

Rhodomagnetic Digest

BEING THE

PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE ELVES', GNOMES' AND LITTLE MEN'S
SCIENCE-FICTION
CHOWDER AND MARCHING SOCIETY

Volume 2

September, 1950

Number 2

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Price: Twenty-Five Cents

A vertical strip of ten red line drawings on a yellow background, depicting a sequence of events. From top to bottom: 1. A small dinosaur-like creature with a backpack and a stick. 2. A larger dinosaur-like creature. 3. A planet with a ring. 4. A creature with long, flowing hair and a crown. 5. A rocket ship with a sun in the background. 6. A creature with long hair and a crown, similar to the one in step 4. 7. A rocket ship with a small figure on top. 8. A creature with a large, round head and a small body. 9. A rocket ship with a small figure on top. 10. A dinosaur-like creature.

Number 2

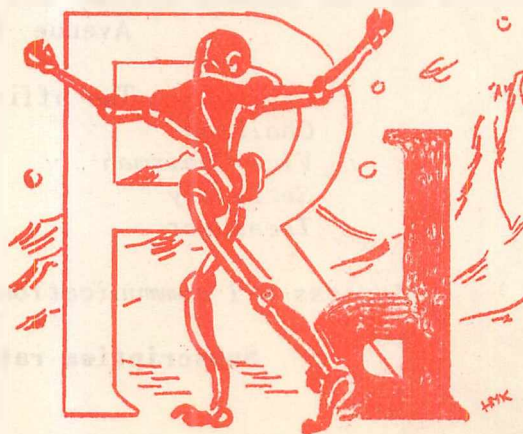
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printed by the
Garden Library Press
1024 Keith Street
Berkeley 8, California



The publishers of the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST

The Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society is composed of people who are interested in reading, writing, or collecting science fiction and fantasy, in any of its forms. Meetings are held on the second Friday and last Sunday of each month at 2524 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California.

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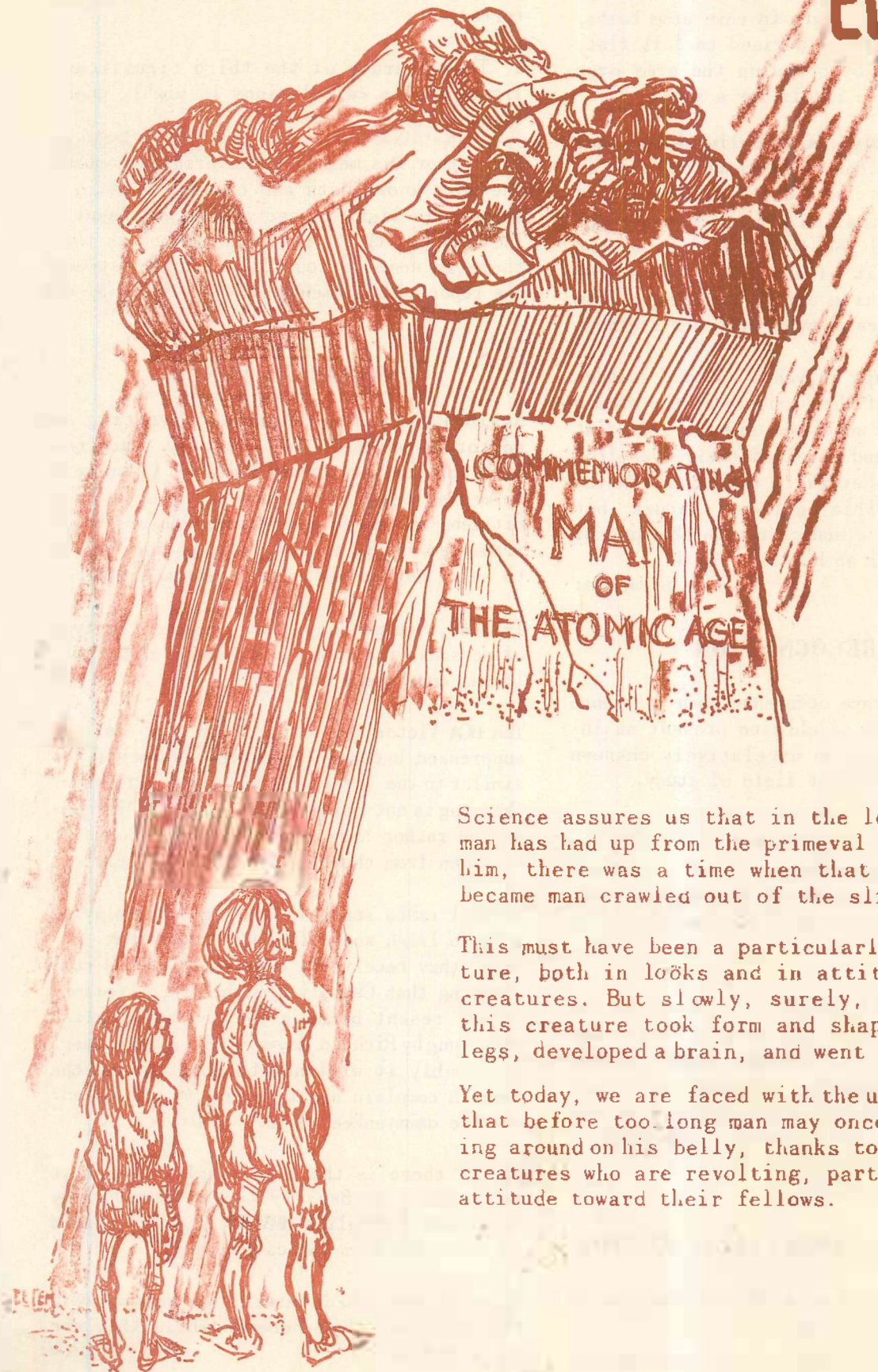
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Subscription rate: \$2.25 per year (10 issues)

EDITORIALS



Science assures us that in the long journey which man has had up from the primeval muck which spawned him, there was a time when that which eventually became man crawled out of the slime on his belly.

This must have been a particularly revolting creature, both in looks and in attitude toward other creatures. But slowly, surely, as eons went by, this creature took form and shape, grew arms and legs, developed a brain, and went forward, ad astra.

Yet today, we are faced with the unpleasant thought that before too long man may once again be crawling around on his belly, thanks to other unpleasant creatures who are revolting, particularly in their attitude toward their fellows.

In the government handbook on what to do if it should suddenly start to rain atom bombs, the general public is advised to fall flat, shield the eyes by crossing the arms over them, and to brace itself for a shock.

Symbolic? Possibly. As symbolic as the statues of the American pioneers which stand in so many western towns with expressions of hope and determination graven on their upturned faces and set jaws. Crawling on the belly is symbolic of something--something horrible, something exactly opposite from the symbols expressed by the pioneer statues.

Who knows? Perhaps in years to come statues will be carved of the pioneers of the atomic age, the men and women who bravely fell flat on their faces and shielded their eyes from the atom blast. Naturally facial expression would be impossible on these statues, but what a field for a sculptor with the mind of an Earl Wilson or an H. Allen Smith.

George Blumenson

ON PRECOGNITION

It is a rather rare occurrence when a science fiction magazine is able to present an informative article on a relatively unknown yet highly significant field of study.

We are fortunate this month in having Don Fabun, a man who has made a somewhat intense study of consciousness and Time theory, write on experiments that have been conducted in precognition.

Granting the reliability of the sources, and there is no reason to do otherwise, the ability of certain persons, under rigidly controlled laboratory conditions, to see one second into the future is more portentous than any scientific discovery since that of causal relationships.

ON THE McMINNEVILLE PHOTOS

This article is run with full recognition of the following objections:

1. The figures are only valid assuming that

the pictures have not been cropped or distorted.

2. The accuracy of the third significant figure in the calculations is highly questionable.

The author has merely endeavored to combine the only known data and examine them in a scientific light to see what might result. The only positive conclusion reached is that there is some serious discrepancy between the reported statements and the data offered.

DANGEROUS MUSIC

Again I find myself given to writing an editorial which is not directly concerned with science fiction or fantasy. It appears to me, at least, that in a day when so many citizens and mediums of expression are being trammelled, it is every thinking person's duty to seize any opportunity to speak his mind.

Trivial, you may say, but consider the type of persons, then, who would engage in the following courageous strokes:

The RCA Victor recording of *Ol' Man Atom* was suppressed because it voiced sentiments too similar to the international peace offensive. The song is not particularly good but it does have a rather haunting hill-billy chorus. It is taken from the classic *Talking Blues*.

A local radio station, KSMC, stopped playing a North Irish song, *The Old Orange Flute*, because they received a couple of letters complaining that Catholics might take exception. This I resent because the record, English Rex, sung by Richard Hayward, is a nice song. Presumably it will not be long before the English complain about *Wearin' O' the Green*, and the damnyankees object to *Dixie*.

Again, there is the exceedingly perceptive *Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans*, by Noel Coward (English HMV No. E.9336) marked for deletion from the catalogue.

Trivialities? You'd better play *Meadowlands*, *Freiheit*, and Paul Robeson while they are yet approved!

DBM

An Emeritus Editor in Coo Coo Land

Whenever life becomes too complicated, whenever deadlines become too pressing, whenever we don't feel up to beating out the daily releases for the seven daily newspapers in the San Francisco Bay Region, we indulge in escapism.

Some friends of ours go on binges, others go to three and four movies a day--but we have discovered the last word in escapes when life becomes too serious.

We visit that famed Coo Coo Land, Los Angeles.

On the last trip to this area, which, in the words of Aldous Huxley, looks like Forest Lawn cemetery surrounded by the Bank of America, drive-in restaurants, and gas stations, we were astounded to see great 24 sheet billboards proclaiming in what looked like five-foot capital letters, that L. RON HUBBARD, DISCOVERER OF DIANETICS, would lecture in the Philharmonic Auditorium.

Now the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles is no small structure. Its seating capacity is tremendous, and the rental is by no means nominal.

Luckily, we were not able to be in La Ciudad de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles when this great savant issued the words of truth direct from the fountainhead. But we understand that people were hanging from the chandeliers.

This, of course, is understandable, in Los Angeles. A newspaper reporter friend of ours assured us that L.A. leads the nation in copies of *Dianetics* sold, and that the *be your own psychologist* craze has practically done away with Toni home waves among the lower classes, and is replacing astrology in the movie colony. Tape recordings of particularly juicy dianetic sessions may be audited at certain places, if one is in the know.

Los Angeles, you must remember, was the happy hunting ground for Sister Aimee Semple MacPherson, the Ballards of "I Am" ill-fame, "Reverend" Joe Jeffers, at whose divorce

trial were introduced motion pictures of the "Reverend's" unorthodox sex life which would make professional producers of pornographic motion pictures blush with shame; the Swami With The Violet Hair, and many other characters of the same ilk.

But the most astounding thing of all is this: while most Angelenos take their city seriously, it is only rarely that a visitor or tourist does so. How then does Mr. Hubbard, by his own admission (ASF--August, 1950, p.155, col.1, pg. 3, line 2) a brilliant man, manage to take himself so seriously after giving a lecture in Coo Coo Land?

The newspaper accounts of the meeting give, in deathless, breathless prose, some interesting descriptions of the audience. If the audience itself didn't make Hubbard lose some of his seriousness, then Hubbard must be more serious than we give him credit for.

However, there is one thing of which Hubbard must beware. He must remember that any "science" (such as astrology, phrenology, I Am, etc.) which gains a good sized hold in Southern California's Coo Coo Land is, ipso facto, ignored by the rest of the nation.

And if that happens to dianetics, perhaps we will be forced to take back all the nasty things we have said about L.A.

Incidentally, Hermitage House, publishers of *Dianetics*, which criticizes psychoanalysis so roughly, had a best seller only a few months before *Dianetics* hit the book stalls. Title? *Psychoanalysis, Evolution and Development*.

But after having written this much on dianetics, we feel the need of another quick trip to Los Angeles. George Blumenson

WE WANT YOU

The *Digest* is in urgent need of additional assistance if we are to maintain any hope of catching up to our production schedules. We are always happy to receive writers, artists etc., but we find an acute shortage of typists.

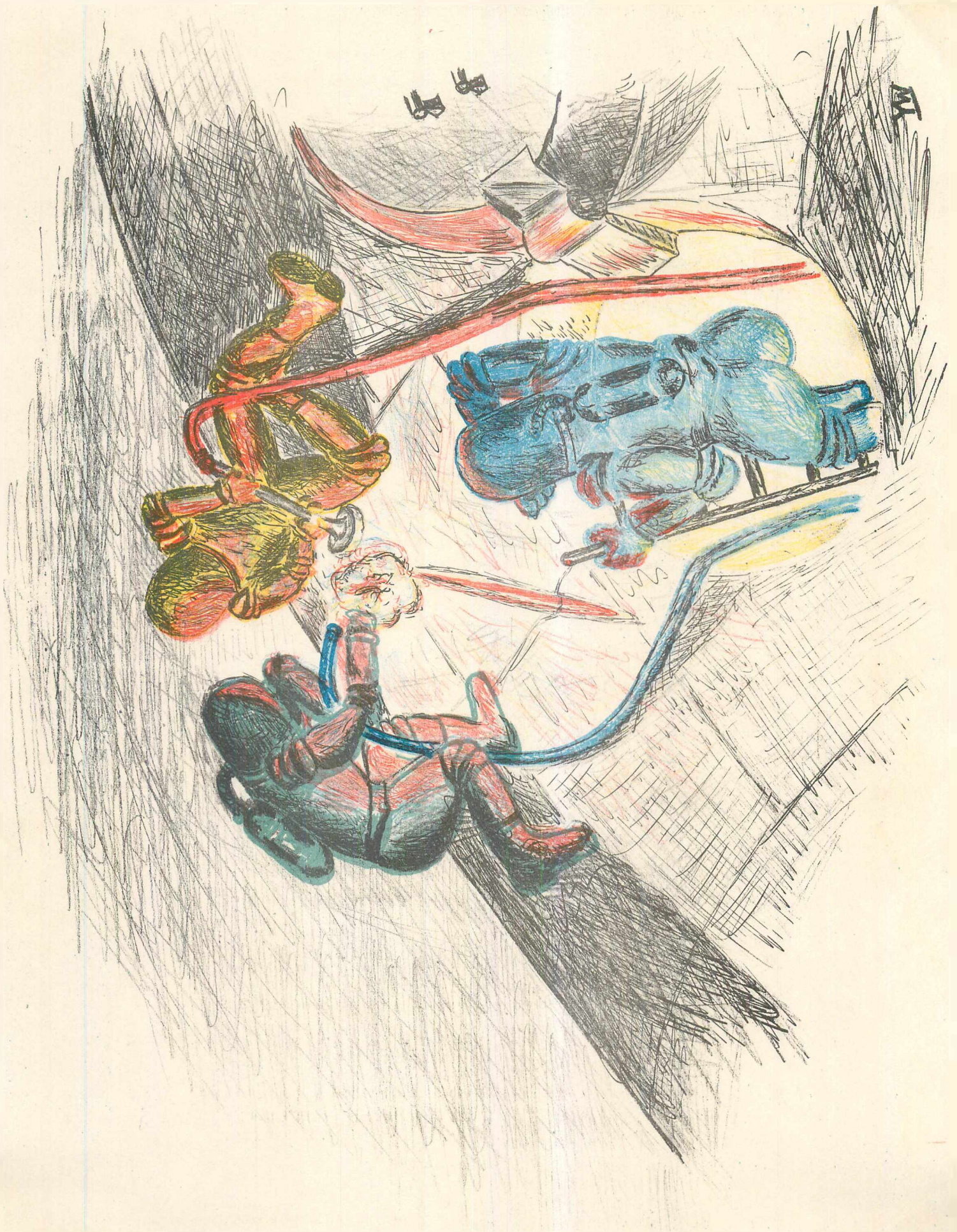
(Further Editorials on page 34)

About the illustrations on the next page---

Nine hours out of Earth, Venus bound, the cruiser Sirius was grazed by a meteoroid. The dent cracked two seams in the outer hull, endangering the airtight security of the ship. A working party, dressed in standard ship's space rig, is engaged in welding the damaged seams. The Chief Rigger, in green, is using the welding arc while the First Engineer, in yellow, handles the magnetic arc stabilizing coils. The First Mate watches the job from the number two Emergency Escape Hatch, closest port to the damage.

The ship is in free fall. The men are wearing four hour tanks of air and are equipped with standard polarizable plastic helmets. The standard permanent magnets in the boots together with the magnetic fields of the high load welding equipment is sufficient to hold the men in place.

Yancy Wadsworth.



