30% will probably be identified as such after further study has been made.

About 30% were astronomical phenomena.

About 10% were still unexplained.

The Air Materiel Command concluded:

The "saucers" are not a joke. Neither are they a cause for alarm to the population.

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Publication of this detailed analysis did little to halt reports of flying discs. Beside its account of the report the Los Angeles HERALD & EXPRESS printed a night picture of two saucers taken by a Louisville, Kentucky, news photographer in 1947 and a picture of some coral-like material that fell from the skies near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in June, 1947. The Kentucky photograph shows only two streaks of light and no details of any kind can be made out.

Probably this whole issue of ETRON could be filled with accounts of alleged sightings after this report was made public. However, most of them add nothing to previous accounts and no attempt will be made to detail them here. It is, however, interesting to note that if the sightings are plotted they will be found to be concentrated in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, Northern California and Idaho. The "saucer belt" extends east thru Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and Virginia, then up and down the east coast. Scattered reports, of course, have been received from nearly all over the world.

On May 14 Nick Stasinos, an aircraft engineer, presented a symposium of Los Angeles student aeronautical engineers with drawings and data which he alleged showed that 800 mph flying discs would be easy to build and highly efficient. The outer edge would rotate at high speed, while the center would remain stationary.

On the same day the Washington DAILY NEWS claimed that "some Air men" thought that the discs were a flying machine utilizing gyroscopic principles and that they had been built in Spain by Nazi scientists. No evidence was given to sub-

stantiate these conclusions. The article further reported that the Air Force had taken pictures of three discs flying in formation over the air base at Stephenville, Newfoundland.

On August 19 two experimental aircraft designed by Jonathan E. Caldwell, who disappeared in 1941 after getting into financial troubles, were found in a barn near Baltimore, Md. The craft were built about 1935 and 1936. One has no wings, but there are two rings about sixteen feet in diameter which whirl around on a shaft coming out of the fuselage. After thinking it over for two days, the Air Force decided that the craft had "absolutely no connection with the reported phenomena of flying saucers."

On August 29 the Los Angeles TIMES reported that experienced personnel at the White Sands Proving Ground had sighted flying discs and tracked them by means of apparatus used for trailing balloons. More was to be heard of this story later.

The September issue of Fate reproduced a picture from the Morristown DAILY RECORD (Morristown, New Jersey) evening edition of July 10, 1947, showing four alleged discs. The objects appear in the picture as mere circles of white and it is impossible to identify them, altho they bear a strong resemblance to some type of balloon. The accompanying article by John H. Janssen relates that he was flying in the area of Morristown on July 23, 1947. Suddenly his plane was struck by a beam of light. The engine stopped, air speed fell to zero, but the craft was supported in the air. Janssen then saw two discs. Shortly afterwards he was able to start his engine. In the same issue one Oge-Make recounts that the Paiute Indians have legends that such craft are used by the Hav-musuv, an ancient people dwelling in caverns in the Panamint Mountains.

On October 6 the Los Angeles MIRROR announced that it had been informed that if the missiles were from another planet, they might utilize the gravitational field which surrounds the earth to propel their flight.

"Flying saucers" are real objects, not mere figments of imagination, and may even be objects launched from some planet other than earth, the MIRROR learned on reliable information today." No details as to the source of this information were given.

On October 15 Major George Stephens, of the Susquehanna Army Sub-Depot, stated that the "flying saucer" found near Williamsport, Pennsylvania, was actually the top of a hot air furnace.

The January, 1950, issue of Fate printed a letter from Fred L. Crisman (note slight difference in spelling from that appearing in the Air Materiel Command's report) flatly denying that he had participated in an attempt hoax. He stated that he had refused to accept money from the editor of Amazing Stories for his account and that he was an Air Force Reservist and could be disciplined if he were conducting himself in a manner unbecoming an officer. Crisman's protestations are somewhat weakened by his failure to give any return address.

The January, 1950, issue of True contained a sensational article by Donald E. Keyhoe - "The Flying Saucers Are Real." Keyhoe claims that for the last 175 years the Earth has been under systematic observation by beings from another planet.

He reviews some of the evidence for the flying discs and dismisses the Air Materiel Command's explanations as unsatisfactory. Aerodynamic engineers are quoted on the feasibility of constructing saucer shaped aircraft. He notes that the Air Materiel Command's report states:

Yet, in the last 50 years we have just begun to use aircraft and in the next 50 we will almost certainly start exploring space. Thus, it appears that space travel from another point within the Solar System is possible but very unlikely....the chance of space travelers existing at planets attached to neighboring stars is very much greater than the chance of space-traveling Martians. This one can be viewed as almost a certainty (if you accept the thesis that the number of inhabited planets is equal to those that are suitable for life and that intelligent life is not peculiar to earth.) Whereas the possibility of space visitors from Mars is very slight indeed.

Keyhoe interprets this to mean that the public is being conditioned to accept space travel, and hence the fact that observers from other planets are visiting us. Whether the quoted statement will support such a tenuous chain of deduction is questionable. It would seem that the Air Materiel Command is actually saying nothing more than that astronomical observations of Mars indicate that there is no oxygen in its atmosphere and that the only form of animal life possible would be some type of insect. Keyhoe is quite possibly reading into this statement a great deal more than is actually justified, but his remarks were received with special attention because he is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and was formerly Chief of Information for the Aeronautics Branch, Department of Commerce.

At any rate the edge was taken off his claims by an almost simultaneous (December 27, 1949) announcement by the Department of Defense that Project "Saucer" was being discontinued. The press release was quite short and is quoted in full:

The Air Force has discontinued its special project investigating and evaluating reported "flying saucers" on the basis that there is no evidence the reports are not the results of natural phenomena. Discontinuation of the project, which was carried out by the Air Force, was concurred in the Departments of the Army and the Navy.

The Air Force said that all evidence and analyses indicate that the reports of unidentified flying objects are the result of:

- 1 - Misinterpretation of various conventional objects;
- 2 - A mild form of mass hysteria;
- 3 - Or hoaxes.

The project was established two years ago at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton (O.) headquarters of the Air Force's Air Materiel Command.

Since January, 1948, some 375 incidents have been reported and investigated. Assisting special investigators were scientific consultants from universities and from other governmental agencies.

Continuance of the project is unwarranted since additional incidents now are simply confirming findings already reached.

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It may seem presumptuous for a mere amateur student of the matter to draw conclusions differing from those prepared by a group of experts with the resources of the entire country at their disposal. Nevertheless it is our expression that at the end of 1949 the situation could be summarized as follows:

1. Most alleged sightings of flying discs are unquestionably due to false interpretations of natural phenomena.
2. There is photographic evidence of the objective existence of certain unexplained phenomena.
3. The fact that the flying discs have been sighted nearly all over the world, but especially over the United States, strongly counts against any attempt to explain them as secret weapons of the U.S. or U.S.S.R.
4. There is insufficient evidence to justify attempts to explain them as the work of extra-terrestrial beings.

—Phil Rasch

EXILE FROM ETERNITY

With you whose heart is in the sky,
I'd gladly cooos to live and die.
You—who dream of greater things
Are one from whom great genius springs.
If I with you could only be,
I'd live throughout eternity.
We'd soar through space with lofty grace,
On shining, spinning metal from a distant place;
Gliding swiftly o'er city queer,
Where dwellers gaze in anxious fear.
Racing madly out from Earth,
Past meteors of gigantic girth—
We escape our bonds, our loathsome fetters,
And paint our creed in blazing letters
For all to see—for all to here.
Gone forever are those who jeer.
Mars and Jupiter go screaming by,
Shrinking, dying, like a ghastly cry—
Till at last we reach our distant home,
Midst shining spire and glittering dome;
Where we are they, and they are we—
Through ageless, endless, eternity.

R.E. BARTLETT, JR.

Take Your Time

Ralph Rimmer

He was a queer guy.

Small, nervous, typical sissy type. When he talked in his little, piping voice, he glanced at the walls and ceiling, but never looked at his listener.

His name was Troy LaGanke. He held some obscure job with the Aetna Vocational Guidance Service where he could sit all day amid forms without being bothered by anyone.

Troy LaGanke was scared. This was nothing new with Troy. He'd been frightened of something all his life. Name a phobia -- he had it. But this one wouldn't let him alone.

When Troy was afraid of the dark, he could always turn on the light, but there was no way to avoid this new terror.

Troy was afraid of Time!

The sight of a wristwatch, the flutter of a calendar, the arc of the sun crossing the sky -- all filled him with a bubbling, gushing panic.

It started when he read that fiction story in the Post. The story told of a Mr. Average Guy who was walking along minding his own business when he stepped into a timewarp. The incidents that followed were just what it took to make LaGanke dive for bed and hide under the covers.

Of course, Troy regarded the story as an omen, and that's when he started his attempts to avoid Time.

This particular morning LaGanke started out to work early. Naturally, he couldn't have known it was early. That would have required knowing the time, and that was the last thing he wanted to do.

On the way downtown in the bus, Troy shut his eyes and tried to block out all sensations of the motion of the vehicle, because motion must take time, and God knew what would happen if Time ever caught hold of him!

He thought, "But what if this avoidance of Time is the very thing that will trap me?" He started to sweat. "Maybe I should know exactly what the time is! What is the time? What is Time?"

Troy wanted to scream. If he were home he probably would have, but here all he could do was sit in fear while the blood drained from his face.

"East Fourteenth!" the bus driver bellowed. Thank God!

Troy lifted himself from the seat and stumbled weakly from the bus. He started at the sound of the bell of the old brown-stone church. It screamed at him in hollow tones, "Time! Time! Time! Time! Time! Time! Time! Time!" Eight o'clock. LaGanke was an hour early.

He shuffled over to the Newman Building where Aetna Service had its offices. His eyes saw nothing as he passed Paul at the cigar counter and stood before the elevators. Fear had blinded him and was squeezing out drops of cold sweat. He could feel Time closing in.

Gary was on duty. Gary was the new, young elevator operator who had a very high opinion of himself. He wore a short, dark crew-cut, an evil leer, and a perpetual fresh answer. Very fast

on the comeback. Typical wise guy.

"Good morning, Mr. LaGanke!" Gary sparkled brightly.

LaGanke mumbled something meaningless and entered the elevator. "Nineteen, please," he muttered, out of long habit.

The elevator rose and Troy felt sick. Gary eyed him silently as the floors flashed by. A faint smile curled his lips.

"Here you are, Mr. LaGanke. Nineteen!" As LaGanke left the elevator, Gary snickered evilly. Troy didn't care.

