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SPECIAL SF S EDITION

A R T I C L E S

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SCIENCE FICTION?

Allen Howard on Page 6

FLYING SOMETHINGS

John W. Campbell, Jr. on Page 9

MEET THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL

Isabel Davis on Page 11

OUR INTEREST IN UFOLOGY

Hans Stefan Santesson on Page 19

F I C T I O N

OUT OF THIS WORLD

by Charles and Carolyn Planck - Page 22

E D I T O R I A L Page 1

REFERENCE INDEX Page 8

Fearing in this Issue Exclusive Easy - To - Read Format! Now!

SPECIAL SYMPOSIUM - ON SCIENCE FICTION AND FLYING SAUCERS

EDITORIAL

During the summer of last year, many of the American science fiction magazines seemingly suddenly noticed UFOs, and there was a mad scramble as the pulps, some of them highly respected by their elite readers, sought to conquer what their publishers felt might be a ripe market.

As your editor could have told most of the publishers, the saucer-reading market may be ripe (as a matter of fact you might say some surpass this, and approach decay) but it is not what could be properly termed a "buying" one. This many UFO editors, including this one, have found out the hard way.

But at any rate the trend—undoubtedly started after one well-written entry, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, had success with its most carefully thought out material—began, and picked up momentum after the controversial and carefully watched ESFA flying saucers meeting a year ago. Suddenly, "flying saucers" invaded the newsstands, through the science fiction periodicals, some of which will be discussed here.

This is intriguing. For as much as three years, this writer and the former Research Director of the North Jersey UFO Group in Morristown, tried to convince fellow Jerseyite John W. Campbell, Jr., of the validity of the UFOs, and the worth of publishing some material about them, only to meet with an interested reception but nonetheless blank pages in his topnotch SF publication, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. Ironically, ASTOUNDING today remains one of the few holdouts who have not run special UFO material, while most of the others have!

Your editor and Allan Howard, Director of the Eastern Science Fiction Association, had similar interests. He is utterly devoted to science fiction, and interested in UFOs: I, the opposite. There was enough overlap to prompt a discussion of the possibility of combining the two. Both of us realized there would have to be the utmost caution exercised in any such endeavors, or else both of us would find ourselves blackballed in BOTH fields!

Science fiction has, for years, fought a long, hard, uphill battle for recognition as a legitimate art form spawned by great writers and technical geniuses. While some of the public may feel it has still not yet arrived, nonetheless good s-f has solidly entrenched itself not only in newsstand reading, but in numerous novels, anthologies, radio, television, and the motion picture (in a very few good examples). But the s-f fans and writers have what could be described as a not-too surprising—in fact quite understandable—sort of chip on their collective shoulder, a by-product of the years of defense.

Now the Ufologists have become extremely sensitive about admitting that they read, like, or in some cases have even heard of science fiction, for fear they'll be accused of merely continuing that interest without knowing when fiction ends and possible fact begins.

But Messrs. Howard and Munsick bravely plunged in, armed with a healthy respect both for science fiction and flying saucers. Even the UFOs were beginning to appear in print in both fiction and non-fiction works. At the same time that sci-fi was being lauded in a prominent news magazine (see NEWSWEEK for 4 March 1957, discussed in UFO NEWSLETTER #7) a new novel about the Vatican was published: "The Keys of St. Peter," which had recently been translated from a french original. Early in the work, the training of a new Catholic priest was being summarized, and our friends the UFOs popped up in a most startling manner:

"One of the Vatican monsignori, a fanatical Latinist...proposed to make Latin a living tongue, capable of expressing anything whatsoever: at his first lecture the abbe' took a moment to realize that in speaking of clipeis ardentibus, "flying saucers" were signified; however,

he was soon taking part in a public debate discussing, in Ciceronian 2 sentences, the ascent of Mount Everest."

Even works presented as publications of non-fiction totally disconnected with saucers found them sneaking in! At nearly the same time, early summer 1957, a discussion of the psychic interests of our great president Abraham Lincoln appeared, in a book entitled "Abraham Lincoln Returns," by Harriet Shelton. The discussion, involving a medium, concluded that "...the recent manifestations of these things called flying saucers are some spiritual effort to make men see there is a power beyond this world...there will be many charlatans, much nonsense, but behind it there is a living reality."

The outgrowth of our discussions was a cautious, high-level but informal ESFA meeting (widely reported through this publication and others) which apparently appeared to some sci-fi publishers to be a green light to enter the saucer picture.

The problem was that these publishers and their editors, for the most part, did not observe the same caution. Some of the entries were appalling.

The August issue of SPACE SCIENCE FICTION bore a startling cover showing very nearly a carbon copy of Adamski's "Venusian Scout Ship" circling high above a far-away earth, surrounded with what appears to be flaming gas. It carried the legend "Flying Saucers Do Exist," indicating that a fact-article appeared inside, which would support the actual existence of "flying saucers"...whatever they are. The contents page also showed the top listing as "Flying Saucers Do Exist" by Steve Frazee. Beginning on page 2, the subject work ran 46 pages. But it took at least several of the 46 to realize the otherwise unmarked article was, in fact, fiction.

In the September issue of FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, an article entitled "Saucer! Saucer!" was billed as possibly "An Answer to the UFO Riddle?" This 9-page "article" also turned out to be a fiction work, and it too was not easily recognizable as such until the end, although it appeared to be rather oddly-written news material. Both of these magazines, perhaps not intentionally, had used what could be a healthy trend as a flyer to attract spot sales, and in so doing did a distinct disservice to both Ufology and science fiction.

One of the most widely-anticipated and deeply disappointing entries was that promised early last year, when the August 1957 issue of AMAZING STORIES appeared on the newsstands. AMAZING appears under the aegis of Ziff-Davis, a prominent and otherwise-respected publishing firm which includes among its other entries the respected and widely-circulated aviation magazine, FLYING.

The August issue bore a first-page editorial announcing that the October issue would "be one of the most important ever to hit the newsstands" because half of that "book" would be devoted to what the editorial modestly termed "an exhaustive factual inquiry" into UFOs.

The reader familiar with the saucer field should have been warned, upon reading further: contributors to the issue included Ray Palmer, former head of AMAZING, now editor-publisher of FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS (about whom--and which--more later) and Richard Shaver (with an article pretentiously titled "I wrote About Them First!").

But what should be remembered is that the majority of the readers of AMAZING were <u>not</u> familiar with saucerdom. This--we should think--<u>should</u> have been the purpose of the work; to acquaint sci-fi readers with saucers. Yet to me it appeared obvious that the magazine's publishers were interested in nothing more sensible than selling a few extra copies to some saucer fans, and thus perhaps getting them interested in science fiction.

Anyway by the time the expected issue arrived (later than promised) the reader found that other contributors in addition to "Raymond" Palmer and Shaver were Gray Barker, Reverend Neal Harvey, radio engineer Oliver Ferrell, and a Mary Grabkowicz.

Palmer and Arnold, although well-known in the saucer field—but Arnold himself up until now a remarkably silent man for years—added little but verbose contradiction to the articles. Shaver's "contribution" would serve only to repel seasoned saucer-followers and confuse new readers, who find saucers difficult enough a subject alone without such showy, unnecessary, and fairly discredited Shaverian theories as those about the "Deros." Happily, Shaver did not enter his private realms of existence in his article. Indeed, about all he did do was fill six pages with historical cases, plugs for AMAZING, and vague references to Shaver's own alleged "inventions" of accelerated ions, jet-expulsion (sic), and propulsive forces including magnetism, anti-gravity, and ion- and photon-drives. To back his stories, Shaver mentions his Palmer-camp crone, Kenneth Arnold, saying "How could I have described Kenneth Arnold's saucers in advance, unless I knew? Especially the 'saucer' appearance, which appears nowhere in older records?" The unmitigated gall of such statements is so obvious it hardly bears comment. And the audacious stupidity of the logic involved is manifest.

Again, it would appear that AMAZING's entry was another sale-grabbing attempt, handled poorly by incompetent and not too reputable writers. Indeed, this would seem borne out by the correspondence printed in the January and February issues. It seemed obvious to this reader at least that those letters from science fiction readers were critical, while only a few "new" readers - after all not the proper object of the articles - were approval in their tone. Indeed, one writer even went so far as to note the similarity between AMAZING and its co-runner, FANTASTIC, and to deplore the comparison:

"You install 'The Space Club'; Hamling (editor of FANTASTIC) turns around and puts in 'The Cosmic Pen Club.' Palmer heads off for flying saucer stuff; you and Bill follow him blindly with flying saucer covers...you had (artist Edward) Valigursky do a similar cover to one ...on IMAGINATIVE TALES." The reader, obviously a fan, accused the editors of being afraid to act on their own.

Certainly the worst entry was the continuing trash accumulation which—and here again is the worst part of it all—is distributed widely on newsstands across the country (the only all-saucer magazine so handled); FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS, which is put out by the above-mentioned Ray Palmer. Palmer had originated his magazine as OTHER WORLDS, a [illegible]. Then it became an alternative thing, as described in an earlier issue of UFO NEWSLETTER: FLYING SAUCERS one issue, OTHER WORLDS, featuring science fiction, the next. Now, much to the relief, no doubt, of the science fiction fans, it has totally dropped the sci-fi material, and is consistent in publishing poorly written, edited, composed, researched, and printed material on flying saucers.

The subject of saucers, of course, is not totally strange to the pages of many science fiction publications. The foil form itself has been generally considered an ideal one long before UFOs became a popular or even unpopular subject for discussion. "Spaceships" in many forms, including those now pinned onto the donkey's tail of 'flying saucers' have been featured in many a romantic space saga, during the past two-score years. And, as shown in John W. Campbell's early-vintage (early for UFOs if not sci-fi) editorial the actual subject of saucers was treated with sober passing interest. There are even a few isolated cases of such interest shown by competent writers who've woven the idea of saucers into a sci-fi or fantasy tale. But generally, the subject has not been one too well received by (1) science fiction readers, (2) science fiction publishers, and most of all up to now, (3) science fiction writers.

