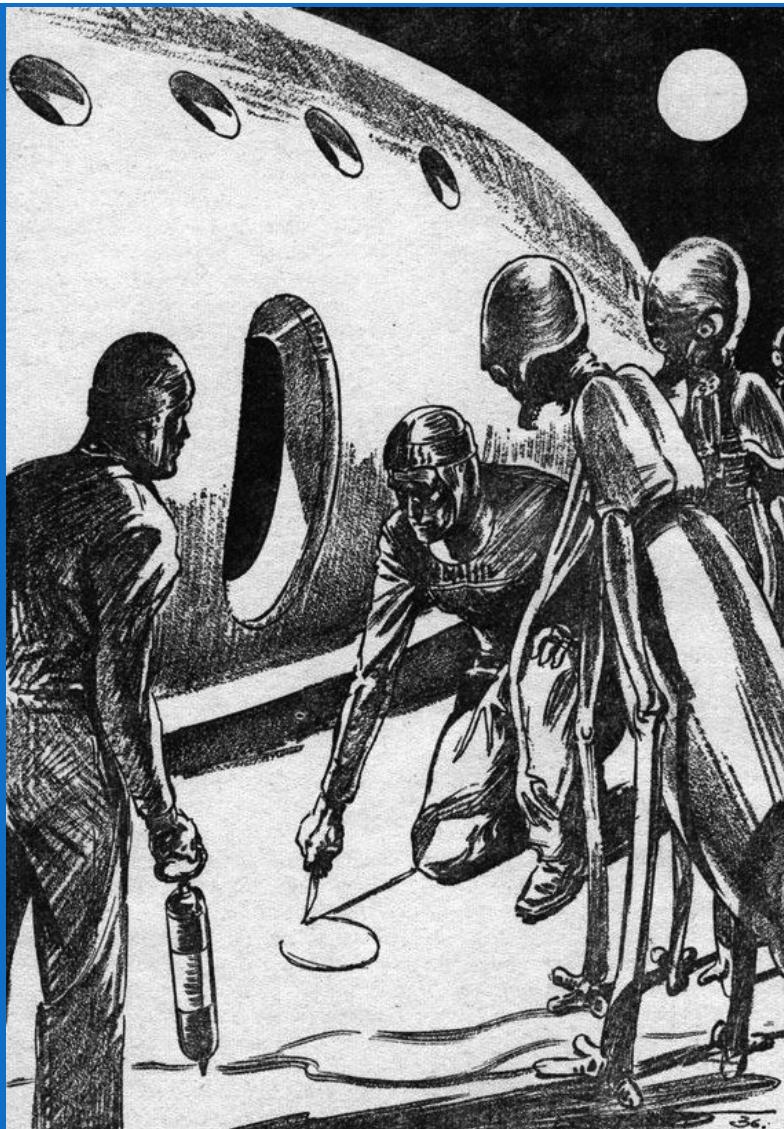


Platillos volantes antes de los ovnis y la ufología



Marc Hallet

LIEJA – JULIO DE 2020

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PRESENTACIÓN

Marc Hallet es un veterano investigador belga, sin duda uno de los grandes protagonistas de la ufología francófona, y colaborador de numerosas revistas en las décadas de 1970 y 1980. Dotado de una gran amplitud de intereses, entre los que podemos encontrar la historia de las religiones y de la cultura en general, Hallet dedicó gran parte de su esfuerzo al estudio del fenómeno ovni. Hoy, su enfoque es esencialmente crítico-escéptico, postura con que actualmente se le identifica en el mundo de la ufología. En 1989, publicó *Critique historique et scientifique du phénomène OVNI*, en el que hace revisión descarnada del “estado del arte” en la ufología, llegando a una conclusión negativa sobre el estatus científico de la “disciplina” y hasta de su mismo objeto.

Ahora bien, incluso en la etapa en que estaba convencido de la realidad indubitable de los ovnis en cuanto ingenios desconocidos, Hallet mostraba un notable sentido crítico. Por ejemplo, podemos citar su trabajo sobre la famosa visión del profeta Ezequiel, que vio cuatro seres querubínicos, cada uno con cuatro caras, en una pavorosa y espléndida epifanía. Como sabemos, este asunto ha hecho correr ríos de tinta y, cuando llega a relacionarse con el gran tema de la visitación alienígena, se convierte en un auténtico símbolo de los antiguos astronautas... interpretados en clave religiosa por los desprevenidos testigos de otrora. Pues bien, en el número 1 de *La Revue des Soucoupes Volantes* (julio de 1977), Hallet publica un artículo de ruptura: “La visión de Ezequiel: ¿un mito platillista?”. Nuestro autor da una interpretación del asunto que es distinta de la predominante en los medios ufológicos (y también de la hipótesis escéptica de Donald H. Menzel, quien creía que Ezequiel había visto un “halo solar”). A su juicio, Ezequiel ha descrito el sistema cosmográfico de la astronomía caldea. ¡Ay de los modernos, que de simbolismo arcaico saben más bien poco! Y, sobre todo, ¡ay de los ufólogos cuando deciden interpretar visiones celestes de hace milenios! Ya Camille Flammarion, en su libro *Les étoiles et les curiosités du ciel* (1882), había especulado sobre la influencia de determinados eventos astronómicos en los orígenes de muchos mitos religiosos, y había concluido que Ezequiel no había hecho más que describir la esfera astronómica de los caldeos, hipótesis que Hallet hace suya. Es un ejemplo de la temprana iconoclastia de Hallet.

Algo similar detecta Hallet en la historia del infeliz Joao Prestes Filho, que habría muerto por la energía calorífica proveniente de un ovni, circunstancia que lo convirtió en un clásico de la ufología. También aquí nuestro autor se desmarca de la opinión general -citando de nuevo a Flammarion- y nos deja una prevención metodológica digna de acopio:

“El defecto mayor de la mayoría de los ufólogos es el de querer explicar por la ufología todo lo que *parece* nuevo, desconocido, inexplicable. Este prejuicio es tanto más grave, en cuanto que lleva a ver platillos volantes cada vez que nos encontramos ante un fenómeno natural al que, por ignorancia, relegamos a la inexistencia” (del N° 2 de *La Revue des Soucoupes Volantes*, 1977, p. 36).

Ahora bien, hay un aspecto clave en la trayectoria de Hallet y que no podemos omitir en esta semblanza: nuestro autor fue un joven entusiasta de las ideas de George Adamski, el célebre contactado polaco-estadounidense. Con el paso del tiempo, Hallet se convenció de que todo el tinglado adamskiano no era más que una vasta superchería, dándose a una ardua tarea de

desmitificación. Fruto de este impulso es su libro *Desert Center-George Adamski* (1983), editado por Michel Moutet. Y no fue el único trabajo dedicado a esta faena, pues en Lieja publicó tres libros, de ediciones muy restringidas (hoy casi es imposible conseguirlas): *Les sectaires d'Adamski* (1984), *George Adamski: dernière synthèse* (1994) y *Biographie d'un escroc* (2000). En todo caso, las que constituyen, sin duda, la culminación de su crítica al apostolado de Adamski y a sus pretensiones, son *Le cas Adamski* (Oeil du Sphinx, París, 2010) y una obra autoeditada por el autor (en colaboración con Richard W. Heiden), *A critical appraisal of George Adamski: the man who spoke to the Space Brothers* (originalmente de 2015 y significativamente ampliada en 2016). No se ha publicado una crítica más completa y documentada sobre el asunto Adamski que la desarrollada en estos últimos trabajos de Hallet. Valga mencionar que la versión de 2015 puede descargarse en <https://bit.ly/2FphDYu>, y la de 2016 en <https://bit.ly/32oNQbz>.

Por tanto, tenemos el cuadro de un investigador nada conformista, que ve la ufología como una suerte de lucha constante por el propio esclarecimiento y por el de los demás. Sin embargo, Hallet mantiene algunas posturas que algunos calificarían de heterodoxas o tal vez de "inclasificables". Por ejemplo, se le conoce como escéptico, pero ha sido un duro crítico de las ideas y prácticas de connotados escépticos del mundo francófono (como Rouzé o Broch), en lo tocante al ámbito de la parapsicología; aunque se le asocia por algunos, en materia de ovnis, con la hipótesis psicosocial (HPS), lo cierto es que sería imprudente ponerlo en el mismo grupo con autores como Scornaux, Maugé o Abrassart; aunque ha sido crítico de la idea de los "antiguos astronautas", considera "absurdas" las elucubraciones de Wiktor Stoczkowski sobre los vínculos de esa idea son las ideas del teosofismo (desde Madame Blavatsky en más). Y así podríamos dar más ejemplos. A Hallet no le calzan mucho las etiquetas.

Otro aspecto de la trayectoria ufológica de Hallet, digno de ser mencionado, es su constante lucha por desmitificar lo que llama "pseudo-oleada", refiriéndose a las famosas observaciones de ovnis triangulares en territorio belga, en 1989-90. En este punto, ha mantenido una constante posición crítica de la actividad de la SOBEPS, la más importante agrupación ovnística belga (que después pasó a llamarse COBEPS), como puede leerse en su reciente obra *Mémoires (anti) ufologiques* (Lieja, 2019). Como sea, este texto nos provee de mucha información valiosa sobre una parte relevante de la historia de la ufología, y sobre el pensamiento ufológico general de Hallet. También puede hallarse material al respecto en el siguiente enlace: <https://bit.ly/35AAkDo>

El trabajo que ahora presentamos es tributario del mismo espíritu. Luego de una ardua y extensa investigación sobre noticias ufológicas anteriores a Kenneth Arnold (y a su celeberrima observación del 24 de junio de 1947, que es el hito fundador de la ufología), Hallet descubre toda clase de adelantos y prefiguraciones de los "ovnis", en revistas muy anteriores a la citada fecha. Por supuesto, los "ovnis prearnoldianos" estaban presentes en *pulps* y magazines de ciencia ficción, a todo lo largo de la primera mitad del siglo XX. Sobraban allí las naves extraterrestres de variada factura y aspecto: platillos volantes, esferas translúcidas y, cómo no, portentosos "cigarros" aéreos. También encontramos a los propios alienígenas, curiosos, hiperactivos, a veces huidizos y a veces hostiles, pero siempre "familiarmente extraños". Se aprende mucho sobre la evolución de la mente humana acercándose a estas imágenes.

En busca de ovnis prearnoldianos en la ciencia ficción (o "fantaciencia", que dirían los italianos): tal es la faena que ha asumido Marc Hallet. Ciertamente, existe un hito bibliográfico notable y obligatorio en estos afanes. Me refiero a *Science-fiction et soucoupes volantes*, de Bertrand Méheust, publicado por la editorial parisina Mercure de France, en 1978. Aunque Hallet no cita explícitamente este trabajo, sin duda asume su legado y decide hollar la misma senda. Pero él quiere ir más allá. Hallet sostiene que quienes le precedieron nos legaron

descubrimientos importantes, sin duda, pero que se limitaron a reproducir básicamente las mismas ilustraciones, por variadas o evocativas que fuesen: las que aparecían en las portadas de revistas como *Amazing Stories*, y poco más que eso (juicio tajante del que sólo Hallet puede responsabilizarse). Pero nuestro autor quiso hacer más y se sumergió en el laberinto infinito de las páginas interiores, en esas historias estrañafarias de *marcianos* invasores y de prodigiosos platillos y esferas surcando los cielos. Y se encontró con más sorpresas, si cabe. Las fuentes eran más generosas en ovnis prearnoldianos de lo que hubiésemos esperado. ¡Los ejemplos estaban allí, tumultuosamente, esperando ser descubiertos, aguardando dar testimonio de sí mismos!

Hemos perdido la inocencia. Trabajos como el de Hallet nos lo vienen a recordar enfáticamente. La ligazón de la ufología (de sus contenidos, se entiende) con la ciencia ficción de *pulps* y *fanzines* anteriores a 1947, es ya un hecho que no admite mayor discusión. Algo distinto, ya se sabe, es el cúmulo de explicaciones que se erijan para explicar esta coincidencia. Así, aunque para muchos la hipótesis de “influencia sociocultural” se basta a sí misma, por económica y simple, en su momento Méheust mostró otras posibilidades, que hablaban más bien de una fuente mitopoética común, de la que habrían bebido ufología y ciencia ficción...

Pero el tema y misión de este libro son otros. A Hallet no le interesa elucubrar sobre la supuesta “fuente común”. Le basta con mostrar la coincidencia de ciencia ficción y platillos volantes, como la prueba decisiva de la influencia sociocultural *mitogenética* (si se me permite). No necesita más. El propósito de Hallet es dejar que las imágenes hablen solas. Que su abrumadora cantidad sea tan elocuente, *como para hacernos ruborizar*, aunque sea en un gesto fugaz. Si eso ocurre, de seguro que el escéptico belga se sentirá conforme con su cometido. Y ahora, a partir de este momento, sólo cabe esperar el veredicto de los lectores.

Sergio Sánchez Rodríguez
Septiembre de 2020

Phone conversation with Mansfield at the Elcho home. The human being will never believe others. He must see for himself—an admirable trait, albeit disconcerting. Living themselves on a mere grain of cosmic sand, knowing almost nothing of what goes on in great universes, they yet assume and insist that such and such things cannot be.

warning. Many probably knew nothing about the orders. Incredible as it may seem, there were still many who had not been willing to spend the few patai pennies that would have put radio appliances into their homes, or even the still smaller sum to supply themselves with old-style telephones. There was no way to reach and warn

such, as all mail delivery had been suspended. Many laughed at "the whole Ridoloo business." In general, the more they were warned, the less they heeded. The like had never been heard of—was outside their experience or belief. Such fantastic creatures as the police were trying to frighten them with were simply absurd. There could not be intelligent, Neige thought.

happy times. We could have no inaccurate recollections of any such sort. The gravest verdict was that there was no such animal. They would assuredly have known it before if there had been. Did the police think they were children to run into the house and hide in a closet, just because something or other had blundered accidentally into their atmosphere?

so they augured well about the neatness or making a little more money. An aero-car would be flying along; an automobile on the highway; men at work in the fields; women and children on picnics; groups of people here and there—then a swift, soundless swoop from above, the swooshing entrance of the creatures of their abode, and that was the end for the men.

women and children. The people were literally "gob-blid up" by the thousands as the number of the enemy increased during the succeeding weeks. The larger ships were not molested at first, the intelligent creatures evidently either realizing that the big craft were too much for them, or else awaiting the time when easier prey should be had.

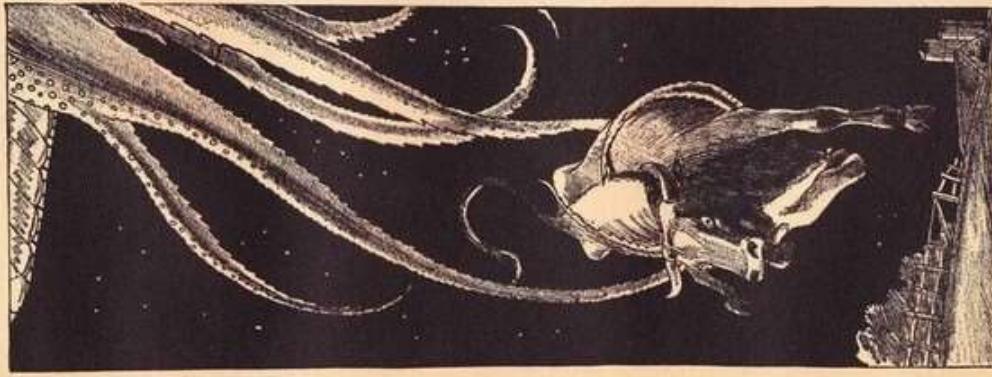
Over the United States the sinister dreams of the other, in overwhelming numbers, hovered and dived, wheeled and drove again and again, ghostly, foul, miasmic; and each time, human beings or animals passed into the ravening maws.

and the men who had to sleep in the open, were sick, and
had pain set in, which reached its highest corners.
All races, colors, and conditions alike—such as were
left of them—began to wall in frantic terror. If
it had at first been difficult to coax or browbeat them
to do anything in the way of taking precautions, it
was now impossible to get them to do anything but
run away.

as in your names, or whatever places seems to cover them the most security from the primordial menace.

they remained unharmed. A hundred needles stuck into one of them had little more effect than sticking pins into jelly. Such specimens as were secured the scientists experimented with, dissected, analyzed, tested and talked about, and reduced their findings to copious nothingness; but nothing was established that had not already been known or suspected. The learned doctors

of science could offer no means for their destruction. The rare, unchemical tissues of which they were made would yield to none of the known treatments. All they knew was that electrically reduced them to delicate



our head, old man. We can't blink the facts. We saw them with our own eyes, and I personally scrutinized them rather carefully with

"O, yes, as far as the glasses. Besides, they're matter of common report among the Jovians. The creatures are real enough."

"Yes—what?"
It doesn't seem unreasonable, Chief. In the first place, it's

so cold in outside space for living creatures; in the second place, they couldn't fly out here, because there's no air to fly.

"I don't suppose they have electronic engines. In the third place——"

want you to know all about them, because we have to deal with them right now. This looks to me like the worst things we have ever

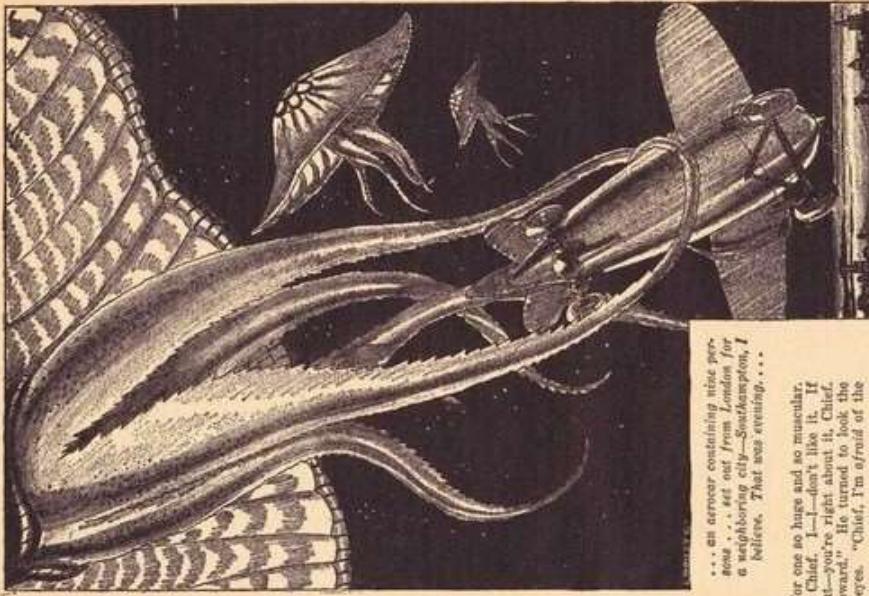
come up against. If
sight happen, you
now, that they
ould get me. In
which case you
ould be the one the
rmalization would

"book to," Marlin's face went amazingly tender. "Don't talk like that when you go, I go, too. I guess I'm just a little bit of a mother, amarello is the

Mansomby thrust on that, old tiger. She was desperately afraid.

—our lives have to be spent out of us, why we have to be
cleverness. *Malapasy's*, Ra-

now to meet these enemies; but how can man full right here not badly mistaken."



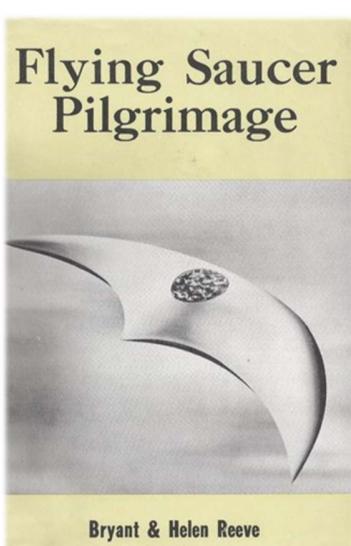
INTRODUCCIÓN

Desde hace muchos años, he podido acumular una serie de textos ilustrados, los que demuestran que los *pulps* estadounidenses de ciencia ficción habían ejercido una gran influencia en los espíritus. De tal manera, la observación de Kenneth Arnold puede ser rápidamente englobada en una mitología particular, una que descansa en la existencia de extraterrestres que nos visitarían en sus naves con formas de cigarros o discos (ver referencias al final del capítulo).

Un cierto número de autores ha desarrollado igualmente esta idea. No obstante, las ilustraciones que ellos usaron para demostrar sus asertos fueron a menudo las mismas, por lo que su número era bastante reducido. Por un lado, quienes propusieron ilustraciones originales generalmente se limitaron a recuperar las portadas de las revistas que habían encontrado aquí y allá, sin esforzarse demasiado, y por otro lado las mismas ilustraciones fueron copiadas por otros que ni siquiera se molestaron en hacer una investigación personal sobre el tema. Por lo tanto, una ilustración utilizada varias veces para tratar de demostrar que la idea del secuestro de vacas o caballos por ovnis fue tomada de los *pulps* estadounidenses, nunca fue finalmente objetada como una prueba falsa. Sin embargo, en realidad, dicha ilustración nada tiene que ver con los ovnis, ya que muestra una vaca atrapada en una especie de "dragón" volador derivado de una medusa (ver página 8, *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, primavera de 1930).

Hoy, gracias a los esfuerzos de coleccionistas apasionados por la ciencia ficción que han digitalizado gran cantidad de publicaciones, Internet permite llevar a cabo una investigación en profundidad en este campo. Por ello, ¡es sorprendente notar que nadie parece involucrarse en este asunto!

Es así que recientemente decidí profundizar más ciertas indagaciones que había hecho hace unos años y que ya me habían permitido descubrir muchas otras ilustraciones, distintas a las que generalmente se exponen. De hecho, no estaba conforme con las portadas de los *pulps*: ¡fui a ver dentro de ellos! Pero creo que es necesario anteponer a mis "descubrimientos" algunos comentarios útiles...



A principios del siglo XX, cuando los autores e ilustradores de ciencia ficción tuvieron que describir o representar dispositivos exóticos capaces de viajar en nuestros cielos o en el espacio, imaginaron principalmente dos tipos de aparatos: 1) los derivados del cohete clásico o de los dirigibles, los cuales estaban representados en forma de cilindros, puntiagudos o no, y 2) aquellos de apariencia simplemente esferoidal (a veces facetados). La mayoría de estas naves tenían filas de ojos de buey (ventanillas) circulares o rectangulares. Algunos de estos dispositivos eran lisos y otros mostraban muchos pernos y remaches. Sin embargo, se imaginaron otras formas de naves, a menudo derivadas de plataformas, rectangulares o no.

Obviamente, es la expresión "platillos voladores", acuñada por un periodista poco después del famoso avistamiento de Kenneth Arnold en 1947, la que produjo la clásica forma discoidal, asociada con la mayoría de los ovnis que se reportaron en un comienzo. Sin embargo, rápidamente se habló sobre otros tipos de dispositivos misteriosos: "cigarros

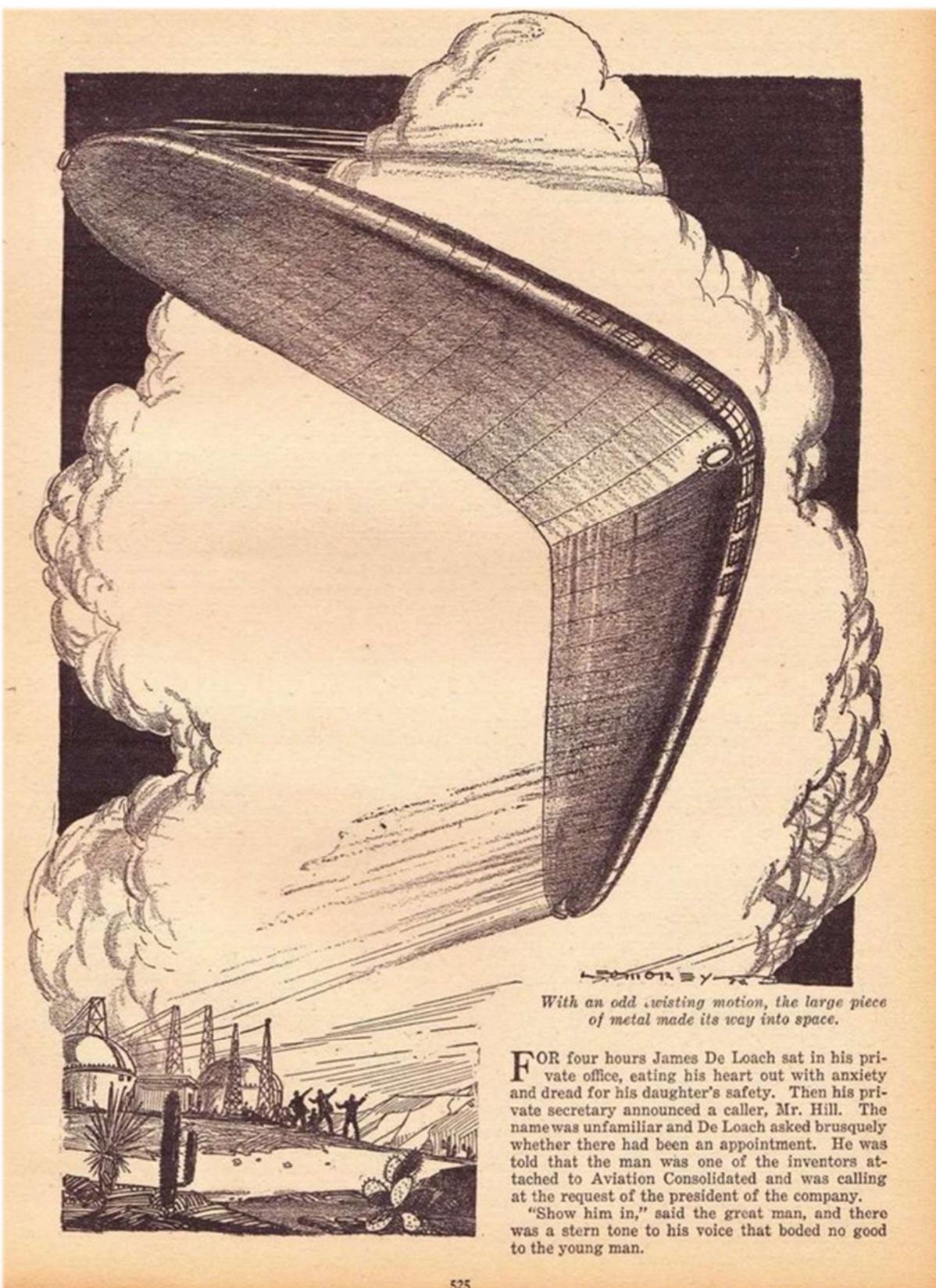
voladores" (a menudo considerados los portadores gigantes de aparatos más pequeños), pelotas de rugby, conchas, hongos y muchas otras formas, hasta los triángulos o diamantes más recientes que hicieron la fama de la pseudo oleada ovni en Bélgica. Curiosamente, el ala volante realmente descrita por Kenneth Arnold y que fue ilustrada en el momento aquí y allá en publicaciones ufológicas (por ejemplo, en la portada del libro de Reeves reproducido en la página anterior) rápidamente cayó en el olvido. Sin embargo, tal tipo de avión fue probado en Alemania durante la Segunda Guerra Mundial y luego por Northrop en los EE. UU. Incluso antes del avistamiento de Kenneth Arnold existía esa forma en el bombardero B2 Northrop. Cabe señalar, sin embargo, que el ala volante también estuvo representada en 1930 en la edición de otoño de *Amazing Stories Quarterly* (vea la página siguiente).

Los *pulps* estadounidenses claramente apuntaban a un público masculino. Estas revistas económicas contenían sistemáticamente anuncios dirigidos sólo a hombres y nunca presentaban mujeres, excepto bajo algunos estereotipos enmarcados en una visión machista. Incluso las ilustraciones a menudo tenían esta clase de personaje estereotipado, y ciertos cohetes eran increíblemente fálicos, como por ejemplo en la ilustración de *Amazing Stories* de febrero de 1929, reproducida en la página 12.

Algunos temas surgieron en las historias e ilustraciones casi obsesivamente. Por ejemplo, el "rayo" que desintegra, paraliza o teletransporta. También el concepto de secuestro, así como el de cirugía o examen médico en una mesa prevista para este propósito y a menudo rodeado de dispositivos misteriosos. Esta misma tabla médica también apareció en algunas historias de terror, por supuesto, aquellas inspiradas en las experiencias del Dr. Frankenstein. Y no es casualidad que los *encuentros cercanos del cuarto tipo* incluyan una serie de exámenes médicos traumáticos, así como literatura erótica o la industria pornográfica, donde a menudo también se explotan tales escenas...

REFERENCIAS

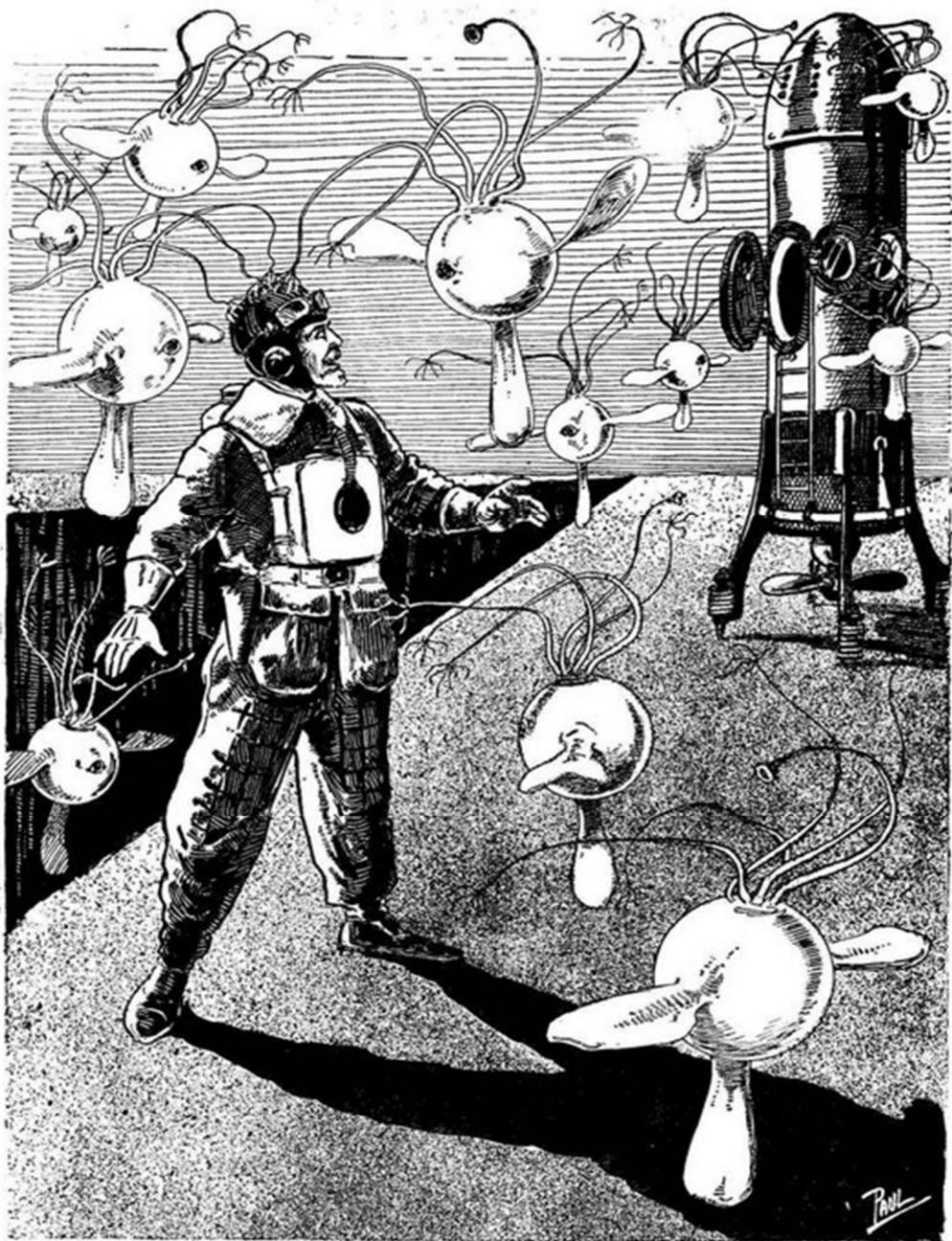
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With an odd twisting motion, the large piece of metal made its way into space.

FOR four hours James De Loach sat in his private office, eating his heart out with anxiety and dread for his daughter's safety. Then his private secretary announced a caller, Mr. Hill. The name was unfamiliar and De Loach asked brusquely whether there had been an appointment. He was told that the man was one of the inventors attached to Aviation Consolidated and was calling at the request of the president of the company.

"Show him in," said the great man, and there was a stern tone to his voice that boded no good to the young man.



As it steadied itself in the air, I gazed at it in some apprehension, for I was unarmed, but it showed no hostility whatever—nothing but curiosity. Then suddenly the words were imprinted on my brain as clearly as if they had been spoken: "Whence came you?" . . . Then I became aware of others and turned.

1001

Amazing Stories - Febrero de 1929

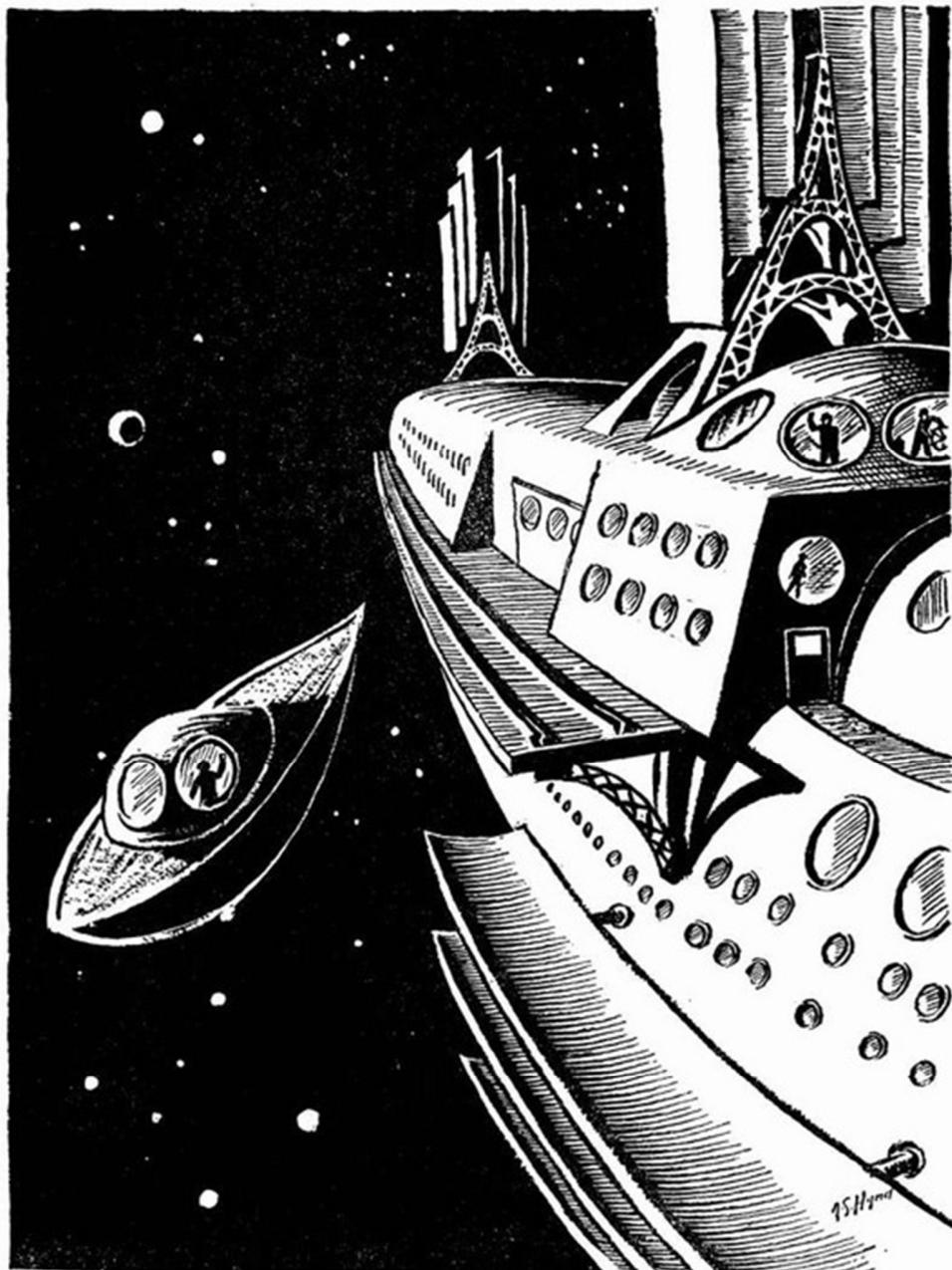
LAS GALERÍAS

En las siguientes páginas, encontrará todo tipo de ilustraciones de revistas de ciencia ficción estadounidenses con fechas de publicación que van desde 1927 hasta 1937. Las he enumerado cronológicamente. Muestran máquinas de todas las formas y tamaños, comenzando con cilindros, algunos de los cuales llevan naves más pequeñas (una noción de "nave nodriza" muy popular entre los *contactados* en la década de 1950).

Algunas de estas ilustraciones son obviamente más "significativas" o "evocadoras" que otras, si las consideramos en relación con la literatura ufológica que comenzó en junio-julio de 1947. Espero que se tenga amablemente en cuenta que he debido eliminar una serie de ilustraciones que mostraban objetos *cigarroides*, demasiados, algunos de los cuales también se acercan muchísimo al tipo de cohete clásico.

ON the MARTIAN WAY

- By Capt. H.G. Bishop, U.S.A. -



Both men were conscious of a perceptible jar. The shining life-boat silently parted from the Trenton's stern and floated gracefully away. They watched it as it slowly gathered headway, moving always on, on . . .

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION IN THE \$500 PRIZE COVER CONTEST

Awarded to William H. Christie, 1949 Crescent Road, Foul Bay, Victoria, B. C., Canada, for "The Lost Continent."



The Doctor released the machine from his grasp and there it remained, spinning like a little world in space.

The LOST CONTINENT

By Cecil B. White

CHAPTER I

THE name of Doctor Joseph Lamont is so well known to the public that it is hardly necessary to introduce him. The startling advances which have recently been made in liberating the energy of the atom and the still more remarkable feat of the actual creation of matter from energy are, as nearly everyone knows, due to his untiring efforts.

Five years ago I had the good fortune of being selected to fill a vacancy in his small staff. A few months previously I had graduated with honors in physics at Chicago. Evidently he had been

impressed with the new methods I had developed in my line of attack on the problem of atomic structure, for after the appearance of my paper in the *Journal of Physical Science*, which resulted from these investigations, I received a short note requesting me to call upon him at my earliest convenience.

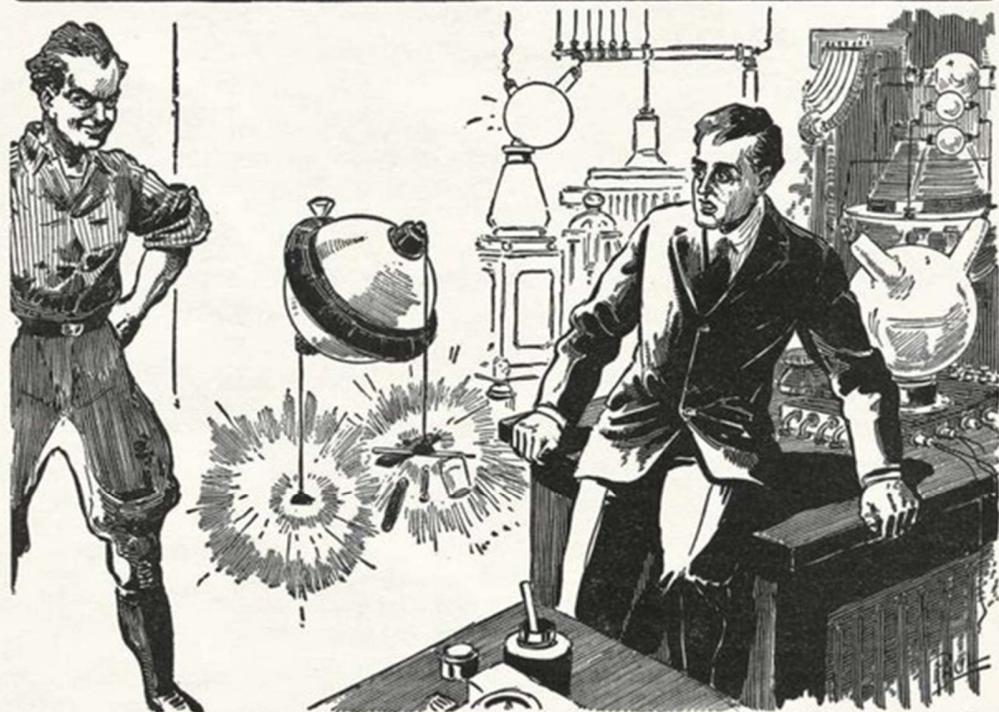
The outcome of my visit was that I was elected to fill a position which I had not even dared to hope for.

About two years ago he requested me to come into his office, asking me to bring Harvey, another member of the staff, in with me. This was an unusual occurrence, for we were generally given our instructions in type-written form by his sec-

THIS story, which has been awarded Third Honorable Mention, is particularly interesting because it was written by a prominent astronomer and embodies some very interesting bits of real science. Of all the prize-winning stories submitted, this is one certainly contains the best science. It contains quite a good deal of unusual thoughts on the Fourth Dimension. Furthermore, if you wish to have a good insight into the Einstein Theory, in a manner that will be easy to understand by laymen, here is your chance to get a pleasant and palatable dose of it. The idea of bringing the lost Atlantis into the realm of the story we consider a happy thought. Certainly the author made the most of it in his original and really ingenious manner.

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FOURTH HONORABLE MENTION IN THE \$500 PRIZE COVER CONTEST
 Awarded to D. B. McRae, 392 E Street, San Bernardino, California, for "The Gravitomobile."



He placed a piece of copper on the bench where the tweezers had lain. When he released it, it flew to join the tweezers. Then a piece of rubber, a lead pencil, some silver coins, and finally, a glass stopper from a nearby bottle leaped to the knob when they were brought near.

The GRAVITOMOBILE By D. B. McRae

THE ancient little engine slowly and laboriously grunted its way over the rusty rails and finally came to a halt by the side of a lonesome shack. At one end of the decrepit building there dangled a weather-beaten sign with the words, "El Centro," still faintly legible.

Surely this could not be the place where I was to meet my old friend Harry Teasdale. I glanced at the letter he had written me. Yes, it certainly said "El Centro," and it further assured me that he would meet me there. I descended from the old caboose which this Mexican railroad was

pleased to call their passenger car, seated myself on a bench which looked as though it might collapse at any moment, and prepared to await my friend's arrival. As the train pulled out, the conductor gazed pityingly in my direction, as though

somewhat in doubt as to the sanity of any one who would stop in that forsaken place.

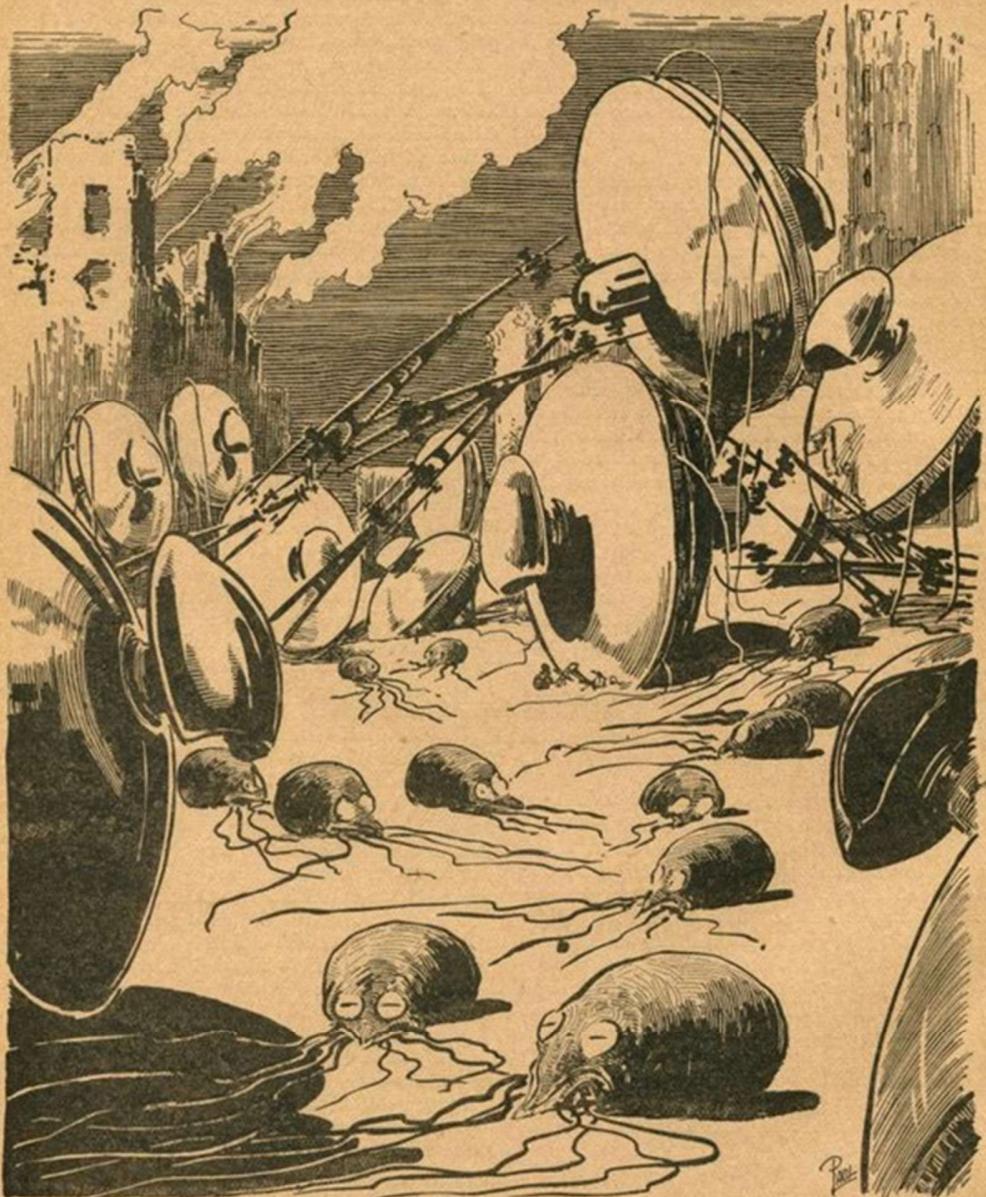
THIS time the illustration on the December, 1926, cover, furnishes the author a chance to work out, mathematically, some very ingenious ideas on gravitation. The last theories of the structure of the atom are used in a most entertaining manner in the development of a dramatic story. You will not only enjoy this story, but its O. Henry ending will probably leave you nonplussed for the time being. All in all, it is really a good yarn, with a "different" treatment.

years ago, but I had soon fallen by the wayside, mathematics being the chief cause of my downfall. I had flunked so many "exams" that the

The WAR of the WORLDS

By H. G. Wells

Author of "Under the Knife," "The Time Machine," etc.



A mighty space it was, with gigantic machines here and there within it, huge mounds of material and strange shelter places. And, scattered about, some in their over-turned war-machines, some in the now rigid Handling Machines, and a dozen of them stark and silent and laid in a row, were the Martians—dead!

October

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HUGO GERNSBACK
EDITOR

AMAZING STORIES



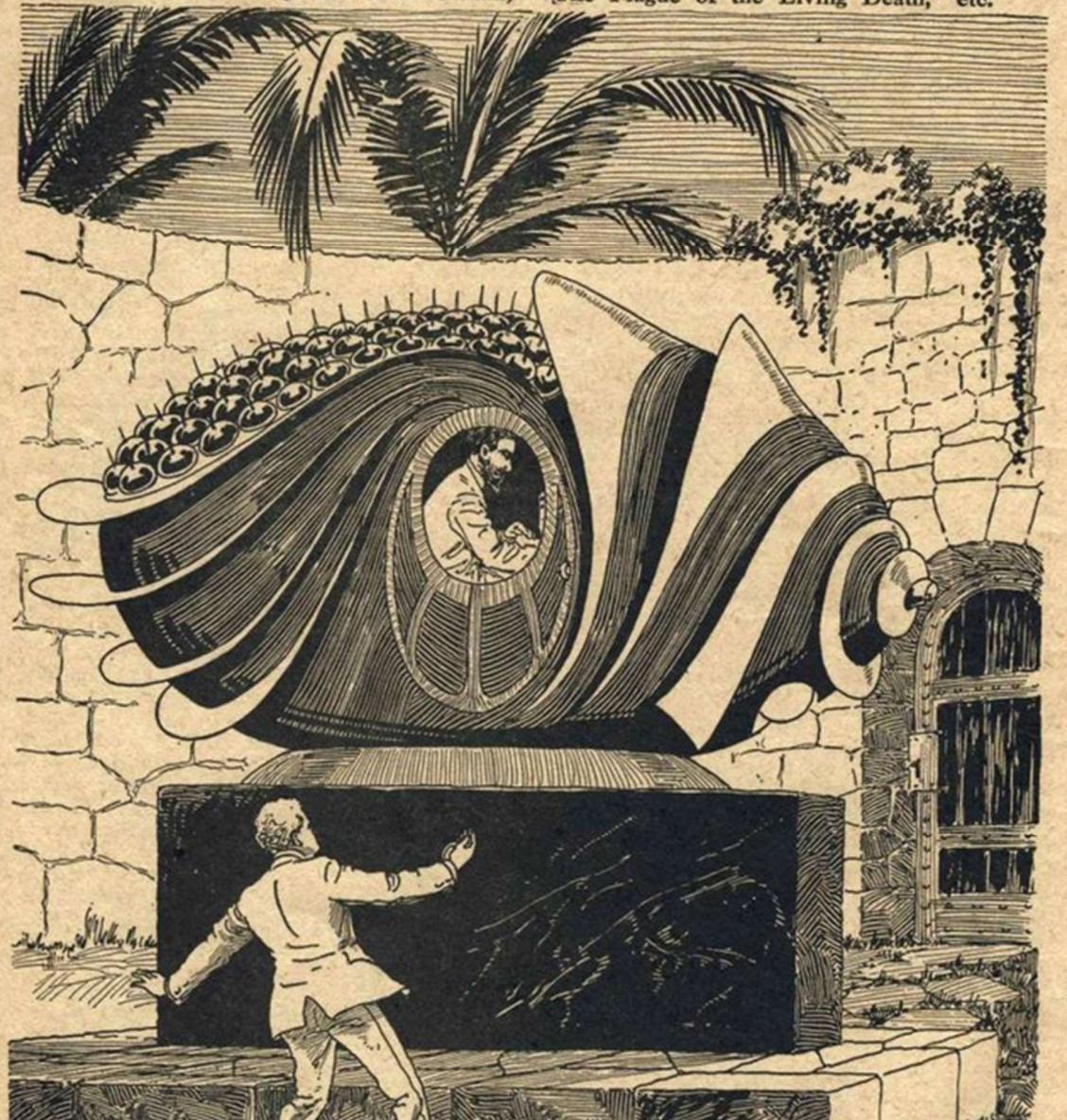
Stories by-
H·G·Wells
Ray Cummings
Garret Smith

Amazing Stories – Octubre de 1927

The Astounding Discoveries of DOCTOR MENTIROSO

by A. Hyatt Verrill

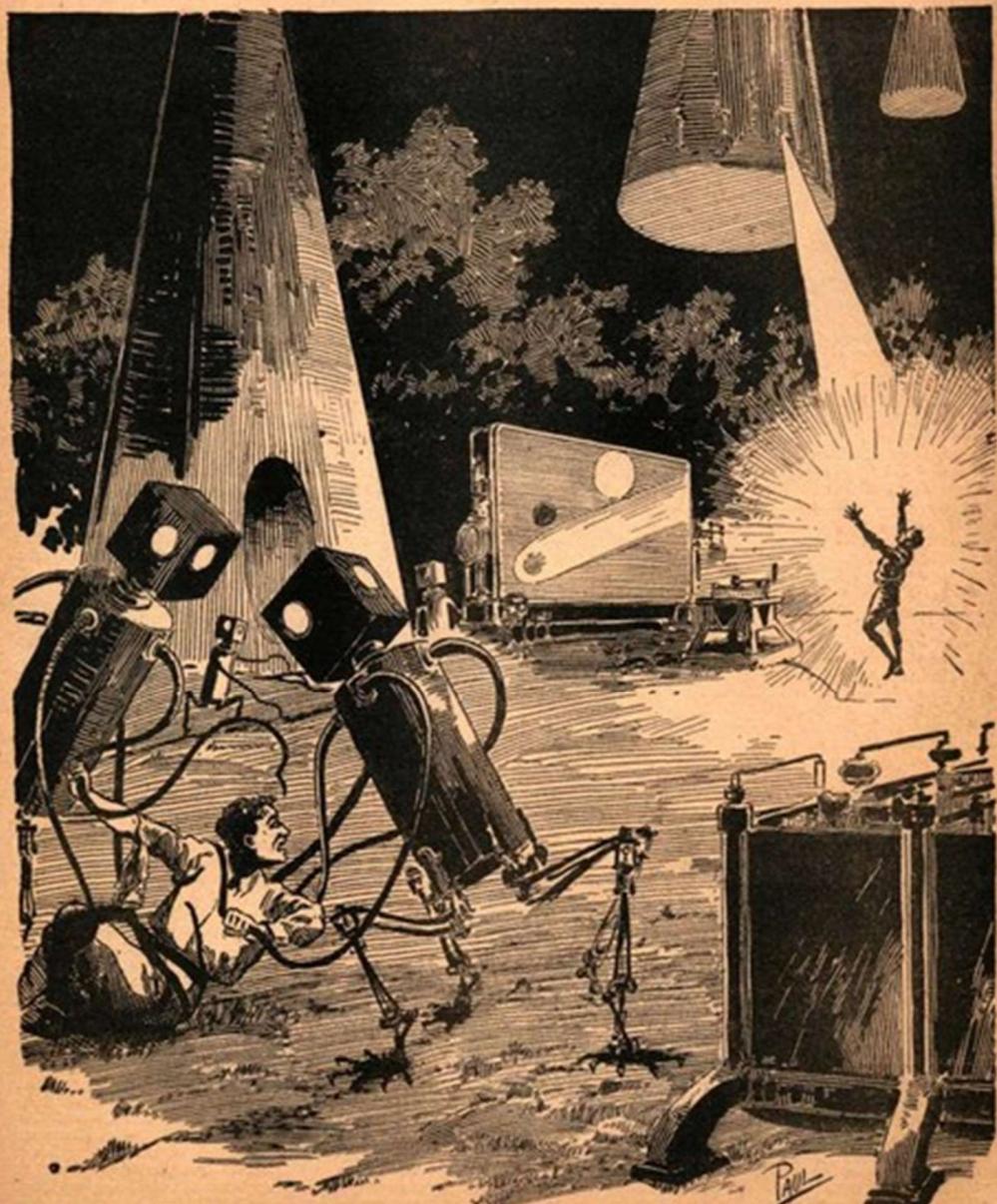
Author of "Through the Crater's Rim," "The Plague of the Living Death," etc.