He walked blindly along the hall, cursing the day he was born. After fumbling through his pockets, he found the key and put it into the lock, only it didn't fit!

Horrible thoughts swept through his brain. He stared up at the name on the door ... MILAN'S WATCH SHOP.

He screamed!

"No, no, no, no!" His shouts echoed along the corridor. He raced from door to door. He'd been along this hall thousands of times. He knew just what each office held. There should have been Sally's Beauty Salon, Bernay Printing Enterprises, and all the rest but he knew of none of these!

"What year is this? What year is this?" He received the reply of the echoes from the hard walls.

He started to run madly along the hall. "Let me go back! I don't want to stay here! How can I escape?"

And suddenly he knew his choice. There was Time, or there was Death.

He chose Death.

"Doc" Simons had to have a chair. He trembled as he accepted the cold cup of water.

"My God! I saw it happen!"

The employees of Aetna Vocational Guidance Service clustered about him. "I was just getting off the bus when I heard the crash of glass high up above. And he ..."

"Lord, I never want to see anything like that again. Why did he do it? I knew he was disturbed over something, but this ..."

"And I saw him when he hit! God, it was awful! What a fall! Imagine, eighteen stories!"

.. Ralph Rimmer ..

How is a fanzine going to continue without material? ETRON, for one, will not!!! If you are a fan, or know a fan, or are not a fan, and said person can write, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?? ETRON can really go places. You can easily see for yourself that we have a powerful potential, but we can't do anything unless we get support. Even if you can't contribute material, why not show ETRON to your friends, fan or not. We certainly aren't ashamed of anything found herein; are you? Without sales and subscriptions ETRON will fall flat...FAST!! It costs an average of \$35.00 to publish each issue of ETRON, provided we continue using our high quality paper, foto-offset covers, and maintain 50 pages in each issue. If you want us to continue publication, please help put ETRON across. We've said all we can...THE REST IS UP TO YOU.....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (ed)

¿QUIEN SABE?

—Lee King

There is a certain organization which makes the claim that the church has suppressed the knowledge of the ancients. This statement is probably true, as far as it goes. It is my belief, however, that the leaders of mankind have suppressed this knowledge for the good, as they saw it, of mankind.

In the far distant past, there occurred a great catastrophe, and as the prime motivation of man is survival, every effort was made to prevent the recurrence of this terrible thing. Thus the suppression of certain knowledge.

What was this awful thing that came to pass?

We can only speculate, as there is no recorded history of it. However, there are clues which point in one direction. Man is often blind to the obvious and refuses to accept that which does not conform to his preconceived ideas. Take as an example the Bible. It has often been rejected as a collection of myths by so-called scientists. Why? Because it doesn't conform to their conception of scientific laws. Certain statements it contains are contrary to man's ideas of what should be so. Now I am not trying to prove any religious theology, but my desire is that we do not reject a thing as fallacy merely because it fails to fit where we think it should.

"In the beginning God created ****man****, and He looked upon His work that it was good AND IT WAS GOOD." Man, as created, was a perfect creature and was Godlike for he was the only one of God's creatures into which was breathed that part of God we are wont to call the soul.

Let us continue in this history of man -- but first, let us go back. Before the creation of man God made other creations i.e. the Angels. What sort of beings these were we can only guess. The Bible gives some bit of description. Some were described as being like man and others were strange unearthly creatures. We are told in the Bible that certain of these Angels "looked on the daughters of men that they were fair and took unto themselves wives -- and there were giants in those days."

Let us leave the Bible now for a bit and explore our ancient Mythology. We are told of the great God Zeus. A curiously human sort of God. He took human wives, and to one of these unions were born the Titans - a race of giants. Throughout the earth the legend of giants persists. We also know that legends and myths are based upon facts; distorted it is true, but facts, none-the-less.

To continue - these ancient Gods had strange weapons. What were these weapons? Were they atomic? So it would appear.

Oh yes indeed! There is evidence of atomics in past ages, even as there is evidence of other science far in advance of our own, in other fields. Mayan Jade, created from human bones, the pyramids in Egypt and in South America. They are composed of stones so great that modern machinery could not handle them. It has been suggested that greased skids were used and the stones pushed and pulled into place by vast armies of slaves. Have you ever tried to move an extremely heavy box? Do you remember that the more men that surrounded the box, the less their efficiency

because they were in each other's way? Or pulling it with a long rope - the longer the rope to accommodate more men, the less power was applied to the box.

No, the answer is a science, forgotten and as yet not rediscovered. And so - Atomics? Yes! Then the neibenlungenleid; the battle of the Titans and the Gods. Destruction! Annihilation!

Science, today, is concerned with the aspects of Atomics. What of mutations? Will they occur? What of a world wide atomic war? Would civilization be wiped out? What of mankind? We are told that some would survive but the age of savagery would return.

What then of evolution? Are the anthropologists correct in assuming that the Neanderthal is the early form of man - gradually evolving into his present form? I say yes - as far as they go. But what before them? I would rather postulate that the Neanderthaler was the product of mutation, the after effect of a great atomic cataclysm.

Then from this dimly remembered thing sprang fear, and the suppression of knowledge that man was unprepared for, and was unable to cope with. A knowledge that had been dumped into the minds of children.

Now man is again coming of age and the Ancient Knowledge is again being revived; but is he ready for it?

History, we are told, repeats itself. A great civilization once destroyed itself.

What does the future hold for us?

Will we once again destroy what we have so painfully built from the ancient ruins?

. . . QUIEN SABE?

...Lee King

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PROGRESSIVE FANDOM

The first issue of the new fmz HYPEROPIA set forth the proposal of a movement to improve fandom through the concerted effort of a united group of fans under the name of PROGRESSIVE FANDOM. The movement would start its projected improvements via the largest fanclub of them all, the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION. If this is done right, it can be a great thing. For once, someone isn't starting a new club to "improve" the situation. It seems far more logical to work through the tools at hand than to start up a rival group that would very likely help cleave fandom still farther.

One idea offered was the alteration of duties of the President and Secretary/Treasurer, due to the present system which seems to give the latter more power than the former. Another idea is concerned with a change in the methods employed by the NFFF Welcome Committee. And improvement of the functions of the "Public Relations" department was suggested. "The functions of this department.....would be mostly concerned with keeping present members happy, recruiting new members, and keeping the club in the public eye."

True, PROGRESSIVE FANDOM isn't yet powerful or perfect, but with the support of those who really care about the condition of fandom, PROGRESSIVE FANDOM can be the most important progressive factor we've seen in a long time. See the editorial.

ATOMIC ENERGY

FOR THE LAYMAN

A. BAHNSEN

Man, in his progress, is always looking for new ideas. At the beginning of the nineteenth century an Englishman named John Dalton first recognized that all matter is made up of extremely minute particles, which were called "atoms" from the greek word meaning indivisible. However, in 1919 Lord Rutherford of New Zealand proved that these supposedly indivisible particles could be broken down, emitting vast quantities of energy. Ever since that day, it has been the scientist's dream to somehow use this energy. Thus developed the new science of atomics.

Just what exactly is an atom? It is a piece of matter almost infinitesimal in size. It is so small that one would need one hundred million copper atoms in a row to stretch one inch.¹ An atom could also be defined as a miniature solar system. It has a "sun" called a nucleus. (But even this is composed of smaller parts named protons and neutrons.) The atomic weight of an atom is the total number of protons and neutrons on its nucleus, and atoms of the same element with different weights are called isotopes.² For instance, there is a uranium isotope of atomic weight 235 and also one with weight 238. (These will be discussed later more fully.) The "planets" revolving around the nucleus are electrons. It can be said, too, that an atom is a very tiny neutralized magnet. Atomic particles carry "charges" just as magnetic poles do. The protons in the nucleus are positive, the electrons negative. Neutrons are just extra neutral particles. The electrons and protons neutralize each other, leaving the atom without any charge. It is possible to put a charge, either plus or minus, on an atom. This charged atom is called an ion.

In chemistry and physics one is taught two fundamental laws: (1) matter is indestructable; (2) energy cannot be destroyed.³ These laws almost always hold true, but Albert Einstein developed a formula allowing for exceptions. His formula is as simple as this: $E = mc^2$. E represents energy; m, mass; and c, the velocity of light. Even in the case of atoms, where mass is very small, much energy is produced, for c^2 is equal to 34,596,000,000 miles per second. If mass could be converted into energy, enough power could be derived to run this earth until infinity!

When the first atom was split, a surprising thing happened. Two new atoms were formed, as was expected, and a few neutrons were left over, but the weight of the new products did not quite equal the weight of the atom used to start with. To the scientists the answer was evident. The lost matter had been converted to energy! Here was what man was looking for! If he could get enough uranium together, what energy he could release!

¹ Figures from World Book Encyclopedia, 1947, Vol. I, p. 515.

² "Atoms," Compton's Encyclopedia, 1950, Vol. I, p. 450.

³ Ibid., p. 460.

⁴ Ibid., p. 464.

Then the second world war began. Both sides realized that this energy could be used in a new bomb, a superbomb that could win the war for the first country that produced it. It became of prime importance to develop atomic energy for this reason, but how could it be done? The engineering problems were almost insurmountable.

Uranium is the best natural element from which to get energy, scientists agreed. It is the most plentiful of the few elements that, once bombarded, will fission automatically. A speeded-up

neutron, when caused to strike the nucleus of an atom, will change the atom into either a new atom or a new isotope, by increasing its weight.⁵ In the case of uranium 235, however, the neutron changes the U-235 into U-236, which exists for only the smallest part of a second before splitting into two new atoms, emitting energy. To complicate the problem, only .7% of natural uranium is U-235, the only isotope which causes an explosion with hit with a neutron.⁶ Separating the U-235 from natural uranium was a technical problem until 1940, when A.O. Nier of the University of Minnesota first produced pure U-235.⁷ He used an instrument, the mass spectrograph, which can produce only very minute quantities.

To separate the isotopes in the mass spectrograph, the atoms are first ionized, then passed through two slits, where they are speeded up. After they pass the second slit, they are brought into a magnetic field. All the ions move perpendicular to the magnetic field, in semicircular paths with radii proportional to their momenta.⁸ The lighter ions, which move faster and therefore have greater momentum, travel in a slightly different path from that of the heavier ones. Then all one needs to do is to collect the ions wanted. A small amount of pure uranium 235 can be obtained this way.