It was thus somewhat surprising to find, in the December issue of WRITER'S DIGEST, an article not only about the mysterious UFOs, but

about one of their most conservative, respected, and articulate protagonists, Coral Lorenzen, editor of APRO BULLETIN. And, in one of those mysterious tricks which seemingly can only happen in a trade magazine (WRITER'S DIGEST is, obviously, a magazine not for public consumption, but for the professional writer), sandwiched precisely in the middle of the Lorenzen article (a condensation appears elsewhere) was another piece, running less than a page, which nonetheless was the highly-touted cover article, titled "Where does Science Fiction End and Reality Begin?" by August Derleth, a prolific writer with 80 books to his credit.

Sci-fi fans have attacked WRITER'S DIGEST's claim that Derleth is "the world's best selling science fiction writer," and with some justification. This claim is brightly splashed across the startling cover of the magazine, and appears also after Derleth's name at the top of the article. While it may be of little import to say so, it is perhaps best to point out that this is a misleading statement at least, inasmuch as it does not mean what it says. The fact is, Derleth is one of the world's best selling writers, and part of his writings... part of his "80 books published, 23 in progress" have been science fiction, but he is not a science-fiction writer per se.

Nonetheless, Derleth has brought to his single page a remarkably helpful defense (if such still be needed) for science fiction, in our modern world, and for a healthy interest among sci-fi writers in UFOs:

"The atomic age introduced the nuclear age and this has given way to the age of space - all within fifteen years! Meanwhile, the domain of science-fiction has bounded beyond the limitations of Euclidian geometry into an expanding universe where a straight line if extended becomes a curve and parallel lines meet. Euclid holds true only for stationary or low speed objects.

"The writer of science fiction...has it increasingly within his power to prepare readers for space concepts of tomorrow."

What appeared might become a standing order of the day in the sci-fi publishing game turned cut to be nothing more than a passing flair, here today and gone--probably even regretted—tomorrow. The interest in flying saucers as a legitimate field of study, of non-fiction importance, petered out and left only faithful old Stefan Santesson trodding along with his generally high-level publishing.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE has remained, fantastically enough, fairly level-headed and conservative in its approach to the subject, albeit not as conservative as John Campbell. With one or two unfortunate exceptions, Santesson's selections have come mostly from intelligent writers with a gift of common sense, logic, ability to distinguish that which is factual and p ding, plus the necessary requisite of being able to write sensibly and comprehensibly.

FU's series continues, and it increasingly includes discussion-type material, including thoughtful treatises on UFOs both pro and con although it is still extremely difficult to find anyone who can speak —or write--intelligently against the UFOs. FU deserves applause from both the science fiction and the flying saucer worlds...plus a silent prayer that it will remain on the straight and level course!

It is because of the editor's quiet thanks for this only sane contribution on the subject to appear regularly on the nation's newsstands, that we are especially proud to present herein not only material digested and rewritten from that originally inked in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, but also a special article about Santesson's reasoning and personal ideas on the subject, written especially for publication in this special edition of UFO NEWSLETTER.

To sum up, it appears that the noble experiment of 1956-57 made by ESFA, FU, CSI, NJUFOG, and others was merely that. It produced certain and very definite results, some good, some bad. The best thing to be done now is to continue to keep abreast of science, fiction, and

fact, especially that part of fact that is Ufology, and that part of "saucerdom" which is indeed fact. Too, we should enjoy both SF and FS...with the signs of caution and courage combined in the rear of our crania.

I say "enjoy" because it should not be forgotten for one moment, as has been pointed out in this issue by science fiction boosters far abler than I, that science fiction is to be enjoyed. Also I feel most strongly that the reader must keep his sense of humor while perusing the treacherous canyons and cliffs of saucerdom, or else he will find himself believing, or at least taking serious, everything he reads... than which nothing could be more dangerous! And, of course, there are outside jokes or humorous items, directed at Ufology from the "outside world," some of which are only funny, others indicative of a larger knowledge. Just for example, take two recent cartoon appearances of saucers: The first a single cartoon by Tom Tomlinson which appeared in the same edition of the SATURDAY EVENING POST which, ironically, contained an article about their writer, John Martin, who nearly wrecked NICAP. It shows a vast golf course, with a typical saucer on a knoll, near some trees. In the foreground stands—obviously—Dwight D. Eisenhower, about ready to tee off, accompanied by two burly gentlemen undoubtedly portraying Secret Service men. And appearing before the President is a creature from some unknown planet, crying "Take us to your leader!"

The second interesting reference is from, appropriately enough, a science-fiction cartoon strip which runs regularly in hundreds of American newspapers, dealing with the adventures of an earth-boy who is friendly with beings from other worlds that fly around in saucerlike craft. As their craft approaches Earth, the extra-terrestrial girl says she doesn't understand the Americans she hears on her radio, but the American boy, "Punch," readily does, when he hears "Delta One to control...locked on to bogey at eight thousand...over..." and then the reply, "Control to Delta One...orders are to observe closely but don't fire unless attacked...over..." Punch tells his superior, a man named Sayden, that the planes are interceptor jets, closing in for observation, and Sayden says "Increase the energy field...that'll give 'em a shock!" Then appears the commentary which was sure to raise the eyelids of any Ufologist: "Incidents have occurred before when planes have attacked saucers...always with disastrous results for the planes ...WHAT WILL HAPPEN THIS TIME?" What interest in the creators of this "comic strip has lead to such an inclusion? Like any good science fictionists, they keep up with vital fields in which a story lead might appear, and certainly Ufology is such a field. They should be congratulated for presenting it, at least to date, in such a sensible manner.

All of which goes to show that UFOs are to some extent accepted by the American public today. In at least one newspaper in which the above cartoon strip appeared, another one, carrying a humorous story about a stranded extraterrestrial (an odd mixture of bird, fish, and man) is running. This is pure, harmless humor, but significant if only by its appearance alone.

Science fiction, too, is accepted by the public...whether it knows it or not! Otherwise the many short stories, occasional television and film plays, and countless items such as these cartoons, would not appear in markets that are governed solely on whether the public will "go" for it.

So, remember that while both science fictionists and Ufologists may be treading on dangerous ground, they can pass the fragile test, if each uses common sense and caution, and keeps one eye always glued to the future.

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SCIENCE FICTION

by Allan Howard

Some years back a certain prominent lay figure in science fiction was talking to one of its editors. The fan, who was at the same time s-f's most enthusiastic booster and severest critic, was taking the editor to task for his poor choice in stories. "But," protested the editor, "you are an exception, you're a fan. We want to sell more magazines. We want to appeal to the man in the street, the housewife, the truck driver. By the way, what do you do for a living?"

The fan, who himself later went on to edit a s-f magazine truthfully answered, "I'm a truck driver."

The editor was a member of that school of editorial thought whose war-cry had been "take the science out of science fiction." What these proponents do not seem to realize, is that s-f without science is no longer s-f. The man in the street is attracted to science fiction because it promises something different. If he wants more romantic adventure, or "realistic" stories he can get them in any of the general fiction magazines and find them better than any watered down science fiction, supposedly designed to appeal to him.

Science fiction fans have fought an uphill battle for thirty years to get the genre and themselves accepted seriously by the press and general public. It is a "family joke" in s-f circles that the first act of the hardy fan of yesterday, upon buying a s-f magazine, was to rip the cover off, stuff the magazine under his coat, and slink away from the newsstand. The stock question of the non-fan upon learning that one read science fiction was, "Do you mean to say you read that Buck Rogers-Flash Gordon stuff?"

It was John W. Campbell Jr., the eminent editor of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, who in a preface to one of the first s-f anthologies, "The Best of Science Fiction," pointed out that Buck Rogers bears the same relationship to science fiction as Dick Tracy does to serious detective fiction. Today the Hollywood oriented mind thinks of s-f as an endless procession of out-size monsters threatening our world and civilization. Both the space-opera hero and the bug-eyed monster have their place in s-f, but are not to be trusted out of the hands of an unusually skilled writer.

The first requirement of a front rank science fiction story, like any other work of fiction, is that it must be a good story, competently written. Second, it must not violate any known scientific concepts although even the sky is no limit when one extrapolates on these aforesaid concepts. If the author does something at variance with a known fact he must square it up as plausibly as possible with the accepted gospel.

In this class may be mentioned the time travel and "psi" phenomena stories. There is ample precedence for these tales in s-f history, and there has never been any real disagreement about accepting them. Writers have also come up with some ingenious ways to defeat Einstein's equations, so that interstellar travelers may reach their destinations in much less than several lifetimes.

The late Bob Olsen, pioneer writer of the modern s-f era devoted some 5,000 words in the Summer 1947 issue of FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION to the difficulty of defining the term in a manner acceptable to all. After discussing various definitions proposed by others in the past, he at last came up with one of his own, which will serve until a better one comes along. Olsen saw s-f as being "a narrative about an imaginary invention, or discovery, which is possible in accordance with authentic, scientific knowledge and relates adventures and other happenings which might reasonably result from the use of the invention or discovery."

Larry T. Shaw, editor of INFINITY SCIENCE FICTION, put it a little more simply in a recent editorial. This points up the odd unanimity of opinion existing in general among editors, writers, and readers, when considering if a particular story qualifies as science fiction or not. Shaw said, "I know what science fiction is; it's a fairly large area, bordered on one side by pure fantasy and on the other by realistic stories with some science in them. And I know, to my own satisfaction, whether any given story is or is not science fiction."

S-f has upon occasion been called prophetic fiction, and this aspect has been stressed by enthusiastic proponents who are anxious to convince non-readers that their choice in literature is not trash. They point to such examples as the use of atomic power in H. G. Wells' "A World Set Free" in 1914, and an accurate description of radar in "Ralph 124C41 Plus," first published in 1911 by Hugo Gernsback, "the father of modern science fiction," to bolster their arguments. The clincher for this line of convincing is the by now well known story of the descending of Military Intelligence on the editorial offices of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION in 1944. They wanted to know where the author, Cleve Cartmeil, had secured the information on atomic energy for his story "Deadline," in the March issue. Much of the technical data in the story paralleled work going on in the Manhattan Project, and government agents smelled a leak. The editor convinced them there was nothing secret about anything published in his magazine, which had in fact been running stories and fact articles discussing atomic energy long before World War II. If he should suddenly stop running this material, as Military Intelligence at first wanted him to do, it might be a dead giveaway to the readers that something was afoot.

