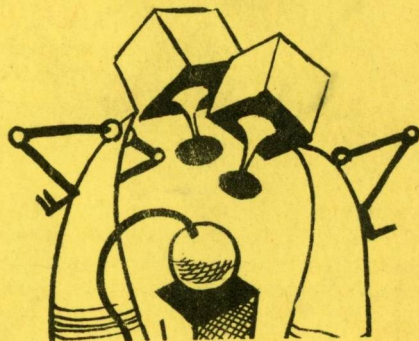


Rhodomagnetic Digest



the girls in
their
cosmic dresses

a folio of
drawings
by hubert buel



and many other features, reviews and THINGS.

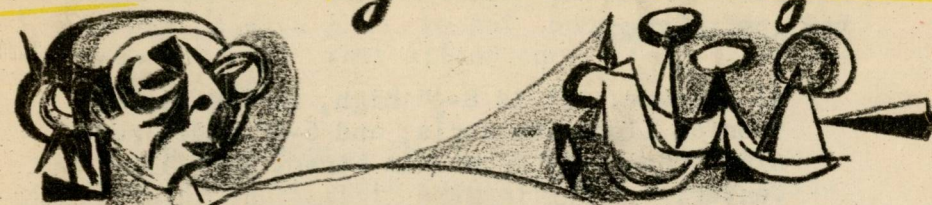


VOL. III, NO. 2 --- July-August, 1951

Price - 25¢



Rhodomagnetic Digest



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

VOLUME III . . . July-August '51 No. 2

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PRODUCED BY DON FABUN

--- with the assistance of Gladys Fabun, Bill Murr
J. E. Ryus, George Finigan, Gary Nelson.

CIRCULATION MANAGER: J. Ben Stark

ILLUSTRATIONS by: Barbara Scott, Bob Beetem, Fred
Herschleb and Donald Baker Moore

CAPTIONS by: Barbara Scott and Bob Beetem

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You can buy this space for \$10. In it you can reach the most extraordinary people in the world -- those who think this publication is worth 25¢.

You can sell that old Baldwin locomotive you've had lying in the attic for years; your ukelele, the one you call Minerva and dress with pink ribbons your pet dog (who died five years ago come Whitsuntide).

Honest, our readers will buy anything.

They bought this magazine.

As most people know, putting out a "fan" magazine can be a disheartening pastime. Therefore we are always glad to get some comments that make us feel that all of our efforts have not been in vain.

On the last issue, for instance, a once-upon-a-time friend of ours reported that his roommate,



whom we do not know and do not want to know, felt that we had established a new high in honesty on our "contents" page. Where we had written "Multilithed on the Garden Library Press", his copy was sufficiently loused up that he thought it said, "Mutilated on the Garden Library Press."

Mutilated or not this issue is late, on account of we got sidetracked on other things and it sat around stewing in its own juice until we got back to it. We hope the next one will come close to schedule. (Since we are the only persons who know what that schedule is, we can easily make a promise like that).

Dr. James E. Conant, president of Harvard University and not a subscriber to this magazine, laid out a probable time-table for civilization

up through 2000 A.D. in a speech presented to the American Chemical Society this month. Among a number of political prognostications, Dr. Conant predicted:

"neither an atomic holocaust nor the abundance of an atomic age..."

We suspect that Dr. Conant may well belong in the same category in science's hall of fame as that occupied by an equally famous American savant, Simon Newcomb, who made the following scientific appraisal of the possibilities of heavier-than-air flight in 1900:

"The demonstration that no possible combination of known substances, known form of machinery and known forms of force can be united in a practicable machine by which we can fly long distances through the air, seems to the writer as complete as it is possible for the demonstration of any physical fact can be."

Three years later, Wilbur Wright, who had fortunately been spared "scientific" appraisals of his efforts, flew 852 ft. in 59 seconds using such "known substances" as wood, canvas and air.

Dr. Conant is important only because he points up a fact that has become more obvious; namely that we are undergoing an incredible technological development, the import of which is hardly even seen by science fiction writers, much less the general public, and still less the more conservative of our intellectual leaders.

In the same paper that carried an account of Dr. Conant's speech appeared also news items on the letting of the first contract for an atomic airplane; on the assignment of completion work for the first atomic submarine; on a report by a Sen-

ate subcommittee on five new atomic guided missiles; on a report by Scientific American that the first reactor breeder plants are in operation; that the United States is now the world's second largest producer of uranium, and so on. In short, while Dr. Conant predicted that we would not enjoy the abundance of an atomic age within our lifetimes, the atomic age was bursting all around him. He apparently does not think that we can do in fifty years more what we have done in six years.

In fact, even the science fiction we read these days seems highly unimaginative. We see projections from a certain number of current scientific theories, but nothing that represents as big a flight of imagination as, say, Verne's Nautilus at the time it was proposed, or the prognostications embodied in the famous Ralph-124C. We seem to be running out of things to imagine-- or at least things that are based on completely new concepts.

There are some things we would like to see written about for this here, now, magazine. We wish somebody would do us a series on the "forgotten sciences" -- meaning those that are almost never used as the basis for science fiction. The addition of the new tools of isotopic tracers and computing machines has rejuvenated many hitherto "dead" sciences. Yet even a detailed reading of current science fiction would lead us to believe that there are only two sciences worth writing about: super-physics and super-psychology. Anyway we'd like to see somebody exhume the "dead" sciences and indicate how they might be used as a basis for fresh themes in science fiction. Got any ideas?

THE *cliché* IN SCIENCE FICTION

By LELAND SAPIRO

I shall attempt a somewhat detailed analysis of the Clayton ASTOUNDING story (1930-1932) from the viewpoints of "situation" and logical coherence. It is first necessary to enumerate its more important personages:

The protagonist is described in terms of bodily structure or those characteristics indicated by bodily structure.

His face was lean and browned, and it took a second look to realize the tremendous height and breadth of his forehead. A craggy jutting chin spoke of stubbornness and the relentless following up of a line of action determined on. His head was topped with an unruly shock of black hair, which he tossed back with a hand that commanded instant attention. (19)

If he is a member of the Space Police or some similar organization, his introduction furnishes motivation for what follows.

Commander Stone, grizzled chief of the Planetary Exploration Forces, acknowledged Captain Brand Bowen's salute, and beckoned him to take a seat.

"Captain Bowen," said Stone, "I want you to to to Jupiter. As you perhaps know, I detailed a ship to explore the red spot about a year ago. It never came back. I sent another ship, with two good men in it, to check on the disappearance of the first. That ship, too, never came back. . . Something ominous and strange is contained in that red spot; what its nature may be we cannot even guess. I want you to go there and find out."

Brand's determined jaw jutted out and his lips thinned to a purposeful line. He stood to attention.

"I'll be leaving tonight, sir." (23)

It is frequently stated that this type of story lacks characterization; this, however is not strictly true. Each fig-



ure is defined to within a class of individuals. We may divide mankind into classes -- which we assume to be mutually exclusive -- each consisting of some particular kind of person. The members of one group, for example, may be resolute and square-jawed; a second, timid and myopic; another shrill voiced and vindictive, and so forth. Now imagine that every such group is herded into a separate cage and we are asked to locate Brand Bowen in order to deliver a message.

We could easily locate the correct enclosure but if we were furnished with only those details of his appearance mentioned in the story, we should be unable to tell which of its occupants is the man we seek; since everyone else in his group also possesses these characteristics we cannot differentiate between them without further information.

On the other hand, if we should encounter another group consisting of suave, unctuous individuals whose derisive sneers and constantly shifting eyes indicate "Danger," we could be certain that our man does not belong in this collection.

In other words this procedure, while defining a "set", does not delineate any specific individual, any more than a number is uniquely specified merely by stating that it is even or odd.

The heroine is placed in an even wider class, namely, the genus "female"; i.e., she exhibits only those qualities such as compassion, sensitiveness, and timidity supposedly shared by all women.

Consider R.H. Lifford's PRISONERS ON THE ELECTION. (2)

This narrative concerns the efforts of Aaron Carruthers, atomic physicist, to locate his immediate superior, Professor Dahlgren, who has vanished in a strange laboratory accident.

The first scene occurs approximately forty hours after his disappearance; Karl Danzig and his sister Nanette are preparing to assist Carruthers in a second experiment, designed to restore the missing professor. Carruthers is responding to Nanette's inquiry about a section of flooring that has been fenced off from the rest of the room.

"That railing marks the spot where Professor Dahlgren stood when the rays of our atomic machine struck."

"You mean," breathed the girl, "that he never moved from that spot after the rays touched his body? What happened?"

"It was rather curious," remarked Carruthers. "The moment the ray touched him his body began to dwindle.... As he dwindled in size....he shouted warningly that the rays had become confused and for us to cut the switch. But the warning came a fraction of a second too late. Even as my fingers opened the contact, his body dwindled to a mere speck and disappeared from sight."

First, a trial run on some inanimate object; a piece of glass tubing, chosen at random, is placed in the partitioned area and the requisite adjustments made.

Carruthers reached across his machine and turned the final switch. The amber beam emanating from the lens increased in intensity. And as it increased, it took on a deep violet color.

Nanette cried out in muffled alarm. But even as Vincent* raised his voice to quiet her fears the test tube suddenly shrank to nothingness and vanished into the ether.

"Aaron!" whispered the girl, awesomely, "It's gone!"

*(There is no character named Vincent in this story).

Next, a reversal of this process, a manipulation of dials and the throwing of a second switch, these operations bringing the "reverse atomic beam" into focus, and as anticipated, the test tube, previously reduced to microscopic dimensions, is enlarged to its original size.

Finally, the crucial experiment on a living creature: a cooperative rat is placed within the enclosure:

"Oh, it's torture to the poor thing," burst out Nanette.

"It won't hurt it," growled Karl, "Aaron knows what he's doing."

Carruthers placed the little rat in the center of the

square. It lay there, very quiet and unblinking. Again the switches clicked as the contacts were closed.

This time the results are quite unexpected. The rat, after being diminished and then restored to its former size, is markedly altered. In place of the pink, newly born animal placed under the beam a minute earlier appears a grey-skinned veteran "scarred and tailless as if from innumerable battles."

Despite the assurance of Aaron and Karl that these widely dissimilar creatures are, in fact, identical, the girl remains sceptical. Believing herself to be the object of a practical joke, Nanette, exclaiming that "I shouldn't have come to

joke, Nanette, exclaiming that "I shouldn't have come to your old laboratory," arises and prepares to leave. But during her exit she duplicates the error of unfortunate Professor Dahlgren.

"Oh-h-h!" gasped the girl as she inadvertently stepped squarely into the atomic ray of amber-colored light.

Carruthers leaped impatiently to his feet. But even as he started forward Nanette tripped over the glass failing. Carruthers moved quickly. Yet his movements were slow and ungainly as compared to the speed of the light ray. He saw the figure of Nanette decrease in size, heard the muffled expression of alarm in Danzig's voice; then the room suddenly began to extend itself upward with the speed of a meteor...