Enough pure uranium 235 (said to be approximately 42 lbs.) will explode spontaneously, releasing huge amounts of energy. Naturally, no amounts this large exist in nature and it would take one mass spectrograph far too long to produce this much. However, it is possible, by means of an atomic "pile," to fission U-235 while it is mixed with the other uranium isotope, weighing 238, which is 140 times as plentiful.⁹ A pile is actually only a structure enclosing pieces of fissionable material and another substance to keep the pile in control. To work effectively, it must produce a chain reaction. It is what would be used as an atomic engine to furnish continuous energy.

Here is how that is done. A neutron is introduced into the pile, aimed at a U-235 atom. It causes the fission, releasing approximately three more neutrons. One of these secondary neutrons will escape; another will hit a U-238 atom before being slowed down sufficiently and will be captured.

⁵ All weights referred to are atomic weights, and the phrase U-235 stands for the uranium isotope with a weight of 235.

⁶ S.C. Rothman, Constructive Uses of Atomic Energy, p. 207

⁷ "Physics," Britannica Book of the Year, 1941, p.538

⁸ H.D. Smyth, Atomic Energy for Military Purposes, p. 164.

⁹ At least 2% of the uranium in the pile must be U-235 to produce a chain reaction, and so the natural uranium must be enriched.

The third will be left to cause another fission. To start a chain reaction, at least one neutron from every fission must cause another fission.

Scientists discovered that U-238 captures only the fast and moderately fast neutrons. Therefore, if neutrons could be slowed down enough, they would be captured by the U-235 only and cause the hoped-for fissions. This retarding was accomplished by putting chunks of graphite between the various pieces of uranium.

Even when graphite, the "moderator," was added to the pile, some neutrons hit the U-238 before they had sufficiently slowed down. Researchers watched what then happened to the U-238. When it absorbed the neutron its weight went up to 239. For some reason, however, that isotope is unstable and emits an electron. It then becomes a new element, neptunium. This element also is unstable, and in about a week practically all of it will have changed, by emitting another electron, into plutonium, which is comparatively stable.¹⁰ There was only one trouble with this reaction. The gamma rays emitted are poisonous to life and piles require shielding by a few feet of concrete.

The production of plutonium proved to be extremely important. It was found that plutonium, like U-235, would fission when struck by a neutron. The pile was revised to create plutonium as its main function.

The first piles were constructed with blocks of uranium. The graphite moderator was placed, like a lattice-work, between the blocks. However, for the pile that was used primarily to produce plutonium, the uranium was made into long round bars called "slugs" which were placed through holes in the moderator so that they could be easily removed.¹¹

With the atomic pile man produced energy. He also made the new artificial element, plutonium, and he separated the U-235 isotope from uranium.¹² Using these tools, he was ready to make the atomic bomb, to solve the immediate problem of war. This bomb consists of two chunks of fissionable material, usually in the form of hemispheres. (Of course, the chunks were under critical, or explosive mass.) The carrier plane drops the bomb, and at the moment of detonation the hemispheres are thrown together. Almost sooner than they meet, the explosion occurs, and another section of the map is wiped out.

¹⁰ The complete reaction is:

uranium 238 + neutron = uranium 239 + gamma rays

uranium 239 changes into neptunium 239 + electron

neptunium 239 changes into plutonium 239 + electron + gamma rays

¹¹ For pictures of piles, refer to Popular Science, Feb., 1951, p.133, or Scientific American, April, 1951, p.44.

¹² Other methods of separation besides the mass spectrograph produced most of the U-235 used in the early atomic bombs. These processes were (1) electromagnetic, (2) centrifugal, and (3) gaseous diffusion. A complete explanation of isotope separation may be found in Collier's Encyclopedia, Vol. II, p.446.

Other kinds of atomic weapons exist. A rocket bomb, impossible to shoot down, can be made. Radiations from a spray of atomic dust make an excellent weapon for genocide. Let me quote John W. Campbell on the effects of this type of warfare:

Every living thing in a city sprinkled with them would die. The dogs and cats, the rats and cockroaches in the walls, and the birds in the trees would die. The trees and the grass would wither. The frightened people huddled in their bombproof shelters under 6 feet of concrete would die—killed by the penetrating gamma rays from the synthetic radioactives sprinkled on the ground above. Their bodies wouldn't decay; there would be no bacteria alive. Everything on the ground, in the air, or under the ground would die.¹³

A brighter side of atomic energy does exist. It has many constructive uses, too. We won't ever be able to use it to run an automobile because a pile would be too large to put into a car. However, it will be useful as a fuel in other places. Even now, experimental work is being done on a submarine powered by atomic fuel.¹⁴ Research is being carried on, too, about using atomics to drive an airplane bigger than a B-36. This source of energy can be used to cut costs tremendously in the manufacture of aluminum, glass, iron and steel.¹⁵ Eventually, uses will probably be found for atomic energy in almost every field in industry.

More important than this is the tremendous advance being made in the field of medical research. Isotopes, you remember, are different forms of an element with identical chemical properties, varying only in the weight of the nucleus. Man has produced many radioactive isotopes, that is, where the nucleus is unstable. By adding a slight amount of radioactive substance to the diet, it is possible to discover what the substance does; hence, these special isotopes are called "tracers."¹⁶ These play an important part in the fight against cancer. Phosphorous tracers can be used to locate tumors, and radium, itself, can destroy malignant cell.¹⁷ This is the present picture of atomic energy. What it can be made to do in the future, no one knows. It can, perhaps, explore the solar system—maybe even beyond. Or it can smash our world and civilization to pieces. How it is used depends on mankind. Will the atomic bomb obliterate us or will it lead us into a new era? Only God can say.

¹³ John W. Campbell, The Atomic Story, p.251

¹⁴ Dempewolf, "Atom Power Goes Into Gear," Popular Mechanics, May, 1951, p.81.

¹⁵ "The Atom and Industry," Newsweek, November 27, 1950, p.72.

¹⁶ Williams, "How the Atom Is Working for You," Popular Mechanics, August, 1949, p.246.

¹⁷ More information on this aspect can be obtained from Svirsky, "The Atomic Peace and War," New Republic, September 18, 1950, p.12.

IT HAPPENED IN FANDOM

...Russell K. Watkins

The latest and most useful fan effort to date is an item from Britain. It's entitled "Operation Fantast Handbook 1952" and is put out by Captain Slater of the R.A.F. I indeed recommend this as a must to all fans and herewith give his address;

Captain Slater(RPC)
No. 28 P.C.L.U. Detachment
Baor 29 (c/o GPO, ENGLAND)

I can't find the price listed but think it's well worth a quarter. The handbook contains: (1) A list of all U.S. and British pro magazines published in 1952 giving size, sub prices, frequency, address and editor, (2) a list of all known "dead" stf pro mags giving dates and number of issues, (3) fan jargon, a list of fan slang terms, (4) a list of literary agents handling stf, (5) a list of stf clubs, both U.S. and British, (6) a list of U.S. and British book dealers, (7) a list of publishers regularly issuing stf or fantasy books, (8) a list of Fanzines put out in 1952, and lastly, (9) a list of pocket-book publishers of stf. Enough? There's also a lot of interesting notes scattered throughout the book. It's printed by photo-offset process and has a very attractive format. Should be the most useful fan publication of the year. Slater is going to publish a '53 handbook too, so get your information to him if you have anything you want included.

One of the newest up and coming fanzines of the year is OOPSLA edited by Gregg Calkins of 761 Oakly St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah. OOPSLA was first issued on January 1, 1952, and hasn't missed a deadline yet. It is published every 6th Tuesday and so far 5 issues have been put out, and they represent a fan output that equals tremendous proportions. I think OOPSLA exceeds QUANDRY in quality of material if not in personality. The format is good and artwork has been excellent for mimeography. Regular contributors to OOPSLA include; Ken Beale with a news column, Wilkie Conner with a gossip column, and Shelby Vick with a satire piece. Guest authors have been Mack Reynolds, Walt Willis, Redd Boggs, Lemuel Craig, and Rog Phillips. All in all OOPSLA is a fine addition to the "Fanzine World."

The second issue of "Journal of Science Fiction" arrived a few weeks ago. This member of JSF has maintained its fine literary quality and attractiveness set with the first issue. The cover features a picture of editor Howard Brown at work. The zine features such a high standard of material that I can hardly understand why its cover should portray the editor of the lowest of the prozines. But perhaps it's due to the lead article which is "An AMAZING Quarter Century" by Ed Wood. This is a wonderful history of Amazing Stories which consumes thirteen interesting pages. I, for one, would certainly welcome more items along this line in all fanzines. JSF is edited by Ed Wood and Charles Fruedenthal of 1331 W. Newport Ave., Chicago 13, Illinois, and sells for 25¢. The second article of interest in JSF is Fruedenthal's "Rebuttal

to the Case Against Bradbury." This item refutes Wood's remarks against Bradbury in the 1st issue of JSF. Sam Moskowitz is also in this issue with "The Case Against Modern Science-Fiction." This is a dissertation upon the faults and failures of "modern" (aSF style) stf in comparison with the "good old days." Sam gives a good definition of aSF modern stf. It is this: "Treat all futuristic advances and marvels as tho they were common, every-day occurrences. Write the stories and have the people talk in slick, sophisticated style common in COSMOPOLITAN, REDBOOK, or other popular national magazines of the class."

Quite an interesting item and one I think that calls for an immediate rebuttal. After all we're living in this "modern" age of stf, aren't we?

As Shelby Vick said, "Another new nothing arrived in my mail box." This time it was Vick's own zine CONFUSION and I assure you that it is quite a bit more than nothing. In fact it's a good all-round general zine chock full of humor and fannishness. Issue no. 10 contains Lee Hoffman's column, Dave Hammond's column of news and views, Joe Green's very excellent poetry corner, (the best I've ever seen in a fmz) and of course Willis is represented in great amount. He has a column called Plinth; he has another installment of "Willis Discovers America," (I'm still waiting to see some ambitious fan write "America Discovers Willis") and there's a satire on Willis by Manly Banister which is very amusing. The letter column is titled "SOUND OFF" and is an interesting as most letter columns are. And to me that's very interesting because I do love to see the fans spout off. If you'd like this zine send a nickel (yes, I said 5 cents) to Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida. Believe me, it's well worth it, but you'd better hurry because Vick is going to raise the price. Seems he owes a lot to his dentist. So, whottayosa? Let's help him pull another tooth, huh? Then maybe CONFUSION will have a lisp. It'll really be confused then.