THE CASE of the MAN who could do ANYTHING

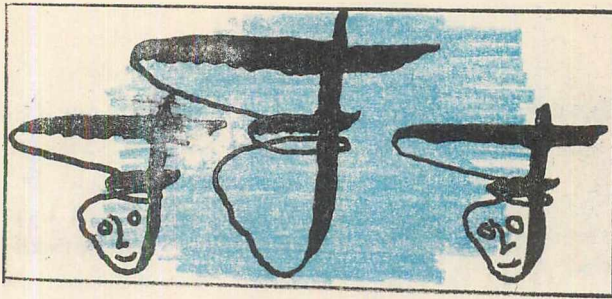
By David G. Spencer

The multifarious career of Anthony Boucher (alias H.H. Holmes, and born William Anthony Parker White) as we know him might be said to have begun at the University of California where he took his M.A. in German from 1932 to 1934. He has become attached to the name Anthony Boucher by now, but for the purposes of this brief biography we shall refer to him as A.P.

A.P.'s efforts in the "literary" field show a catholicity of taste. If you have listened to *The Case Book of Gregory Hood* on the radio, or to the Sherlock Holmes adventures; if you have read any of the five detective novels by Anthony Boucher, or the two by H.H. Holmes; if you read *Astounding* or *Unknown Worlds*, if you have followed the mystery reviews in the *Sunday San Francisco Chronicle* and the *New York Times*, or the fantasy-cum-science-fiction reviews in the *Chicago Sun-Times*; if you read the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* or if you listen to radio station KPFA-FM, you have come in contact with the work of this prolific author, editor, and music authority. How this all came about is our concern here.

A.P.'s two campus years at California were remarkably fruitful in many ways. For in this period he translated, wrote, produced, acted in, and directed a number of Experimental Theater and Thalian plays. So, too, did the hero of his first novel, Martin Lamb. For in these two years A.P. accomplished two other feats: as in all good success stories he married the Boss's daughter (Phyllis Price, daughter of Professor Lawrence Price of the German Department at Berkeley), and he wrote his first mystery novel--*The Case of the Seven of Calvary*.

This first novel, which many regard as his best, was written around the Berkeley campus, and was published by Simon and Schuster under the name of Anthony Boucher. One of the more memorable things about this novel, at least to Lee Wright, mystery editor of *Inner Sanctum*, was the terseness of the letter which accompanied the finished opus:



Editor, *Inner Sanctum Mysteries*

Dear Sir:

To be perfectly brief---this is a detective novel called *The Case of the Seven of Calvary* and I hope you will enjoy it enough to publish it.

Sincerely yours,
ANTHONY BOUCHER

The story goes that the editor got around to reading this about midnight, and it so amused her that she woke her husband to tell him about it. His comment we unfortunately do not possess, but the letter was reprinted on the inside cover of the novel.

The Case of the Seven of Calvary is a gold mine of University lore: there are the ithyphallic nudes on Sather Gate and the curious inscription hastily removed by Berkeley purists, dinners at the Black Sheep, coffee at "I" House, the erudite Berkeley cops, and within all this, the world within a world of the Little Theatre.

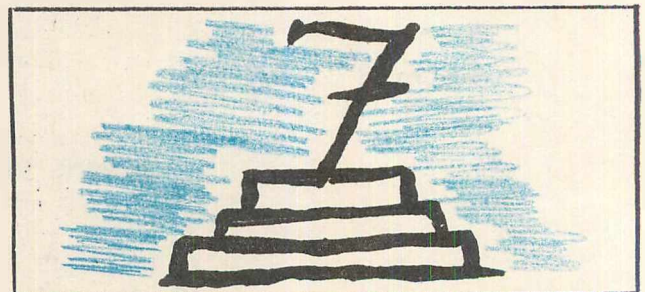
One of the murders occurs on a Berkeley street, and another during a dress rehearsal of *Don Juan Returns*, written by Martin Lamb, graduate student in German, resident of "I" House, lover of things Latin American, and hero of the story.

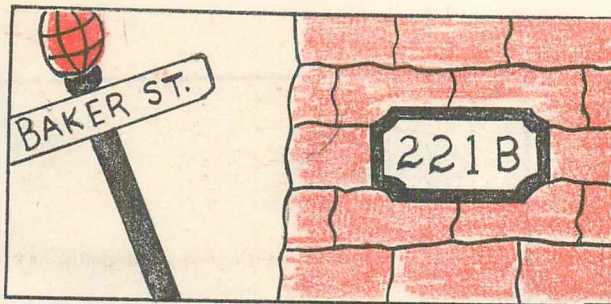
Some of the resemblances between hero Lamb and his author creator have been noted, but one important one remains to be seen. That is that both author and hero were adherents of the late, almost legendary, professor of Sanskrit, Arthur Ryder, known in the novel as Professor Ashwin (the Sanskrit word for *riader*). Unfortunately, the great man made but this one appearance (though further adventures were hinted at), for the fertile mind of Mr. Poucher conceived other, if not greater, detectives. Readers of *EQMM* are familiar with Nick Noble; devotees of H. H.

Holmes prefer Sister Ursula; but by far the greatest number of A.P.'s readers know the slightly fey Fergus O'Brien, the red-haired aficionado of beer and crime who, unfortunately, operates out of (ugh!) Los Angeles.

O'Brien has also dabbled in fantasy and s-f, his longest adventure in these fields being *The Compleat Werewolf* (*Unknown Worlds*, April 1942). Besides the note of piquancy that the Berkeley setting adds for Bay Area fans, A.P. has introduced the character of Ozymandias the Great, specialist in white magic. And, in a Holmesian way (as in the case of Professor Ashwin), A.P. has laid his groundwork for further use of Ozymandias. Where Watson, let us say, merely refers to the "great Worm of Sumatra," for whose story the world is not yet ready, Ozzy, in the course of a slightly alcoholic story, plaintively tries to relate the amazing story of a certain evening in Darjeeling. It is to be hoped that, sometime in the not too distant future, A.P. can persuade Ozzy to finish it. (As a matter of record, there has been published in *Unknown Worlds* another story involving Ozzy; those who are interested may seek for it.)

Another facet of the complex interests of A.P. is revealed in the novel *Rocket to the Morgue* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1942), which was published under the name of H.H. Holmes. Although it deals in part with rocket experimentation and makes several bitter comments on the nature of literary executors, the greater part of the book delves into the inner world denizens by those unusual people who produce s-f and fantasy. It is dedicated to the *Mañana Literary Society*, a somewhat esoteric organization which, until its post-Pearl Harbor dissolution, consisted of those authors who were going to write their great book--tomorrow. Its membership comprised such names as Cleve Cartmill, Ed





Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Robert Heinlein, Roby Wentz, and Webb Marlowe. For an interesting exercise, see if you can identify any of these authors with the characters in the novel.

Although a frequent contributor to both *As-tounding* and the defunct *Unknown Worlds*, A.P. gave up s-f because writing radio scripts left him no time for it. He was connected, as most of us know, with the Sherlock Holmes show and with the *Case Book of Gregory Hood*. However his s-f stories were appearing in anthologies as late as 1946. Q.U.R. appeared in *Adventures in Space and Time*, which was co-edited by J. Francis McComas. McComas and he began editing last year (for Larry Spivak of *American Mercury*) the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. As of this date four quarterly issues have appeared, and A.P. has announced that with the September issue the magazine will go bi-monthly.

It seems only appropriate to add here that A.P. is again turning his attention to writing. At present he has six stories on the fire, one of which will probably appear this fall in a new magazine called *Galaxy*. Also forthcoming are two other books in which he has had some part. Simon and Schuster will publish this fall *Four and Twenty Black-hounds*, an anthology of detective stories by members of the MWA, together with a biography of the detective by the writer. Needless to say it will be edited by one Anthony Boucher. In January or February, Alfred Knopf will publish a novel called *The Marble Forest* by Theo Durrand. This book represents the culmination of an experiment by members of the MWA (including A.P.) It is by way of being a round-robin mystery, with each writer contributing a chapter. They are now at work on a second book. The MWA, or Mystery Writers of America, Inc., is an admirable

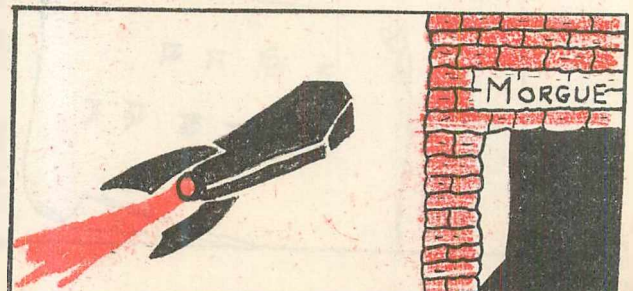
organization devoted to the task of getting more money for mystery writers out of their publishers. They feel that "crime does not pay-- enough."

For some years A.P. reviewed mysteries in the book section of *This World* magazine published by the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He wrote, as well, a more general roundup of mystery fiction in a critical article, *Department of Criminal Investigation*, which appeared monthly in the *This World* section. For his reviewing in this column, he received the first annual "Edgar" award in 1946, given by the MWA for the best mystery reviewing of the previous year. He has just received his second "Edgar" for his reviewing in the *New York Times* and in *EQ*.

Obviously A.P. takes the study of mystery fiction very seriously. Especially is this true of the *Sacra Writings* (to the non-afficionado--is there such a creature?--this means the immortal Sherlock Holmes stories). A.P.'s *Case of the Baker Street Irregulars* is a full expression of his great respect for Holmes, and much of it is based upon his careful research in the *Sacra Writings* of Doyle. However his most succinct expression of what Holmes means to him is to be found in *Rocket to the Morgue*.

Neither Poe nor Collins, however, is responsible for the living popularity of the detective story. That honor belongs to Conan Doyle, who added nothing to the form itself, contributed no feature that was not inherent in the work of the pioneers, but created a character of such superhuman proportions that he transcended the bounds of any one type of literature and became a part of the consciousness of the world.

The *Baker Street Irregulars* is another of



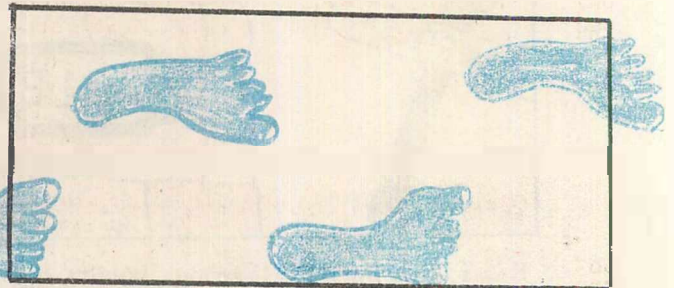
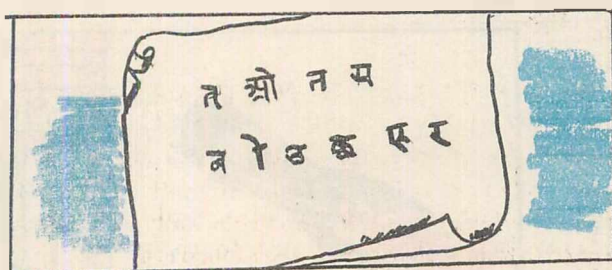
the esoteric societies to which A.P. belongs. Its membership consists of perfectly normal men who unite in the belief that Holmes not only lived but still lives and who are devoted to the study of his life through the *Sacrea Writings*. (Ed. Note: The next few lines contained certain intolerably heretical remarks which had to be expunged before this account could be presented to public view. We cannot condone bold-faced knavery in our Writers.)

A.P. and Joseph Henry Jackson founded the local chapter of the Irregulars, called the "Scourers" and their auxiliary, the "Molly Maguires." They were named after the terroristic labor organization in Watson's *The Valley of Fear*, although A.P. says the real reason for the name is that he and Jackson had to scour the Bay Area for members.

Under the name of Anthony Boucher, A.P. has written (besides the aforementioned books) *The Case of the Solia Key*, *The Case of the Crumpled Knave*, and *The Case of the Seven Sneezes*, all published by Simon and Schuster. As H.H. Holmes he has written *Rocket to the Morgue* and *Nine Times Nine*, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

The list of his other activities is almost endless. Besides his scholarly Irregular work, he has edited anthologies and has written introductions, prefaces, and explanatory notes in other books and magazines. He has also translated a number of books and is without question the greatest, perhaps only, authority on Latin American mysteries. Mystery writing in Latin America, as a result of their weird publishing set-up, is largely a labor of love. A.P. collects and translates them as they come along.

Despite having to read upwards of fifty manuscripts a week, A.P. is always available



to little groups and is always willing to help--as he has the Little Men. He is noted as an impromptu speaker on almost any subject and is perhaps at his peak in his own home where he paces the floor barefooted and holds forth on subjects as widely divergent as the relative merits of the Jacobean playwrights and the literary history of s-f and fantasy.

He teaches regularly a private class in the laboratory analysis of manuscripts which has produced some notable works. One of his pupils is David Duncan, author of *Shade of Time*, *Serpent's Egg*, and other novels.

His greatest passion is opera and recordings. Until the recent shut-down of radio station KPFA-FM he had a weekly program, *Golden Voices of the First Quarter Century* in which he played and commented on various records of the great voices of yesteryear. All of these records, incidentally, were from his own vast collection. As there is a movement afoot to revive the station, we hope that this program will be one of the first to return to the public ear.

His Holmes collection includes various first editions, copies of the original *Strana* magazine in which they appeared, and one of the two known copies of the first American pirated version of *Sign of the Four*. Unfortunately he has none of the original manuscripts.

A.P. is still young and hale, if barefooted, and if we may judge from the volume of work of the last thirteen years, we shall be hearing from him for a good many more years. Whether we see his name in s-f, mystery, editorial work, or in Irregular scholarship, we shall be satisfied to know that "the game is afoot."

R₄



by George P. S. Vinigan

A few weeks ago the Little Men had their first contact with the annual science fiction conventions. We had heard for some time of the conventions, but until the Norwescon was announced, no plans had been made by any of the members for attending. When word was first received that the next convention, the *Norwescon*, was to be held in Portland, several Little Men decided that they would make the trip and get a closer look at fandom. As time wore on, some people who had originally planned to go were not able to get the time off from work, but two, Dr. Eaton and myself, were able to make the trip. Plus, of course, Anthony Boucher, the guest of honor.

While we did not arrive until Friday night, we were able to get a fairly complete report of the first day's doings. The Norwescon Committee had arranged a special program at the planetarium of the Portland Museum of Science and Industry for the afternoon. The various constellations were projected and identified in the planetarium proper, and movies dealing with astronomy were shown all afternoon. The evening session was back in the Multnomah Hotel, and featured the showing

of several films belonging to Forrest J Ackerman: *A Rocket to the Moon*, a German film; *Monsters in the Moon*, a film put together from scraps left on the cutting room floor; and two amateur productions of the LASFS.

The film, *Monsters in the Moon*, mentioned above, was put together from scraps left over when some fans made a trailer in an attempt to sell a science fiction film to a producer. Ackerman finally obtained the scraps, clipped them together in a sequence of sorts, and then sent them to Bob Tucker to be spliced. Tucker added some scenes he had on hand which gave a touch of humor to the film, and returned it to Ackerman in one piece. It is almost entirely a puppet movie, with close-ups of persons in space helmets being used occasionally to give a feeling of realism to it. The puppet work in it was excellent, and although the plot was very weak, it was enjoyable. The same film was shown in San Francisco at the meeting of the Fantasy Film Group on the following Friday.

Also scheduled for the first night was a panel discussion on *Fandom Meets the Public*.

This unfortunately had to be cancelled when two of the panel members did not show up.

The Saturday session started off with an informal swap session in the morning. While there were a few people who wished to trade books most of the trading dealt with magazines. The swap session was put in the program this year as an experiment, and it appeared to me that there was not enough interest shown to warrant the inclusion of such a session in the program for future conventions.

Saturday afternoon the Chairman, Don Day, welcomed the conventioners and then turned the chair over to Mel Korshak of Shasta Press. Mel introduced those he recognized in the audience, and then read the attendance register and had each person stand when his name was read so that people might be able to recognize others whom they knew only through correspondence.

Resolutions to be considered at the business session on Monday were then read. It was at this time that Claude Degler introduced his ill-advised resolution that the Eighth World Science Fiction Convention go on record as being opposed to Communism. The resolutions were then turned over to the Resolutions Committee for presentation on Monday.

After an intermission Don Day took over the chair once more and introduced the editors and publishers in attendance. Bea Mahaffey and Howard Browne were there from *Clark Publishing Company* and *Amazing Stories*, respectively, and Mel Korshak was there for *Shasta Press*. It was at this time that Howard Browne revealed the fact that *Amazing* was not going to go slick, and said the decision was due to the paper shortage caused by the situation in Korea. He also explained that *Amazing Stories* is not aimed at the mature reader, but rather at the adolescent who is just graduating from the comic books.