He had the sensation of falling through infinite space. Something brushed against him -- soft and fluttering...

"Nanette!"

While yet he groped in the darkness... his mind reverted to the girl at his side. She was clinging to him like a frightened child. He could feel the pressure of her body against his and it thrilled him immeasurably. No longer was he the cold, calculating young man of science.

After a voyage of indeterminate length the pair are precipitated on the hilltop of an unknown planet. Scanning the heavens, Nanette observes that it contains a disc bearing a vague resemblance to the satellite of earth but constellations which are totally unfamiliar. "Strange as it must seem," explains Carruthers, "you and I are still within the room of my laboratory."

"That, Nan, is not our moon. It is nothing more than a planetary electron very much like the one we are on at the present moment. The firmament is filled with them. From where we sit we can see but the half nearest us. The glowing portion is illuminated from distant light rays shot off from the nucleus of the atom itself."

The arrival of dawn confronts them with new problems:

A blur of reddish brown vanished behind a tree. Man or animal, Carruthers couldn't determine. He grasped Nanette by the arm and pulled her back to the path.

"Quick!" he whispered. "There's something or someone following us."

Nanette's voice trembled slightly. "What is it, Aaron?"

"I don't know."

He turned his head again. This time he saw the thing that was following. A low ejaculation of alarm escaped his lips. A gigantic ape! The low mouth of the creature sagged grotesquely, revealing two rows of yellow fangs.

Carruthers' behavior is strictly utilitarian:

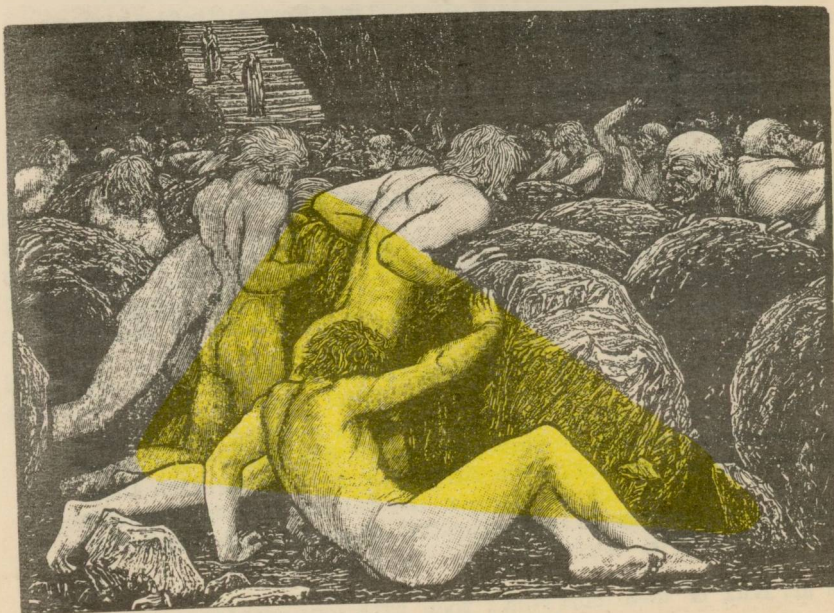
"Run, Nan," he gritted. "I'll try to scare him away."

Simultaneously with the scream of fright from the startled girl, a huge mountain of grayish flesh and bone blocked the downward slope of the path. Carruthers paled as he turned and faced the new menace.

Coming directly toward them he saw an immense animal so great in size that it seemed to shut out the light. A prehistoric dinosaur! . . .

Carruthers backed off the path into the underbrush, dragging the girl after him. . .

Nanette's behavior is quite the opposite:



The Staff at work on the next issue . . .

. . . the horrified scream of the girl ended in a gurgling sigh. She toppled to the ground in a dead faint.

Gathering Nanette's "crumpled body" into his arms, Carruthers flees into a nearby canyon only to discover that all paths of escape are blocked by its precipitous walls. The dinosaur is about to enjoy a leisurely meal when a mixed tribe of apes and gorillas, evidently summoned by the great "red ape" previously encountered, arrives on the scene and frightens away the beast by the baring of fangs, the beating of chests and other displays of hostility.

The ape leader then turns and contemplates his strange looking visitors and the remainder of the tribe, sharing his curiosity, join him in his inspection. In this manner, amidst a "half circle of staring brown eyes," Carruthers and Nanette spend the night.

The next day they are introduced to Zark, a white-bearded patriarch, semi-human in appearance, who gives them information concerning Professor Dahlgren.

"He was from your world. I never saw him. He came to me as a legend. For years he toiled among us, teaching and instructing until we mastered his language. . ."

Carruthers turned upon the girl.

"The old chief's words explain everything, Nan. Professor Dahlgren has been here and gone. He lived a lifetime in the span of a few hours earth-time. Now it looks as if we were destined to follow in his footsteps."

The succeeding weeks are spent in various tasks.

Days slipped by like minutes. Short days filled with excursions into the jungles. Carruthers' face soon bristled with a stubble of beard.... Sharp thorns tore their clothes to ribbons. Nanette, womanlike, cried many times during the nights because of the lack of a mirror and a comb for her untidy hair.

Meanwhile, herds of prehistoric animals are surrounding the ape-men's habitation in ever increasing numbers. When Carruthers inquires about the construction of fortifications he is told that such precautions are useless. The planet itself as predicted by the legendary Professor Dahlgren, is disintegrating, due to constantly recurring earthquakes which are shattering its crust. "What matter if the herds of dinosaurs overrun us," declares the chief stoically, "In the end, they too, will be destroyed."

These seismographic disturbances are accompanied by volcanic eruptions of increasing violence, which finally set fire to the surrounding jungle.

Driven outdoors by the resulting smoke, Carruthers and Nanette retreat toward the circle of boulders previously arranged by Carruthers to mark their original point of arrival.

Carruthers braced his feet against the ring of rocks to keep him from pitching headlong to the ground. Nanette clung to him wordlessly. All around them the giant force of nature raged sullenly. Twisting seams appeared in the rocky floor of the plateau from which oozed gaseous vapor.

To the accompaniment of the "despairing screams" of the apemen and the "insane bellowings" of a herd of brontosauri, the electron's disintegration reaches its culminating stage.

Carruthers had the feeling of expansion and growth. It was as if his body was taking on the size of the whole world. It seemed to last for hours, days, ages. But all the while he clung fast to the slender, quivering body of Nanette . . .

A blinding glare of steady light played upon his face. "Nan! Aaron!" The voice was Karl's.

Dazedly they looked around. What had once been mountains were now desks and chairs. They were back again in the laboratory.

The concluding scene finds the trio in earnest meditation as they attempt "with all the strength of their minds to grasp the miracle of the strange and unfathomable atomic rays."

Thus the heroine -- a clockwork mechanism that faints, weeps, and screams at the appropriate times -- sets off her companion's virility and provides incentive for the elucidation of technical or obscure points in the story.

(Next issue, Mr. Sapiro will continue his discussion with an account of the "mad scientist" and other "stock" characters in science fiction).

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR PART I

- (2) PRISONERS OF THE ELECTRON Robert H. Leifred Oct. '30
- (19) WHEN CAVERLS YAINED S.P. Meek June '31
- (23) THE RED HELL OF JUPITER Paul Ernst Oct. '31
- (All references are to stories appearing in Astounding magazine during the period 1930-1932)

the girls

in their

cosmic dresses



or "THE THING OF SHAPES TO COME"

by BARBARA SCOTT
Illustrated by the author

CLOTHES, it is said, make the man -- but lack of them evidently makes the woman -- at least in science fiction illustration. The science fiction heroine has become a sad stereotype compounded of memories of nights at the burlesque and the desire of publishers to sell their magazines from newsstands where the competition from naked cover ladies is continuous and brisk.

AT THE PRESENT TIME there appears to be a frantic rush by artists to deprive the science fiction girl of more and more clothing. It's rather obvious that this is a process which must some day reach its fulfillment, after which the pendulum most surely will have to swing back.

THE PENDULUM, it seems, really began swinging in the early 20's when it was far over to the conventional right. There weren't very many women in science fiction illustrations in those days. What there were were clad in the styles of the period -- short skirt, tubular straight up-and-down silhouettes, short stylish bob. Instead of squirming in the clutches of bug-eyed-monsters, the girl of the 20's appeared most often sitting demurely in a living room while granite

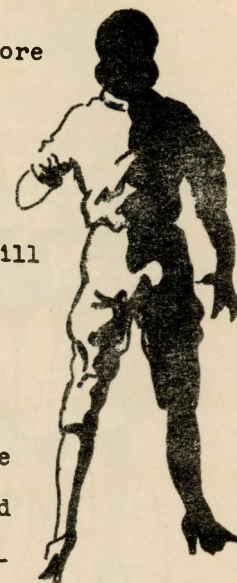


*Amazing
April - 1930*

scientists argued hotly in the foreground.

NEVER very important, either in the stories or in the illustrations, this sweet young miss kept to her proper place and left the field open to Rube Goldberg machinery, men in space-suits and slimy monsters who slithered about. And, the gal in the story confined her appearance to inside the magazine, leaving the cover art to the other monsters.

BY THE EARLY THIRTIES there were more and more women beginning to appear in the illustrations, but they had not all started to walk about in their Maidenform Bras. Still dressed in the street clothes of their day, they emerged slightly from the background, stepping in front of the bug-eyed monsters here and there. The brawny space-suited heroes, taking time out from blasting with their disintegrators, stole a covert glance at the lithesome



lassies but did nothing about them.

Then, in the 40's, things began to happen. One of the gals stepped right out on the cover, still in her clothes, but now the center of the page. By August of 1940 a whole parade of gals had come trooping out, dropping their clothes enroute.

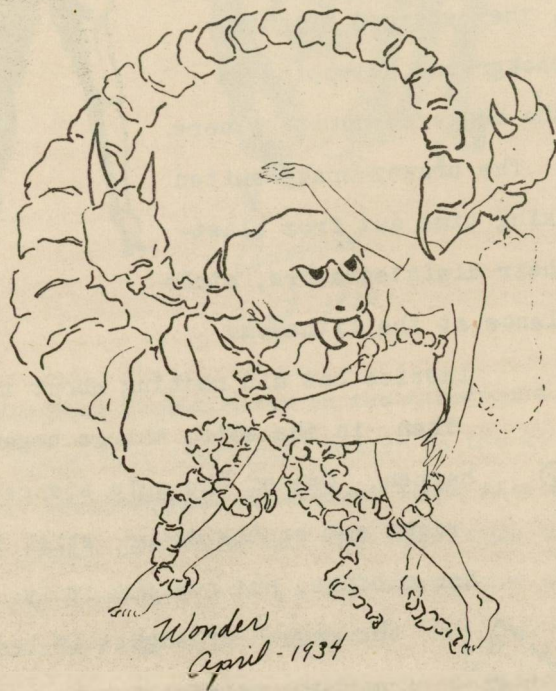


*Amazing
Sept - 1927*

THE GAL'S have stayed on the covers ever since, edging constantly toward complete nudity, and it is

the rare bug-eyed-monster who can do more to gain attention than rear an ugly, leering head in the far background.