Although s-f fans are justifiably proud of these predictions, prophecy in itself is not one of the properties of s-f. With all the s-f wordage written in the past it would indeed be strange if none of it aligned itself with the reality to come. It must be remembered that extrapolation is not necessarily prophetic, but speculative. Any speculation that hits the mark must be accepted as a pleasant, but unexpected bonus to the writing and reading of s-f, which is primarily for entertainment, with stimulation of thought a close second. Pure entertainment, without thought provoking concepts is often billed as science fiction, but in all honesty should bear some other label.

Robert A. Heinlein, one of the outstanding practitioners of modern s-f has said that, "there are two principal ways to write speculative fiction - write about people or write about gadgets." Since most people are interested in people, in practice a science fiction story will concern itself with the effect of a gadget on an individual or society in general. The gadget may be almost anything: a machine, an extra-terrestrial invasion, or a current social or economic trend; anything to start off a train of thought beginning with "What if?" and ending with the last logical conclusion to which the question may lead.

The facts should teach something of the science in question to the reader, without, however, being overly non-contributary to the plot, slowing down the action, or otherwise being obtrusive to the point of becoming a classroom lecture. The theme should be original and the treatment fresh and unhackneyed. Since most s-f is laid in a locale or time entirely unfamiliar to the reader, authors have to strive for verisimilitude even more than the writers of other types of fiction. Although use of the elements of romantic adventure, gadgetry and shock effect was standard practice some 25 years ago when writers and editors were still finding their way in a comparatively new field, s-f has matured and does not now depend on these gambits merely for their own sake.

No form of fictional writing can give the same satisfaction to the intelligent and inquiring mind, or open up such vistas beyond the here-

and-the-now as good adult science fiction. If a person's mind is so constructed as to be seriously interested in ideas and phenomena largely beyond the grasp of the general public, he will appreciate the "different fiction."

With upward of 25 s-f periodicals now on the stands it is not difficult to find something to suit every taste. ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION seems to appeal to the technically-minded reader, and GALAXY inclines toward the psychological type of s-f. The MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION stresses the literary qualities of s-f. INFINITY, IF, and ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION STORIES publish very fine middle-of-the-road science fiction. FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, in addition to articles on UFOs prints a pleasing variety of stories and lengths. SATELLITE features a complete novel in each issue. AMAZING STORIES and IMAGINATION tend toward a more free-wheeling action type.

So you pays your money and you takes your choice. If you haven't yet tried good science fiction, now is the time. To echo that glad cry of happier days, "Come on in, the water's fine!"

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Allan Howard is one of the bastions of science fiction that have kept the field going during its roughest and most downtrodden periods. A "Fan" with a capital F, meaning the type who reads science-fiction not only for enjoyment, and perhaps release, but as an art, of which he is a connoisseur, and on which he is an acknowledged expert.

He knows, and is known by, almost all the major names in the business of science fiction: writers, editors, and publishers alike. He is a representative in the finest way, of the reader of science fiction. And, as a hobby, he is a bona-fide student of sci-fi history, even resorting to carefully filed material from years ago, samples of the growing (then and still) young field which threatened to die first of starvation, then strangulation, then suicide.

Howard is Director of one of the oldest and best known science fiction fan organizations in the world, the Eastern Science Fiction Association, and is a major representative to other sci-fi groups in the U. S. and throughout the world.

A resident of Newark, N. J., he and your editor became friends because of our mutual interests. It was largely through his thoughtfulness in keeping UFO NEWSLETTER apprised of developments in science fiction, and his audacity in taking part in UFO panels before ESFA and science fictiondom that interests in the two fields have produced an area of agreement and understanding, and such products as FANTASTIC UNIVERSE's articles on UFOs, and this special issue of UFO NEWSLETTER, are possible.

REFERENCE INDEX

Certain publications or organizations receive repeated mentions in this issue of UFO NEWSLETTER. In order to avoid a needless repitition of footnotes, the following list has been assembled. We trust this index will satisfy the demands of the many groups or periodicals to which reference is made; if we have neglected anyone, we are sorry:

AMAZING STORIES, Paul W. Fairman, Ed., Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
APRO BULLETIN, Coral Lorenzen, Ed., 1712 Van Court, Alamogordo, N. M.
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, John W. Campbell Jr., Ed., Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
CSI OF NEW YORK, Isabel Davis, Secy., 67 Jane Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
ESFA (Eastern Science Fiction Assoc.), Allen Howard, Director, 101 Fairmount Avenue, Newark 1, N. J.

(Continued on page 29)

FLYING SOMETHINGS

by John W. Campbell, Jr.

As we have remarked before, Science Fiction is no news magazine; these comments anent flying saucers or what-nots are a few months late, but concern things of even longer range interest to science-fictioneers.

Whatever they were, if real, and as described by those who believed they saw them, a few conclusions are fairly clear. They weren't products of a foreign terrestrial power. Anybody having a plane that good would darned well keep it to himself - until he meant to use it! The same applies to a United States Government device; they'd have been test-flown off some small Pacific island, where none but a few selected personnel, plus a few thousand fish, would have been around to report. That would mean a fair chance that they were piloted by visitors from outside.

Latest astronomical theory indicates Venus is a waterless dust bowl - its clouds a mantle of dust storms (See R. S. Richardson's article "New Paths to New Planets" in the September 1947 AIR TRAILS). Mars has so thin an atmosphere that only slow-moving, lower animal forms could operate. Jupiter has too deep an atmosphere, and the other planets are either too violently cold, or too violently hot. Visitors from outside would be from <u>way</u> outside - interstellar.

Skip, for the moment, the problem of how they made the trip; consider how we would plan a reconnaissance of an alien, inhabited planet if we made the trip.

If we landed on an alien planet that displayed marked signs of technically civilized life, there would be considerable point in landing unnoticed. We'd want to make a first landing in some backwoods, uninhabited forest area, where there would be plenty of natural cover for our ship, and then conduct reconnaissance by atmospheric type planes of small size, but the fastest jobs available.

For this reason, we'd want to land in an uninhabited patch reasonably near centers of civilization. We'd take considerable care that our scouts weren't trailed back to the ship, and that they weren't spotted on the way out. Knowing all about radar—and probably six or a dozen other detection schemes based on other spectrum possibilities—we'd see to it that the ships weren't easily tracked. Make 'em out of plastic, which more nearly matches the properties of air than any other type of solid matter. Some metal would be essential, naturally, but it would be minimized. Preliminary long-range scouting would have assured us that the planet to be investigated did not yet have space travel; an easy way to enter and leave the areas to be investigated without back trail the investigatees could follow then would be to approach from almost straight up—say two hundred miles above—and take a similar hop going home. After all, if we're doing the exploring, we do have space travel; such a hop would be peanuts to us.

For several months, our investigation would be conducted by non-contact observation; until we know much more about the people, we'll do well to stay clear of them. After some weeks though, a stealthy raid might kidnap a few inhabitants for general questioning and investigation. In this, we'd be very smart <u>not</u> to damage the kidnaped parties; the resentment of a technically civilized race can be distinctly unwelcome, even to a more powerfully technical people. Investigation of local animals can give all the necessary basic biological science for preliminary understanding of the local race.

After several months of watching, listening, and picking up radio broadcasts, plus investigation of kidnapees, there would be a lot of material to digest. Captured books, particularly childrens books, would give adequate keys to the languages. At that point, we would be smart to clear out for at least a year of concentrated study of the material at hand. The captives could be fairly safely released unharmed; in any race, anywhere, the weird tale of three or four individuals about an improbable and melodramatic capture by alien intelligences—particularly if the race hasn't yet developed space travel themselves—is going to be laughed at. The first visit could then be made without serious indication of its happening at all.

In the May 1945 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION we carried Murray Leinster's yarn "First Contact" that explained the necessity of considerable caution and study of any alien race before making formal, all-out contact. Similar considerations will apply to the race first investigating an alien planet; they'd be very wise to learn all they could before making their interest apparent.

It might be a year or five years before any further steps were taken.

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John W. Campbell, Jr., is considered without any doubt to be one of the high priests of science fiction. He has been the editorial head of one of the finest regularly-published science fiction periodicals for probably more years than he would like his readers to remember, and yet he retains the physical looks (mainly due to his boyish crew-cut) and, more important, the intelligent ability, of a college post-graduate student.

The subject of a number of tales about science fiction history (the king of which appears elsewhere in this issue), Campbell himself is the source of an infinite number of facts, stories, and opinions. Outspokenly critical and frank, Campbell hesitates not a moment in discussing some personality in science fiction, and while his barbs may dart up against many and result in temporary tantrums on the part of some of the more susceptible subjects, Campbell consistently rises above the field, its "elder statesman," the subject of respect—even awe—from the field, both "inside" the publishing game, and "outside" from the common readers.

Rather the uncommon readers, for the material which Campbell assembles is deliberately far from what the average reader considers science fiction to be. Campbell is an intellectual, in the purest sense. He is able to converse with equal dexterity on electronics, aviation, or the grammatical construction of written material, sci-fi or not. A subject of the unknown, it was he who started the first gnawing, and final exploding science fiction fad of Psionics, which he stubbornly continues.

As a student of, and properly a subject of, the future; Campbell is certainly not one to speak with hindsight, rather the opposite. The above article appeared first as an editorial in the October 1947 issue of his high-toned publication, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. This was prepared only a few weeks after the initial throes of publicity following the Arnold period. Campbell obviously did some research and found a history of UFOs, even in 1947. He has kept up to date on the subject since.

UFO NEWSLETTER is proud to reprint this piece, over ten years after it first appeared. Its importance, both in content and place in time, is obvious.

MEET THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL

by Isabel Davis

The contact-communication books are full of references to "science" and "technology"—earthly, unearthly and mixed. The earthly kind comes in bits and chunks and scraps, occasionally in lengthy expositions that give an effect, at least, of knowledge. The information may or may not be correct; it is certainly doubtful, for example, that the explosion of H-bombs could tilt the earth's axis and more doubtful that it could disturb the orbits of distant planets and poison their atmosphere. Spill pepper in New York and Chicago sneezes? The distances, forces, and volumes involved are too enormous. Cataclysmic earthquakes, more powerful than a thousand H-bombs, have many times shaken earth but left her on the same old axis trundling along the same old orbit.