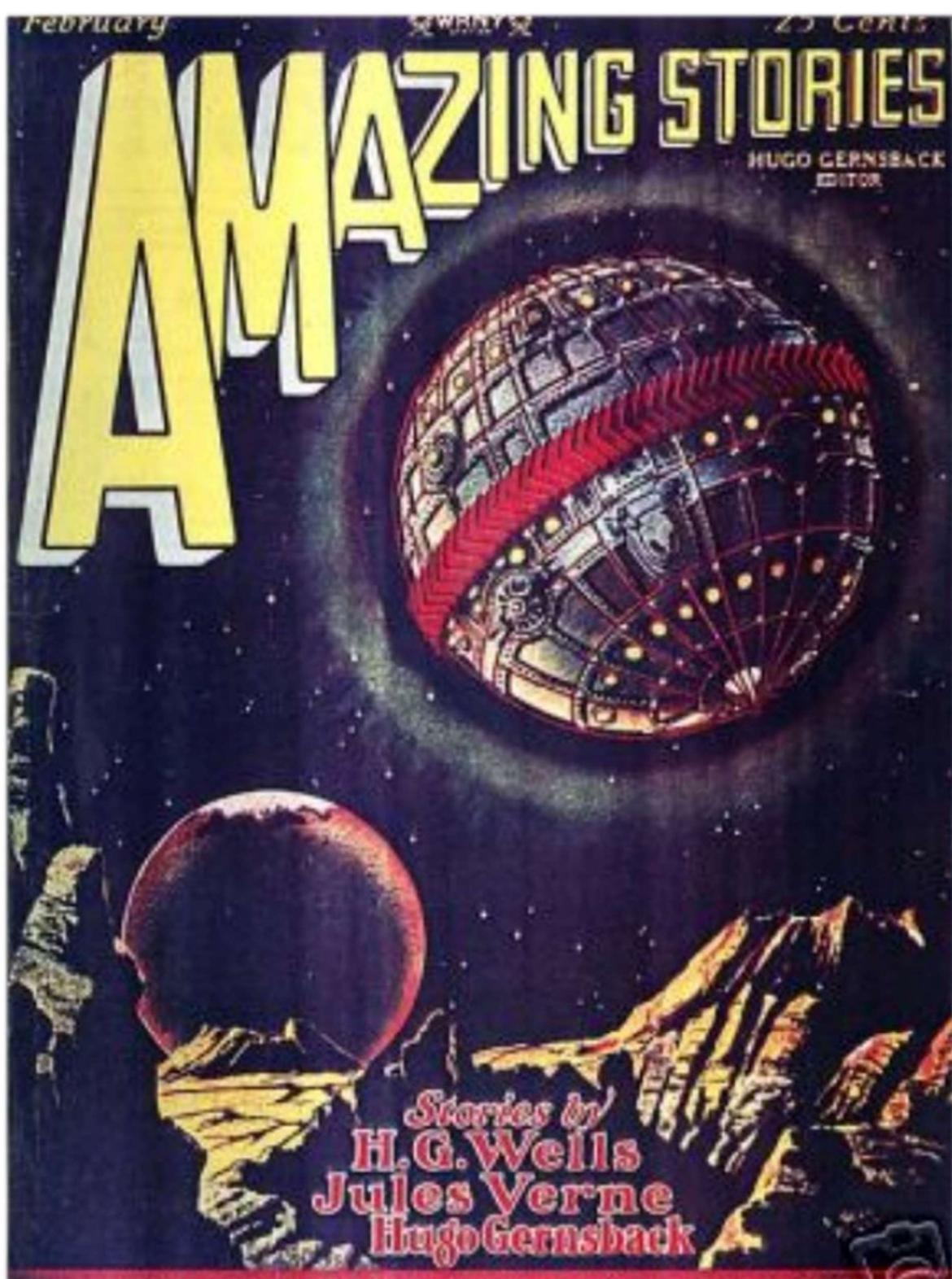
Amazing Stories – Noviembre de 1927

The COMET DOOM

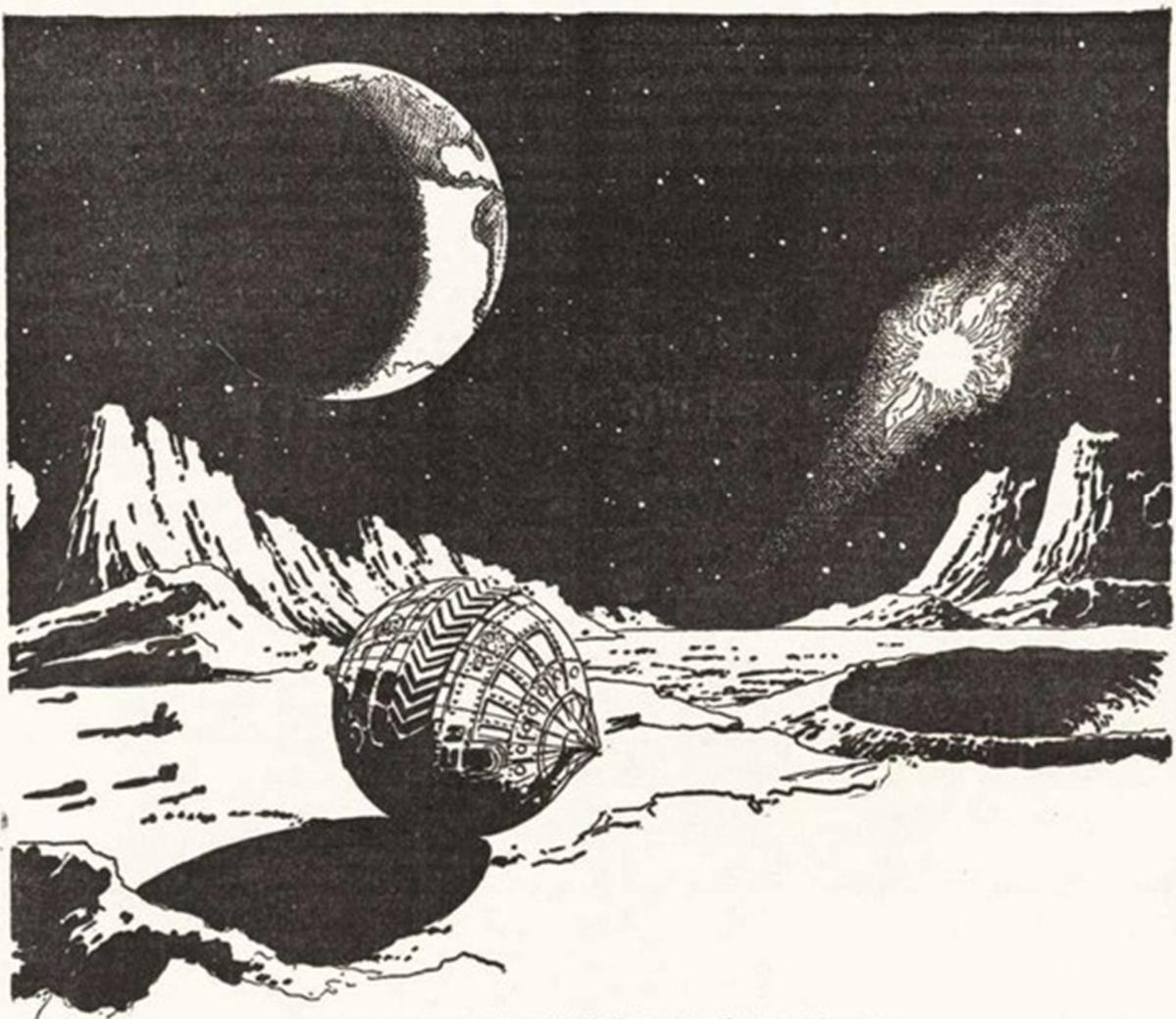
by Edmond Hamilton



For a moment he struggled frantically, then heard a hoarse cry, and wrenched his head up to see a dark shape speeding across the plateau from the opposite edge. It was Coburn. Twisting in the remorseless grip of the two with whom he battled, he had a flashing glimpse of Coburn racing toward the machine, and then he uttered a cry of agony. From one of the hovering cones above, a shaft of the light-ray had dashed down and it struck Coburn squarely. A moment he was visible, encircled in a halo of blinding light . . .



Amazing Stories – Febrero de 1928



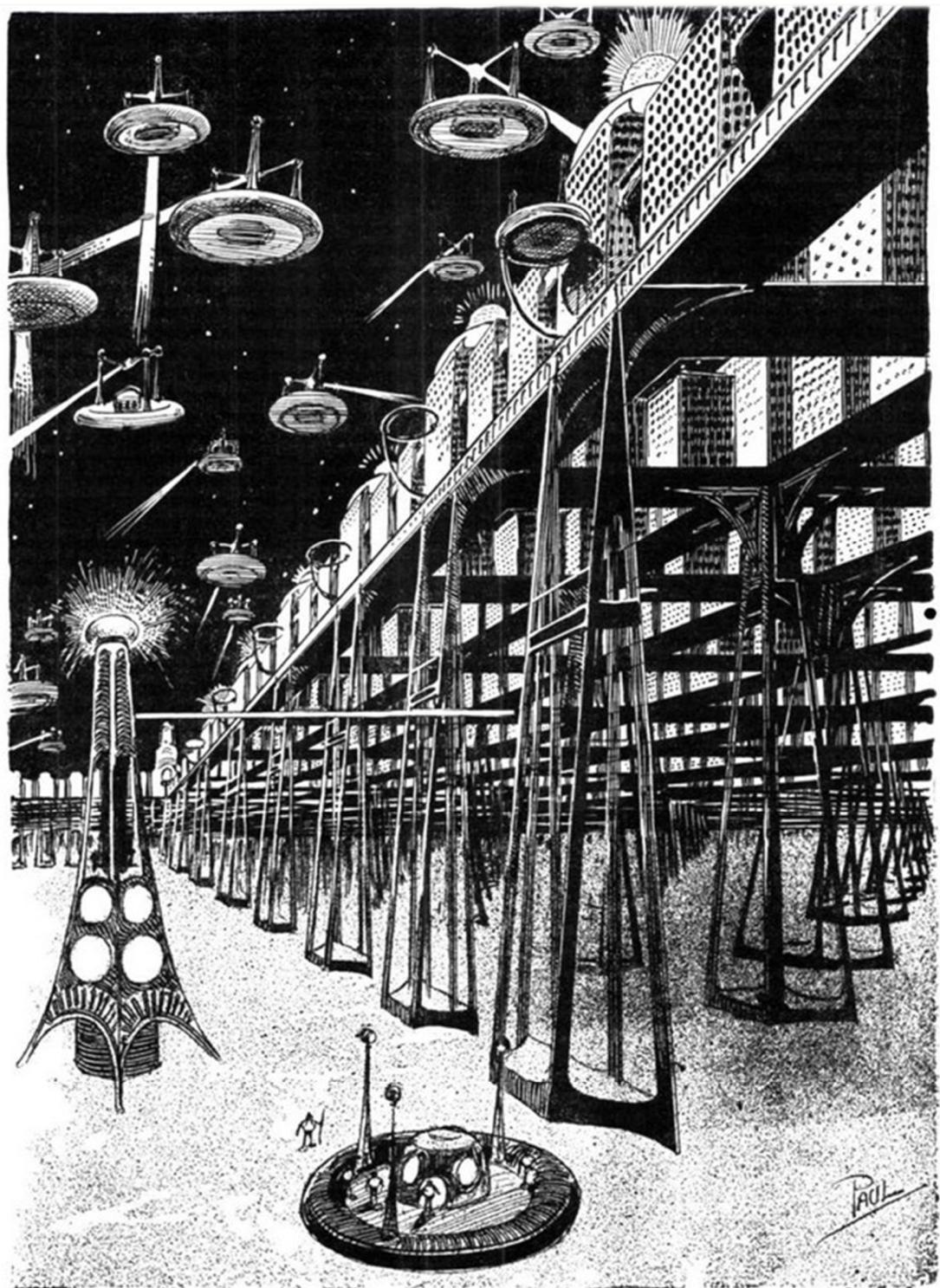
At this minute, the earth was in its first quarter for us on the moon.

Amazing Stories – Marzo de 1928



Three circular, massive structures, which looked like metal aircraft, spaced equal distances apart, were floating in space. The three flyers marked an equilateral triangle while in the exact center, but about one mile lower down than the flyers, our interstellar was floating. Three shafts of an intense yellow ray were turned on us, and it was this light, or rather the peculiar properties of the rays, which had made us captives to the Martians' superior intelligence.

Amazing Stories – Abril de 1928



... all buildings and structures on Mars, with few exceptions, are located 500 feet above the ground, in order to make life bearable. Thus all "cities" are built high in the air; this feature gives the stranger his greatest surprise. . . . We saw thousands of these flying gliders noiselessly through the thin air, their intense yellow propelling light shafts playing all over the sky and over the ground.

Amazing Stories – Junio de 1928

to us, or that somewhere, among the Wyomings or some other nearby gang, there were traitors so degraded as to commit that unthinkable act of trafficking in information with the Hans. In either contingency, she argued, other Han raids would follow, and since the Susquannas had a highly developed organization and more than usually productive plants, the next raid might be expected to strike them.

But at any rate it was clearly our business to get in touch with the other fugitives as quickly as possible, so in spite of muscles that were sore from the excessive leaping of the day before, we continued on our way.

We traveled for only a couple of hours when we saw a multi-colored rocket in the sky, some ten miles ahead of us.

"Bear to the left, Tony," Wilma said, "and listen for the whistle."

"Why?" I asked.

"Haven't they given you the rocket code yet?" she replied. "That's what the green, followed by yellow and purple means; to concentrate five miles east of the rocket position. You know the rocket position itself might draw a play of disintegrator beams."

It did not take us long to reach the neighborhood of the indicated rallying, though we were now traveling beneath the trees, with but an occasional leap to a top branch to see if any more rocket smoke was floating above. And soon we heard a distant whistle.

We found about half the Gang already there, in a spot where the trees met high above a little stream. The Big Boss and Raidbosses were busy reorganizing the remnants.

We reported to Boss Hart at once. He was silent, but interested, when he heard our story.

"You two stick close to me," he said, adding grimly, "I'm going back to the valley at once with a hundred picked men, and I'll need you."

CHAPTER V Setting the Trap

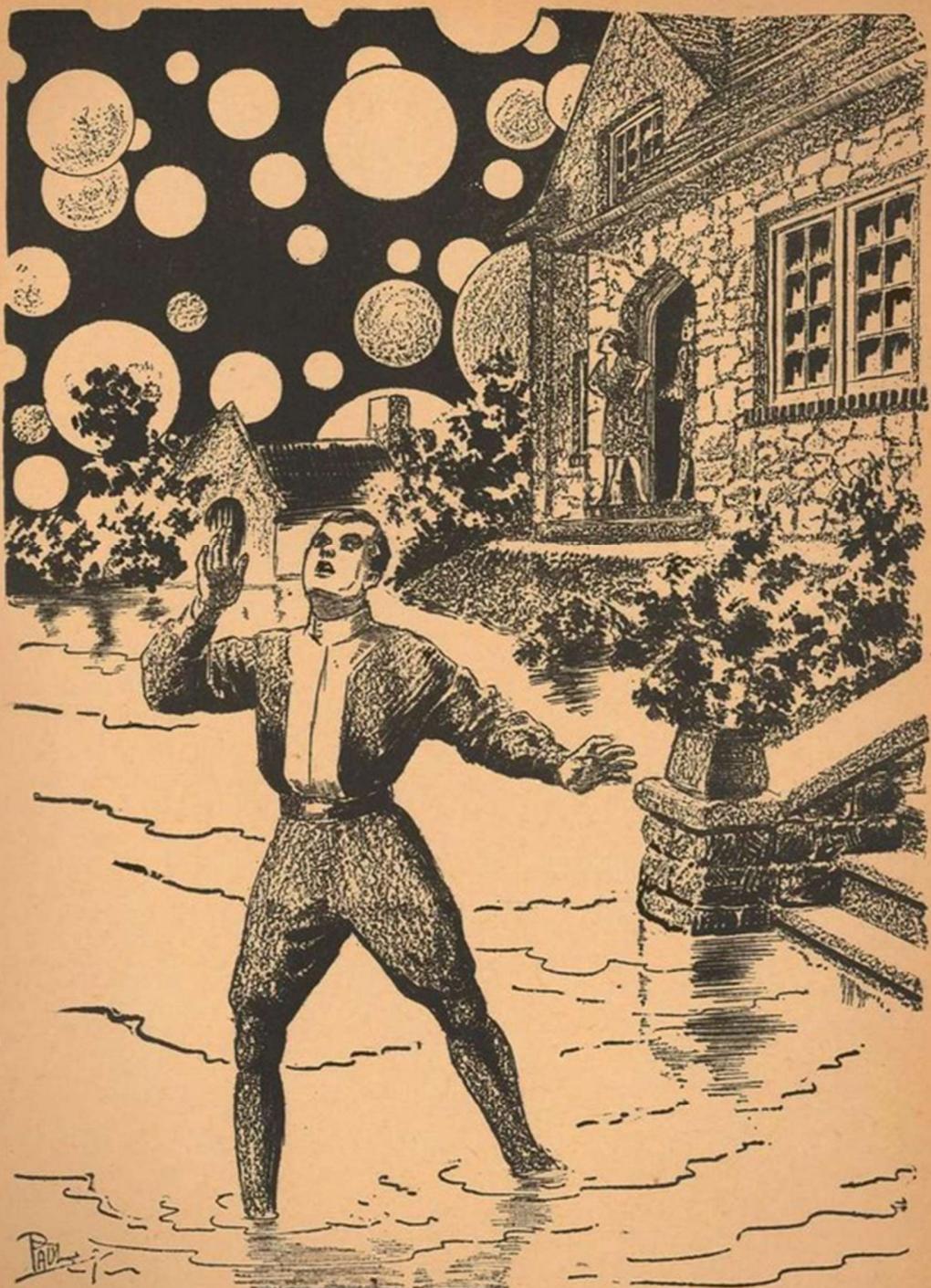
INSIDE of fifteen minutes we were on our way. A certain amount of caution was sacrificed for the sake of speed, and the men leaped away either across the forest top, or over open spaces of ground, but concentration was forbidden. The Big Boss named the spot on the hillside as the rallying point.

"We'll have to take a chance on being seen, so long as we don't group," he declared, "at least until within five miles of the rallying spot. From then on I want every man to disappear from sight and to travel under cover. And keep your ultraphones open, and tuned on ten-four-seven-six."

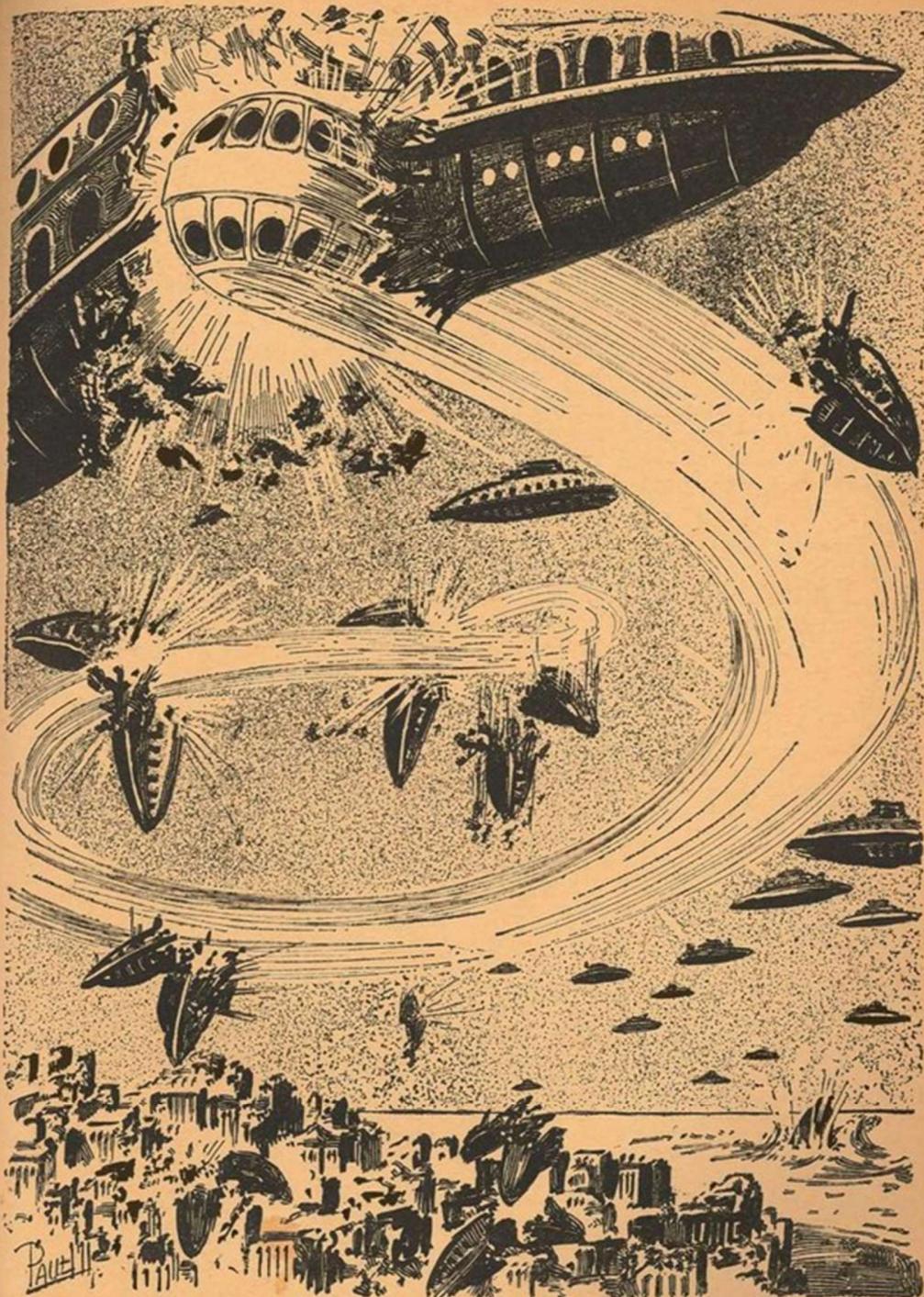
Wilma and I had received our battle equipment from the Gear boss. It consisted of a long-gun, a hand-gun, with a special case of ammunition constructed of inertron, which made the load weigh but a few ounces, and a short sword. This gear we strapped over each other's shoulders, on top of our jumping belts. In addition, we each received an ultraphone, and a light inertron blanket rolled into a cylinder about six inches long by two or three in diameter. This fabric was exceedingly thin and light, but it had considerable warmth, be-



The Han raider neared with incredible speed. Its rays were both slanted astern at a sharp angle, so that it slid forward with tremendous momentum... Whenever the disintegrator rays dashed downward with blinding brilliancy, forest, rocks and ground melted instantaneously into nothing, where they played upon them.



The clouds continued to scatter until several fiery balls varying in red, blue and yellow light, were visible through the rift. Might it be that the inhabitants of Pleasantown were celebrating the cessation of the deluge in a most extraordinary manner?



The Skylark darted forward and crashed completely through the great airship. . . . She was an embodied thunderbolt; a huge, irresistible, indestructible projectile, directed by a keen brain inside. . . .

611

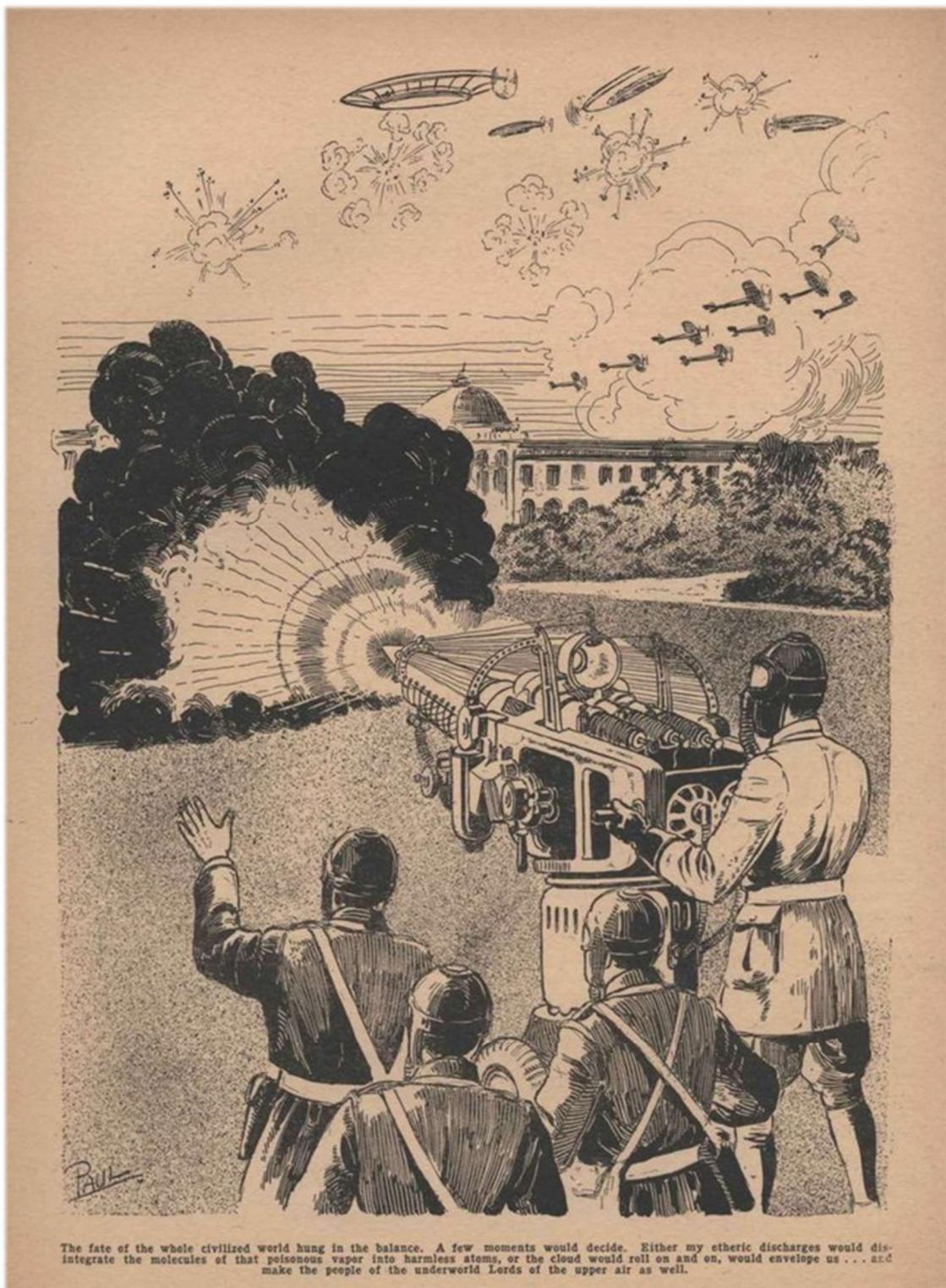
Amazing Stories – Octubre de 1928



A tiny black tube was projected over the edge of the hull and a stream of vivid violet light came from it. It played upon us, and upon the squirming captives below. . . . Every muscle relaxed under the influence of that deadly, paralyzing ray of light . . . and we fell headlong to the bottom of the net, three more floundering bodies. . . .



Before us were seven new monstrosities—seven feet tall from their small, aristocratic, high-arched feet to the tops of their great globular heads—and each one clutched a glass rod about two feet long.

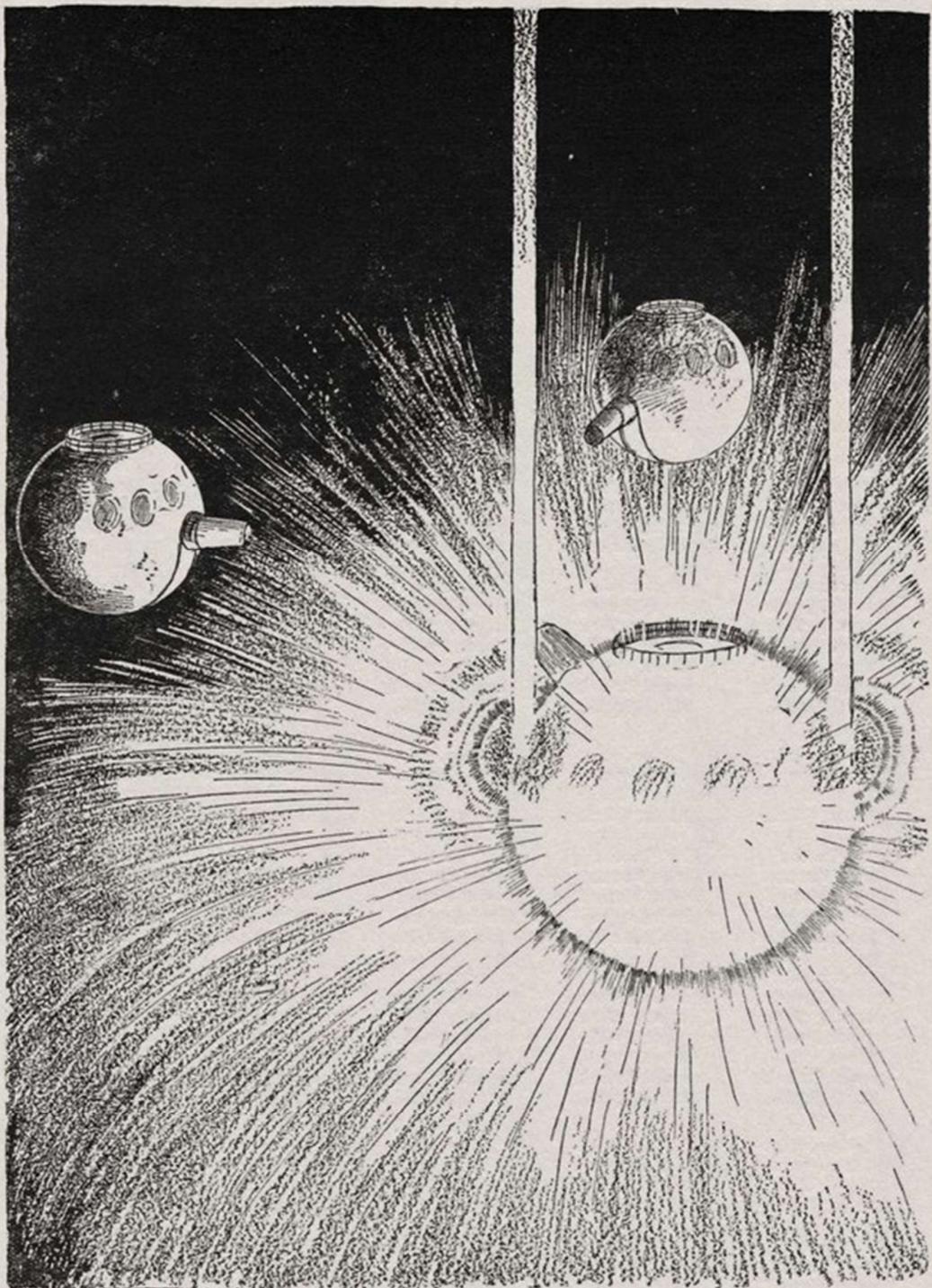


The fate of the whole civilized world hung in the balance. A few moments would decide. Either my etheric discharges would disintegrate the molecules of that poisonous vapor into harmless atoms, or the cloud would roll on and on, would envelope us . . . and make the people of the underworld Lords of the upper air as well.

Amazing Stories – Diciembre de 1928



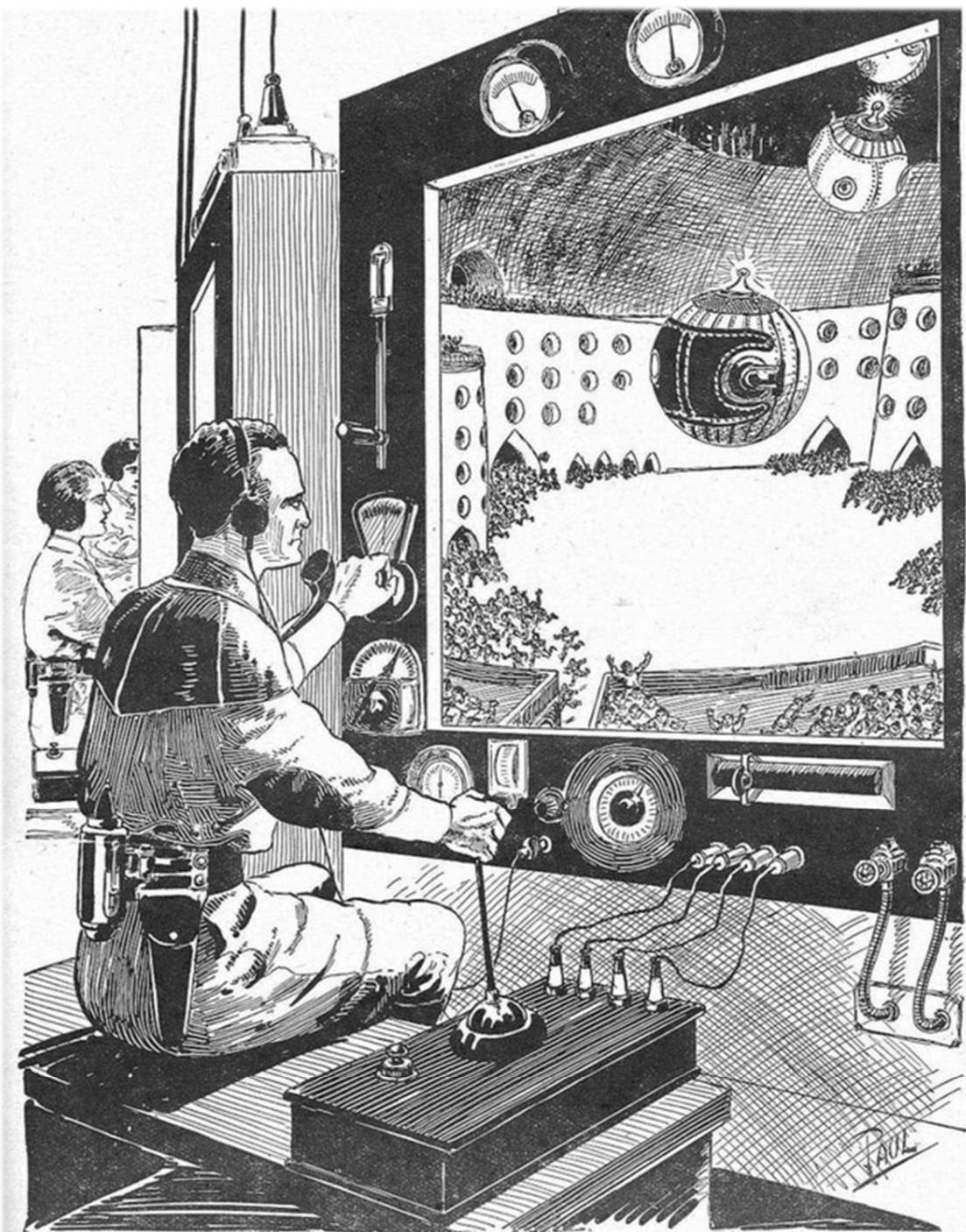
The movement continued until the electrodes became tangents to the circle formed by the three, all pointing in the same direction of rotation. The great blue flaming arc now became a whirling vortex, ever curving downward to the doomed city as the spheres tilted slowly, pointing their now white-hot electrodes toward the earth at an angle of about forty-five degrees.



In less than ten seconds the great ball was a beautiful pyrotechnic display. Silently, majestically, it spread into a magnificent sunburst, lighting the countryside for miles around and showering it with numberless incandescent fragments.

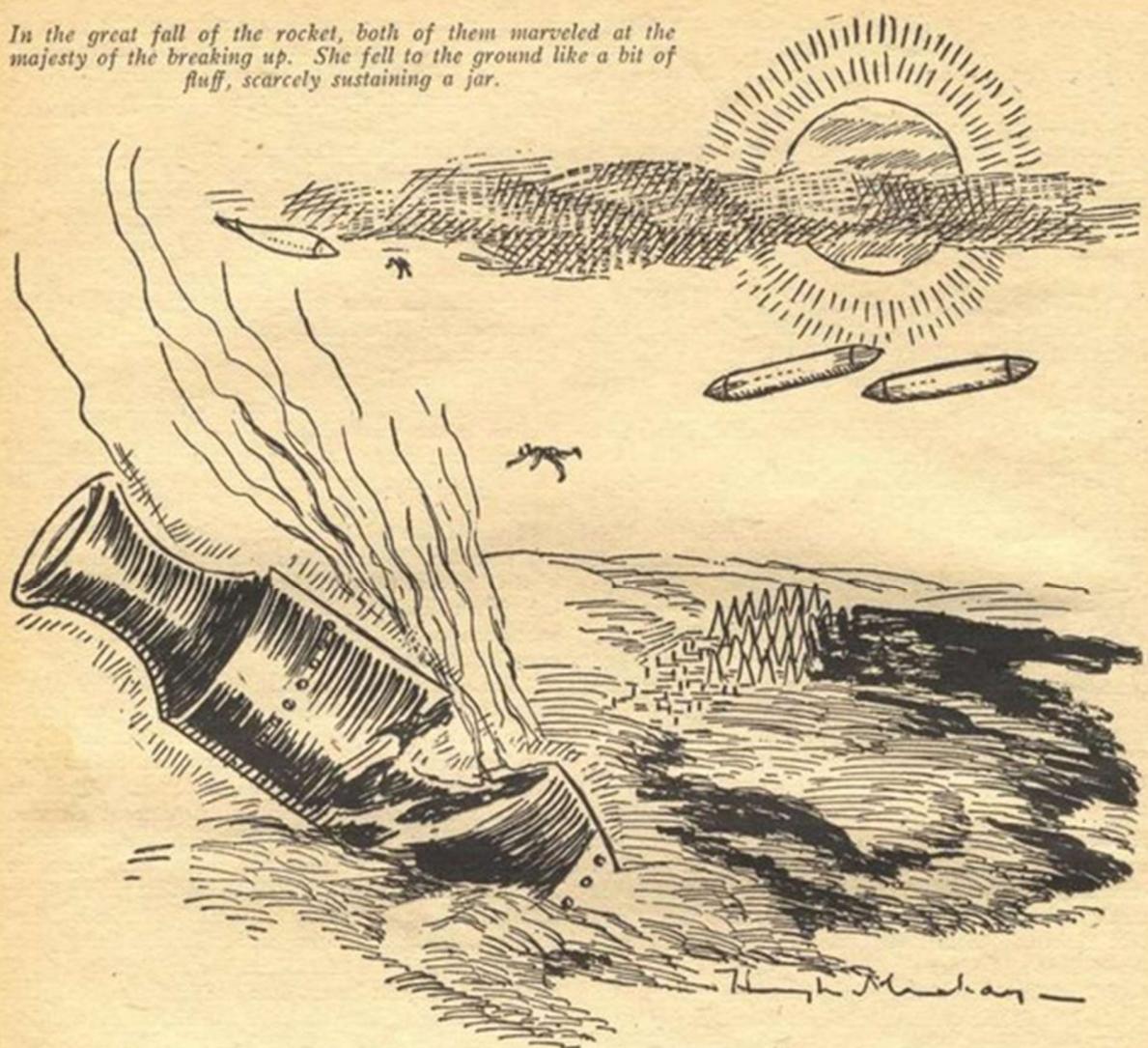


Amazing Stories – Marzo de 1929

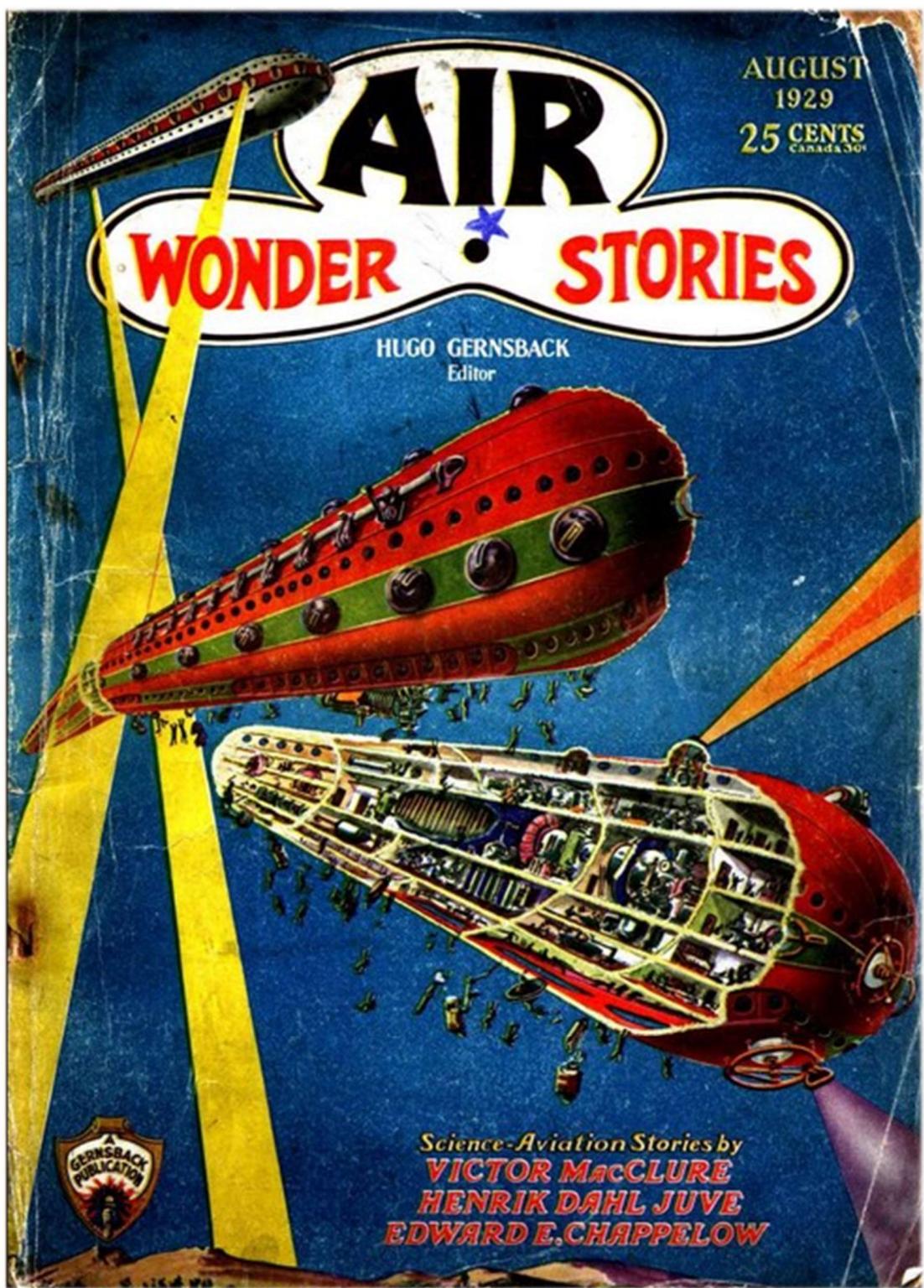


It emerged into the great vaulted excavation, capable of holding a thousand or more persons, from which the various escape tunnels radiated. Down these tunnels the last remnants of a crowd of fugitives were disappearing.

In the great fall of the rocket, both of them marveled at the majesty of the breaking up. She fell to the ground like a bit of fluff, scarcely sustaining a jar.



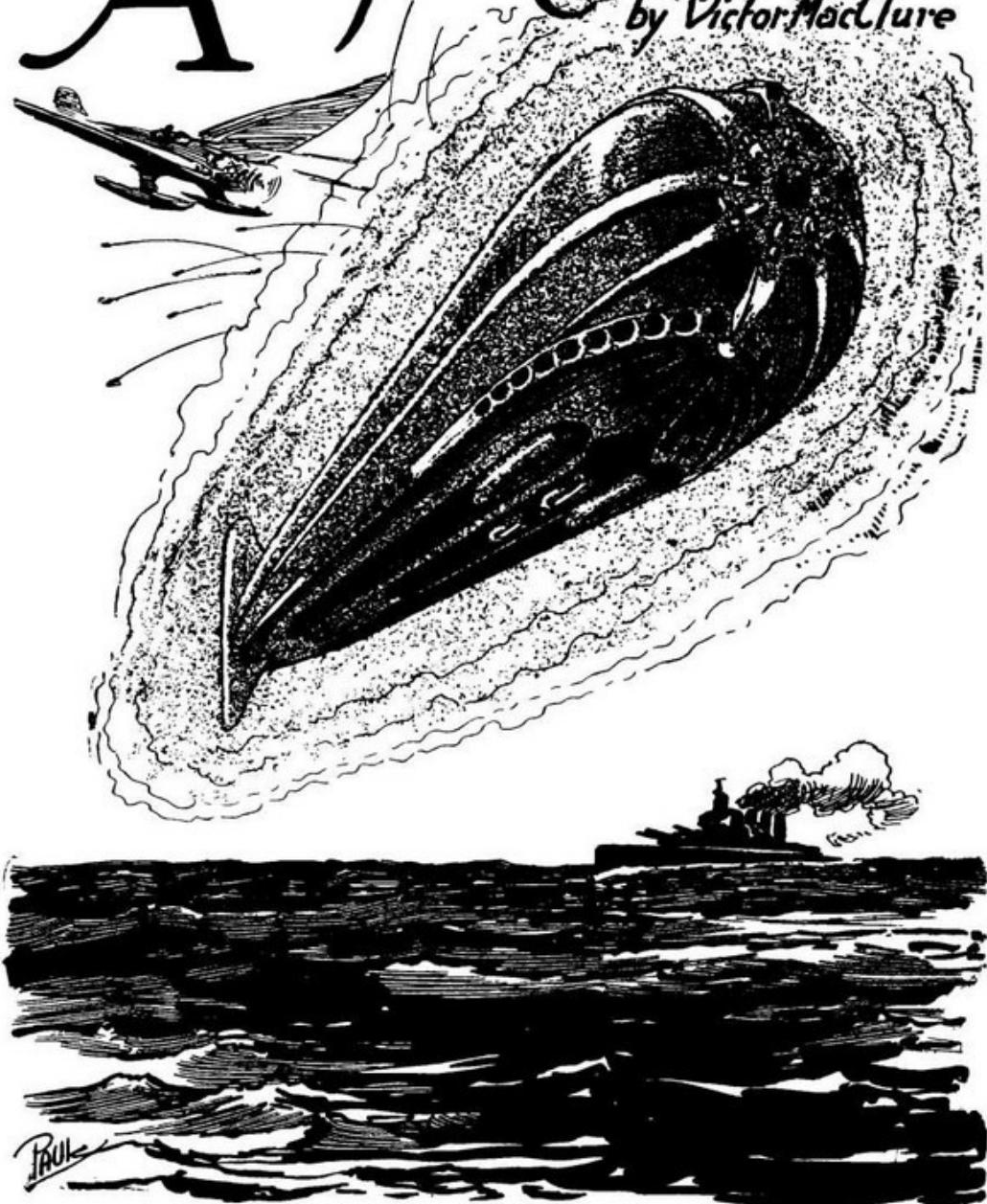
Amazing Stories – Agosto de 1929



Air Wonder Stories – Agosto de 1929

The Ark of the Covenant

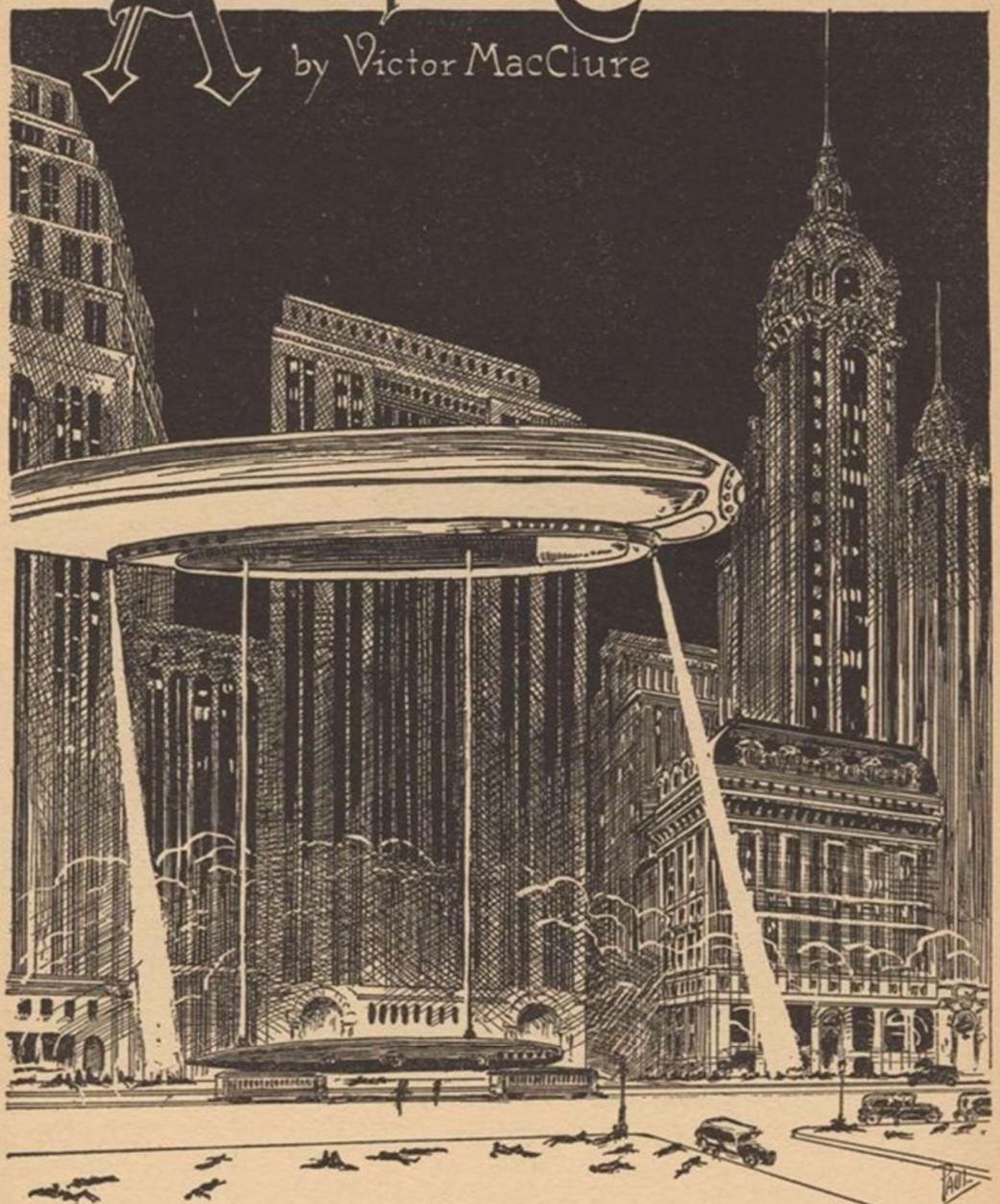
by Victor MacClure



When the grey shape filled the field of my gun-sight again, I noticed that the ship floated in a thin pinkish haze that shimmered, as heat from a hillside in summer. And as I pressed the trigger, the dancing refraction spoiled my aim,

The Ark of the Covenant

by Victor MacClure



We lay over Wall Street; and the gondola was lowered, telephone communications giving us directions. We had strewn bombs all about the district so that gas clouds wreathed in the streets.

camp, were suddenly slanting downward from the mound's summit toward our clearing!