Anthony Boucher was then introduced, and he spoke about the attitude of fans and readers towards both good and bad offerings of publishers and movie producers. This is a pet subject around the Little Men, and seemed to be well received by Mr. Boucher's listeners.

That evening a recording of a *Dimension X* program was played and then Mel Korshak began the auction. Several originals of illustrations for the professional and amateur magazines were offered, as well as a few books and magazines.

Sunday Morning a session was held on fanzine production, with representatives of the



better or more well known fan publications speaking on the production of their magazines. Also included in the program was an explanation of the functioning of the amateur press associations.

The authors present were introduced Sunday afternoon, and each spoke briefly on what they were at present working on. Those present included Bob Tucker, Ted Sturgeon, Mack Reynolds, E.E. Smith, Rog Phillips, John and Dorothy de Courcy, E.E. Evans, Forrest Ackerman, and Arthur Strangland, an old time writer who is starting in again.

Following this there was a symposium on "What Should Go Between Hard Covers" in book publishing. Mack Reynolds was the moderator and Mel Korshak represented the publishers: E.E. Smith, the authors: Anthony Boucher, the editors, and Bob Tucker, the fans. They were all agreed that book publishers should concentrate on material which was acceptable from a literary standpoint.

Sunday evening John de Courcy entertained the guests with a demonstration of his *matter radio*. After first bringing his wife into the meeting hall via the radio (before she was quite prepared), he transported Joe Salta supposedly into the next room. In the attempt to bring him back, all sorts of things and persons were brought into the room and sent back before Joe was brought back from the sewer where he had ended up.

The rest of the evening was then devoted to Dianetics. Forrest J Ackerman and Ted Sturgeon spoke at some length on the subject

(both pro), and there was a little time left at the end for questions from the audience. Following this, at midnight, the majority of the delegates left for the Guild Theater, where a special preview of *Destination Moon* was held for Norwescon members.

Monday morning the various fan organizations had the meeting hall to themselves for dis-

REPORT

cussions and meetings.

Before the business session started in the afternoon, Ken Arnold, the first person to report the flying saucers, spoke of his experiences with them, and then played some tape recordings of interviews with other people who had sighted them.

After a short break, the Resolutions Committee returned, with their recommendations, the resolutions they had received at the Saturday meeting. After the resolutions had been acted upon, the subject of the next convention site was taken up. Bids were put in for three cities, New Orleans, Detroit, and New York. In the voting, New York was practically left out, and New Orleans won out over Detroit by almost three to one. The hall was then cleared so that the hotel help could make ready for the banquet and ball to be held that evening.

The Norwescon committee tried something this year which it might be well for future conventions to also do; instead of trying to break even on the banquet, they let other events carry it, and only charged one dollar so that as many people as possible would be able to attend.

Between the banquet and the ball a panel discussion was recorded for presentation over KPOJ at a later date. The panel, which concerned itself with informing the public about science fiction, was composed of Ted Mallock from KPOJ, two journalists, Anthony Boucher, Don Day, and Forrest Ackerman.

Several persons came in costume to the ball, and the most elaborate one was probably the one who came as Captain Tombo from *Slaves of Sleep*.

Following this there was dancing and then a floor show with Ted Sturgeon acting as the master of ceremonies. He sang several folk songs, accompanying himself on the guitar, and kept up a running commentary. Then Forrest C. Davis, Ruth Newbury, and Jerry Waible put on a satire on Dianetics and Sturgeon's talk the previous evening.

So much for the planned portion of the convention. To me, and probably to most of the others, the other or unplanned part was much more interesting. By arriving late, I missed the doings of Friday night, but since things started rather early Saturday I probably made up for it.

Dr. Eaton was ill and confined to his bed on Saturday, so Anthony Boucher and I spent part of the afternoon session inviting a few people up to his room for a party that evening. Since none of us cared to attend the auction we were able to start early.

The party had not been going on for too long when we had our first unexpected guest. Ken Arnold, the man who first sighted the flying saucers, called up Bea Mahaffey, and she invited him to come up and join the party. Later all sorts of people began to arrive, some of whom I had never seen before, and didn't see for the rest of the convention. It wasn't too much after this that the room began to get too crowded for the quiet discussion which we had been holding up to that time, so about half a dozen of us adjourned to another room. Ken Arnold mentioned that he had several tape recordings down in his car which he had made in an effort to back up his claims about the saucers. The house detective was prevailed upon to open the meeting hall; and as parties were broken up in various parts of the hotel, the room gradually filled up. Five of us, a little tired of crowds, travelled to another room, and finally disbanded about 4:30.

Sunday, for most of the group I was with,
(continued on page 34)

Apparent Precognition

in ESP Tests

by Don L. Fabun

In addition to puzzling philosophers, for centuries our relationship to time has also served as the springboard for a number of good science fiction stories. In nearly all of these, time travel involves the actual portation of a physical man. What I would like to talk about here is not this type of time travel but rather the more common experience of apparent pre-cognition - the knowledge of an event "before it happens."

It is quite possible that the problem of time is largely semantic; the distinction between past, present and future may be an arbitrary one, arising from our peculiar language. Such temporal gradations do not, for instance, exist in the Hopi Indian language. So while readers may have considerable skepticism toward the experiments outlined below and their interpretations, it is well to establish here that what we call present, past or future is dictated as much by our language and thought patterns as by the nature of the physical world itself.

As many readers are already aware, experimentation in the fields of para-psychology has advanced far from its early, crude chas-

ing of mediums to laboratory techniques susceptible to quantitative and statistical analysis. The experiments can be repeated at will, under a wide variety of conditions, before any number of observers. The phenomena that emerge appear coherent and of the same type. Within limits, para-psychological phenomena are predictable.

Most recent investigation has proceeded towards trying to establish whether a telepathic communication can or does exist in certain individuals, and to determine what its limits are. As a by-product of experiments in telepathy, clairvoyance and pre-cognitive phenomena appear to arise. In telepathy, it is assumed that what is known to one mind can be made known to another without use of the usual sensory apparatus. In clairvoyance it is assumed that facts about an object, or its location, can be known to a mind without the use of ordinary channels of information. In precognition it is assumed that an event can become known to a mind before it is known to other minds; or, stated otherwise, that a "future" physical event can cause a "present" mental perception.

Precognition as a spontaneous phenomenon has a venerable history, dating from before Cassandra down through our modern day Racing Form. The trouble with spontaneous precognition is that it is difficult to get *all* the facts. In the absence of such totality the field is always open to some perfectly acceptable explanation involving no precognitive elements whatsoever. The mere fact, however, that many persons do believe that such precognitive ability exists, has led to several attempts to reproduce the phenomena under laboratory conditions.

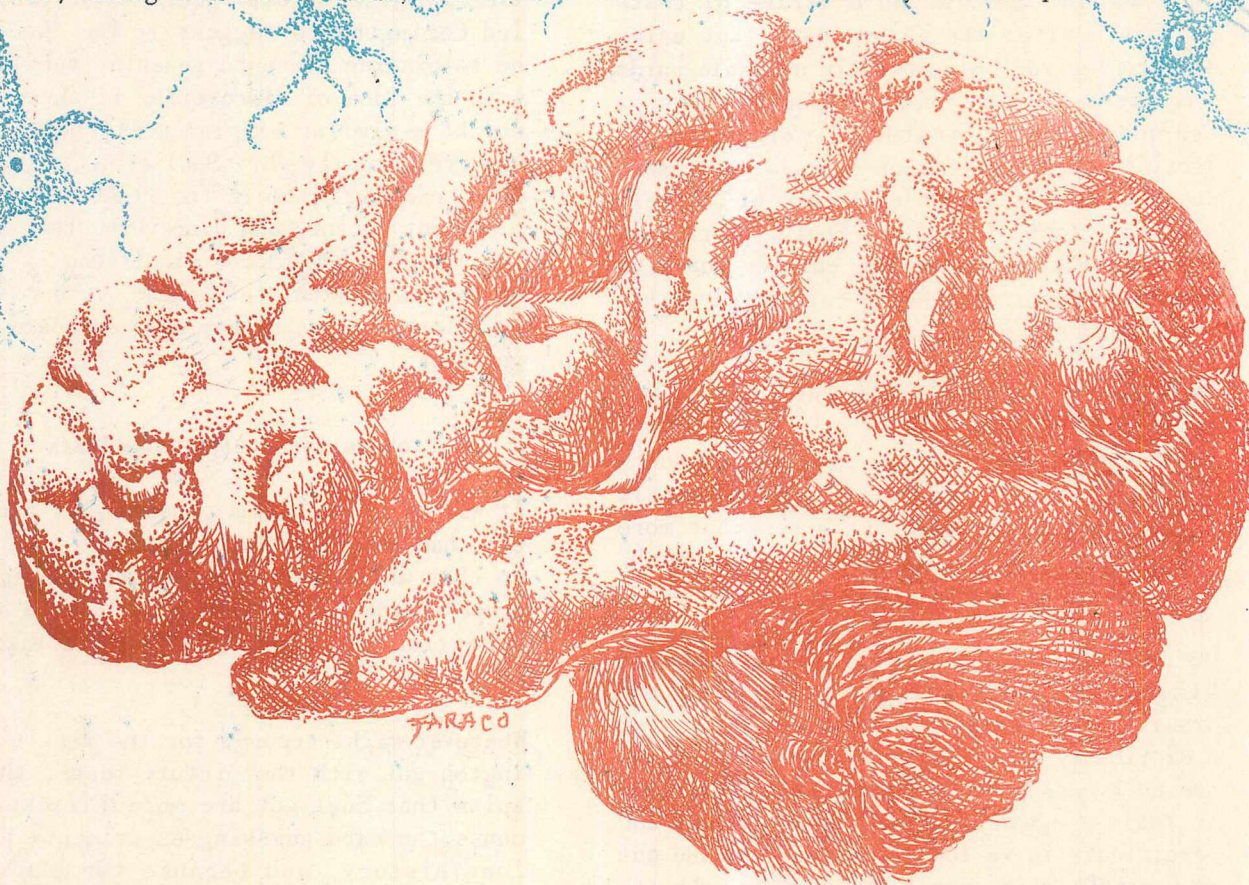
To understand what laboratory conditions involve, it is necessary to examine recent work in the para-psychological departments where experiments on telepathy are being carried on.

Most people are familiar with the work done in the department headed by Dr. J.B. Rhine at Duke University. These experiments began in 1930, using the Zener cards, and have

been continued to the present day.

The Zener cards are of ordinary playing card size, marked with black geometric shapes on a white background. There are five such shapes, with five cards showing each shape, making a total pack of 25. A run through the 25 cards is the standard working unit of the experiment. Probability of guessing the correct card can be calculated for a series of runs. (At the base of this type of work, lie the computations of Greenwood, who scored 500,000 dummy guesses in order to determine whether the usual mathematical formulae are applicable to this class of data.)

Special precautions have been taken by the manufacturer of Zener cards to rule out distinguishing marks on their backs. Mechanical shuffling devices have been used in some of the experiments; packs are supplied in sealed envelopes; opaque screens separate the percipients when they are in the same room; scores are recorded by two independent wit-



nesses, etc. As the result of constructive criticism from many sources, numerous modifications and safeguards have been made to exclude sensory clues, deception or self-deception, errors of recording and wishful interpretations. For the most part, statistical appraisal has been done by independent groups by methods in general acceptance at the time the appraisal was made.

Carington's Drawings

One of the most consistent critics of Dr. Rhine's methods (not his mathematics) has been Dr. S. G. Soal of England, who made his reputation as a debunker of "mind-readers" and as an exhaustively careful exposé of experimental errors in psychic research. In 1927 and 1929 he ran a laborious series of experiments on some hundreds of subjects and got no results that could warrant a positive conclusion concerning telepathy.

In 1934, Dr. Soal began a series of tests patterned after the Rhine tests, but using different cards, plus certain new safeguards that seem to rule out any possibility of sensory clues. He tested 160 persons, collecting 128,350 card guesses, and the result was negative as to the existence of any telepathic effect. It was Dr. Soal's conclusion that where card tests were carried out with proper precautions, the so-called telepathic effect did not show itself.

And there the matter rested until 1939.

At the same time that Dr. Soal was conducting his experiments, a man named Whately Carington was carrying out a somewhat more spectacular series of tests. Carington's procedure was as follows:

He put up in his study a drawing made by himself or his wife. The subject of the drawing was chosen by a random method, from a dictionary, the relevant page of which was chosen by selecting a number from logarithmic tables, again in a random way. About 250 percipients in various localities in and out of Great Britain were instructed to make attempts to reproduce the picture wherever they happened to be on the same night. The drawing was left up overnight. This proced-

ure was repeated for ten successive nights with ten different drawings selected in a similar way and displayed under conditions of strictest privacy.

The interesting thing for the purposes of this discussion is not that Carington got a "significantly high number of hits", (the hits being scored by a third person who matched the original drawings against those sent in by the percipients), but that the hits were displaced in time. In short, more people who drew recognizable hits on the target picture at all, drew them *before* the target picture had even been selected. The chance odds on such a phenomena were determined, incidentally, by having some 20,000 pictures drawn at random to determine what people are likely to draw if they are just told "draw something".

This displacement effect, which appeared to be a type of precognition operating over a time lapse of several hours to several days, led Carington to suggest to Dr. Soal that he re-examine his card-guessing tabulations with the idea of discovering if there might not be a similar displacement there. Somewhat reluctantly, Dr. Soal examined the records, examined them in the light of the displacement factor, and discovered that two of the subjects had scored significantly high on the card immediately ahead or immediately before, the card they were supposed to be guessing.

Provocative but Inconclusive

It was as if a rifleman, shooting at a bulls-eye, had consistently "pulled" to the right, so that while he would have had a very low score on the bulls-eye, he would have had an exceptionally high "just to the right of bulls-eye score."

Whatever might account for the results Carington got with the picture tests, the results that Soal got are more interesting because the card guessing experiments have a long history, and because the manner in which he conducted them were exceptionally cautious. Carington's experiments, although provocative, stand alone, and we do not know

enough about other factors that might enter into the experiments to form a valid conclusion.

Test Procedure

Although Dr. Soal's card guessing experiments were patterned closely after those of Dr. Rhine, there were certain departures from the original procedure. Most of the innovations were introduced to minimize the possibility of subtle sensory clues to the identity of the cards. It is interesting to note here that the precognitive effect, which was the only one clearly shown by the tests, could equally well have been performed with nearly no safeguards, since no one knew, or could tell, what the next card would be.

Anyway, this is the set-up.

There are two rooms. A door is between; it may be left ajar, it may be closed.

In the first room there are two people. They are sitting down, facing each other across a table. There is a plywood screen down the middle of the table, separating them. There is an aperture in the screen, above eye level.

One of the people is called Experimenter 1. He has in front of him a random list of numbers, one to five, taken from random tables. He also has five cards in front of him, numbered from one to five.

Across the table from him, separated by the plywood sheet, sits the Agent. The Agent faces five boxes, numbered one to five. In each box is a card, each card bearing a different symbol (The Zener cards were not used by Soal, since he believed there was a higher degree of fatigue associated with the use of pure geometrical shapes, and so substituted cards bearing pictures of animals). The boxes are open only at the front; the backs of the card are not visible to the Agent.

Through the door, in the other room, sits the Subject. He has a pencil and a score sheet for noting down his guesses. He is ac-

companied by a second experimenter who watches him.

There is sometimes a fifth man; an observer. He may wander freely from room to room; may sit and watch either Agent or Subject; may examine the procedure at any point.

This is the way the experiment goes:

Experimenter No. 1 consults his list of randomly selected digits. He reads off the first number to himself, then holds a card with that number (e.g., number "3") ~~oh~~ it in such a way that it can be seen by the Agent through the aperture in the plywood screen. The Experimenter calls out, "First Guess!"

The Agent glances up and sees the number on the piece of cardboard through the hole in the screen. The Agent then lifts up the card that is in box number 3 on his side of the table. He glances at it, then returns it face down to its box.

The Subject, sitting in the other room, on hearing the signal "First Guess", writes down on his record sheet the initial letter of the name of one of the five symbol animals shown on the cards; the one, naturally; that he guesses the Agent is looking at.