THE CONVENTIONAL, semi-dressed young miss of science fiction illustration has some good points, a couple of which are only too obvious, and some which require elucidation. She shows, for

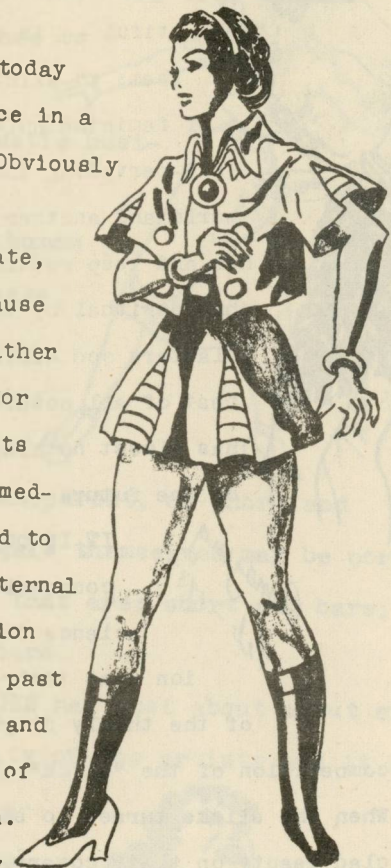


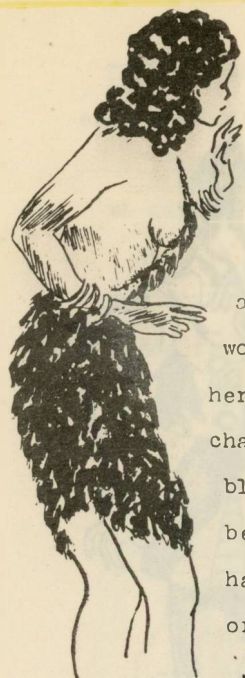
instance, that artists of today have an unbounded confidence in a brighter world tomorrow. Obviously the weather of the future is going to be more temperate, possibly sub-tropical, because that's the only kind of weather the gals are ever dressed for.

ANOTHER THING the artists have confidence in is that medical science will get around to discovering the secret of eternal youth. For no science fiction heroine ever manages to get past a smoothly feminine thirty, and most of them are in a state of suspended teen-age animation. One reason is obvious -- how

would the customary plump middle aged creature look in one of those panty-bra combinations?

WONDERFUL, everlasting warm weather; eternal





*Amazing
Feb. - 1937*

youth -- what else does the woman of the future face? Obviously she is beautiful -- in fact, nothing else ever seems to exist except a standard level of feminine pulchritude, a pulchritude so all-pervading that even monsters of another world and another species are attracted to her and keep running away with her, being chased withal by tall, tanned young men with blasters and disintegrators. Surely the best of all possible lives -- and one that has almost nothing to do with the story -- or the future -- or facts -- or science.

IT IS QUITE possible that the low, conventionalized stereotypes of science fiction are merely a reflection -- at their own level --

of the thinly disguised sex competition of the "slick" magazines. When the slicks turned to selling unclad beauty on their covers, the pulps met the challenge with more of the same.



*Thrilling Wonder
Aug. - 1937*

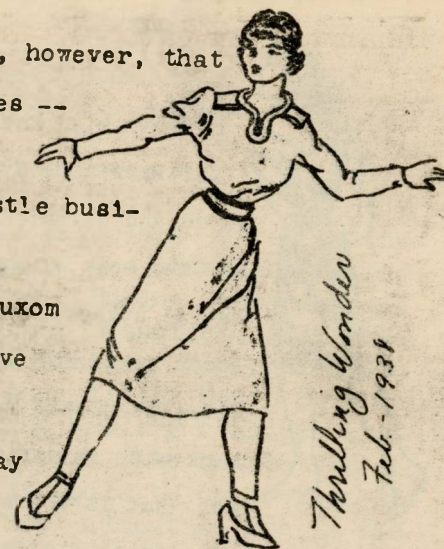
(It should be pointed out, however, that some pulp fantasy magazines -- such as *Weird* -- were always in the bust and bustle business on their covers.)

WHATEVER THE REASON, the buxom beauties of the future leave the artists with only two choices in technique; he may dress them in something



that is long and transparent, or short and opaque. And the gals themselves may be portrayed in fashions that are: short and bare; long and bare; or bare.

RINGING THESE CHANGES has just about exhausted the ingenuity of the artists and it is to be hoped that sometime -- perhaps only in the mythical future they are illustrating -- artists will turn their attention to a serious consideration of what women will



*Thrilling Wonder
Feb. - 1938*



Astonishing - 1940

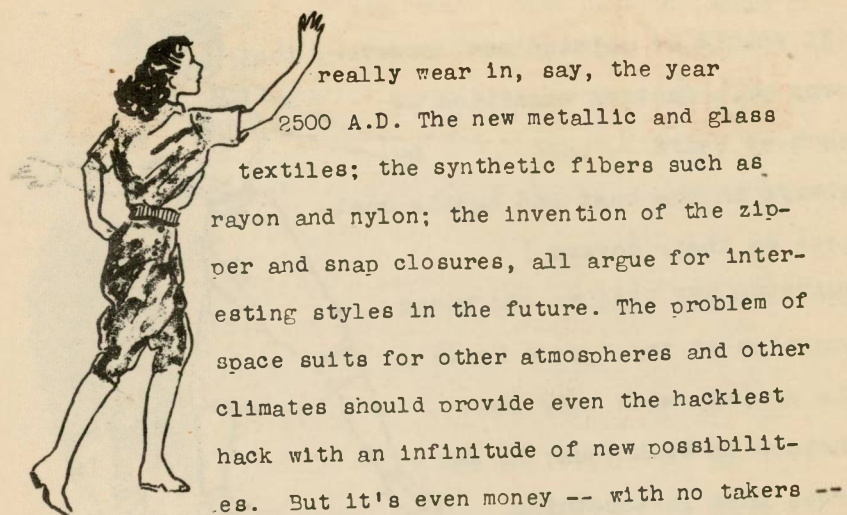


by Donald Baker Moore

A year ago the Golden Gate Futurians attended the WESTERCON III in Los Angeles and obtained the bid for this year's convention. During the ensuing year, the San Francisco group dissolved, with the result that about two weeks before the convention date the Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society realized that if the Bay Area were not to gain the reputation of falling down on the job, it would be up to them to conduct the convention. Now almost no one in the Little Men is a real "fan" and very few of us had even been to a science fiction convention before. Nonetheless, Gladys Fabun, Vice Chairman of the Little Men, beat among the toads, pools and managed to discover one only semi-reluctant Leprechaun to act as chairman. Tom Quinn, previously known primarily for his work in editing and printing the Rhodomagnetic Digest, was "volunteered" and set to work with the assistance of a few others. From a standing start he succeeded in obtaining Anthony Boucher as Honorary Chairman, several well-known authors as guests and speakers, and George Pal, Hollywood producer, as guest of honor and recipient of the Invisible Little Man at the award dinner.

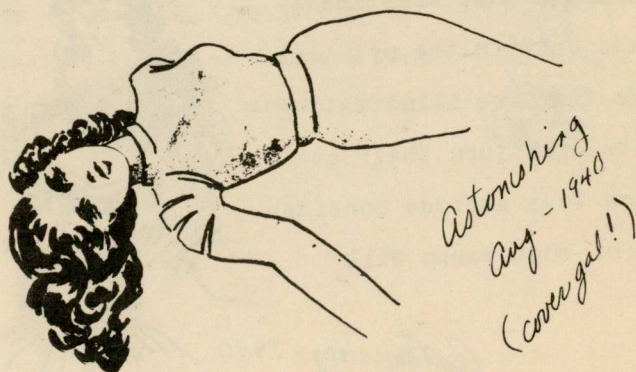
The convention hall was arranged for, the banquet planned, invitations, programs, membership cards printed, and newspaper releases spotted all in the space of that very brief two weeks or less.

Due to the regrettably late start, many out-of-town fans were not able to show up, but the attendance was surprisingly good, with a final total of 97 paid admissions. At one time there was a nose



really wear in, say, the year 2500 A.D. The new metallic and glass textiles; the synthetic fibers such as rayon and nylon; the invention of the zipper and snap closures, all argue for interesting styles in the future. The problem of space suits for other atmospheres and other climates should provide even the hackiest hack with an infinitude of new possibilities. But it's even money -- with no takers -- that science fiction illustration will continue to show its heroines au naturel 'til kingdom come.

(In a future issue of the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST we hope to feature an informal study of dust jacket designs on science fiction books.)



count of 130 in the hall (the doorman obviously slipped into the bar from time to time).

The celebration began Friday evening in the Garden Library, the official meeting place and unofficial gathering point of the Little Men. The evening was scheduled to be largely an informal gathering and introduction of fans. It turned out to be a very social event, with more than sixty fans crowding into the Library to talk to each other and meet people of whom they had heard, but had never met.

After a while the group was seated and George Finigan projected a group of three-dimensional color slides he had taken at the NORWESCON. The audience viewed these through plastic spectacles and were in general startled at the extremely life-like appearance of stereo slides. Comments tended to be largely of the sort "So that's Mahaffey!" and "Who is the brunette in the red sweater?"

The Friday evening session concluded with about twenty of the hardier fans adjourning to one of the member's homes for a long and late discussion ranging from lousy royalties to the arguments for opera sung in English (with recorded examples).

The condition of the chairman and committeemen as they left early in the morning did not argue too well for the likelihood of a prompt opening; sure enough the formal program did not begin until after eleven. Tom Quinn made a short introductory talk and introduced Anthony Boucher, who gave a short address before introducing the book panel.

The book panel consisted of authors, fans, amateur critics, with Anthony Boucher as an editor and moderator. The only unanimous conclusion reached was a condemnation of the multiplicity of anthologies, which necessitated that either worthless stories were printed, or the few really good stories appeared time after time. E. E. Evans made a case

for the consideration of some of the old classics which should be reprinted before the more commercially attractive practice of bringing out in book form serials not even a year old.

The lunch period gave the members a chance to look over the meeting place, California Hall. This old building is an exact replica of German Rathaus architecture and is devoted exclusively to meeting rooms. The convention hall itself was a large room with the hundred and thirty or so attending seated around the walls and the speakers placed on a raised dais across one end. There was a small ante-chamber which served for the committee business, and a kitchenette which opened into the large hall and served admirably as a bar. The phsst of opening beer cans did not interfere too badly with speakers although it could be heard.

The afternoon meeting opened with the business session, at which San Diego, represented by Roger Nelson, was unanimously awarded WESTERCON V.