"It was that that broke the spell of astonishment that had been laid upon Howland and the others there who watched. Howland himself still stood utterly dumfounded, but the others, sensing peril, had uttered sharp cries, were leaping back, away from the mound, toward the river. Within another moment those flat great circles had shot downward through the moonlight, above the clearing, and then there was a hiss of suddenly released force, and from the hovering circles' sides there stabbed downward a half-dozen broad beams of pale and misty green light. Down those beams shot toward the running Willings and the others, toward the fear-crazed natives leaping to the river, and as they struck through the air, a swift succession of terrific detonations struck my ears. Then, as I stood there still inside the jungle's edge, spellbound with horror, I saw Willings and the others stagger and fall as the pale green beams struck them, saw their bodies swell out, shatter, explode!

"Even in that horrified moment I guessed, I think, what it was that I was seeing, what terrific weapon it was that was embodied in that misty pale green ray. It was a vacuum-producing ray, I saw even then, one that destroyed instantly whatever atmosphere or air it touched, without affecting other matter. It was thus, I guessed, that the green rays had slain Willings and the others, but even as the thought flashed across my brain it passed, since now the great flat circles were dipping toward the clearing's surface!

HOWLAND had stood in that dread instant of death in his tracks, motionless with astounded horror as I was, and because he had not fled, the rays had not stabbed toward him. The circles were swooping down toward him, their throbbing loud in my ears, and for the first time my own peril came home to my terror-dazed brain and I shrank back into the jungle at whose edge I stood. There, crouching in the thick vegetation, I gazed with pounding heart out into the moonlit clearing as the circles slanted downward. I saw them land swiftly about Howland, saw that they were grouped in a ring about him there on the ground, great flat circles of metal gleaming in the moonlight, noticed scores of vague shapes upon the surface of those circles, about a central mechanism that seemed to propel and guide them. Then, as I crouched there, there slid aside sections in the protecting walls of the circles, and out of them upon the ground there stepped a score or more of shapes toward Howland, shapes at sight of which a cry of horror all but escaped me. I had, unconsciously, looked upon these terrible attackers as human, at least, but it was not human shapes that stepped forward into the moonlight. They were not

men at all, as we know them. They were—turtle-men!

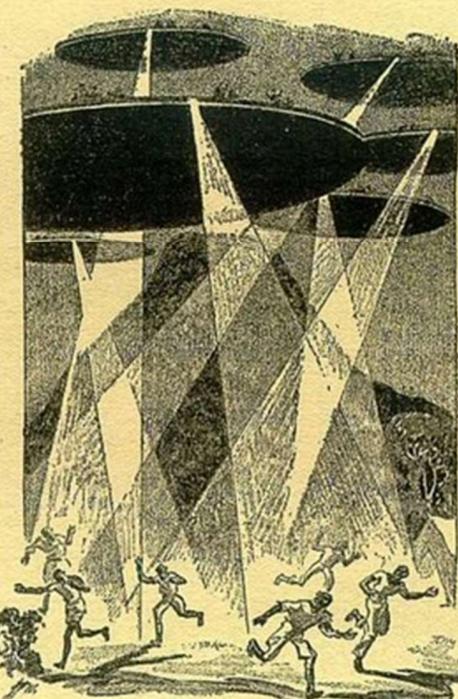
"Turtle-men! It is only by that term that I can describe them, since the bulbous, upright body of each, some four feet in height, was encased completely in thick, dark shell. From the lower part of that shell-cased body projected two powerful thick limbs ending in broad-webbed and taloned paws, while similar shorter limbs or arms jutted from the body's upper portion. There was an opening in the body's case of shell at the top, and from that opening there projected upward on a flexible, snake-like white neck, the tapering, turtle-like head, its two lidless eyes set on either side with the narrow mouth between them. So grotesque were these turtle-creatures in their mingled familiar and unfamiliar appearance that I felt my senses reeling as I gazed upon them. Then I gripped myself, saw that

some of the turtle-men held weapons or instruments of gleaming metal in their grasp, small metal hemispheres to whose curved side a handle was attached and whose flat side they kept turned upon Howland, who stood still swaying in spellbound horror before them.

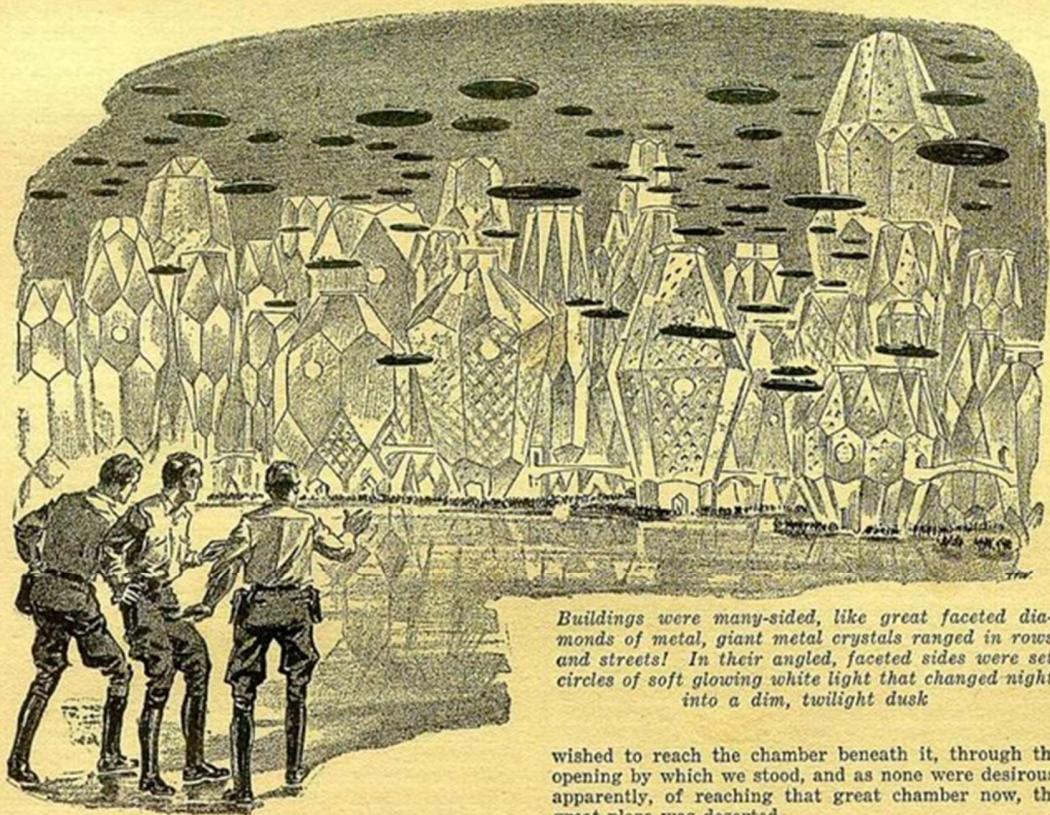
"A moment they faced him, holding those gleaming hemispheres which were apparently containers of the deadly vacuum ray, and then one spoke. His voice was not loud but was of deeply-vibrating chords, a deep bass so low that many tones in it were but barely caught by my ears. It was to Howland that he had spoken, apparently, though his meaning was of course totally unintelligible to him. Howland, though, spoke back in answer, his voice unsteady, apparently to show the creatures that he was intelligent also. They regarded him again in silence, held for a few moments a deep-toned conversation among themselves, and then, still threatening Howland with the hemispheres, came closer to him, examined the clothing he wore, his general appearance, then stepped back from him. Then one, apparently the leader, uttered a deep order, and at once two of the creatures

behind him had stepped forward and had secured Howland's hands behind him with swift-clicking metal bonds of some kind, had secured his ankles likewise and were carrying him to one of the flying-circles resting upon the ground behind them, into which they placed him. Howland was a prisoner!

"All this had taken but moments to enact, there in the brilliant moonlight of the clearing, and now, with Howland disposed of, the turtle-men turned their attention to the camp itself. Swiftly they began a thorough examination of all in it, of the bodies of the scientists lying not far from them, of the natives lying beyond, of the tents and of all in them. I shrank back into the protecting darkness of the jungle vegetation about me as they came nearer, and heard their deep tones only yards away from me, as they carried on their



And from the hovering circles' sides there stabbed downward a half-dozen broad beams of pale and misty green light—toward the running Willings and the others



Buildings were many-sided, like great faceted diamonds of metal, giant metal crystals ranged in rows and streets! In their angled, faceted sides were set circles of soft glowing white light that changed-night into a dim, twilight dusk

go back—back to warn our world. But during those twenty-four hours there is a chance, a million to one chance, I admit, that we may be able to find Howland here, to escape discovery by these swarming turtle-creatures, and to take him back with us!"

"But to venture into this city around us—these streets crowded with turtle-creatures—is death!" I exclaimed. "Even now it is a miracle, that even through this dusk we haven't been discovered on the plaza, at the city's center!"

"We must risk it," Carson said. "Some of the streets in the city around us, you can see, are hardly used by the turtle-creatures, while others are swarming with them. Well, if we can make our way through these comparatively deserted streets, in this dusk, we can perhaps evade the turtle-creatures long enough to find some clue to Howland's fate."

Gazing about us again, straining our eyes through the dusk across the great plaza's surface, we could see that Carson was right and that some of the narrow streets that branched from that plaza were almost empty of turtle-creatures, while the other and broader ones were filled with masses of them, apparently most of them carrying with them tools or instruments of one sort or another. All this we could only perceive as through a misty screen, through the dusk that lay unchangingly over all this lunar city. Yet we were puzzled by the fact, thankful as we were for it, that no turtle-creatures moved upon or across the great plaza at whose center we stood. It was evident, to us, after a moment's

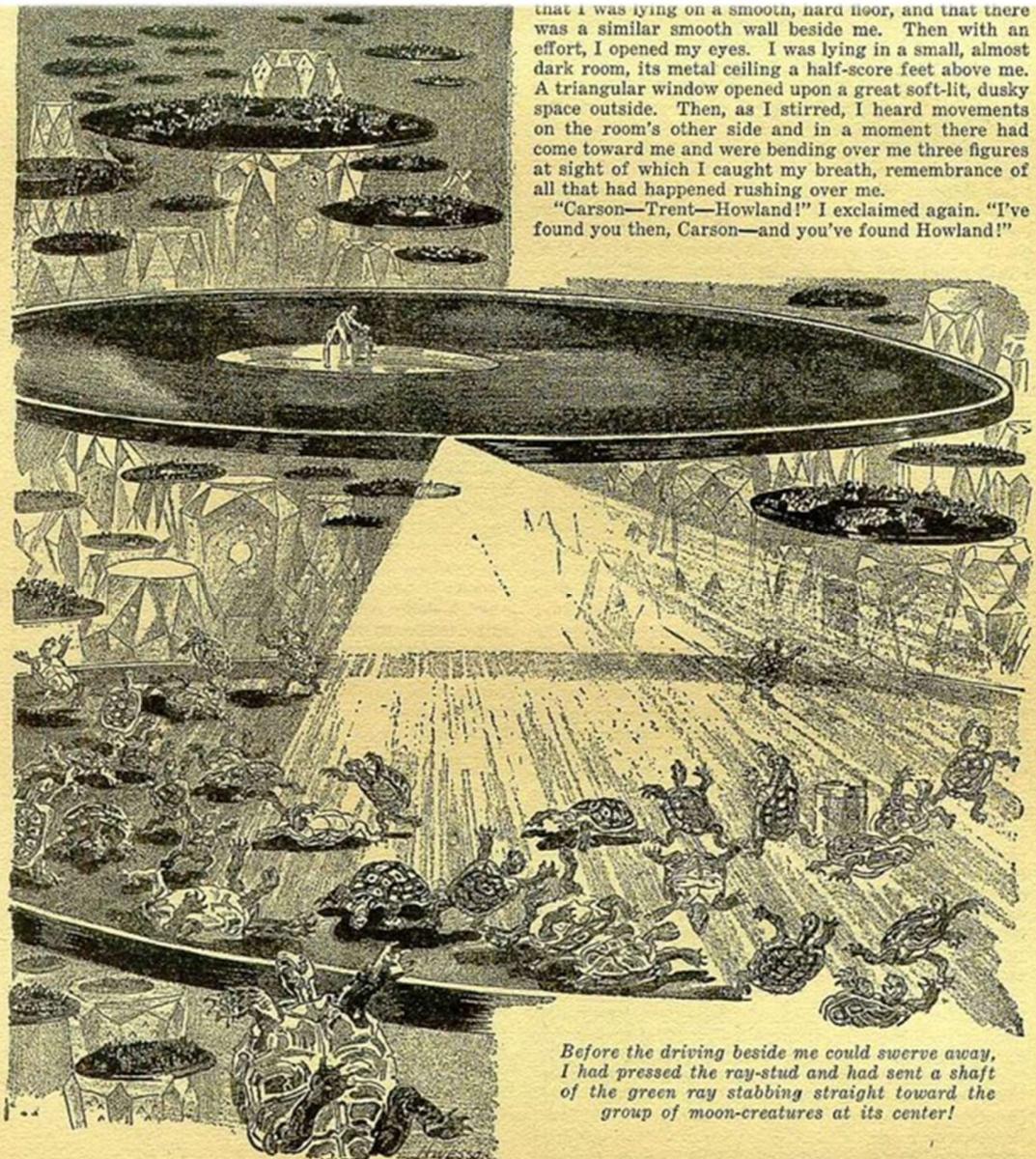
wished to reach the chamber beneath it, through the opening by which we stood, and as none were desirous, apparently, of reaching that great chamber now, the great plaza was deserted.

Pausing there, peering about, we stood for only a moment longer, and then Carson, with a silent gesture, was leading the way across the plaza, through the soft thick dusk toward its edge, toward one of the narrow and almost empty streets that branched from that edge. Before us as we moved on, hearts beating rapidly with every step, the gigantic crystal-like building loomed larger, and to our ears came louder the sounds of activity from the thronged broader streets, the deep bass note of many turtle-voices, the throbbing of many flying-circles that sped past in the dusk high overhead. Even through the shrouding dusk it seemed impossible that we could move nearer toward the great buildings without being discovered, but Carson was leading the way straight toward one of the narrower and emptier streets, a mere crevice between the great towering metal buildings, and once we reached its deeper shadow we might elude the creatures without great trouble, I knew. On we crept through the dusk toward it, then suddenly flung ourselves flat, as a flying-circle throbbing by overhead dipped suddenly close toward us!

Lying there with pounding heart, it seemed impossible that we had not been seen by those on it, but in a moment it had passed, and with the next moment we were up again, moving on through the dusk toward the deeper dusk of the narrow chasm-like street that opened through the looming buildings before us. We were almost at that opening now, but a few yards from its welcome deeper shadow. We were within yards, feet of it, of the great plaza's edge, when we stopped abruptly and recoiled! For into that narrow opening just before us, from one of the great buildings beside it, had

that I was lying on a smooth, hard floor, and that there was a similar smooth wall beside me. Then with an effort, I opened my eyes. I was lying in a small, almost dark room, its metal ceiling a half-score feet above me. A triangular window opened upon a great soft-lit, dusky space outside. Then, as I stirred, I heard movements on the room's other side and in a moment there had come toward me and were bending over me three figures at sight of which I caught my breath, remembrance of all that had happened rushing over me.

"Carson—Trent—Howland!" I exclaimed again. "I've found you then, Carson—and you've found Howland!"



Before the driving beside me could swerve away, I had pressed the ray-stud and had sent a shaft of the green ray stabbing straight toward the group of moon-creatures at its center!

felt myself swaying, stumbling and falling before them, and then they and all else about me vanished from my mind as darkness overwhelmed me.

CHAPTER VIII

Howland's Story

CONSCIOUSNESS came back to me through fiery mists of pain, consciousness in which my first sensation was of a throbbing ache that beat through my brain like the dull beat of a great machine. Moving about somewhat exploringly, I became aware

Carson nodded silently, and then Howland, who was bending down with keen, eager face to help me to a sitting position, spoke.

"Carson and Trent and you have found me," he said, "have come from earth to moon to find me—but only to be imprisoned with me!"

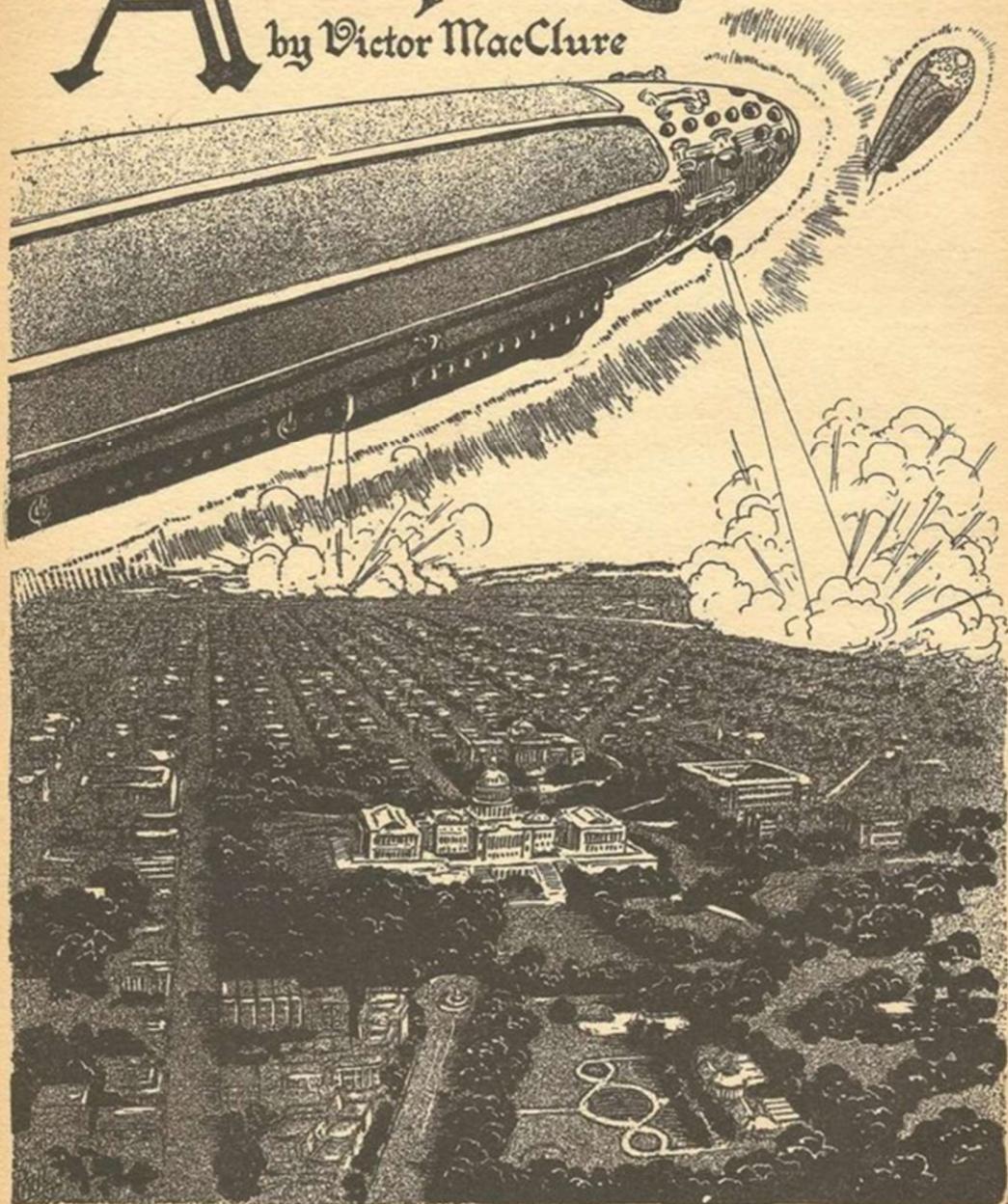
I turned to Carson. "Then you and Trent were captured in that fight on the plaza—brought here and imprisoned?" I asked. He nodded.

"Captured there and brought here and imprisoned with Howland, only a few hours ago," he said. "But you, Foster?"

Swiftly I explained to him how I had managed to escape the moon-creatures, when the alarm had been given, by concealing myself in the great chamber of the

The Ark of the Covenant

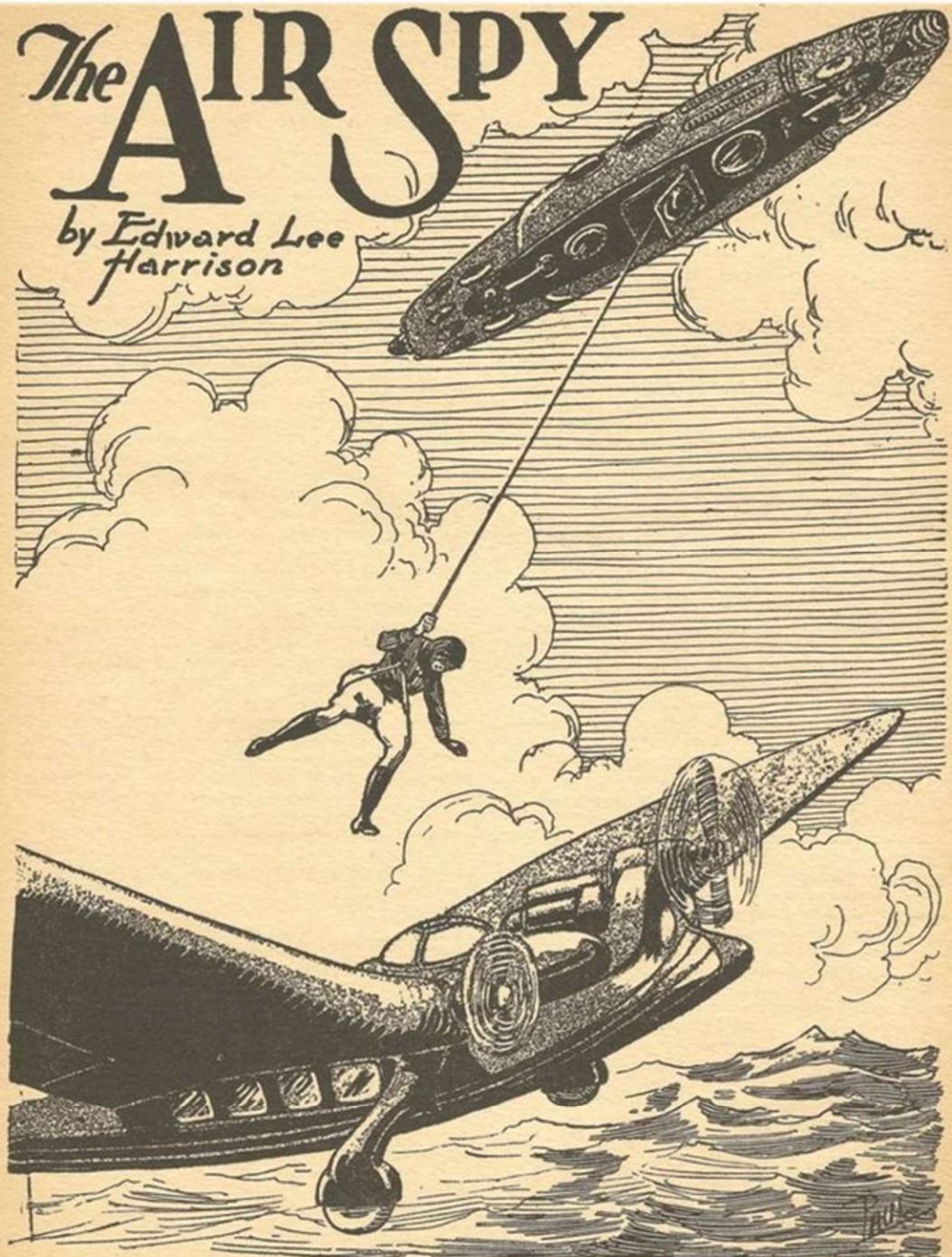
by Victor MacClure



A gout of flame shot up from the rise beyond the cemetery and a vast plume of smoke, at the root of which buildings seemed to part—rent and shattered. The airship shook to a tremendous report.

The AIR SPY

by Edward Lee Harrison



Lifted clear of the great vessel, the little device with its human freight swung far astern in the fierce rush of the air. The passenger's whole attention was riveted on the black craft below.



¶ They obeyed in some little trepidation, drawing near the strange conveyance and stopping as a small square opening appeared in the side nearest them

thought impossible that man would ever fly—mind you, fly in the atmosphere like a bird. Ten centuries ago it was thought that gravity could never be counteracted or overcome. And less than five centuries ago a trip to one of the planets was held to be the height of ridiculous

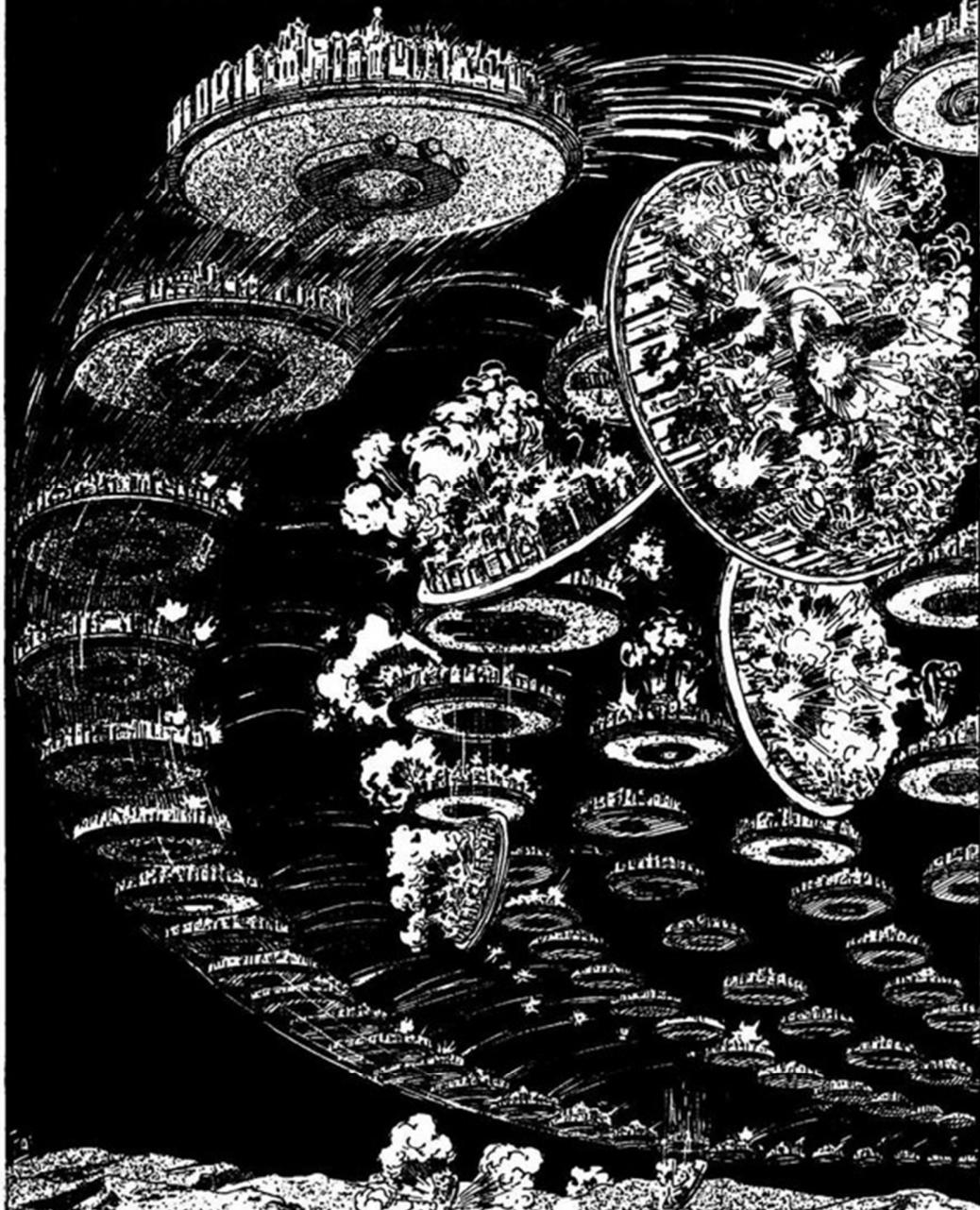
imagination. Yet all of these things have been accomplished, and much more. No, I would not say the trip is impossible."

"But it is hardly probable, is it?"

"Hardly. Though the thing merits consideration."

CITIES IN THE AIR

by
Edmond
HAMILTON

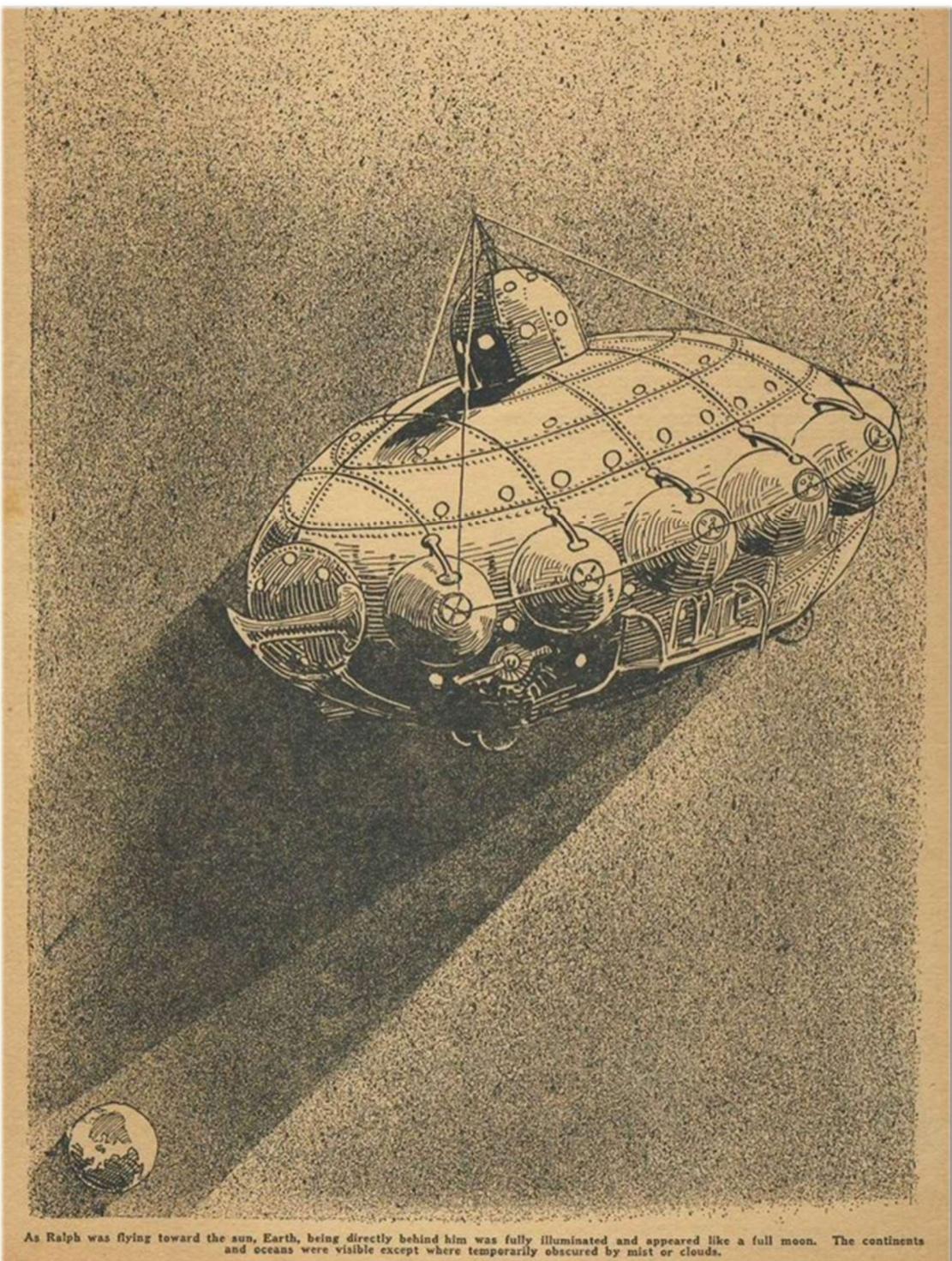


(Illustration by Paul)

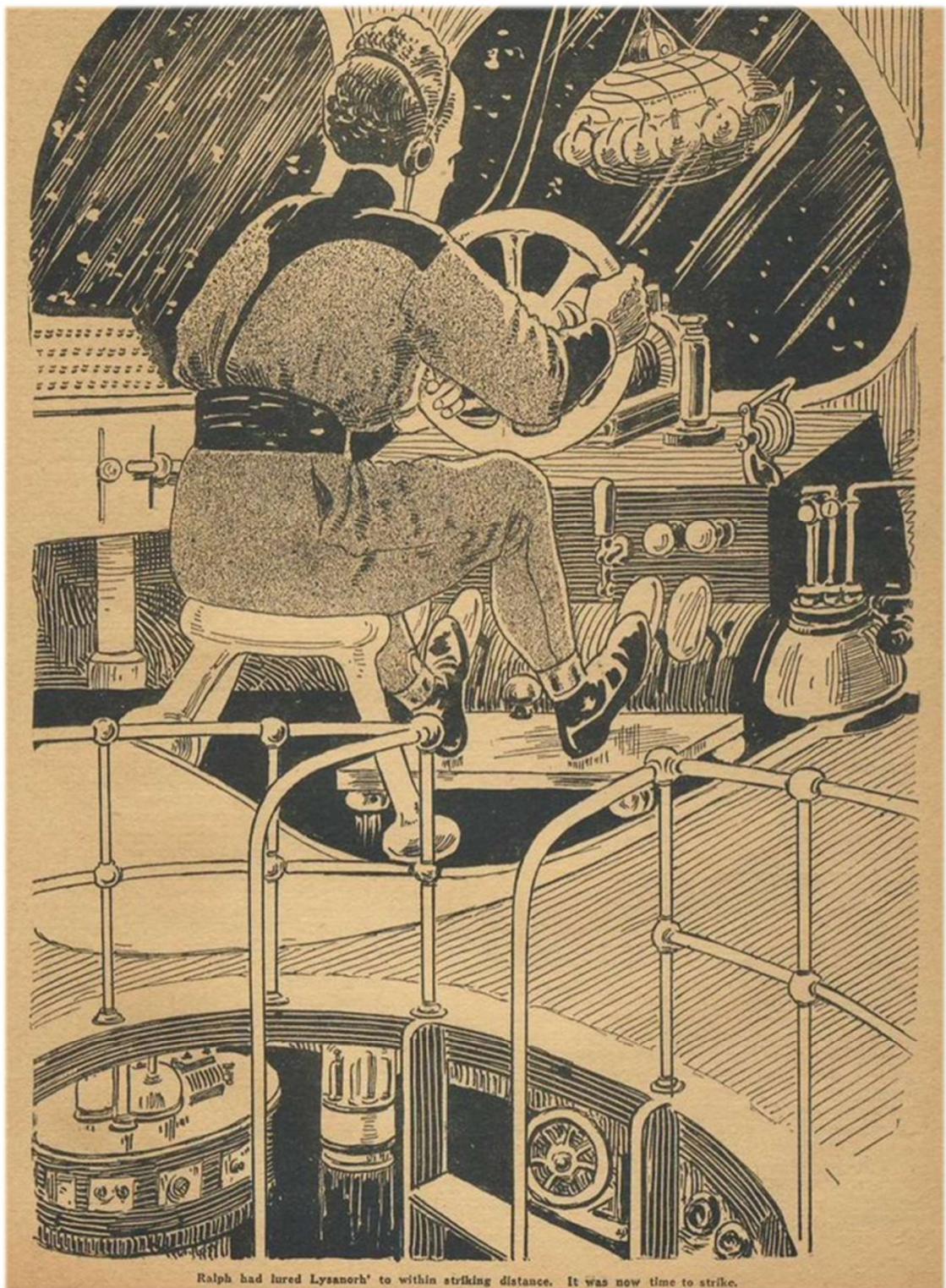
Now our line turned like a wheeling snake, high in the air and was rushing back upon the circle of our enemies. And as our long line of mighty cities whirled past them all our batteries were thundering.

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Air Wonder Stories – Diciembre de 1929

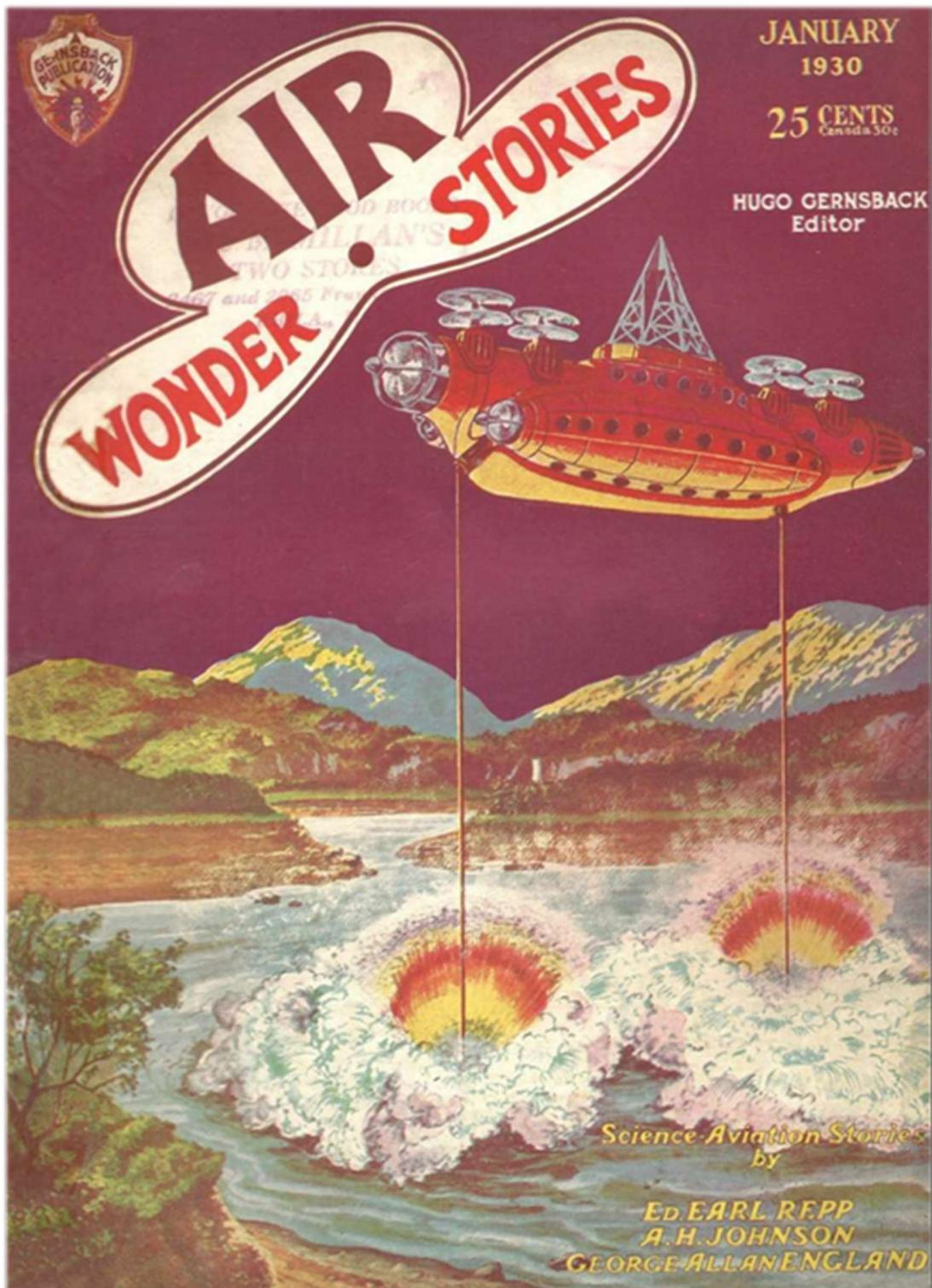


As Ralph was flying toward the sun, Earth, being directly behind him was fully illuminated and appeared like a full moon. The continents and oceans were visible except where temporarily obscured by mist or clouds.



Ralph had lured Lysanorh' to within striking distance. It was now time to strike.

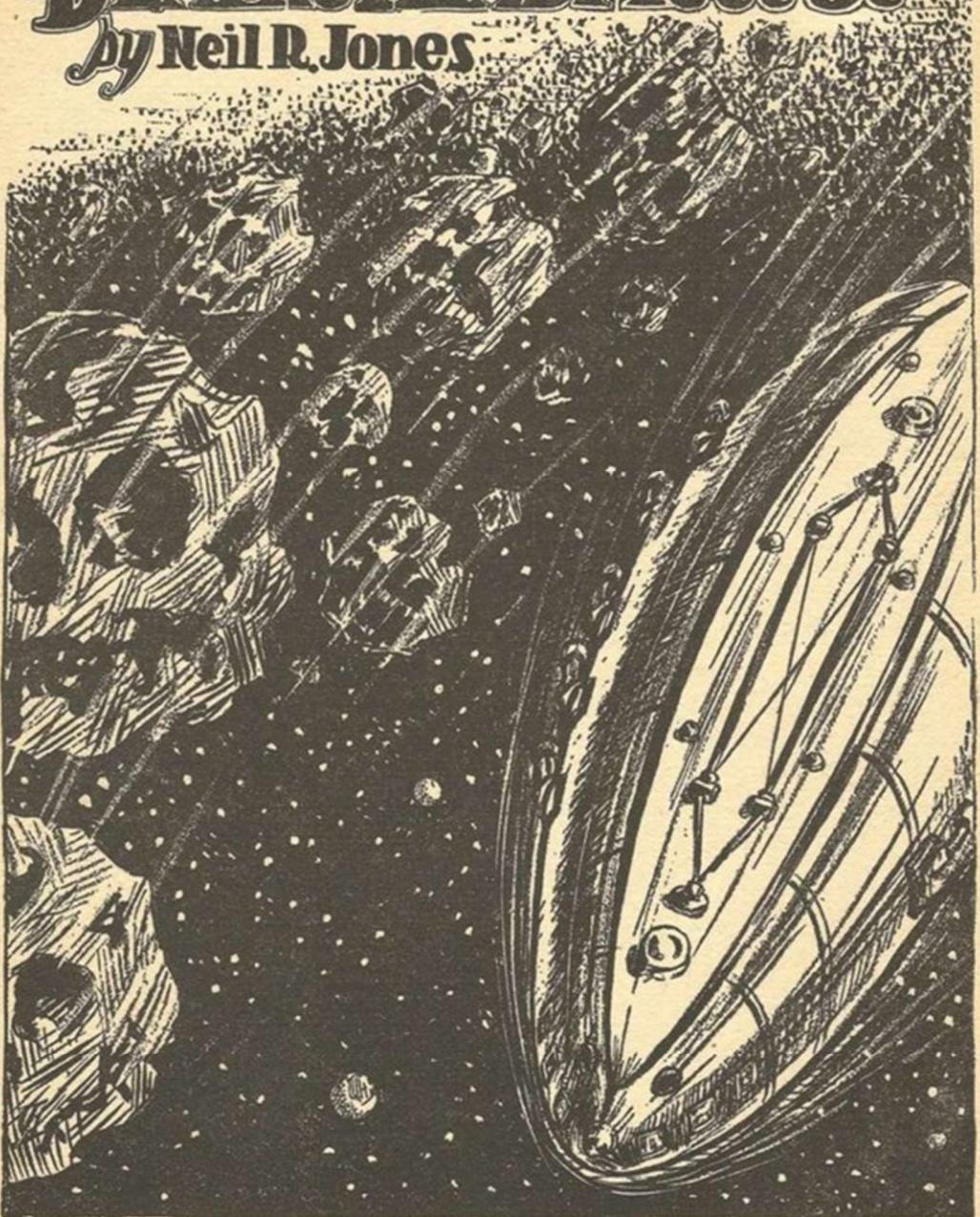
Amazing Stories Quarterly – Invierno de 1929



Air Wonder Stories – Enero de 1930

The Death's Head Meteor

by Neil R. Jones



(Illustration by Winter)

The head was composed of three huge meteors better than two hundred feet thick, with rough sides resembling miniature mountains careening through space. In the wake of the first three came smaller ones.



Amazing Stories – Enero de 1930



... but three great hulks dived, and in a dive that ended in flaming wreckage on the packed sands, ten miles below

Amazing Stories – Enero de 1930

“Come take a ride to the MOON with ME!”

LET me take you up into the skies—let me show you wonders of which you've never even dreamed. In my twelve million horsepower sky-sleigh distance is no handicap. A thousand miles an hour to me is a mere crawling speed.

Get in! Get in! Let me show you the wonders on the other side of the moon. It's like our own earth—peopled by a strange race that has no mouths, but whose thoughts come clearly to your minds. Let me show you the huge fire-pits 10,000 feet deep from which they get their light and heat. Let me show you the wingless vehicles they use to travel about. Come on—come on—I'll show you how we travel in this year of our Lord 2929!

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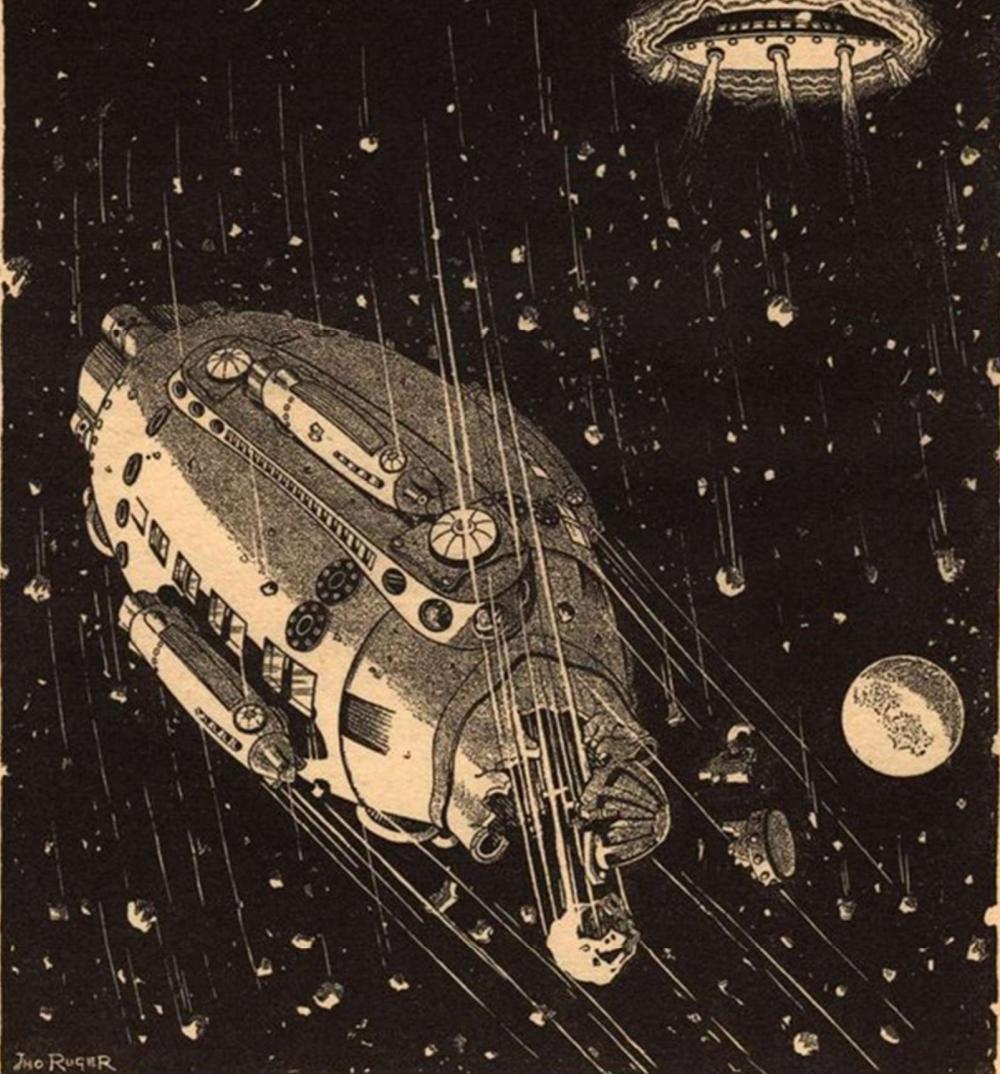
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Amazing Stories – Enero de 1930
(Una oferta de suscripción parecida apareció en varios números)

LINERS of SPACE

by J. Vanny



(Illustration by Ruger)

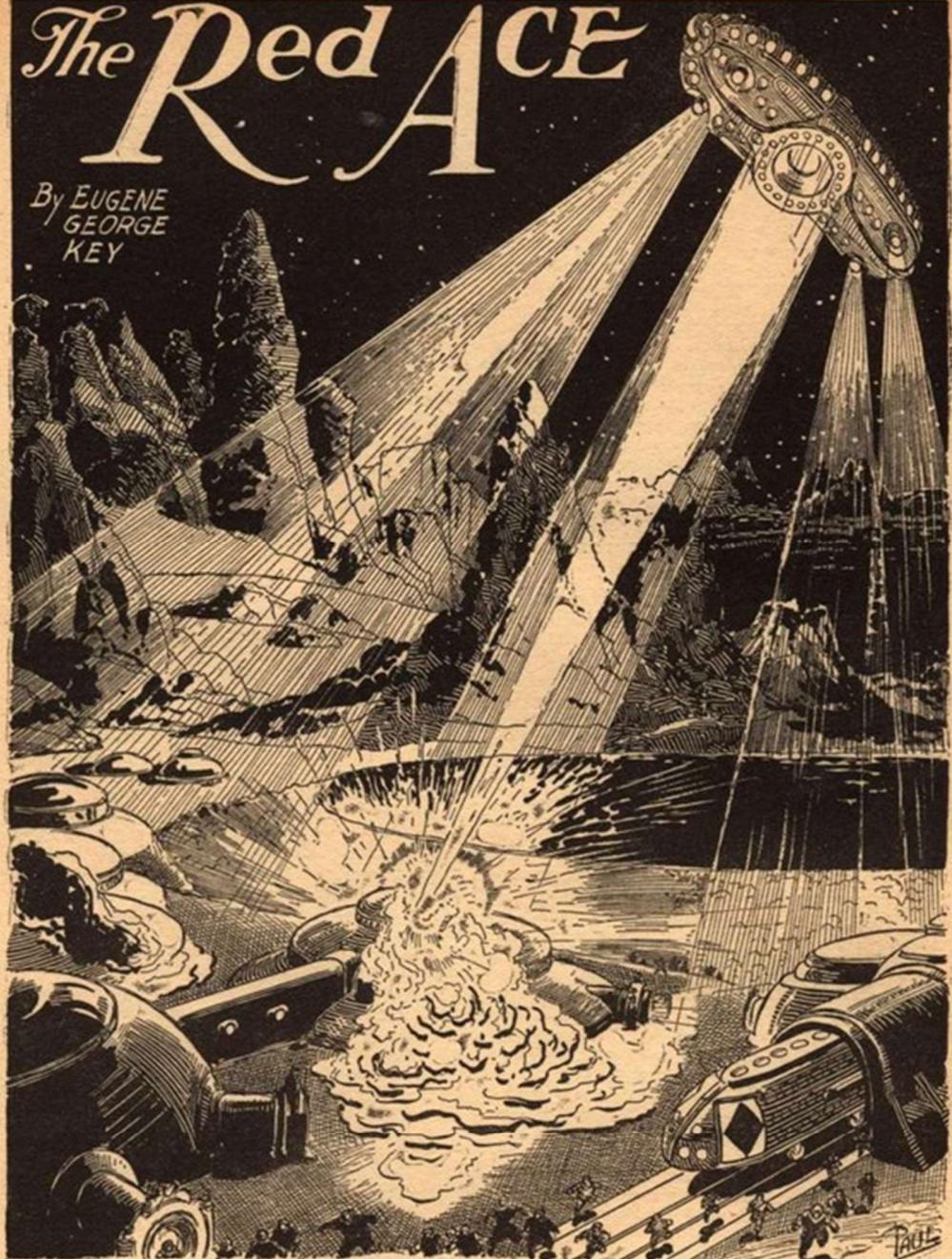
Frantically they fought with the controls. Too late! A blinding flash—a terrific impact—a deafening report within the car. A meteorite had torn a large section of the nose away.