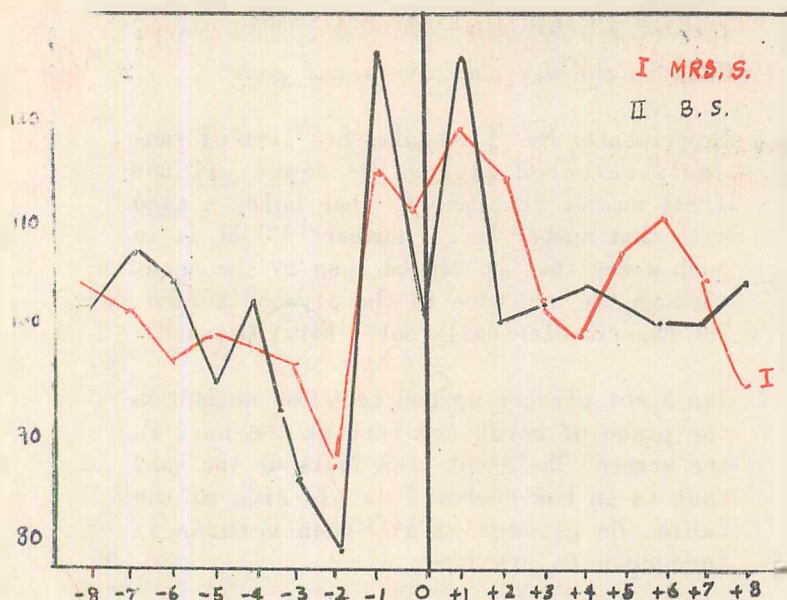
How Tests Are Scored

This process is continued for 50 guesses. At the end of the 50 guess run, which is the working unit of the Soal type experiment, Experimenter No. 1 goes around to the other side of the screen, turns up the cards, and records the order, one through five, in which the cards are distributed in the boxes that faced the Agent.

Two objective records are thus obtained; the guesses of the subject in the order in which he made them and the actual order in which the cards were seen by the agent.

Comparison of one order of symbols against the other order of symbols is then the basis for scoring. This scoring is done by the staff and also by independent statisticians. The tally sheets are kept on file and may be checked and rechecked as the occasion demands.

At this point it might be well to point out that it is difficult to see how the order of the symbols could be communicated from the Agent to the Subject by any known sensory channel. Assuming, of course, that the ex-



periments were conducted in good faith. The assumption appears reasonable, considering the high standing of the scientist directing the experiments, the large numbers of persons involved over a long period of time, and the fact that the tests were believed to have proven that no telepathic communication was demonstrated by any of the 160 subjects involved.

Nevertheless, re-examination of the tally sheets, on Carington's suggestion, showed that of the 160 subjects tested, two individuals showed a significant tendency to guess either the card examined just before the target card, or just after the target card.

For purposes of exposition, these findings may be expressed graphically and have been reduced to percentage of the chance expectation. (Fig. 1)

For the entire experiment with the first subject (Mrs. S.) $P < 10^{-4}$ and for that with the second subject (Mr. B.S.) $P < 5 \times 10^{-4}$.

After these results were obtained through a re-analysis of the data of the original test, Subject B.S. was put through a long series

of rigorous experiments. In spite of all precautions, a strong precognitive element was evident. Taking all the experiments conducted at a normal rate, with random numbers determining the card, the number of precognitive (+1) successes was 42% above chance expectation (1101 when 775.8 would be expected). In the shorter series with counters (numbered pellets drawn from a hat, instead of numbers from a random table) the (+1) score was 36.6% above chance expectation (439 when 322 would be expected).

The probability of the first result being due to chance is about 5×10^{-35} of the latter, 1.3×10^{-11} . The probability of the whole series of experiments being due to chance is less than 1 in 10^{35} —an enormous number of the order of magnitude of the number of molecules in a quarter of a million tons of water. It is therefore considered reasonable to exclude chance as an explanation of the results.

Apparently the precognitive scores had some connection with the Agent seeing the cards for they disappeared at once when the Agent did not know the order of the cards in the boxes and did not examine the cards through a series of calls.

3-Second Time Trip

Normally between two and three seconds elapsed between trials. When the experiments were speeded up so that only one to two seconds elapsed between guesses (the mean time being 1.44 seconds), the original precognitive effect disappeared. It was replaced by a (+2) precognitive effect of the same order of significance. In short, instead of guessing with significant frequency the card to come up immediately after the card being looked at by the Agent, the subject was guessing with high frequency the card that would be seen by the Agent after the next card. When the experiments were slowed down to as slow as five seconds between calls, precognitive effects disappeared. Changing Agents did not seem to affect the results although with one Agent, there seemed to be both higher precognitive scores (+2) and higher retrocognitive (-2) scores.

The enormity of what has been reported here is such that a slight summary is in order, to bring the facts into focus. Rigorous card guessing experiments, conducted on 160 subjects, turned up two subjects who appeared to be able to guess, not the card being seen by the Agent, but the card he was going to see next. The precognitive effect seemed to be reaching into the future for a space of approximately 3 seconds. The subjects were able to repeat their performance under different conditions, with different agents, and the results appeared to be of the same kind and to the same degree.

Tyrrell's Boxes

According to the concepts we now hold of our relationship to physical time, we know of no way in which a future physical event can have any effect on the present state of our sensory apparatus. Yet the sense of these experiments is that just such a phenomenon is taking place.

The emergence of apparent precognition from card guessing experiments is not without some support from other types of tests. The experiments of Whately Carington and his picture drawing had shown this effect, and had led to the re-examination of the Soal tally sheets.

In addition, there should be mentioned the experiments by G.N.M. Tyrrell, who discovered that a friend had a particular aptitude for finding lost objects. He devised various mechanical apparatus for testing this ability. The first and simplest apparatus consisted of five boxes, provided with hinged lids and mounted behind a board in such a way that a pointer could be thrust by the experimenter through holes in the board into any box, without the subject being able to see what he was doing. The subject was required to open, by raising the lid, the box in which she thought the point had been thrust. Results of high significance were obtained.

The apparatus was soon greatly elaborated and improved. The five boxes were retained, but instead of using a pointer, each box was fitted with a small lamp, which lighted up when the appropriate key was pressed by the

experimenter. The number of trials and their result was automatically recorded on tape. Significant results were obtained this way also.

Refinements of various kinds were added. One of these was the introduction of a special sort of switch which crossed the wires from the keys to the lamps in such a way that, although the experimenter knew what key he was pressing, he did not know which lamp he was lighting. Operation of the keys was in accordance with numbers selected from random tables.

Finally, there was used a delayed action relay, so arranged that no lamp could light up until after the subject had raised the lid of the box, though the circuit determining which lamp would light if the lid of the box were raised was determined by the apparatus. Both telepathy and clairvoyance were ruled out, and the precognitive effect appeared in significant amounts. In 30,000 trials, the subject achieved 30 percent correct guesses against a chance probability of 20 percent.

The interesting point here is not so much the fact that there is apparent precognition, but that with a method so different from the card tests, the effect should emerge in approximately the same degree.

Possible Explanations

So much for the apparent phenomena of precognition. If a continuance of these tests, and other tests, shows that the phenomenon repeats itself, then it would appear that the phenomenon is genuine. Explanations are then in order. What explanations are open to us?

First, there is the explanation that there is no explanation. From a scientific point of view, this is not a satisfactory explanation, since it is fundamental to the idea of the experiment as such that whatever effects are produced can be explained.

Second, there is the explanation that there may be an as yet undiscovered principle at work which when properly understood will not involve paranormal precognition. The probability of this explanation reduces, of course, as the rigor of successive experi-

ments establishes the probability of paranormal precognition. Nevertheless, this explanation will always be a possible one, and is certainly the one that would have the largest scientific backing today.

Third, there is the explanation that the effects actually are the result of paranormal precognition.

Other Explanations

And then there are a number of possible explanations that have been offered for this type of effect, but which represent only intellectual gymnastics, and may be quite wide of the mark.

C.D. Broad and H.H. Price read a symposia to a joint session of the Aristotelian Society and the Mind Association in England in 1937 in which they suggested that precognition might be explained by supposing that there are two dimensions of time, a north-south and east-west dimension, as it were. On this supposition, it is conceivable that an event may be 'past' on the north-south dimension and future on the east-west dimension. A mind oriented properly in regards to the two dimensions would then be in a position to record a past event on one dimension that was future in the other. Mundane events, for instance, may take place on one dimension, and the mind might operate on the other. There is of course, except for the precognition it is designed to explain, no empirical evidence that such a two-dimensional time exists in any real sense.

It has been suggested by Whately Carington that it is possible that ideas, images, etc., being mental and not physical entities, are not subject to the same temporal restriction as are physical events: they may not be so localized in time.

Carington cites Bertrand Russell as the originator of another explanation. According to this theory sense data are actually parts or constituents of the object perceived. If this is so, is it possible that memory images are also parts of the past events which gave rise to them, but "disintegrated parts"

so to say? Is it conceivable that, if X is any event, we might speak of 'visual X'; 'tactile X'; 'thermal X' etc., as, respectively, "The class of all tactile appearances...ditto..." and so on? And we conceivably could maintain that the occurrence of the event consists in a kind of coincidence of members of these classes, so that although the visual, tactile, thermal, etc. constituents of the event exist both before and after the date of its occurrence, the actual event as a physical happening only exists at the moment when, so to put it, they all join forces -- somewhat as three or more partial pictures of different colors may be superimposed to give one complete colored print.

Be that as it may, there certainly is not evidence, experimental or otherwise, on which to base a hypothesis. Until such evidence arises, the best we can do is say that apparent precognition is one of the most challenging phenomena to come out of parapsychical research to date.

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Part II 'DESTINATION MOON' PROMOTION

By Don Fabun

(In the June issue, the *Rhodomagnetic Digest* carried an account of some of the promotional tie-ups for the motion picture *Destination Moon*, now being shown locally. It was suggested at the time that the promotional work being carried on by George Pal Productions is an indication of the amount of effort it takes to 'sell' science fiction to the 'masses'. The following article, based on a continuing series in *Advertising Age* magazine, summarizes how the *Destination Moon* tie-ups are going.)

One of the first things the *Destination Moon* promotion experts had to do was to make the subject of rockets and moon travel as topical as possible. To that end, professional writers were approached and asked to 'plant' stories with magazines and newspapers. How successful was this maneuver?

A partial tabulation shows that *Destination Moon* articles have appeared in a number of national magazines:

Six pages, including 19 pictures, in *Popular Science* (circulation 1,024,035).

Cover picture and six pages in *Popular Mechanics* (circulation 1,022,553).

Cover and inside spread in *This Week* (circulation 9,562,485).

Story and picture in *Parade* (circulation 4,937,493).

Two and one-half pages in *Life* (circulation 5,242,614).

Plus stories and commentary in many other publications, including *Astounding Science Fiction* (circulation nearly 100,000) and the *Rhodomagnetic Digest* (circulation 350).

If the promoters of *Destination Moon* had purchased the space in just the magazines listed above, it would have cost in the neighborhood of \$159,350, figured at the one time insertion rate. Indeed, some of the space was virtually priceless, since front covers are not for sale on *Popular Mechanics* and *This Week*.

It was against this background of publicity that *Destination Moon* promoters went after commercial "tie-ups". Here's how they've come out.

A cosmetics firm in New York, Dorothy Gray, Ltd., plans to launch a new lipstick called "Rocket Red" as inspired by *Destination Moon*, and packed in a container shaped like a rocket. Store-wide promotions and consumer advertising for "Rocket Red" will feature some aspect of the *Destination Moon* movie in addition to "stills" from the film itself.

Bolex Camera has planned a national ad for photography magazines and full-color point-of-sale material for dealers, based on the idea, "the first camera on the moon." A still from *Destination Moon* will be used as illustration.

Birds Eye frosted foods will place cut-outs of men in space suits at frozen food cases in food stores. These cut-outs will hold a package of Birds Eye foods in one hand. On each will be the following copy _____
_____(You too, can be an ad man: see if you can fill in what the copy would be. Answer at end of article)

Capitol Records is issuing an album featuring the musical score from *Destination Moon* and the National Latex Corporation will produce a balloon with a cardboard superstructure to simulate a rocket.

B.V.D. has planned to produce a "T" shirt carrying a picture of a rocket and in addition will distribute several million tickets "good for one trip to the moon." What they will not be good for is to get in to see the movie.

George Pal Productions also has produced an industrial movie for Seagram's Distillery using shots from *Destination Moon*. It is understood that Seagram's is toying with the idea of issuing a dart game (rocket shaped darts with the moon as a target) for use in taverns.

By far the most natural and ambitious commercial tie-up being planned is with the Oldsmobile company and its agency, the D.P. Brother Co. of Detroit. The Rocket 88 model Oldsmobile is, of course, right down the line for a tie-up with a rocket movie, and both sides are enthusiastic about the possibilities.

First off, Oldsmobile will tell its dealers and the automotive distributing groups about the possibilities while *Destination Moon* promoters will be doing the same thing with theater managers and distributors. Then, when the picture is playing, both the movie producers and the local Oldsmobile dealers, will plunk in a lot of newspaper ads.

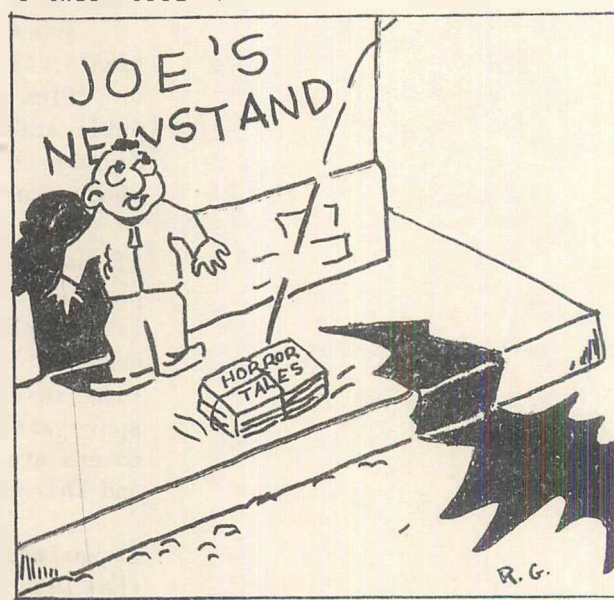
The ads will carry a line like "Ride a Rocket 88 to *Destination Moon*," and a phone number will be listed. When people call the phone number, they will be picked up in a Rocket 88 driven by an Oldsmobile salesman and given a free ride to the movie.

A fleet of Oldsmobile 88's will be parked in front of the theaters and these will take the patrons home after the movie. Banners will be carried on the cars. The salesmen who work for Eagle-Lion (the film distributor outfit that handles *Destination Moon*) will drive Rocket 88's while they go about arranging the showing dates for the picture. Special paint jobs and *Destination Moon* copy will appear on the Oldsmobiles while they are being used.

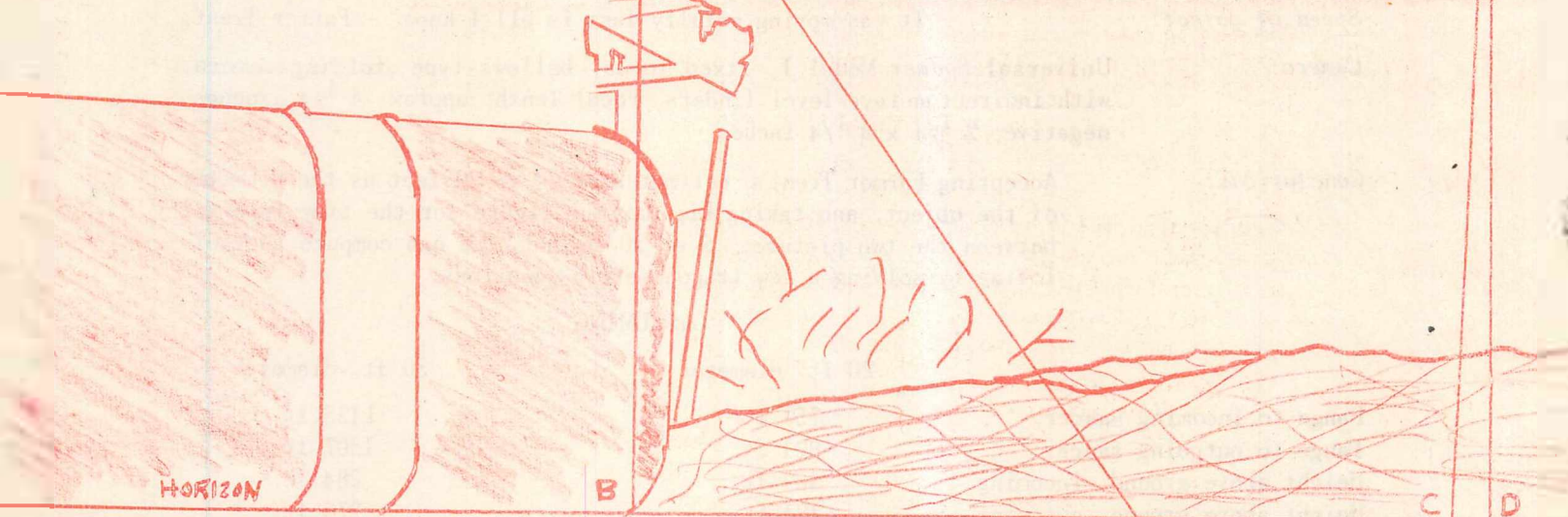
That's how tie-ups have been coming along this summer. The elaborate promotional work that began in January is beginning to pay off now but may have helped delay release of the Picture.