The entertainment resumed with a talk by R. Bretnor, known primarily among fans for his stories in the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction; however, he has appeared in several of the "slicks." Reg gave considerable attention to the idea that science fiction is not simply a story technique, but actually reflects an increasing introitus of the scientific method of thought into everyday life.

When the discussion had slowed down, Claude Plum began the auction. WESTERCON IV established something of a precedent in fan affairs by selling several oils by a local artist, George Faraco, on the basis of sheer artistic value, as distinguished from reputation or previous publication. Several rare magazines and books and original manuscripts were sold, and the auction ended in time for Margaret St. Clair to speak.



AN
ORIGINAL
PEN STUDY
BY
DONALD
BAKER
MOORE

Mrs. St. Clair was especially interesting to the out-of-towners since she has never appeared at a convention and she is one of the most controversial writers in the field. As could be expected, her ideas were quite novel to science fiction. The talk ended by throwing the meeting open for story ideas from the floor.

She was followed by Dr. Bernard I. Kahn. Dr. Kahn has published several stories in *ASTOUNDING* and is noted as an extremely provocative and entertaining speaker. After explaining his ideas on psychology in science fiction, both as story content and as applied to the readers, he found it difficult to end the discussion, until, wearily, Tom Quinn mentioned that the members would probably like to adjourn to prepare for the banquet that evening.

The recess was used by some in continuing the informal discussions. Others wandered across the street to the Scottish Cavern and refreshed themselves while listening to the Sixth Army Pipers, who were celebrating there before attending an evening performance elsewhere.

At 8:00 the banquet began in the Rathskellar restaurant downstairs, where a choice of German foods was available. More than 90 people assembled about the tables spread in two rooms, there being considerable overflow into the outer dining hall. Because of the split dining room the dinner was terminated with a return to the convention hall.

Anthony Boucher, acting for the Little Men in the absence of Dr. Eaton, Chairman, presented the second annual Invisible Little Man Award to George Pal for his achievement in bringing acceptable science fiction to the motion picture screen. Mr. Pal, an extremely charming and friendly person, entered most agreeably into the spirit of the occasion by grasping the award by the walnut pedestal and the invisible little shoulders, while he voiced his op-

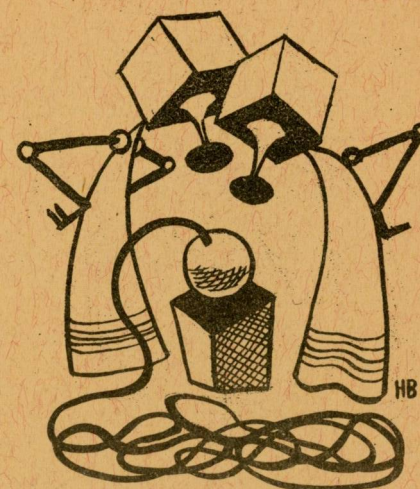
appreciation of the award and recounted some wild experiences in getting "Destination Moon" through the Hollywood morasse. He explained that he is now "typed" as a science fiction producer and he rather enjoys it. He regretted being unable to show "When Worlds Collide" because the only print was in the Technicolor labs being duplicated, but he promised to personally bring a copy to San Francisco as soon as possible and have a private showing for the Little Men, and any members of the Westercon who could be present.

At about 10:20 PM the convention finally ended by moving to a local theatre where a showing of Jean Cocteau's "Orpheus" had been arranged by the committee. 97 members attended the movie, which was paid for out of convention funds.

Afterwards, the hardier fans gathered in from the theatre, the Scottish Cavern (bagpipes), and the Vieni-Vieni (operatic singers), and assembled at the extremely crowded home of one of the local fans. About 30 people managed to get into four rooms, along with two cases of beer, several fifths of hard likker, and some fine ideas. The evening continued until the last fan left at 5:30 Sunday morning.

Sunday (no scheduled activities) saw the general retreat of the out of town fans and the recuperation of the locals. Most of the fans left satisfied at having been introduced to some intriguing ideas, and pleased to have met people who were intelligent friendly and stimulating.

It is hardly necessary to conclude with the remark that the success of WESTERCON IV completely convinced the Little Men that we must have the national convention (the LEPRECHON) in San Francisco at the earliest possible date.

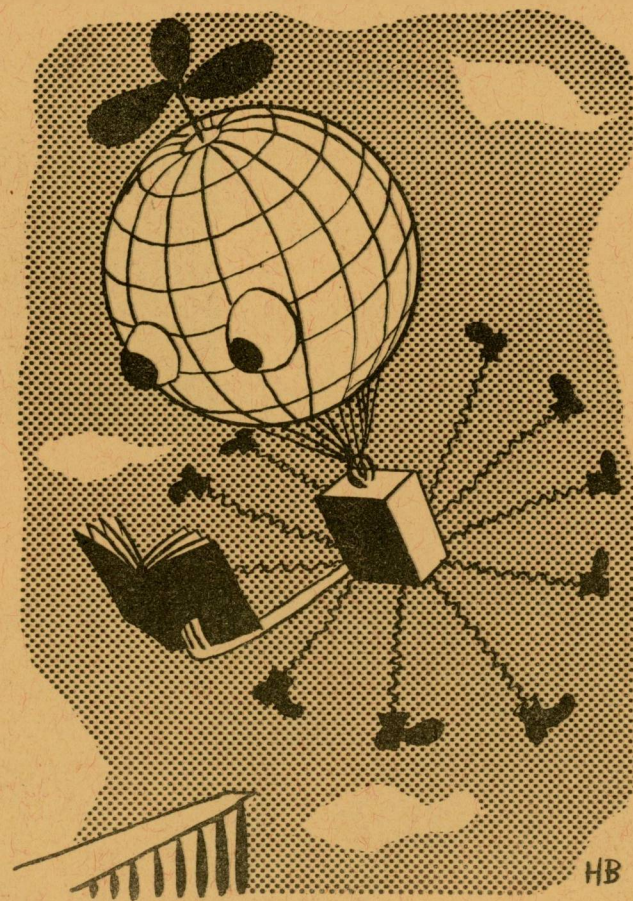
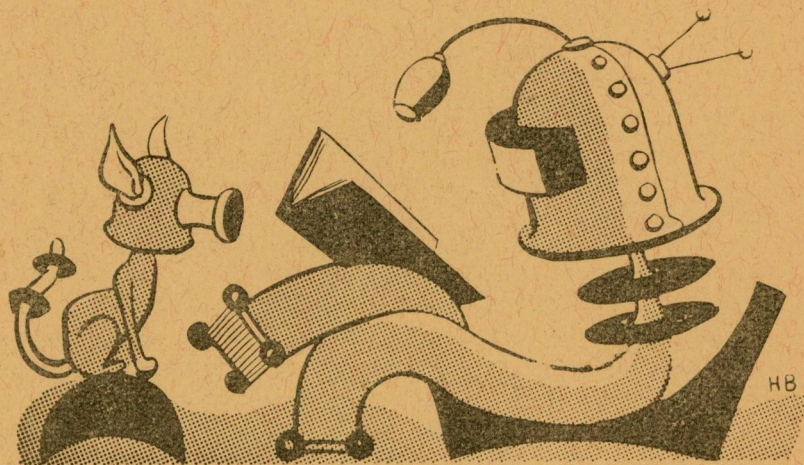


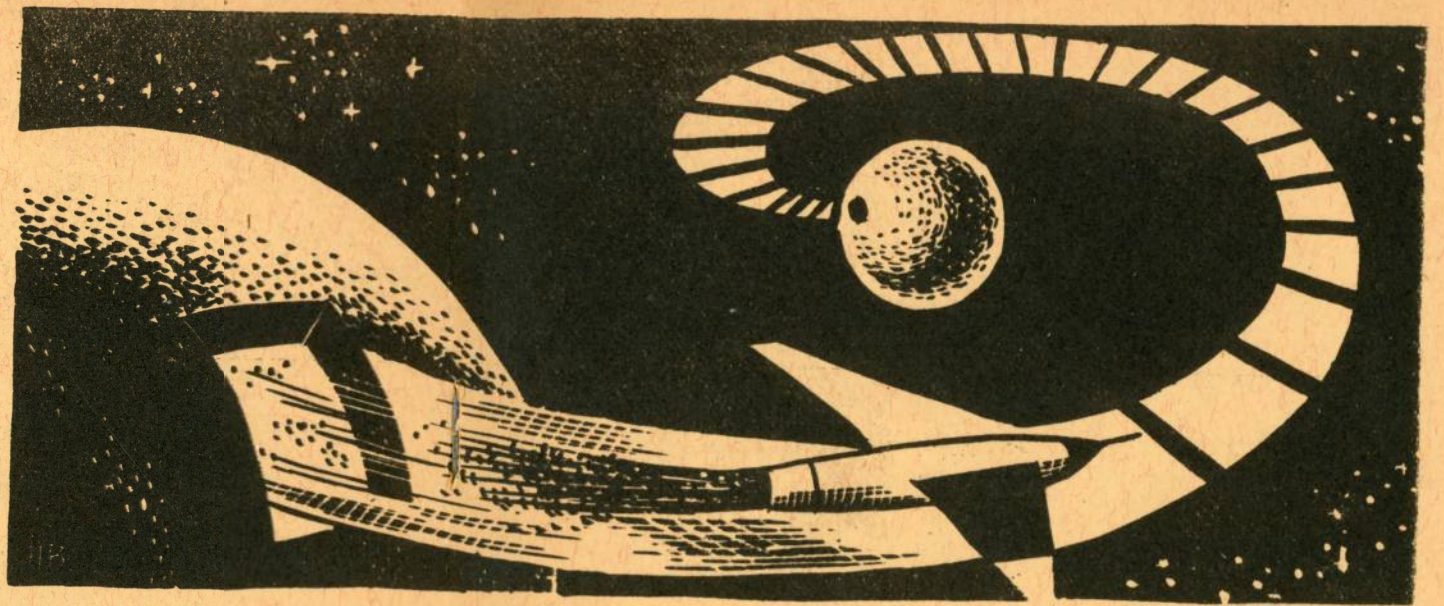
A shy, slim young man who somehow clings to life in the hard-boiled, smoke-laden air of the San Francisco CHRONICLE's city room, HUBERT BUEL is a top-notch illustrator. No reader of science fiction, he nevertheless is called upon to illustrate, at least once each month, the science fiction book review column in the THIS WORLD section of the Sunday CHRONICLE. He does so in a light hearted fashion, with the results you will see on the following pages.