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Air Wonder Stories – Febrero de 1930

The Red ACE

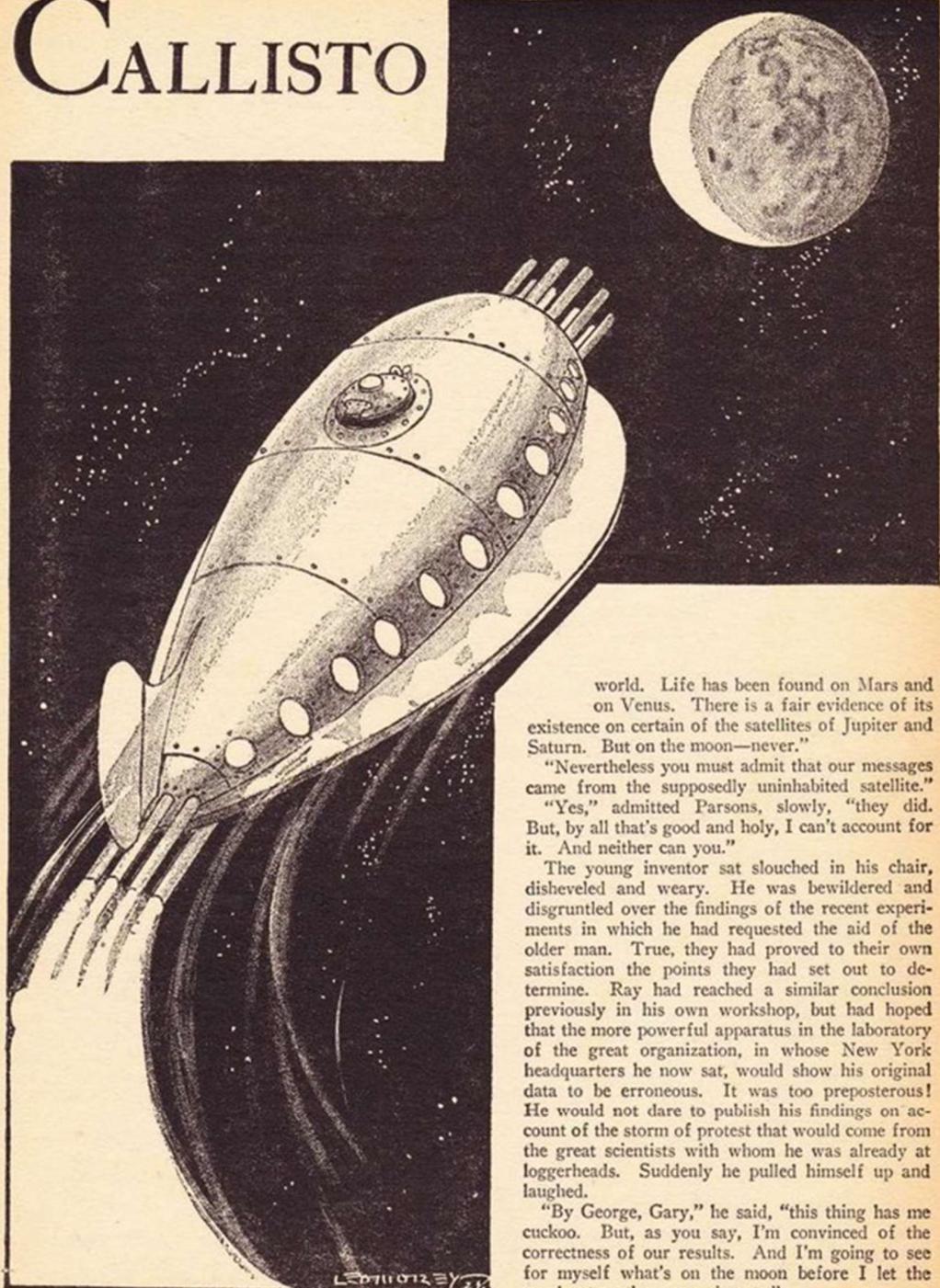
By EUGENE
GEORGE
KEY



(Illustration by Paul)

As we increased our power, we must have heated their machines so intensely that we finally melted parts of it. At full power the machine caved in and flowed away like water.

CALLISTO



The face of the moon was in shadow, but shone with a fair degree of brightness

world. Life has been found on Mars and on Venus. There is a fair evidence of its existence on certain of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. But on the moon—never."

"Nevertheless you must admit that our messages came from the supposedly uninhabited satellite."

"Yes," admitted Parsons, slowly, "they did. But, by all that's good and holy, I can't account for it. And neither can you."

The young inventor sat slouched in his chair, disheveled and weary. He was bewildered and disgruntled over the findings of the recent experiments in which he had requested the aid of the older man. True, they had proved to their own satisfaction the points they had set out to determine. Ray had reached a similar conclusion previously in his own workshop, but had hoped that the more powerful apparatus in the laboratory of the great organization, in whose New York headquarters he now sat, would show his original data to be erroneous. It was too preposterous! He would not dare to publish his findings on account of the storm of protest that would come from the great scientists with whom he was already at loggerheads. Suddenly he pulled himself up and laughed.

"By George, Gary," he said, "this thing has me cuckoo. But, as you say, I'm convinced of the correctness of our results. And I'm going to see for myself what's on the moon before I let the word out on these experiments."

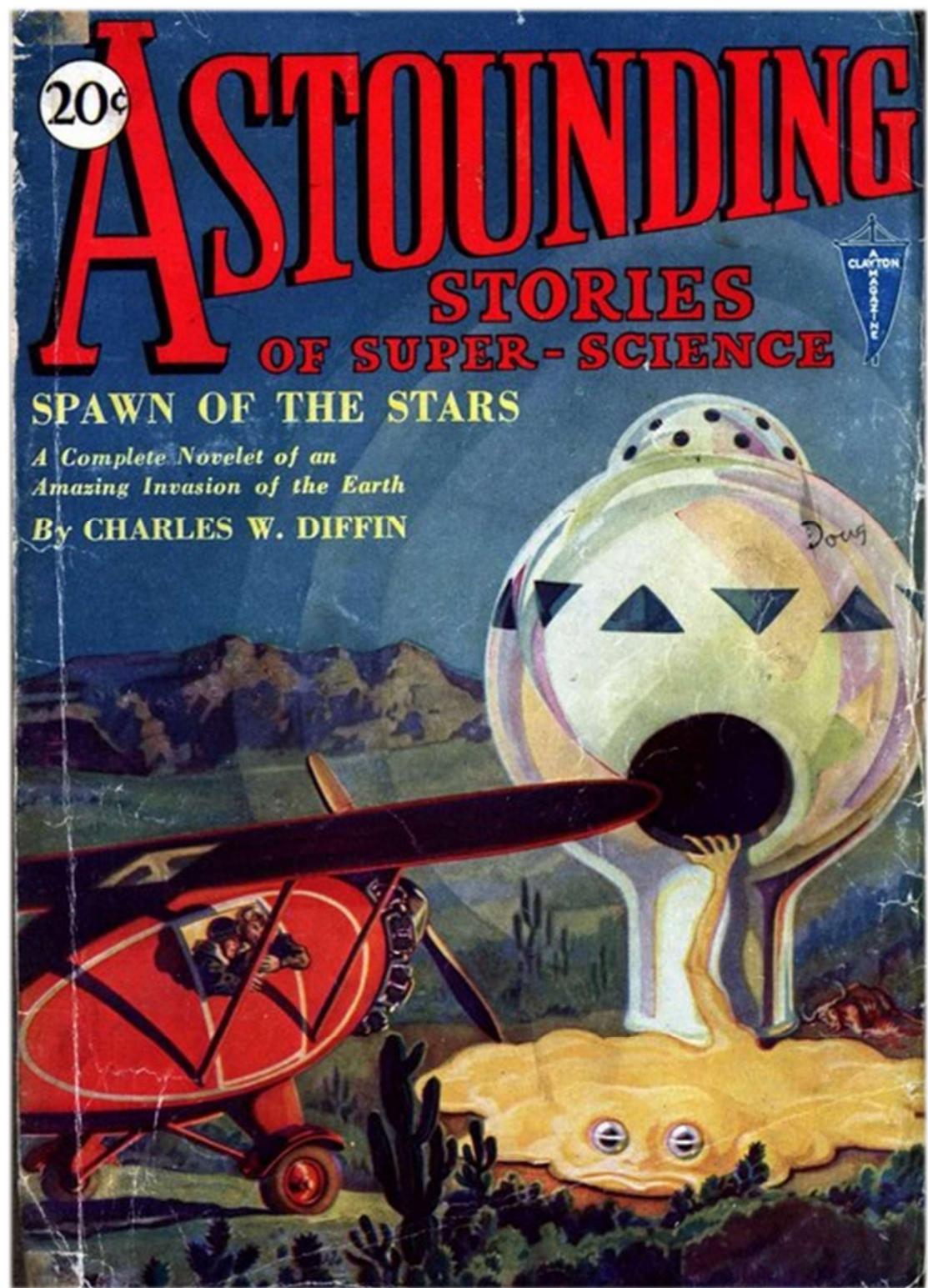
"Through the telescope?"

"No siree. I'm going to go there and look around."



The panorama that spread before their eyes as the "Metcor" sped along at this altitude in response to Ray's manipulations was bizarre in the extreme

Amazing Stories – Febrero de 1930



Astounding Stories – Febrero de 1930



The sky was alive with winged shapes, and high in the air shone the glittering menace, trailing five plumes of gas.

Spawn of the Stars

By Charles Willard Diffin .

WHEN Cyrus R. Thurston bought himself a single-motored Stoughton job he was looking for new thrills. Flying around the east coast had lost its zest: he wanted to join that jaunty group who spoke so easily of hopping off for Los Angeles. And what Cyrus Thurston wanted he usually obtained. But if sand feet above a sage sprinkled desert, that young millionaire-sportsman had when the trip ended. Slim Riley had

The Earth lay powerless beneath those loathsome, yellowish monsters that, sheathed in cometlike globes, sprang from the skies to annihilate man and reduce his cities to ashes.

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been told that on his first flight this blocky, bulletlike ship was to pitch him headlong into the exact center of the wildest, strangest war this earth had ever seen—well, it is still probable that the Stoughton company would not have lost the sale.

They were roaring through the starlit, calm night, three thousand

feet above a sage sprinkled desert,

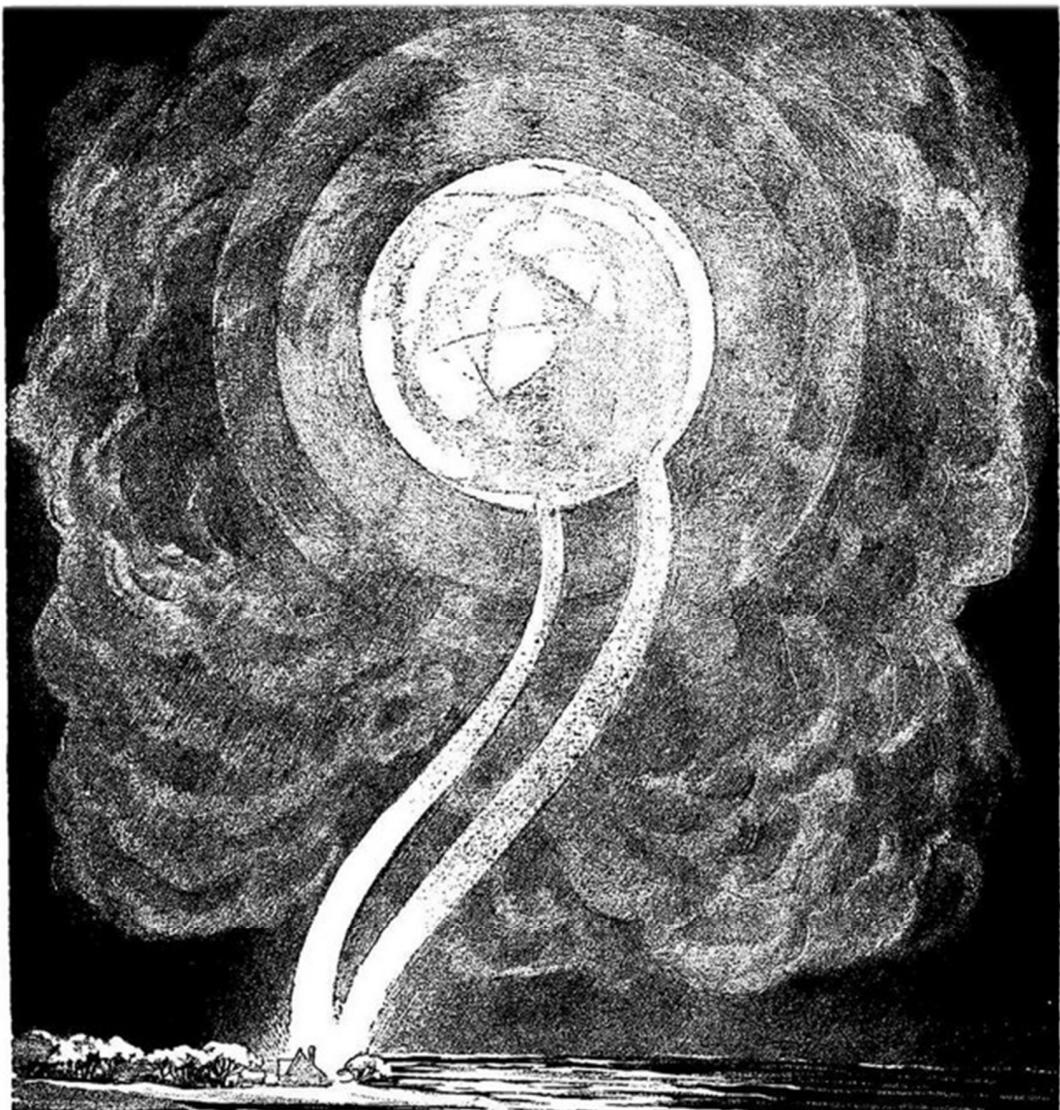
that young millionaire-sportsman had when the trip ended. Slim Riley had



the stick when the first blast of hot oil ripped slashingly across the pilot's window. "There goes your old trip" he yelled. "Why don't they try putting engines in these ships?" He jammed over the throttle and, with motor idling, swept down toward the endless miles of moonlit waste. Wind? They had been boring into it. Through the opened window he spotted a likely stretch of ground. Setting down the ship on a nice piece of Arizona desert was a mere detail for Slim.

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Astounding Stories – Febrero de 1930



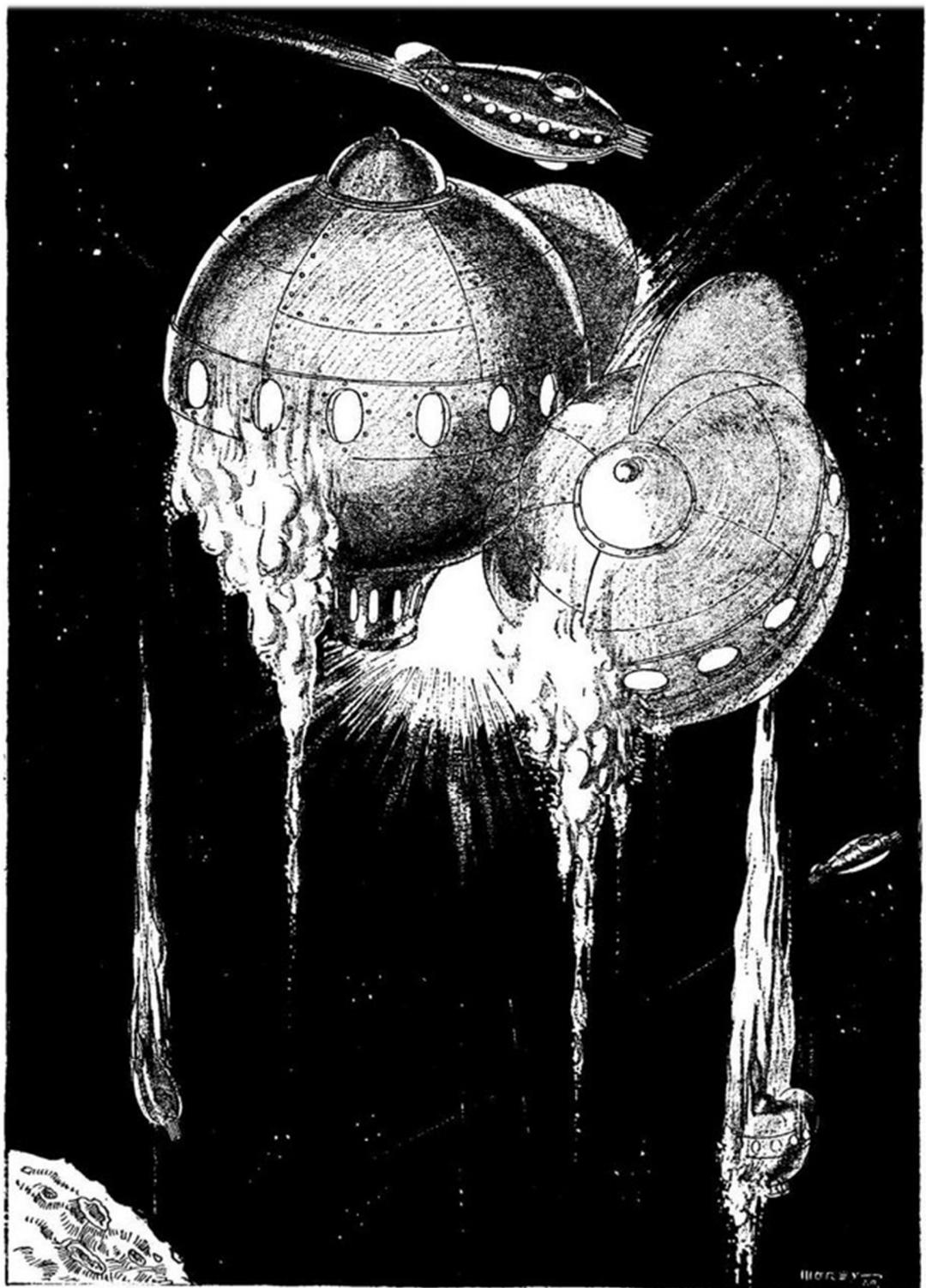
In a moment I noticed a change. The seething clouds of green were sucked down. They drew into a dense cyclone vortex of flame about the old house

around the shining central globe. It swam, and swirled, and grew! It wheeled madly, dizzily, ever reaching out. It was a mist of flame like the photosphere about the sun. A strange, weird light shone from it, lighting the sea and the beach and the woodland about the doomed building with an uncanny radiance!

Quite abruptly two narrow beams of a thick, misty purple fire darted out of the silver core of the amazing thing, and, flashing over the ground, fixed themselves upon the cottage! They were like thin, unpleasant fingers of purple fog! There was something terrible in the swift sureness of their motions! They moved as if they were seeing eyes, or tentacles—feeling, searching!

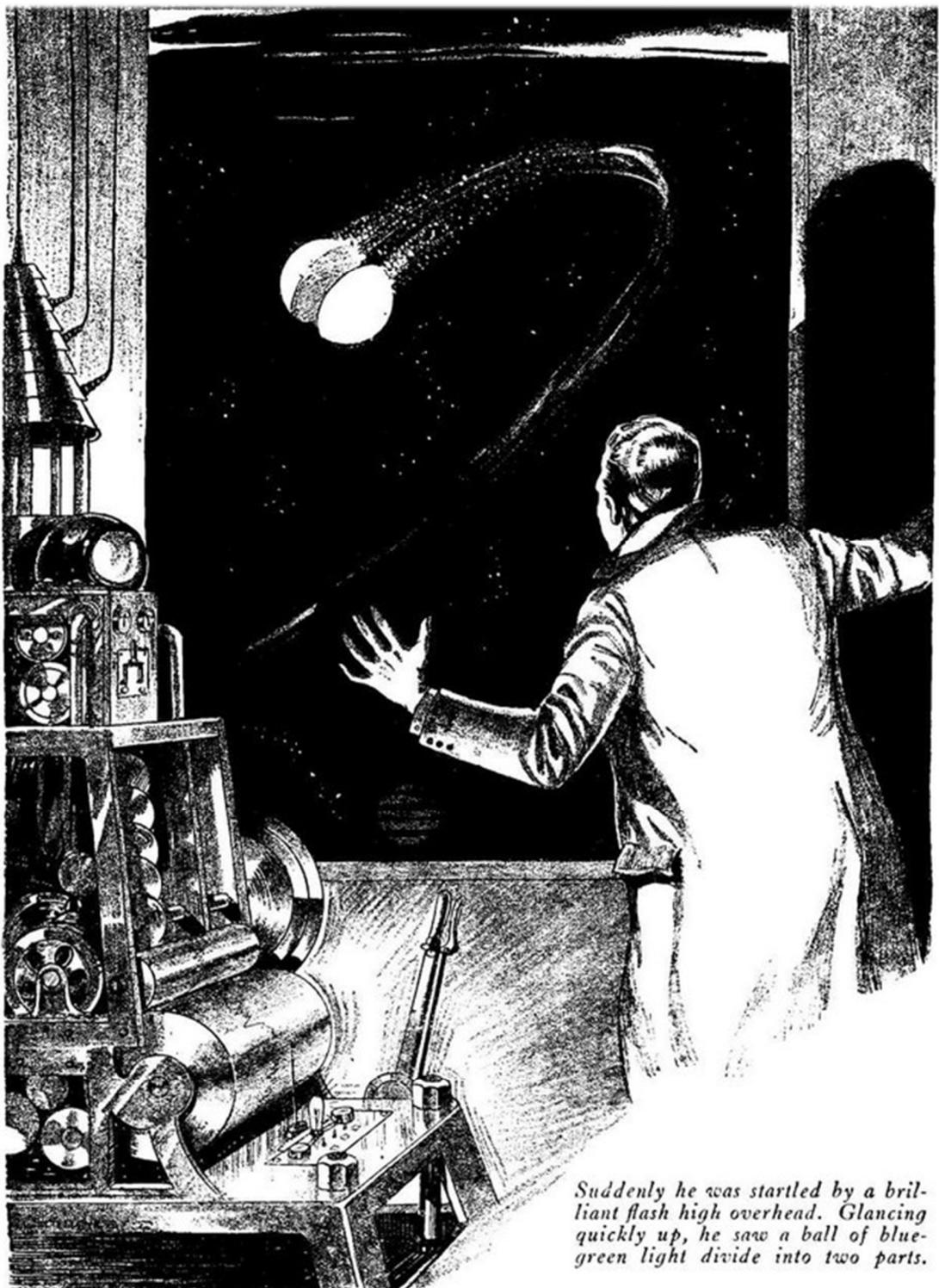


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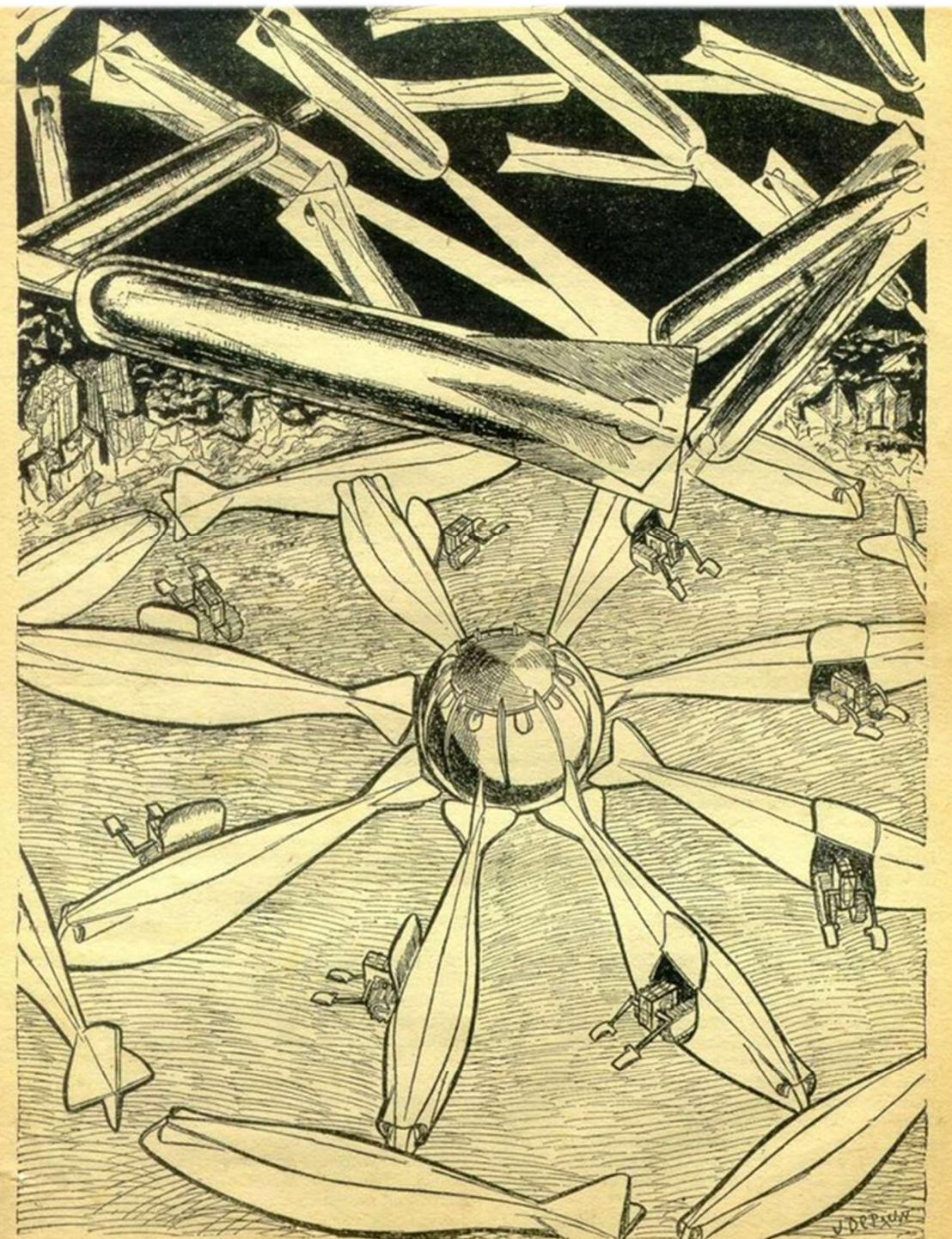


One of his squadron was caught between two of the spheres when they crashed together.

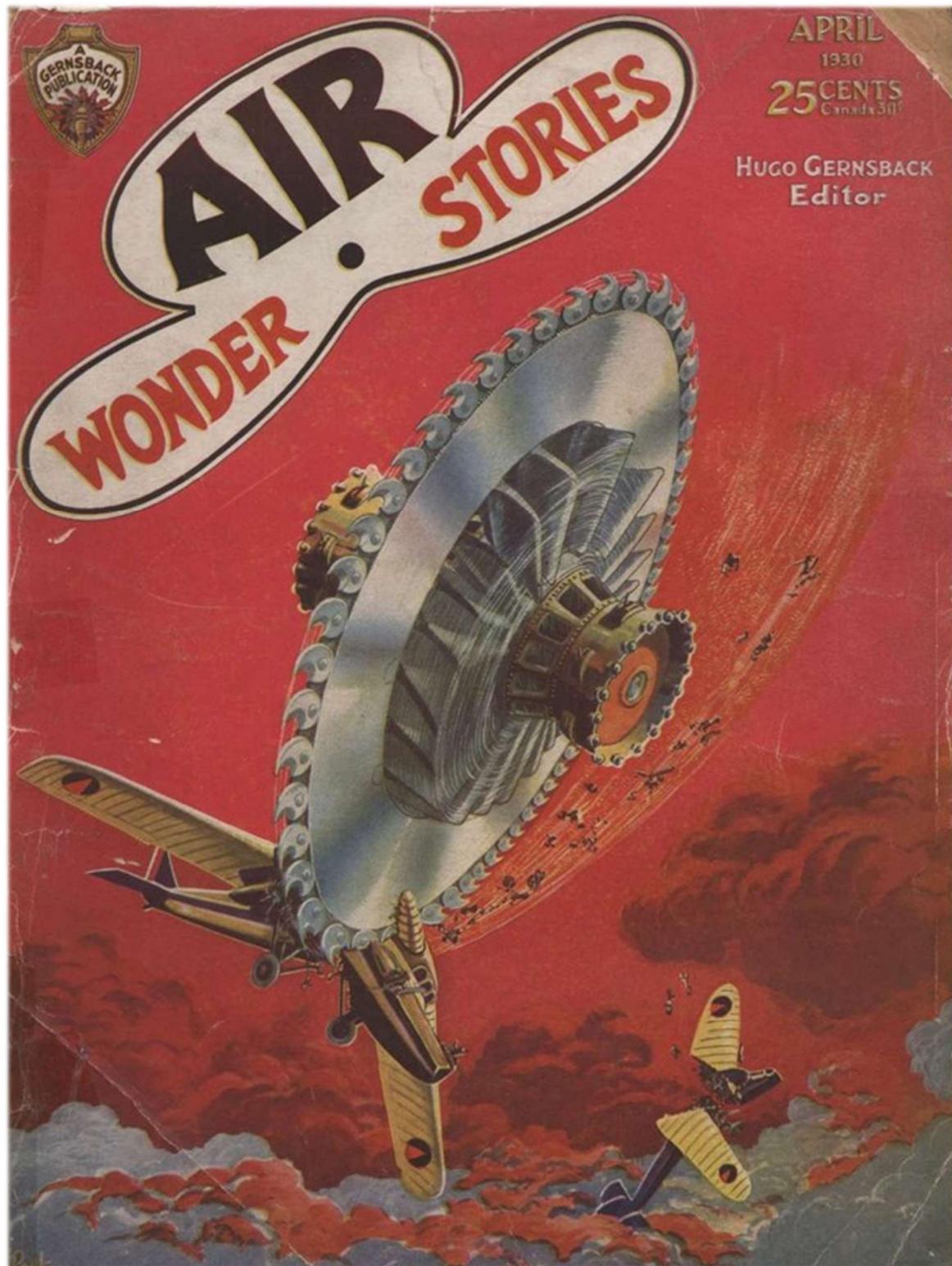
Amazing Stories – Marzo de 1930



Suddenly he was startled by a brilliant flash high overhead. Glancing quickly up, he saw a ball of blue-green light divide into two parts.



¶ The great sphere and its attendant transports sank gently to the ground and formed a vast wheel, with the sphere as the hub and the transports as radiating spokes and the rim



Air Wonder Stories – Abril de 1930

The Flying BUZZSAW

By Harold B. McKay



Air Wonder Stories – Abril de 1930

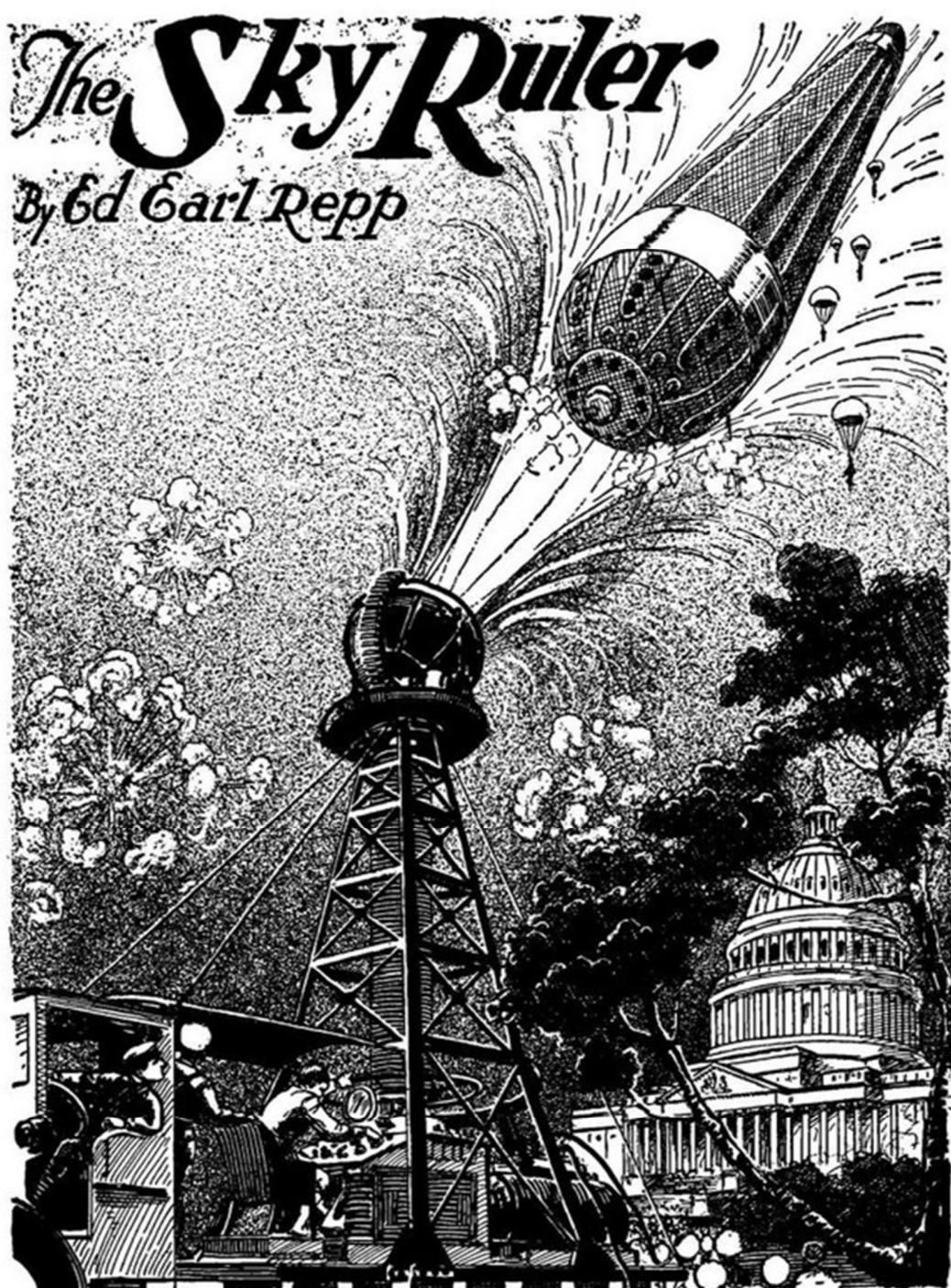
EVANS of the EARTH GUARD

by Edmond Hamilton



Illustration by Winter

Air Wonder Stories – Abril de 1930



(Illustration by Paul)

Slowly but surely the ship was being drawn down! Black dots appeared in the air directly below her, that turned out to be bulging parachutes. The guns from the ship roared again.

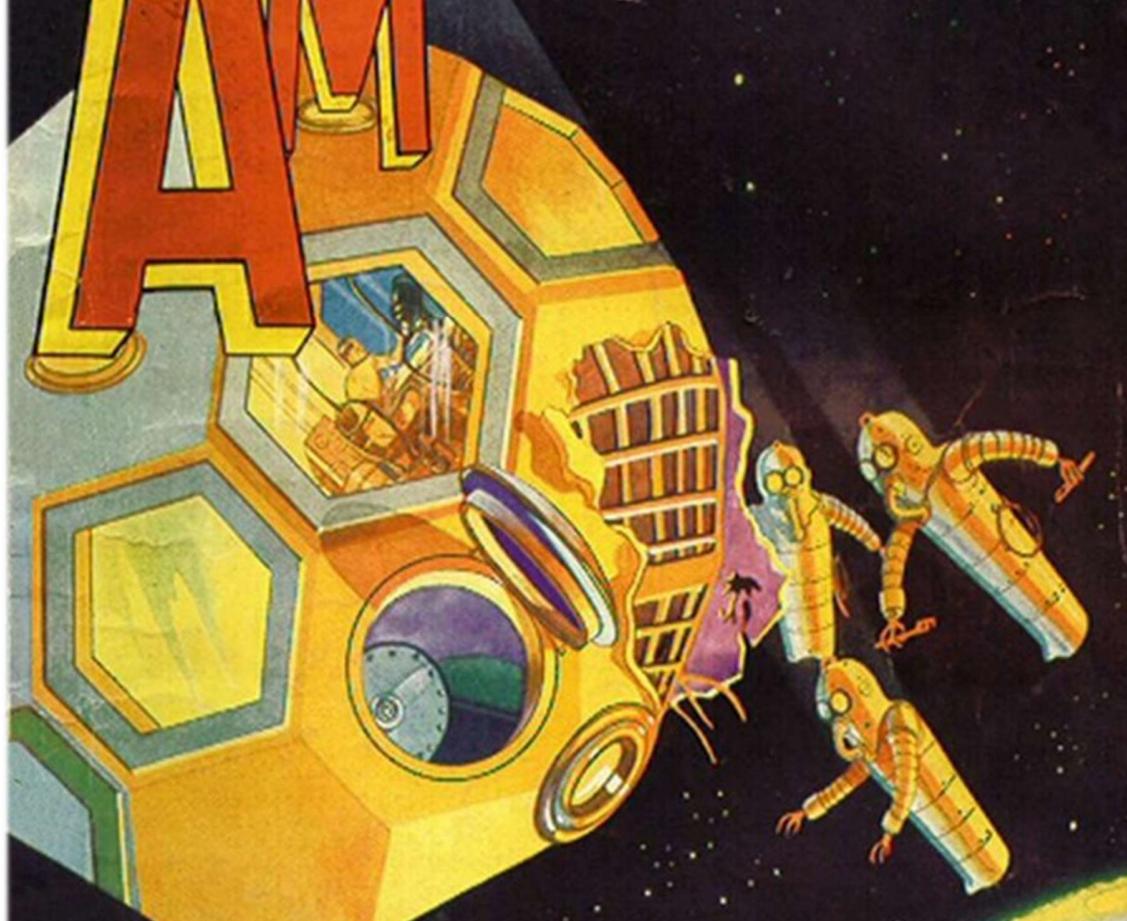
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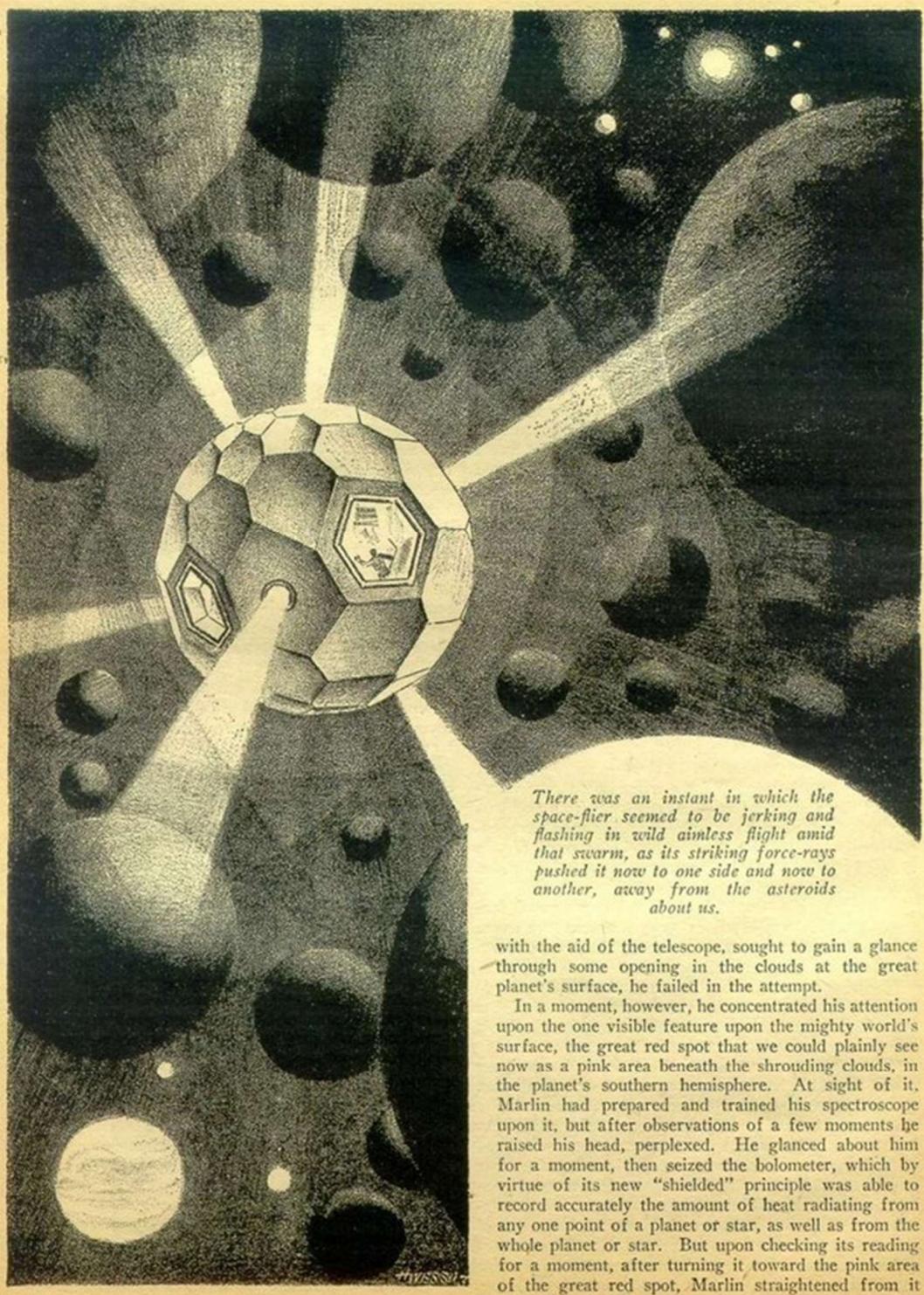


Scientifiction stories by:

Edmond Hamilton

David H. Keller, M.D.

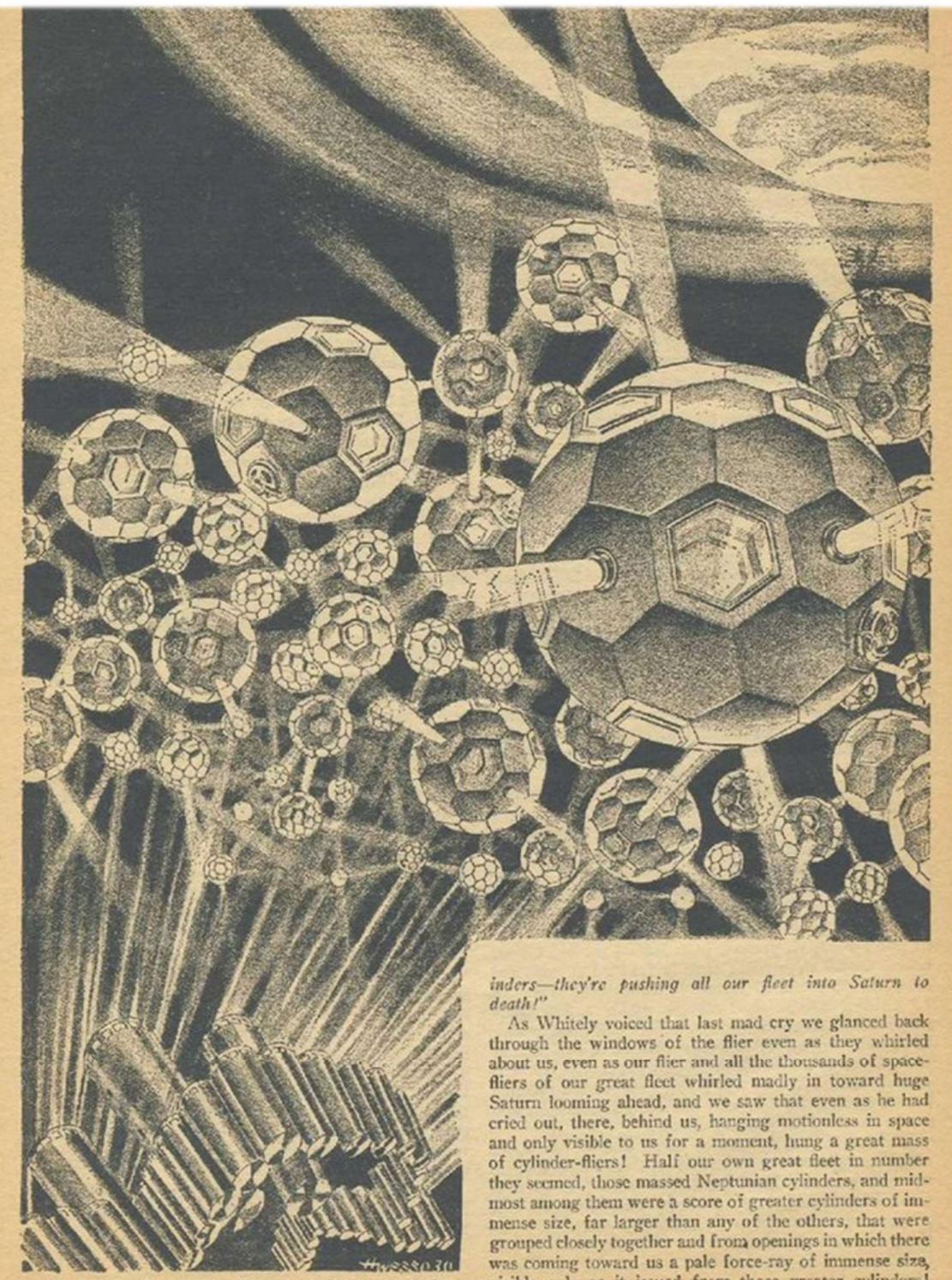
Amazing Stories – Mayo de 1930



There was an instant in which the space-flier seemed to be jerking and flashing in wild aimless flight amid that swarm, as its striking force-rays pushed it now to one side and now to another, away from the asteroids about us.

with the aid of the telescope, sought to gain a glance through some opening in the clouds at the great planet's surface, he failed in the attempt.

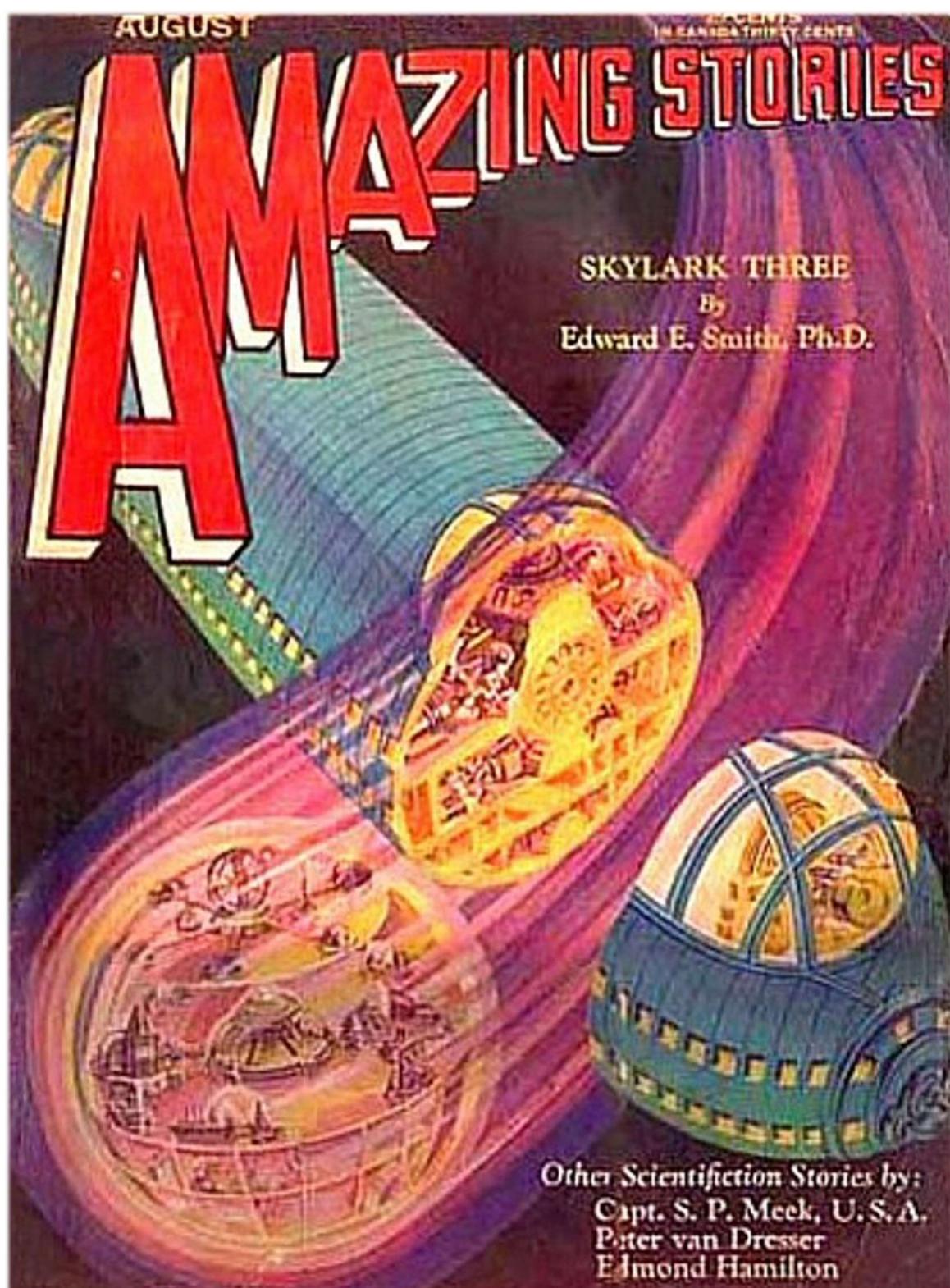
In a moment, however, he concentrated his attention upon the one visible feature upon the mighty world's surface, the great red spot that we could plainly see now as a pink area beneath the shrouding clouds, in the planet's southern hemisphere. At sight of it, Marlin had prepared and trained his spectroscope upon it, but after observations of a few moments he raised his head, perplexed. He glanced about him for a moment, then seized the bolometer, which by virtue of its new "shielded" principle was able to record accurately the amount of heat radiating from any one point of a planet or star, as well as from the whole planet or star. But upon checking its reading for a moment, after turning it toward the pink area of the great red spot, Marlin straightened from it also, shaking his head.



An ambush in space! They were being pushed into Saturn.

inders—they're pushing all our fleet into Saturn to death!"