We would not be surprised at scientific mistakes coming from the authors of these books, because their competence in the subject is limited.

One seems to have little background and little interest (Bethurum)[1]; one appears to have taken in more information than he can digest (Williamson)[2]; and the others are self-educated in science, a process that often leaves strange gaps in a student's data, fails to build up a coherent over-all picture, and gives him an impression of his knowledge that is not justified by his real stock of facts.

But it is not the authors who make these blunders; it is the spacemen, supposedly so well informed about Earth, who are quoted by the authors. It is rather surprising to find, for example, that the Venusian "master" is obviously confused as to the exact difference between an element and a mineral, and we wish he knew what he means by the curious expression, "physical mineral vanities." (He also thinks that the legendary "Golden Age," common in Earth mythologies, means an age "when men worshipped gold more than God.") And what can Zuhl and Ramu of Saturn mean when they talk about "a temperate and cooler section or zone on the Moon"? Unless they have "corrected" the Moon's motion as well as its atmosphere, all parts of the Moon must regularly experience the same heat and cold in turn; a permanent temperate zone is impossible.

These omniscient critics ought to make sure of their Earthly science before they start revising it.

The revisions may be wholesale or retail. Sometimes one sentence obliterates all human observations, data, calculations, deductions, theories, and inventions. The process of re-educating us along the correct lines constitutes a problem, however, since the spaceman can only assert our wrongness, not explain it or give more than a few hints about the substitute.

Most spacemen do not even attempt an explanation; with a kindly smile they repeat "our science would be quite incomprehensible to you human beings anyway."

We can do better than this. Desert Bedouins who never saw a spark plug before the age of 20 learn to be competent truck drivers and mechanics. But among all these "supermen," on all their worlds, with all their wealth of experience, there is not one textbook, not one science teacher, not one pedagogical method, that can be used on Earth.

It is impossible to do justice even to those fragments of space "science" and "technology" that these books contain, short of many unavailable pages. Reluctantly, I choose two from Clarion, reported to Bethurum by Captain Rhanes in her off-hand way. There are three kinds

1. Truman Bethurum, "Aboard A Flying Saucer," DeVorss, Los Angeles 1954
2. George H. Williamson & Alfred C. Bailey, "The Saucers Speak!" New Age, Los Angeles 1954

of power, she informs him -- "anti-magnetic or gravitational, plutonic, and nutronic;" Clarion uses the third kind, nutronic, as in the "nutronic jeeps." We can only guess at the meaning of this double-talk.

But a nutronic jeep is nothing at all compared to Clarion's "retroscope." This amazing machine enables Clarionites to review in their homes "any event that ever happened anywhere" (emphasis mine). You may have thought that time-travel was confined to science fiction; but here it turns out to have been invented and mass produced—"from time untold"--right on the other side of our Moon!

Truman, unfortunately, shows only the mildest interest in this gadget. He asks none of the questions he should -- how does it work, what does it look like, how is it used for education, for research, for entertainment, for "touring"?

A scientist with time on his hands might find it amusing to try to analyze the impenetrable muddle that passes for "science" in these contact-communication books.

Only one thing is clear: everything that is quoted, misquoted, or omitted about Earthly science and technology, and every statement that the spacemen make--or excuse themselves from making—about their own, appears to fit far better the theory that these statements originate in the minds of imperfectly informed human beings, who are frequently out of their depths in such matters, than with the theory that these statements come from supremely skilled, competent, and experienced extraterrestrials.

Again and again these "spacemen" behave like inventions. There is always a discrepency between their claims to great powers and what they are able to do.

They claim to have built spaceships, telepathic machines, and other technical wonders; but when they want to take pictures for Adamski they have to use the Polaroid he had brought along—so unluckily, however, without enough film—because their own cameras and film "are entirely magnetic and you have no equipment on Earth that could reproduce such pictures."

Something is very odd here; we remember that in Adamski's first book[3] the two methods could be used together: Orthon took one of Adamski's first plates aboard his ship, erased the image, and replaced it with some of the famous hieroglyphics. The result was certainly "reproducable," since it appeared in Adamski's first book.

There are frequent claims that disease has been mastered; but Angelucci's good friends Orion and Lyra are unable to restore him to health without destroying his sensitivity to their messages.[4] They cannot help him fix his automobile, either, when he and his family are stranded shivering on the desert at night.

But of course Angelucci did not expect them to help him; he knew by then that "space visitors never in any way interfere in mundane affairs."

They proclaim this policy of "non-interference" often: it is one of the favorite excuses made for them by their human friends. But they do interfere; the contacts themselves are "interference"; instructing them to "spread the gospel" is certainly "interference in mundane affairs."

The spacemen claim they have solved all the ugly, disagreeable problems -- at home: poverty, sickness, war, economic inequality. They agree most of the worlds in the universe—some say all other worlds except Earth—have solved them.

3. George Adamski & Desmond Leslie, "Flying Saucers Have Landed," British Book Centre, New York, 1953
4. Orfeo Angelucci, "The Secret of the Saucers," Amherst Press, Amherst, 1955

But all this far-flung, age-old, ripened, tested, successful experience in problem-solving cannot suggest to them a single really effective method of attacking the many problems of Earth!

They claim the most urgent purposes, gravely important to us and themselves; but again, there is a vast discrepency between those purposes and the methods they use to attain them. If their intelligence were equal to their zeal, for example, they would certainly realize by now that some people can exercise more effective influence in the world than others.

Here is the significance of the obscurity of the contactees — and it has nothing to do with democracy or snobbery. It is entirely a practical matter; why choose missionaries who—through no fault of their own—are bound to exert only a feeble influence?

They claim to have both mental telepathy and, in some cases, telepathic instruments—the famous "thought disks"—both of which would surely be helpful in identifying suitable human beings. But they do not put these to work for this purpose.

They claim to have been visiting on Earth for centuries, studying us and (presumably) trying to help. But they have no grasp of the complexity of human problems. Their chief worry is "the bomb"; but the bomb is only a by-product of war, and war is a by-product of a hundred other bitterly entangled problems.

Sometimes the believers assert that the spacemen have contacted some of our more prominent citizens, and been rebuffed. More often they say, "Why should they contact generals and scientists who only wish to use the saucers as weapons?"

This amounts to saying that there is no one available on Earth who is both prominent and "good" — which is simply not true. The head of the largest church in Christendom is not a warmonger; Gandhi was not; Helen Keller and Albert Schweitzer are not.

For any concrete demonstration of their fabulous powers, we customarily have to depend on the word of the one contactee who reports it — as, for example, the disappearance of Bethurum's flashlight when Aura Rhanes makes it "gone" from his hand.

Not that the contactees or the space people or the believers mind. They all have the same proverb: Every statement is its own proof.

If these space people do exist, and if their behavior is as described, then they are not highminded, noble, powerful beings. They are humbugs!

For all their supposedly massive intellects, the space people cannot make up their minds about the one important point: proof.

As everyone knows, all of the "evidence" offered so far has been unsatisfactory (except to contactees and believers). The few photographs are suspect, and some of them are unquestionably fakes. Witnesses are non-existent, or their standing is ambiguous. The extraterrestrial "substances" that contactees claim to have in their possession are not available for laboratory or public examination. The reported damage to terrestrial objects due to proximity to a saucer cannot be verified. The famous footprints and camera plate associated with Adamski's first "contact" are almost impossible to discuss at this date; they can be judged only in the framework of the rest of the story.

The highly inspirational quality of the spacemen's messages is not proof. We are not asking whether these messages are beautiful; we are asking whether they are "unearthly." We can discover no such quality. On thousands of bookshelves, in hundreds of thousands of books written by human beings, we can find the same basic precepts, the same religious, ethical, moral, philosophical, and mystical ideas — often expressed much more strongly and beautifully than they are by the spacemen. Occult literature is full of these ideas. The inspirational tone of the messages does not prove in the least that their source

must be extraterrestrial -- unless you make another unproved statement, that similar messages of unknown terrestrial origin have been around a long time because the spacemen have.

As for unequivocal proof, the spacemen never provide it. It would seem necessary and desirable for them to do so — whether out of consideration for their human friends, who could be spared much ridicule if proper evidence were available, or in consideration of the urgency of their own message.

The real question is, do they or don't they want to be recognized? Do they or don't they want to be acknowledged? Do they or don't they want to establish their own existence?

They blow hot and cold. One moment they are commanding a contactee to tell everyone about his experience, regardless of ridicule. This sounds like a desire for recognition.

The next minute they are insisting that they don't care, that recognition is not important, that they never "interfere"; or that they are referring darkly to "certain reasons" why they must continue to wrap themselves in a fog of uncertainty.

Yet there is no difficulty of providing proof. They do not need to land in Times Square, if they are afraid of crowds. All they need to do is give one or more contactees either 1) an object of terrestrial origin that clearly shows the influence of extraterrestrial forces; or 2) an artifact that obviously could not have originated on Earth at all.

In the first category are photographs, of course; enough photographs would eventually silence the loudest skeptic. But the space people are positively neurotic about having their pictures taken; for a variety of "reasons" they fight so shy of the camera that we may as well forget this kind of proof.

Even a modest collection of spaceship objects would be overwhelming evidence, but they are not forthcoming. According to a conversation Bethurum once had with a skeptic, the famous "letter in French" typed by Aura on paper from Clarion, which Bethurum presumably still has, would be no help at all even if subjected to chemical analysis, because "paper on Clarion is made out of just the same kind of trees we have on Earth."

It is a waste of time to continue to mention the endless excuses by which the spacemen, always with the loyal support of their contactees, manage to get out of providing proof. But one kind of missing evidence is so startling, once its absence is noted, that it must be mentioned.

The easiest extraterrestrial artifact of all to provide would be an extraterrestrial book.

Not the clumsy pictographs of the "Solex Mal," but a real book of history, poetry, fiction, a treatise or a textbook. Such a volume would be impossible to fake; it would command belief.

But as it happens, books are practically never mentioned at all in these contact-communication stories. The spaceships have "TV," music, dancing, games, paintings, they carry table fittings for banquets. But the spacious lounges apparently contain no bookshelves and no book. No one is ever seen reading, no one ever mentions reading (except Aura, who claims it is one of her hobbies), no one ever mentions libraries or literature of any kind.