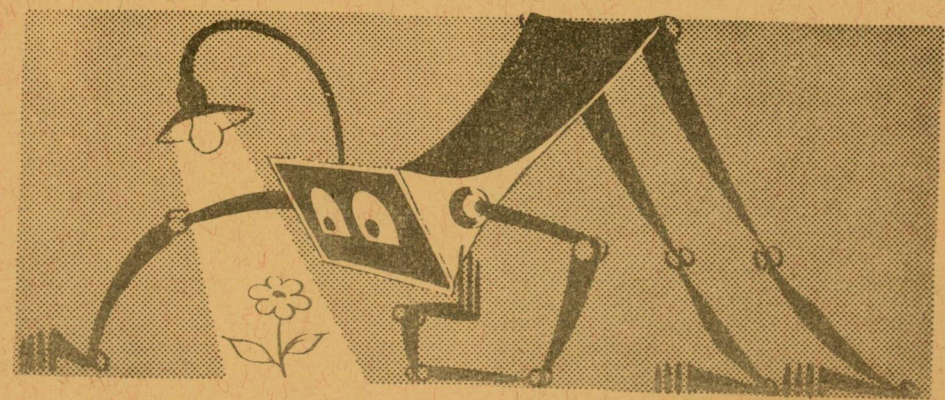
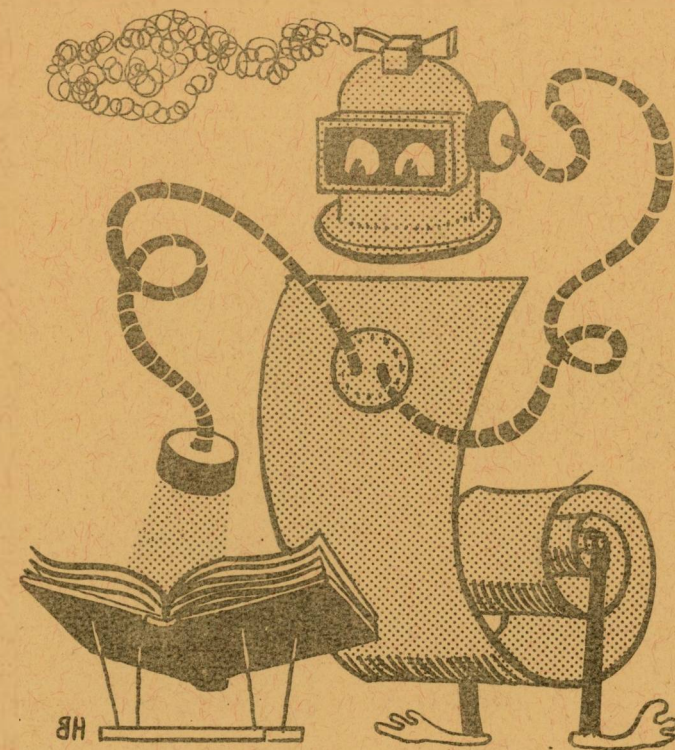
35 years old, Mr. Buel has made the Pacific his "beat", and he can, and does, draw anything for the CHRONICLE that happens, on a sultry afternoon, to creep into the editors' heads. He attended Fresno State College, graduated from UCLA and has done post-graduate work at the University of California Mills College and, we hate to mention it, USC.

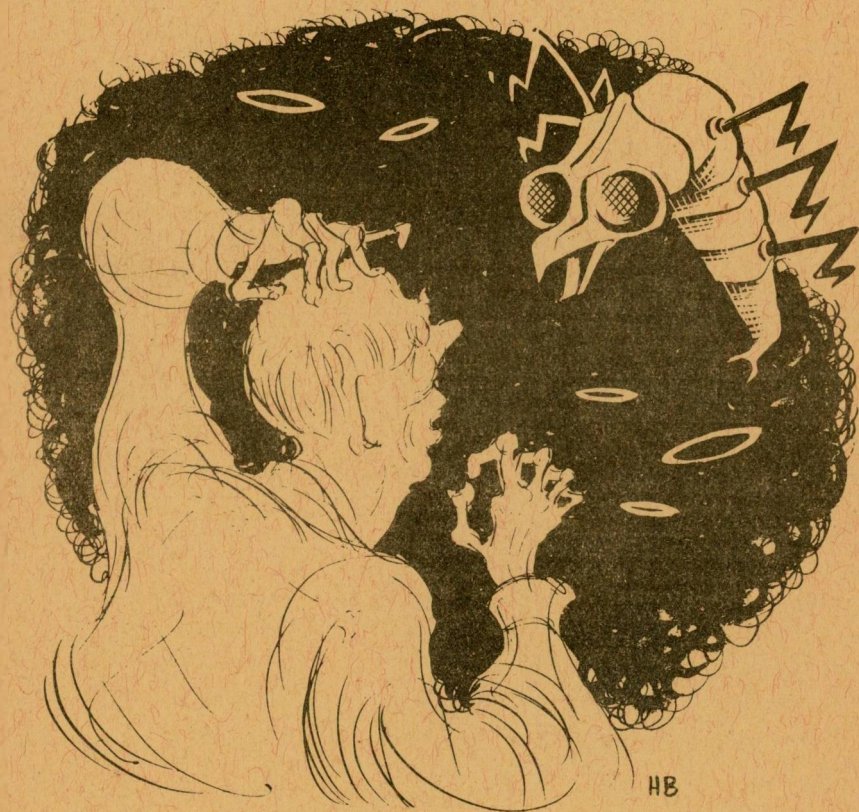
During the war he was a lieutenant in the Navy, attached to Admiral Halsey's staff in the South Pacific and this porthole view of the SP stands him in good stead on the CHRONICLE, where he is frequently assigned a job like "draw us something kinda like a South Sea island." He does -- and well.

Besides the line-work shown here, largely composed of ink, zipatone and late-night sweat, Mr. Buel also does sculpture (he won the Bronze Medal for Sculpture at the Oakland Art Gallery, and the Parilia Purchase Prize for Sculpture at the San Francisco Art Association) and first class watercolors, frequently exhibited with suitable fan-fare at S.F. galleries.









By JAN ROMANOFF

Surveying the pro-zines this issue, several facts are glaringly evident: (1) Fiction in almost all cases (exceptions: *Amazing*, *Avon S-F Reader*, *Future*, and *Planet*) has definitely improved. (2) Editors are taking more interest in pleasing the readers. (3) There is a disgusting over-abundance of 35¢ magazines. Lastly, the widely distributed slick magazines are using s-f in a greater volume than ever before.

AMAZING STORIES, September - 25¢

This is the type of science fiction that the non-science fiction reading public looks upon with a jaundiced eye. An outstanding example of poor judgment, carelessness, and a general to-hell-with-what-the-readers-want attitude. A totally degrading piece of trash. The only half way decent thing in it is Rog Phillips's column. Definitely NOT recommended.

AVON SCIENCE FICTION READER, NO. 2, - 35¢

Strictly for the completist only. Avon seems to have made a hobby of presenting horribly inferior s-f with the accent on sex. No doubt you have heard about s-f magazines being banned in Canada and Australia. This was one of the reas-

ons. It masquerades under the price of 35¢ and is worth ten if you stretch it a bit. DON'T BUY IT!

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, SEPTEMBER 25¢

IT'S too bad that some of Amazing's or Brown's influence has rubbed off on this magazine. It usually has two or more worthwhile stories and of late has had some very readable lead novels. Of course, it's not near the standard it had set in the late forties. If you are not too particular, you'll enjoy "The Terrible Puppets," lead novel in this issue, by Paul Fairman.

IMAGINATION, SEPTEMBER 35¢

WITHOUT a doubt this magazine is one of the better publications. Since Hamling took over the reins from Palmer it has lost the Amazing flavor or so noticeable in the first two issues. It's switched from Another World's format to a semi-slick digest size, which seems to be a trend. If you enjoy a good space opera once in awhile, I would recommend Dwight V. Swain's, "Cry Chaos." There is also a Bradbury type short by Kris Neville which would have done Ray credit. The remaining stories are better than average.

MARVEL, AUGUST 25¢

AFTER two horrible issues, Erisman took heed and changed format to semi-slick digest size. He obtained "name" authors for the third and fourth issues. Incidentally, MARVEL pays up to 5¢ a word for fiction, which is a prime reason for the marked rise in quality. The line-up for the August issue is: Jones, Van Vogt, Neville, Leinster, Phillips, Tenn and Ley. They are all well represented. RECOMMENDED.

PLANET, September - 25¢

VERY seldom worthwhile. Every so often, it has a good space opera but not often enough to warrant subscribing or buying it regularly. Don't let Sturgeon's name on the cover coerce you into getting it. SAVE YOUR MONEY.

STARTLING STORIES, September - 25¢

THIS issue is spotlighted by one of the best science fiction novels I have yet read, Sam Merwin's "House of Many Worlds." This clearly shows the difference between average and excellent s-f. As most of you know, Mervin has left his magazine in favor of free lancing (as of June 1) and Alexander Samalman has taken over. The rest of the issue is taken up by Gault, Vance, Fyfe, MacDonald and Samalman. GET IT for the lead novel, if nothing else.

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, August - 25¢

IT'S common knowledge by now that this magazine has folded. For a last issue, it was poorly represented. James MacIntosh committed the lead novel, "Outpost Zero." Gallun's novelette and Anderson's short save it from a total flop. Use your own judgment.

THRILLING WONDER STORIES, August - 25¢

THIS is a magazine that can usually be depended upon to have at least one good novel. This time it has not only a very good lead novel by Raymond F. Jones, but an excellent short novel by Arthur C. Clarke and two average shorts. The readers' column has dwindled to a paltry six pages. We do recommend it.

NEW WORLDS Summer 1951 - 35¢

Reviewed by L. E. Brandt

This was my first look at this neat little magazine from England, and I was pleasantly surprised at the overall quality. It is well done and carefully edited, though the cover could stand improvement.

The short stories in this are better than run-of-the-mill. "Specially enjoyable, though not new is "No Short Cuts," concerning the dangers of machine learning. But in "Machine Made" it redeems itself and shows that one can learn a thing or two from a machine at that. The other two shorts are fair, which is more than can be said for many American publications in the field.

However, the novelette "Hydra" is a poor excuse for a lead story. It is loosely plotted, carelessly written, and boring throughout. Only the illustrations are good.

With more time to observe this magazine it may prove to be one I'll buy regularly.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, July 1951 - 35¢

Reviewed by Paul H. Finch

This July issue of ASTOUNDING is good -- I would say that, as an issue, it provides a pretty good cross-section of stf, 1951. One novelette, Williamson's "The Greatest Invention" and two shorts, Katherine MacLean's "Feedback" and Dean McLaughlin's "For those Who Follow After" are primarily philosophical in tone. Catherine C. de Camp's "Windfall" is corny humor, about the old, meek gent who finally comes into his own triumph over a pettily grasping nephew, the manager of an old folk's home and other hack props. Remove the immortality ingredient by which the old gent finally triumphs and this story would belong in the dime pulps consumed by grammar school minds.