The giant 3rd anniversary issue of Bob Silverberg's SPACESHIP came and was thoroughly enjoyed. This issue has been balleyhooed around enough that probably you have a copy by now, but in case you did miss it I'll give you a little resume of the contents and advise that you rush 10 cents to 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. for your copy. It has 40 pages, 2 covers, all on heavy paper and the mimeo job is wonderful. As for contents, they can't be beat either. Of course there's the inevitable Willis, there's Redd Boggs, Sam Moskowitz, Lee Hoffman, Elsberry and others all with a good sample of their inimitable style. Silverberg gives a history of 3 years of Spaceship which is a fine testimony of his contributions to fandom not even counting his numberless articles to other fanzines. This 17th issue of Sship is the best yet and certainly shows the great improvement that can be obtained by experience. Bob was only about 13 when he started. You should compare the 2 products. He has an ideal mimeo mag now.

My nomination for "fanzine cover of the year" goes to the first issue of a newcomer to fandom's trail, GHUVNA edited by Joe Fillinger of 148 Landon, Buffalo 8, N.Y. This cover is lithoed and was drawn on pebbleboard with grease pencil and is so similar to the master Cartier's work that I thought at

first he did it. Indeed a beauty. The contents aren't bad either, typical fan material but in abundance. Three articles, three stories, three poems, and three features. Quite well balanced. Lots of artwork and the mimeo job is fine. Well worth the dime asked and I'm looking forward to future issues. This one should make a hit right away. Get it for that cover if for nothing else. You'll be glad you did and you'll see just what kind of cover is ideal for a fanzine. Artists don't have to keep grinding out the same old sexy covers for fmz. They have talent and they can do much better.

My second nomination for the best fanzine cover would be the artwork on the first issue of the zine you are reading, ETRON. I don't know how this second one will look, but if it is half as good as the first, it'll be tops. It is amazing (Opps, I'm sorry; that's a nasty word, isn't it?) how these new fmz just beginning are taking the lead in covers over the old timers. I think the regulars stand-bys would do well to study these neo-zines for, as I said before, they are showing what can be done by an amateur artist if he's allowed to use the correct medium. It probably costs a bit more to produce, but the finished product is something to be proud of.

Rhodomagnetic Digest continues to be one of the top zines in the field but it is stirring up some hatred in fan circles by its criticism of fanzines in general and of most of the pros. I must admit it is one of the most serious zines being published and does fill a necessary spot for fans, by serious, constructive and thoughtful reviews of the pros and of stf in general. It is rather sad to note though that most of the pro reviews do knock the zine reviewed. Very few are actually liked much less praised. The latest issue (#19) contains a fine 2-color cover, several colored illustrations, and something to make fandom more angry. This latter item is a "mock" fanzine of 80 pages making insulting fun of general fanzines. This little endeavor stemmed from an accusation upon RD that they didn't know how to put out a real fanzine. The names used in it are similar to real fans, only the spelling changed a bit. There's the usual sexy cover by "Itchy" Crotchler, a self-praising editorial, a page upside down, a praising letter section, a feud between Meriam Z. Slimmer and Crimson Marshes, and an article on Lovecraft by Elmer Zilch (the only fan I can't figure out). Editors' ears should burn after seeing this.

Articles contained in this 19th issue of RD are; The story of The Little Men and the Moon, (the story behind the publicity gag of their claiming the moon), Life in the Universe by Gary Nelson, Notes on the Nautilus by Bob Silverberg, some very valuable info on Bradbury, and of course, the "fire" of the pro review column. Most of this is taken up with a review of LIFE'S Flying Saucer article. The zine is 30¢. The address is 2524 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California. Go to it eds!

The latest fmz I've received is "Fantasias" #4 edited by Dave English of 516 Deer Street, Dunkirk, N.Y. (10¢per). Dave needs some articles, so how about helping him. This is a short issue, but a well-balanced one. This issue has the beginnings of a feud between Ken Beale and Fred Chapell. Also contained therein is a nice bit of oriental fiction

which is quite unusual and well done. There's an article by Sheppard entitled "Why I Like Stf" that doesn't give one reason why he does but instead philosophys on religion or maybe the lack of it. Which one I'm not sure since Sheppard doesn't clarify his stand and beliefs. A nice issue worth getting.

Another zine in which Sheppard has an article is RENAISSANCE edited by Joe Semenovitch of 40-14 10th Street, Long Island City 1, N.Y. (10¢). This one is called "Does Stf Deny God?" and the title is as misleading as the other I mentioned. It doesn't answer the question, but instead tells of a new way to think. Quite interesting though.

Other articles in the zine are "Fantasy and Alice in Wonderland," "The Noble Art of Literating," "Stf Magazine Rarities" (by Bob Silverberg), and "Ring the Gong" which is about future traffic problems. A couple of other features round out this zine to make it a good one.

Science and Culture Magazine (Stan Crouch, Sterling, Va., 15¢) is a non-partisan mag. The latest issue (April '52) contains an excellent article on fanzines by Ben Loudon. Should be read by all fan editors. Other items include one about D.A.R., one about "Where Women Aren't Women" and many other small items.

The latest news in prodom...

Two new mags out; (1) FANTASTIC, a slick zine from Ziff-Davis with colored illustrations and fine quality of stories by top authors. (2) FANTASTIC SCIENCE-FICTION, a 9"x12" mag edited by Walter Gibson, former editor of the Shadow. A good looking mag with nothing superior about the stories so far.

Two more mags are planned by Lester Del Ray. They are ROCKET STORIES and a fantasy magazine untitled as yet at this writing.

Rumor has it that there might be a Captain Future Annual this year.

IF to have a new editor. Fairman is now associate editor for Ziff-Davis mags of Stf and fantasy.

Magazine of FANTASY and SCIENCE-FICTION going monthly.

Whitehorn, former editor of PLANET, is planning new magazine entitled VORTEX STF. It's to contain all short stories.

Enough for now?

...Russell K. Watkins

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ATOMIC CITY

Don't, we said DON'T, DON'T see the film "the atomic city". (The small letters are purely intentional.) This film is not science-fiction, and even a non-fan would be wasting his time seeing it. The plot has been used infiniteen times, and what is supposed to be a great "suspense thriller" is a shallow plot that can only end one way...and does. Here's the whole story: Son of Los Alamos scientist kidnapped; ransom = atomic plans; FBI steps in; chase after Commies with kid's life "in danger" (haw!); Reds caught, kid safe.... THE END...

S TOPOVER

By William C. Fraver

The man with the Geiger counter and an air of authority said, "Good day, Mr. Winton. My name is Renold Scott, and I wish to look over your farm. I represent the railroad company, and we may decide to put some track through your land. We pay excellent prices for land." The farmer thrust his hands deep in his pockets and shuffled his feet. He replied haltingly, "Well, my wife isn't home just now, but I suppose you can look over the land now." He rubbed his suntanned neck with a grimy hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Scott," he asked hesitantly, "but what's in the funny-looking box?" As Mr. Scott was led past the house he answered, "Oh, this. Why it's a short-wave radio." He was about to add something else, but when the farmer blinked his eyes and just said, "Oh," Scott looked surprised and shut up.

Farmer Winton's only higher education was in the School of Experience, which was unfortunate, for Mr. Scott was, quite simply, a swindler; not that this farmer had never heard of Geiger counters--he knew they had something to do with atoms.

That evening, as Winton inspected the evening paper, he did something out of the ordinary for him. He started a conversation with his wife: "Dear, a man from the railroad company talked to me today about building a track right through our property. I thought---"

"I'll take care of it, Harold." his wife announced. While she had the floor, she added, "Harold Winton, you forgot to remind me to renew my subscription to Scientific Americana while I was in town today. And another thing-- If you think I'm going to see another year go by without a television set, you're mistaken. I worked to get the extra money for the aerial that's needed way out here, and you can't manage half of the budget to pay for the set! I'd just die if I missed seeing the telecast of the rocket that Astonishing magazine says is going to fly around the dark side of the moon next---"

The noise of her voice was drowned out by an even greater sound, the dull boom of a tremendously heavy object slamming against the ground; then, another less shaking thump. Mrs. Winton automatically leaped up and raced to the open window. Leaning out, she looked into the dusk and saw half of a disc-shaped object as large as their house; the other half apparently was burrowed into one of their fields.

"My Lord, Harold; it's true! Those saucers are real. I'm so excited!" She gasped as she ran to the back door and bounded out of the house. Winton followed at what he thought was a safe distance behind. Mrs. Winton tumbled across a fence and hurried to the suddenly plowed field. As she neared what looked like a ship, her husband yelled in vain for her to be cautious. After inspecting the craft in an unorderly manner, she knocked on a plate, outlined about two by eight feet..

"Is this a door?" she murmured to herself. Her question was answered when the section swung back, revealing an eight foot tall being leaning against the wall of the craft. Very human looking blood oozed from it. The being appeared to be a tall human, or,

better, a human-like creature. The woman marveled at his great height, his huge head, and his hairless, delicate features.

Someone or something was tied to the floor deeper inside the ship; whatever it was, it astonished Mrs. Winton, for she jerked past the being to gaze downward in awe. The pseudo-man reached out and touched her head. The woman collapsed at his feet. As Harold approached cautiously, he was seized with a sudden anger. Standing right up to the creature, he demanded to know what had been done to her.

The stranger touched Harold on the shoulder. At that instant a voice like a voice from memory filled his head, "Be still. I haven't hurt her. She is conscious but unable to move or speak, and she will remain thus for hours. I sincerely dislike violence, but you will be put in your mate's condition if you are not calm." Harold jumped back. In one second this message had passed. The being raised both hands, palms upward, in the universal sign of peace. Timidly Harold put out his hand. The creature grasped it, and again the silent sound of the mind-voice filled the farmer's head, "I must touch you to complete transmission and reception of our thoughts, because your mental communication isn't as well developed as mine. I am a stranger here; I have come far. My ship is disabled. I insist on your cooperation in keeping this area peaceful for the remainder of your night so that I may make repairs and be gone with the least disturbance."

Then, the practical Harold noticed the mass of dirt and rock that had been his wheat field; a gorged out mass of the fertile field buried his ripened crop. With no crop there would be no money to buy a television set, and there would be hell to pay from his wife. With these thoughts he became more and more angry. Reaching up and grasping the stranger by the shoulder, he sent hard thoughts to him. The alien's hairless brows lifted, showing that he understood the farmer's predicament. The reply was, "According to my standards I should repay you for the damage, but I must leave no knowledge of my visit—and of course no one will believe your tale of my huge craft from beyond landing in your wheat field. Since your ignorance is undoubtedly known to others, any knowledge or wisdom I could give you would be unexplainable. Since you and your mate are in good health, according to your standards, you cannot benefit there. All I can do is recommend that you have the ore deposits which are in your land completely extracted. There is not much of it—I believe you call it uranium—but there is enough to pay completely for the damage."