As Whately voiced that last mad cry we glanced back through the windows of the flier even as they whirled about us, even as our flier and all the thousands of space-fliers of our great fleet whirled madly in toward huge Saturn looming ahead, and we saw that even as he had cried out, there, behind us, hanging motionless in space and only visible to us for a moment, hung a great mass of cylinder-fliers! Half our own great fleet in number they seemed, those massed Neptunian cylinders, and mid-most among them were a score of greater cylinders of immense size, far larger than any of the others, that were grouped closely together and from openings in which there was coming toward us a pale force-ray of immense size, visible only as it issued from those greater cylinders! And that ray it was, as was plain even in that instant,



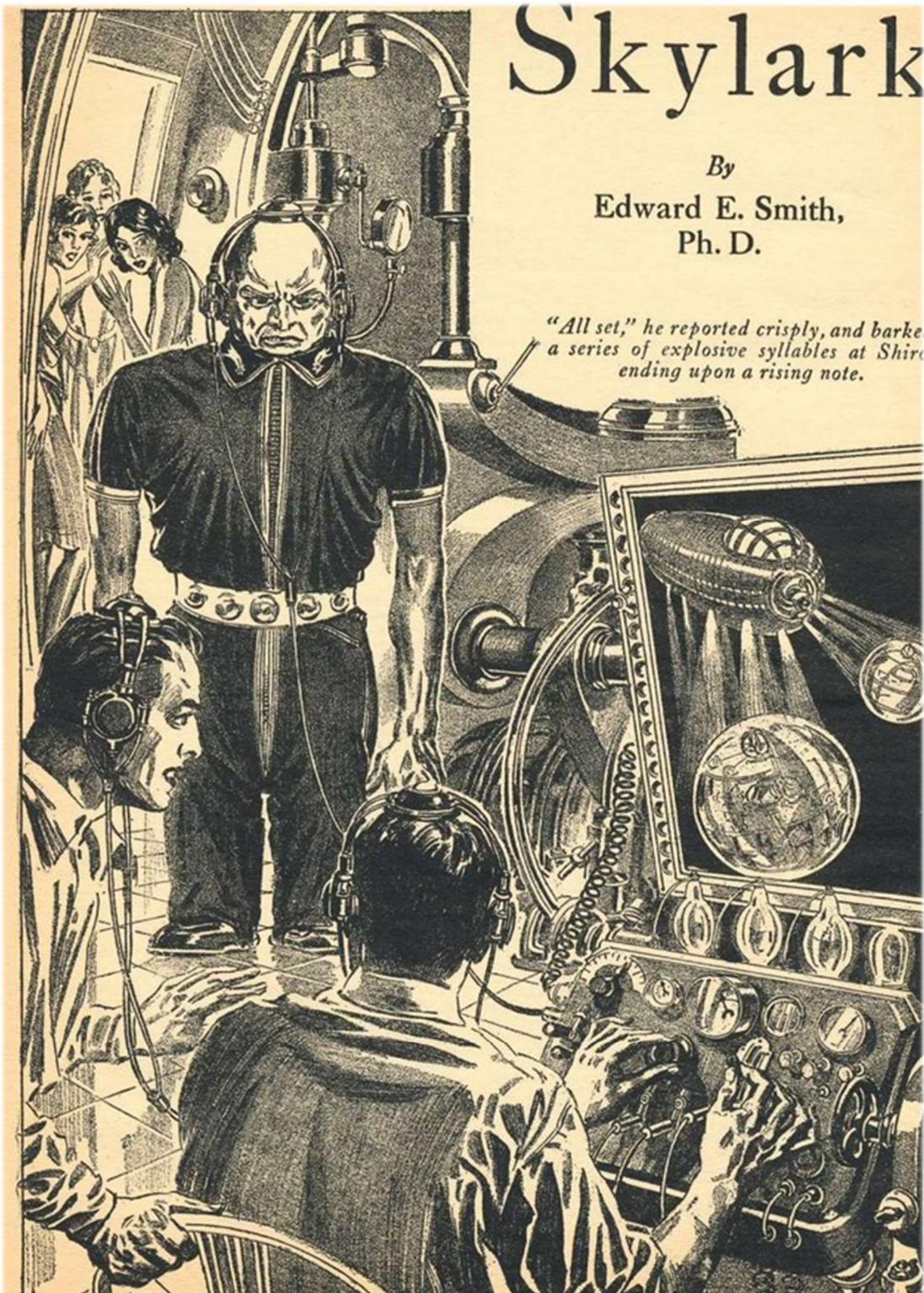
Amazing Stories – Agosto de 1930

Skylark

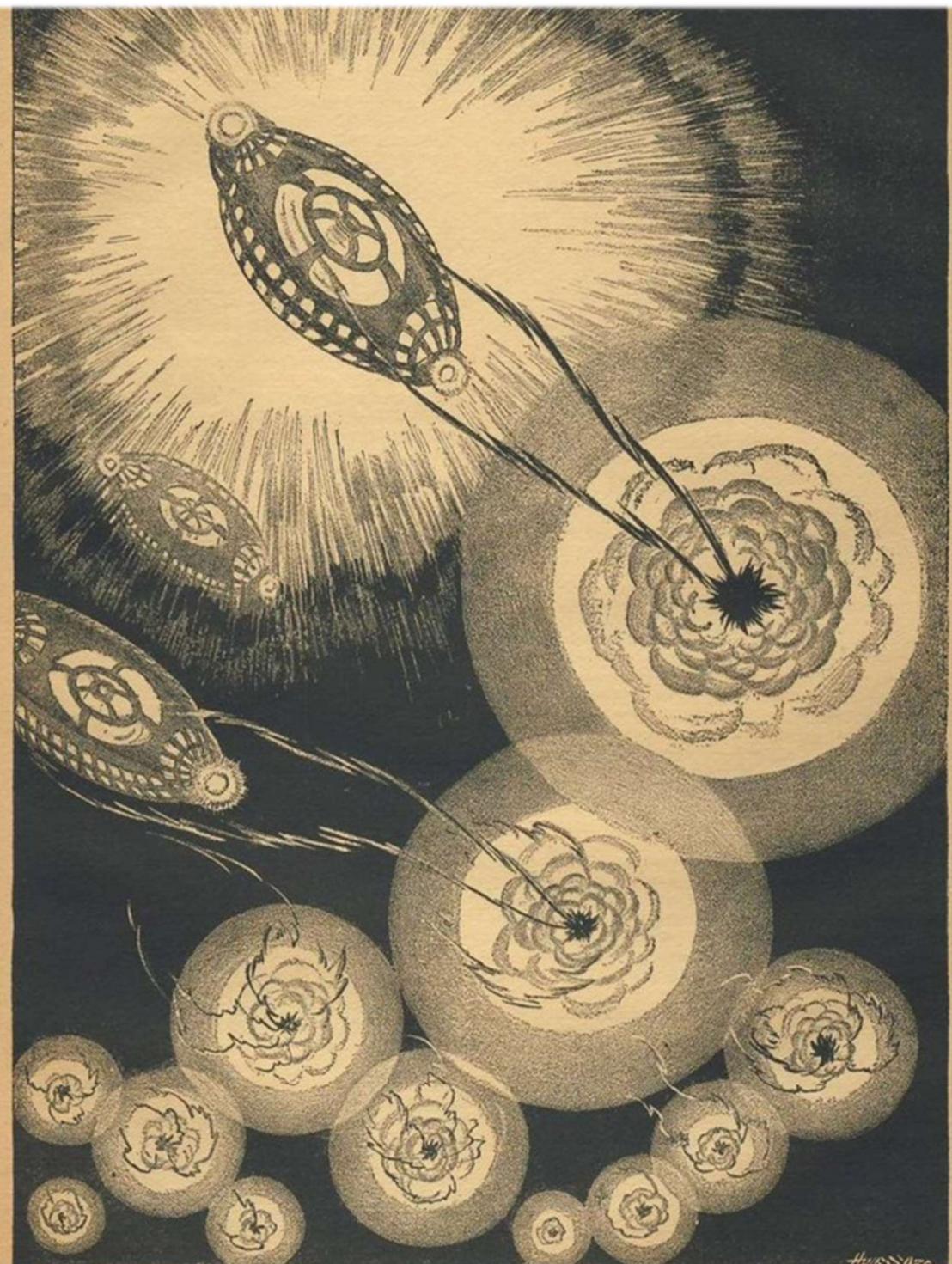
By

Edward E. Smith,
Ph. D.

*"All set," he reported crisply, and barke
a series of explosive syllables at Shire
ending upon a rising note.*



Amazing Stories – Agosto de 1930



Then these strange streamers of fiery red seemed to condense to two main streamers, reached out and out—touched the great ships

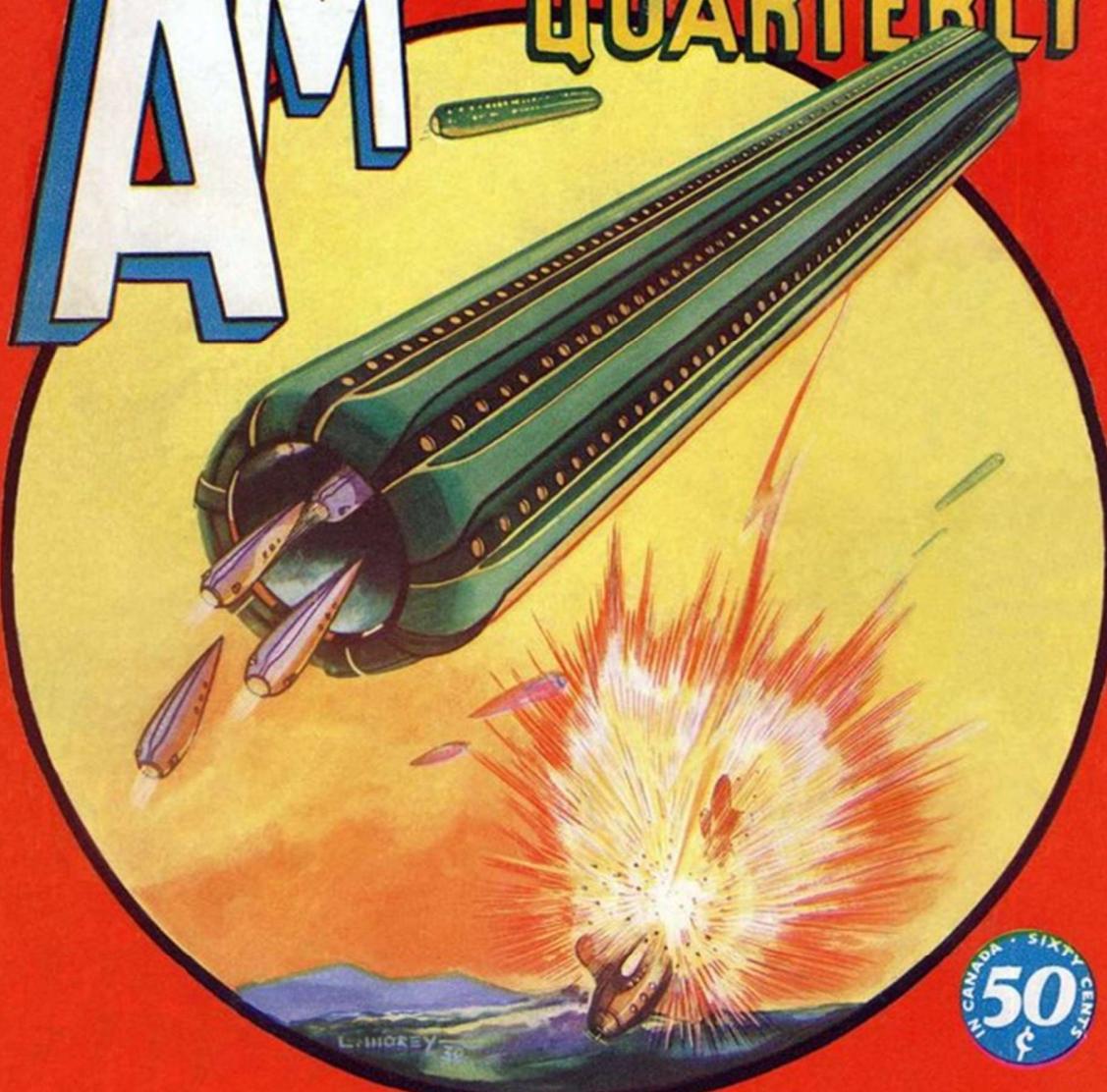
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Amazing Stories Quarterly – Verano de 1930

FALL EDITION

1930

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY



CANADA 50¢
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Scientifiction Stories by:

Aladra Septama

John W. Campbell, Jr.

Cyril G. Wates

Amazing Stories Quarterly – Otoño de 1930



The ships behind it, unable to stop so suddenly, piled up on it in chaotic wreckage! A vast halo of shining gas spread out fifty thousand miles about.

dering on through space. The star has left its traces, for behind it there are planets where none existed before. But remember that it, too, must have planets now.

All this happened some 2,000 million years ago.

"But in order that it might happen, it requires that two stars pass within the relatively short distance of

a few billion miles of each other. Space is not overcrowded with matter, you know. The density of the stars has been compared with twenty tennis balls roaming about the 8,000-mile sphere that the Earth fills up—twenty tennis balls in some 270 billion cubic miles of space. Now imagine two of those tennis balls—with plenty of room to wander in—passing within a few yards of each other. The chances are about as good as the chances of two stars passing close enough to make planets.

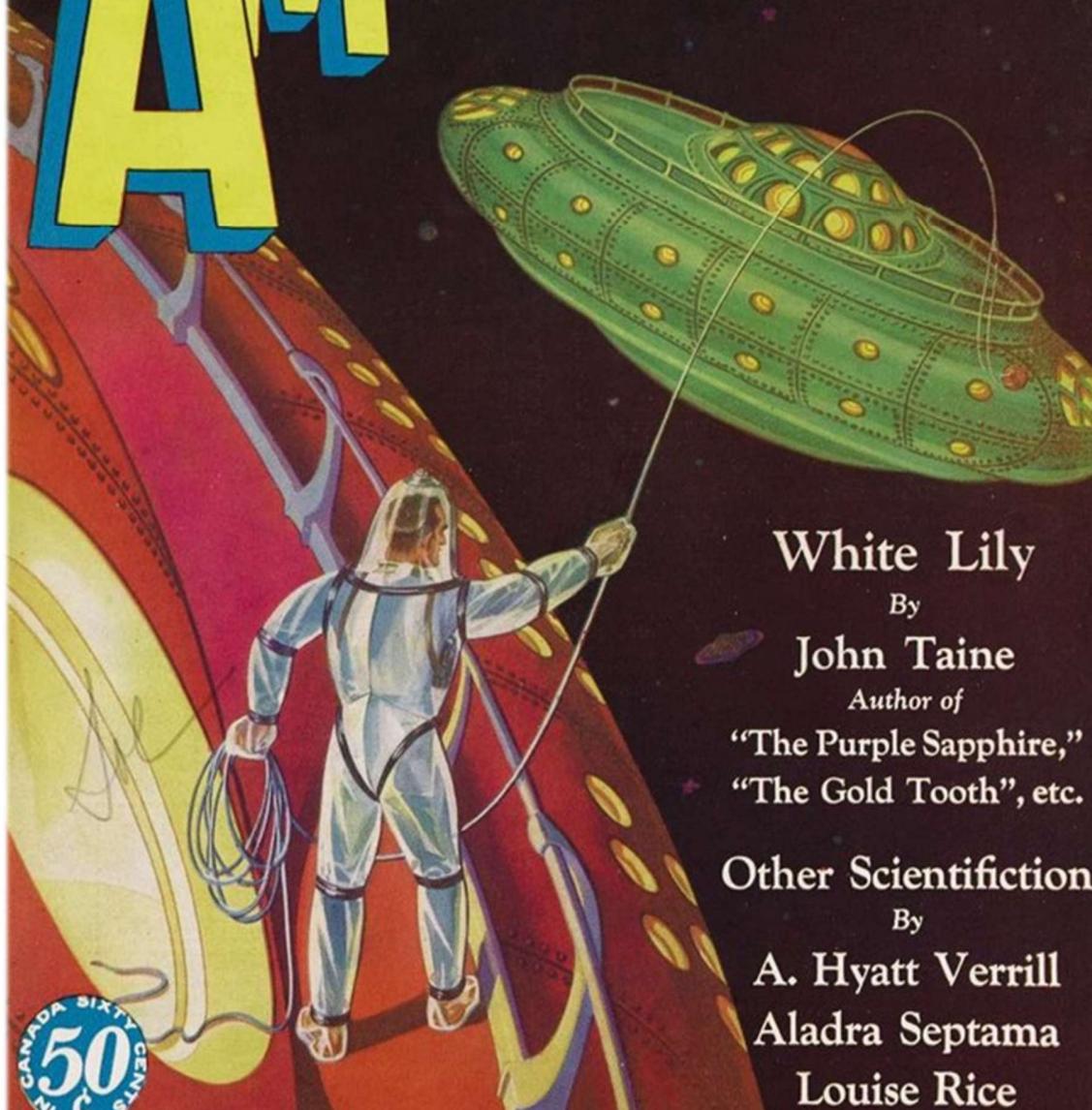
"Now let us consider another possibility.

"The Black Star, as I told you, has planets. That means that it must have thus passed close to another star. Now we have it coming close to another sun that has been similarly afflicted. The chances of that happening are inconceivably small. It is one chance

WINTER EDITION

1930

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY



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CANADA
CENTS

White Lily

By

John Taine

Author of

“The Purple Sapphire,”

“The Gold Tooth”, etc.

Other Scientific fiction

By

A. Hyatt Verrill

Aladra Septama

Louise Rice

Amazing Stories Quarterly – Invierno de 1930



The continents and the seas of Ekkis, from being vast masses, became the individualities, themselves shrinking to specks, and stricken Ekkis itself became a globe, drifting away below and behind—forever

tunnel!" With one accord they turned and dashed forward together. They were at the tunnel now, with the rabble fifty feet behind. They shot into the darkness of the tunnel, and the attackers hesitated, fearing a trap—but only for an instant. Doubtless it must have occurred to them that it was death for them, anyway, if they could not stop the fleeing scientists. There, they felt, lay their only hope. They plunged forward into the darkness in pursuit.

Oomir kept at Ellit's side, lest he should weaken and fall behind. The desperate pursuers were nearly upon them. Ellit saw they could never make the ship. He stopped suddenly. "Keep on, son," he shouted to Oomir. "Keep on. Don't stop. I have a trick up my sleeve."

While Oomir waited to see what the old man was bent on, Ellit turned back and ran straight into the arms of the pursuers, his hand held high. Even as Oomir, puzzled, started to follow him, there was a blinding flash, a heavy detonation, and the ground seemed to lift under his feet. Turning his flashlight backward, he saw through the acrid smoke the tunnel caved and completely blocked. The attackers were on the other side of the cave-in. They were saved! The way of escape was open. But somewhere between, buried under tons of rock and earth, lay the heroic old Ellit. He had given his life to save them.

Soberly Oomir turned toward the ship. He knew old Ellit had died as he wished to die—very likely as he had planned to die.

Oomir met the remainder of the rear-guard, who had started back for him and Ellit, and told them what had happened. They reached the ship safely and found the guard there engaged in fighting off other attackers. But the attack was desultory and dispirited. Plainly, the main hope had been placed in the attack on the Guild Place.

The machinery of the great 3,000-foot ship was already in motion. Now the last moorings were cast away, and all exits carefully closed and sealed. Eyes were cast wistfully for the last time at the stricken planet, and many glanced rather fearfully upward to

Amazing Stories Quarterly – Invierno de 1930



—And the ships, at that touch, fell helplessly down from the heights.

The Pirate Planet

PART THREE OF A FOUR-PART NOVEL

By Charles W. Diffin

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE attack comes without warning; its reason is unknown. But Venus is approaching the earth, and flashes from the planet are followed by terrific explosions that wreak havoc throughout the

world. Lieutenant McGuire and Captain Blake of the U. S. Army Air Service see a great ship fly in from space. Blake attacks it with the 91st Squadron in support, and Blake alone survives.

McGuire and Professor Sykes, an astronomer of Mount Lawson, are captured.

Two fighting Yankees—war-torn Earth's sole representatives on Venus—set out to spike the greatest gun of all time.

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Islands of Space

By
John W. Campbell, Jr.
*Author of "The Metal Horde,"
"Solarite," etc.*

WHEREAS atomic power is not yet a thing of actuality, but rather a much hoped for future realization, our young author goes beyond this still necessarily limited power. Says Mr. Campbell, there is tremendous power in the cosmos. Why limit ourselves to the mere atom as a source of power? But even his imagination, accustomed as it is to conquering vast space—even beyond our galaxy, seems somewhat appalled at the prospect of some day learning the secret of cosmic power.

Arco, Morey, their respective fathers, and Wade are characters well known to a good many of our readers—and well liked. But that is the only relationship between "Islands of Space" and Mr. Campbell's previous stories. You cannot afford to miss this novel-length classic of science fiction. It is the best story by this author that has been published thus far.

THREE young men sat in animated conversation around a table piled high with sheets of graphs, sketches of mathematical functions, and lists of tensor formulas. Between them stood a compact Munson-Bradley intergraph with seventeen graph positions, to which they frequently referred their work, checking the equations that they had already derived. These results seemed to have been this trio, a group which had introduced more innovations than any three men in the system's history.

Suddenly the low hum of the annunciated interrupted their conversation.

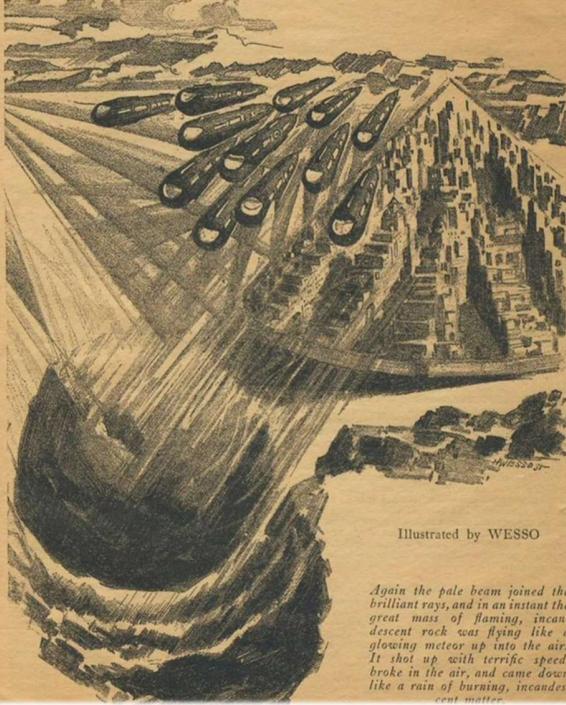
"That's Fuller," said one, rising and walking to the televiophone. He snapped the switch into position, and the grey screen at once misted with color, then a sharp picture leaped out on its dull surface.

"Arco speaking."

"I'm sorry," replied the man whose face was imaged in the screen, "Mr. Fuller is here, and though I know you want to see him, standing orders say I must call you up. It's all right, is it not?"

"I'll call him up. And now, remember, I am not in to anyone but Dr. Mr. Morey senior, or the Interplanetary Chairman, and don't call if they come send 'em up. I'm not answering. You detectives are sometimes too efficient," smiled Arco. "Don't call me up for the next ten hours."

"I'll see to it. Dr. Arco," smiled the image in the



Illustrated by WESSO

Again the pale beam joined the brilliant rays, and in an instant the great mass of flaming, incandescent rock was flying like a glowing meteor up into the air! It shot up with terrific speed, broke in the air, and came down like a rain of burning, incandescent matter.

Amazing Stories Quarterly—Primavera de 1931

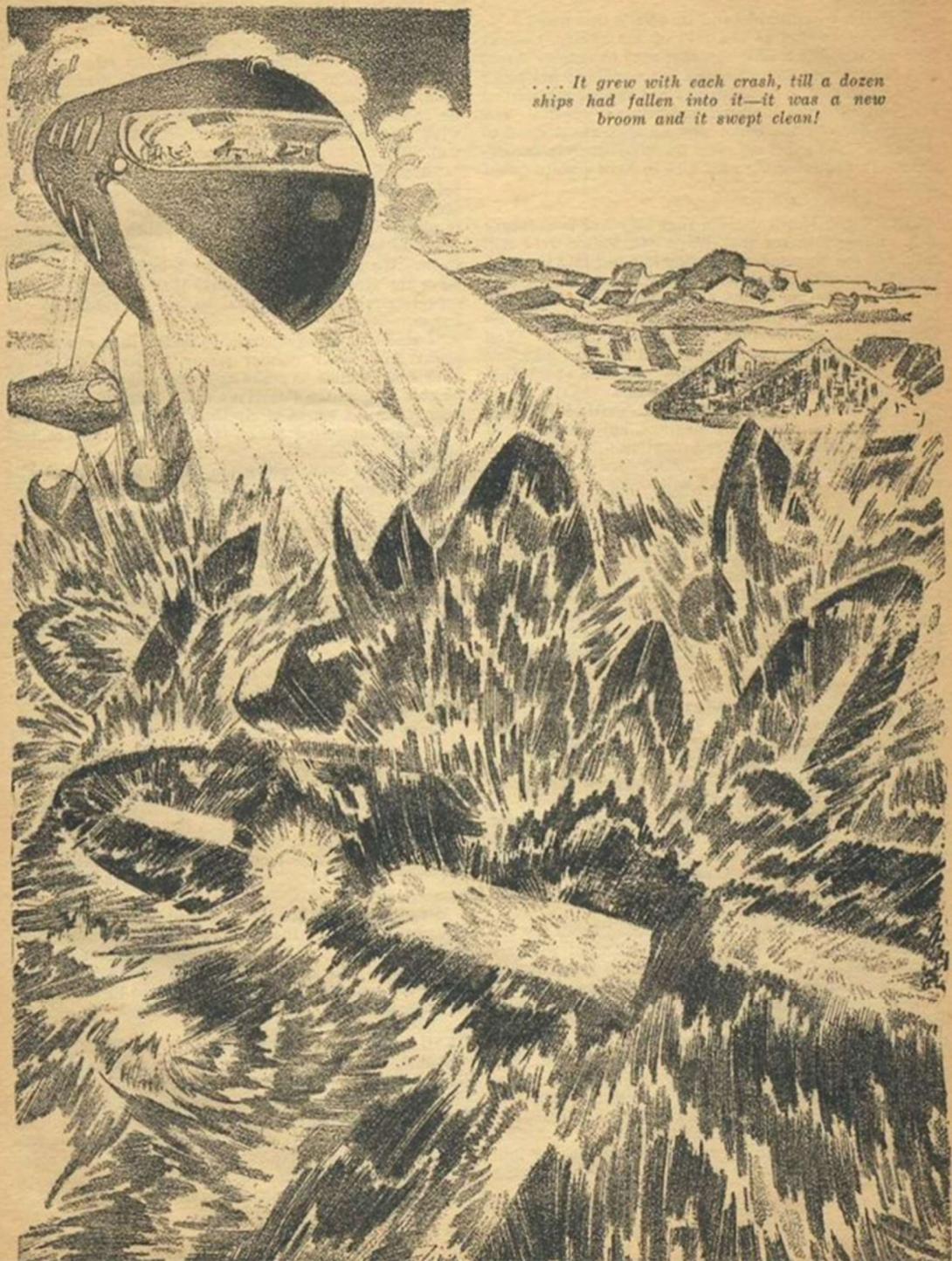
Arcot stared in amazement, his face suddenly clouded in wonder, while Morey stared in equal wonder . . . "Lord," muttered Morey, as he looked at the ships, "where can they have come from?"



"We are off for a while now, our next stop is the Universe, and since it is quite a distance off, I think we had best stop at the end of four days, make more accurate measurements, and then stop nearer. In the meantime we must arrange shifts. I think that I will go to sleep now and take over the shift in—say, ten hours. To do that I am going to take a mild opiate I brought along in the medicine case, for just such an emergency. We stand ten-hour sleep-shifts—the rest wide awake, and working," he said, as he glided into the control room, where Arcot, Wade and Fuller were just getting ready to start for the lab.

It was agreed, and in the meantime the three "on duty" went down to the lab to work. Just what need of a watch there was, none of them knew—but they soon found out!

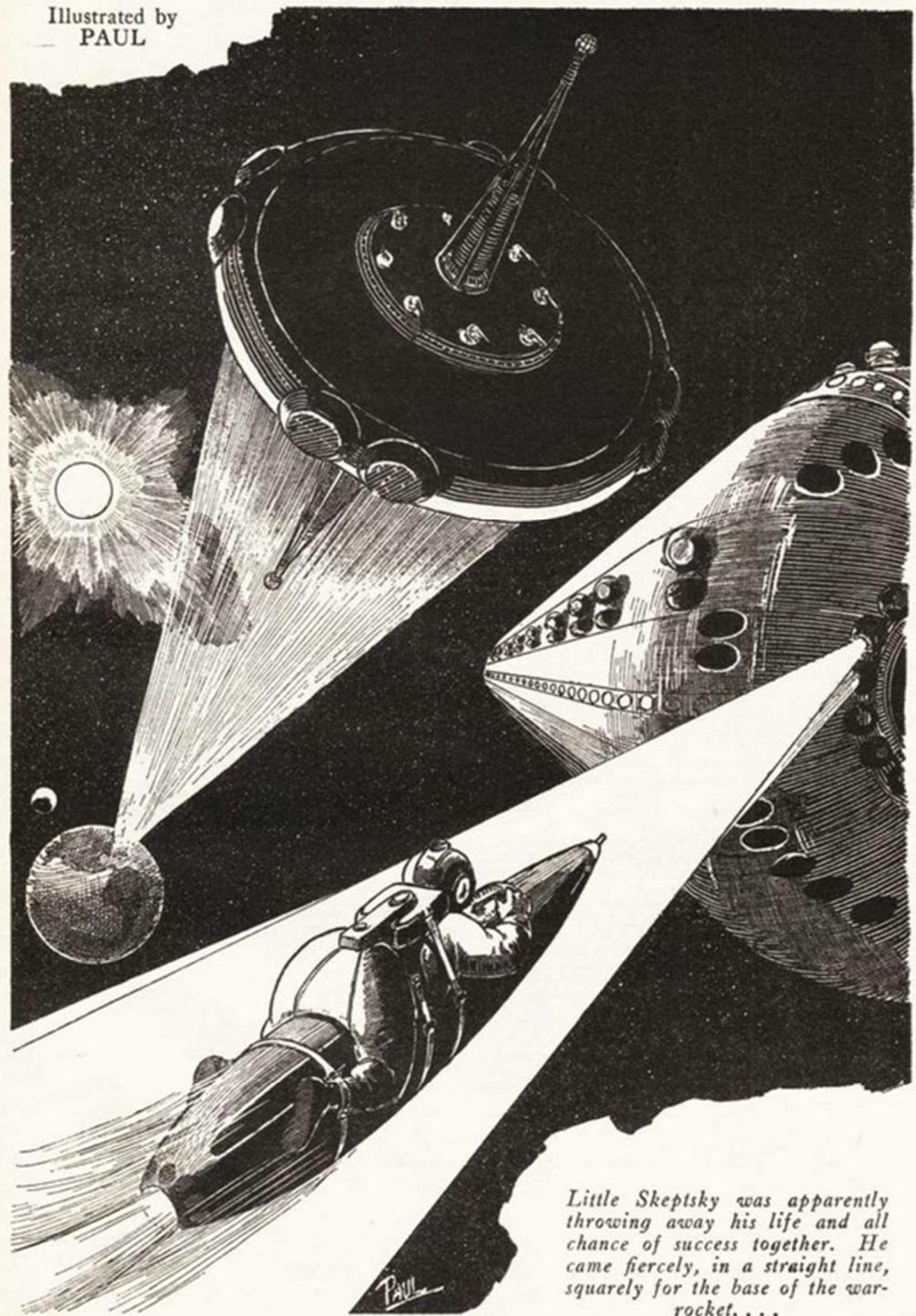
Arcot had finished his invisibility installation at the end of the ten hours, much to his disappointment. He was casting about for something else to do, while Wade and Fuller were putting the finish-



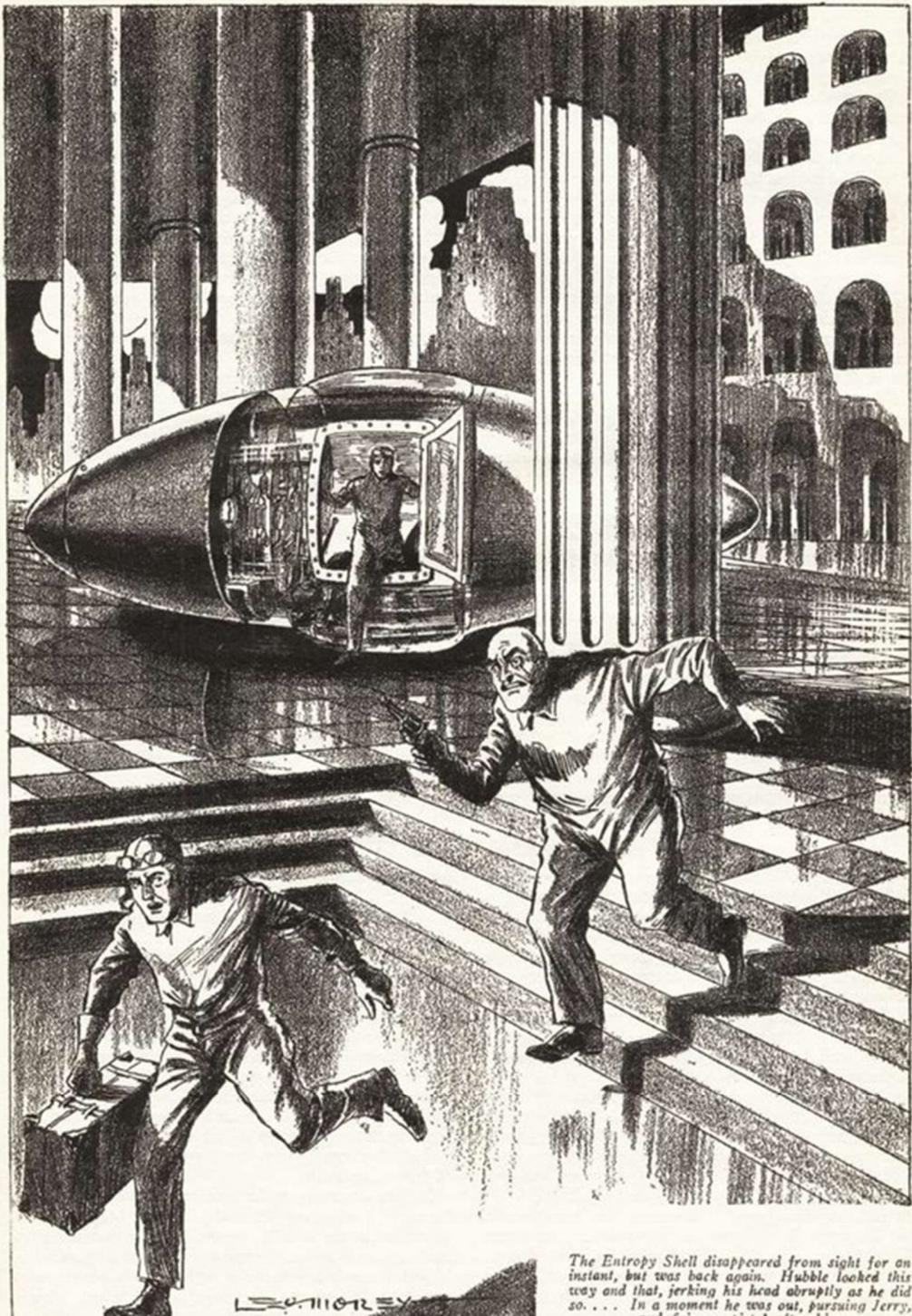
... It grew with each crash, till a dozen ships had fallen into it—it was a new broom and it swept clean!

Amazing Stories Quarterly – Primavera de 1931

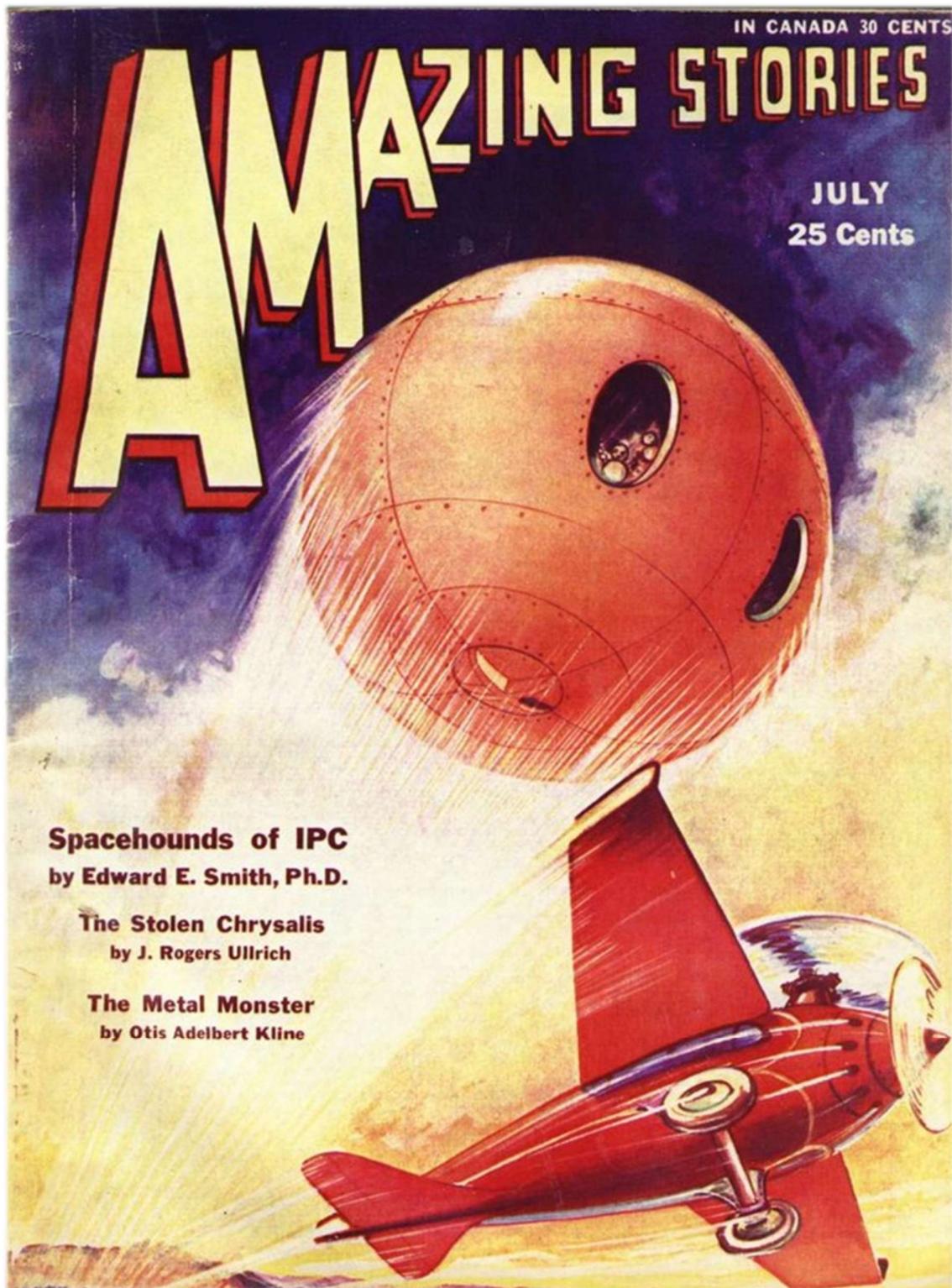
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PAUL



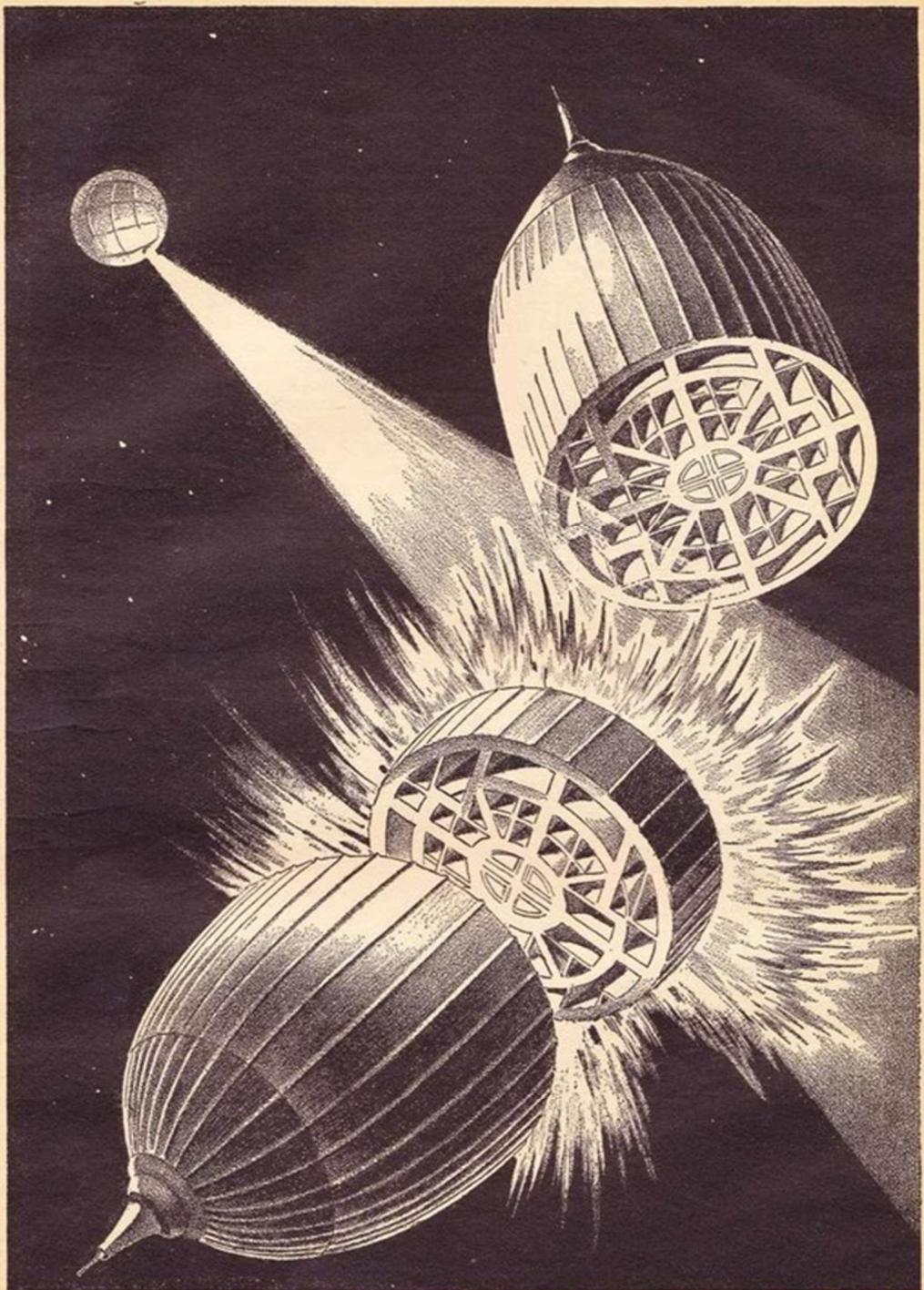
Little Skeptsky was apparently throwing away his life and all chance of success together. He came fiercely, in a straight line, squarely for the base of the war-rocket. . . .



The Entropy Shell disappeared from sight for an instant, but was back again. Hubble looked this way and that, jerking his head abruptly as he did so. . . . In a moment he was out, pursuing Jerry, and firing a pistol after him.



Amazing Stories – Julio de 1931



Stevens made out a relatively tiny ball of metal . . . at a distance of perhaps a mile. From this ball there shot a blinding plane of light, and the Arcturus fell apart . . .

Coming of the Time Travelers

(News article published in the Austin, Tex., *Observer*, July 31, 1930.)

THE Rev. Dr. J. H. Atkins had strange visitors last night. When the reverend awoke this morning he found, without a "By your leave" or "With your permission" an unusually shaped vehicle parked in his back yard. It looked like a cross between a young submarine and a modernistic airplane.



The machine hummed and quivered, and then apparently slowly melted into the air.

Dr. Atkins called his wife. His wife called the police. Police called on the Atkinses, and then called for re-enforcement.

When the fresh squad arrived, the officers, Dr. Atkins, and his family walked all around the machine and decided it was a rifle bullet, grown up and sprouting wings.

It appeared, according to the police, to be constructed of some glassy-like substance.

"It shivered in the sun," said Chief of Detectives Tim Ragan, "like a lake in a light breeze."

While examining the contraption, they noticed an opening in the top, from which a head was tentatively sticking.

"Come on out," shouted Detective Ragan. "You're under arrest for trespassing."

The head, followed by a body, came on out. After it followed another head, and another body, then three other heads, each followed by its body. Then came a fifth. Mrs. Atkins was allowed to describe it.

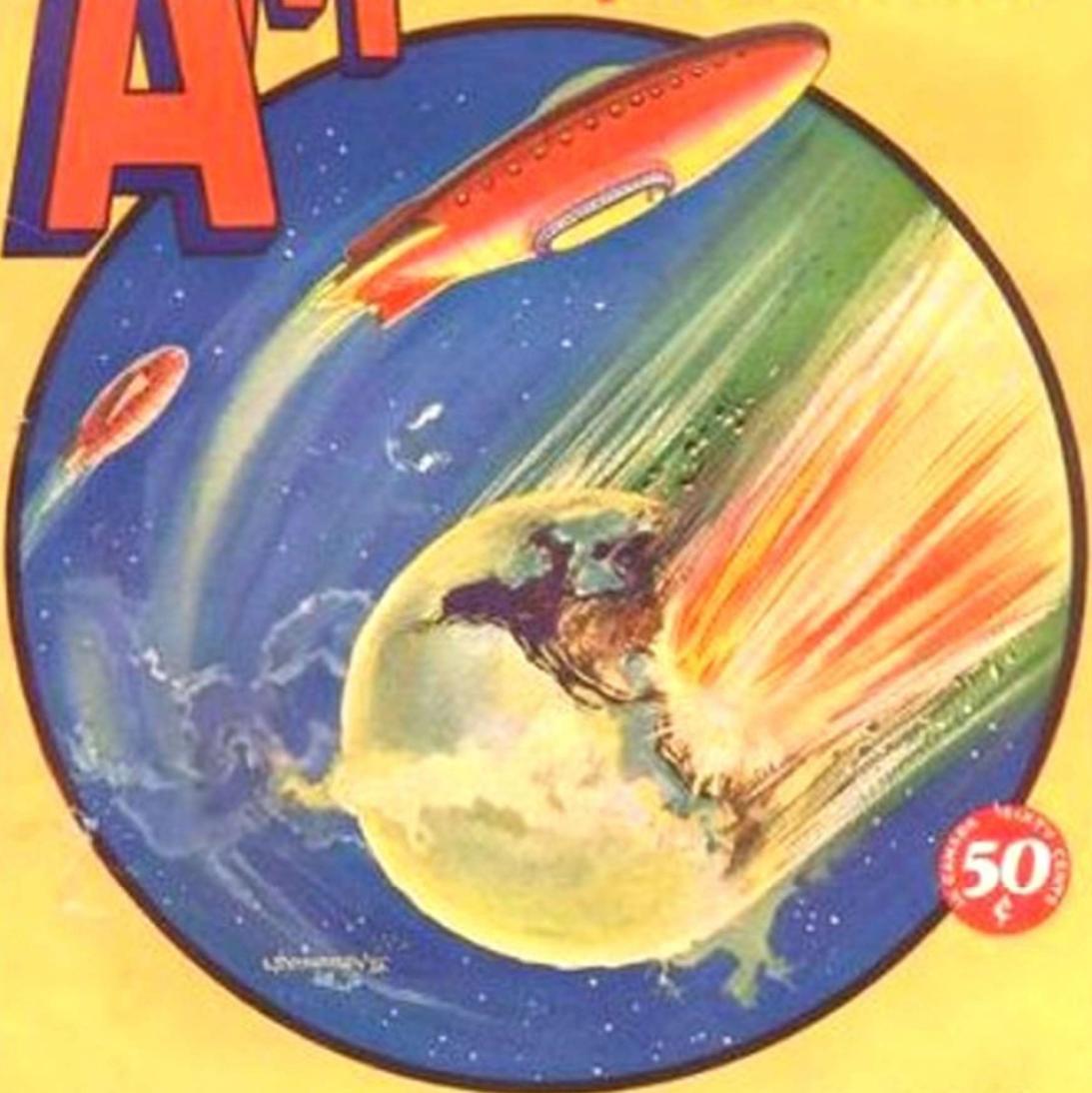
"It was a silvery head—the most beautiful hair I have ever seen in my life."

But Mrs. Atkins would not describe the body which followed. She blushed furiously when asked for a de-

SUMMER EDITION

1931

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY



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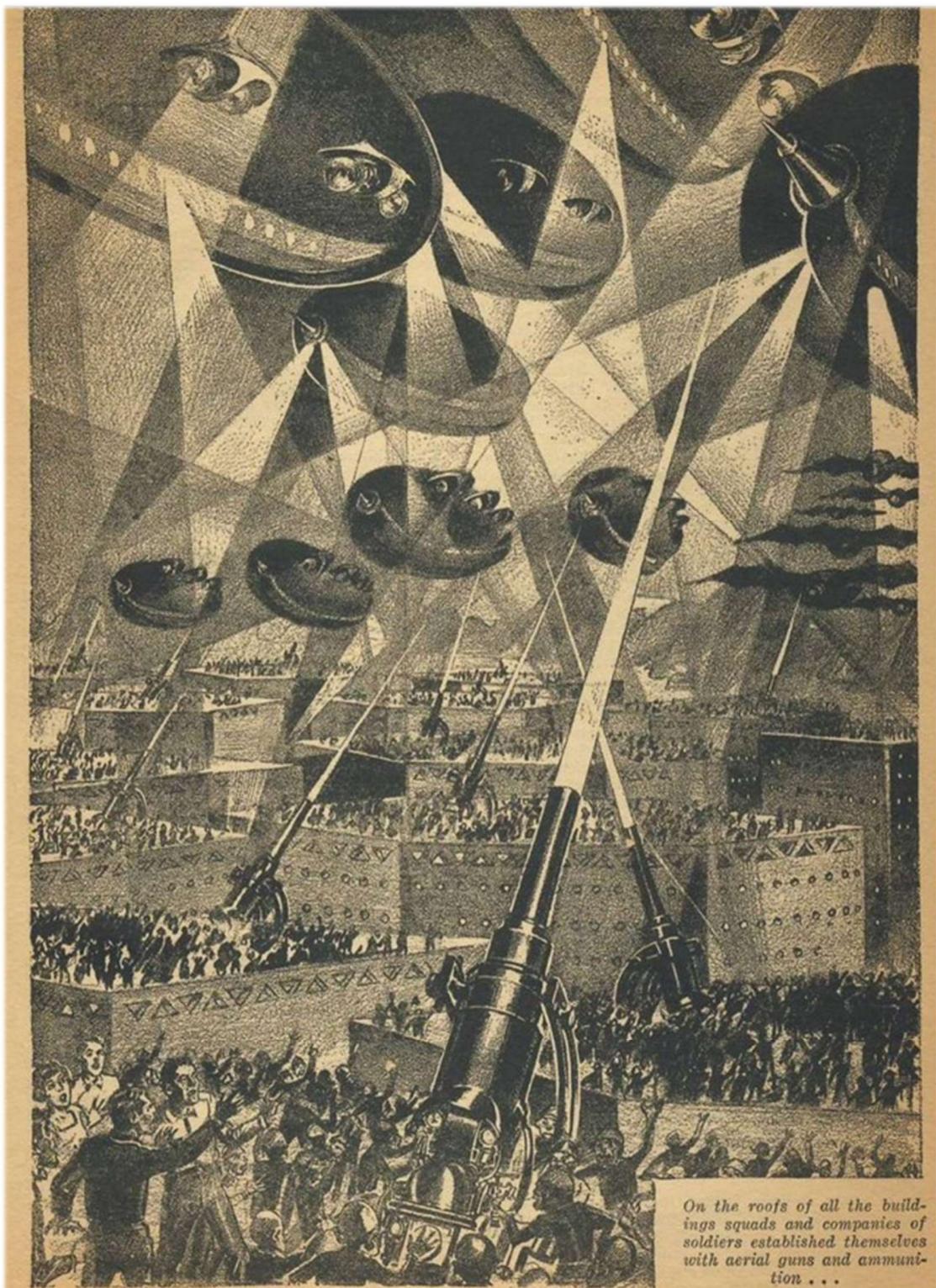
The Blue Barbarians

by Stanton A. Coblentz

Deep Sea Justice

by Ed. Earl Rapp

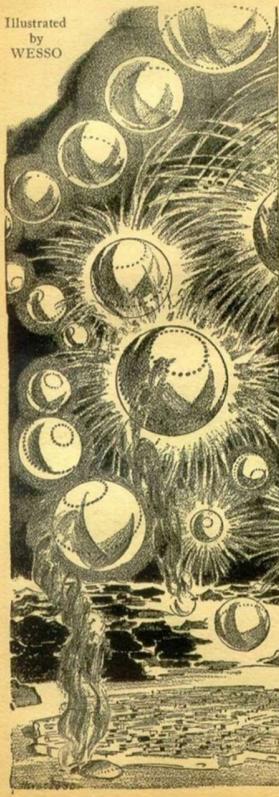
Amazing Stories Quarterly – Verano de 1931



On the roofs of all the buildings squads and companies of soldiers established themselves with aerial guns and ammunition . . .

Amazing Stories Quarterly – Verano de 1931

Illustrated
by
WESSO



The Birth of a New Republic

By Miles J. Breuer, M.D.
and Jack Williamson

CHAPTER I

The New Frontier

NOW, in the last year of the twenty-fourth century, I am setting out to devote the final years of a long and active life to the writing of a narrative of my small part in the historic period just closing, which was perhaps the most important in human history. During my life, the world had changed from a few small, grown from weak, scattered cities to the powerful and prosperous Lunar Corporation. I was in the midst of the terrible struggle in which the autonomy of that corporation was won; and it is my purpose to write what I saw of that greatest of wars as simply and justly as I can.

My story must begin with my father.

He was born in Pittsburgh in the year 2276. Even at that time, now over a century past, the United States had become a powerful nation, and the political organizations that once had ruled the world, had ceased to have any real power over the people within its ancient boundaries. Pittsburgh was a stronghold of the Metal Corporation, one of the great powers of the half-dozen huge organizations that ruled the world.

It was typical of my father that he should decide to migrate to the colonies on the moon. His pioneering spirit rebelled at the complex, well-ordered life on earth. He was a deep thinker, in an original way; he had spent his life traveling over the earth in quest of an outlet for his restless energies of spirit. Far too much of a philosopher he was, to get any satisfaction out of the muckeries and superficialities of life in the great cities of earth.

Father was not the man to shut himself up back of a desk in a little glass cage for eight hours of every day, to provide himself with a golden fringe to his tragic and take his wife on a little moon-gathering when there was a chance of the latest risque show, and bet on the rocket races, squander a working man's for-

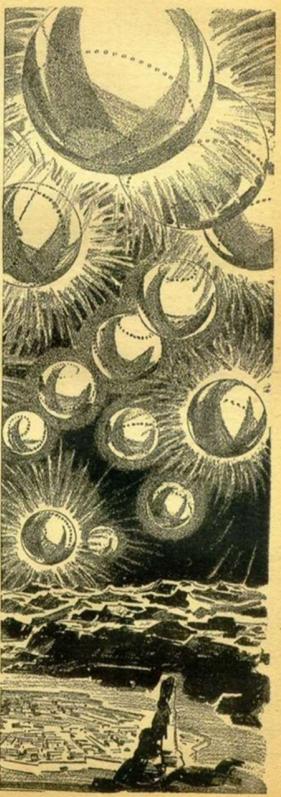
"Only some twenty-odd of Van Thoren's globes came out."