R₁

(That line on Birdseye is "Birds Eye - out of this world!")



The McMINNEVILLE PHOTOS...



By Bob Connell

No matter how many people testify that they saw a "flying saucer", there is nothing quite as downright convincing as a good, clear photograph. Most of the photos of flying saucers look like blobs of ectoplasm or defects in the negative.

Last May, in McMinneville, Oregon, a farmer snapped two shots of something in the air that passed by his farm. The pictures were printed in the *McMinneville Telephone Register*. In a box on the front page, the publishers said that the negatives had not been tampered with. The pictures caused a mild sensation, and soon the *Register* was running off extra copies of the front page for people who wrote in and asked for one.

Then *Life* picked up the story and ran the pictures again. Some people said, "It's just a garbage can lid tossed up in the air" and others said "They've obviously been painted on the negative." Not many people bothered to sit down, arrange such facts as there were, and attempt, Nero Wolfe-like, to dis-

cover whether or not Farmer Trent's statements made sense.

Naturally, some assumptions have to be taken as true, and the two assumptions used on the following pages are (1) that the object was "20 or 30 feet in diameter", Farmer Trent's guess, and (2) that the two shots were taken not more than 30 seconds apart.

On the following pages appears a summary of the technique used, along with some surprising answers--answers that show either that Farmer Trent was a very bad guesser at the size of the saucers, or that saucers move very, very slowly in Oregon.

Needless to say, the following figures do not *prove* that the object in the pictures is *not* a flying saucer; they do seem to prove that if known methods are applied against a mass of information, you get more answers than if you just blankly refuse to consider anything that doesn't happen to be in last year's textbooks.

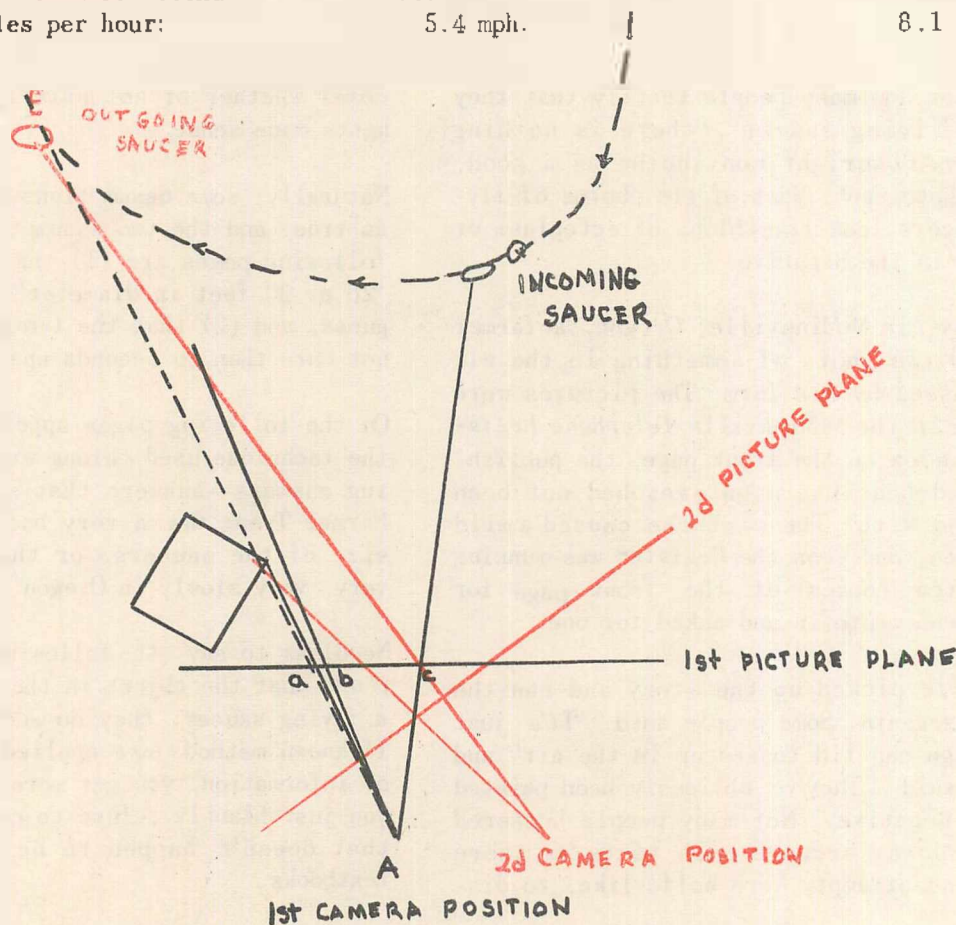
BASIC DATA

Observer: Paul Trent, farmer, Route 3, McMinnville, Yamhill County, Oregon.
 Time of sighting: Estimated as about 7:45 p.m., PST, May 11, 1950.
 Location: 11 miles southwest of McMinnville, over Trent's farm.
 Course: An arc, approaching from the N.E. and leaving toward the N.W.
 Size of object: Estimated to be "20 to 30 feet in diameter" - *Life* magazine.
 Speed of object: "It was moving awfully fast is all I know" - Farmer Trent.
 Camera: Universal Roamer Model I, fixed focus, bellows-type folding camera, with indirect and eye-level finders. Focal length, approx. $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, negative, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Conclusions: Accepting Farmer Trent's estimates of 20 to 30 feet as the diameter of the object, and taking his maximum figure for the time interval between the two pictures, i.e. 30 seconds we can compute the following by solving a few trigonometric equations.

ASSUMING:

	20 ft. diameter	30 ft. diameter
Range to incoming saucer:	750 ft.	1125 ft.
Range to outgoing saucer:	871 ft.	1307 ft.
Height above ground, incoming:	189 ft.	284 ft.
Height above ground, outgoing:	184 ft.	276 ft.
Linear distance in 30 seconds:	237 ft.	356 ft.
Speed in miles per hour:	5.4 mph.	8.1 mph.



Step 1

Original photograph was 3.25 inches wide.
Register half-tone engraving was 8.00 inches wide. Enlargement was 2.46 times.

Step 2

Based on average of 19 separate relative distances to the McMinneville Register plates, the *Life* magazine engraving was enlarged 1.66 times the Register half-tone.

Step 3

Focal length of the camera was 4.25 inches.
 $4.25 \times 2.46 \times 1.66 = 17.4$ inches - the theoretical distance of lens from the *Life* photographer.

Step 4

Measure distance on *Life* engraving:

$$BC = 4.26$$

$$CD = 0.30$$

Solving right triangle ACD and ABC by Pythagorean theorem:

$$AB = 17.9$$

$$AD = 17.4$$

Step 5

Measure distance on *Life* engraving:

$$BE = 3.86$$

$$DG = 4.54$$

Solving right triangle ABE and ADG:

$$AE = 18.3$$

$$AG = 18.0$$

Step 6

Measure distances:

$$EF = 4.56$$

$$FG = 0.68$$

Solve triangle EFG:

$$EG = 4.60 \text{ measured distance}$$

Step 7

Measure major axis of saucer:

$$\text{position 6} = 0.48$$

Assume 20 ft. Diam.

$$\frac{0.48}{18.0} = \frac{20}{x}$$

$$x = 750 \text{ ft.}$$

Assume 30 ft. Diam.

$$\frac{0.48}{18.0} = \frac{30}{x}$$

$$x = 1125 \text{ ft.}$$

x = real distance to first position of saucer.

Step 8 (Distance from camera)

Assume 20 ft. Diam.

$$\frac{0.42}{18.3} = \frac{20}{x}$$

$$x = 871 \text{ ft.}$$

Assume 30 ft. Diam.

$$\frac{0.42}{18.3} = \frac{30}{x}$$

$$x = 1307 \text{ ft.}$$

x = distance from camera

Step 9

Solve triangle AEG for angle EAG by law of cosines:

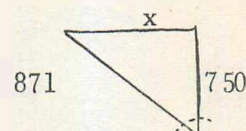
$$\cos EAG = \frac{AG^2 + AE^2 - EG^2}{2 \cdot AG \cdot AE}$$

$$\cos EAG = 0.9681$$

Step 10

Solve projected triangle for actual linear distance saucer traveled by law of cosines:

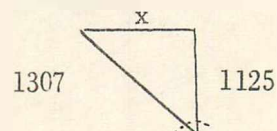
at 20 ft. Diam.



$$\cos X = .9681$$

$$\text{Distance} = 237 \text{ ft.}$$

at 30 ft. Diam.



$$\cos X = .9681$$

$$\text{Distance} = 356 \text{ ft.}$$

Step 11 (speed)

Est. time between positions 30 sec.
Changing 237 ft. or 356 ft. in 30 sec to m.p.h.

$$\text{at 20 ft. diam.} = 5.39 \text{ m.p.h.}$$

$$\text{at 30 ft. diam.} = 8.09 \text{ m.p.h.}$$

Step 12 (Altitude, Position G)

at 20 ft. diam.

$$\frac{AG}{GD} = \frac{18.0}{4.54} = \frac{750}{\text{Alt.}}$$

$$\text{Alt.} = 189 \text{ ft.}$$

at 30 ft. diam.

$$\frac{18.0}{4.54} = \frac{1125}{\text{Alt.}}$$

$$\text{Alt.} = 284 \text{ ft.}$$

Step 13 (Altitude, Position E)

at 20 ft. diam.

$$\frac{18.3}{3.86} = \frac{871}{\text{Alt.}}$$

$$\text{Alt.} = 184 \text{ ft.}$$

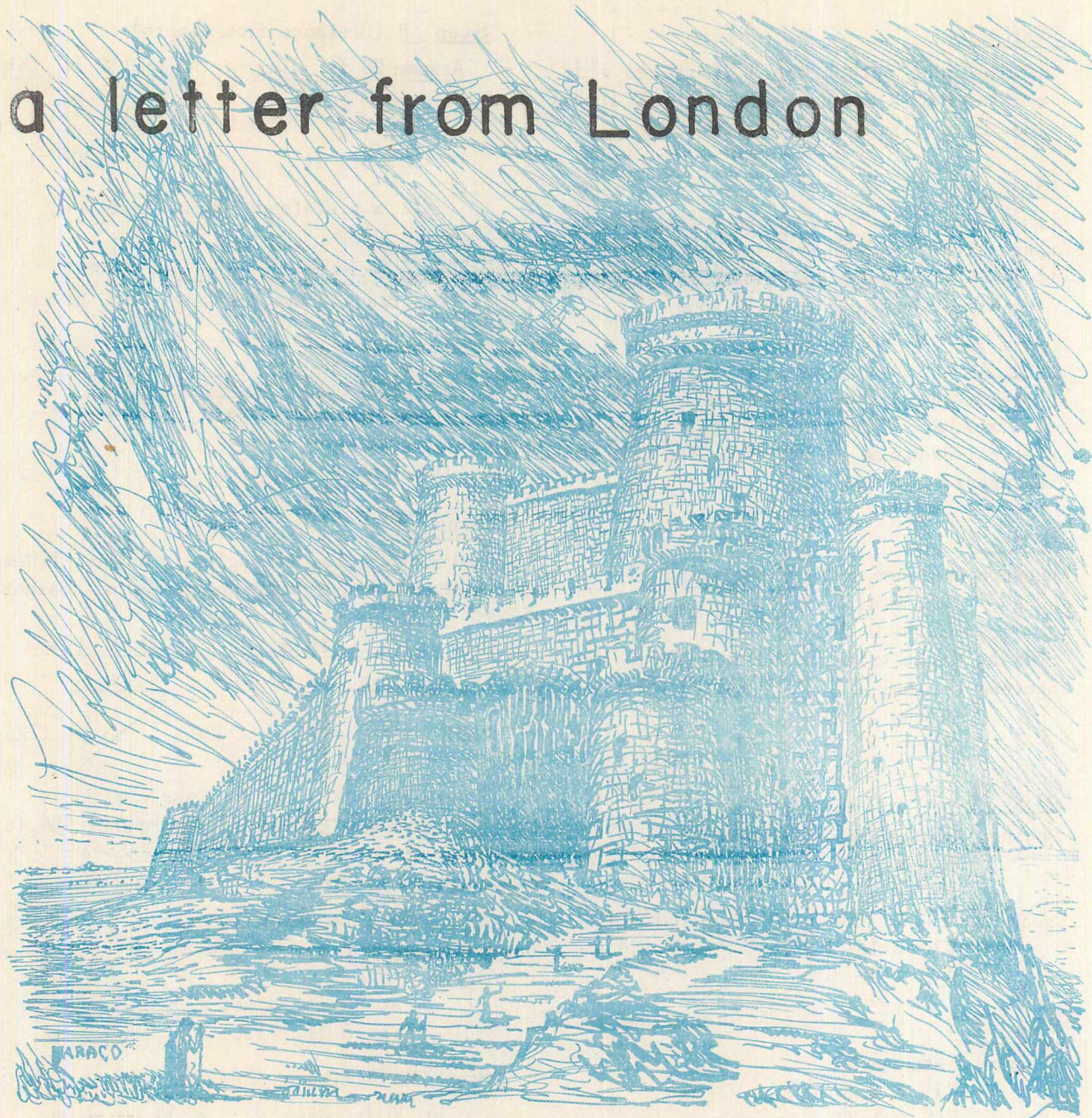
at 30 ft. diam.

$$\frac{18.3}{3.86} = \frac{1307}{\text{Alt.}}$$

$$\text{Alt.} = 276 \text{ ft.}$$

Rd

...a letter from London



by F. C. Brown

It has often been said that all the best ghost stories come from England; that, try as he may, the American practitioner is still unable to capture that elusive atmosphere so often found in the stories of Le Fanu, M.R. James, Wakefield, E.F. Benson, O. Onions and others. This flair for the telling of a good ghost story may perhaps be the heritage of a race whose ancestors lived and died in the misty haunted isles beyond the Pillars of Hercules. On the other hand, it is more probable that, having established a reputation

for this type of story, British writers vied with each other to uphold the Gothic tradition by concentrating on the macabre to the exclusion of other subjects. In this connection, it is significant to see that in comparison with the present flood of American science fiction books, the number of British volumes devoted to this theme is practically negligible.

It is, however, heartening to collectors and readers to see the steady flow of stories

devoted to the weird and supernatural which are coming from British sources. New authors are breaking into the field with marked success. A noticeable slickness and smooth quality of writing coupled with a modern approach to the weird story characterizes most of the post-war novels.

While it cannot be said that there is a boom in British fantasy books, it is obvious that many recent stories in the genre are in great demand and are selling well. In many ways a boom in a certain field of writing is a bad thing. The rush to throw poor quality pulp stories into hard covers is typical of the present-day American market. Almost as deplorable are the scores of omnibus collections containing short stories which have appeared in anthologies time and time again. Given a reasonable demand, writers put forward their best efforts. Competition, in fact, is the spur to quality writing.

Among recent British fantasy books, there are, naturally, several titles which stand above the others in their use of good English, originality, and excellent characterization. Take for instance Dorothy K. Haynes' *Thou Shalt Not Suffer A Witch* and other stories. This collection of 26 gems of horror and fantasy evokes such a feeling of shuddery goose-flesh that there is little doubt as to its quality. With Miss Haynes, one listens to the sizzle and popple of burning witches, meets strange manifestations in queer places, and flies into a darkness of nightmare shapes.

If anything, K. Kneale's *Tomato Cane*, another selection of short stories, has even greater depths of horror. The lead story from which the book takes its name is deceptive in its light-hearted and gay approach. From this simple beginning, one plunges swiftly into a world of crazy things, where mankind is seen through the eyes of madmen and simpletons, and horror piles on horror. At times it is necessary to leave the book to make sure that the old familiar places and faces are still on hand.

Generally missed by most readers, D. Scott-Moncrieff's *Not for the Squeamish* is undoubtedly the finest pocket-book collection

of macabre stories published in recent years. Several critics call it "the most horrifying book ever written." It is without doubt a singularly unpleasant collection, and unless one has a penchant for cannibals, vampires, lepers, and robots in their least inviting moments, it would be as well to pass this book by.

From the ranks of the better known writers, Marjory Bowen adds to her reputation for supernatural and terror stories by presenting *The Bishop of Hell* and other tales. Miss Bowen is an adept at the "massing together of human wickedness and frailty, of forlorn landscape, of sombre furnishings, of desolate weather, or of the menace of storm." Her stories have a sinister force, both realistic and alarming, but beneath the conflict of human passions, her capacity for anguished pity is always evident.