With these words the stranger climbed into the ship, and the portal closed behind him, leaving the farmer speechless. Although he hammered on the metal, no one appeared again. He sat down beside his wife, waiting for her to regain the use of the voluntary nervous system and to await further developments.

At dawn a humming began to issue from the half-buried disc, and it literally began to fade away into nothing. "Never heard of a rocket ship just disappearing," Harold Winton muttered. A movement at his side caught his attention, and he turned toward his wife, who was regaining her powers.

A few minutes and a few squaks later, she got possession of herself. In a tight voice she spoke, "Harold, that so-called representative of the railroad company was trying to steal the uranium ore from our very land, and you almost let him do it." She paused, then spoke in an ever increasingly shrill voice, "I

could have forgiven you for that, but now you've let me down for the last time. You fool! You half-wit! You brainless idiot!" she roared at him in ever increasing volume. "We could have had riches; we could have had power; we could have had knowledge such as no other person has ever had."

Harold felt hypnotized by those tiny, black, accusing orbs that stared at him out of wide eyes. "But dear," he mumbled, "you heard what he said about people knowing that he--"

"You blundering idiot, that giant didn't come from another star. Of course you never saw a rocket ship just disappear. He is an advanced form of man, not an alien creature. He could have safely told us everything about the future. If you had been alert at all, you would have seen what he had tied to the floor of his ship --- it was an apeman!"

Like a person who has given up completely, she spoke quietly to her mate, "Don't you realized how he traveled? Not through space, but through TIME!....."

William C. Fraver

LA MORT D'UNE PAGE

Est-ce que vous aimez cette page in français ? Sinon, vous serez heureux de savoir que cette "belle" page va mourir bientôt---si vous, nos lecteurs, ne nous écrivez pas. L'éditeur m'a dit, "Comment sais-je qu'il y a même un lecteur qui aime votre page français?" Cela m'a étonné. Que dire ? Je n'ai pas répondu. "Eh bien" dit Oil, "Il faut terminer la page dans le prochain numéro." "OK, Boss," j'ai dit.

Voici la situation. Que voulez-vous ? Voulez-vous une page seulement en français ? Alors, écrivez l'éditeur mi en anglais mi en français. L'adresse: M. James Schreiber, 4118 West 143 Street, Cleveland 11, Ohio.

Mais, c'est assez de ce sujet. Tournons aux affaires d'ETRON en France. Nous avons, au moins, trois lecteurs français. Ils sont:

M. Guy Trolle
Le Fournial
Campsegret,
(Dordogne)
France.

M. Herve Dapoigny
41 Cours Pasteur
Bordeaux, (Gironde)
France.

M. Bertrand Vasselin
15 bis Rue Maréchal
Goffre
Le Havre, (S.I.)
France.

Nous espérons qu'il y a beaucoup plus. Peut-être un de ces lecteurs (nombreux?) desire voir un de ces histoires courtes de la fiction scientifique dans un numéro de ETRON. On peut écrire cette histoire en français aussi bien qu'en anglais.

Bonne chance.

GALACTIC NOISE

by Richard Fotland

I Plane of the Galactic Noise (1)

Twenty years ago K.G. Jansky of the Bell Telephone Laboratories accidentally discovered the emission of radio noise from our galaxy while studying the direction of arrival of thunderstorm atmospherics at a frequency of 20.5 megacycles. He noticed that in the absence of atmospheric disturbances small noise signals were being radiated from a position fixed with respect to the stars. This suggested radio signals of an extra-terrestrial nature.

In 1936, Grote Reber, now with the Bureau of Standards, started the first survey of the sky with a radio telescope at a frequency of 160 mc/sec squared. The data he collected indicated qualitatively a correlation with the galactic plane. Other observations (3,4,5) at several frequencies have confirmed Reber's data. These observers found that the radiation from the galaxy was most intense in the regions of Sagittarius, Cassiopeia, Cygnus, Canis Major and Orion.

The relationship between the plane of the radio noise and the plane of the visible galaxy was worked out (6) by using the method of least-squares solution. The results obtained are shown below.

Freq.mc.	Rt. Asenc.	Dec.	N. polar Distance	Range in Gal. long.
160	12h 34.5m $\pm 1.1m$	+27.10 ± 0.26	91.61 ± 0.20	325 - 210
480	12h 40.9m $\pm 2.7m$	+29.10 ± 0.87	90.72 ± 0.54	330 - 55 150 - 180

The probable errors obtained show a high internal consistency of observation, barring systematic errors.

One source of error is that approximately 90 degrees of galactic longitude never appear above the horizon for observers in northern latitudes. Observers in the southern hemisphere are in a position to contribute greatly to radio astronomy.

II Source of Galactic Noise

The source of galactic noise is a problem which is giving astrophysicists a great deal of trouble. Although considerable observational work has been done in surveying the distribution of galactic noise, no completely satisfactory explanation for its cause has yet been advanced. Only one hypothesis has been proposed. This was first described by Reber (7) and later by Henyey and Keenan (8), and attributes the galactic noise to emission from free-free transitions of electrons in the field of protons in interstellar space. Since the noise was not observed coming from the specific direction of bright stars, but, rather, it appears to originate in the great interstellar dust clouds.

Reber's hypothesis stated that under the action of starlight, some of the gas atoms in a dust cloud are ionized. The positive ions and free electrons then interact with each other to release radio energy. This radio energy is the energy lost by an electron losing velocity in a free elliptical orbit around a proton.

One method to verify this hypothesis consists of calculating the expected frequency variation of the specific intensity of the galactic noise from the formulae for free-free transitions and the known astronomical values of the properties of interstellar material and compare the results with observational data on the specific intensity of radiation at a different frequency. An absolute scale of calibration for different frequencies is almost impossible to attain due to differences in antennae and receivers at different frequencies. Some work has been done along this line, but the results are inconclusive. (8,9,10)

To surmount these difficulties, a geometrical analysis was used by Williamson.(11) The frequency variation of the opacity coefficient to radio waves of the dust cloud (τ_v) for free-free transitions is:

$$\tau_v \propto \nu^{-2}$$

The angle $\theta_{\frac{1}{2}}(\nu)$ measured at a frequency between which the intensity of galactic radiation drops to $\frac{1}{2}$ its maximum value is given by:

$$\sin \frac{1}{2} \theta_{\frac{1}{2}}(\nu) = \tau_v / \log_e 2$$

The quantity on the left has been measured by a number of observers and is tabulated below along with the opacity (τ_v), the observed half width of the galactic noise (θ_o), the half width of the antenna pattern (θ_A), and $\theta_{\frac{1}{2}} \nu$ which is calculated from the relation:

$$\theta_o^2 = [\theta_{\frac{1}{2}}(\nu)]^2 + \theta_A^2$$

GALACTIC OPACITIES DERIVED FROM GEOMETRIC EXTENT OF GALACTIC NOISE

ν mc/sec	Observer	θ_o (deg.)	θ_A (deg.)	$\theta_{\frac{1}{2}}(\nu)$ (deg.)	τ_v
20.5	Jansky	94	30	89	0.49
60	Sander	46	24	39	.23
64	Hey, Phillips & Parsons	--	--	30	.175
160	Reber	19	17	18	.11
205	Cornell group	23	17	15½	.088
480	Reber	9½	3	9	0.055

Instead of following a relationship the observations are in accord with the empirical relation . This discrepancy shows up plainly on the graph. (Next page.)

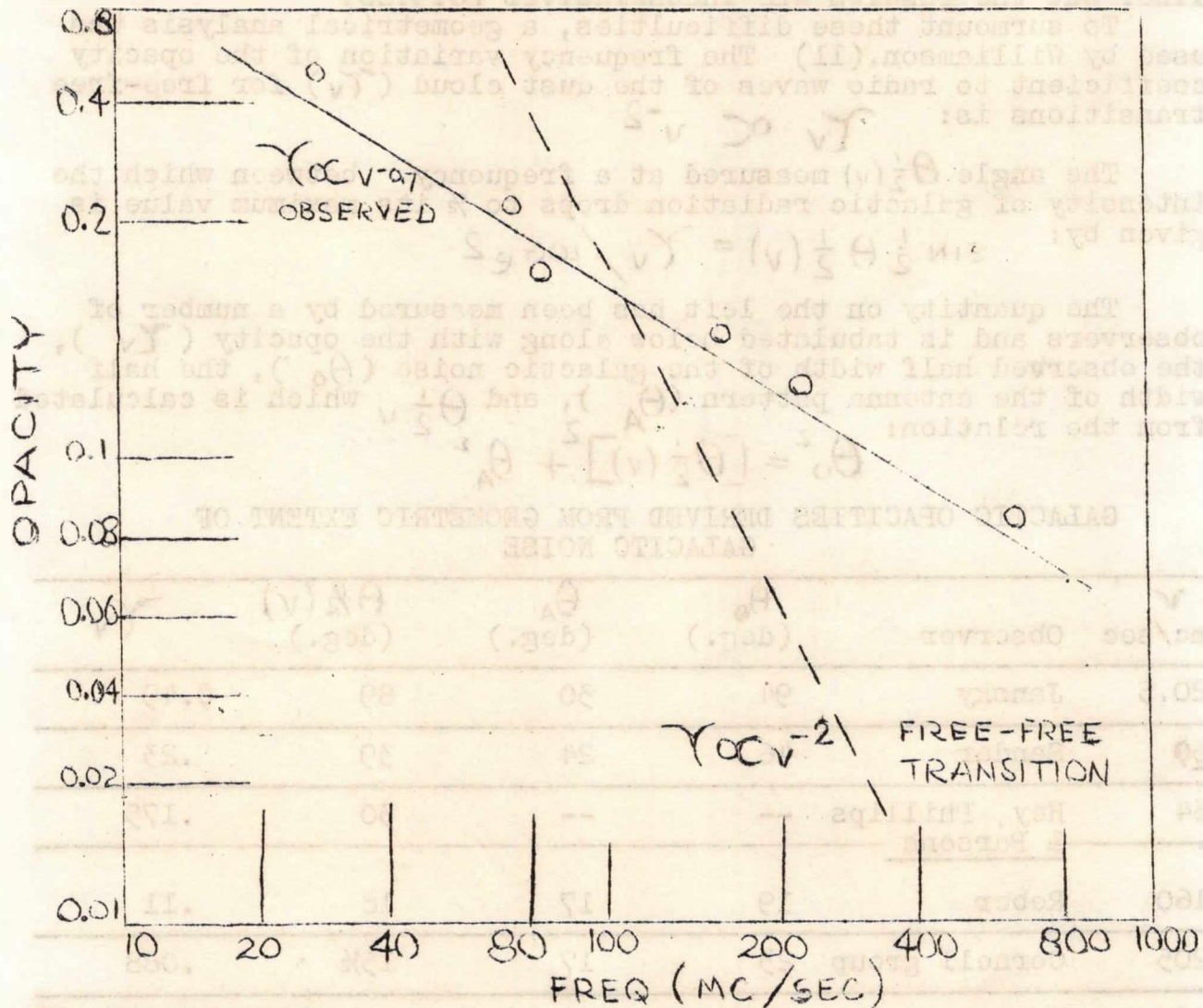
This analysis can be taken as strong evidence against free-free transitions as a source of galactic noise, so this problem is still unsolved.