Furthermore, Adamski's space friends are completely uninterested in the books he has written about them. They never ask about them, and he never mentions the subject. His first book is actually published—in two countries—while he is making repeated visits to the space ships. But he never offers an autographed copy to any of them. They never ask to see it. They never comment on its reception, though it aroused fierce controversy. He never so much as takes a copy of the book on one of his "contacts," to show to the people who are the chief characters in it.

No author I ever heard of behaved this way at the birth of a book!

In the last chapter of "Inside the Space Ships," Adamski describes his unexpected final visit with his "space friends." This visit, which took place eight months after the publication of his first book (meanwhile he had written the book and sent it to the publisher), was the one when Adamski and Zirkon stood at the portholes of the "mother ship" to have their pictures taken by Orthon, on the "scout ship" (The authenticity of these pictures has been sharply questioned, and on very solid grounds).

Even while Orthon used Adamski's little Polaroid camera, Adamski's second book[5] was being printed, Adamski tells us — "the presses were rolling on its pages." Of course the moment he returned from his last visit, he rushed story—and photographs—to his publishers, for inclusion as the last chapter of the book.

Thus author Adamski's "space friends" give him, at the last second before publication of his book, a unique and breath-taking climax for it. He must have known how important it would be; they should have known. But this last visit passes without one word exchanged between Adamski and his friends about the book, or the effect of the visit on the book!

This extraordinary indifference to books, to written language in general, is one of the most glaring gaps in all the contact stories. No great civilization ever flourished for an extended period without producing a written literature. And these wonderful extraterrestrial civilizations have existed, we are told, far longer than any on Earth. Where, then, are their books? Where is any mention of their books? Why are the "space brothers" to all intents and purposes illiterate?

I suppose the believers would say—I am getting pretty good at this sort of "explanation" myself—that "the space people don't need books. They've outgrown books. They can remember anything without writing it down."

As an explanation this is just as feeble as the others. For my money, the space people are indifferent to books because they reflect the minds and personalities of their inventors — men who are also indifferent to books.

But even if the "space people" are illiterate, they are supposed to be highly intelligent. They should know that proof is needed, proof is desirable, and proof would be absurdly easy to furnish. They have yet to give one good reason for not providing proof; and we can only conclude that they don't really want to be believed in; they are hypocrites as well as humbugs.

If a defender says, at this point, that the UFOs themselves have been playing this same tantalizing and contradictory game for years, refusing to get themselves conclusively accepted, yet skeptics have not denied their existence, he is confused again. For the UFOs are unidentified flying objects. We have no reliable clue whatever to their purposes. We have no reason to expect to understand them.

But the space beings have plainly, specifically, and repeatedly stated their objectives. We know what they want, because they have told us. Their failure to use effective methods cannot be explained.

To what extent do the contactees support and believe in each other's stories? In public, everybody endorses everybody else — they can hardly do otherwise. Belief is another matter. I do not undertake to say how much belief is exchanged among them; only that there are hints in these books of a certain caution, a certain uncertainty that all the other stories are absolutely 100 percent.

More important — to what extent do the "spacemen" support each other? They rather spectacularly fail to do so.

5. George Adamski, "Inside The Space Ships," Abelard-Schuman, 1955

Where was Clarion, for example, during the night of 23-24 August 1954? On that night, Adamski claims, he was shown both sides of the Moon by Ramu of Saturn, through an instrument on the Venusian carrier ship (he had already seen the familiar side once before, on 21-22 April 1953, from the Saturnian ship). As the ship goes around the familiar toward the unfamiliar side, ahead of it in the sky should have been Captain Aura Rhanes' Clarion. But neither Ramu nor Adamski mention it. Adamski certainly knew about Clarion — for Bethurum had visited Palomar Gardens during the summer of 1953, and Adamski had then accepted Bethurum's story. But with a whole planet missing from where it should be, Adamski is neither surprised nor curious. Ramu even asks "Have you any questions...?" "I could think of none," Adamski writes.

And what about Fowser? Williamson handles Fowser, the "dark moon" of Earth, which is never seen by us because of "certain conditions" (unspecified), and Williamson met Adamski in the summer of 1952 and was present at Adamski's first "contact". Fowser is a busy place; before the attempted contact by Zo, Um, Elex, Noro, Zago, etc., with Williamson's group, on 28 September 1952, the "landing ship" was readied on Fowser and there were 14,000 bells near it. Fowser is prominent in Williamson's book, "Other Tongues," published in 1957.[6]

Then on 8 September 1954, Adamski, eating sandwiches and coffee with Firkon and Ramu in a Los Angeles restaurant, hears from Ramu a long history of Earth. Among Ramu's statements are the following: "Another condition that we had watched with interest in observing the formation and development of the Earth planet was the forming of only one moon as its companion (Italics mine). Under the natural law of conditions, this would result in an unbalanced state unless at some future time another moon was formed to complement the small companion of a growing world."

Apparently Ramu had never heard of any second moon.

Adamski, with knowledge of two additional astronomical bodies accompanying the Earth and its Moon, never asks his good space friends, who are so generous with all kinds of other information, to confirm Clarion or Fowser. He never mentions Admirals' Scows or Crystal Bells.

He never mentions "ventlas," either, though ventlas are a prevalent type of saucer vehicle, patronized by Van Tassel's "other-world intelligences." On 13 February 1953, Ashtar, "commandant Vela quadra sector, station Share," tells the Van Tassel group "86 projections, 9100 waves, of 236,000 ventlas" are combining forces to create a "Light energy vortice" near the Earth that will create extensive damage."

Five nights later, with this armada still presumably patrolling space near Earth, Adamski is having a long calm conversation with Orthon, Firkon, Kalna and Ilmuth, and the Venusian "master" — none of whom breathe a syllable about the disciplinary ventlas.

Then there is the problem of Solex Mal. Naturally all the contactees sooner or later ask their friends from space about the language situation; why is communication so fluent? No spaceman actually says there is no such language as Solex Mal; but no one except Williamson's spacemen refers to it at all. Can it be that on Mercury, Mars, and Pluto they have no idea that they are supposed to use the "universal tongue"?

There are also numerous cases of actual flat contradictions between one statement from space and another.

All planets have approximately the same atmosphere, say all of the spacemen except Fry's A-Lan[7] — he has to practice for four more years before he can expose himself fully to the air of Earth.

6. George H. Williamson, "Other Tongues--Other Flesh," Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin, 1957.
7. Daniel W. Fry, "The White Sands Incident," New Age, Los Angeles, 1954.

All solar systems have 12 planets, say Adamski's friends; but Zo claims that there is a Solar System Twenty-Two, thus named because it has 22 planets (the 15th, we learn further, was once named Wogog but is now Elala — a pleasing revision).

Extraterrestrial records about Earth go back 78 million years, says one spaceman; 75,000 years says another.

The craters on the Moon were formed by meteorites and by erosion; the craters on the Moon were not caused by meteors or volcanic action, but came about by "vortical motion."

Statements about Earth's past, too long to quote, give completely different pictures.

If these "spacemen" set any boundaries to their own information, then omissions and contradictions like the above, and many others, might be glossed over as ignorance; but they do not. With the exception of A-Lan, they all claim to be experts who have travelled throughout space, and these statements are made as generalizations.

They don't make mistakes, they don't tell lies, and their words are accurately reported. That being the case, how can they be so oblivious of each other's existence, opinions, and facts?

Thanks to the Red Queen, Charles Fort, and modern technology, we have formed the habit of saying without thinking, "Anything is possible." But there seem to be occasions when this is not true; namely when two facts, mutually exclusive by definition, would have to coexist. It is impossible for it to be day and night at the same time in the same place; it is impossible for the same man to be simultaneously 5 feet tall and 6 feet tall, or to stand on his head and his feet at the same time. And it is impossible for Clarion to be there and not to be there at the same time.

To sum up: everything about these books is inconsistent with the theory that they are true, and fatally consistent with the theory that they are inventions. There is not one line that stamps the stories as "unearthly." The alleged spacemen are not noble intelligences but boastful braggarts, gifted chiefly at making excuses. The authors make egregious blunders. They contradict themselves. The spacemen contradict each other. The proof offered is inadequate to support such astonishing claims. Simple proofs that would be unshakable are never offered.

The Germans have a saying about a badly-written book: "Es lasst sich nicht lesen" — it will not allow itself to be read. So it is with these contact-communication stories — they do not allow themselves to be believed.

Nevertheless they are believed, apparently with no real concern over any incongruities, and with indefinitely elastic open-mindedness. The disciples seem able to swallow ever-flimsier explanations for ever-wilder stories; with no perceptible twinges of protest they have progressed from believing in Mr. Adamski's Venusians (who by now sound positively sensible compared to their successors) to believing in "samples of hair clipped from a 385-pound Venusian dog" (the ranking absurdity as this is written, though by the time it is published the dog may be eclipsed by a Jupiterian whale).

Why do books that "fall apart in the hand" as they are read, or crumble into arrant nonsense under any kind of examination, find publishers and a market?

I suspect that many believers have not really read the books at all, in any critical sense of the word, but have formed their judgments from the impressive or "sincere" platform manner of contactee lecturers. The books are bought but never really examined.

Or they may have read the books and even considered the objections; but the emotional value of the stories to them is great enough to over-ride any protests of logic, particularly when high-sounding generalities like Tolerance, the search for the Truth, and so on, can be rung into the argument.

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Isabel Davis is an officer of Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York, and one of its founding-ruling "Big-Three" in addition to Ted Bloecher and Lex Mebane.

These three handle the editorial chores of publishing CSI's massive and qualitative publication, CSI NEWS LETTER in New York. And Miss Davis is largely responsible for the CSI editing job on Aime Michel's first book, in its American edition, as well as the forthcoming translation and edited version of Michel's new book, which is to be published shortly.[1]

But in this case, she has authored a major work for a well known periodical by herself, drawing on her intuitive wit, erudition, and common sense. It is, for a person with such strong views as those held by Miss Davis, a masterpiece of restraint. And, to testify to its fairness and genuine value, no contactee, magazine, or writer has yet to reply, although this writer is certain many have muttered under their breath or to each other, with such phrases as "Just foaming at the mouth!" or some such critical analysis.