A very welcome revival in pocket-book form is the rarely seen *Nights of the Round Table* by Margery Lawrence. Noted for her work in *The Floating Cafe*, *The Terraces of Night*, *The Bridge of Wonder*, and *Number Seven, Queer Street*, Miss Lawrence is quite up to form in this book of strange tales. As the youngest member of that select company which assembled at Saunderson's "Round Table", where only those with a really strange tale to tell were invited, the authoress obtained the groundwork for the present volume.

And, just to show that even the English can put out an occasional interplanetary story of merit, Hugh Desmond has written *The Terrible Awakening*, which, in the best traditions of science fiction, opens with the imminent destruction of the world by collision with a runaway comet. At short notice, a spaceship is constructed, which escapes from the disaster with barely time to spare. The survivors head out into space and after weary weeks of sickness, shortness of oxygen, and nightmare travel, finally land on another world. Their efforts to begin again on an alien planet, where strange monsters prey upon them in the night, and where they finally contact other human beings, make a fascinating story.

R_d

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

William A. Erwin, Jr.,
654 N. Church St.,
Salem, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

I met you at the Norwescon banquet last week. If you remember we sat at the same table, but somehow I neglected to congratulate you and the Little Men on your very fine publication, the *Rhodomagnetic Digest*. I got a copy of it at the conference and may I say I am heartily in agreement with your policy of encouraging science fiction that will appeal to the literate and scientific mind and discouraging the type of sf that corresponds to the *horse opera* western.

I am, I should explain, a senior student in geography at Oregon State College. Now it seems to me that geography is not only a coming field in the present world of science but that men trained in the geographical discipline may be even more useful when man begins to reach for other worlds. Geography is a general science which acts as a link between physical and social science. The key of modern geographical techniques is the regional analysis, in which all factors, physical and cultural, that exert an influence upon the human occupation of the region under examination are carefully studied and then assembled into a synthesis of the whole region. When man reaches other worlds, a team of scientists will, of course, be studying said other worlds. There will be botanists to study flora, chemists to examine atmosphere and soils, geologists to explore mineral resources, anthropologists to study the culture of alien races that may be discovered, and so forth. But who is best qualified to gather the reports of all these specialists and assemble them into a coherent whole? My contention is that the geo-

grapher of today may become the planetary synthesisist of tomorrow.

Would the editors of the *Rhodomagnetic Digest* be interested in an article investigating and discussing the possibilities of such research teams?

William A. Erwin, Jr.

This brings up a most interesting question: just how interested are we today in cultural vs. physical factors? Isn't it highly probable that at this stage, we would expect to concentrate virtually all our attentions toward an alien people in discovering just what their technology consisted of? Given one specialist in addition to the regular crew of generally trained men on an exploratory space vessel, should he be a bacteriologist, physicist, anthropologist, etc?

Leonore Feinstein,
Youth Division, Oakland Public Library,
Oakland, California.

Dear Little Men:

As a fitting end to this, my first week as the head of the Youth Division of the Oakland Public Library, I have come upon Volume I, Number 1 of your periodical. Is there more? Among my young patrons there are many devotees of science fiction and I expect to build up a special collection for them.

I would welcome a communication from you through any dimension.

Leonore Feinstein

Moe Diner,
4814 Wilson Ave.,
Montreal 29, Canada.

Dear Editor:

Speaking of the *Digest*, I'd like to congratulate you on your lay-out in recent issues.

The multilithed jobs look much better. If I may, however, I'd like to transmit some suggestions from a reader's viewpoint to make smoother perusal of the *Digest* (I love to gild--or paint--the lily). First, have the pages uniformly numbered, preferably at the bottom outside corner of the page. Second, I like the idea of having the title of a piece printed as a head to each page of the piece itself--but I think it should merely be typed two or three lines above the body of the page and should not be a great scrawl somewhere in the middle of the text. Third, what's the point of having *continued on next page* at the bottom of pages--surely your readers know enough to follow the pages in sequence unless otherwise informed?

Added point: is there any chance of going back to the previous larger and stronger envelopes? My copy of the June issue burst the seams of the unsanforized and flimsy envelope it was in, with the consequence that the edges of it looked as though it had been keeping company in the mail bag with a rat. My interest in these improvements is not mere carping---I speak as a fellow professional, for at last our own group is bestirring itself to get out another issue of our own club-organ. *Censored*

We tend to have a parochial quality permeating the magazine. You know the sort of thing--we enjoyed a visit from so-and-so; herewith a report of our visit to St. Pierre de Boniface; etc. (personally, I find this often boring, but most readers like it because it's familiar, small town newspaper like--and the American fans seem to find the different flavour an improvement.) This sort of thing makes *Censored* look rather piebald. You'll find an article by a fellow who has been working on Canada's atomic projects---but it's run cheek by jowl with the adolescent precocities of our latest 17 year old enthusiast. However we try to keep it well above the standard fanzine level.

Moe Diner

We are always anxious to receive suggestions for improving the Digest. About the mailing

envelopes: any reader who finds the same trouble should write us. We are attempting to send overseas mail in heavy paper but our finances will not tolerate the additional expense for the entire mailing.

Harry White, Jr.,
938 W. Main,
Greenfield, Indiana.

Dear Editor:

I received the June issue of your magazine and was surprised, but pleasantly. My contacts with fan magazines have been rare but I have always enjoyed them. The *Digest* is by far the most adult and well done of any fan publication of its type that I have seen.

It makes me wish that people in Indiana were more imaginative. Fantasy fans here are rare and if there are any, they are very silent people. As far as fantasy is concerned, the Hoosier state is barren except for outside contacts such as your *Digest* provides.

Harry White, Jr.

Ralph Bailey,
354 W. 56th,
New York City 19, New York.

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the copy of *W.D.* All in all its worth reading. I could point out what to me appear to be several faults but I won't. Who wants to hear about their faults!

I might say: don't be hyper-critical. Remember that any Business or Pro. magazine that wants to exist has got to be a bit of a phoney. Remember the definition of Businessman? "A thief with a license."

Well I'm just a poor working stiff that spends most of his dough keeping his girlfriend nice and fat with meat and potatoes and stuff, so it doesn't leave many stray twenty-five centses for magazines or I'd send you two bits for the forthcoming issue.

Ralph Bailey

That's the beauty of being an amateur publication. If we reach the stage of having to be a "bit of a phoney" to exist, we simply cease

Donald E. Ford,
129 Maple Ave.,
Sharonville, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

Received the August issue of the *Rhodomagnetic Digest*. It's really a beautiful job! Donald Baker Moore gave the *Cinvention Memory Book* what I considered to be an honest review. We like it so much here that I'm writing for permission to quote this review in our advertising. We're planning an ad in *Fantasy Advertiser* and would like to use this as a reference.

Like very much your editorial policy as stated in this issue. We've been talking in the very same vein at our club meetings here in Cincinnati (Cincinnati Fantasy Group). There's an awful mass of crap anymore! One newcomer to keep your eye on is *Galaxy Science Fiction*. They show signs of promise. As for Dianetics--see *Time*, Sept. 18, page 86. The American Psychological Association is warning its members not to use the Dianetics treatment.

Donald E. Ford

Leland Sapiro,
1115 S. Westmorland,
Los Angeles 6, California.

In regard to my article *Piracy Preferred*: a word of "warning". Other lectures in this series are forthcoming and too long a delay in printing any particular one will result in your being "snowed under" at an exponentially increasing rate. The article on *Mathematical Methods of Psychohistory*, for example, is being worked on now. It will be based largely on Rashevsky's *Mathematical Theory of Human Relations*, to my knowledge a unique book. I'm also working on R. Heinlander's *The Cliche in Pulp Science Fiction*, this'll be a good 'un, and one other.

Lelana Sapiro

Piracy Preferred, an excellent study of the introduction of scientific theory and practice into the science fiction story, is to be printed shortly, though due to length, it may appear in two parts. To our knowledge, Mr. Sapiro is the only person at present engaged in intensive detailed examination

of science fiction writing, and we are most fortunate in being able to present his work.

Captain K. F. Slater,
13 Gp. R.P.C.,
B.A.O.R., 23,
% G.P.O.,
England.

Dear Editor:

This morn I posted a letter to Roy Tackett, saying among other things that I would appreciate seeing a copy of the *Rhodomagnetic Digest*. It is too fantastic to believe that Roy could have operated on my letter, but when the mail orderly came back from the FO, he brings me two copies, accompanied by your letter.

I was most intrigued by the magazine and agree with those folk who have reported favourably on it. The only things I find to criticise are the hero worship of Ray Bradbury, and the adulation paid *The Martian Chronicles*. My own opinions both on Ray's work (of recent date) and his book are totally opposite to those expressed in your Journal. But that is only my opinion, of course, and what does that matter?

Apart from that, who knows how long I shall be in a position to receive the magazines? In case of things really warming up, you might make a note to publish that any correspondence for me should be addressed.

Capt. K. F. Slater, (267721),
R.P.C.,
% Cox's and King's Branch,
Lloyd's Bank, London,
SW1, England.

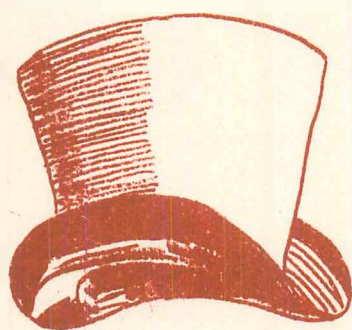
I am currently contemplating getting out a fantasy calendar sometime next year, and also a selection of bookplates to be illustrated by good amateur artists. If you know any artists who might be interested in working on such a deal, they might get in touch with me. (at the first address)

Ken F. Slater

We have been unable to discover whether the above bank is any relation to the former Cox and Company of Charing Cross.

12

AN
ENGLISH
ACTIVE
FAN



By Ken F. Slater



Mr. Moore, in a letter which thanked me for a letter of mine thanking him for a copy of the *Rhodomagnetic Digest*, mentioned that he would appreciate an article from me, on a subject dear to my heart. Later in the same paragraph, he suggests that an article about myself and my activities would perhaps be in order. Uncertain whether I should feel insulted, I consulted with Joyce, my wife and coeditor of *Operation Fantast*, and we (she) agreed that he had perhaps unwittingly stated a truth. So, feeling rather flattered, I will write about myself.

Apparently Mr. Moore feels some slight interest arises from the fact that my name crops up in many strange and varied places, and since certain people he refers to as we are not active fans, I may be able to explain some of my activities: I, as a member of His Majesty's Forces in these days of partial peace, hold down a chair in an office. Hours are 0800 to 1245 and 1400 to 1600; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday are my own--apart from odd duties that may crop up, that is. Of the time remaining, I devote a modicum to eating and sleeping, and perhaps .00001% to Joyce, the balance of my spare time is spent behind a typewriter in what is locally called *THE Office*, to distinguish it from the other joint, where I earn the money I waste on active fandom.

As an aside on the subject of active fans, I find that in the main they derive from two sources: one is the chap who is ardent and enthusiastic for this form of literature. He may be hopeful of becoming an author, or artist, but mainly he is a science fiction lover, and a gregarious individual to boot. The other type, or main source, is the chap who reads the fan letters, and maybe, just for the hell of it, writes to some other fan, or sends for a fanzine. He immediately sees, or thinks he sees, room for exploitation, and dives in with both feet, and with a few dollars clutched in his avid and grasping mits, which he hopes to double by a little judicious investment in rare items. In a short while he finds that he has expended so much that he dares not draw back. Like a gambler, he cannot pluck up enough courage to cut his losses, and retire beaten.

Most fans are a little of each, of course. I presume that I am, anyway. But I still love the game for the kick I get from corresponding with folk in places all over the world, and no little pleasure arises from being able, when I read in some pro magazine or other of some individual who is so down on his luck that he can't rake up fifteen cents for even *Future*, to send him a few mags that I won't miss from my several thousands of stock.

There is also much pleasure to be had by being able to write to some collector, and tell him, "I have now managed to get the last five copies of *ASF* you need, and I am able to supply them at 4/- under the price you offered."

Again, a warm feeling creeps 'round the in-nards' when some lador lass writes me, saying that so-and-so said I could probably help them get such and such a book, or supply them with magazines or something. Once more, I get a great deal of pleasure in being able to forward to some amateur author a few letters saying "the story is a wow," and it's worth all the blinking trouble and money until the time comes to settle the quarterly accounts.

It would be practically impossible for me to set down, in a clear, concise form, a list of all my activities, since the only thing I have been able to do in a clear and concise form is my accounting (red ink does stand out well on white paper, doesn't it?). Other than that, I will try anything. I supply people pipes for magazines, magazines for stamps, textbooks for money, books for books, and subscriptions for subscriptions. I enquire from boxing promoters whether such and such a fighter is registered with them. I ask museum secretaries what their hours are, and whether they have such and such. The only thing I ask for is time to handle the query, if it is off the normal fantasy trail, and time to get books unless I specifically say I am holding it for someone.

That may sound like a lot of hooey, but quite honestly, in the last three years I have done

such varied things as the following:

Obtained *Leibnitz* cards for a chap in Tasmania. These cards are picture cards issued with a pre-war German gravy salt;

Obtained books on medieval arms for folks in the States;

Obtained Dutch magazines for a man in South America;

Conducted a three-way swap between Ireland, the States, and South Africa, for cigarette pictures, magazines, and some native artwork (African). I forget which wanted what at this late stage;

Sought out amateur radio fans, and put them in contact. And I don't have any radio other than a standard model receiver;

Purchased razors, pipes, cat and dog health powders, British and American Government publications, music, bound editions of *Punch*, old fanzines, patent medicines, stamps (used and new), books on all subjects from physics to judo, radio and other instrument spare parts, and swapped them around for books and magazines twice as many as five folk on one string;

Found contacts for love-sick letter-writers;

Helped folk all over the world on train, boat and plane timings, hotel accommodations, road routes, and money exchange rates;

Done research on historical and geographical problems;

And all that in the name of science fiction!

Now, just to keep things going, I am the British representative of the USA National Fantasy Fan Federation.

Once you get caught up in the dizzy (and ultimately dopey) whirl of fandom, you find that your original intention of collecting, say, a set of A. Merritt books, has become lost in a morass of correspondence on any and all subjects from Flying Saucers to Egerton Sykes' ill-fated expedition to search

for the site of Atlantis. In addition, you doubtless are pestered to join a club, society or organisation that conducts all its business thru the mails. Having joined, you realize that it is very inefficiently operated. In fact, you could do better with both hands in plaster. So you run for office, and the leering throng, realising that a new mug has arrived, proceed to elect you. In no time flat you do have both hands in plaster! You have either worn your fingers down to the second knuckle on a typer, caught them in the mechanism of some complex duplicating apparatus, or just lost your temper and hammered blindly with both fists on a concrete wall.

Why don't I get out? I love it! Yes, I'm crazy, stark and staring. I started this some three years ago---September 1950 was *Operation Fantast's* third birthday.

I had received my first inoculation of *Virus SF* at the age of ten years, in 1927, when I happened on a copy of *Amazing Stories* in the family jewelers, Messrs. Woolworths. It cost me 3d (5¢ in those days). I remained at reader status until the war commenced in 1939. Thereafter I managed to secure an occasional British reprint of *ASF* or *Unknown* during my rare but precious leaves. These but served to keep the infection alive. In 1946 I found a Canadian edition of *Thrilling Wonder Stories* on a newsstand in Cambridge, England. In it was a letter from another Britisher, whom I wrote to. He introduced me to the remnants of British fandom, the *British Fantasy Library*. The *BFL* were looking for folk to take on part of the work. I started trading for them, and rapidly found that fifty-odd members of the *BFL* were insufficient to absorb the amount of material I was by then receiving from American contacts (God alone knows how I ever made those contacts in the first instance) so I had to seek new markets for my surplus. One way was to write to the *pro-zines*, and another was to publish a fanzine of my own. 1947 saw the birth of an eight page shaggy mimeo-ed thing called *Operation Fantast*. I shudder when I look at my file copy these days. At the same time I commenced to pester *pro-zine* editors with letters, and Sam Merwin seemed to favour my passionate appeals. He has since received

many more letters than he has printed.

Around this era (cosmic, this tale, my friends) Ted Carnell produced *New Worlds*, the ill-fated Pendulum Pubs project. Walt Gillings came up with *Fantasy*, also ill-fated, and *Fantasy Review*. I made contact with both of them. Ted I met when I was on leave in London, and at lunch I found, for the first time, that an editor of a science fiction magazine was a comparatively normal human being. He drank beer. Having two things in common, Ted and I got along quite well. Ted introduced me to others of the London clan, including Ken Chapman, Arkham House's British representative. I'd already spent money with Ken, and it was a pleasure to see that he appeared to be quite well-fed.

In the interim, I had various hay-wire and wild cat schemes. I attempted to organise British fandom on co-operative lines. It has not worked at all well. Slightly discouraged, I concluded that a dictatorial attitude might have more effect. I talked Mike Tealby into operating a postal library of hard covered stuff for the benefit of those folk who can not afford what amounts to two days pay (in many cases) for American books. The books I supply from the profits (if and when) of my other trading activity. Membership rules are pretty easy, the main thing being that a member of the library puts enough dough on the line so we can be sure he won't abscond with some rare and valuable book.