III Radio Stars

Certain spots in our galaxy radiate intense noise. These spots are small enough to be considered radio stars. Work in Australia(12) with a radio interferometer at 200 mcs has shown the angular diameter of these radio stars to be smaller than can be measured by their instrument, whose maximum resolution is 8' of an arc.

A very recent hypothesis places some of these radio stars within a few light years of earth. It will be interesting to check the validity of this hypotheiss when techniques are devised to measure the parallax of the sources.

GRAPH FOR SECTION NO. II



IV Receiver noise

If it were not for the limitation of internal thermal agitation noise and shot noise in the receiver, a receiver would have no limit to its degree of amplification. However, all conductors and resistors generate a noise due to the Brownian or thermal agitation of the molecules in the element, which, in turn, agitate the electrons. In a vacuum tube, the uniform stream of electrons from cathode to plate does not constitute a steady current. Each individual electron constitutes a component of current which increases with time until the electron strikes the plate, where it falls to zero. Thus tubes with no input signal have a small output consisting of equal voltages over a wide band of frequencies. This principle is used in the construction of a noise generator to be described later.

The power output of a resistor is given by:

$$P = 1.36T \times 10^{-23} \quad \text{watts per degree K per cycle of band width}$$

For a temperature of 300 degrees K, approximately room temperature, this expression becomes:

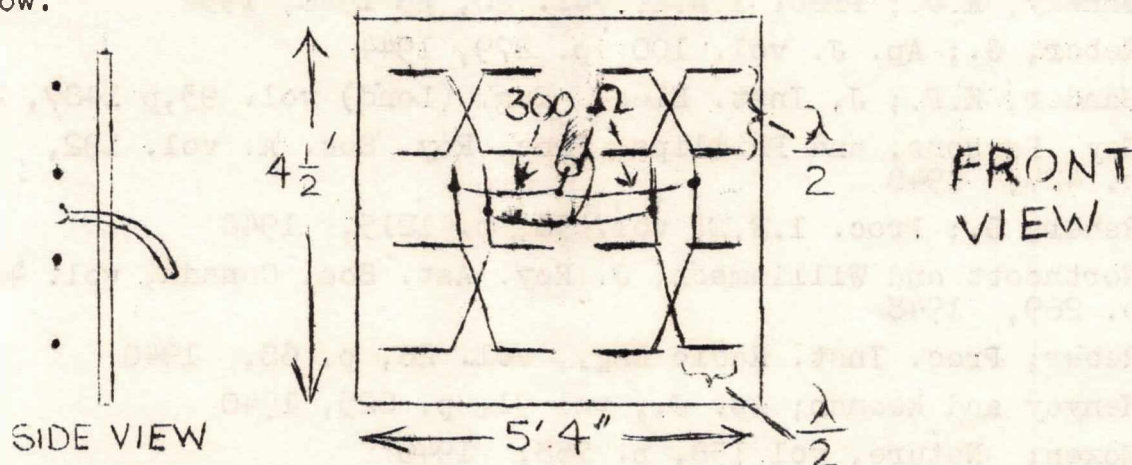
$$P = 4.1 \times 10^{-21} \quad \text{watts per cycle of band width.}$$

V The ETRO Radio Observatory

This observatory has as its primary instrument a 470 mc receiver for the reception of galactic noise.

1. Antenna

The antenna is a rectangular broadside array consisting of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ wave elements, and a plane reflector arranged as shown below.



The two sections of the antenna have an impedance of 300Ω and are connected in parallel by a 300Ω twin lead. A coaxial cable having an impedance of 52Ω (RG 8/u) was connected to both this array and an oscillator using a 316A at 470 mc. A standing wave ratio of 3.1 was found to exist on the line. This was corrected using an open tuning stub $.13 \lambda$ long and $.33 \lambda$ from the antenna end.

The calculated radiation pattern of the antenna is shown below and given by the equation:

$$E_t = \cos\left(\frac{\pi}{2} \sin \xi\right) + \cos\left(\frac{3\pi}{2} \sin \xi\right)$$

where ξ is the angle to the normal of the array and E_t the magnitude of the field.

2. Mounting

The antenna is mounted on a balanced equatorial mounting having $1\frac{1}{2}$ " pipe with setting circles.

3. Receiver

The receiver is a superheterodyne having a bandwidth of 20 kc at a 40 mc I.F. frequency. Triodes are used as the local oscillator and mixer to give a low signal to noise ratio. This receiver was rebuilt from a war surplus BC-645.

The receiver employs a bridge type S-meter which is extremely sensitive. It is supplied with power by a supply

regulated at 150 volts by a VR tube. The output is run through an amplifier and is displayed visually on an oscilloscope as well as recorded on waxed paper by a stylus.

The antenna mounting can be calibrated by a transit of the sun, if the sun's coordinates are known.

Besides this instrument, the observatory has a 6" f8 and a 5" RFT optical reflecting telescope, and two 8" telescopes under construction, and plans are being made to construct an interferometer antenna for the radio telescope.

It is hoped that this recently completed radio telescope will eventually add to our meager knowledge of the galaxy.....

Richard Fotland

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SAUCER REVIEW

If you are (and in the light of present developments, we don't see how you couldn't be) at all interested in what gives in the world of "Flying Discs", there's one publication you shouldn't miss. SAUCER REVIEW, published by Elliott Rockmore, is the most comprehensive publication of the greatest collection of disc sighting material now available to the general public.

SAUCER REVIEW has three different sections of material, a section of condensed disc articles, a section of analyses of the articles, and a section of photostats.

If any of you have access to a printing press, please let us know. SAUCER REVIEW, although very complete, is run off on mimeograph, and a rival publication is about to come into being, so Elliott is trying to improve his method of reproduction to stand up under the "barrage." Please help if you can.

All information can be obtained thru the editor of ETRON.

C U R E

Ray A. Pape & Jim Parry

+++++

He was dying. He was aware of what caused it, but could do nothing to prevent it. Slowly he dragged his dying body to the edge of the small pool that had formed in a little gully nearby. Because of the nearness of the forest and the abundance of small foliage, he felt almost secure for the first time in months.

Painfully, he leaned over and drank from the pool in small, laborous gulps which caused the pain in his body to subside momentarily. It was immediately replaced by a feeling which was not unfamiliar to him — hunger.

His searching gaze fell upon a conspicuous green plant-like growth just beneath the surface of the pool. He limped over to it, his lungs gasping from the minute amount of exertion. He nibbled gratefully on the portion of the plant that remained above the water and eventually found himself reaching hungrily for the submerged part of the growth. He was familiar with this food, but this was the first time that hunger had forced him to eat the part that was underwater. As he munched weakly, he felt a new kind of strength filtering into his veins.

He was about to return to the sanctuary when he felt his senses reel and his consciousness leave him as he collapsed abruptly.

Upon awakening, he realized that a change had begun to take place in his body. He could feel it, and he knew that he must return to the pool where he had acquired the life-giving food.

Slowly, carefully, in order to avoid any over-exertion of his lungs, he made his way back to the pool's edge. It wasn't until he had studied the water thoughtfully for over five minutes that the full significance of what he had discovered began to dawn on his mind. It must be that the submerged portion of that plant contains certain properties which combine to counteract and cure the dreaded disease that had menaced his people ever since their creation. He must get word of this, the most momentous discovery in history, to his world. Perhaps there was a possibility of transferring the find to the "others" in spite of the fact that they had been enemies in the almost eternal war. Perhaps they could use this great news to bring about the long wanted peace between the two worlds. He must go now! He must..... A shot rang out. He felt the tearing pain of death as he tried in vain to emit a sound of protest. The sound died in his throat as he rolled over and lay in death.

It came towards him, picked him up, and carried him from the forest. It arrived at its habitation, threw down the dead body, and prepared a fire. After the fire was blazing brightly, it proceeded to skin and disembowel the body. It was almost finished with the somewhat distasteful operation, when it dis-

covered in the entrails that the left lung was decayed and completely collapseed. It muttered a surprised curse of disappointment.

"Hell, this rabbit's got TB."

— Ray A. Pape & Jim Parry

=====

Got a million dollars? If so, send it along to this editor..(ed)

=====

NEWEST MOONS

... Artraym

In a few minutes the tensions of the day will become inimportant—will be forgotten. Soon two faintly shining globes will rise into the sky. Our petty apprehensions at the day's war problems will drop from us as a loose robe falls from a man standing. When we see those minute globes aspiring the sky dense fear will cleanse out hearts of all else.

And it will be so with others.

Death rides the newest moons tonight. Men know it. Reverent terror laps at souls and shores.

Earthmen are out tonight. They gaze at death and eternity in the heavens. Their eyes seek the globes—their hearts seek escape.

There are four spheres swimming in the night. Two are ours—we do not fear them—but two are not. In another land the rising of ours is awaited with feeling akin to that with which theirs will be greeted.

We are on a bluff overlooking a coolly indifferent sea. Inland, our moons sink to greet the men of another tongue who have sent moons to greet us. The moons speak the same language, however—fusion bomb and malignant virus. Death rains from the sky tonight. Death reigns on Earth tomorrow.

The sun is gone. There are few stars to witness Man's suicide.

I settle myself and fix my gaze on the faint line separating finite and infinite. In a very short time I will look into two eyes of death in the sky and know in my heart what I know now in my mind—I have seen my last sunrise.