The work has been slightly edited from the original which appeared in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, and combined with new material written especially for this edition.

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OUR INTEREST IN UFOLOGY

by Hans Stefan Santesson

The other week, down in Philadelphia, a Science Fiction fan—by no means a youngster—came up to me and asked, "When are you going to stop publishing that 'flying saucer crap'?"

I told him we'd continue to run material on Ufology so long as we were convinced people were interested in the subject.

Let me point out, though, that FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is very definitely a science fiction magazine, interested in challenging science fiction and fantasy and in articles such as "New York in 2½ Hours" by Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of the BOAC from 1949 to 1956; L. Sprague de Camp's much discussed "Pfui On Psi;" and Lester del Rey's challenging series on the Earth Satellite situation, "Behind the Sputniks," in recent issues.

At the same time, and this without altering our editorial format, we have run considerable material on Ufology: Isabel Davis' definitive analysis of contactee writing, "Meet the Extraterrestrial," in the November 1957 issue (which see-Ed.); Ivan T. Sanderson's stimulating series, "An Introduction to Ufology" in the February 1957 issue, "UFO-Friend or Foe" in August 1957; "What Pilots a UFO" in November 1957; "Continents in Space" in February 1958, and "We'll Never Catch Them" in May 1958; Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York's authoritative columns, "Shapes in the Sky," now appearing monthly; and articles by others. We feel that this is in the tradition of the inquiring, speculatively minded science fiction familiar to readers for whom SF is not necessarily a way of life, speaking fannishly or otherwise, but an introduction to all-too-possible tomorrows.

Ten years ago, in an editorial in ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION reprinted in this issue, John W. Campbell could discuss flying saucers, what they might be and what they could mean, and possibilities of "even longer range interest to science fictioneers."

This intellectual curiosity about Tomorrow, this "sense of wonder" if I may call it that, appears to have been succeeded in some parts by a bland and blase' conformism, a variant of the more nationally prevalent Madison Avenueitis. In my opinion, this has blinded many to the reality that while science fiction may be a way of life, or close to that, for some, it is at the same time a glittering, never-never land for still others; a morbid, inbred excursion into abnormal psychology for still others (a la Peyton Place); a precise, humorless and carefully plotted extrapolation upon a scientifically established fact for still others; and at the same time the ironically tinted windows through which we may catch a glimpse of potential Tomorrows.

Some deplore the absence of uninhibited emotion in today's science fiction and call for a return to the ray-gun conscious romanticism of the thirties. Still others, in an obvious reference to social prophesy in SF, say that science fiction can be escape literature. "It can be enjoyed by those who desire the death of this world, their world, at any cost; at the cost of the birth of another."

I disagree both with the call for a return to the glittering formulae of the thirties, and with the approving nod towards the survivors of the neo-Wagnerian and pseudo-Freudian school of writing.

I feel that a broader approach is needed, an awareness of the fact that just as the term "mystery novel" has come to include not only exercises in Holmesian detection but also novels which may correctly be described as social portraits of our times, Science Fiction—as we now stand at the dawn of the Space Age—faces new responsibilities towards its readership.

One such responsibility is to explore this question of what the UFOs may be. We cannot simply shut our eyes and insist that these

things, whatever they may be, animate or inanimate, machine or thought-form, do not exist. Too many people, too many competent and neutral observers, have seen these "shapes in the sky" for us to simply shut our eyes and tell the disagreeable things to go away.

There are, of course, two schools of thought on this subject; the metaphysically minded contactees who claim personal or telepathic contact with extraterrestrials coming here in UFOs, and research groups like Civilian Saucer Intelligence and others who assemble and evaluate existent reports of sightings, reporting on these from a research- instead of a cultist-standpoint.

The contactees, who have been shuttling around the country and between here and Mars and Venus in "Spacecraft," report the space people as being increasingly concerned as we develop a succession of more and more lethal bombs. Some of these people have borrowed, rather freely, from Madame Blavatsky, the Ballards, and assorted other personalities from the mystical shadow world of the past century, without acknowledging their indebtedness to these sources. One of them is associated with a monastery whose abbot was a young student when Mu was submerged, the monastery itself being in contact—so we are told—with the master teacher of the Great White Brotherhood on Mt. Shasta, and with the Master Koot Hoomi Lal Singh at Shigatse, a market town in (incidentally) Communist-occupied Tibet.

By way of refreshing contrast, there are men like Ivan T. Sanderson, publications such as UFO NEWSLETTER, and research groups such as Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York, who are all tackling the question of what the UFOs are from a refreshingly different viewpoint. While there is a tendency in contact circles to accept, blindly, a number of palpably unsound statements, there is none of this emotional approach in CSI, for instance, but instead a refusal to accept any report without thorough (if possible, field) investigation. The CSI columns in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE are thus sober recitals of events in our skies, events happening to people like ourselves, events which it has not been possible to dismiss as mirages, balloons, hallucinations, and all the other tempting alternatives.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE began to publish material on this subject, as I've already said, because of reader interest in Ufology, without changing the editorial format of the magazine, and we will continue to run material on it so long as we feel there is continued interest in Ufology. I personally feel that, in the CSI articles—and in those by Ivan Sanderson—there is some of that interest in the world around us, that inquiring mind and probing analytical curiosity about Tomorrow, which is the most valuable feature of the field we call Science Fiction, doubly valuable in these days when man, at long last, <u>is</u> near to Space Flight!

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Hans Stefan Santesson is the Editorial Director of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE science fiction magazine, and he occupies a similar position with its sister King-Size Publications venture, THE SAINT mystery magazine.

Santesson, a round, jolly character with a disarming Scandinavian accent, belies his inner, serious self. Underneath his pixie-ish attitude lies an alert mind with not only those certain odd characteristics needed to be an editor of a widely circulated magazine, but a most unusual man as well.

Hans, or Stefan, as he is variously known by his friends, has long been a fan of science fiction, although FU—and his guidance of it—is relatively new. He is as alert a student of good present science fiction as he is of its history, background, and growing pains, and their effect on the continued molding of present day fiction in the field.

In addition to this, he can certainly rank as a humanitarian in 21 the finest sense. Reluctant to speak about his achievements here, he is certainly quick, however, to let his partner in conversation know of his feelings regarding our relations with people from the near East and other underdeveloped areas. A so-called "arm-chair diplomat," Santesson has been the friend of scores of immigrants and others who have run afoul of America's sometimes befuddling—to say the least—and often downright unjust immigration proceedings. He is a friend of UN delegates, acquaintance of numerous consuls, confidant of the underdog.

With a person of such outright democracy, it is not too surprising that, wistfully or not, he might have turned his eyes upward, to inquire what was there, whether to find something better, or merely a new challenge, something different.

His is the guiding force which introduced King-Size Publications to Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York and other saucer personalities. His is the fault—and the credit—for entering into the series of articles—some not so good, mostly fine, some brilliant—which has graced the pages of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE since Ivan Sanderson's fine "Introduction to Ufology" appeared first in February 1957 (later offered in reprint form to FU readers, also to appear in other UFO periodicals). Santesson, a good friend of Sanderson, punningly says they're no relation.

This February issue also contained one of the finest analyses of the "contact" fringe (yea Crazy Quilt) yet to appear, written by Dean McLaughlin, under the title "How to Be a Saucer Author," as well as a fine saucer cover by famed artist Kelly Freas, names readily recognized by any science fiction fan.

The first accumulation of thoughts by CSI of New York appeared the following month (March 1957) and starting in November became a regular monthly feature of FU, and an award-deserving one at that.

Nevertheless, due to reasons that will be apparent in the above article and elsewhere in this issue, many of Santesson's readers saw fit to object. Thus the article above, a defense to an offense born of years of defense.

Santesson is allowed one small page of editorial comment per issue of FU; hardly enough to truly expound his views. We are happy indeed that he chose UFO NEWSLETTER as the vehicle in which to enlarge on his opinions, reasons, and other comments about Ufology and Science Fiction as a whole.

(Advertisement)

SPACE JOURNAL

This is a new publication which was first published late in 1957. It is published by the Rocket City Astronomical Association, in Huntsville, Alabama, the home of the Redstone Army rockets and guided missile Arsenal. The first issue carries articles written by such outstanding names in rocket research as: Dr. Hermann Oberth, Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, Dr. Fred L. Whipple, Dr. Wernher von Braun, and others. Address: SPACE JOURNAL, Inc., P. O. Box 82, Huntsville, Alabama

FICTION: OUT OF THIS WORLD

by Charles and Carolyn Planck

It was very hot on Dead Horse Point - hot, and as quiet and placid as the Colorado looked, lying like a loop of yellow ribbon on the floor of the canyon twenty-three hundred feet below.

And then bedlam. Two pairs of feet, running pell-mell over sand and loose rock; two boys' voices, charged with excitement, splintering siesta for their families encamped on the canyon's rim.

"A flying saucer! A flying saucer! We saw it - we saw it!"

Frank Hooper came out of his tent like a rocket and seized his son's arm. "Where?" he demanded, scanning the sky in a circle.

"It's gone now, but we saw it. Honest, Dad, we did." Herbie Hooper's face was as red as a Utah sunset.

The other members of the camp shook off sleep and came out of the tents to join in drawing the story from the boys.

"Take it slow, kids," John Mader said, "and tell us just what happened."

Martin Mader began. "We were just going along the road looking for the knife I lost yesterday, and talking, and not looking up, or anything. And all of a sudden, there it was!"

"But if you weren't looking up, how did you happen to see it?" demanded his sister, Margaret, with little girl logic."

"We didn't see it at first," said Martin solemnly, "we sort of felt it."

"Yeah," Herbie corroborated, "something made us both stop talking all at once and look up, and there it was, real close."

"What sort of craft was it?"

"Was it close enough for you to see any people?"

Frank Hooper's and John Mader's questions came simultaneously, each typical of the man who voiced it. Hooper, the aeronautical engineer, interested first in technical aspects. Mader, scion of generations of Quakers, thinking always in human terms.

"It was round," said Herbie, "and it sort of hovered, like a helicopter, but it wasn't close enough to see the pilot, or anything."

"And then," said Martin, "it was gone, faster than a jet."

"Faster than jet," the awed Herbie echoed.