Gordon R. Dickson's short "The Error of their Ways" is another recital of how a shrewd, tho grasping, Earthman bureaucrat utilizes the simple psychology of alien primitives to enrich himself safely -- to the dumfounding of his bright young underling who predicted only disaster. James H. Schmitz' "The End of the Line" novelette is well written and concerns itself with humanity which has long been degenerating biologically, and the efforts of the central government to salvage conditions. Synthetic humanoids, an "escaping" space-exploring ship and its human skipper, intricate maneuvers, etc., make this good stuff for those who like their synthetics.

Getting back to the philosophicals of the issue, Williamson's "The Greatest Invention" is a good example of a story giving support to the belief that authors paid by the word s-t-r-e-t-c-h the wordage in order to pay the landlord and grocer. This to me dull story goes on interminably to finally conclude that the greatest invention is the free, thinking mind. It is complete with the typical Williamson brand of suspense, all-purpose psionics, and a Hollywood ending where the stupe is converted.

To me, this story is representative of a prevalent error in science fiction thinking; that thought and the process of thinking are somehow intellectual only, and have nothing to do with the other components of the whole individual--his emotional nature, for example, and how this is structured by his life experiences and in turn shapes his life experience, *pari passu*. If science fictioneers would forget AK for awhile and bone up on such modern psychologies as Camilla M. Anderson's SAINTS, SINNERS AND PSYCHIATRY, Jules Masserman's DYNAMIC PSYCHIATRY, or even the 23 year old PSYCHOLOGY, ITS FACTS AND PRINCIPLES by H.L. Hollingsworth, we might get stories more accurately handling human dynamics than

we have so far.

Feedback" and "For Those who Follow After" are far and away the best two in this issue. The former extrapolates our current national witch hunt craze a generation into the future and comes up with a thoughtful piece. The gore involved isn't too pleasing, but neither is the witch hunting underlying it. Dean McLaughlin has turned out a story right down one of your reviewer's favorite alleys: the exploration of mysterious, intriguing ruins, and what do they mean? It is more in the spirit of the "amazing" stories of science fiction 20-odd years ago than of these days. The philosophy for which it is the vehicle only adds to its appeal. A further endearing quality to it is the lack of overwritten, moronic theatricals commonly called "action." In fact, I would say that this very quality will insure its lack of favorable reception in The Analytical Laboratory. Prove me wrong, fen!

The article by de Camp, "The Care and Feeding of Mad Scientists" is an account of some of the difficulties, and their solutions, if any, in working with scientists. Mr. de Camp has the happy faculty of being able to combine sound scholarship with a pleasant presentation thereof. The present material is not designed to be profound or definitive -- it seems to be primarily a "filler" -- but it is interesting fact reading.

Campbell's editorial "Evolution" has some good points, but is a hodge-podge of emotional optimism and crooked thinking. First, he does not define his terms very accurately. For example, "instincts," "animal nature," etc. Secondly, he stacks the evidence to support his conclusions; he does not give examples of people who have behaved in the opposite way to those he cites. And thirdly, numerous examples could also be given that it is not true that "Man, being the most

widespread of all animal life, has rapidly bred out of all other species the highly lethal-to-them characteristic of attacking men."

Fourth, I doubt that his conclusion -- human nature is good -- can any more be "proven" than its historically held opposite -- human nature is bad. Fifth, non-"civilized" man commits just as many "crimes against Man and God" as does civilized man. Also, I think it can be demonstrated that Campbell's statement "... There is most assuredly something around civilization that warps men's minds" is NOT true in the way and to the degree that he means the statement to be true. The best statement in this editorial is to the effect that until we stop blaming unlikely human acts on "human nature" or "animal instincts" we will not find how it is that human beings behave as they do.

My conclusion about this issue is that if Campbell can maintain such an even balance of appeal in succeeding issues, he need not fear competition for ASTOUNDING.

GALAXY July 1951, 35¢
Reviewed by Bill Murr

I am certainly one of GALAXY'S most vocal supporters. In the past I have remarked about the high quality of the stories and I have praised the cover art. The July issue has given me the lie direct.

"Mars Child" was delightful in all respects for one and most of another installment, but I cannot recall a greater final installment letdown since I read "Fairy Chessmen" in ASTOUNDING a few years back. The contrived switches of character in Gunther Graham and the saccharine Brownies spoiled a beautiful beginning for me.

"Venus is a Man's World" by Tenn was short. Not

short enough, unfortunately. "Common Denominator" also ran. "Pen Pal" by Lesse has a vague resemblance to "Correspondence Course" of a few years ago. The faint resemblance is its only claim to merit. "Syndrome Johnnie" by Charles Die appealed but would probably not have seemed good in another issue.

TRY NOT TO LOOK AT THE COVER!

Unfortunately for the tenor of this review there is another story. Fritz Lieber wrote "Appointment in Tomorrow" that shows some effort and professional polish. It is good.

ADDENDA and ERRATA . . .

This being the last space left open for us to do it in, we'll give you a brief preview of the next issue and at the same time try to make up for one of the deficiencies of this one.

NEXT ISSUE we will run the afore-promised "Dianetics and the Authoritarian Personality", it being too long to get into this issue. We also expect to have a fine article on the Fortean Society and its troubles with Tiffany Thayer and of course, a continuation of the Sapiro discussion on "The Cliche in Science Fiction." Plus our regular features and anything we can dig up in the way of art.

ON PAGE 43, the review of the motion picture is by LES and ES COLE, their names unfortunately obliterated in our printing. LES is the newly elected chairman of the 'Elves', 'Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction Chowder and Marching Society and we expect to see a number of contributions from him and his wife. Both are excellent writers; both are expert amateur publishers, producing "The Big O" - easily one of the best edited amateur magazines we have seen.



"The Lost Continent" is a dirty, disgusting, vulgar picture. The entire affair is damn stupid and annoying. As for the players, Cesar Romero makes an utter fool of himself as the major. His fat face refuses to move, and his heroic gestures provoke only revulsion and ridicule.

The above paragraph is paraphrased from a recent issue of TIME, and we are currently on the bandwagon to have it declared the Universal Movie Review. But back to the picture.

A rocket, with atomic-powered motors, is launched from White Sands. Instead of going up, it goes around and -- as Hollywood rockets seem to be in the habit of doing lately -- runs out of poop somewhere over an ocean.

A scientific-military team is rushed by air to the spot where the rocket is presumed to be. Over an uncharted island (with English speaking natives), all electrical circuits mysteriously cut out, and the plane crash-lands. After numerous yawn-provoking adventures, the team finds, in rapid succession, (1) a mountain rising straight up from the island and surrounded at the top by mists, (2) a "Jurassicoid" jungle on top of the mountains where everything takes on a green tinge due to Lippert's switching over from black-and-white film to green, (3) several highly improbably dinosaurs, (4) the world's richest uranium deposits, and (5) the missing rocket, leaning upright and in front of which two *Styracosaurii* (?) and a *Brontosaurus* are playing hop-scotch.

After they remove some worthless-sounding data from the rocket (and thus prevent the Russians from finding it) the team beats a hasty retreat. Just as it reaches the base of the mountain, and back in black-and-white, an earthquake causes large pieces of papier-mache rock to go bounding by, fortunately or unfortunately missing the "actors." The team reaches the now-deserted native village and finds an out-rigger canoe conveniently left by the previous occupants. As the picture comes to an end, the actors are sitting in the canoe watching as the island presumably sinks below the waves, the admiral still saluting Britannia's colors from the quarterdeck. Tak, Tak! All that lost uranium.

Now, in that scene where the *Brontosaurus* attacks these characters, we didn't mind the sinuous movements of the critter's neck be-

cause the idea that his neck vertebrae were fixed is new, as yet unproved, and, after all, technical. We didn't mind those odd noises it made because you just can't say about the mating call of the *Brontosaurus*. We didn't mind its beating its head against the tree in which one of the scientists was lodged because mayhap that would beat some sense into its head. What we did object to was a *Brontosaurus* -- an animal of some 40 tons which probably only rarely left the water -- charging over several hundred feet of marshy ground.

We had a few other objections. We didn't like the thing which was supposed to be a *Styracosaurus* (the *Styracosaurus* was related to *Triceratops*, the essential differences being lack of horn development over the eyes, a large horn on the snout, and spikes around the neck frill). Not only was its morphology cock-eyed, but it occupied the wrong time niche. *Styracosaurus* was Cretaceous; *Brontosaurus* was Jurassic.

We objected to that *Pterosaur*. It looked like a Martian guk-guk, which means it looked like something you ain't never seen. This little jim-dandy was filmed -- and got this --- landing. Showing no embarrassment whatsoever, it settled on the rocks feet first. Major Romero shot it, and we can fully understand why.

A crummier collection of dinosaurs Hollywood has never filmed.

We objected to what might laughingly be called the "actors." We objected to the picture. But most of all, we think, we objected to when, in the beginning of the film, Cesar Romero got dragged away from a gal in a long, clinging, shimmering gown and a deep, throaty voice. That was the most interesting situation in the pic.

THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER (British Release)*
Reviewed by Bill Murr

Like an uncommonly large number of other people, including anthologists, I admire D.H. Lawrence's short story about the boy who rode his rocking-horse in an eerie frenzy to arrive at the place where the winners of future horse races were revealed. For that reason I made haste to the Nob Hill when I chanced to notice the announcement thereof.

John Mills will probably be the only really familiar face if you chance to see it yourself, but the boy in the picture is very, very good. The acting as a whole is very, very good. The photography is okeh. But I didn't like the picture too well. There is one scene in which the unreal, distorted fantasy of the rocking-horse rides strikes with its proper impact, but beyond this the producers have treated the fantastic element with such lightness, and matter of factness, that the overall impression is one of slight unease or puzzlement rather than that proper shudder or shock which good fantasy provides.

The element lacking in the production was the guiding hand of a lover of the fantastic with the knowledge of necessary requirements and taboos. It was a better deal than Rocket Ship XM, anyhow.

* According to our handy dandy motion picture reviewer, "The Rocking Horse Winner" was a dirty disgusting, vulgar picture. The entire affair was damned stupid and annoying. As for the players, John Mills makes an utter fool of himself as John Mills. His fat face refused to move and his heroic gestures provoke only revulsion and ridicule.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



To the Editor:

Enclosed is a postal money order to the amount of \$2.50, for which please send me 10 issues of the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST starting with any numbers after March, 1951, which is the last issue I received.

I enjoyed the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST or I wouldn't be subscribing to it, however it is my opinion that you are not getting the quality of material your format and liberal policies warrant. With the excellent format you have, and other leading publications such as FANTASY COMMENTATOR in suspended animation, there's no reason why you shouldn't have the pick of the field. You boys on the editorial end should get out and coerce a bit.

It is refreshing to find occasionally biting reviews that indicate that your reviewers maintain their integrity, and I find J. Lloyd Eaton's "In My Opinion" a pleasant department which warrants in interest the space it occupies.

Will be looking forward to receiving the issues of RD that I have missed.