Meanwhile, I'd contacted some sixty fans who were relying on me for regular supplies of various magazines. And I couldn't get them: the folks on your side of the water just wouldn't put cash on the line for books, they all wanted to swap for things I didn't need. Actually, the main trouble was that I could not rake up enough cash to advertise in the USA. It was rather a vicious circle: to get mags, I needed dough, to get dough, I had to make sales of books, to get sales, I had to advertise, to advertise, I needed dough. I went around that dizzy circle several times, finally giving it up when Joyce pointed out that I was reciting those phrases in my sleep.

So I started sending the very unprepossessing mimeo-ed *OF* to various addresses culled from

the *pro-zine* letter columns. More contacts-- I offered them books in straight exchange for specific magazines. It worked, with limitations; mostly they wanted second-hand, out of print items.

Not so good, but at this time I had also decided that if Walt Gillings could print *Fantasy Review*, I could print *OF*. The first two issues contained lengthy adverts by me, and went out in hundreds (printing run is 1,000 copies), and plenty of orders came back. But the amount of available British sf in magazine format was very limited, and this was the stuff that most folk wanted. USA *OF* subscriptions gave me a small capital, which I invested in unsuccessful adverts of books. Things started to look very shaky, until MacDonald's of London brought out illustrated reprints of Haggard books, and I sat down and wrote Miss Gnaedinger of *FFM/FN* a pitiful letter.

Since then I've been flooded with magazines and have been hard lushed to find customers. Those of you who have understood my rambling discourse will realise that I am now right back where I started, and I presume that it is time that I got out; both from active fandom and this so-called article. But I think *OF* deserves a word or two, on its own. Pardon my liberty, won't you?

My aim, primarily, in *OF* is two-fold. I want to disseminate news of importance to fans generally, and in the main I rely on such folk as Phil Rasch, and Roy Tackett (among a score of others) to supply it. And I want to afford amateur writers a place to try out their work. Not necessarily fiction, but serious articles as well. Some of them make a good showing, within the limitations of a couple thousand words. One at least has progressed to Pro status, and has sold two stories. I did not help him there, but at least I gave him the necessary encouragement, and a tale of his, in another fanzine, attracted attention from the right quarter. At the same time, I need work from more skilled folk, to set an example (and to help me sell the sheet so that I can keep going). Whether my aims are worth while, is something for you to say. Maybe you will tell me, uh?

Rd

Norwegian Report (cont. from page 13)
was definitely a day of rest. All but one of us managed to stick out all the sessions for that day, but two more of us went to bed and missed the showing of *Destination Moon*, since we had already seen it at a preview in the Bay Area.

Probably the greatest thing that happened at the convention was the founding of the *Fantasy Writers of America*. After the banquet all the writers present retired to one of the rooms and drew up provisional rules. Ted Sturgeon was named provisional chairman, and several regional representatives were chosen.

After the ball a few of us retired to the Clover Club, where Anthony Boucher, Ted Sturgeon, and I were interviewed by a disc jockey. I include myself even though the interviewer whom I still know only as Sid, more or less ignored me after he found out I was connected with an amateur magazine. Our group seemed to get larger while we were there, and after they closed we went to a restaurant where we concluded the Portland portion of the convention around six o'clock Tuesday morning.

At about nine that morning Dr. Eaton, Bea Mahaffey (whom we had managed to talk into coming down to the Bay Area for a visit) and I started out for home. When we got back to Berkeley Wednesday night, we discovered that Anthony Boucher would be arriving shortly, and that Mick McComas and Ted Sturgeon were picking him up at the station. The net result of that was that we finally got to bed about five the next morning.

Friday afternoon Bea Mahaffey was interviewed by Marjorie Trumbull on the "Exclusively Yours" television program. That night the Futurians had the final film in the Fantasy Film Group, and Mel Korshak, Forrest Ackerman, Ray Atomonis, and Bea Mahaffey were all on hand. The same group was present at the Little Men's meeting the following night and left the meeting to attend one last party before they all went their various ways. At about seven Sunday morning the festivities which started with the convention finally ended and the participants were finally able to catch up on their sleep.

Pd

Editorials (cont. from page 5) **MENTAL MUTATIONS**

Forgive me if I wander from the narrow way, for this is the witching hour. The time when black is white and worlds do turn awry; when graves do yawn and spirits walk abroad to haunt the souls of men.

Sour creatures drag curtains across the sun and night is falling on the Nation, a darkness far blacker than any we have endured since the war between the States. The Constitution, Principles and Laws which guided us before are ignored and set aside. We are in a time when Right is right only if it costs nothing. Freedom is deemed a paradoxical thing: weak to require bulwarks against words, yet strong to withstand the brutal manipulations of blind self seeking cowards.

We see a people compromising its most basic principles to protect them. Short-sighted politicians, throwing away the advances of millenia because they lack the courage and ability to hold the rights others have earned.

The greatest nation on the earth is being betrayed by a group of petty creatures who refuse to believe in that greatness, who would preserve American Democracy by destroying the freedoms on which it was founded.

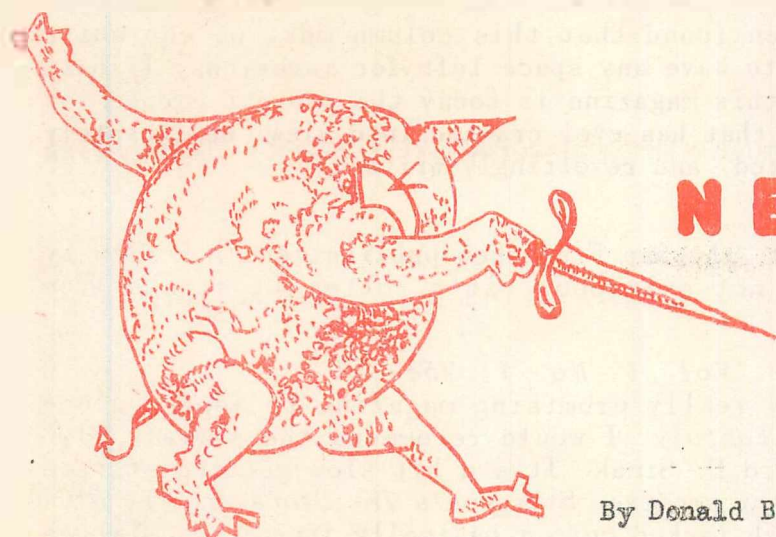
There was a time in this Nation when men stood against the wind and grasped their freedom proudly. They were not so very much more intelligent than we, nor did they have as much information about the world as we. Neither heroes, Angels, nor supermen, but by God they were men.

Now? What of the professed descendents of those founders? What of the loud breast-beating and haranguing of those who claim to carry on the cause of Liberty?

They are as Orangoutangs---leaping and scurrying into the trees at a noise, dangling from the limbs screaming imprecations, wagging fingers and hurling twigs the while they leap and cavort in ranting rage against the jackals grinning below.

Anthropoids? Perhaps. Men? No!

DBM



ON THE NEWSSTANDS

By Donald Baker Moore

Unless someone volunteers to sacrifice their taste for science fiction by wading through the mess (literally) that is extruded from the eastern presses under the guise of literature, this section is going to change materially.

I have felt it my duty in the last year or so to attempt to at least scan this outpouring. The result, as I might have been warned, is that I have been anaesthetized to resist the pain. Now it is well known that anaesthesia must deaden pleasure sensations as well, so there I am.

I have almost reached the stage where, upon reading something really fresh and well done, I develop an evil foreboding inasmuch as I shudder to anticipate the rafts of shoddy variations that will soon follow from so-called authors in a year or two.

One can almost count on one's fingers (and about this time, I feel reduced to such manual mathematics) the number of worthwhile stories that have been written since the war. At any rate, the totality does not exceed that of both fingers and toes, and most of us will be barefoot if we try to keep up with the current magazines *in toto*.

I do not see any ready solution to the problem. No one wants to read everything. In the meantime I shall continue to try to piece out this section. I fear that new authors may tend to suffer a bit by being ignored, although we shall try to sample their work. Certainly if that unbelievable day ever arrives when Irwin, Rog Phillips, Brackett, etc., ever write a passable story we won't know it unless someone else points it out. I suppose though that some day the coal may jump out of the scuttle.

Before starting in then, I would like to point out that I have reasonably good assurance that the editors of the offending magazines are rather nice people. Howard Browne, the worst villain of the following piece, is reported to be a most likeable man. If, however, he is able to divorce his taste and sense of decency from the publishing business in order to peddle magazines, I am sure he will be equally ready to accept criticism on the business level rather than the personal.

AS

AMAZING STORIES, November, December, 25¢

I originally wrote out almost a full page tearing into this magazine and then found that this column must be cut quite short. In order to have any space left for magazines, I shall merely say that this magazine is today the poorest excuse for reading material that has ever crawled into view, deliberately ill conceived, irresponsibly edited, and revoltingly written.

FANTASY STORIES, November, 25¢.

I quote from *Western Star*, No. 4, the San Francisco publication. A review by Sandy: "Don't buy it. It's not only poor, it's rotten. It stinks from cover to cover."

G

GALAXY, October, Vol. 1, No. 1, 25¢.

This is the only really promising magazine to appear since the *Magazine of Fantasy*. I would recommend the serial *Time Quarry* by Clifford D. Simak. It's a bit slow getting started but shows excellent promise. Sturgeon's *The Stars are the City* is rambling though tacked onto a basically fine idea. Through an admitted mishap, three of the shorts are variations of the old hack idea that is about the second try for every beginning writer, the quick switch from the supposed strange history to that of Earth.

OW

OTHER WORLDS, October, November, 35¢.

OK. We've had it! Ray Palmer has reverted completely to his former love, the *Amazing* type story. Why can't he understand that if people really like that variety of junk they would not have been so pleased at his starting a supposedly different magazine. I had some hope for him. He was paying attention to what his readers wanted, picking up nice stories, a bit of off-trail work and now what? Rog Phillips under two names, and other writers equally bad.

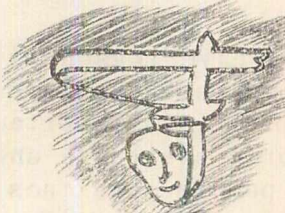
IMAGINATION, December, 35¢

See comments under *Other Worlds*. I note in passing that John Beynon's *Technical Slip* appeared in the Spring 49 *Arkham Sampler*, though no credit is given. This may be legal but I hardly feel it is morally correct.

A

ASTOUNDING, October, 25¢.

I particularly recommend *Discontinuity* by Raymond F. Jones. This is a well conceived and nicely detailed story of the technical creation of super men. A fresh approach. Fritz Leiber, in *The Enchanted Forest*, exhibits his very wonderful ability to handle situations and dialogue. This is only to be expected from the author of the Grey Mouser stories but it never fails to delight me. I wonder just how many of Campbell's readers really like to see *Astounding* converted into a journal on dianetics?



FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, December, 35¢.

By far and away the best of the current science fiction and fantasy magazines. Remarkable to me, every story seemed good from H. B. Fyfe's very humorous *Well-Oiled Machine*, through Idris Seabright's fantasy *Listening Child* and Herb Paul's *Angel with Purple Hair*, up to that long forgotten possibility a really good van Vogt. Process, no semantics, no cosmic entities.

84



Book Reviews

By Tom Quinn

The Dreaming Jewels

Theodore Sturgeon

Greenberg

\$3.00

Ranking in the really top few, along with Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* and Judith Merrill's *Shadow on the Hearth*, is Ted Sturgeon's *The Dreaming Jewels*. Beginning with a commonplace incident of a little boy eating ants, (I ate them, didn't you?) it goes on to chronicle a whole host of marvelous and terrifying things including a group of hybrid humans and of course the jewels! It is certainly nice to be able to pick up a science fiction story occasionally that is written in the mature and thoughtful manner of any other type of good modern literature.

Big Book of Science Fiction

Edited by Groff Conklin

Crown

\$3.00

Another big thing this month, is this third in a series of anthologies by Conklin. Just as worth-while as the *Best* and the *Treasury*, *Big* contains thirty-two stories. Some old, others recent, some from *ASF*, mostly not. Of particular interest are *Dear Devil*, by Eric Frank Russell, (one of the best stories *Other Worlds* has run), *Culture* by Jerry Shelton, and T. L. Sherred's *E for Effort*. Definitely a must on anyone's list.

The Best of Science Fiction - 1950

Edited by Bleiler and Dikty

Frederick Fell

\$2 95

Also in the anthologies to buy, department is this second in the series of yearly collec-

tions by Bleiler and Dikty. The small fact that only three of these stories are from *Astounding* should attest to the fact that reasonably good science fiction is spreading. In addition to Ted Sturgeon's *The Huckle* two of Bradbury's chillers are included as is *Opening Doors* by Wilmar Shiras. I particularly liked also, and you should pardon me the expression, a story from *Fantastic Adventures*. Look for *Five Years in the Marmalade* by Robert W. Krepps.

The Voyage of the Space Beagle

A.E. van Vogt

Simon and Schuster

\$2.50

I'm afraid I've grown out of van Vogt, but if you haven't, here's one for you. In the "complication of the science fiction story" style that he flaunts, van Vogt has taken two of his old *ASF* stories (his first, *Black Destroyer* plus *Discord in Scarlet*) and lengthened them into a novel. The binding of this book, hardly better than a 25¢ edition, will give you a clue to the contents.

Farmer in the Sky

Robert Heinlein

Scribners

\$2.59

Although it classifies as a juvenile, this deserves better. Written with the usual Heinlein passion for realism, it is a completely believable account of the attempts to colonize one of the satellites of Jupiter. Throughout, the characters remain real, live persons, facing real problems not entirely dissimilar to those faced by the settlers of the American west.

Dawn of the Space Age

Harry Harper

McDonald and Co., N.Y.

\$2.20

In the last issue of the *Rhomagnetic Digest* there appeared a detailed article on recent rocket research; almost all of it based on developments that have occurred since *Dawn of the Space Age* was written. (Internal evidence indicates it was written sometime after World War II, but prior to the American experiments with the captured German V-2's.) Nevertheless, the book has a certain historical interest insofar as it shows the direction rocket design was headed prior to the development of atomic energy as a possible power source.

The book discusses plans for a three-man rocket for a round-trip to the moon; the plans were drawn up as a project assignment by the British Interplanetary Society. Not having atomic energy, nor the immediate prospect of atomic energy, the British worked on the principle of either solid fuel or liquid fuel drives. Their greatest problem, then, was to get maximum power with the lightest possible weight. These two principles, it would seem, will still be important in the design of a rocket using atomic drive.

As envisioned by the British scientists, the moon rocket would weigh about 1000 tons and would be built in seven sections, six of which contain banks of rockets and one of which contains the return rockets, space for three occupants, controls, and various instruments.

As a means of saving weight, it was assumed the rocket would be built of light plastic sheets. It would be protected with a glass-like coating of aluminum oxide, fused in thermite furnaces. Inside, the framework would consist of light plastic girders, on which would be stretched sheets of linen cloth impregnated with a compound of chlorinated rubber and a resin made from substituted diphenyl. Interior equipment would be constructed of balsa wood treated with a hard lac-resin.

Optical instruments, and perhaps the vessel's ports would be constructed of poly-methyl-

methacrylate resin, which has a transparency and refraction co-efficient similar to glass, but the added advantage of being nearly unbreakable. For electrical purposes, the resin eu-poly-styrene would be used; it is clear as glass and possesses all the qualities needed in dielectric and mechanical strength.

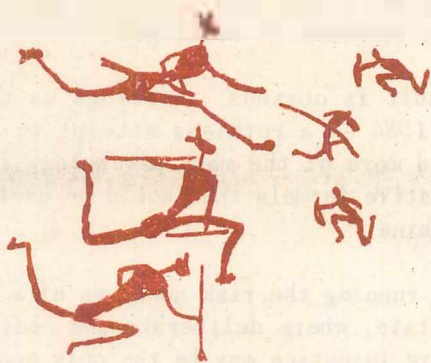
Liquids in the envisioned space ship, and more particularly the hydrogen-peroxide that would be taken along to furnish oxygen and water, would be carried in plastic containers of ethyl-cellulose, with a protective coating of vinyl-acetylene resin.

In the control room, the three occupants would sit in reclining chairs, oriented with their heads toward the center of the vessel, and their feet toward the outside of the hull. The chairs would be composed of a closely inter-woven fabric of phosphor bronze and horse-hair, impregnated with rubber and vulcanized. It was hoped this arrangement would provide the resiliency necessary to protect the crew members against acceleration pressures, and help absorb thrust.