They talked about flying saucers a great deal after that. Eating supper that night on one of the huge table rocks, watching the unbelievable pageant of color as the sun marched up the sculptured canyon walls, turning red and yellow to purple and blue, waiting for the moon to make its silvered invasion.

"I'm perfectly willing to leave all the theorizing about aerodynamics to you, Frank," John Mader said, when the paper plates had been fed to the camp fire and the women had finished fussing with the scraps of food. "What worries me is - if they are from outer space..."

"I thought we'd agreed on that," Hooper slipped into one of Mader's measured conversation pauses. "As for me, I'm perfectly willing to accept them as something out of this world. I can't accept the theory that they're man-made for the simple reason that none has ever crashed and man just can't make that kind of a perfect machine yet. And as for the Russians making them, well..."

Hooper stopped in mid flight, looked at Mader and grinned. "You know, this is the dangdest subject for conversation. I bet I've told you my theories a good dozen times, and here I am starting on the lecture again."

"Sometimes you repeat your jokes, too, dear," Grace Hooper said mildly.

"Well, maybe this story is like a good joke, worth telling twice. Some day I'll get my hands on one of those saucers and see what makes

it tick - if a lot of them don't land and blow us all to bits first!"

"Careful, Frank, you're about to join the Army again," Mader said dryly, puffing at his pipe and watching the first little slice of the moon rise above the mess.

"I'll bet a jet could have caught that saucer today. I bet a good jet pilot could have shot it down!"

"And why shoot it down?" Carolyn Mader demanded quickly of her son, worried like any Quaker mother at the bloodthirstiness of her youngster.

"No reason whatsoever to shoot it down," her husband answered and Hooper chimed in, a little belligerently.

"Sure, sure. I agree. No reason. But jeepers, how do you know what their intentions are? What are they going to do to us? What kind of weapons? Are they people - like us, or what? How do you know?"

"Now you've introduced my lecture," Mader said. "Shall I repeat it, or do we have some new angle to explore? I merely mean that if the Army gets at these visitors first, they'll treat them as enemies - why we could muff the chance to get knowledge of a civilization beyond our wildest dreams..."

"Sure we've got a new angle," Herbie Hooper piped, his 14 year old voice threatening any minute to quaver and drop an octave. "We've got a saucer right here on Dead Horse Point. What if it comes back? What'll we do?"

"I'll faint," promised Grace Hooper with finality.

"Boy, I know what I'm gonna do," said Martin. "I'm gonna have my camera ready before the sun comes up. I'll get a picture of that thing if it comes back."

Saucer talk died out then, like the embers of the camp fire, and the campers were caught in the spell of the desert night. The moon, hovering above the canyon, began to paint a silver mystery where the sun, by day, had swept its golden brush down the red cliffs, over the jutting pinnacles on the canyon floor. The same scene with different stage lighting. The grandeur was still there, but the tone was eerie as the walls seemed to rise with imperceptible movement, up out of the blackness below.

Watching, Carolyn Nader thought she would be terrified by the majesty and the beauty were it not for the warm presence of family and friends about her. Yet she would not have wished to be elsewhere. Dead Horse Point was the climax, so far, of their annual vacation.

Residents of Moab, the nearest town, were accustomed to seeing a few tourists each summer push their cars forty miles farther across the barren mess to marvel at the Point, but the idea of camping there - that was something unheard of until these two families had come all the way from Washington, D. C. What, Moab wondered, was there to do on the Point except admire the scenery, and it did not occur to the visitors to talk about the activities that filled their days. For the children, unending quests for wild flowers, insects, butterflies, rocks; the making and baking of pottery in the kiln improvised by the men and boys; photography; and for the adults especially, a great deal of reading and discussing of books. Yes, the days hummed like a factory, Carolyn Mader conceded, but the nights were a little - weird.

Margaret huddled against her mother, seeing the ghosts of the condemned heard of wild horses which had given the Point its name and history; hearing the shouts of the cowboys as they rode callously away, driving the good horses before them, leaving the culls to roam the barren fifteen acres of the Point, unable to find the narrow neck leading back to the plains, slowly starving and thirsting to death. The child shivered, and the mother, understanding the mood, called out firmly: "Blanket time!"

Inside their sleeping bags, the two boys dropped off into lurid dreams of dog fights between daring American jet pilots and flying saucers. So vivid were their dreams that they admitted to each other next morning—but never to adults or to Margaret—that perhaps they had just imagined the saucer in the sky the afternoon before.

These doubts, however, were dispelled when the families drove into Moab after breakfast to stock up on groceries. Moab had seen the saucer too, and the sight had left the whole town "saucer-eyed" as Grace Hooper punned. Had the saucer been seen on Dead Horse Point, too? Martin and Herbie became the important nucleus of a group on the sidewalk, matching impressions of size and speed.

John Mader smiled and went to the post office. He was not smiling when he came out with the eastern papers in his hand.

Flying saucers had been seen back home in Washington, too, and so persistently that almost everyone had seen them. The Pentagon was refusing to answer any inquiries, but the establishment of a military air patrol and the re-appearance of anti-aircraft guns on the roofs of government buildings told civilians more convincingly than any previous denials that the saucers were not the clandestine children of the Air Force. No sooner, however, had the Capital been alerted than the saucers sped off to appear in even greater numbers over North Dakota. The Pentagon was panicked when Bismarck asked for protection that would have meant leaving Washington unguarded.

"Doggone it," Mader said to Hooper as they drove back to camp. "This proves exactly my contention. Here we go acting on the enemy premise—getting ready to shoot first and ask questions later—sticking our feeble little guns at them like a kid thumbing his nose at a cop!"

"What would you do?" Hooper challenged with a grin.

II

Mader had a chance to meet that challenge very soon. A saucer landed n Dead Horse Point at ten next morning.

It landed in a slight draw between two rolling hills about two miles away from the camp. Between it and the tense waters was a ragged line of cottonwoods, but Herbie's "19-power, explorer, durable plastic" telescope (25 cents and two boxtops) revealed movement of at least two live beings aboard the craft, although it did not show any details of size, shape, or structure.

All day the saucer and the camp were vis-a-vis. No one ventured from either group toward the other. Grace Hooper did not faint, but the faces of both women told how determinedly they were both fighting fear. They watched over the children like clucking hens with a hawk nearby.

Mader, of course, was all for going straight over to the saucer, and so were the boys. Hooper advised waiting for the newcomers to make the first move.

So the morning wore on. Lunch was eaten on parade with every face straight toward the great mystery.

All at once a single figure moved out toward them from the fringe of trees, and they watched breathlessly as it advanced over the two miles of mesa toward the camp.

"I think we'd better leave - on the double," Frank Hooper said. "No use taking chances. After all, we have the wives and children here. What do you say, John?"

"I say, Frank," Mader's voice was deep and solemn as a bass piano chord, "I say here approaching us is one of the great moments in the world's history. We are fortunate people. This man—this being—whatever he is, comes as a friend. At least I believe he does. Let's meet him as a friend."

The fascination of the approach, which seemed to gain in rapidity as the distance diminished, froze the seven waiting people into hypnotized immobility.

The first words, spoken in precist English, had a sort of metallic, though not unpleasant ring: "I am Xenian. I come as a friend from a friendly planet."

It was the historic moment, but John Mader's lips were dry, his voice paralysed. Not so Herbie. He looked eagerly up into the great face and cried, "Why, you...you're almost like us!"

III

In another two days--Xenian having signalled to his craft that he would not return at once--the Americans learned a great deal from their visitor, nd the Venusian, in turn, had been able to verify personally many details in the study of the Earth that his planet had been making for more than two hundred years. "As one of your writers recently surmised," said Xenian.

An obvious first question had been how Xenian had learned English.

"In school," he told the delighted children, and went on to explain that long before Marconi, the Venusians had listened to earth-talk with their own devices and their linguists had deciphered many languages without too much difficulty. Radio, when finally earthmen began to use it, had, of course made the study of languages easier. He had even picked out his own name—for purposes of this earth visit—by listening to a lecture by a professor of Greek and learning that the word "xenia" meant gifts of friendship.

Mader and Hooper looked disturbed and whimsically amused when they learned that their own conversation, everything that had transpired in the camp, had been overheard through the advanced eavesdropping equipment of the flying saucer.

"We were attracted first by the novelty of your camping site," Xenian told them. "Most Americans we have observed, prefer to crowd in with their fellows on a beach, or at least a mountain lake with a town and a cinema near by. We wanted to see how you would occupy yourselves, and we were impressed by your inner resources, and therefore notified our space ship that we would like to venture a contact with you."

"Well," said Hooper with a grin, "I guess we're lucky old John here got us on record with the right kind of talk about how we ought to receive any interplanetary visitors. John's always contended against violence, though. Wouldn't be a soldier and kill when we had our wars, and I honor him for it."

"You should," Xenian nodded. "Violence has been eliminated from our society. We have had no war for 20 generations. We have been..." he paused and smiled... "one world for so long that we find it extremely difficult to understand your concept of national sovereignty. To us it is vestigial of tribes - clans - barbaric - primitive..."

But the question that stumped them all—visitor, parents and children—was how to convince the rest of the billions of people on Earth that the few billion inhabitants of Venus were real, were friendly."

"Before you landed," Frank Hooper said to Xenian, "you heard us talking about how the Army and the Navy would get out the guns the minute a flying saucer did materialize..."

"And, just to be fair to the military," Mader interrupted, "how the politicians and the diplomats and the citizens associations would howl if they didn't get out the guns."

"Are there no realists in your American society," said Xenian, dryly, "who realize that even a hydrogen bomb cannot be exploded upward against us?"

"Surely Washington understands that now," said Grace Hooper, "after getting excited over your few flying saucers there, and waking up next day to find you'd switched them to the Dakotas."

"It was not our intention to frighten by that demonstration," Xenian assured her. "It was more of a test to see just how we might be received if we did attempt a landing in your capital."

"Well, it's a cinch you can't land there cold," Hooper said. "There'll have to be a selling job done first."

"Exactly," Mader agreed, going off into one of his dreamy stares. "This must be planned, and planned well. First of all, Xenian, we might as well admit nobody will just take our word for it that you are real, and to say the least, harmless. We will need photographs, sketches, details, evidence - all the proof we can assemble. Even then I feel quite sure one segment of the public and the press will brand us as fakers."