SAM MOSKOWITZ
127 Shephard Ave.
Newark 8,
New Jersey

To the Editor:

. . . I note that the issue I got today is dated March; does this mean that the Digest is monthly? And can I get back issues? I would like all of them and am willing to ship you any British items in exchange. Haven't you a "Compleatist" in your circle who collects British Reprint Editions of the hundreds of P.B.'s that are coming out over here?

But back to this issue. It had a slight edge on the previous one, with "Compleatism" and Walt Willis's articles catching my eye (I'm quite a fan of Walter's). As usual, the book reviews were good. It's about time someone panned THE MOON IS HELL as Mr. Boyer did. "On the Newsstands" was very good, but it's a pity that there were not more mags reviewed. As a footnote to Keppel's review of TEN STORY FANTASY, I would add that John Reynon's story was first published in NEW WORLD NO. 9 . . . Don Fabun's article was fair as was Bill Murr's. The Inner Orbit was good, but the editorial seemed out of place in a s-f magazine, until the last six lines. Bob Beetem's pics are fine, especially pages 16 and 33.

TONY V. COOPER
10, Essex Road
Chingford, London
England

To the Editor:

. . . The new small-sized format is a distinct improvement; the interior art work has been satisfyingly different and competent. Mr. Fabun's articles deserve special praise for their deft presentation of novel subjects. His work has become a vital part of the Digest. Every effort should be made to expand the book and magazine reviews, for those reviews form an outstanding readers' service feature.

ALFRED MACHADO, Jr.
330 Pleasant St.
New Bedford, Mass.

To the Editor:

Thanks for the complimentary copy of RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST. It is a B.J. (Beautiful Job.) Rank anything I have in my collection with the possible exception of NEKROMANTIKON.

However, my experience with other B.J.'s has not been pleasant. They cost a lot to publish in time and money. They fold in short order. And I am left holding the sack. The only one who ever sent me a refund on a fanzine was good old Art Rapp, and he didn't offer old copies of WIERD TALES in lieu of cash -- he sent the money. The Lord love him and keep him.

I am sending a CAUTIOUS subscription. Enclosed is \$1.00. For this I expect 3 and 1/3 issues of R.D. If it folds, I want a cash refund. O.K.?

T.E. WATKINS
1605 Wood Ave.
Kansas City 4,
Kansas

To the Editor:

Naturally I don't want to miss any of your marvelous mags!

Enclosed is \$2.50 for ten issues. Please send the numbers I have missed, if you have the records. I think my last issue was VOL. II, No. 5, dated March, 1951.

ROBERT ATKINSON,
900 Moffat Avenue
Apt. 3,
Verdun, Quebec Prov.
Canada

To the Editor:

Here's \$2.00 for the next several issues (7 or 8?) of the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST.

Keep up the good work!

DANRELL C. RICHARDSON,
Fort Mitchell Baptist
Church
Covington, Kentucky

To the Editor:

Many thanks for the June-July issue of RD which arrived in this morning's mail . . . I naively assume you would like to hear my criticisms and complaints.

1) THE COVER: Paper quality exceedingly good; design very good also, altho the "man" could have been raised about one-half an inch to good advantage. His pedal extremities merge into the RD "trademark."

2) CONTENTS PAGE: neta, complete, concise

3) Article headings: best in this issue is "Inner Orbit." Tell Phil Bean I envy him his dexterity with brush and pen. Next best; "The Gentle Art of Fansmanship" . . . only fault being I couldn't have deciphered the title had I not already read the original article in SLANT. I also liked the heading, "Letters to the Editor." Ask Bean if he could find time to do one for the next SFD.

4) Folio of Fantastical Sketches: am I glad I didn't have to foot the bill for that paper! . . . The reproductions were of uniformly high quality (as) has apparently become expected from RD.

Well, they were mostly bouquets after all . . . a VERY good issue; don't miss me with the next.

Will be looking forward to meeting any of your fine group that will attend the Nolacon. The first offset SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST is scheduled to mail about Sept. 5th.

HENRY BURWELL
459 Sterling St., N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia

THE FAN BELT

SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST -- July '51, Vol. I, No. 1. Published by Henry W. Burwell, 459 Sterling St., N. E., Atlanta, Georgia. 24 pg. mimeographed. 2¢ per single copy--subscriptions 50¢

THIS BRAND NEW publication is composed entirely of reprint fiction and articles from other amateur science fiction magazines. The first issue includes material from Operation Fantast, Spaceship 12, Phantasmagoria, The Fanscient, Quandry, Fan-Fare, Cosmag, Science Fiction Newsletter and Nekromanticon.

By and large, the selections are good ones, and have been intelligently made. This reviewer's choice as the best is a little nifty "Last Stage Reflectoraman" from Operation Fantast.

It is interesting that, according to an editorial comment by Mr. Burwell, he received answers to his requests for cooperation and reprint rights from all of the editors he contacted, and that all of them thought well of the idea. Only one refused to give reprint rights.

Mr. Burwell's idea is a sound one and under his expert management may well be the best thing in the fan field. There are so many publications it is almost impossible for most of us to keep up with all of them and there usually is little purpose to reading the entire issue of each one of them just to find out what is most interesting. Although it is obvious Mr. Burwell had some difficulties with his mimeographing that is the sort of mechanical problem that can be licked. It is all perfectly readable, at any rate. We hope the day may come when the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST is able to reproduce good fan-art from the fan magazines, too, and the Editor has offered its photographic facilities to Mr. Burwell if he would like to use them.

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER - July, 1951, No. 21. Edited by Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois. 20 pg. -- Offset. Published bi-monthly. 15¢ per copy. Subscription for seven issues -- \$1.

THOSE who are familiar with what has long been one of the best fan publication will not recognize the latest NEWSLETTER; it's been reduced in size so that it is the same size as the new *E*. Apparently it has been printed on photo-offset, and a very nice, neat job of layout and printing it is. The contents, as usual, are a compendium of brief news notes, along with book reviews and a short account of the Science Fiction Convention held in London. According to this last Milton Rothman's two soap-operas "Life Can Be Horrible" and "Who Goes Where" were rescripted for British consumption with "outstanding success" and Wendayne Ackerman gave an outline of Dianetics to a packed hall.

ANOTHER feature of this issue, of particular interest locally, is the letter from Gladys Fabun pointing out that the account of the demise of the 'Elves', 'Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction Chowder and Marching Society was premature. In a previous issue, the NEWS LETTER had reported, with something approaching relish, the disintegration of the San Francisco Futurians and of The Little Men.

ALL in all, the new NEWSLETTER is a very fine job, although the use of a sans-serif body type seems not such a good idea. (A serif is the little gismo that goes on the tops and bottoms of printed letters, and when they ain't got no little gismos, they are known as "sans-serif" or "sans-gismo", depending on your outlook.) However, the NEWSLETTER editors already seem aware of this, since they ask that readers not comment on the choice of type-face. Aside from this, we are sure the new, smaller format, and the nice clean reproduction will be a hit with regular NEWSLETTER readers.

EUSIFANSO -- July, 1951: Vol. 2, No. 4, Issue 9. Edited by Roscoe Wright. Published by the Eugene Science Fantasy Artisans and The Little Press --146 East 12th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon. 38 pg. Printed 10¢

THE ARTICLE of most general interest in this issue is called "Editors Over a Broiling Flame" and it is written by Lemuel Craig. He points out that John W. Campbell is being roasted from many quarters, and that much of the criticism is unjustified. He then goes on to discuss briefly the current editorial status (as he sees it) of other editors in the pro-zine field. For top current performance he rates Gold, Lowndes, Merwyn, Campbell and Bixby in that order.

THE OTHER non-fiction piece is called "Monsters of the Future" by Norman E. Hartman who poses the question whether the world is reentering a tropical period and whether, with it, will come a renaissance of the Age of Reptiles. He invokes the Toynbee-esque "challenge and response" theory but falls into the same circularity that generally mars that otherwise fine argument.

THERE are two short stories in the issue, both of them seeming to be only expanded anecdotes rather than full fledged stories. The editorial comments are light and amusing and sprinkled like salt through the book. For instance, of EUSIFANSO, the editor says, "It is published at intervals, right on the interval." And "When we started EUSI we were able to pay absolutely nothing to writers, but beginning with this last issue, our rates have doubled."

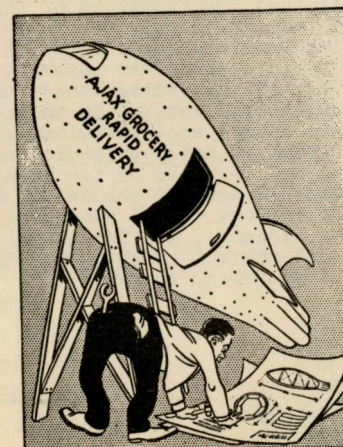
WASTEBASKET -- Vol. 1, No. 2. Published and edited by Vernon L. McCain, 1246 E. 12th Ave., Eugene, Oregon. No subscription price; penny post card to editor will bring you the next issue. 26 pg. printed.

ACCORDING to the editor, "With this issue, 'WASTEBASKET' inaugurates a radical new policy. We've gone legible. Well, at least fairly legible." And it is true; you can read every word of 'WASTEBASKET', which puts it 26 pages and 13,000 words ahead of the PHOTOMAGNETIC DIGEST which is airing at 25% legibility at the moment.

THIS ISSUE contains two quite funny articles by Lee Hoffman -- "How to Tell Your Friends from the Planaria," including an untouched drawing of a Planaria, greatly enlarged, which looks like a lot of our friends. Hoffman also writes a fine review column on the fantasy masterpiece, "In the Still of the Night," by Lucifer Mogfennel, "or 4-575868 for the next two to five years." "In the STILL of the Night" is reviewed as strictly from corn; get it? (A penny post card will bring explanation to our less enlightened readers.) Hoffman also reviews "Through Extragalactic Space in Plaid Pajamas," by Raserbach Hargg, well-known author of "Slarp," "Kingl-bonk," "A Mercurochrome Adversity," "Vacuum-hounds of PDQ," and such non-fiction masterpieces as "The Sex Life of the Platylhelmenthes Fasciola Hepatica of Northern Indonesia."

THERE is also a non-fiction article on "How to Build Your Own Space-ship" with such odds and ends as you might find lying about your backyard -- if your backyard is all cluttered up with reaction motors and odd bits of six-inch steel armor. About the only weak spot in the issue is the sole fiction piece "The Talented Toaster" which seems a long way around just to tell a joke.

THE COVER of WASTEBASKET is printed on "Fabulously expensive Kromekote" (or what has Galaxy got that WASTEBASKET hasn't?) and we gather that Kromekote is only slightly more expensive than sheet platinum. Since we always put the *E* out on sheet platinum (which changes into paper the moment a subscriber looks at it), we can't seem very impressed. Frankly, we would rather see the "20% of the budget" that went into WASTEBASKET's cover spent on more pages of the material inside.



August 3, 1951

Dr. J. Lloyd Eaton
C/o Garden Library
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Eaton:

It disturbs me to see so incorrect a view of science fiction as David G. Spencer's misnamed review of *Amazing Stories* and its editor, Howard Browne.