Our moons are in the other's sky—theirs are in ours. I grow strangely calm. Fear is cold, but I do not tremble. Slow sounds of reticent waves are the only protestations to the reign of silence. Four motes of light approach us—two ascending through curtains of night sky—two reflections bobbing in the sea. The men of the other land cannot see their executioners, but death will be just as certain for them.

I am glad I can see mine.

These are man-made satellites. There are men in them—operating them. Those men our helpless. They will die too, but not as quickly as we.

The moons are almost above us. Soon they will release their doom and become mere bystanders.

We know the bombs are on their way. We cannot see or hear them—but we know. Fear is a violin's high note singing in the silence. It becomes ecstasy.

The lethal offspring are upon us. We are relieved to know that the awaited death will soon fulfill us.

We can see the ugly beautiful bombs falling. They drop slowly, spinning and rolling. They are helpless leaves falling from the tree of Death.

The first messenger hits. It hesitates in instant meditation and bursts. It is too far away to effect us physically, but its mushroom signifies to us the termination of man's civilization.

All over Earth men have seen for the last time the rising of their finest weapons of war—the newest moons.

...end

GROUND ZERO !!!!

This might be known as a letter column. In fact, it is! Don't think we didn't get more letters than these two. It's just that we thought these letters were so perfectly lovely, and we don't have room for any more. Next issue we'll try to expand a bit. (And probably won't get any letters.)

If you're unlucky enough to know my address, send them to me, or you can always write to the circulation manager's place; his address is on the last page.

How big should this column be? Should we print whole letters, or just excerpts? Should the editorial comments be right in the letter, or should they be at the end? Should there be any editorial comments at all? Should we keep the name GROUND ZERO ???

Since this is your zine, let us know the way you want it set up.

If you think we publish crud, write and say so. How'll we know enough to change our policies if no one tells us they're wrong? Eh?

Even a little post card to let us know we're getting into the outside world...or carrier pigeon will do.

(Who's that joker who just sent us the V-2...nose first!??)

Well, before this gets out of hand..get to the next page and see what the "other side" has to say.....

Dave English; 516 Deer Street; Dunkirk, N.Y.

Querido Jim:

Recibí ETRON ayer, y me gusta muchísimo. Es una revista muy buena...

Publish a page of untranslated French, will you? I hate people who do that. How you'll miss all that egoboo in the first paragraph. I'd write the whole damn' letter in Spanish except that my knowledge of the language isn't sufficient and that my letters are too good to be lost to the English-speaking world.

These essays on the Nature of Time that you're planning to publish should be interesting. However, it will probably be rather like those attempts at defining science-fiction that you see now and then. Everyone, in his own mind, knows what time and science-fiction are—but try and put it on paper! You get a lot of nice words, but you aren't any closer to what you started out to find. However, your contest sounds quite jolly and I may even get in on it, if possible. Admittedly, I know absolutely nothing about the subject, but that shouldn't be a great handicap.

Well, let's get on to the stories and all that, shall we?

Laughter was the best of this issue's fiction, and further, the best of fanfiction I've seen in some time. I like stories of civilizations-gone-to-hell, and I particularly like those in which it goes quietly without the fuss of being A-bombed. A city can be in ruins without having been bombed. And a street full of the sort of shallow people depicted in this story is more pathetically desolate than one full of rubble. The only thing about which I could complain in this story is the ending. Somehow it wasn't as well done as the rest. The ending was too dragged-out because of the appearance of the representative of the Star Men, and the Representative was only thrown in in order to convince the shallow reader that Raol's attempt was going to be successful. The S.R. would go away dissatisfied if he weren't sure of this, though actually Raol's success or lack of it isn't important: the fact that he was willing to struggle against his environment is the vital thing. Of course, the S.R. wouldn't be happy with this tale anyway, since "spiritual decay" is less sensational than Alphabet Bombing.

Gee.

The Skeptic was somewhat crude. The author gets fictional revenge on those who have sneered at his interest in the Saucers. When the hero began to question the reality of the Bomb, I thought we might have an interesting yarn coming wherein it is cleverly proved that neither the Bomb nor anything else not seen first hand is "real": But alas, no—everything is a big plot; just fictional revenge.

Space Before Something was terrible! This most villainous villain—a scourge of the spaceways, unrivalled since Clancy's Julius Jerque—invents a FTL²-drive and invades the realm of God, Who resents it. God subsequently damns him. The characterization was enough to damn this story.

I haven't read Reality yet, so how can I comment on it? Not very well to say the least. However, it looks interesting enough—odd how a story sometimes looks interesting to me before I even read it—and if I read it before I finish this

letter, you shall have my valuable opinions.

The Theory of the H-Bomb: I find very little that I can disagree with here. No doubt when an H-Bomb is made this is roughly how they'll do it; but you can't prove it by me. Imagine: a fan who can't in his spare time construct an A-Bomb from clunk found in the average medicine cabinet! Well, my education has been neglected.

Somehow, the Analysis of Soviet Radio Propaganda didn't strike me as a particularly fine piece of work. It isn't that I think this sort of thing is out of place in a fanzine; I don't. I very much approved Max Keasler's policy of publishing non-stifish material, and am sorry he didn't get more support.

No, It wasn't the type of article but the article itself. It was derived too much from other books, and, though this might have served the author's original purpose, it isn't worth publishing in a fanzine. What I would ave preferred to see is the author's own opinions, rather than a lot of stuff culled from previous works complete with a useless digression of the workings of shortwave radio.

The article on Magnetic Flight was an interesting one. It seems somewhat impractical however. In order to infuse magnets with enough power to support a ship above the earth, you'd need a nearly limitless source of electrical power. Until one has that, the airplane or rocket-craft will have to be sufficient.

Your ETRONOTES department has, for some reason or other succeeded in raising my interest in the Saucers to a point where I'm inclined to Do Something About It. Heretofore my investigations of the subject have been limited to nodding over newspaper items.

I'd like to get in on ETRO if possible. Let me know about the details, will you?

Also, do you know of anyone who has books on the subject which he'd care to trade for stf books? If so, let me know.

The article on Other Worlds, I liked. While it wasn't as skillfully done as Elsberry's "Con" article (Sship # 17), it was more to my taste. But I don't think Palmer edits it primarily to please the public. He seems to run it to suit himself, which suits me too.

fannishly,

de

Bill Calabrese; 52 Pacific Street; Stamford, Conn.

Dear Jim,

ETRON came today, more about it later. PEON came today too. Jeeze, we feel kinda guilty trading mags with you fellas. ECTO-PLASM is such a little thing.

Tragedy strikes. I just found out that I'm going to be forded to write about 75% of ECCIE number 4 by my untalented old lonesome. Callum is away in Virginia (probably changing the name of that state.) I've got stuff by Ed Cox and Wrai Ballard coming up but not until next issue. The result is that you

probably won't see ECCIE #4 for a week at least. As it is, ECCIE should have been out yesterday.

In re. ETRON: You pleased me on the very first page when you wrote at the bottom: "Please send us any kind of GOOD material. We don't specialize." Why you unmentionably good man, you. I'm in favor of a fanmag that does not specialize in any particular brand of material. Somehow it seems to me that it is the natural function of a fanzine by very definition to have a flexible outlook with quality its only reference point. I think ECTOPLASM is this kind of a fanzine although we are inclined to lean a bit to satire, which I believe is a valuable supplement, as criticism and sometimes as pure entertainment, to serious literature. Flexibility of policy as well as outlook is a very valuable thing indeed.

Liked the cover. Nuff said.

As you said in ye editoriale, ETRON #1 is certainly very good for a first issue. Figuring into the equation the fact that you are bound to learn, during the planning and composition of the next issues, many times what you now know about publishing a fanzine, I am lead to believe that ETRON is destined to become a very big hit indeed.

Page 6 - Thanks for helping me brush up on my French.

LAUGHTER was a well done little yarn. Ho Braden.....a pen name? (# Nope!..ed.#)

THE SKEPTIC I didn't care for. The plot is tired. I even used it once myself in a yarn called THE ALIENS.

SPACE BEFORE SOMETHING fell flat too.

Liked REALITY tho.

The articles on the H bomb and the Soviet Radio were enjoyed although the former was a little too short for what had to be said and the latter was too long for what it did get said.

The magnetic propulsion theory was interesting but somehow sounded impractical.

The stuff on flying saucers is interesting. Good job of reporting.

All in all, ETRON rates like this:

Cover - good

Interior art - fair

Fiction - good (superior to that of most fanzines)

Articles - good

Mimeo work - good

Organization of interior format - poor

By the last I mean that in this issue you have not successfully alternated your fiction with your non-fiction, your long pieces with your short, and those articles you can expect to appeal to a large percentage of your readers with those that will appeal to a limited percentage. If you will reOread ETRON with a critical eye, you will find certain dead spots, that could be eliminated by moving certain pieces to different parts of the mag. For example, your fiction falls entirely within the first half of the zine. It would contribute greatly to the evenness of the entire product if your fiction was spread out through the entire mag. By the same token, your non-fiction falls entirely within the last 27 pages. This system of organization does not work; you need a system of alternation of types of material to make a zine uniformly readable. Take a look at the title pages of the really successful zines in fandom, such as QUANDRY or PEON, and you will see this system of alteration used.

Sincerely, ... Bill

NEBULOUSITY..a poor man's excuse for an editorial, done without the assistance of a lettering man for the streamer.

We're back with more of the same, only better. And we're very glad to say that ETRON was well received by those who've seen it; that makes us feel very good. However, that doesn't mean we aren't going to try to improve ETRON. Everything possible will be done to make this magazine more enjoyable for you. After all, your enjoyment is our object. Heaven knows, we aren't getting rich by it.

Enclosed you should find a ballot for the ETRO elections, and a copy of the Basics for Regulation, if you're an ETRO member. There are several others running for offices who applied after the printing of the ballots. Treat their names as though they do appear on the ballot. If voting for them, write in their names. They are:

FOR SECRETARY: Ray Schaffer Jr; 122 Wise St; North Canton, Ohio

FOR RESEARCH DIRECTOR: Ivan A. Courtright; 419 Avenue 28;

Venice, California

&

Elliott Rockmore; PO Box 148; Wall Street Station; New York 5, N.Y.

Since no special ballot is provided for the Basics, write: "Basics for Regulation" on the back of the balloting sheet, and vote "Yes" or "No". If you vote "No", you may write: "Alteration", and set down amendments and/or additions you propose.