IN these days of standardized comforts and minimized dangers in living and traveling, we find ourselves—those of us, at least, who have a hankering for the unusual—trying to dig out stories of the old colony days, or, more recently, of the frontier days of the Golden West, in order to add a little romance and adventure to this work-a-day world. But such pleasure must, at best, diminish in intensity as the stories become more familiar and anecdotes are repeated. And even if the thrill of new adventure must remain vicarious for an uncertain length of time, tales of pioneering on different planets or other bodies entirely separated from the earth, with its absolutely strange and necessarily conjectural dangers and difficulties, if presented realistically and with plausibility, must be absorbing indeed. A yarn by either of these authors would promise much. The combination of Breuer and Williamson leaves little to be desired.

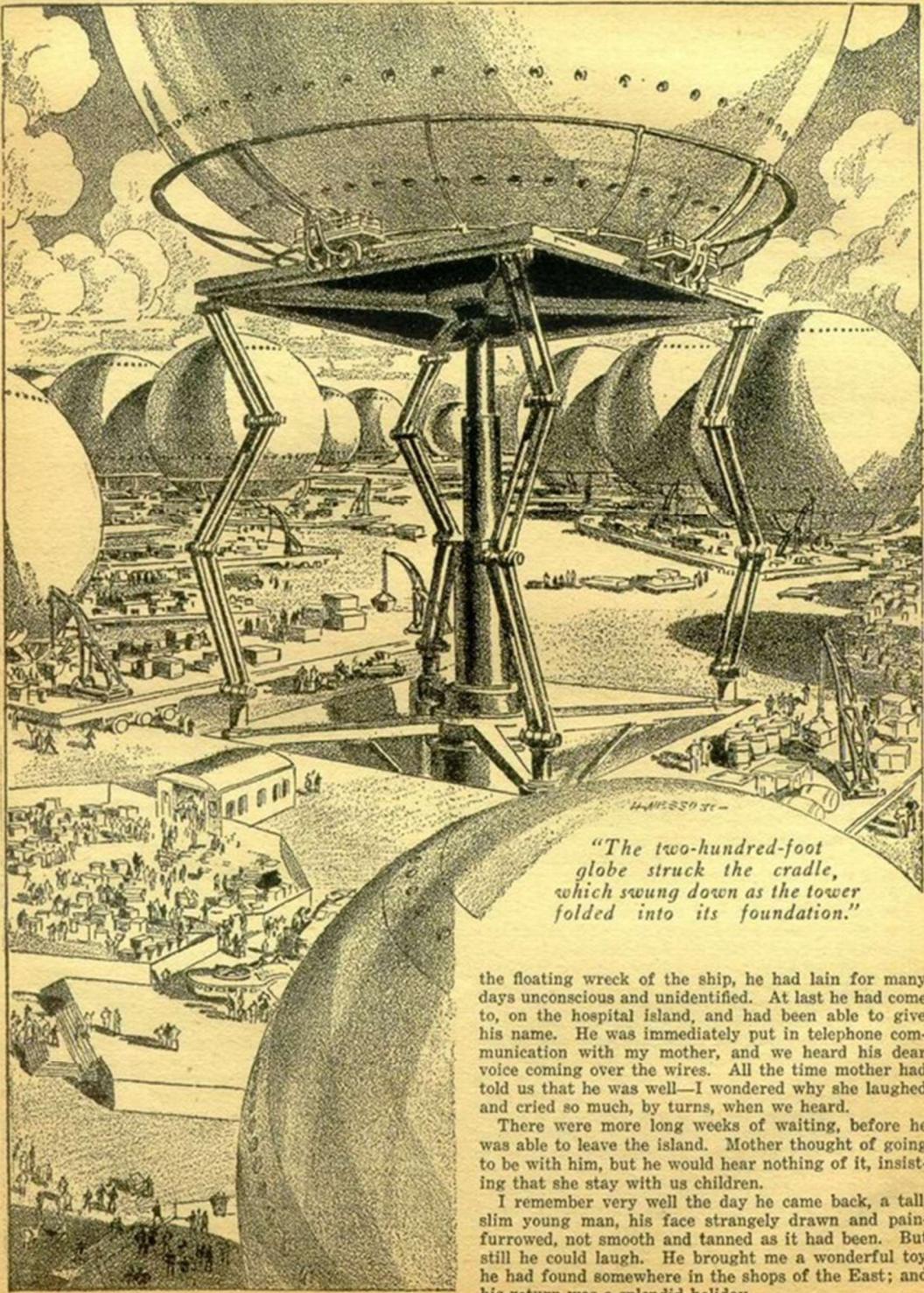
tune at cards and dance themselves ragged to blaring jazz, to go home tipsy with "2,200 port." My parents were not that kind of people at all.

It is natural that they thought of emigration to the moon.

There was a man, a world writer. There, beyond a quarter of a million miles of space, hardy pioneers had opened up a new frontier, two centuries after the last frontier had vanished on earth. Life was simple there and hard. Men were free from convention and artificial restrictions, and close to nature. They fought for what life gave them, depended upon their hands instead of their purse. On the earth's satellite was a new field for men with initiative and independence, men who could live and work beyond the protection of the machine. On the moon a man was not a



Amazing Stories Quarterly – Invierno de 1931



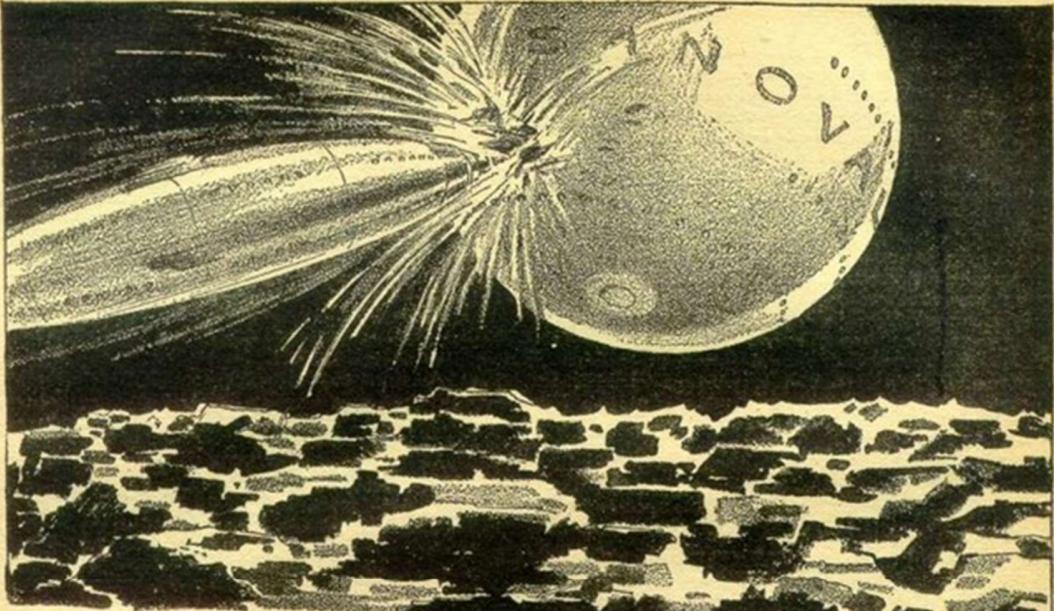
*"The two-hundred-foot
globe struck the cradle,
which swung down as the tower
folded into its foundation."*

the floating wreck of the ship, he had lain for many days unconscious and unidentified. At last he had come to, on the hospital island, and had been able to give his name. He was immediately put in telephone communication with my mother, and we heard his dear voice coming over the wires. All the time mother had told us that he was well—I wondered why she laughed and cried so much, by turns, when we heard.

There were more long weeks of waiting, before he was able to leave the island. Mother thought of going to be with him, but he would hear nothing of it, insisting that she stay with us children.

I remember very well the day he came back, a tall, slim young man, his face strangely drawn and painfurrowed, not smooth and tanned as it had been. But still he could laugh. He brought me a wonderful toy he had found somewhere in the shops of the East; and his return was a splendid holiday.

It was several months before he was able to be up



The great round vessel, rather clumsy at best, and heavily laden with metal, fell an easy victim to the slender, modern, cigar-shaped warship of Metals.

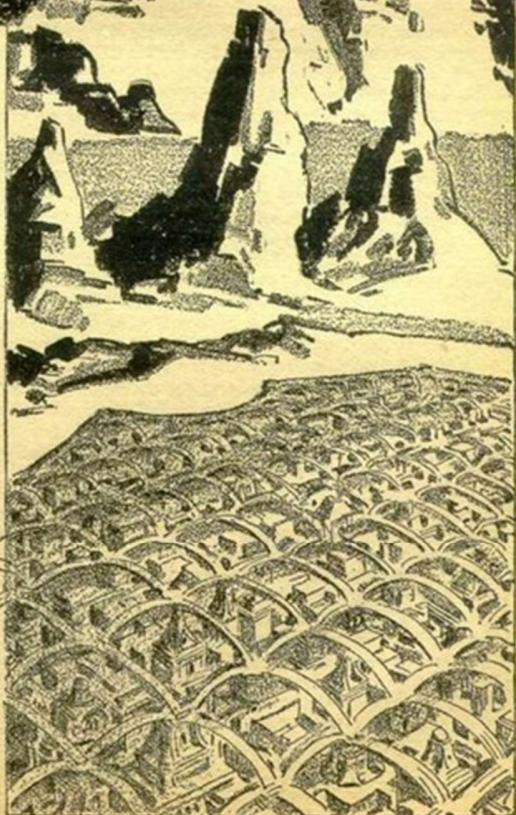
officer in the space fleets, where he had learned the modern art of war. He had more recently won distinction in a long campaign against a rebellious army of the wild M'Dawils—one of the most blood-thirsty tribes of Selenites—defeating them in a brilliant battle near the Hercynian Mountains, on the border of the moon. Gardener was at the meeting, the profound philosopher, clear-headed, practical, far-sighted. Henry Patrick was there, the youthful orator whose later fiery speeches in every lunar city did much to inflame the moonfolk with the spirit of revolution, and my father, John Adams, an able, influential man, skillful financier and sincere statesman.

The old charter of the Moon Company was examined and discussed. Quite explicitly, Metals had granted it the full ownership of the moon, with all the mines and cities upon it, as well as the right to protect its territorial rights by force of arms, to build space fliers and to carry on trade with earth.

These latter provisions must not have seemed important when the charter was drawn up, since the Moon Company was to be only a subsidiary corporation to Metals. But now, even though Metals had never recognized the independence of the moon people, these old charter rights seemed important guarantees of freedom.

After a long and rather stormy session in one of the great auditoriums of Theophilus—there were many so loyal to Metals that they felt it an act of treason to question the wisdom of its government of the moon—the Assembly passed the "Assertion of Right."

That famous document merely sets forth in simple language the claims of the moon people to the rights and privileges of self-government, of free ownership of mines and cities, and of freedom of commerce with the



upon the ladder and was a hundred yards above the water when I scrambled through the opening.

Bris scrambled like a monkey up the ladder to the bridge, in haste to reach his post and help prepare the ship for action. The men on the lower D-ray deck, upon which we stood, were gathered about their glistening weapons, already alert.

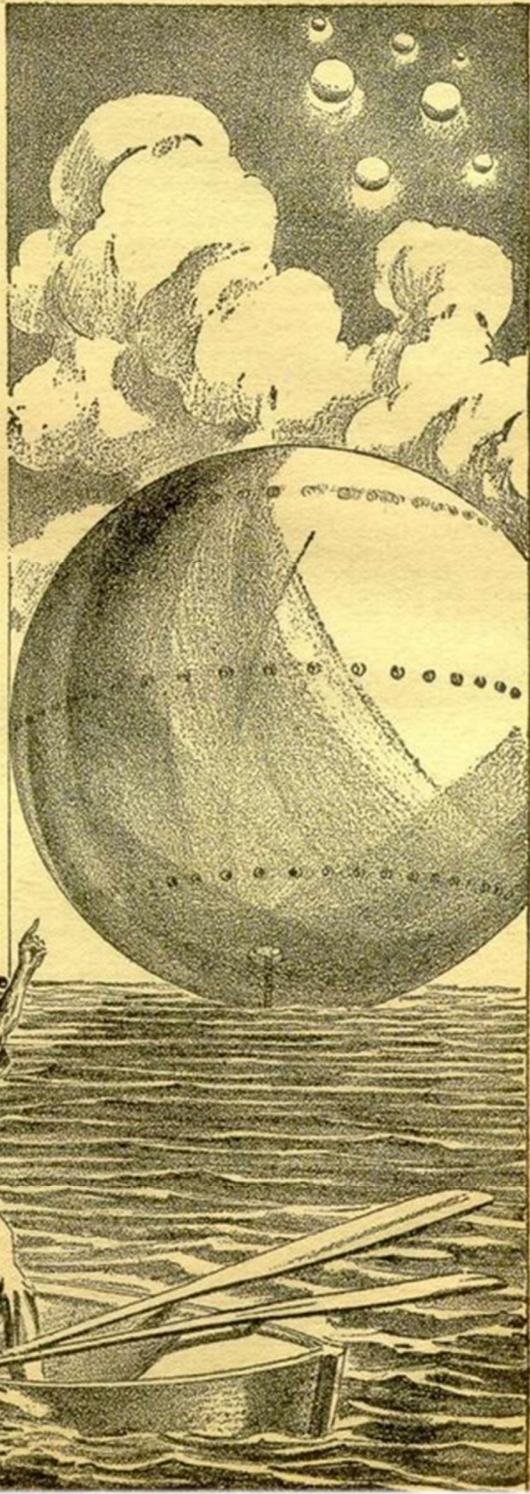
Gardiner and I rolled the metal cylinder over on the floor and presently got the encrustation of rust and salt hammered off with a mallet borrowed from the crew of the great ray-tube behind us. We had left after the pounding a stained and pitted cylinder of aluminum nine inches in diameter and nearly three feet long. There was no visible juncture in its surface, no sign of hinge or lid or cap.

Finding that we could not open it, we clambered up the central ladder, sending the tube up by the little electric elevator used for hoisting supplies. I was eager to know what was happening outside; but Gardiner's chief interest seemed still in the cylinder, in spite of the fleet above.

When we reached the bridge, both Doane and Bris were bent over the great round table in the center of the room, working with lever and dial. Looking out through the tiny thick windows of the room, I saw the gleaming spherical shell of a war flier now two miles away. It was almost directly above us, on our path of escape. And the blazing scarlet and dazzling green and smoky topaz of its D-rays were jetting at us in angry spurts.

Our own ship was plunging at it head on. Every tube on the upper ray-deck was trained upon it. Suddenly I was enclosed in walls of dazzling fire as the ring of tubes all about the bridge went into action. For a little time they played past the vessel above or fell ineffectually upon its reflecting armor. Then suddenly they all seemed to focus upon it at once. Its silver shell burst into sudden blinding incandescence and seemed to melt and flow like wax.

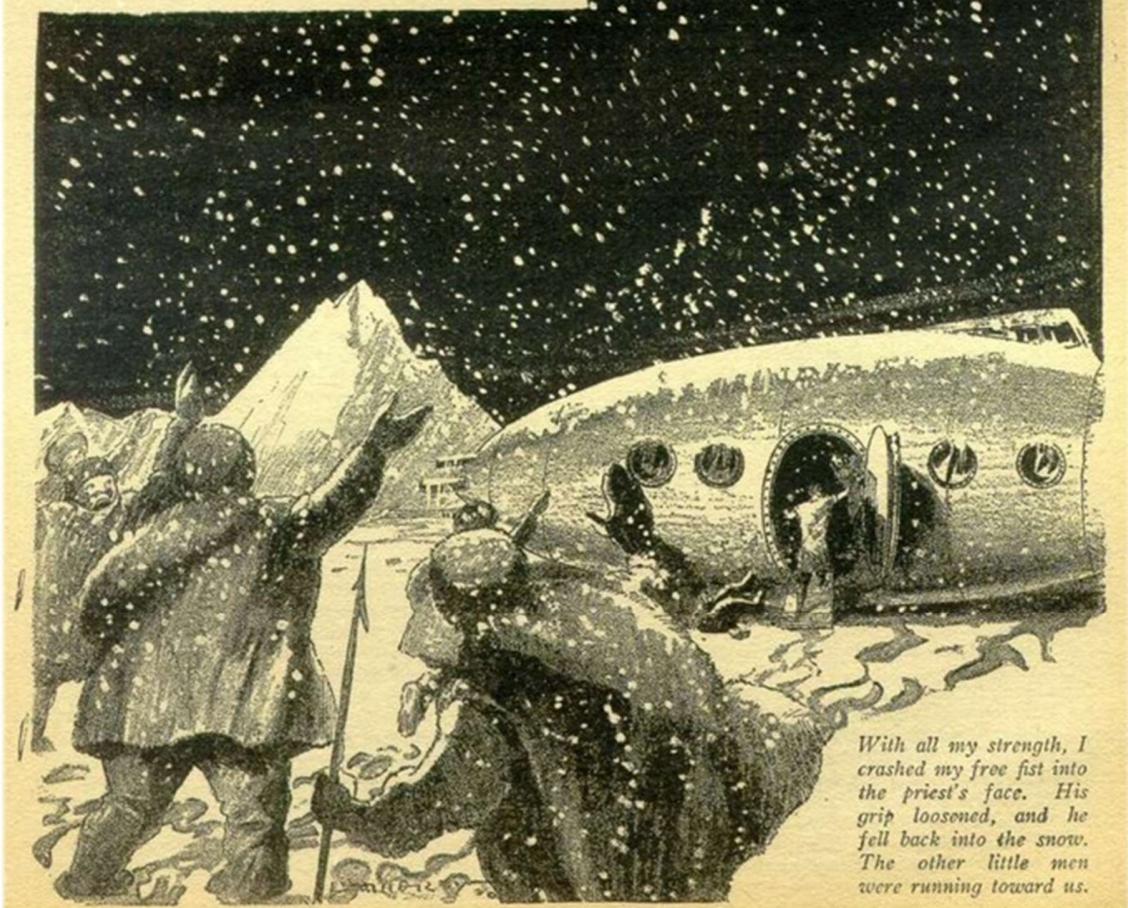
Together we bent, and the object in the sand stirred under our united efforts.



Amazing Stories Quarterly – Invierno de 1931

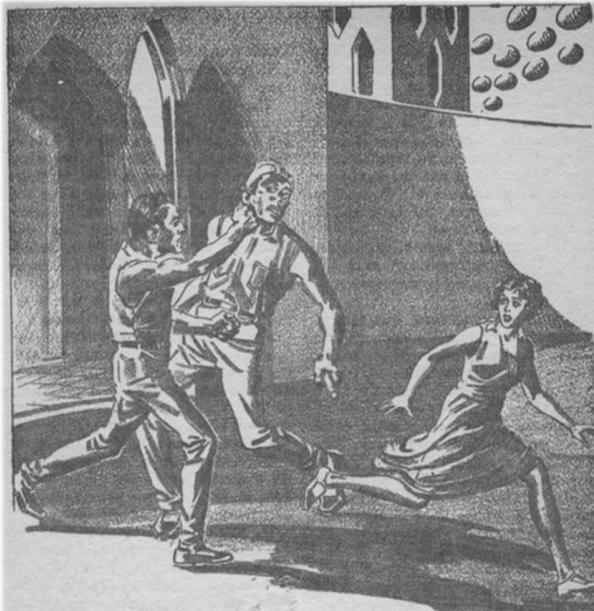
*I*t has been said, perhaps not without justification, that nothing is impossible that is conceived by the human mind—for otherwise how would the human mind be able to imagine it? The picture that our well-known author depicts for us in this classic scientific fiction short story is, of course, largely imagination, but it is based on good scientific theory—that the world goes around in cycles and that the dim distant future, except for certain logical differences, will be more or less a repetition of what scientists claim the world was long aeons ago. This is a beautifully written story, which is entertaining and does not tax your credulity. It can, in fact, stand several readings.

Illustrated by MOREY



With all my strength, I crashed my free fist into the priest's face. His grip loosened, and he fell back into the snow. The other little men were running toward us.

Amazing Stories Quarterly – Invierno de 1931



Giants on the Earth

By Capt. S. P. Meek

Conclusion

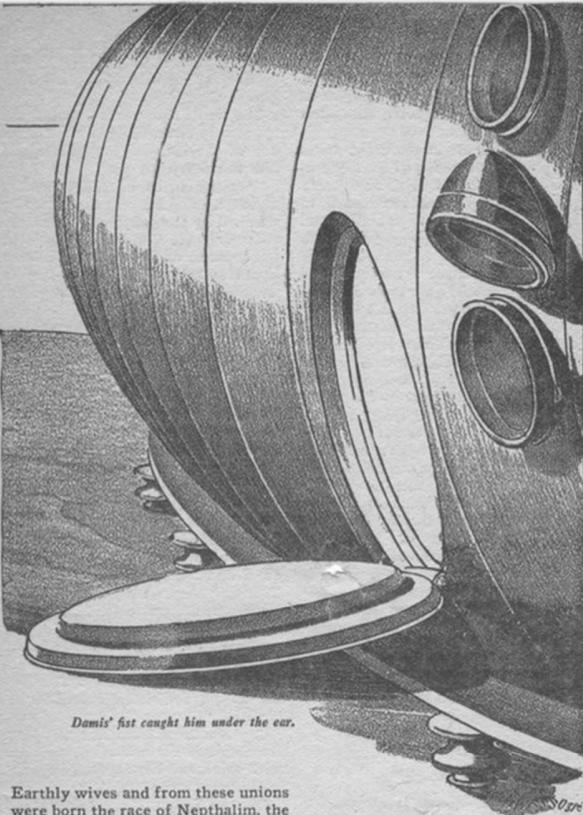
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BEFORE the Jovians came, the Earth was prosperous and happy. When a space ship full of the "Sons of God," as the Jovians named themselves, landed, the Earthmen mistook them for

angels and gladly submitted to their rule. Hortan, the leader of the invaders, was a just and kindly man and ruled the Earth wisely and well. He took for his wife a kinswoman of an Earthly king and established his capital city in Central America. Others of his followers took

There is rage and grief in the heart of Earth-born Damis as he cleaves through space on his mission of vengeance and deliverance.

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Damis' fist caught him under the ear.

Earthly wives and from these unions were born the race of Nephalim, the mighty men of the Earth.

Glavour, one of Hortan's followers, plots against his chief and assassinates him and his wife secretly, giving out that they have gone to Jupiter. Damis, the infant son of Hortan, is rescued by a devoted Terrestrial. With Hortan gone, Glavour assumes the title of Viceroy and

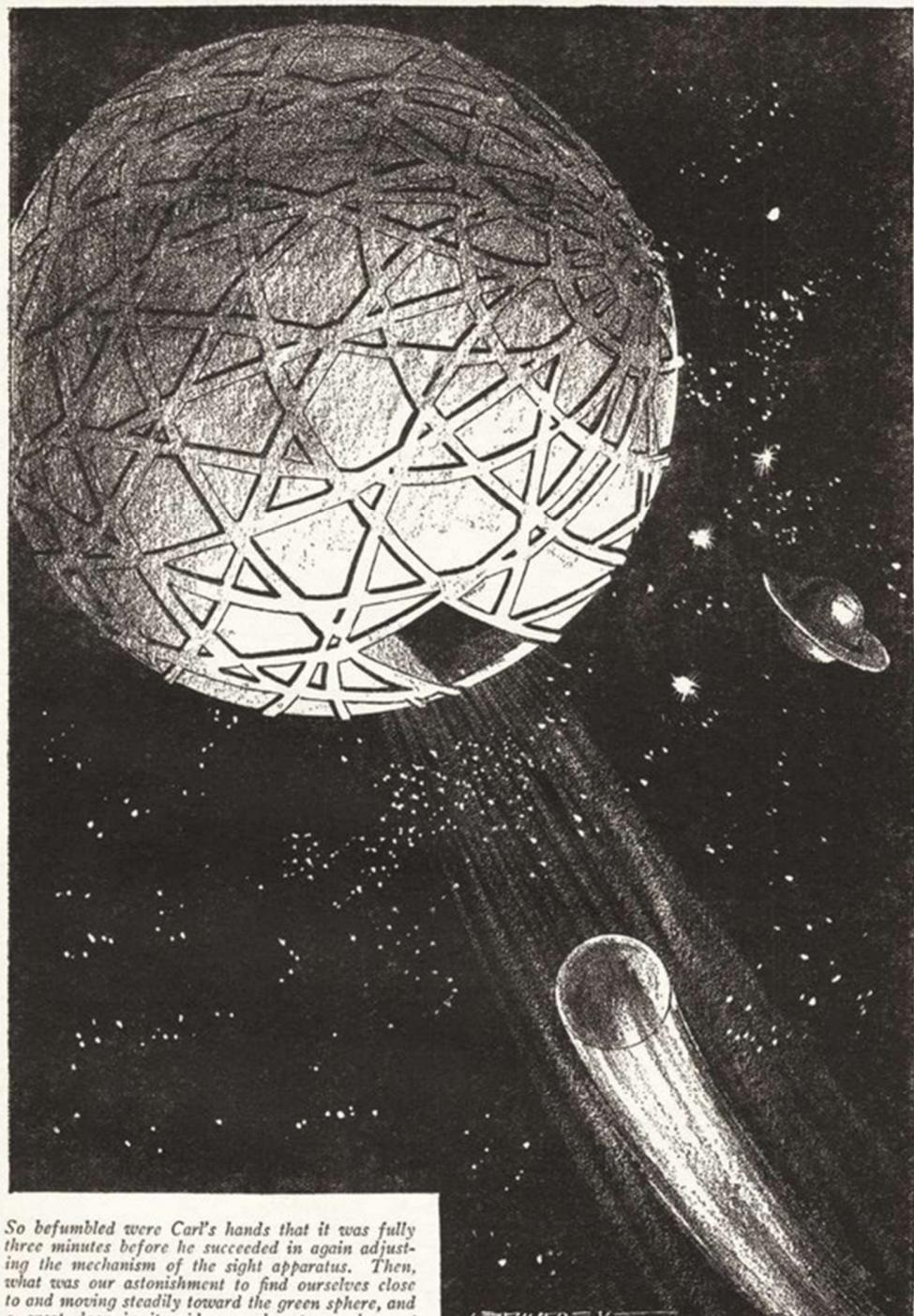
99

rules in the name of Tubain, Lord of Jupiter. Once he is secure on his stolen throne, Glavour gives way to every base passion. By scores the fairest of the Daughters of Man are swept into his seraglio. The Earthmen, maddened by oppression, rebel time and again, but the disintegrat-

Astounding Stories – Enero de 1932



In the center a small dark sphere appeared, and this grew rapidly in size until it filled the entire surface. Still it expanded and its own surface began to take on definite form.



So befuddled were Carl's hands that it was fully three minutes before he succeeded in again adjusting the mechanism of the sight apparatus. Then, what was our astonishment to find ourselves close to and moving steadily toward the green sphere, and a great door in its side yawning to receive us!

—LORD BYRON

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Amazing Stories – Febrero de 1932



Wandl, the Invader

Part Three of a Four-Part Novel

By Ray Cummings

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MENACE from the stars! An inhabited invading planet had come from interplanetary space, and hovered between Mars and Jupiter.

Tumultuous days for me, Gregg Haljan! And for all those whom I loved best. My fiancé, Anita Prince, and Venza, the Venus girl who was to marry Snap Dean, and Snap himself — all of them, I was sure, had been captured by beings from this new weird planet. Captured and taken into space in a strange projectile.

The enemy was in league with criminals upon Earth, Venus and Mars. Set Molo and his sister Meka had captured Venza and Anita, and possibly Snap. I had glimpsed two of

the new beings: a gruesome master brain, large and naked, with a tiny withered body; and a great ten-foot hooded shape—its slave.

Upon Earth, Venus and Mars, three strange beams of light had been planted. They stood like crossing swords in the sky, turning with their planets. The publics of our three habitable worlds were in panic.

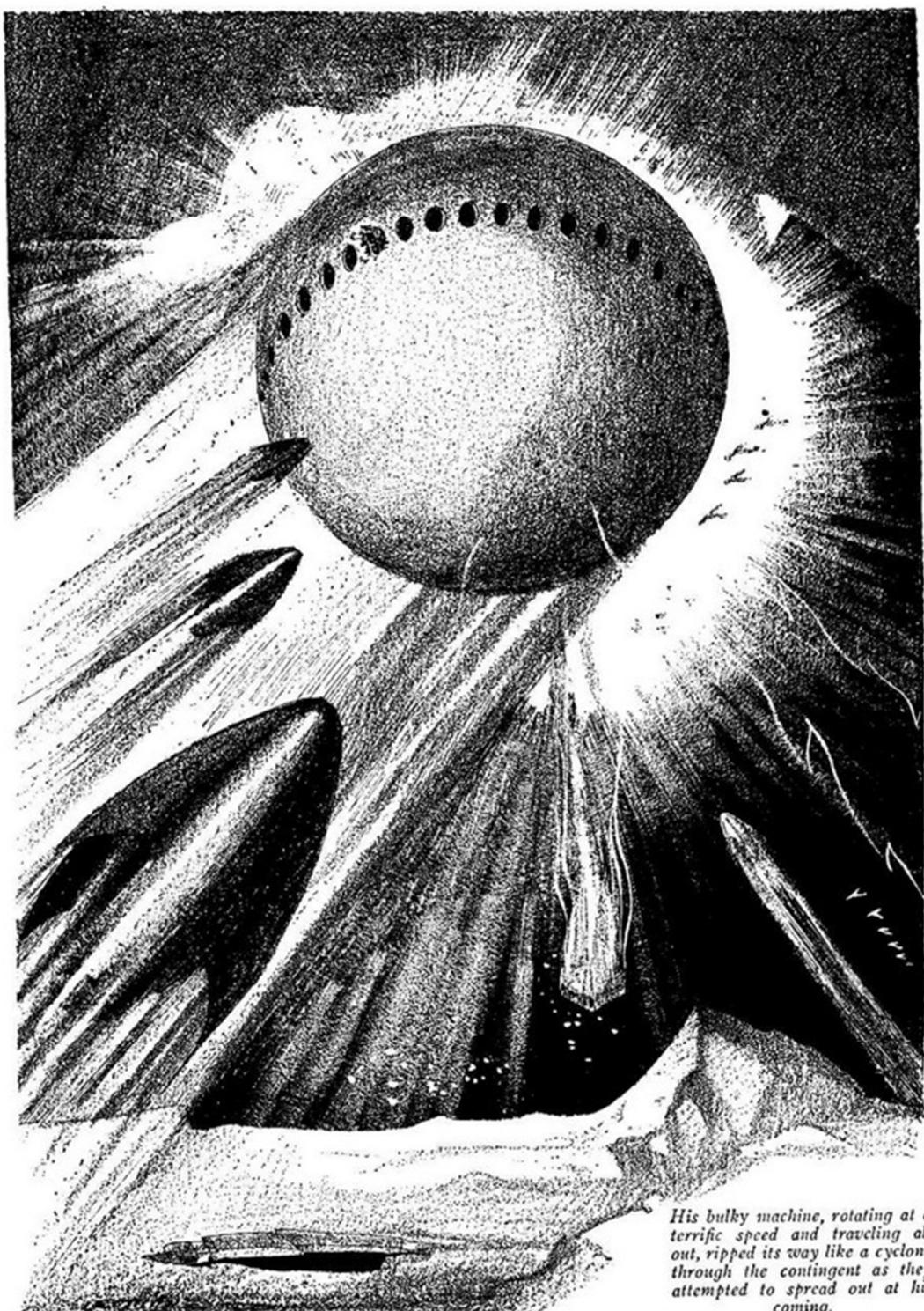
"What do the beams mean?"

The question rang through all three worlds. Nor could I guess, when, that morning at dawn, I left Earth as navigator of the *Cometara* with my friend Johnny Grantline, who commanded its fifty men and space armament. We did not know what anything meant, save that the Invading Planet was planning to attack Earth, Venus and Mars all at

Stronger grows Wandl's doomful grip on Earth, even as Gregg and his friends are caught in the invading planet's weird night.

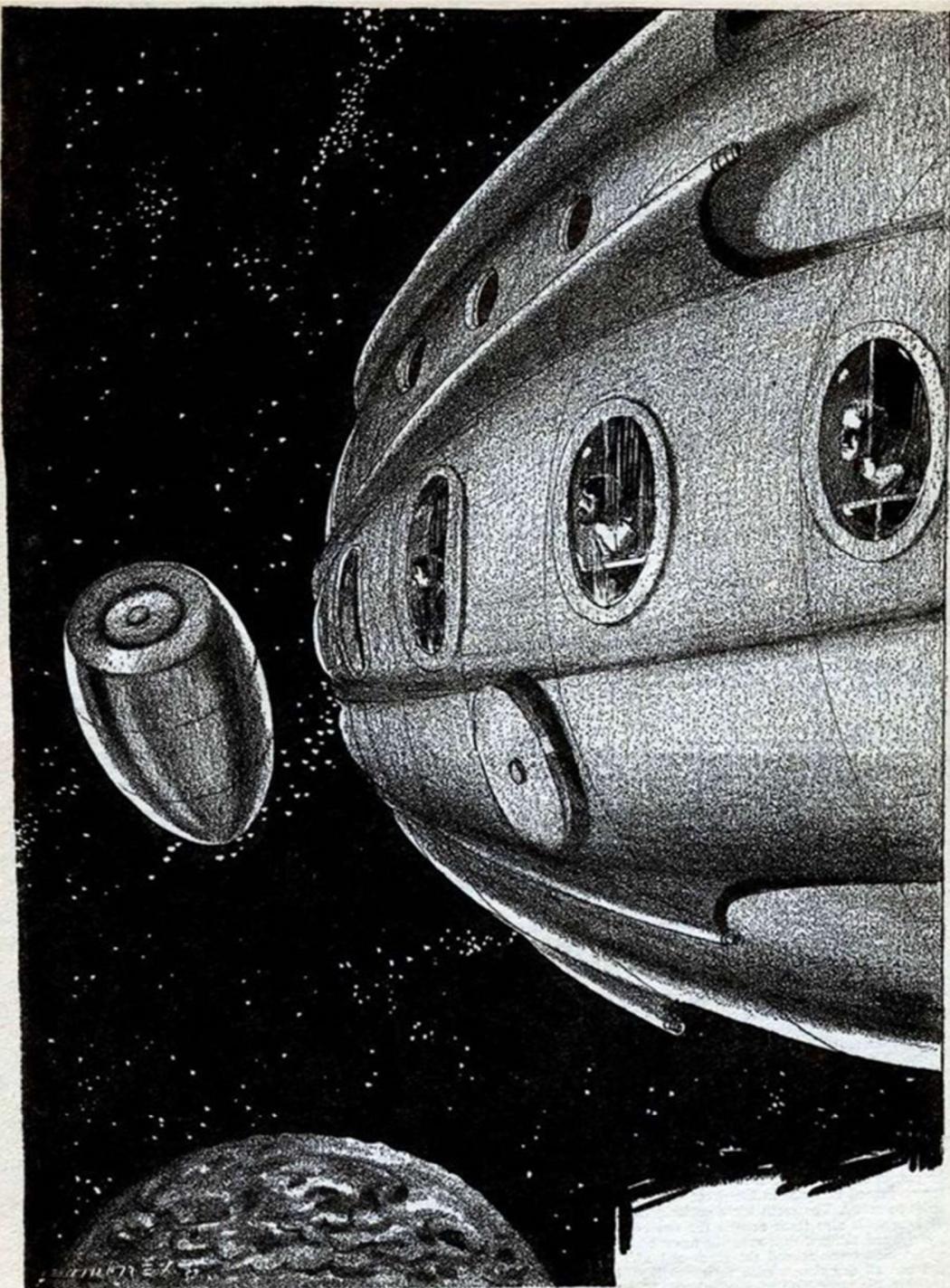


Amazing Stories – Junio de 1932



His bulky machine, rotating at a terrific speed and traveling all out, ripped its way like a cyclone through the contingent as they attempted to spread out at his coming.

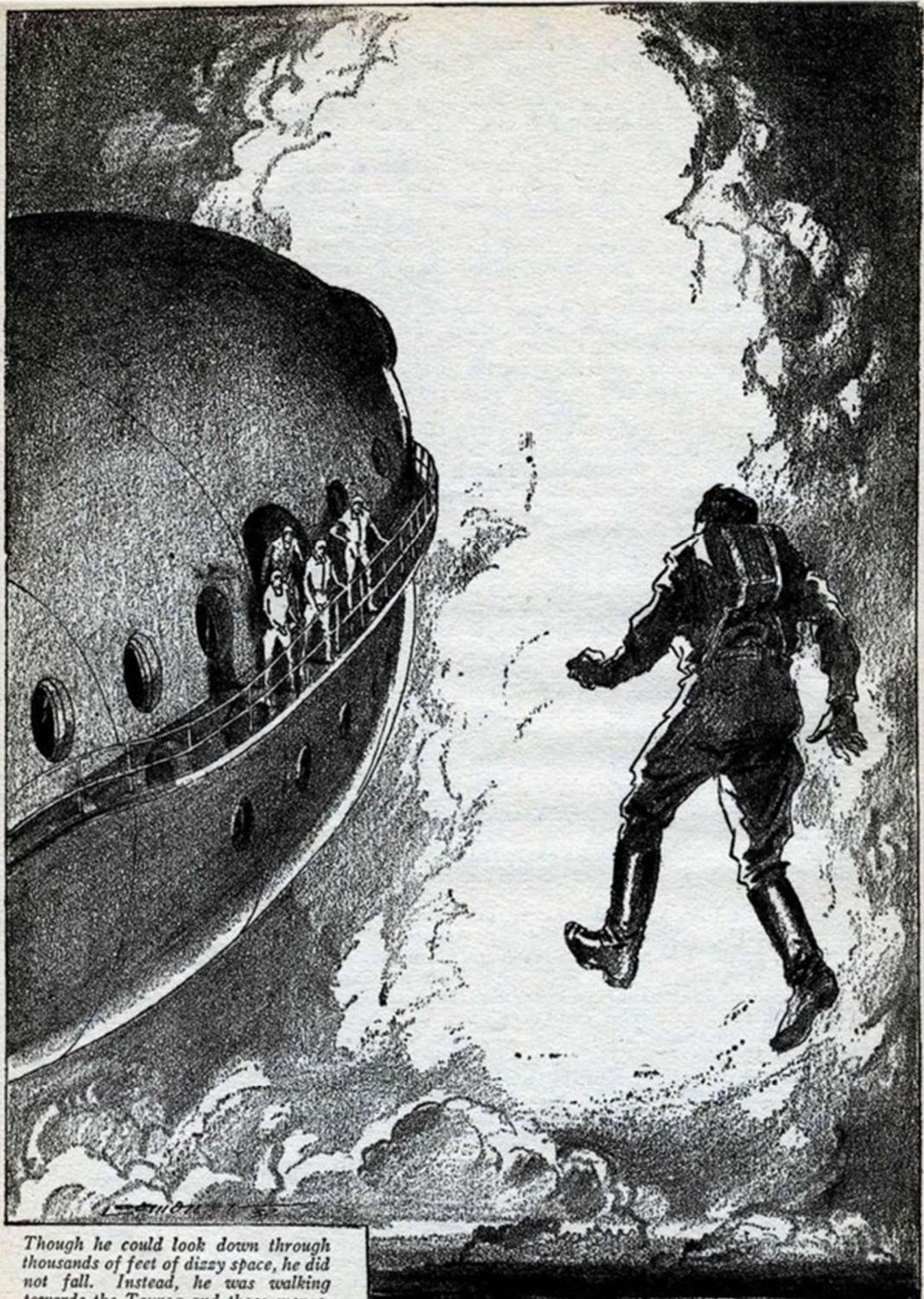
Amazing Stories – Junio de 1932



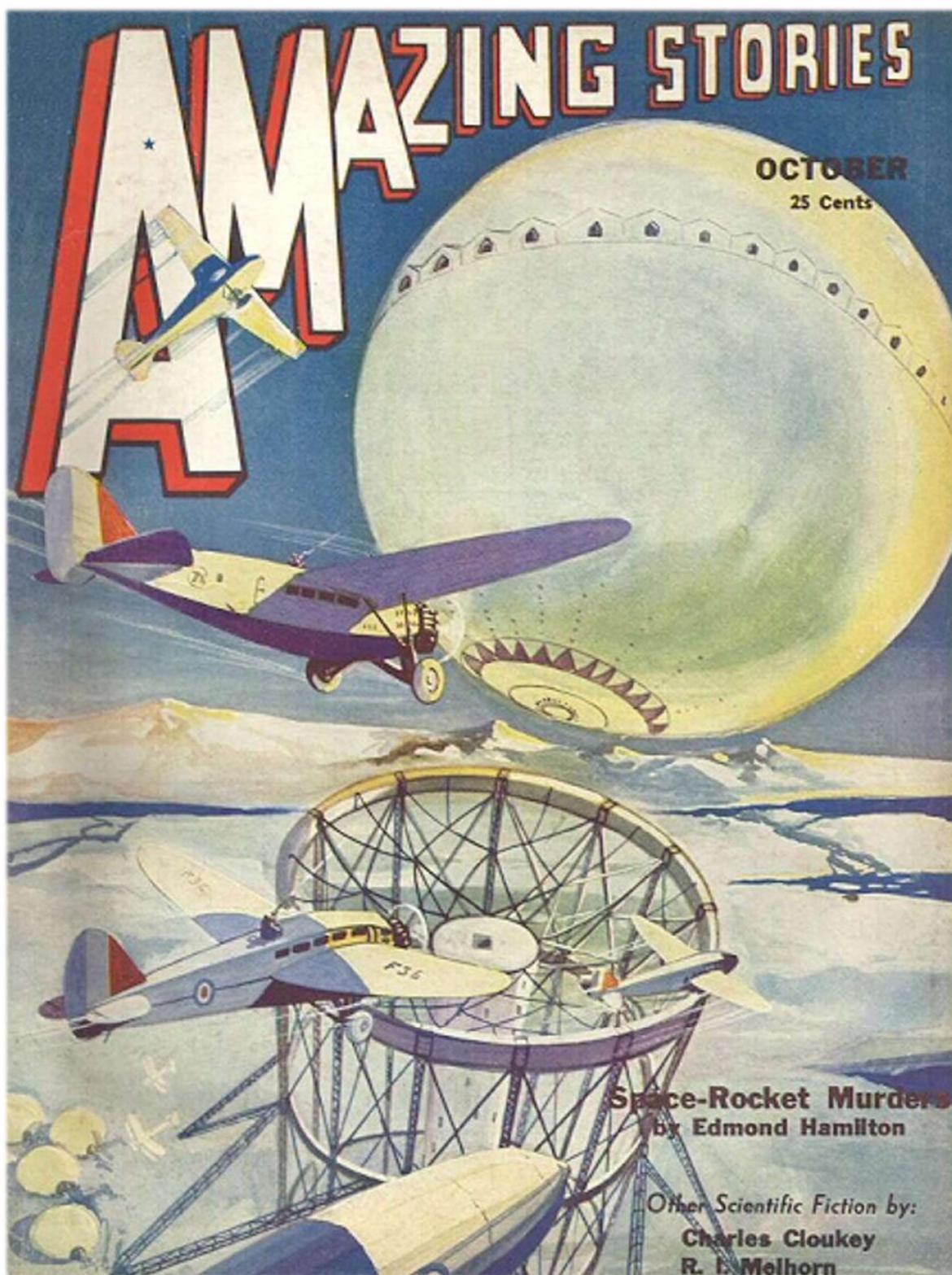
He had come out here in anticipation of just such a thing as had happened; had hovered in space with the H-4 . . . hoping to rescue anyone who might be set adrift in the space car. . . .

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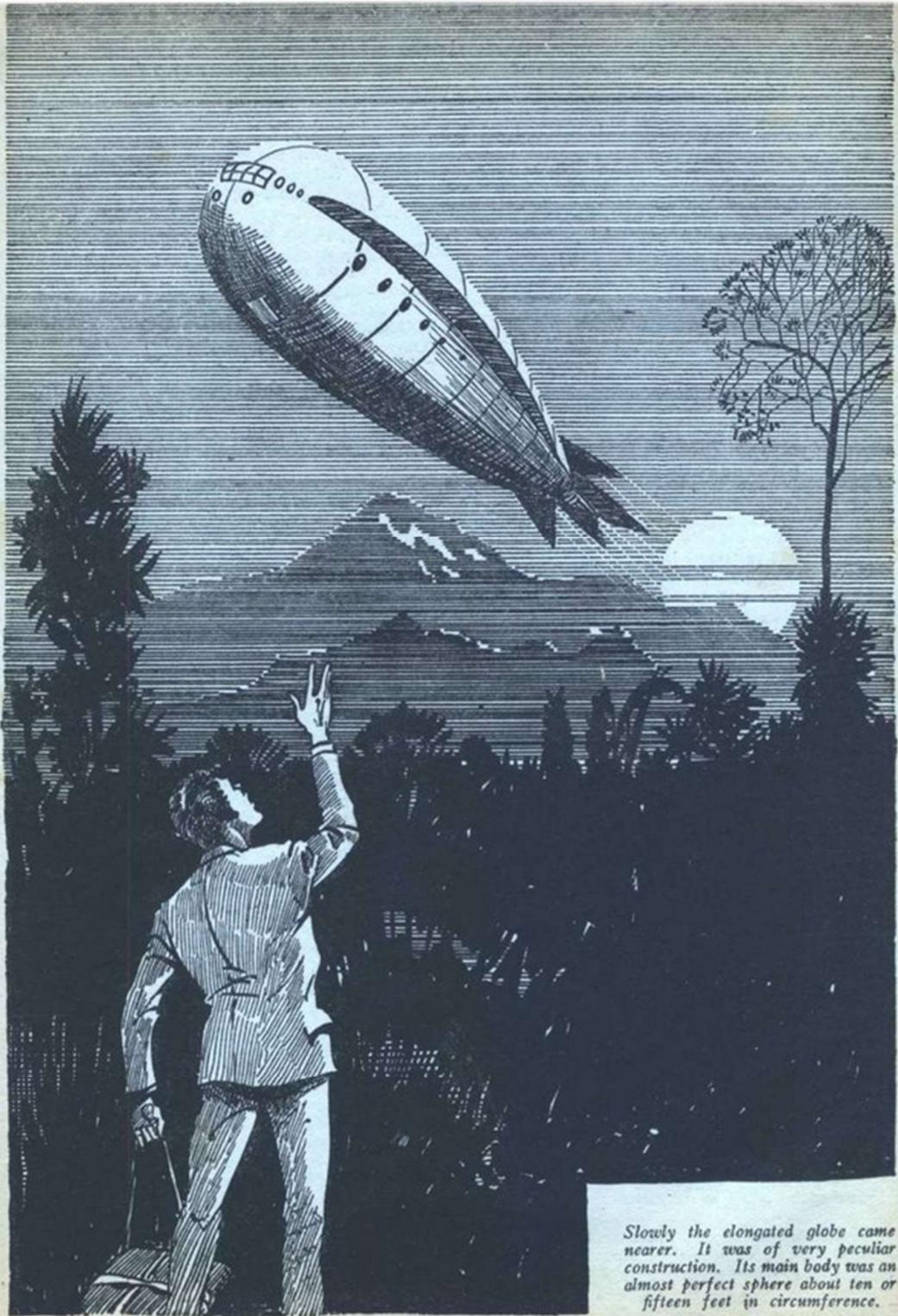
Amazing Stories – Julio de 1932



Though he could look down through thousands of feet of dizzy space, he did not fall. Instead, he was walking towards the Taurog and those menacing weapons—walking apparently on nothing.



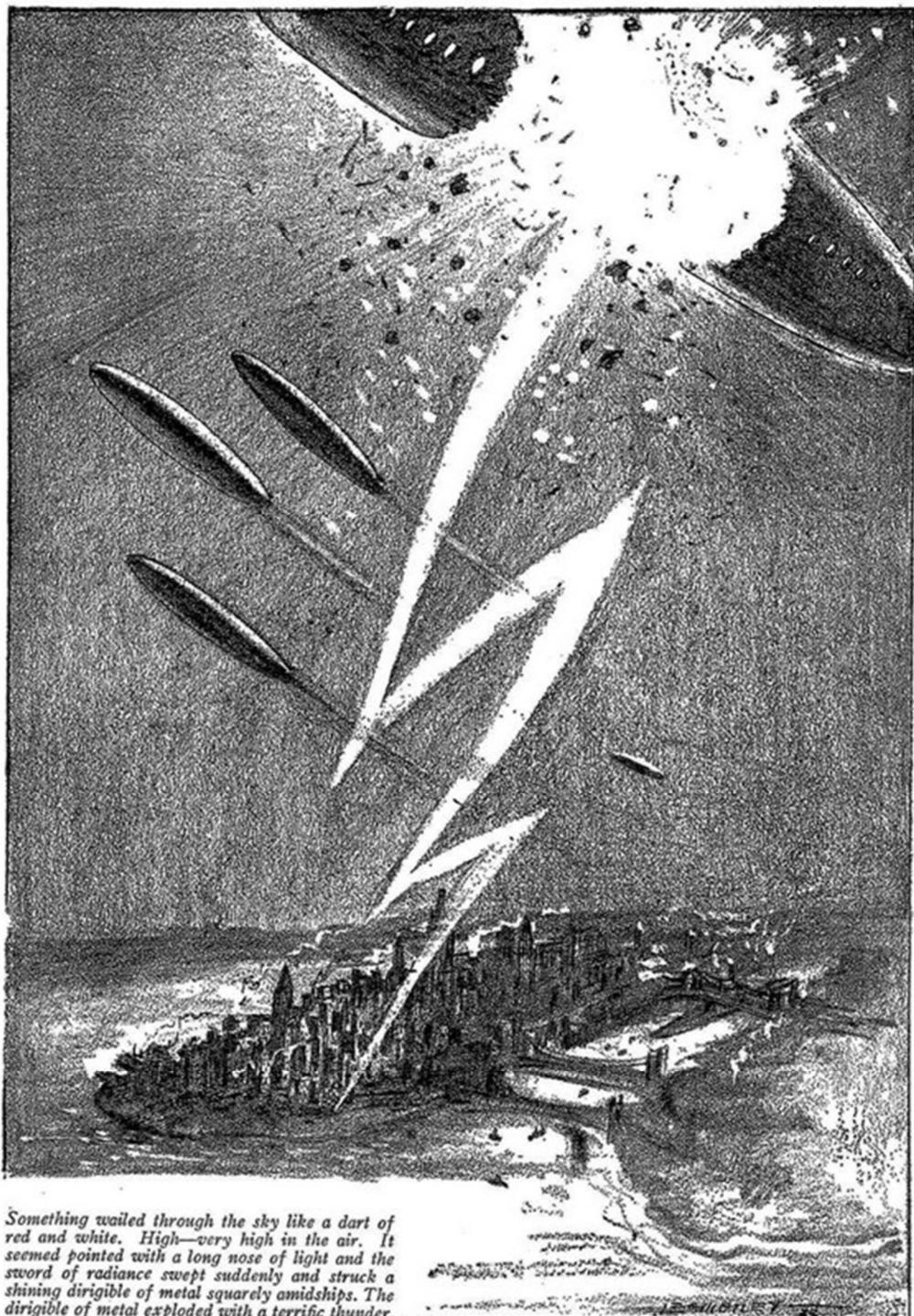
Amazing Stories – Octubre de 1932



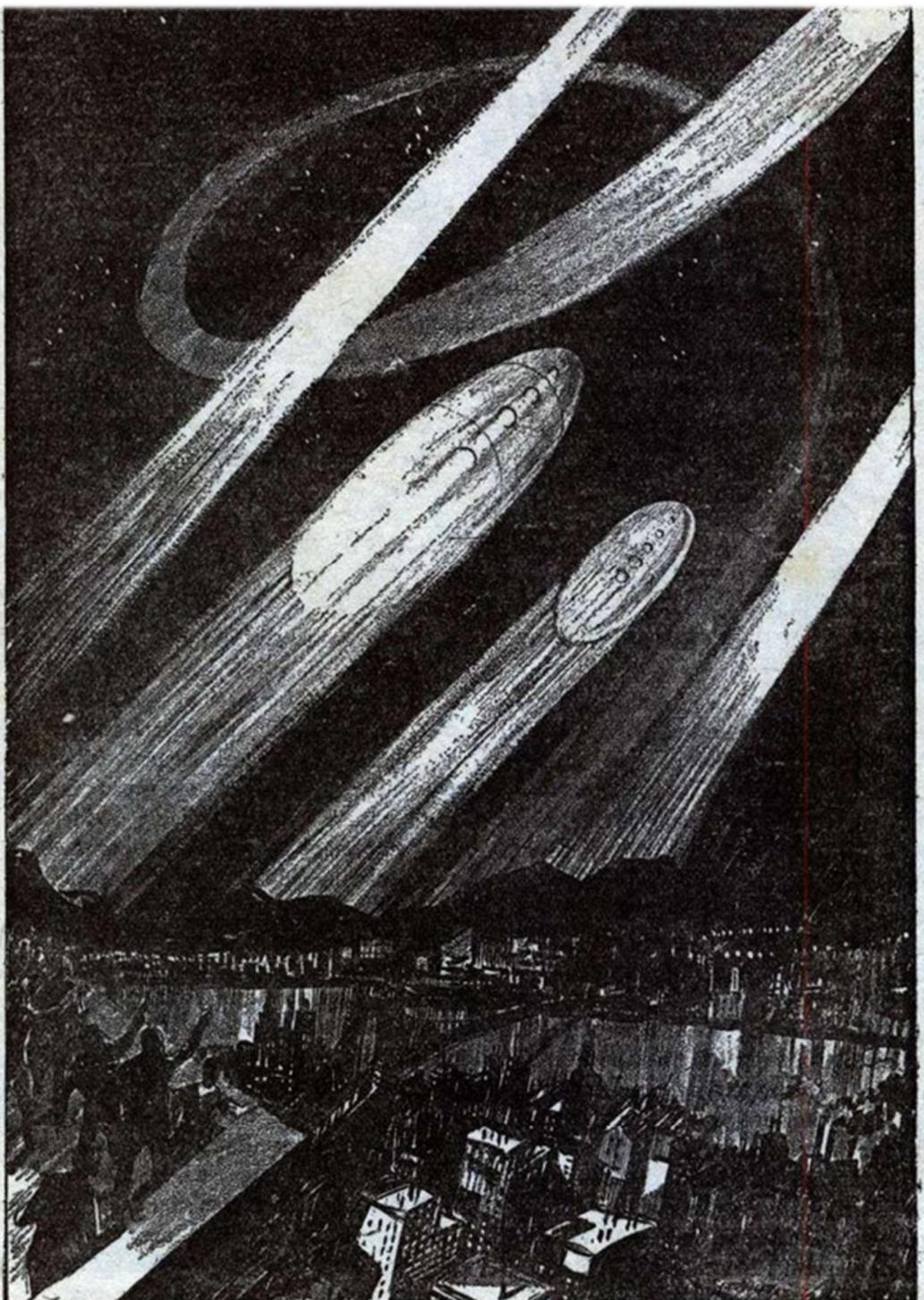
Slowly the elongated globe came nearer. It was of very peculiar construction. Its main body was an almost perfect sphere about ten or fifteen feet in circumference.