The British, foreseeing the difficulty that one side of the hull would overheat while the other side was at extremely low temperature, have worked out a system whereby the rocket revolves as it travels through space.

The rotation distributes the radiation the hull receives and at the same time helps to give a gravitational effect directed outward toward the hull by centrifugal force. In adopting this system, the British ran into the new complication that navigation from a rotating rocket would be nearly impossible. As a means of meeting this problem, they worked out a system whereby scanners pick up star sights through the portholes and direct them to a single image screen, from which the navigator can make his calculations.

Dawn of the Space Age is neither as interesting nor as informative as Willy Ley's *Rockets and Space Travel*, nor as up-to-date as *Conquest of Space*. It is, on the other hand, very easy to read and serves as an entertaining, if highly popularized, introduction to rockets and space travel. *DE*



The Human Use of Human Beings

By Norbert Wiener

(Houghton Mifflin; \$3.00)

A Review and Commentary



by Don L. Fabun

A Japanese science fiction reader, standing on the outskirts of Hiroshima on August 5, 1945, would have witnessed the blinding flash and the mushrooming cloud not only with terror, but with the feeling that science fiction and reality were much too close together for comfort.

It is with much the same sort of feeling that science fiction readers will examine *The Human Use of Human Beings* by Norbert Wiener, whose book *Cybernetics* established at once a new science and a new viewpoint a few months back. The new science was the application of mechanic statistics to the study of communication, and the new viewpoint was gained by examining what we know about the behavior of "thinking" machines" and relating it to what we know about human beings.

Dr. Wiener's new book covers a lot of ground, but those parts of it which will be of particular interest to science fiction readers are those which lie close to the fictional prognostications of van Vogt's *World of A* with its giant machine state; Williamson's *The Humanoids*, with their built-in teleology; and Orwell's *1984*, with its state run on the statistical principle of the greatest good for the greatest number.

Dr. Wiener first explains that the idea of the message (and of communication in general) is closely tied in with the idea of entropy, which is the degree of increasing disorganization in the physical universe, and with

progress, which is both a material idea of an increase in order, and an ethical idea of a decrease in disorder.

Seen in this way, the message, or the unit of communication, is a pattern with lower probability than no message, and it represents a decrease in entropy and an increase in what we call "progress". Readers of some of the books on the periphery of science fiction will be familiar with "entropy" as popularized by Eddington in his *The Nature of the Physical World*, and will find Dr. Wiener's concept of the message as akin to Korzybski's concept of man as a "time binding" animal in *General Semantics*.

Working from this concept of the importance of communication, and the part it plays in our ideas of entropy and progress, Dr. Wiener proceeds to prognosticate the future relationship of man and his newest slave -- the "thinking" machine.

The thinking machines, Dr. Wiener points out, are no longer isolated "brains", but are fully developed beings; they have their own sensory apparatus, their own nervous system; they can make a multiplicity of choices as to their course of action, and they can not only remember what they have done, but can estimate to what extent their own actions have modified the situation. Instead of machines whose choices are determined, we can build machines whose choices are "probable".

In building these machines (as we most cer-

tainly will do) we create a class of slave labor that will supplant nearly all workers who do a repetitive type of mechanical labor and eliminate, as well, most "white Collar" workers whose sole function is the making of low level decisions. In five years, if there is a major war, in twenty years if we have peace, much of our labor force will be in direct competition with these machines for their jobs. We can anticipate, very shortly, "an immediate transitional period of disastrous confusion."

What will happen to these displaced persons? In our society, most of them will be downgraded to performing tasks so unnecessary, or so unproductive, that it isn't worthwhile to design a machine to do them. A vast increase in leisure time will pose the extraordinary problem of what people are to do with it, and there is no evidence that we can solve that problem at all.

Now, the machines will not only supplant much of the current labor force, and "free" people to sit around watching television, but, due to the increasing complexity of government affairs, the machine may well be called in to help govern large masses of people. Already the complexity of government in the modern world has outstripped the decision-making abilities of politicians; there are simply too many pieces of information that have to be fitted together too quickly for human minds to deal with them adequately. There is little doubt that more and more reliance will be placed on thinking machines.

The road to such a machine government leads from the present and projected "chess playing" machines to machines that could calculate tactical and strategic moves in warfare and from these to political thinking machines of increasing responsibility and power.

Political thinking machines could take economic and political information of a quantitative nature and forecast the most probable trends, thus helping the men who run them to make decisions. But the tendency will be, more and more, to cut down on the non-quantitative variables, and surely the greatest variable is the individuality of the people

who are governed. To operate efficiently, the machines would have to use the most quantitative material it could get.

The result is obvious; it brings us to Orwell's 1984 -- a ruthless attempt to bring more and more of the mass psychology into a quantitative formula that would be useful to the machine.

"We are running the risk nowadays of a great World State, where deliberate and conscious primitive injustice may be the only possible condition for the statistical happiness of the masses...."

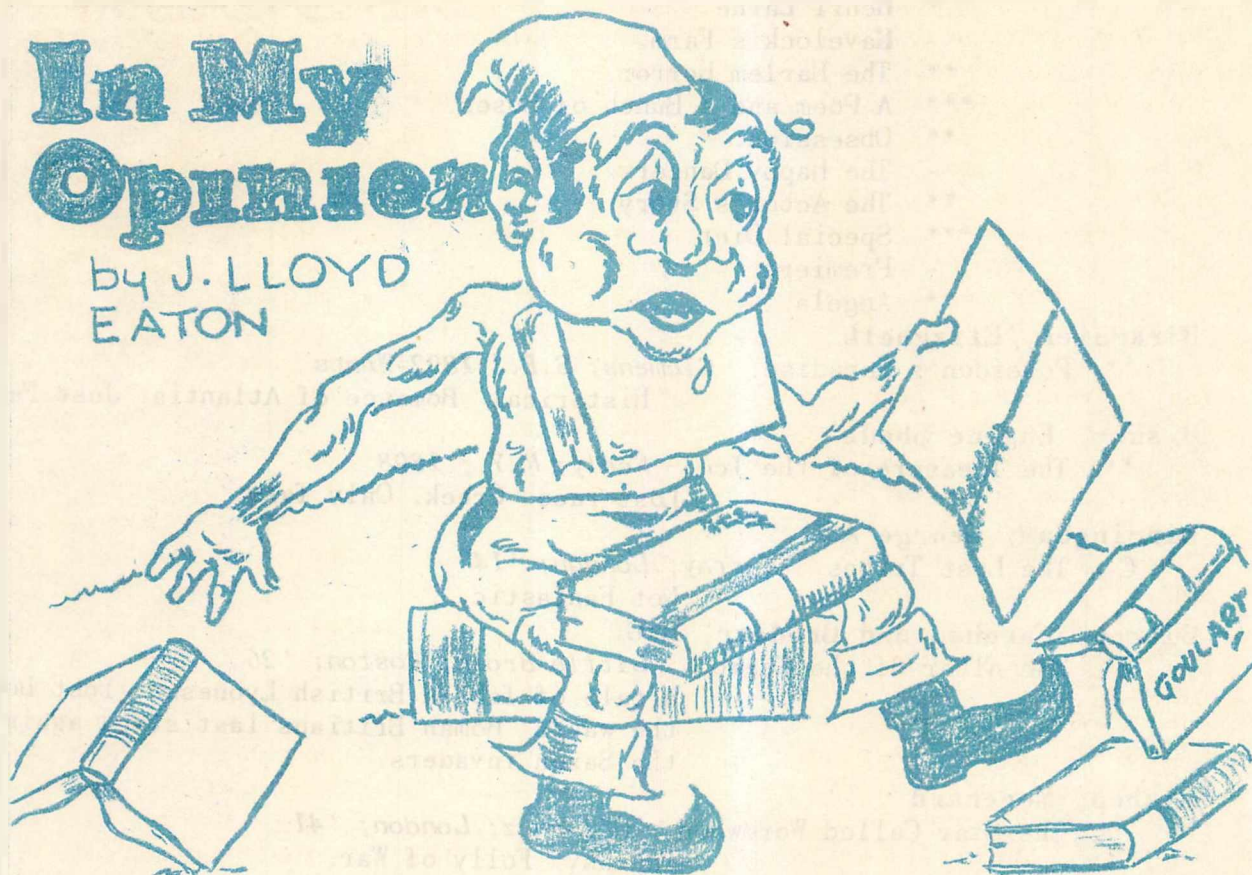
This unhappy prospect is not the only one that Dr. Wiener sees when he contemplates the role of the thinking machine. We may never reach the international machine state. "The dissemination of any scientific secret whatever is merely a matter of time. In the long run, there is no distinction between arming ourselves and arming our enemies. . . The effect. . . must be to increase the entropy of this planet until all the distinctions of hot and cold, good and bad, man and matter have vanished in the white furnace of a new star. . ."

The mixture of men and machines does not have to be an unhappy one. It is conceivable that the machines could be used as important adjuncts of the human race; that much of the dull repetitive, and degrading work now being done by human beings can be taken over by machines, and that the human beings thus freed could be led to more useful, happier lives. But the danger is always that people may become the slaves of their own invention.

Concludes Dr. Wiener, ". . . I have spoken of machines, but not only of machines having brains of brass and thews of iron. When human atoms are knit into an organization in which they are used, not in their full right as responsible human beings, but as cogs and levers and rods, it matters little that their raw material is flesh and blood. *What is used as an element in a machine, IS an element in the machine* . . . The hour is very late, and the choice of good and evil knocks at our door."

In My Opinion

by J. LLOYD
EATON



For more information on this feature, see Vol. I, No. 2 or No. 6 of the Digest. The stories are rated as follows:

*** Good to excellent.

** Fair to good.

X When included in the rating, may be considered as an additional * by those who enjoy cerebral stimuli with their reading. It may also serve as a warning to those who want an evening of light reading.

* A fantastic but not good "escape" reading; for collectors or students only. Read at your own peril!

() Not fantastic, possibly marginal, rated as escape reading.

- Not fantastic, masqueraders-religious, economic, etc. Treatises thinly disguised as fantasy with little story value, or too poorly written, even for the collector.

s Short story collections. Total number of stories given, with each fantastic listed and described as above.

C Not in the Checklist.

Birkin, Charles Lloyd

Cs Devil's Spawn. Allan; Lon.; '36 - Shorts (16) Supernatural and horror.

*** Old Mrs. Strathers.

*** Shelter.

*** The Cockroach.

*** The Terror on Tobit.

* The Last Night.

- * An Eye for an Eye.
- * Henri Larne.
- Havelock's Farm.
- ** The Harlem Horror.
- *** A Poem and a Bunch of Roses.
- ** Obsession.
- The Happy Dancers.
- ** The Actor's Story.
- *** Special Diet.
- Premiere.
- ** Angela.

Birkmaier, Elizabeth

- ** Poseidon's Paradise. *Clemens; S.F.; 1892-Wraps*
"Historical" Romance of Atlantis. Just Fair.

Bisbee, Eugene Shade

- ** The Treasure of the Ice. *Neely; N.Y.; 1898*
Lost race, Greek. Only fair.

Birmingham, George A.

- C The Lost Tribes. *Murray, London; '14*
Not Fantastic.

Bishop, Farnham and Brodeur, H.C.

- ** The Altar of the Legion. *Little Brown; Boston; '26*
A tale of fabled British Lyonesse, lost beneath
the waves. Roman Britians last stand against
the Saxon invaders.

Bishop, Morchard

- * The Star Called Wormwood. *Collancz; London; '41*
Fantasy. Folly of War.

Biss, Gerald

- *** The Door of the Unreal. *Putnams; New York; '20*
Werewolf.

Black, James

- The Pilgrim Ship. *Christian Herald; New York; '11*
Religious allegory.

Black, Ladbrooke

- *** The Gorgon's Head. *Low, Marston; London; Not dated.*
Medusa's head rediscovered and it still does
it's work! Complications and quite amusing.
- *** The Poison War. *Paul; London; Not dated.*
Science fiction. War with gas.

Blackwood, Algernon

One of the best supernatural story tellers in the business. He also writes fantasy, occult and mystic themes, which I do not like. A large number of his supernatural and horror stories have been anthologized, and the following short stories are listed and rated from the viewpoint of an editor of a modern anthology of horror and the supernatural.

(Short stories - in the order of publication)

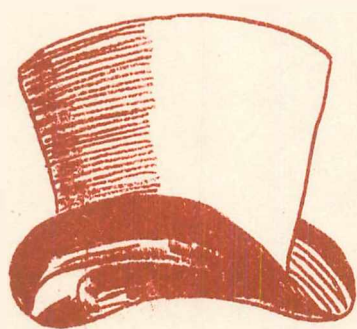
- s The Empty House and Other Ghost Stories. *Knopf; N.Y.; '17 - Shorts (10)*
 - *** The Empty House.
 - *** A Haunted Island.
 - *** A Case of Eavesdropping.

- *** Keeping His Promise.
- *** With Intent to Steal.
- ** The Wood of the Dead.
- *** Smith: An Episode in a Lodging House.
- ** A Suspicious Gift.
- *** The Strange Adventure of a Private Secretary in New York.
- s The Listener and other Stories. *Nash; London; 1907 - Shorts (9)*
 - ** The Listener. Ghost, horror.
 - *** Max Hensig. Bacteriologist and murderer. Horror.
 - **** The Willows. "Others" & science fiction.
 - *** The Insanity of Jones.
 - Revisit.
 - * Miss Slumbubble - and Claustrophobia.
 - ** The Woman's Ghost Story.
- s John Silence, Physician Extraordinary. *Vaughn & Gomme; New York; '14.*
Shorts (5)
Supernatural stories with "scientific" approach.
 - **** A Psychical Invasion.
 - "Forces" continue to live.
 - *** Ancient Sorceries.
 - "Forces". Witches Sabbath.
 - **** The Nemesis of Fire.
 - Elemental.
 - *** Secret Worship.
 - "Forces".
 - *** The Camp of the Dog.
 - Were-wolf.
- s Pan's Garden. *Macmillan; New York; 1912 - Shorts (15)*
 - ** The Man Whom the Trees Loved.
 - Fantasy; trees' souls.
 - *** The Sea Fit. Old Gods.
 - ** The Attic. Ghost.
 - * The Heath Fire.
 - ** The Messenger.
 - ** The Glamour of the Snow.
 - The sun.
 - Pan.
 - ** The Return. Ghost.
 - ** Sand. Ka of Egypt, and murder.
 - ** Special Delivery.
 - Warning.
 - ** The Destruction of Smith.
 - Ghost of city.
 - * The Temptation of the Clay.
 - Nature.
- s Incredible Adventures. *Macmillan; New York; '14 - Shorts (5)*
 - ** The Regeneration of Lord Ernie.
 - Fire and wind; ritual.
 - * The Damned.
 - * A Descent into Egypt.
 - ** Wayfarers. Past.
- s The Lost Valley and Other Stories. *Knopf; N.Y.; '17 - Shorts (10)*
 - ** The Lost Valley.
 - Twins; psychic "beyond."
 - **** The Wendigo. "Others," horror.

- *** Old Clothes. Ghosts in a child.
- * Perspective.
- *** The Terror of the Twins.
Possession.
- *** The Price of Wiggin's Orgy.
Amusing horror.
- s Ten Minute Stories. Dutton; New York; '14 - Shorts (29)
 - ** Accessory Before the Fact.
Pre-vision.
 - *** The Deferred Appointment.
Kept after death.
 - ** The Prayer. Seeing thoughts.
 - * Strange Disappearance of a Baronet.
Dream-a man's real worth.
 - * The Goblin's Collection.
Fairy.
 - * Imagination. Centaur.
 - ** Ancient Lights.
Trees.
 - ** Dream Trespass.
Time.
 - ** Entrance and Exit.
Hyper-space.
 - ** You May Telephone from Here.
Spirit.
 - * The Whisperers.
Books.
 - ** Violence. Madness
 - * The House of the Past.
 - * Jimbo's Longest Day.
 - *** If the Cap Fits.
Psychometry; objects bring pictures.
 - *** The Second Generation.
Ghost.
- s Day and Night Stories. Dutton; New York; '17 - Shorts (15)
 - *** The Tryst. With dead.
 - * The Wings of Horus.
 - * The Other Wing.
 - *** The Occupant of the Room.
Horror, depression.
 - ** Cain's Atonement.
A later life.
 - * An Egyptian Hornet.
 - * By Water.
 - * A Bit of Wood.
 - *** A Victim of Higher Space.
John Silence story.
 - * Transition.
 - * The Tradition.
- s The Wolves of God and Other Fey Stories (with Wilfred Wilson)
Dutton; New York; '21 - Shorts (15)

*This title and the stories included will be found in Volume II,
Number 3, of the Digest.*

**AN
ENGLISH
ACTIVE
FAN**



By Ken F. Slater