Spencer's views are his own, of course, and no one can object to his holding them, but it ignores the very obvious fact that science fiction, like all other forms of literature, breaks down into age-education-intelligence categories.

Only an unrealistic idealist could expect -- or even hope -- that all s-f readers are geniuses with Ph.D's and an average age of more than 30. The real situation is that readers vary from below the teen to extreme old age, from no formal education to a great deal, and we can only assume that the I.Q. averages 100, with perhaps better than the national average in both directions.

No magazine, however shrewdly edited, could hit all brackets. I think we're lucky to have been spared such an attempt; it would be the most exasperating publication ever produced. Nor could we expect all magazines to be on the level of *Galaxy*, *Astounding*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction* . . . or *Amazing*. If there were the number now existing, all in competition with each other for the identical groups they reach, the majority of present readers would be excluded.

Would that be good for science fiction? I not only doubt it -- I know it would not. Academically, having science fiction of only the very highest caliber might seem desirable. What would happen, however, is that the functions of the various magazines would not be fulfilled, and I consider them too important not to be understood. *Amazing Stories*, aside from its historical significance, is catering to youngsters and other somewhat less literate readers, many of them just out of the comics stage. Some remain with the magazine; a good percentage goes on to the next level; and eventually, with advances in age and education, a satisfying proportion reaches the adult group of science fiction magazines. Without *Amazing* doing this job, it would be far harder to establish a *Galaxy*. Browne and *Amazing* deserve thanks for this educational service, not splenetic attacks. If I emphasize maturity in *Galaxy*, it is to attract my audience, not for snob appeal. I would like to see the *Digest* recognize this situation to avoid injuring a valuable primer, if you wish, to s-f.

In My Opinion ~
by J. Lloyd Eaton



(The listing on the following pages is a continuing feature of the *Digest*. The books mentioned are part of the personal collection of J. Lloyd Eaton, Chairman of the Society.)

Stories are rated as follows:

- *** Good to excellent
 - ** Fair to good
 - * When included in the rating may be considered an additional * by those who enjoy cerebral stimuli.
 - * A fantastic, but not good escape reading; for collectors and students only. Read at your peril!
 - Not fantastics; masqueraders, religious, occult, economic treatises, thinly disguised as fantasy; too poorly written even for the collector.
 - () Not fantastics; marginal
 - C Not in Checklist
 - S Short story collections.
- Total number of stories given, with each fantastic listed and described.



Buchan, John

- *** The Magic Walking Stick. *Assoc. Newspapers; Lon.; N.Y.*
A modern fairy tale but good for all ages.
- s The Moon Endureth - Tales and Fancies. *Sturgis and Walton; N.Y.; '12* - Shorts (8).
- ** The Company of Marjolaine. - politics; am. king.
- * A Lucid Interval. - Fantastic politics.
- The Lemnian. - Story of old history.
- *** Space. - Sci. fict. A Leithen story; no. 1 in Greenmantle series.
- *** The Grove of Ashtaroth. - Old-Ones.
- * The Kings of Orion. - Hidden selves.
- ** The Green Glen. - Old sould return.
- Fountainblue.
- C** Prester John. *Doran; N.Y.; '10*. - A good juv. "king of the world" story.
- s The Funagates Club. *Hoddes & Stoughton; Lon.; '33* - Shorts (12).
- ** The Green Wildebeest. - African devil.
- ** Dr. Lartius. - Occult spy.
- *** The Wind in the Portico. - Old God.
- ** Skule-Skerry. - Horror, walrus.
- * "Tendebant Manus". - after death?
- * Full Circle. - Effect lives on.
- s The Watcher by the Threshold. *Doran; N.Y.; '18* - Shorts (8).
- *** No Man's Land. - Lost race, Picts.
- ** The Far Islands. - Ancestral memory.
- *** The Watcher By the Threshold. - Possession.
- The Outgoing of the Tide. - Satan.
- * The Rime of True Thomas. - Fantasy.
- *** Basilissa. - Short and different version of "Dancing Floor".

Buchanan, Robert W.

- ** The Moment After. *Munro; N.Y.; N.D.; wraps* - Being hanged and life after. A fairly good religious motif story.

Buchanan & Murray

- ** The Charlaton. *Neely; N.Y.; 1895* - False adepts, but abnormal powers of hypnotism. (Borderling fantastic)

Bull, Albert E

- C* The Mystery of the Hidden City. *Federation; Lon.; '25*
- Lost race.

Bull, Lois

- * Captive Goddess. *Macaulay; N.Y.; '35* - Lost race, "frothy".

Bullard, Arthur

- Volcano. *Macmillan; N.Y.; '30* - Fictitious Caribbean island and a bit of matter of fact voodoo - not a fantastic.

Bullett, Gerald W.

- s The Baker's Cart and Other Tales. *Doubleday, Page; N.Y.; '26* - Shorts (13).
- * The Renewal of Youth. - Borderline fantasy.
- ** The Last Days of Binnacle. - Incomplete ghost.
- ** Queer's Rival. - Ghost.
- *** The Dark House. - Living horror.
- ** Mr. Godly Beside Himself. *Boni & Liveright; N.Y.; 125*
- Fantasy; fairyland adventure.
- s The Street of the Eye and Nine Other Tales. *Boni & Liveright; N.Y.; N.D.* -
- ** The Street of the Eye. - Religious supernatural.
- * The Enchanted Moment. - Fantasy.
- *** Dearth's Farm. - Soul into horse.

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward G. - see under Lytton**Bunin, Ivan**

- s The Gentleman from San Francisco and Other Stories. *Knopf; N.Y.; '41* - Shorts (15).
- * The Sacrifice. - Vision and "Act of God".
- Death.

Buntline, Ned

- C* The Beautiful Nun. *Peterson & Bros.; Phila.; 1866;*
bound copy of orig. wraps. - Inquisition torture.

Burbridge, Juanita Cassil

- * Cheating the Devil. *Brown; N.Y.; '25* - Trip to Hell.

Burdekin, Kay

- *** The Burning Ring. *Morrow; N.Y.; '29* - Fantasy.

Burdett, Osbert

- s The Very End and Other Stories. *Scholaris; Lon.; '29*
- Shorts (6).
** The Propheteer. - Sci. fict. and fantasy.
** The Perfect Host. - Sci. fict.
** The Very End. - The last trump and the Catholic Church.

Burgess, Gelett

- Maxims of Methuselah. *Stokes; N.Y.; '07* - not fant.
- Maxims of Noah. *Stokes; N.Y.; '13* - not fantastic.
** The White Cat. *Bobbs, Merrill; Indianapolis; '07* - Dual Personality.

Burgess & Irwin

- x The Picaoons. *McClure, Phillips; N.Y.; '04* - Interlocked tall tales.
* Prof. Vango. - Story of the Ex-Medium. - Ghost.
- The Reign of Queen Isyl. *McClure, Phillips; N.Y.; '04* - Novel of Calif.

Burgess, Leslie

- ** Halloween. *Putnams; N.Y.; '41* - Psych. horror.

Burgin, G. B.

- c- The Woman Without a Heart. *Alexander-Ouseley; Lon.; '30*
- Novel.

Burke, Thomas

- s East of Mansion House. *Doran; N.Y.; '26* - Shorts (12).
* White Wings. - Fantasy ending.
** The Tablets of the House of Li. - Chinese curse.
s Limehouse Nights. *McBride; N.Y.; '19* - Shorts (14).
** The Chink and the Child. - Horror.
* Gracie Goodnight. - Revenge.
* The Cue. - Revenge.
* The Bird.
* The Gorilla and the Girl.
s More Limehouse Nights. *Doran; N.Y.; '21* - Shorts (18).
(*) The Yellow Scarf. - Revenge.

- ** A Game of Poker. - Too real torture.

(*) Katie the Kid.

(*) The Heart of a Child.

(**) Big Boy Blue.

** The Scarlet Shoes. - Ghost used.

s Night Pieces. *Appleton-Century; N.Y.; '36.*

*** *Miracle in Suburbia.* - Horror.

* Yesterday Street.

* Funspot.

** Uncle Ezekiel's Long Sight. *Miracle.*

** The Horrible God. - Superstition.

** Father and Son. - Horror, psych.

* Johnson Looked Back.

- Two Gentlemen.

* The Black Courtyard.

* The Gracious Ghosts.

- Jack Wapping.

* One Hundred Pounds.

* The Man Who Lost His Head.

- Murder under the Crooked Spire.

** The Lonely Inn. - Ghost, curse.

* The Watcher.

** Events at Wayless Wagtail. - Pre-vision.

*** The Hollow Man. - Curse.

Burks, Arthur J.

- *** The Great Amen. *Egmont; N.Y.; '38* - Pacifism - with a "future" trend.

Burland, Harris

- *** The Princess Thora. *Little, Brown; Bos.; '04* - Lost race.

- *** The Cold Worshippers. *Dillingham; N.Y.; '06* - Alchemy; slightly screwy.

Burnet, Dana

- The Question. *Knopf; N.Y.; '45* - Religious parable.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson

- * In the Closed Room. *McClure, Phillips; N.Y.; '04* - Ghost, child.

- * The Land of the Blue Flower. *Moffat, Yard; N.Y.; '14* - Fantasy, fable.

Information

THE RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST is published at six-week intervals; ten issues to a year. Single Copies are 30¢ if mailed, 25¢ if purchased at newsstands. Subscriptions for one year (ten issues) are \$2.50. . .

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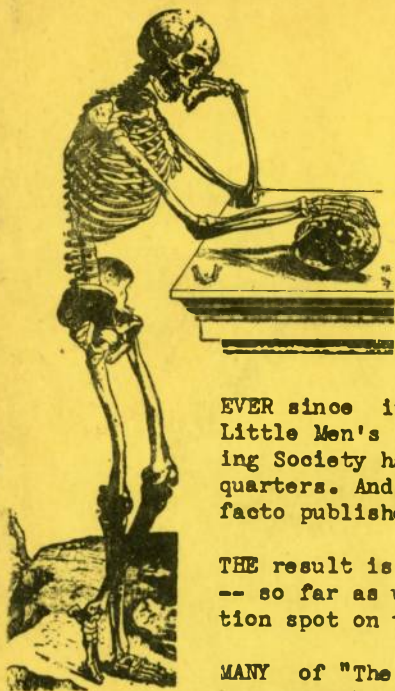
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Chairman J. Lloyd Eaton
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Secretary George Finigan
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THE result is that the Garden Library has become -- so far as we know -- the leading science fiction spot on the Pacific Coast.

MANY of "The Little Men" -- and others, too -- have brought us their duplicates (or even their entire collections) of back issue fantasy and science fiction magazines for sale. At the moment we have about 1000 on hand. If you're trying to fill in blank spots in your collection, we can't think of a better place to try than right here.

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