708

Amazing Stories – Noviembre de 1932



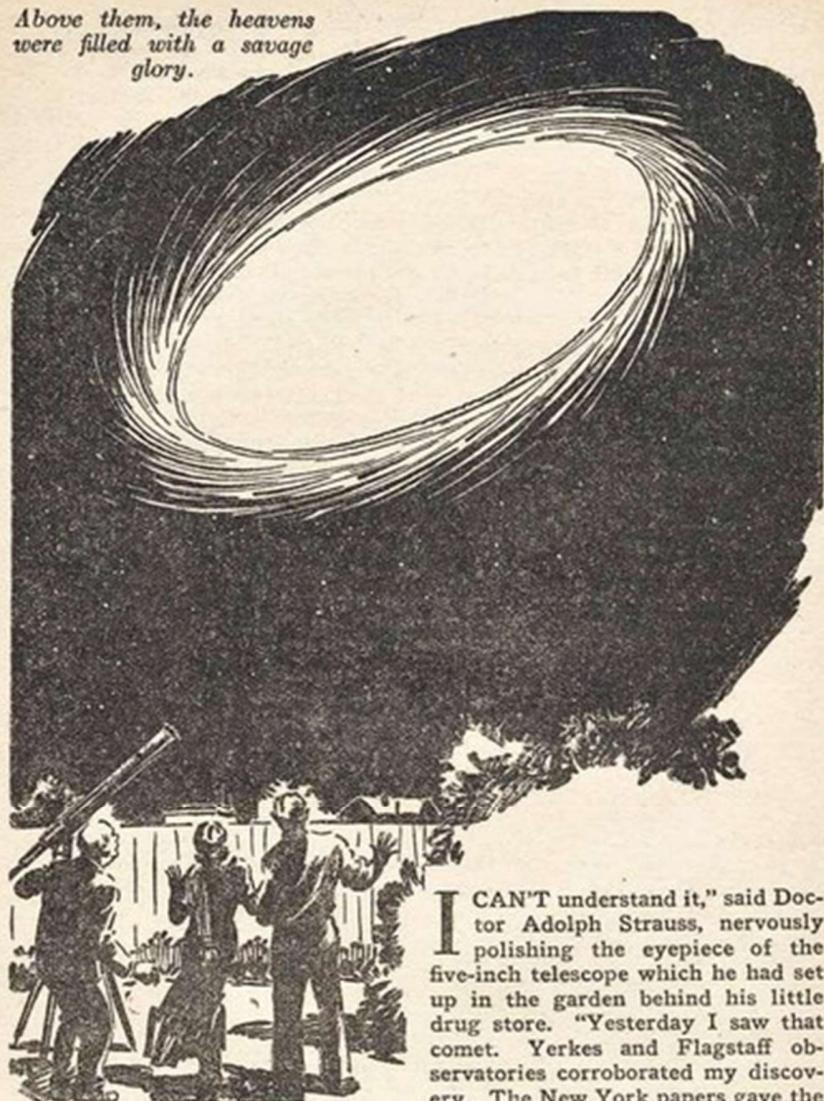
Something wailed through the sky like a dart of red and white. High—very high in the air. It seemed pointed with a long nose of light and the sword of radiance swept suddenly and struck a shining dirigible of metal squarely amidships. The dirigible of metal exploded with a terrific thunder.



On several successive nights the world was treated to the sight of fiery green apparitions ascending; of streaming, comet-like bodies that wound their way upward in long, swift spirals and disappeared in the upper ether.

Amazing Stories – Octubre de 1933

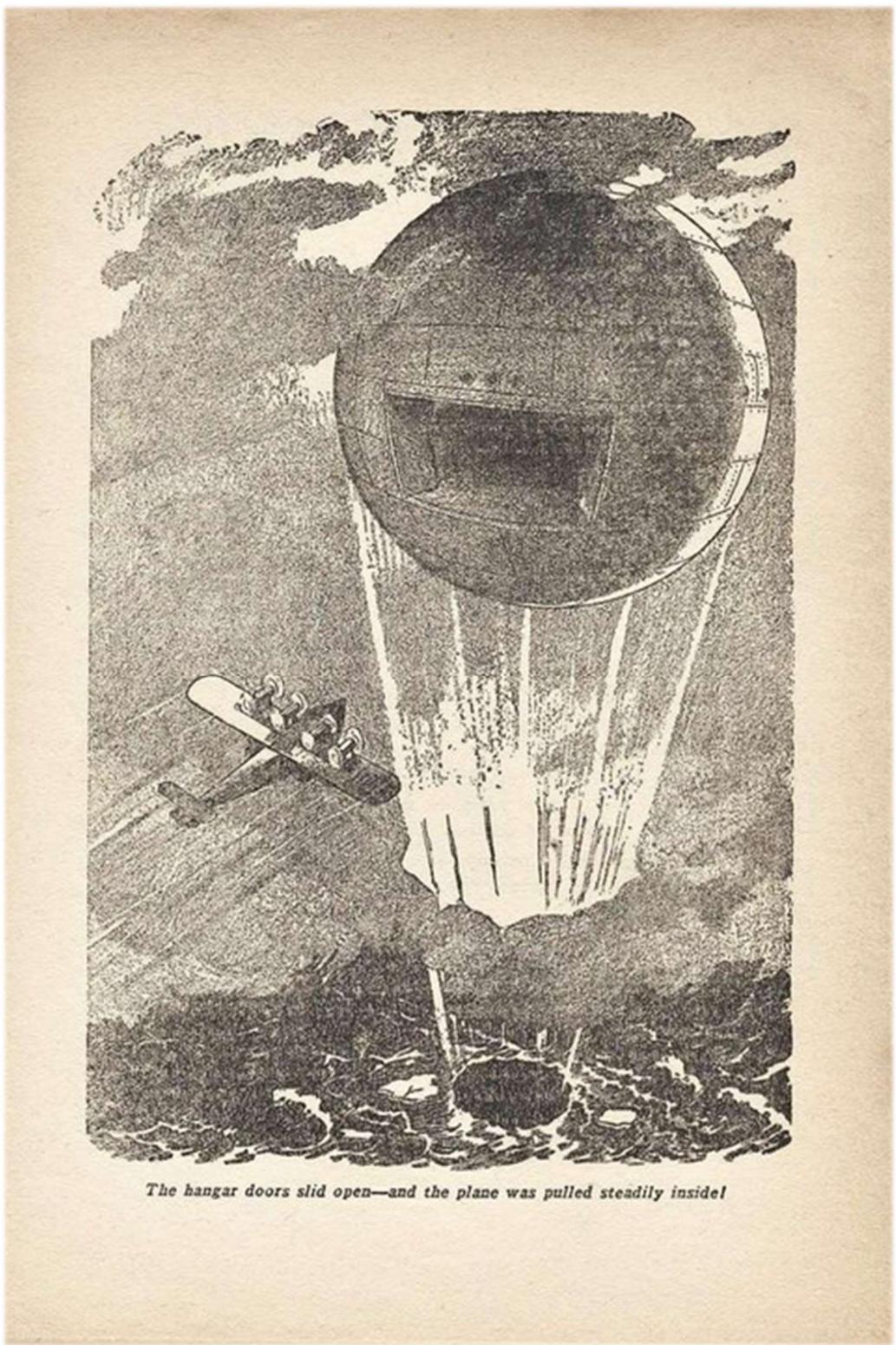
*Above them, the heavens
were filled with a savage
glory.*



A Story of the Second Dimension by
WALLACE WEST

ICAN'T understand it," said Doctor Adolph Strauss, nervously polishing the eyepiece of the five-inch telescope which he had set up in the garden behind his little drug store. "Yesterday I saw that comet. Yerkes and Flagstaff observatories corroborated my discovery. The New York papers gave the story half a column with my picture. To-night the comet isn't in sight!"

"Poor dad," said his son Frank, who was lying on his back in the grass, staring up at the darkening



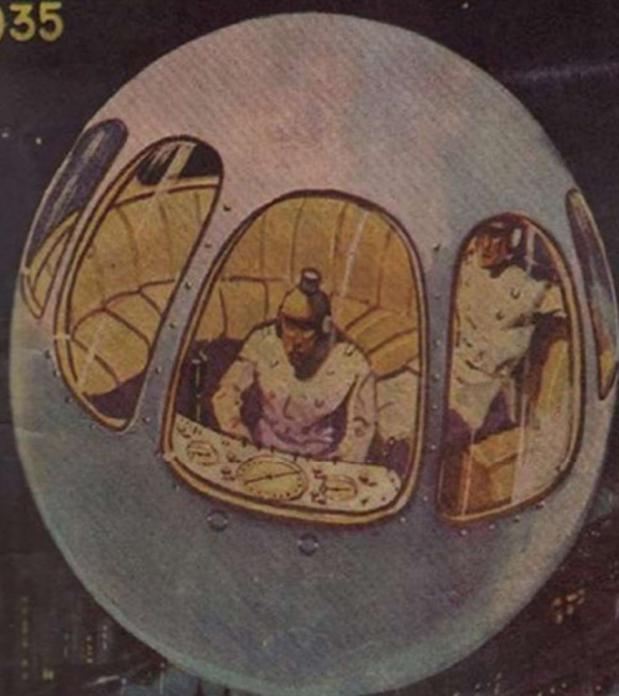
The hangar doors slid open—and the plane was pulled steadily inside!

Astounding Stories – Noviembre de 1933

AMAZING STORIES

MARCH
1935

25 Cents



Earth Rehabilitators

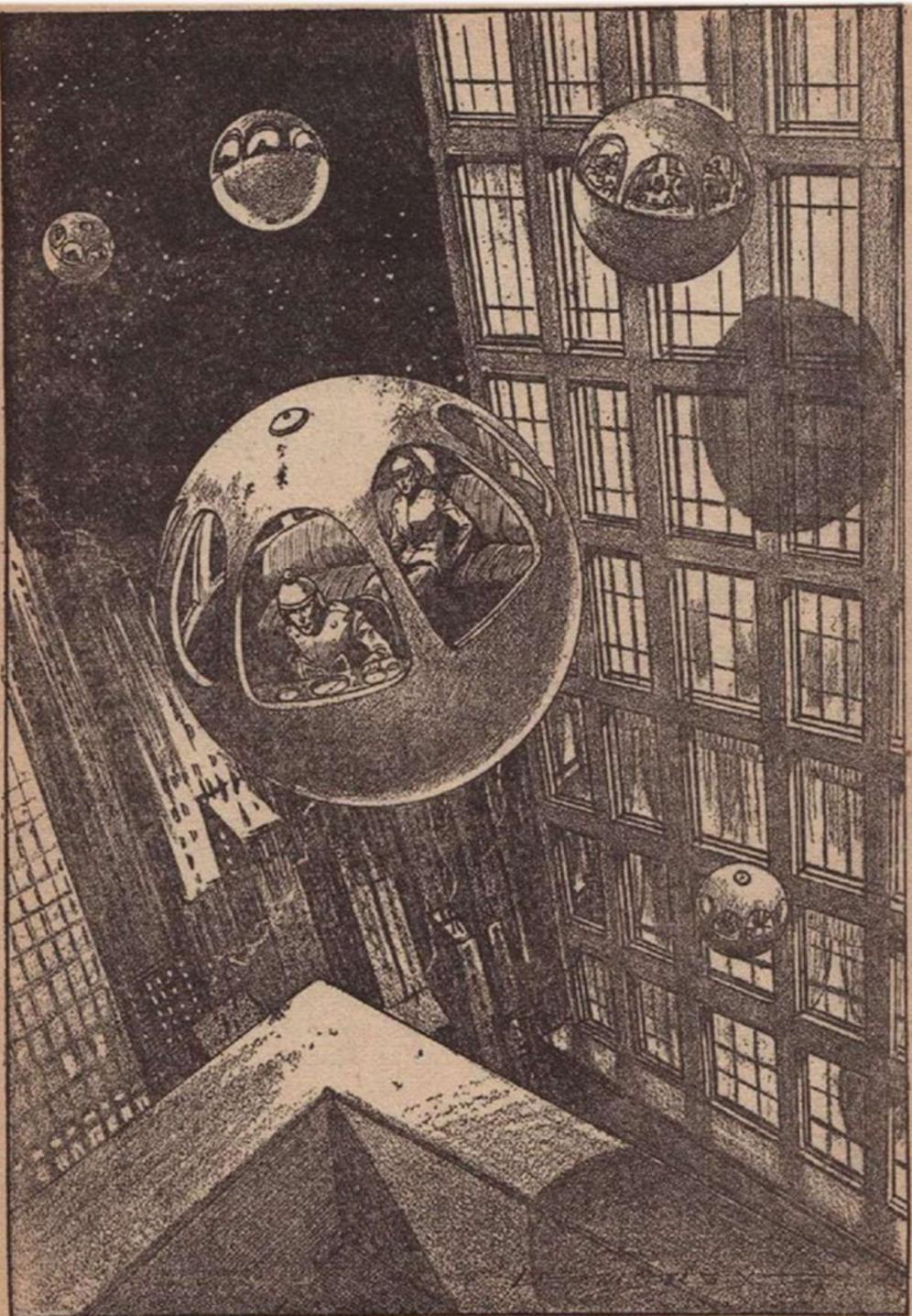
by Henry J. Kostkas

Other Science Fiction

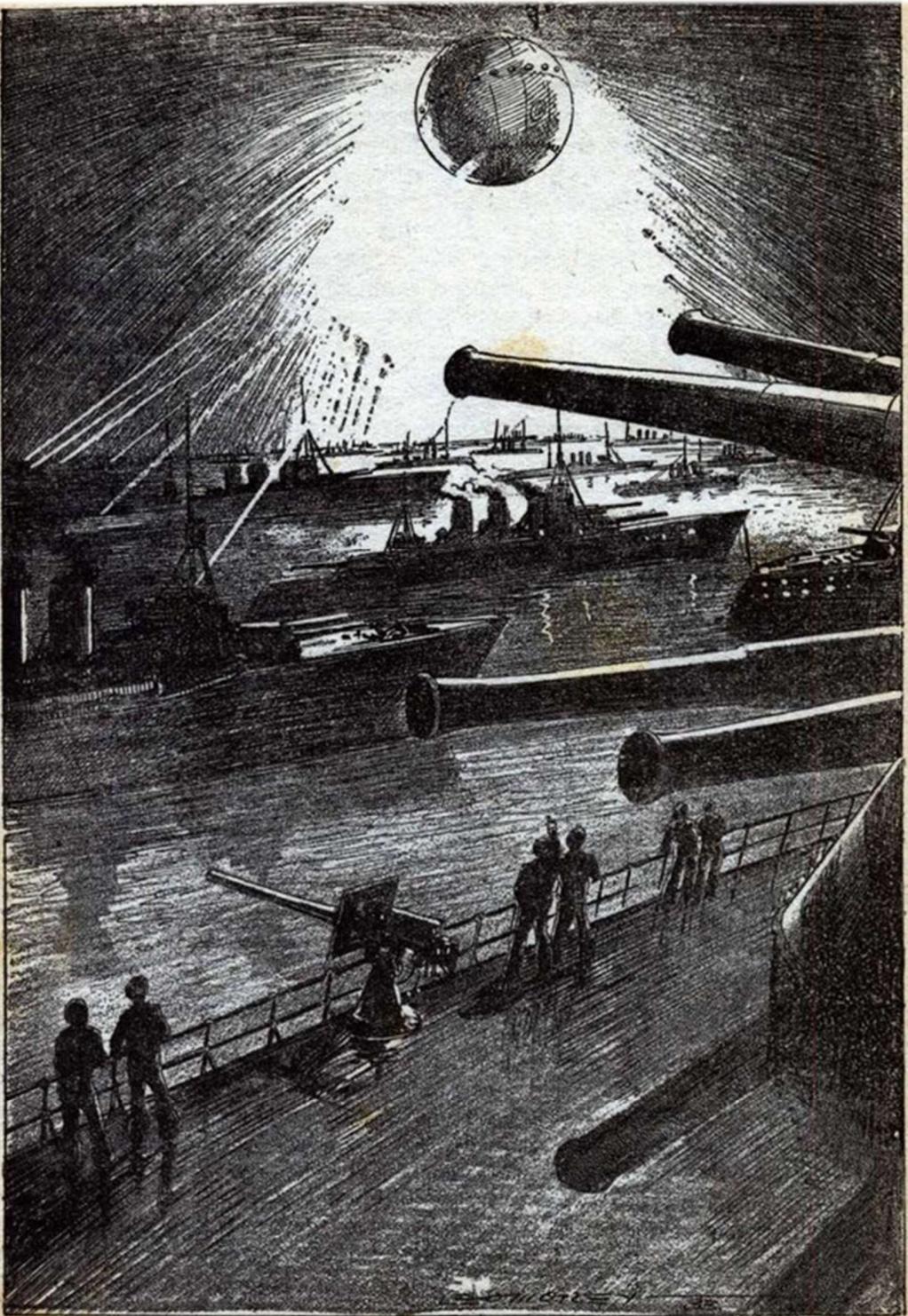
Neil R. Jones

Neil R. Jones

Amazing Stories – Marzo de 1935

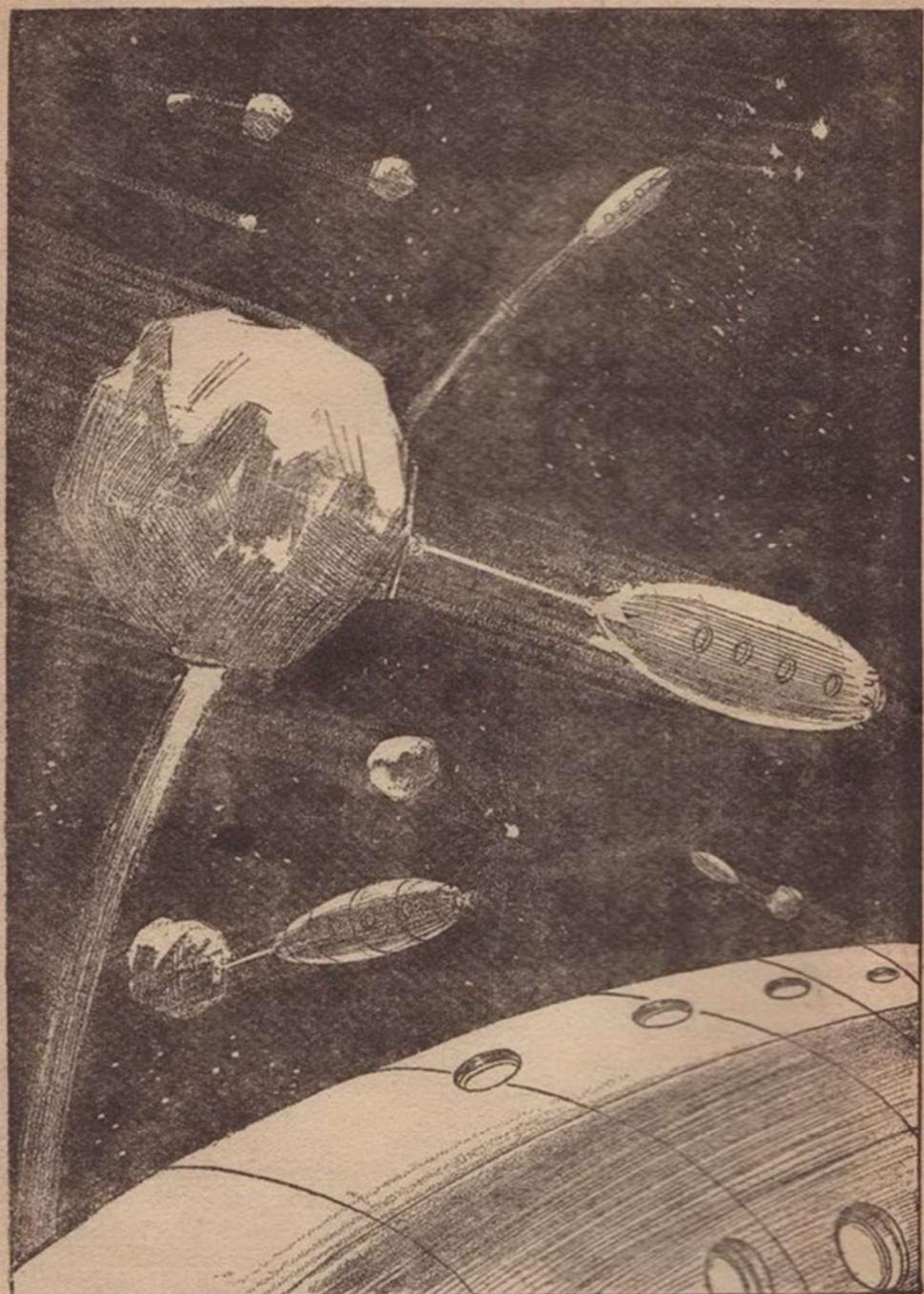


He left the cave cautiously, making sure that there was no Saturnian anywhere in sight, then signalled a passing ball-taxi and instructed the operator to drive him to Nita's dwelling.



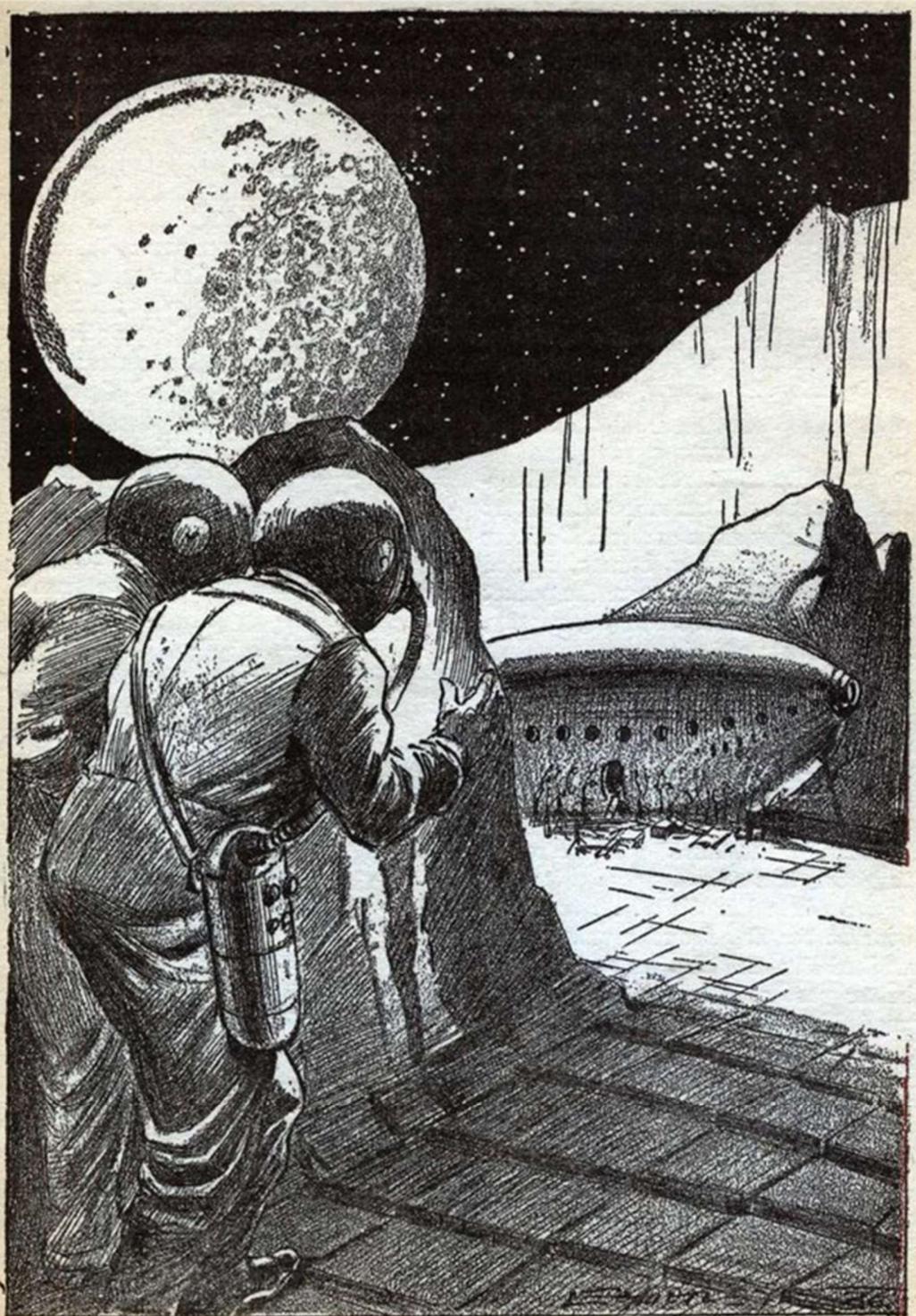
The terrific onslaught of beams from the invaders threw up the whitest sheet of flame from our screen that I had ever witnessed. It seemed that the screen could never hold, but it did.

Amazing Stories – Octubre de 1935



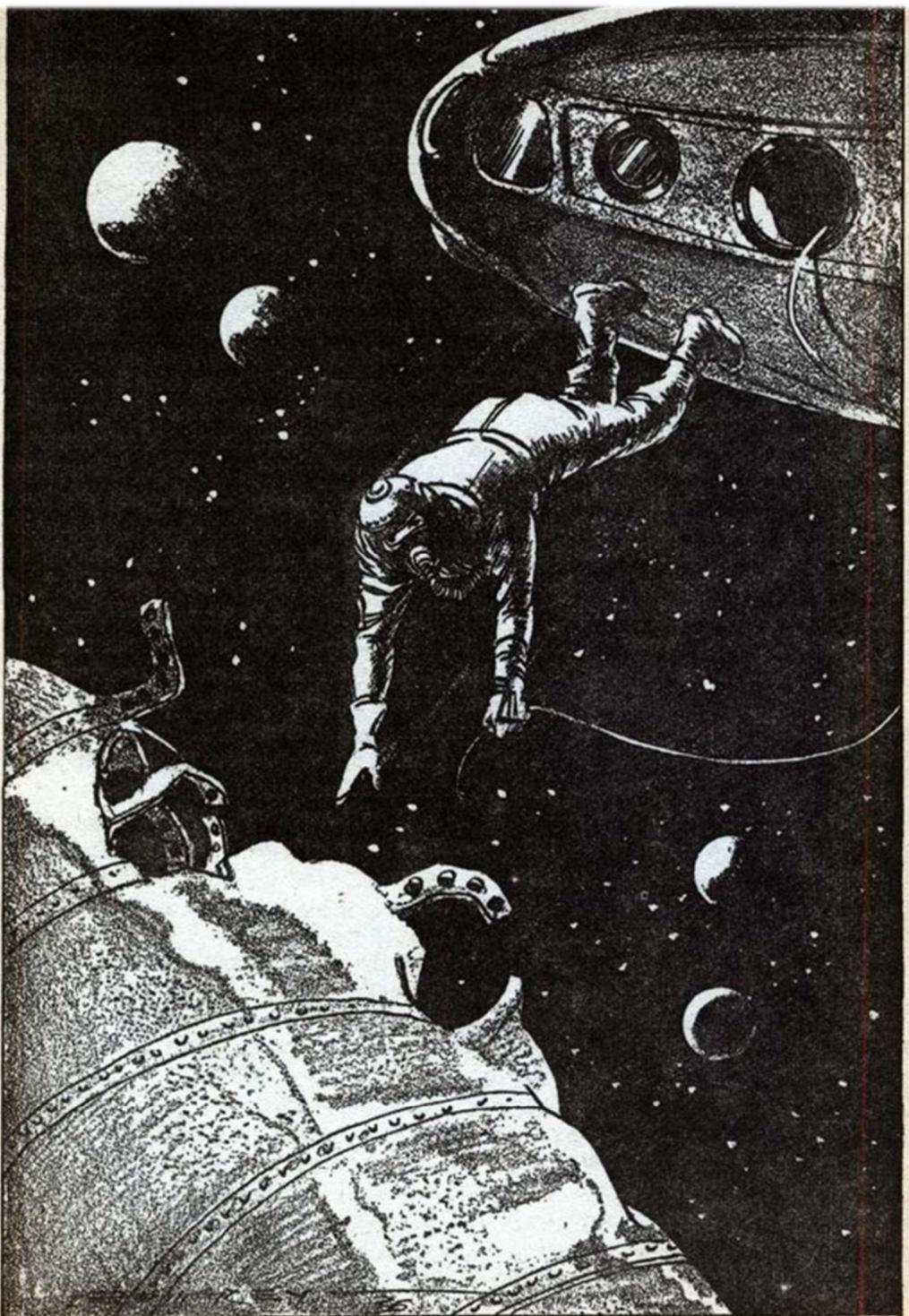
The Captain! Had he gone insane? For suddenly his steel rod had leaped out at an enormous passing meteor—a monster that must have weighed hundreds of tons.

Amazing Stories – Diciembre de 1935



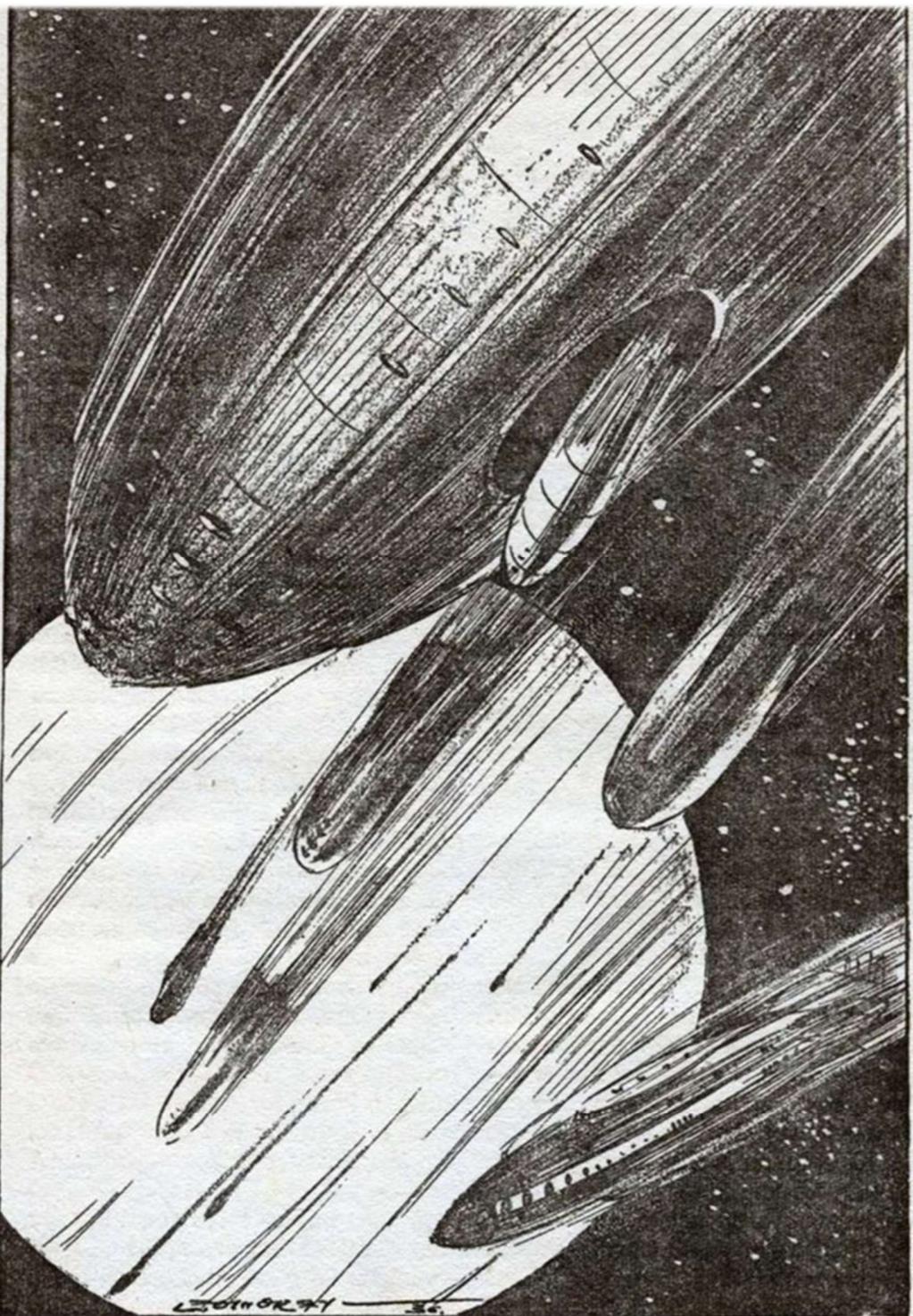
The sixth, which I immediately recognized from its size and general appearance as the latest of the vessels to have disappeared into space, lay by itself somewhat off to the side.

Amazing Stories – Junio de 1936



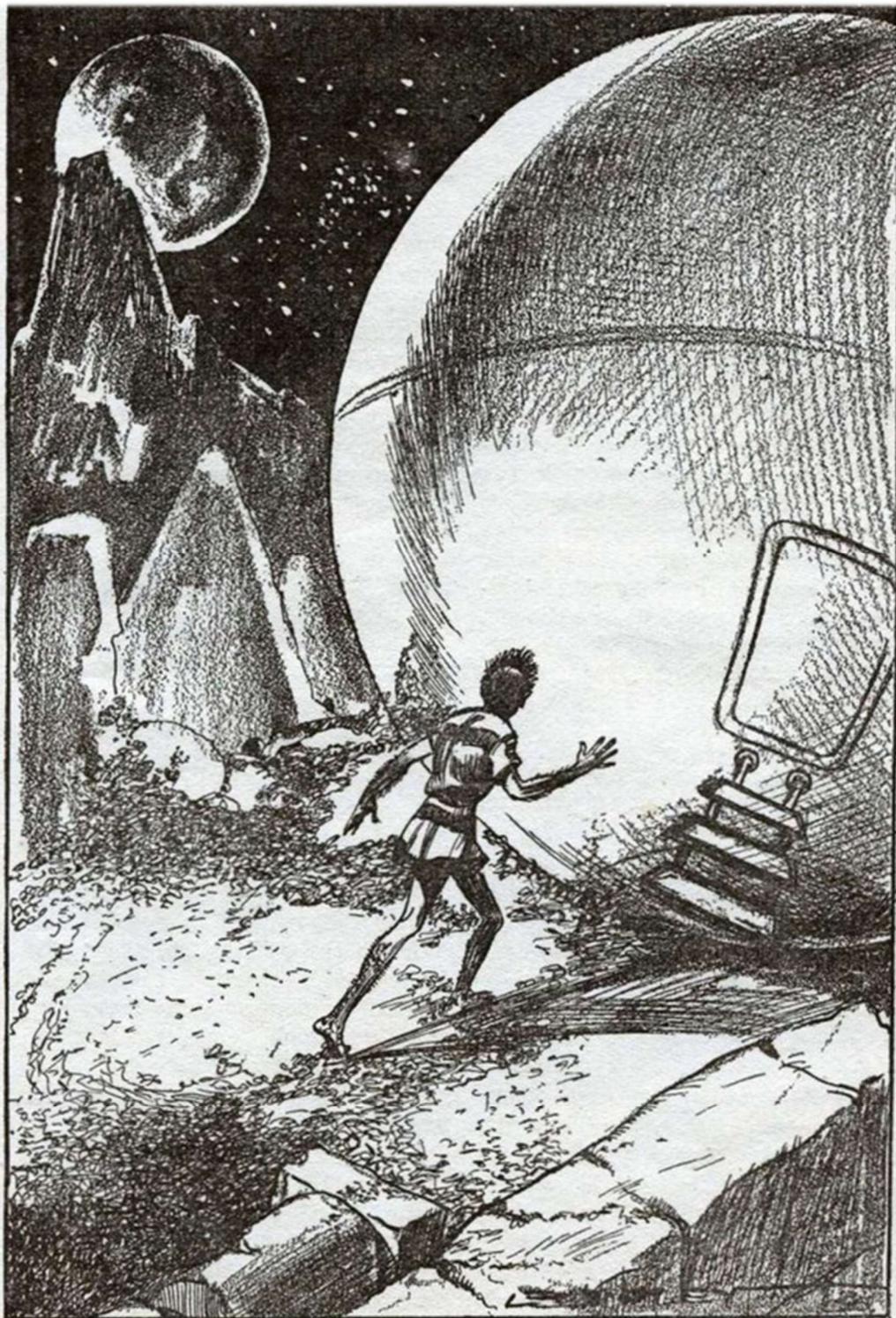
Then placing his feet against the side of the space flier, his head pointing towards the "Helios," the end of the unscound cable held in one hand, he kicked vigorously.

Amazing Stories – Octubre de 1936



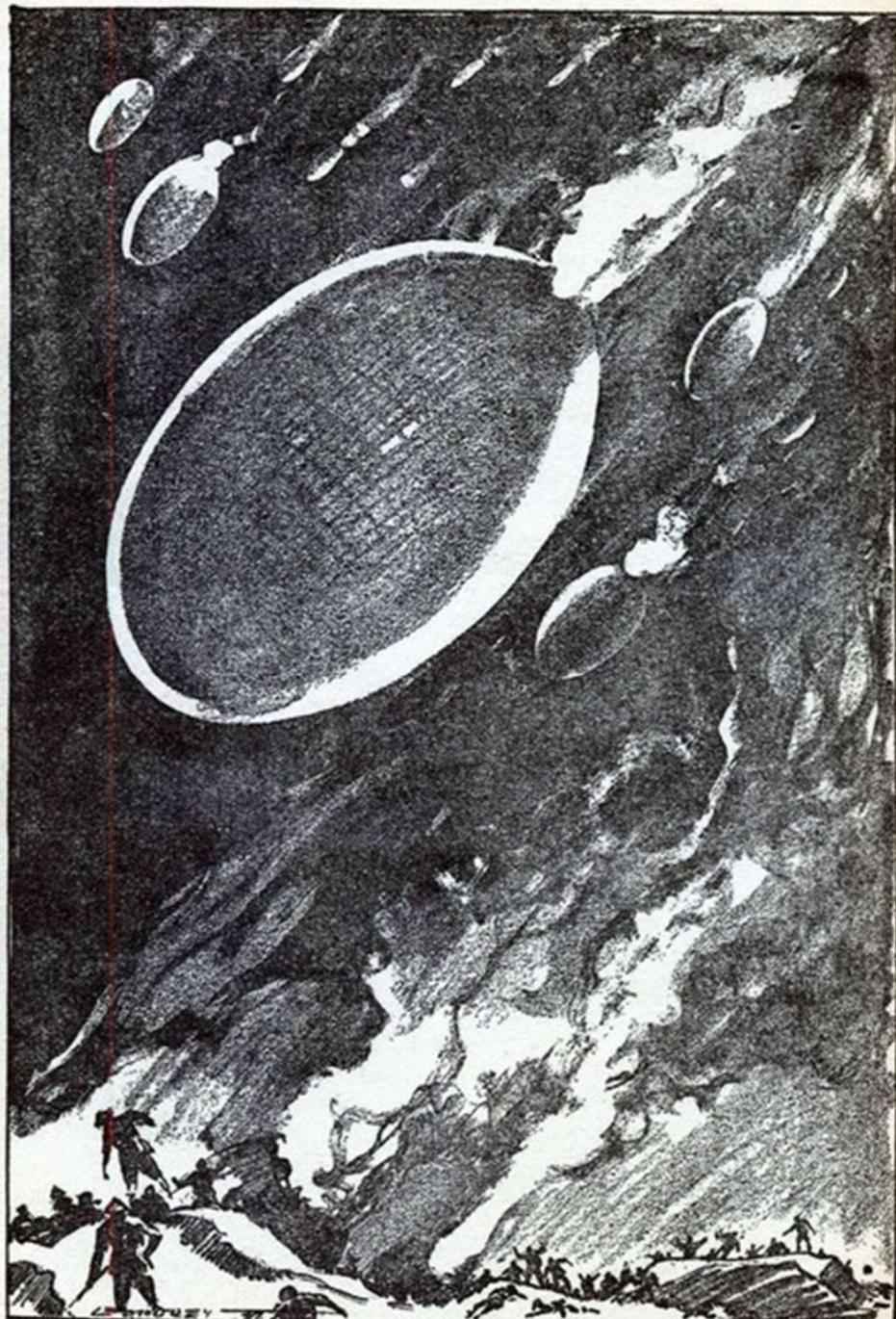
Instantly, according to instructions issued by Commander McLaurin, a fleet of ten of the tiniest, fastest scouts darted out.

Amazing Stories – Diciembre de 1936

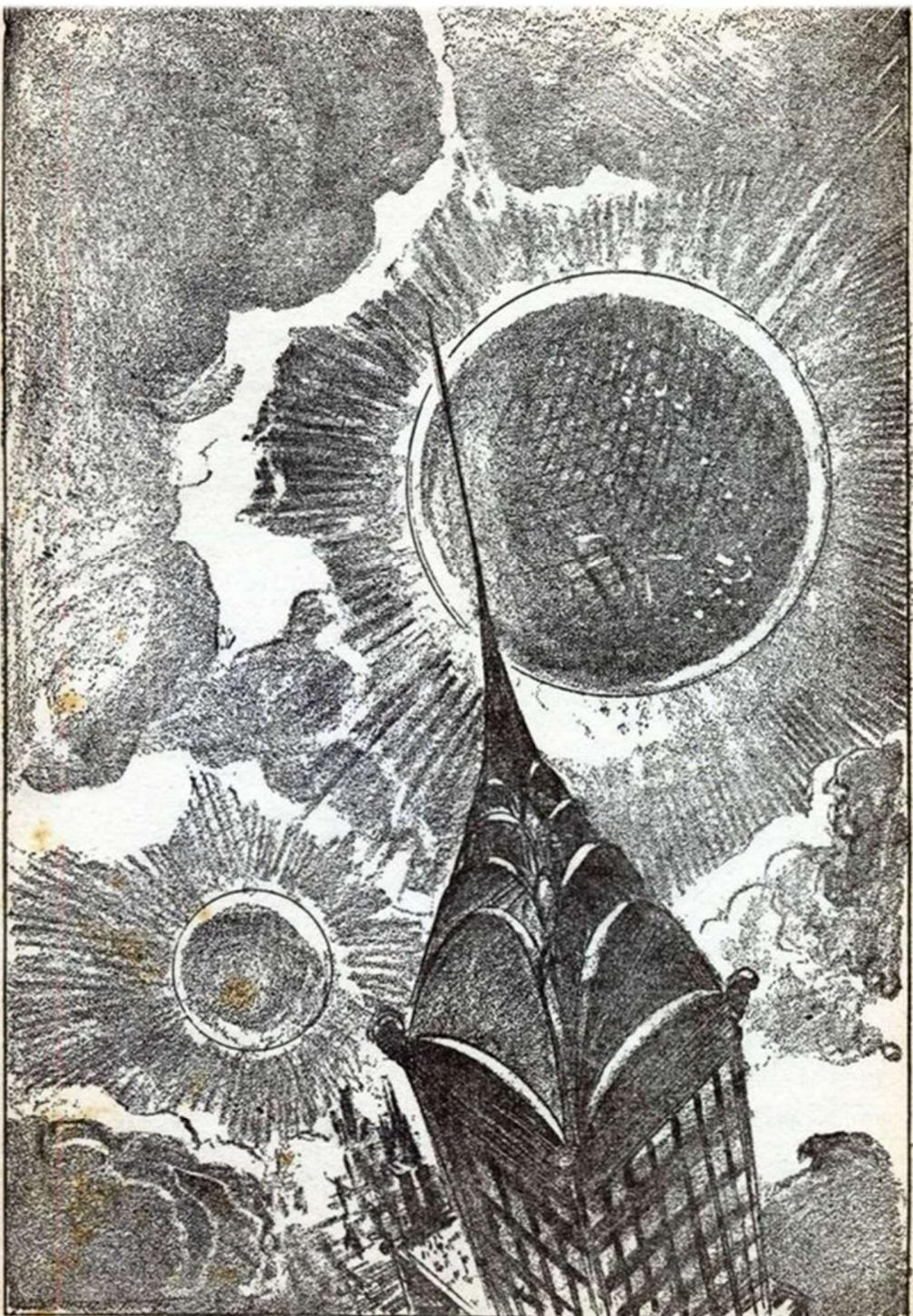


*There was a closed panel in the surface of the globe, approached by a hanging ladder
The panel opened when my weight touched the ladder.*

Amazing Stories – Diciembre de 1936



Within a few hours scores of meteor-like conflagrations were visible in the heavens above and all knew that they were the ships of the Martians, terraqueous eel-men disintegrating into uncontrollable cinders and ashes.



Side by side, like two inseparable parts of one object, the gigantic spheres leaped away from the solar system. Their hulls were pure diamond as protection against the Blue Beam should it be directed against them.

Amazing Stories – Diciembre de 1937

ALGUNOS COMENTARIOS

De todos los *pulps* que nacieron antes de la Segunda Guerra Mundial y que, muy a menudo, sólo tuvieron una existencia fugaz, es *Amazing Stories* el que, por la calidad de sus textos y sus ilustraciones, se impuso como el mejor. Esta publicación fue creada en 1926 por Hugo Gernsback y experimentó, durante sus poco más de diez años de vida, una periodicidad variable, con altibajos. Publicó autores que luego alcanzaron la fama, y sus magníficas portadas siguen siendo la alegría de los coleccionistas, que se hacen de algunos ejemplares a precio de oro. Los textos e ilustraciones de esta publicación mostraron entonces una inventiva extraordinaria y es aquí, por supuesto, donde podemos encontrar los paralelos más sorprendentes con ciertos casos de ovnis. Esto es lo que ocurre, por ejemplo, con la ilustración publicada en el número de febrero de 1937 (ver imagen de la portada) que mostraba seres de dos mundos diferentes e intentaba precisar sus respectivos orígenes mediante dibujos en la arena. Esto trae inmediatamente a la mente ciertos casos de "contactados", entre ellos obviamente el más famoso de todos: el de George Adamski.

En 1938, *Amazing Stories* fue adquirido por Raymond Arthur Palmer (también conocido como Ray Palmer), que entonces tenía menos de treinta años. Este último, que tenía un buen sentido de los negocios y no se detenía ante nada para vender papel, la transformó profundamente. Las ilustraciones se volvieron menos inspiradas, pero más provocativas, y cada vez se presentaron más textos como si fuesen verdaderos estudios de misterios ocultos. Palmer reunió así a autores forteanos como Vincent Gaddis o Taylor Hansen. El pico de estos cambios se alcanzó cuando, en 1945, Palmer comenzó a publicar una serie de artículos de un tal Richard Shaver, que afirmó haber hecho contacto con una raza de seres humanoides que vivían dentro de nuestro planeta. Muchos puristas se indignaron. La controversia surgió en las mismas columnas de la publicación y varios entusiastas de la ciencia ficción cancelaron sus suscripciones, mientras nuevos lectores, apasionados por los misterios de todo tipo, por la censura, las conspiraciones y similares, subieron considerablemente la cifra de ventas. Palmer se había ganado un nuevo tipo de lectores.

Fue entonces cuando tuvo lugar la observación de Kenneth Arnold. Fue, para Palmer, un golpe de suerte inesperado que inmediatamente aprovechó, hasta el punto de que pronto creó una revista especialmente dedicada a los platillos voladores y diversas teorías de conspiración...

TEXTOS ADICIONALES

Los dos pequeños estudios que realicé anteriormente sobre el mismo tema y que se informaron en la página 10 de este libro, eran de naturaleza bastante confidencial. Por tanto, es muy difícil conseguirlos. Sin embargo, como complementan perfectamente este trabajo, he decidido reproducirlos íntegramente. Por tanto, los encontraremos en las siguientes páginas...

Algunos dibujos de ovnis prearnoldianos

Marc Hallet

Lieja (Bélgica) – Marzo de 2013

INTRODUCCIÓN

Somos unos pocos los autores escépticos que hemos intentado mostrar la obvia influencia que la ciencia ficción pudo tener en el surgimiento del mito ovni. Seamos realistas, pues la verdad es que pocos de nosotros somos expertos en ciencia ficción, y aún menos los que hemos tenido la suerte de poder analizar muchos de sus temas principales en revistas estadounidenses de ciencia ficción, desde la década de 1920 hasta 1947. La razón, por supuesto, es la rareza de estas publicaciones, mantenidas por unos pocos coleccionistas que no comparten mucho y, además, su costo en el mundo del mercado de segunda mano. De modo que nuestros "descubrimientos" en esta área se debieron a menudo al azar, a la benevolencia de los colegas o a la investigación en Internet. Sin embargo, este último generalmente sólo nos proporcionó reproducciones de cubiertas (ver, por ejemplo, las que incluí en *Les Arcanes de l'Ufologie*, publicado en Lieja, en CD-Rom, en 2005) y no dibujos contenidos en el interior mismo de tales revistas.

Sin embargo, a lo largo de los años, Internet proporciona cada vez más documentación sobre el tema, gracias a los entusiastas que se comprometen a digitalizar parcial o completamente los viejos diarios que poseen. Están siguiendo un movimiento general que comenzó hace más de diez años y que ahora afecta a muchos círculos especializados.

Recientemente, tuve la oportunidad de descargar muchos documentos de este tipo, principalmente números de *Amazing Stories* completos o parciales. En lugar de distribuir estos archivos pesados a través de medios magnéticos y obligar a todos a revisarlos uno por uno como lo hice yo, pensé que sería mejor recopilar sólo los documentos nuevos que pude recopilar. Este es el tema de este folleto en formato PDF. Esto les ahorrará mucho trabajo a algunos de mis amigos y a otros que probablemente nunca me agradecerán o citarán... como de costumbre.

Una revista estadounidense de ciencia ficción se destaca de todas las demás para los ufólogos porque cayó en manos de Ray Palmer, quien la usó para, de alguna manera, lanzar el mito de los ovnis después de publicar los famosos textos de Richard Shaver.

Esta revista fue *Amazing Stories*. Nació en abril de 1926 gracias a Hugo Gernsback. Para entonces ya tenía cien páginas de grosor. Gernsback comenzó publicando, en forma de entregas periódicas o seriales, relatos muy famosos de algunos autores como H. G. Wells o Jules Verne, a los que a menudo añadía sus propios escritos. Fue sólo entonces cuando diversificó sus autores, incluso recurriendo a nuevos talentos. Pronto, su revista se expandió con más diseños de interiores a medida que aumentaban las páginas de anuncios. El volumen de esta publicación aumentó así gradualmente en un 50 por ciento. En ella aparecieron ciertos temas recurrentes, como por ejemplo el secuestro de humanos por monstruos o seres de otros mundos. Otro tema muy común: un humano (a menudo una mujer) acostado en una especie de mesa de examen y en manos de varios estudios experimentales. Dos temas que también seguirán inspirando la literatura sobre ufología. Después de que *Amazing Stories* fuera confiado a Ray Palmer, este último modificó la presentación agregando más y más secciones relacionadas con fenómenos extraños considerados auténticos. Una sutil mezcla de realidad y ficción fue, en cierto modo, su marca registrada.