ETRON and the ballots were put together to save on postage. Keep the Basics for your own use and reference.

ETRON is not interested in cover artwork. DON'T send any. Only interior illos can be used.

Speaking of covers, wait'll you see the cover for ETRON #3!! If the layout is any hint, it'll be better than our first two covers rolled into one, and that will be something to see!

The ETRONOTES section this time contains only one article, and needs only that one. We hope to get a follow up on it as soon as possible, since it isn't all the way up-to-date. Probably be in ETRON #3; we hope so.

The column FANDOMONIUM mentioned in ETRON #1 has been changed for Russell Watkins' IT HAPPENED IN FANDOM. We're very grateful to Russell for his contribution, and offer our apologies for not running his THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR, as we originally intended. But we find ourselves with the 'unique' experience of having too much good material to run in one issue. Therefore the cut of TIC. We plan to run it in ETRON #3.

On page 24 you'll see a bit about PROGRESSIVE FANDOM. If you're interested in this movement, write:

Robert J. Fritz; 819 Michigan Avenue; Buffalo 3, New York.

Has anyone ever seen a more technical article in a fanzine than GALACTIC NOISE? If so, keep it! We've hit the maximum!

In case anyone is still wondering about the name of this magazine, ETRON, I'll explain. It's nothing more than a streamlined version of "ROTTEN", spelled sideways. (To dimwits: that was supposed to be a joke)

The next issue we hope to publish a dissertation upon "Reality" (not connected in any way with the story in ETRON #1) by Charles Chopp. It's a magnificent piece of work.

My thanks and apologies go also to Ronnie Poland who entered the second in his series on STFILMS for this issue, but whose work was crowded out. We'll give you twice as much space next

issue, Ronnie, and thanks a lot for your material.

This is to clarify the status of ETRON.

ETRON is not the official organ of the EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL RESEARCH ORGANIZATION or any other group. ETRON is published by ETRO, true, but the official organ is VISITANT, which is available to members only. ETRON is a publication through which ETRO reaches the general public, and the sooner ETRON is entirely self sufficient, the better we'll like it. Remember, VISITANT, not ETRON, is the official organ of ETRO.

We are the victim of a coincidence.....or are we? In the month of May ETRON came out with an editorial column entitled: "NEBULOUSITY." I am under the impression that a copy of ETRON was sent to a Mr. Raymond A. Palmer, editor of OTHER WORLDS. In his latest issue of OW Mr. Palmer has a department called NEBULOUSITIES. What is this, artistic license???

Don't get me wrong Mr. Palmer. I'm not sure you did get ETRON #1; I'm not sure you even noted the title of this column; I'm not sure you "lifted" the idea; but if you did, I wish you would have said something first.

If you did get the idea from ETRON, I'm not angered by it in the slightest. In fact, I'm delighted and honored. But I still think it would have been nice to ask.

Probably it is a coincidence, but one thing remains clear; We did not get the idea from you.

Speaking of Ray Palmer, EVERY PERSON IN THE UNITED STATES SHOULD GET AND READ HIS AND KENNETH ARNOLD'S "THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS." FOR THE PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF KEN'S EXPERIENCES, AND DATA NEVER BEFORE PUT BEFORE THE PUBLIC, GET THIS BOOK!!!!!! Send \$4.00 to Raymond A. Palmer; Route 2, Box 36; Amherst, Wisc.

To keep this spot from getting tail heavy, I'll close with something for analysis by all you semanticists.....

Two Italians were vacationing in the Florida Everglades, and one of them pointed across the road. He said to his companion: "Hey, Josepi! Is that a eucalyptus tree?"

Josepi looked at him and said: "No, that's not-a my calyptus tree!"ed

THERE'S A LITTLE FANZINE starting on its road to fame that you should get at all costs. Except in this case "all costs" is just 10¢ per copy, or 25¢ for 3. If you like a fanzine oozing with laughs and sparkling personality, latch on to ECTOPLASM. A proper subtitle for "ECCIE" might be "A LAUGH A PARAGRAPH!" Take, for instance, this bit:

FOR THE SEX MANIACS: HE: I suppose you dance?

SHE: Yes, I love to.

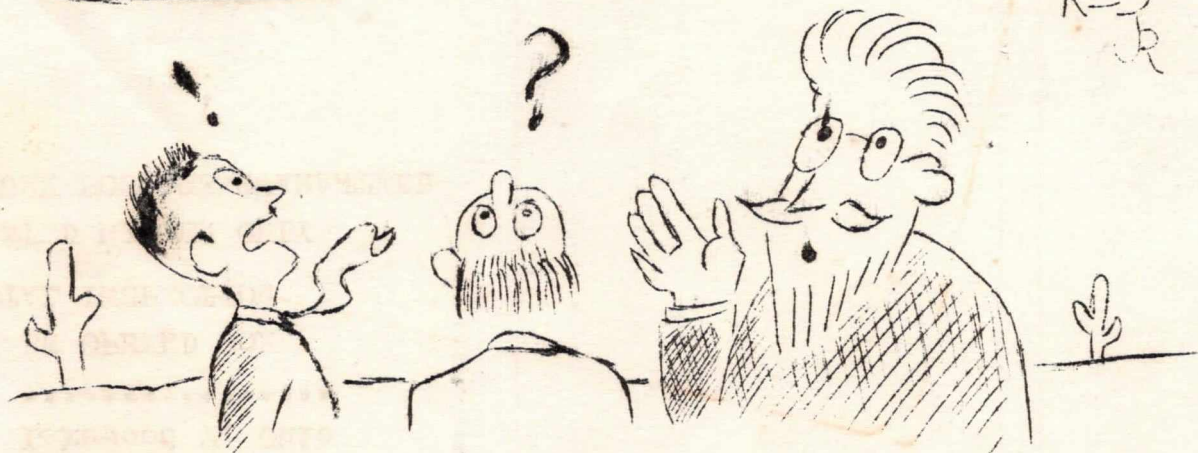
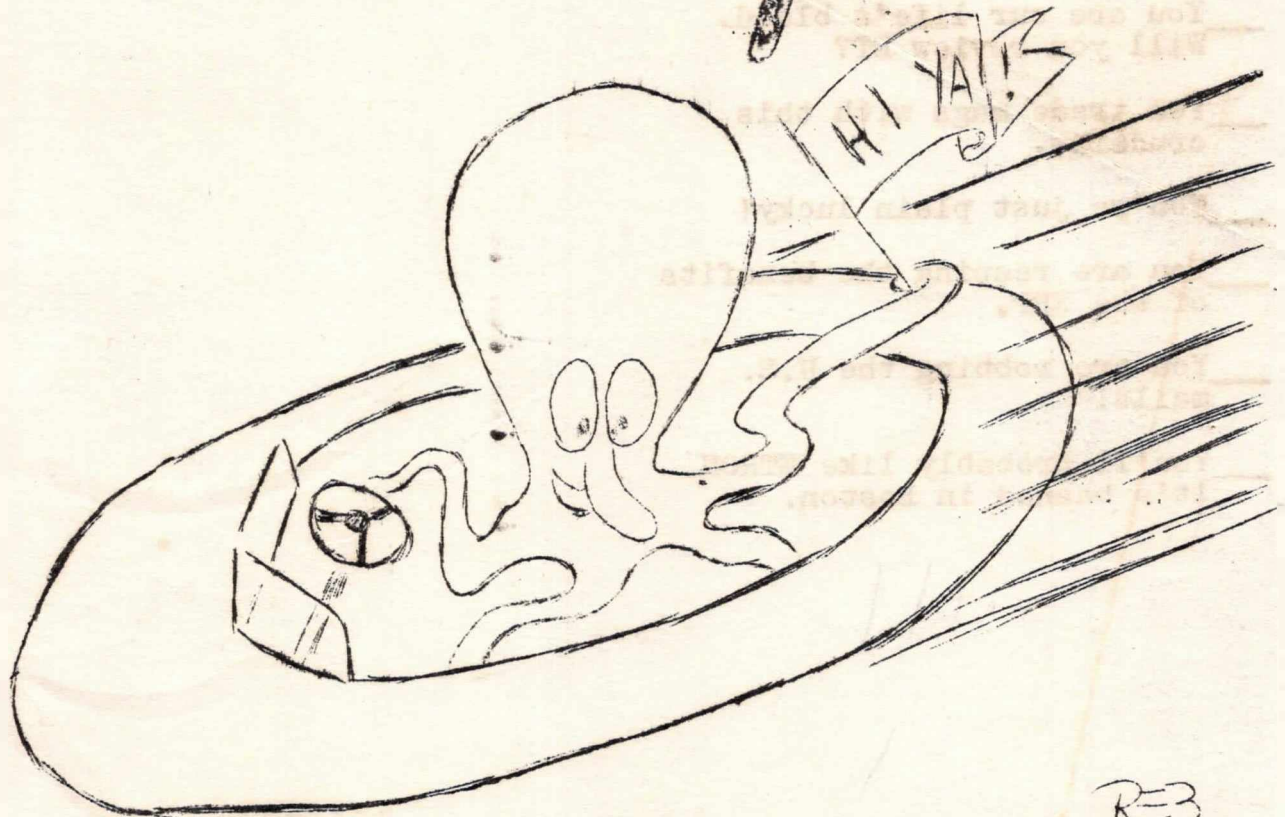
HE: Great, that's better than dancing!

They've got snappy little stories, reviews, and their own style of cartooning scattered throughout the zine.

ECTOPLASM #3 contains such choice bits as "The Gnorph Hunt on Ganymede." "The Cal-Cal Corner." "Reading for Fiends." and "Ectoplasm Echoings."

The editors, Myles Callum and Bill Calabrese, have put out the issues by themselves, and are doing a great job of it. With such peppy first issues, these boys are on their way up, if you send that quarter. If you like 'em light, send that two-bits to: William J. Calabrese; 52 Pacific St.; Stamford, Connecticut.

Bem Alley



NOW STUDENTS — HERE WE HAVE AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE
OF THE TEMPERATURE INVERSION....

ETRON COMETH
BECAUSE:

- You are a most noble member
of ETRO. (Dues paid?)
- You've shelled out two-bits
for this issue. Subscribe?
- Your subscription still
goes.
- Your talents are shown
within.
- You are our life's blood.
Will you review ET?
- You trade mags with this
crudzine.
- You're just plain lucky!
- You are reaping the benefits
of the ERP.
- You are robbing the U.S.
mails.
- You'll probably like ETRON.
It's banned in Boston.

111
/

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