"The press!" sniffed Carolyn Mader. "I don't think I could even convince the women in my block. They think I'm hipped on international relations already - if I go home and start talking about interplanetary diplomacy..."

"That's the sixty-four dollar question, all right," Frank Hooper nodded. "How to get the ear of somebody in a high position who will believe us and help persuade the rest of the world to react intelligently."

"You mean the President, maybe, huh, Dad?" Herbie wanted to know.

"Yes."

"I know," said Margaret eagerly. "We could just go into Moab and buy that big trailer we saw the other day and put Xenian in it and drive him right up to the White House!"

The grown-ups looked at each other foolishly. "Out of the mouths of babes," said her father slowly.

But Xenian shook his head. "An excellent suggestion were it not that it takes a crew of t o to operate my craft. My companion could not get back to the space ship alone, and every hour we stay over there on the mesa the more risk we run of discovery by some people other than yourselves. What we do must be done quickly."

He went on then, to outline a plan: they would all go over to the flying saucer. Hooper would make complete notes of the mechanical details. They would collect all the movable evidence of its outer-worldness that could be spared. The remainder of the campers' Kodak and movie film would be used. They would agree on the sort of things that should be said in the first radio broadcast to be made from the Venusian ships to the Earth if Mader and Hooper could persuade the President to ask the rest of the world to listen.

It was the best plan they could devise, but as they reviewed it, sitting around the campfire the night before the saucer was to take off for the space ship and the vacationeers were to hurry home, it did not seem quite strong enough a plan to take to a skeptical world.

"They will have to believe the physical evidence we take back - that's fact," Hooper said to Xenian, "but can we convince them that your friendliness is a fact too?"

That, of course, was the core of the problem, and while the grown-ups silently searched their minds for a better solution, Herbie drew Martin aside for an excited, whispered conference. Finally they strode back into the circle of firelight.

"We have a plan to prove the friendliness," Herbie said earnestly. "Please, please, let us try our plan!"

When she heard him explain it, Grace Hooper did faint.

IV

The thing that finally produced agreement on the boys' plan was Martin's astute needling. "You wanta talk to the President, don't you? Well, I betcha this is the way to get to him."

It was.

The President received Mader and Hooper two days after their return to Washington. Then he put the photographic laboratories to work making innumerable pictures and prints of the negatives, sketches and pieces of equipment brought from the saucer. He called a press conference so obviously to make an announcement of world-shaking importance that he borrowed the House chamber in order to squeeze in all the reporters.

Then, while Congress and the country—the whole world in fact—was gasping over the story, devouring the pictures, the President made another announcement. There would be an interplanetary broadcast at noon the next day.

The broadcast, simultaneously translated for foreign stations, was delivered by Xenian from his saucer twenty miles above Washington, well out of reach of any Earth aircraft, and on a frequency he and Hooper had agreed upon at Dead Horse Point.

His address had the simplicity of a Jefferson draft of the Declaration of Independence or a treatise by Franklin. It was understandable to any man on Earth.

"We come to visit your planet in peace," Xenian's strange, metallic voice said. "We have no plans for violence or conflict. We estimate that our civilization is several centuries ahead of yours on Earth, and we believe our knowledge can help you. If it can, we will be glad.

"For example, we have no cancer on Venus anymore. Many, many years ago, our doctors discovered how to cure, and eventually how to prevent this disease. This is beyond the memory of any now living on Venus, but it is in our records. We will gladly put all these records at the disposal of your medical scientists. I can bring you a few facts now so that your doctors may judge for themselves the merits of our discoveries."

The doctors and the technicians listening to Xenian were amazed. They learned enough from his "few facts" to put them twenty years ahead in research.

"And so with social cancers, too," Xenian continued, "particularly war. You know already what the bacteria of war are, but in attempting to stamp out these bacteria, you kill not them, but only yourselves. We, on the other hand, have a formula for peace that is far more than the mere absence of war. We will give you that formula if you will accept it.

"All we ask in return is the opportunity to land on Earth and meet you. We want to carry your peaceful greetings back to our planet. If you agree, and will so broadcast to us, we will land on the day you set, and at that time we will offer you proof—proof beyond all possible doubt—that we are a friendly people."

There was more in the same vein, and it was so direct and so persuasive that the skeptical and the suspicious had great difficulty digging double meanings out of the simple words. Columnists, commentators and would-be notables had to strain and stretch the words out of shape to find new angles in the tremendous public discussions that followed. The President asked the people what he ought to do, and truckloads of mail and telegrams piled up in the executive offices for analysis. Sifted down, it was clear that the verdict of the people, the every day, unorganized Americans, was for complete cooperation and peaceful reception. So the great day of arrival was set and Xenian notified.

The military counselled extreme caution and wanted a great show of defense forces. The Secret Service vetoed every plan proposed by which

the President would be able to meet the visitors in person, but the President planned right ahead. The Hoopers and Maders went into hiding to escape the white hot glare of publicity turned on them. Some members of Congress made eight column streamer headlines every day for the yellow segment of the daily press, and delivered magnificent addresses, all ghost written, warning of the impending loss of our liberties, the destruction of our sacred heritage, the enslavement of the world by inhuman monsters, bent upon conquering the universe. Appeasement - or honest, manly defense against aggression, shouted these orators, these are our choices. These creatures from outer space can understand only one thing - force! Destroy them and their devilish machines wherever they show themselves!

Strangely, however, a few top officials were unaffected by all this clamor. They spoke in measured words of complete assurance to the American people, as if they knew more than they could tell, as if they had an affidavit, a contract guaranteeing that the visit would be peaceful and profitable.

One thing the Pentagon and the police did insist upon - the city of Washington was closed to visitors on the day the saucers were to land. Within the city, however, there was complete freedom of movement. It moved in only one direction, however - toward the National Airport, also closed for flying operations for the day, and turned into a gigantic stadium. Only the very timid and the sick failed to appear and at home, they manned their television sets from dawn to dusk. Nearly 500 of the airport's 730 acres were swarming with the fortunate who had special tickets, and the heights of each side of the Potomac were black with humanity.

To the great delight of the people, the President arrived, with a coterie of special guests, surrounded by Secret Service men and soldiery, but determined in his welcome to offer only the strong right hand of peace and fellowship. He had played his ace card with the military by reminding them that he was, after all, the Commander-in-Chief, and wanted no display of armament. Consequently, the atmosphere was almost carnival, and only the keenest observer could note the bulges on the hips and chests of the big Secret Service presidential guards.

Xenian's saucer was the first to arrive. It made a vertical descent to the open space reserved in the center of the field. Above, one by one, eight other similar craft appeared, hovering just within sight of those on the ground, but awaiting their signal to land.

Watching them come, the Chief Executive felt as John Mader had felt on Dead Horse Point. This was history at its greatest turning point. His lips went momentarily dry, but his mind was clear as he tested in final rehearsal the platform for interplanetary peace he would soon lay down. Then he put his hand on small Margaret Mader's shoulder, looked at her mother on his left, at Grace Hooper on his right. Their faces were radiant. Their husbands beamed.

A small gangplank unfolded from the edge of the saucer and two slight figures appeared, followed by the towering Xenian. Down the gangplank they walked in dignified file straight toward the flag-draped stand occupied by the President and his party.

The crowd had been absolutely still while the saucer landed and the little procession formed. Now, as the delegation approached, a ripple of excitement broke out again among those spectators who were nearest.

"Those small ones—the two little ones—they aren't Venusians—they're just kids! American kids!"

American kids! The ripple was a wave now—many waves surging to the farthese reaches of the crowd—waves that became a thunderous cheer as the significance of the presence of the American children on a flying saucer from another planet came home to the people. It was a

cheer that drowned for all but the President and his companions the carefully rehearsed chorus by Herbie and Martin:

"Mr. President, may we have the honor to present our very good friend, Mr. Xenian, Ambassador of Venus!"

* * *

Charles E. Planck is a name new to the field of Ufology to some, but he should not be. For he is the Civil Aeronautics Administration officer to whom Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe refers so often in his honored books.

Last year, Planck became one of the un-named Special Advisers to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, of which Major Keyhoe is Director. Other important engineers and scientists are on the Board of Special Advisers, and some of their names also cannot be used because of their business or government connections.

However, UFO NEWSLETTER received Mr. Planck's express permission to print the above unpublished fiction piece which he and his wife, Carolyn wrote, and to reveal his identity. This was done so in an announcement about this story, printed in UFO NEWSLETTER #10, published in November of last year. At that time, Planck was Chief of Current Information with CAA headquarters in Washington, D. C. Since then, he has been reassigned in a CAA policy reshuffle to a base in Alaska.

He may be reached by writing the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena—NICAP—Major Donald E. Keyhoe, Director, 1536 Connecticut Avenue, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

He and Mrs. Planck, who still claim their home in Arlington, Virginia, have collaborated on several works, but this is the first of this type. As a specialist in publicity and public relations, Planck is familiar with much of the publishing business, and has had numerous pieces in print.

In the article above—not intended to be a support for various present contact claims, to which he is unalterably opposed—Planck expresses his feeling that "this is an angle that needs covering; how we should receive visitors. I hate to think of it being left to politicians and military men."

REFERENCE LIST (Continued from page 8)

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ERRATA

COVER: Mr. Howard's first name is Allan.
Second line from bottom should read "Featuring in this..."

Page 3: Par 4, Line 6: "OTHER WORLDS, a bimonthly."
Par 5, Line 2: Last word "...had"

Page 4: The condensation of the article will appear in #12.

Page 8: Line 2: "so constructed as to be seriously interested..."

Page 10: Par 6, Line 8: "...its 'elder statesman,' the..."

Page 18: Missing footnote should read: 1. Aimé Michel, "The Truth About Flying Saucers," Criterion Books, New York, 1956.

Page 19: Line 4 from bottom: "...of the Space Age—faces new..."

Page 24: Par 7, Line 2: "landed on Dead Horse Point..."
Par 8, Line 2: "...and the tense watchers was a..."

Page 25: Par 4, Line 3: "their visitor, and the Venusian..."

Page 26: Par 11, Line 2: "...a crew of two to operate my..."

Page 28: Last Par, Line 2: "the farthest reaches of the crowd..."