Quería aportar estos detalles que me parecen útiles, antes de presentar la galería de ilustraciones que mis últimas descargas me han permitido actualizar. Debo señalar que esta galería de ilustraciones no incluirá portadas de revistas, que ahora se pueden encontrar fácilmente en ciertos sitios web especializados. Tampoco conservé los dibujos que muestran vasos esféricos porque la esfera es un volumen simple o perfecto (según se desee) del que se podría decir que es tan banal que no constituye una prueba de la influencia que puede haber tenido la ciencia ficción en la ufología. Por lo tanto, conservé por un lado los objetos cigarroides, y especialmente aquellos con ojos de buey a lo largo de su fuselaje, como el famoso cigarro volador descrito por los pilotos Chiles y Whitted y, por otro lado, dispositivos discoidales. Por supuesto, agregué a todas estas ilustraciones aquellas que muestran seres cuya morfología era extremadamente similar a la que se les atribuye a los extraterrestres desde la década de 1950.

Aún quedan por encontrar muchos otros dibujos del género. Otros, además de mí, pueden encargarse de esta tarea, excavando sistemáticamente en colecciones privadas o públicas. Es posible que parte de este trabajo ya se haya realizado, pero lamentablemente no se ha hecho público, que yo sepa, al menos de forma gratuita. Y esto es muy lamentable.

Marc HALLET

COMENTARIOS DEL ARCHIVO DE LAS ILUSTRACIONES

LAS NAVES “VERNIANAS”

PÁGINA 9: Ya hemos dicho que Gernsback había comenzado por publicar, en folletines, textos ya célebres de H. G. Wells o Jules Verne. Y bien, en los años 20 la concepción misma de las naves aéreas descritas por Verne había devenido obsoleta. He ahí el porqué de que Gernsback proponga una versión netamente modernizada en *Amazing Stories* de diciembre de 1927.

LOS CIGARROS VOLANTES

Uno de los dispositivos voladores que se describió con mayor frecuencia en la ciencia ficción, entre 1920 y 1947, fue el cigarro volador. En cierto modo, era la forma más lógica que se podía asumir que tomarían las naves del futuro o, incluso, que podrían tener las naves alienígenas. De hecho, su forma se inspiró directamente en una mezcla entre el avión y el cohete, los dos únicos medios de transporte aéreo conocidos que podrían aparecer como pertenecientes al futuro.

PÁGINA 10: Esta ilustración muestra, sobre su rampa de lanzamiento, un cohete-cigarro volante, con numerosas ventanillas. El objeto es rigurosamente similar al descrito por los pilotos Chiles y Whitted [*Amazing Stories* - Abril de 1931].

PÁGINA 11: Esta ilustración muestra la punta de un puro volando, detrás de cuyas ventanillas se encuentran los observadores. El cigarro volador cruza sobre un planeta donde se corta una enorme cavidad cilíndrica, en medio de la cual hay una nave cigarroide. Aquí encontramos el concepto de planeta vacío y habitado internamente, que también fue ampliamente explotado en la ciencia ficción y la literatura misteriosa [*Amazing Stories* - Julio de 1930].

PÁGINA 12: Esta ilustración no es muy diferente a la anterior, que incluso quizás la inspiró. Encontramos la nave con los ocupantes detrás de los ojos de buey y, esta vez, otra embarcación cigarroide casi perfectamente lisa [*Amazing Stories* - Julio de 1932].

PÁGINA 13: La ilustración, en la parte superior de la página, muestra un cigarro volador muy clásico, barriendo el suelo con sus potentes proyectores luminosos [*Amazing Stories* - Junio de 1938]. A la izquierda, al pie de la misma página, un dibujo tomado de una aventura del famoso héroe Buck Rogers ilustra el mismo concepto [*Amazing Stories* - agosto de 1928]. Los cigarros voladores a menudo aparecían en los cómics de Buck Rogers. Aquí hay un ejemplo, que

data de 1930, justo a la derecha de la ilustración anterior. Aquí, la máquina de cigarros de Buck Rogers está lidiando con una “rueda voladora” de Saturno (*flywheel*).

PÁGINA 14: Esta ilustración muestra numerosas naves cigarroides en el espacio [*Amazing Stories* - Agosto de 1930].

PÁGINA 15: Esta ilustración muestra una vez más a las naves cigarroides en el espacio. Esta vez son acompañadas por otros ingenios esféricos [*Amazing Stories* - Abril de 1934].

PÁGINA 16: Esta ilustración muestra buques cigarroides con ojos de buey en todo su fuselaje [*Amazing Stories* - Marzo de 1935].

PÁGINA 17: Esta ilustración muestra una gran nave cigarroide a punto de entrar en una gigantesca estación espacial cilíndrica. Aquí encontramos la noción desarrollada en la ufología de antaño, según la cual los puros transportaban naves espaciales más pequeñas [*Amazing Stories* - Enero de 1931].

PÁGINA 18: Esta ilustración muestra ingenios cigarroides penetrando en una inmensa ciudad bajo una esfera [*Amazing Stories* - Septiembre de 1934].

PÁGINA 19: Esta ilustración muestra a las naves cigarroides dirigiéndose hacia la Tierra [*Amazing Stories* - Mayo de 1934].

PÁGINA 20: Esta ilustración muestra una gigantesca nave cilíndrica, con detalles como los de los aviones [*Amazing Stories* - Octubre de 1936].

PÁGINA 21: Esta ilustración muestra otro tipo de nave *cigarroide* [*Amazing Stories* - Octubre de 1943].

PÁGINA 22: Asombrosa ilustración, mostrando a la vez una nave *cigarroide* y una multitud de pequeñas naves semejantes a platillos [*Wonder Stories Quarterly* - Invierno de 1932].

PÁGINA 23: Esta historieta ilustra una expedición polar, en el curso de la cual los ingenios volantes son lanzados al suelo, bajo el peso de gruesos insectos. Estos ingenios se transforman entonces en vehículos semejantes a automóviles, para combatir mejor a los insectos. Se destaca la forma discoidal del ingenio volante asaltado [*Amazing Stories* - Noviembre de 1926].

PÁGINA 24: Ingenios en busca de discos plateados, translúcidos en su centro [*Amazing Stories* - Mayo de 1926].

PÁGINA 25: Esta ilustración muestra tres naves discoidales marcianas, colocándose en un triángulo equilátero perfecto alrededor de una nave terrestre esférica y capturándola con sus rayos [*Amazing Stories* - Abril de 1928].

PÁGINA 26: Esta ilustración muestra a un terrícola hecho prisionero por criaturas de otros mundos. Debemos notar su gran tamaño, pero también, y especialmente, su cabeza voluminosa, con ojos redondos pero fijos, en cuencas que parecen extenderse hacia las sienes a la manera de los seres descritos por Barney y Betty Hill [*Amazing Stories* - Abril de 1934].

PÁGINA 27: En esta ilustración vemos un terrícola rodeado de muchos seres pequeños con cabeza grande y, en el cielo, más allá de las ventanas, máquinas voladoras que representan tanto el cigarro como el platillo [*Amazing Stories* - Junio de 1926].

PÁGINA 28: De nuevo, pequeños seres de gran cabeza [*Amazing Stories* - Febrero de 1941].

PÁGINA 29: Esta ilustración es tan sorprendente que merece una explicación más detallada. Estaba en el clímax de una historia, que contaba cómo el último de los Centauros había ayudado al líder del clan de los "primeros-humanos-más-parecidos-a-un-mono" a liberar a su compañero, hecho prisionero por una raza de extraterrestres. Esta raza vino a la Tierra para cazar seres vivos y hacer comida con ellos. Tales extraterrestres, pequeños y endebles, tenían una nave espacial que se parecía un poco a un pájaro sin alas y entraban por una escotilla [*Amazing Stories* - Marzo de 1944].

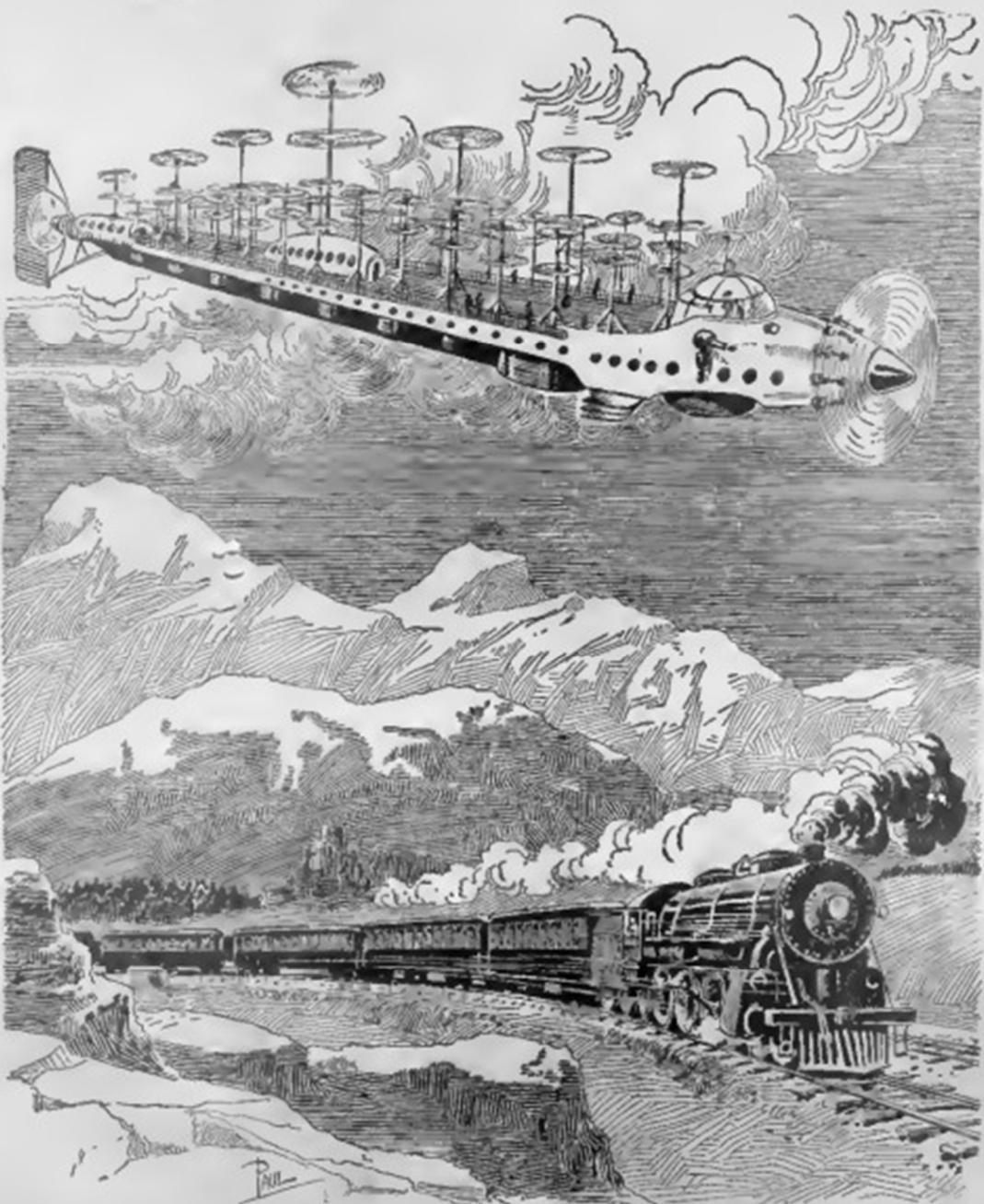
PÁGINA 30: Esta ilustración muestra una escena marciana con seres pequeños, enfermizos, cabezones en el suelo, y, en el cielo, ¡naves casi triangulares! [*Wonder Stories Quarterly* - Invierno de 1932].

PÁGINA 31: Esta última ilustración muestra una vez más seres pequeños y enfermizos con cabezas enormes en relación con sus cuerpos [*Wonder Stories* - Agosto de 1930].

ROBUR THE CONQUEROR *or* THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS

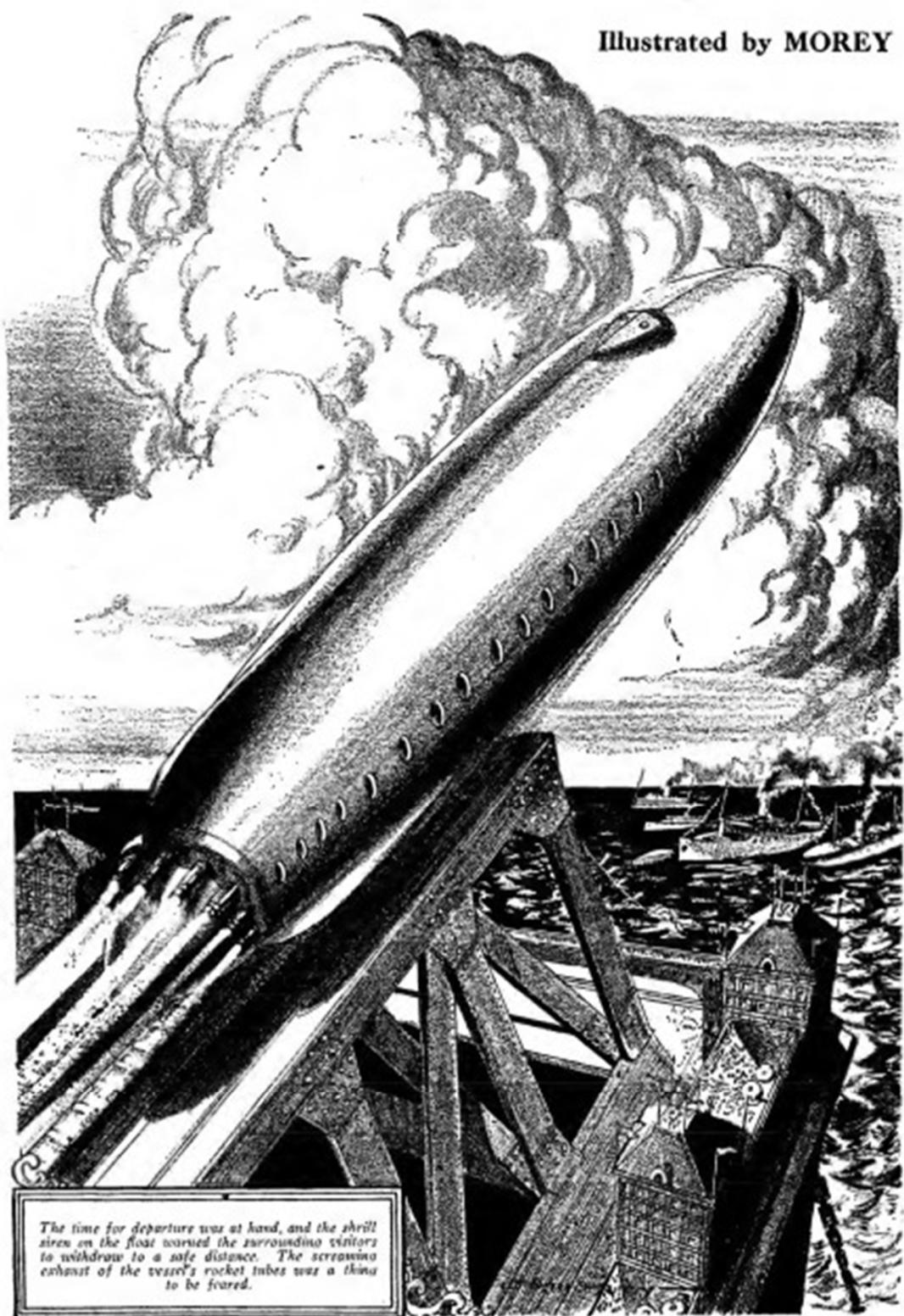
by Jules Verne

Author of "A Trip to the Center of the Earth," "Off on a Comet," etc.



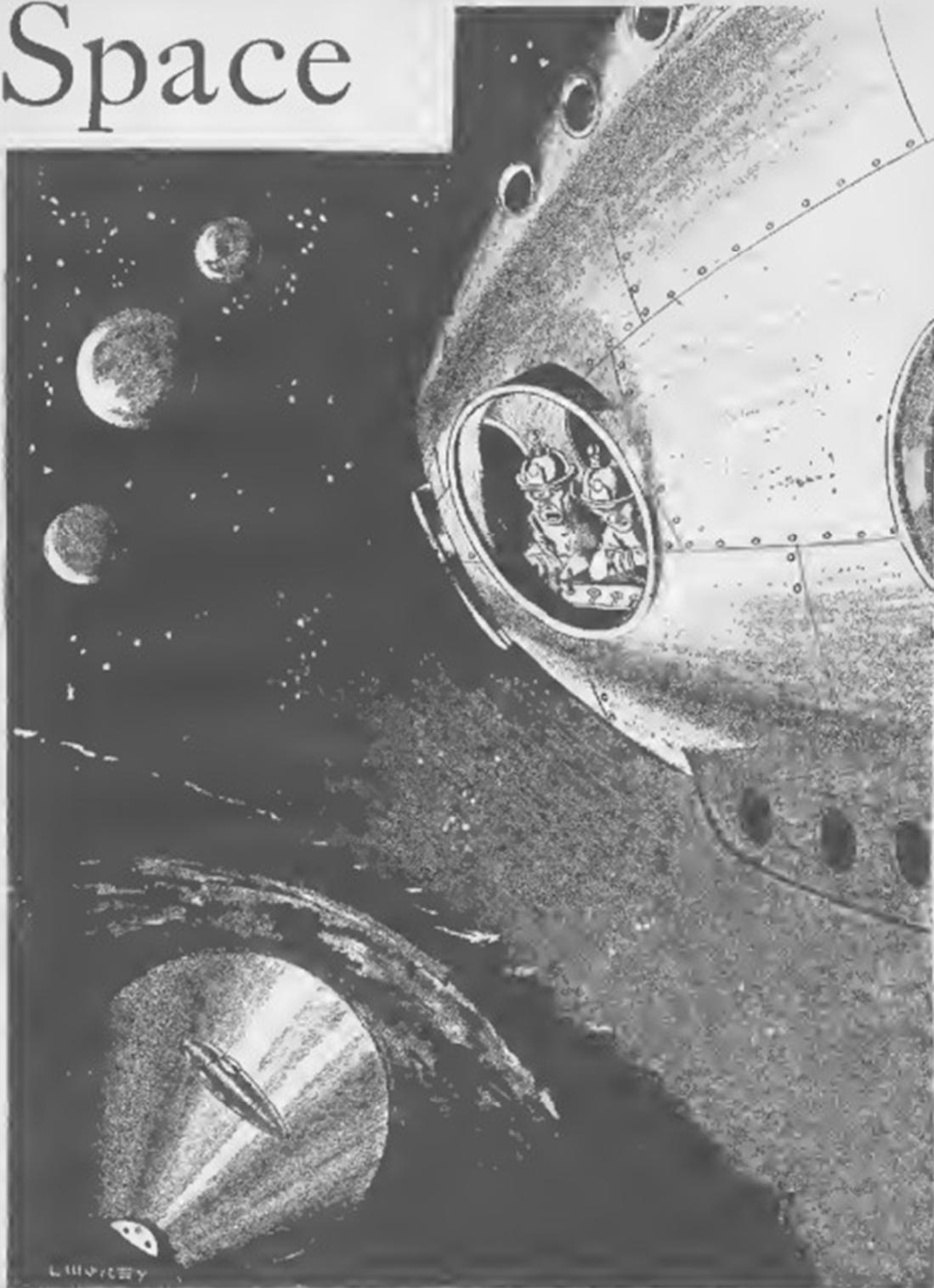
The Albatross continued her descent, slowing her ascension screws and moderating her speed so as not to leave the train behind. She flew about it like an enormous beetle or a gigantic bird of prey. She headed to right and left, and swept on in front, and being behind.

Illustrated by MOREY

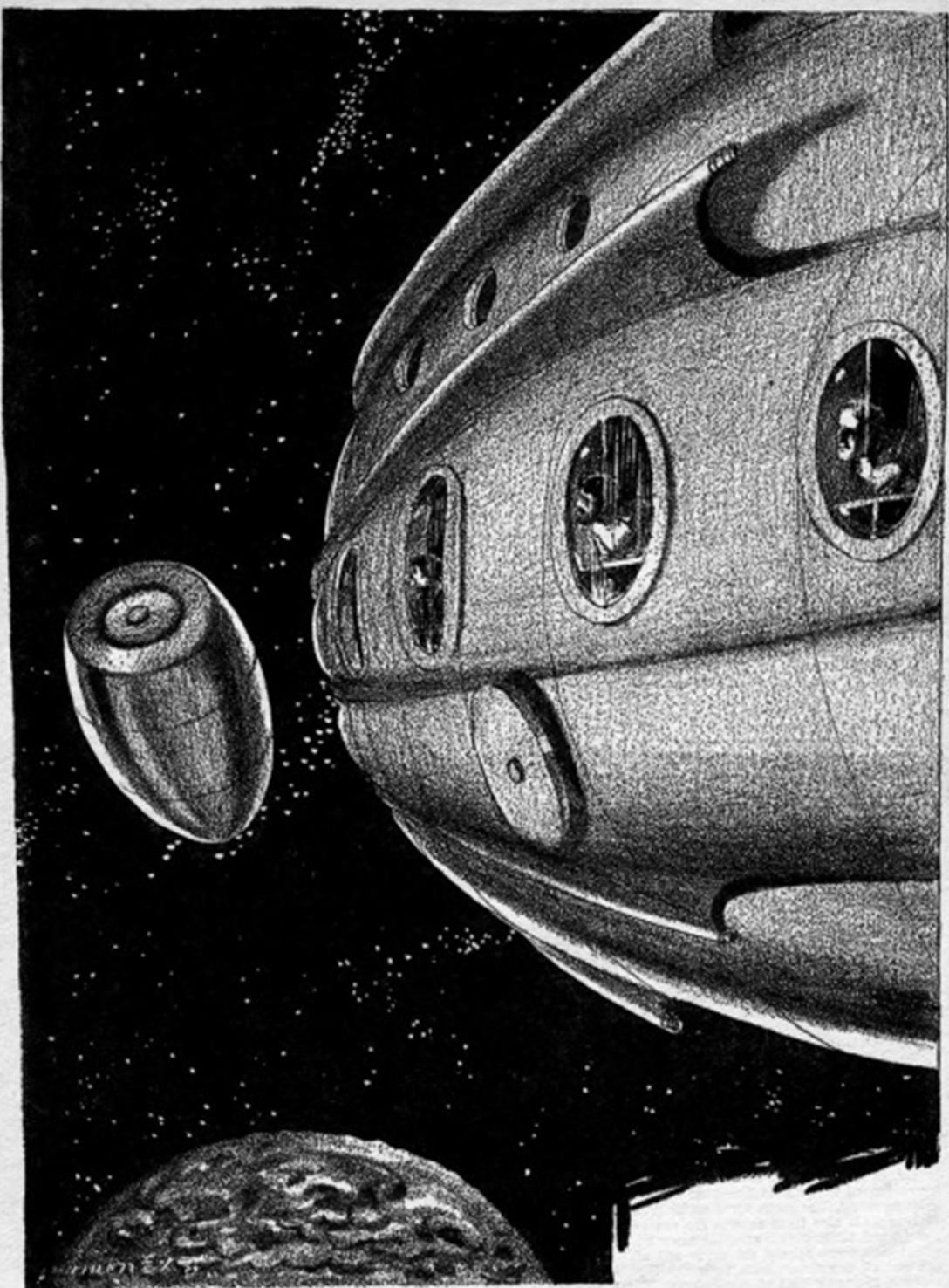


The time for departure was at hand, and the shrill siren on the float warned the surrounding visitors to withdraw to a safe distance. The screaming exhaust of the vessel's rocket tubes was a thing to be feared.

Space



As we approached closer, these areas proved to be the openings of great shafts, which apparently went far below the surface



He had come out here in anticipation of just such a thing as had happened; had hovered in space with the H-4 . . . hoping to rescue anyone who might be set adrift in the space car. . . .

The Man Who Ruled The World

Illustration by
Ray Jackson.
By ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS

A new Genghis Khan comes out of Tibet, crushing the nations beneath his iron dictatorship—until Richard Moulton braves the horrors of the robot drug in a daring attempt to liberate the enslaved world

CHAPTER I A Secret Meeting

REMEMBER this, it is better to have your tongue ripped out by the roots than to talk of our mission. We have made a vow, and death shall not deter us in the keeping of it. Good luck—and if we fail, may we meet again in a better land than this."

Silently the five young men wrung hands. Their calm, poised faces showed no trace of what was going on behind those high foreheads, their eyes showed no glint as a key to the mind behind. Resolution was in the set of their jaws,

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emotionless resolution that no fate could sway.

"Dick, we're with you to whatever the end may be. We'll carry on as long as one of us is left."

The first speaker, tall, red-headed Richard Moulton, replied.

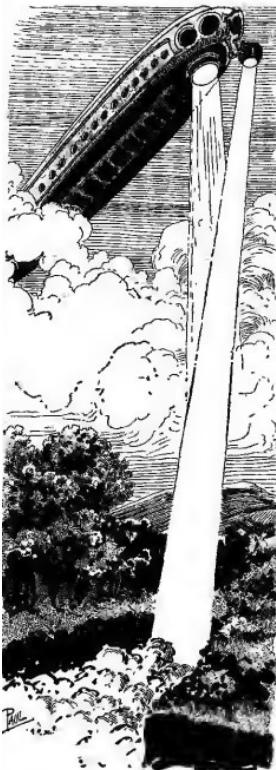
"Thanks, George. I know that I can rely on all of you, and that we can rely on each other. Now it is time to leave . . . let us go."

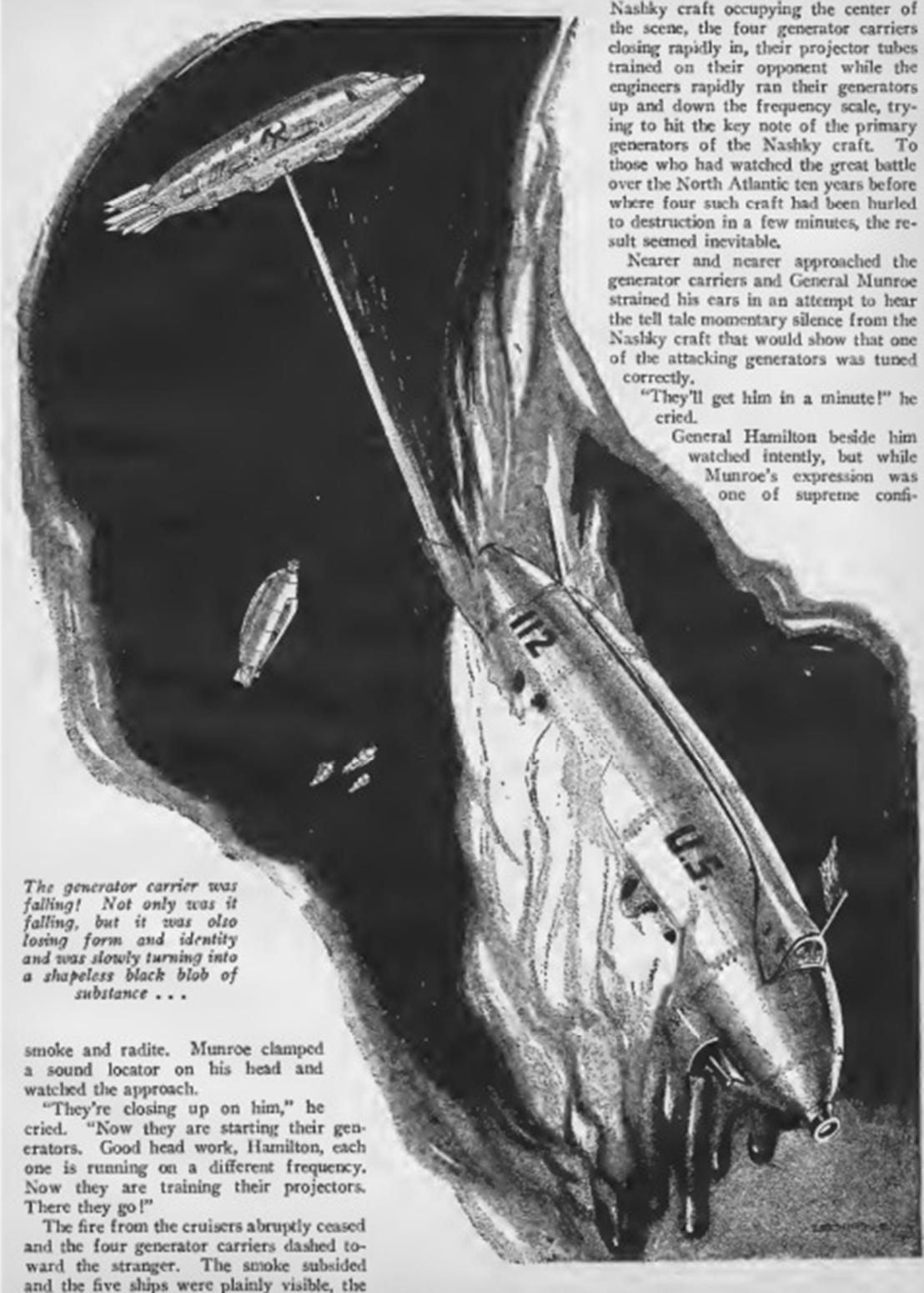
One by one, furtively, by different exits, they left the apartment house in San Francisco. Men were here, and a few women, workers hurrying to the hatches where they lived. About these people, in their blank faces, in their studiously careless pose, in the way they



"Obey or I destroy!" shrieked the voice of Genghis Khan II

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smoke and radite. Munroe clamped a sound locator on his head and watched the approach.

"They're closing up on him," he cried. "Now they are starting their generators. Good head work, Hamilton, each one is running on a different frequency. Now they are training their projectors. There they go!"

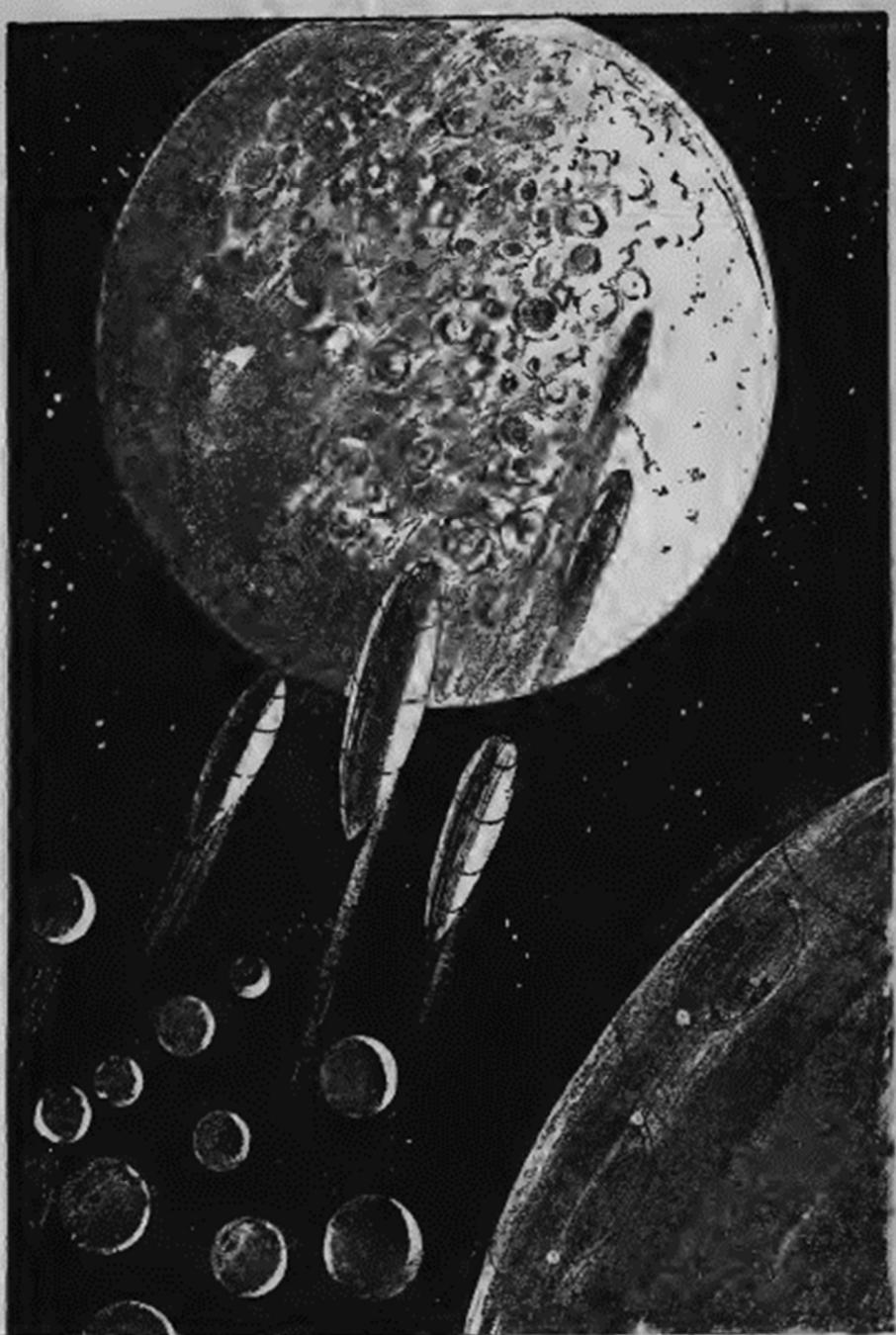
The fire from the cruisers abruptly ceased and the four generator carriers dashed toward the stranger. The smoke subsided and the five ships were plainly visible, the

Nashky craft occupying the center of the scene, the four generator carriers closing rapidly in, their projector tubes trained on their opponent while the engineers rapidly ran their generators up and down the frequency scale, trying to hit the key note of the primary generators of the Nashky craft. To those who had watched the great battle over the North Atlantic ten years before where four such craft had been hurled to destruction in a few minutes, the result seemed inevitable.

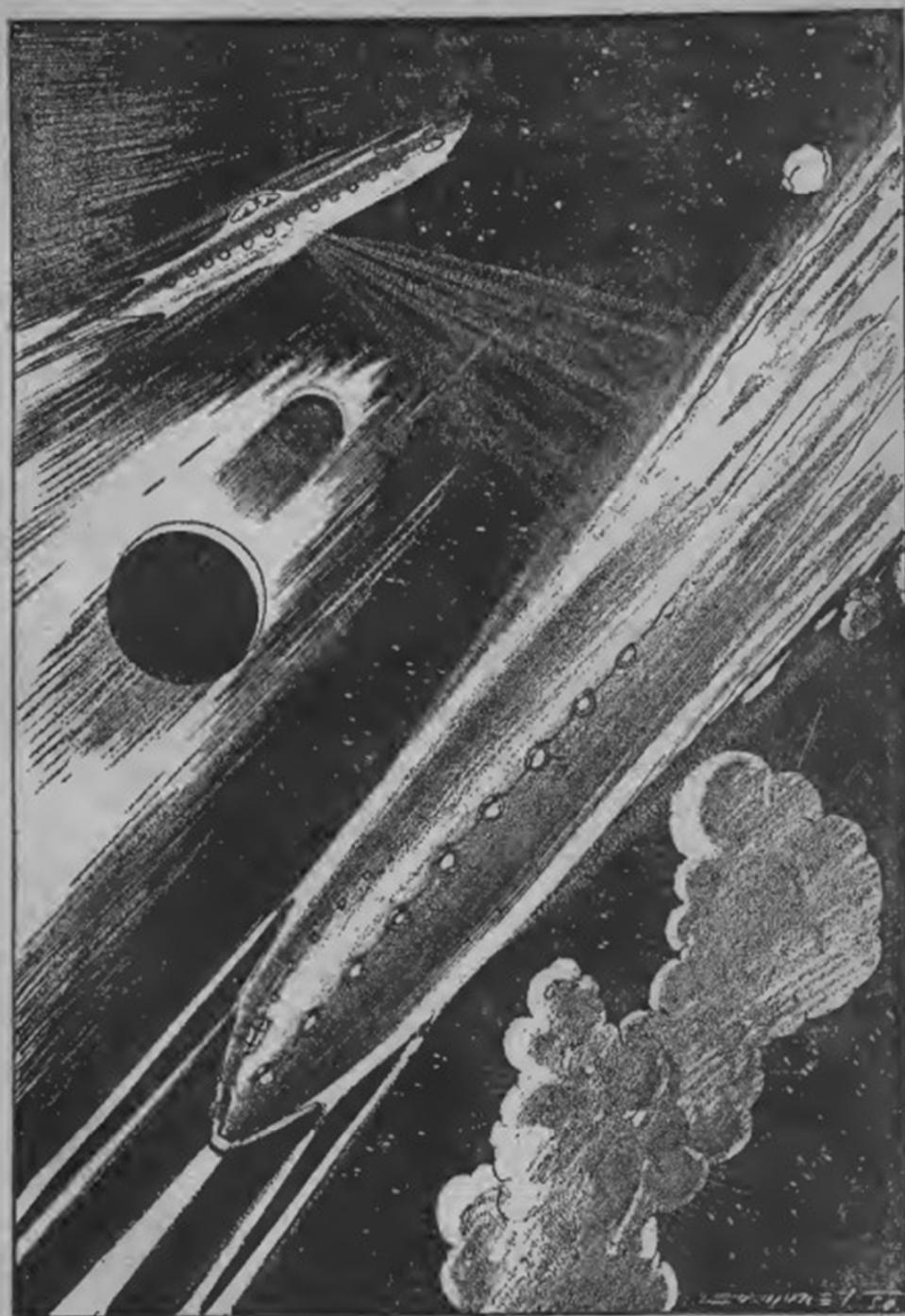
Nearer and nearer approached the generator carriers and General Munroe strained his ears in an attempt to hear the tell tale momentary silence from the Nashky craft that would show that one of the attacking generators was tuned correctly.

"They'll get him in a minute!" he cried.

General Hamilton beside him watched intently, but while Munroe's expression was one of supreme confi-



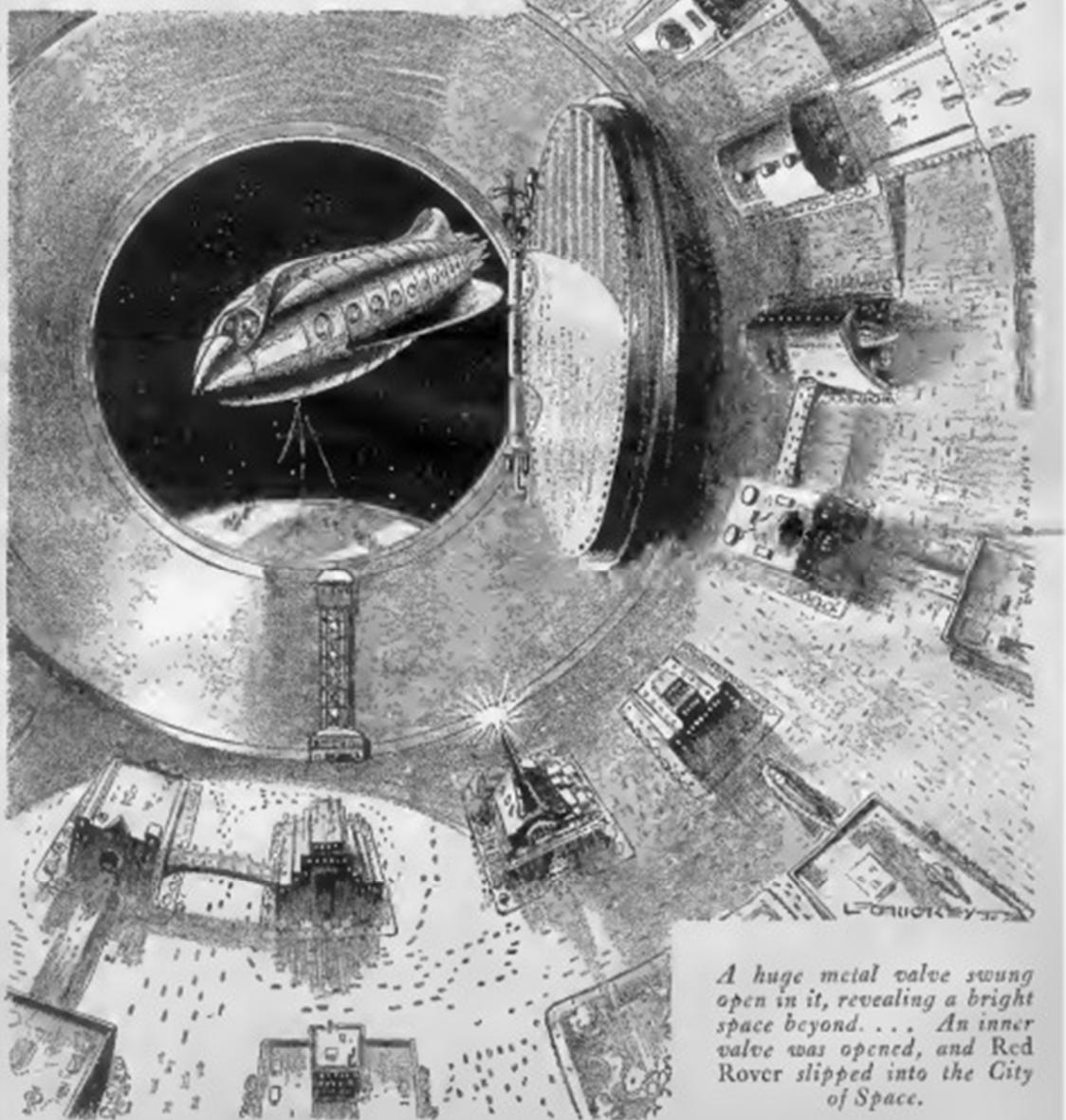
*Even as I looked the haze opened, as a man in a hurry flings wide a door,
and a host of silver spheres, like flies rising from Ados, shot swiftly upward
toward us.*



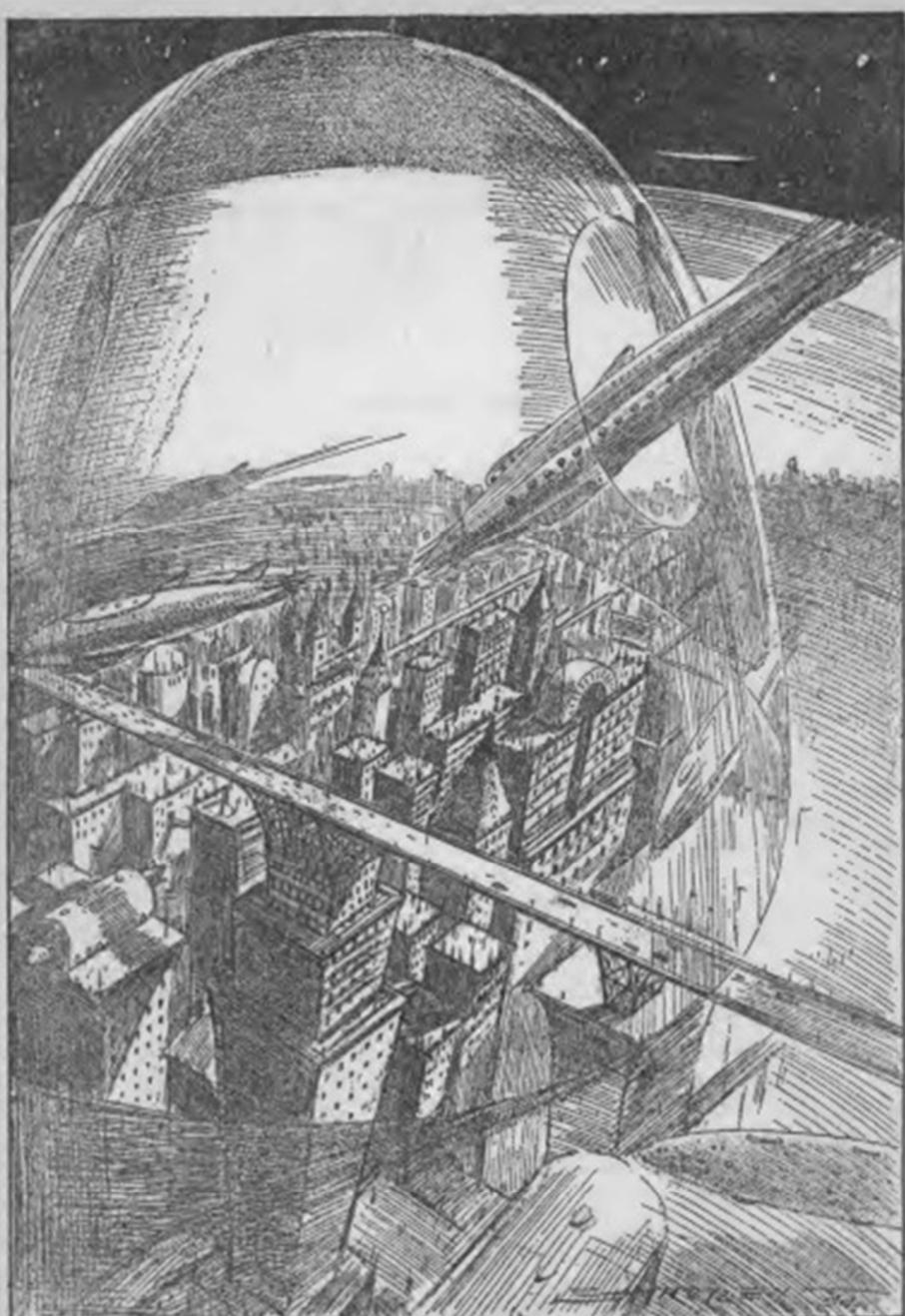
Slowly her nose pointed downward, while a dim red glow rose to incandescence, telling of broken power-leads.

Space

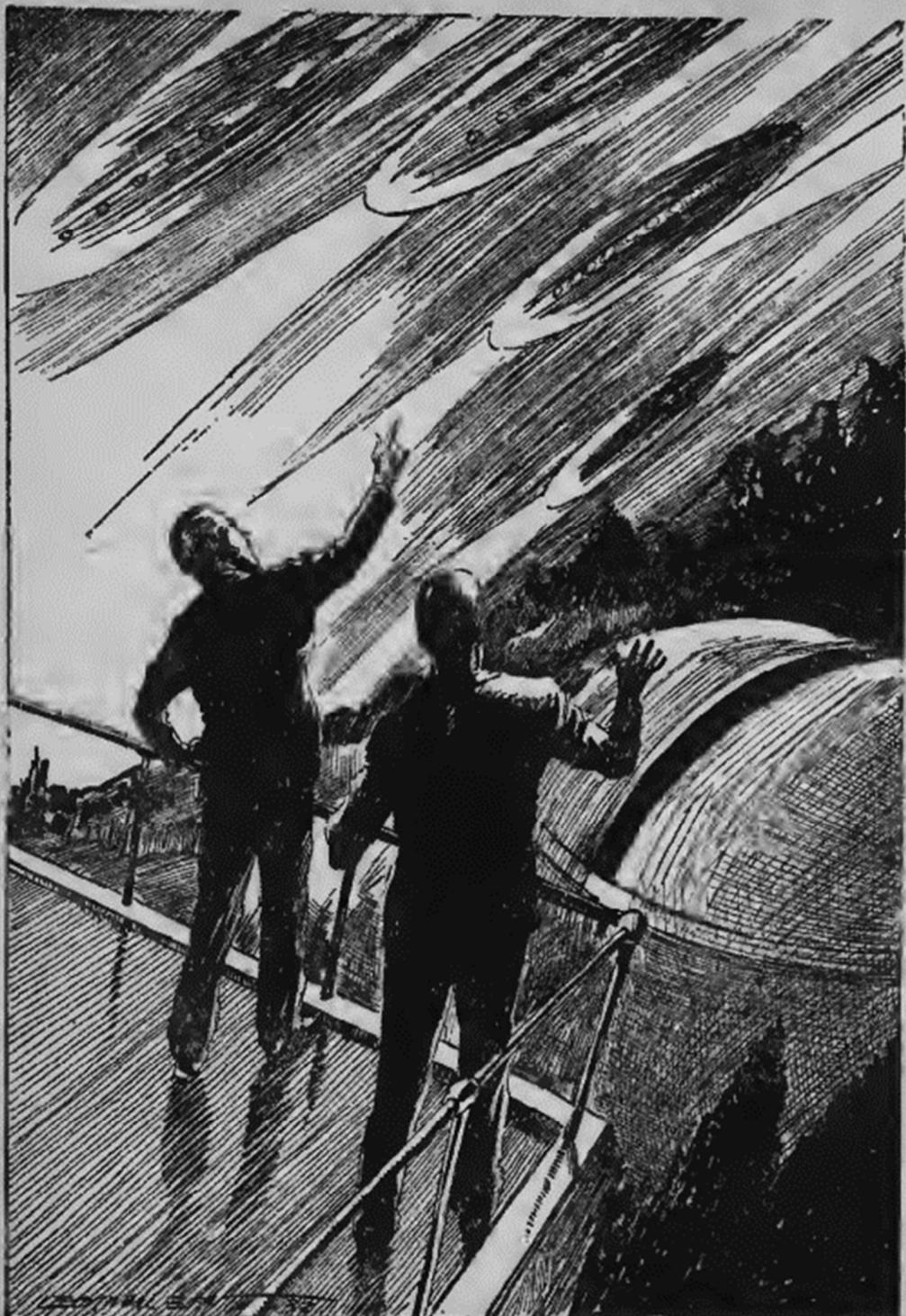
Illustrated by
MOREY



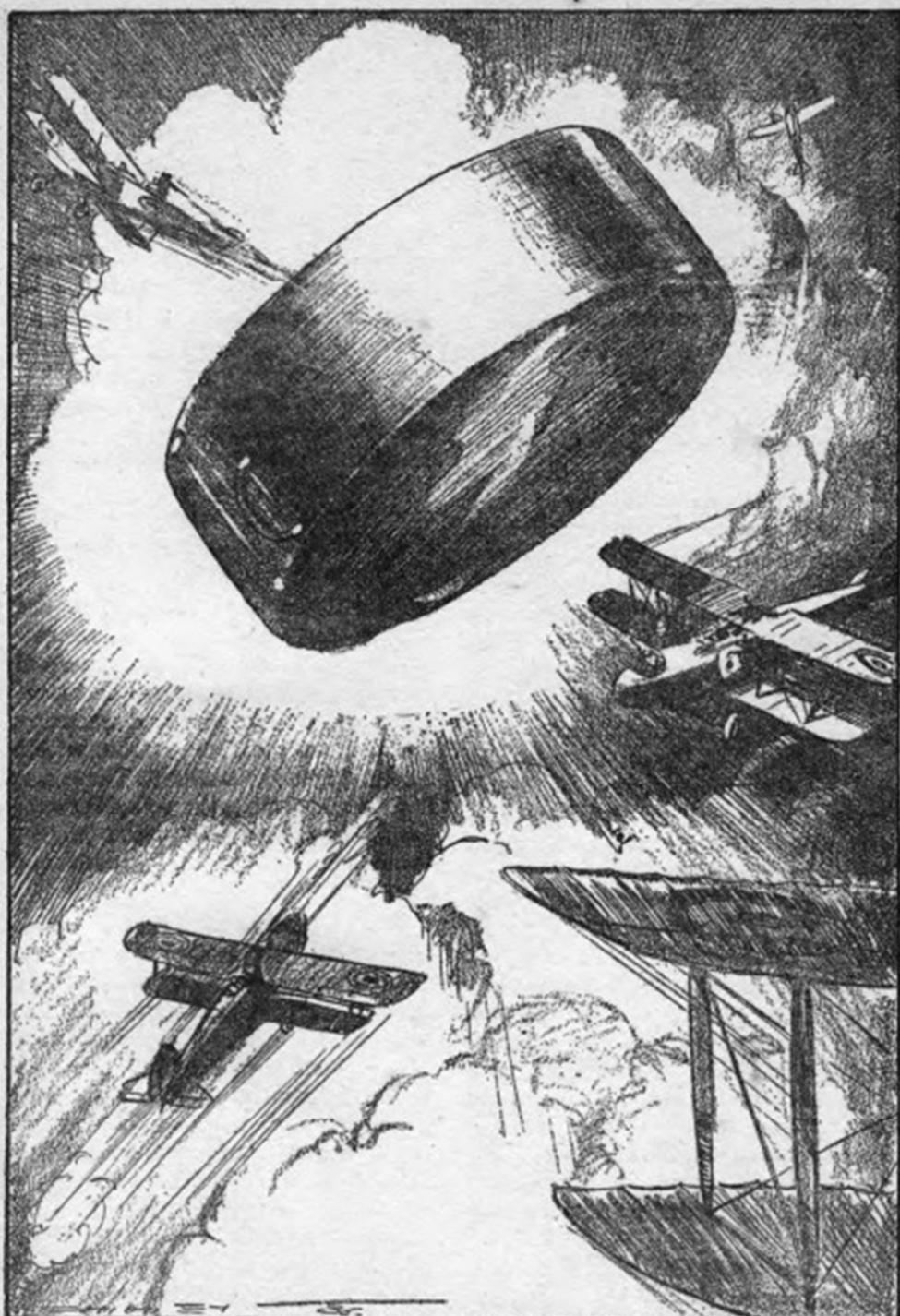
A huge metal valve swung open in it, revealing a bright space beyond. . . . An inner valve was opened, and Red Rover slipped into the City of Space.



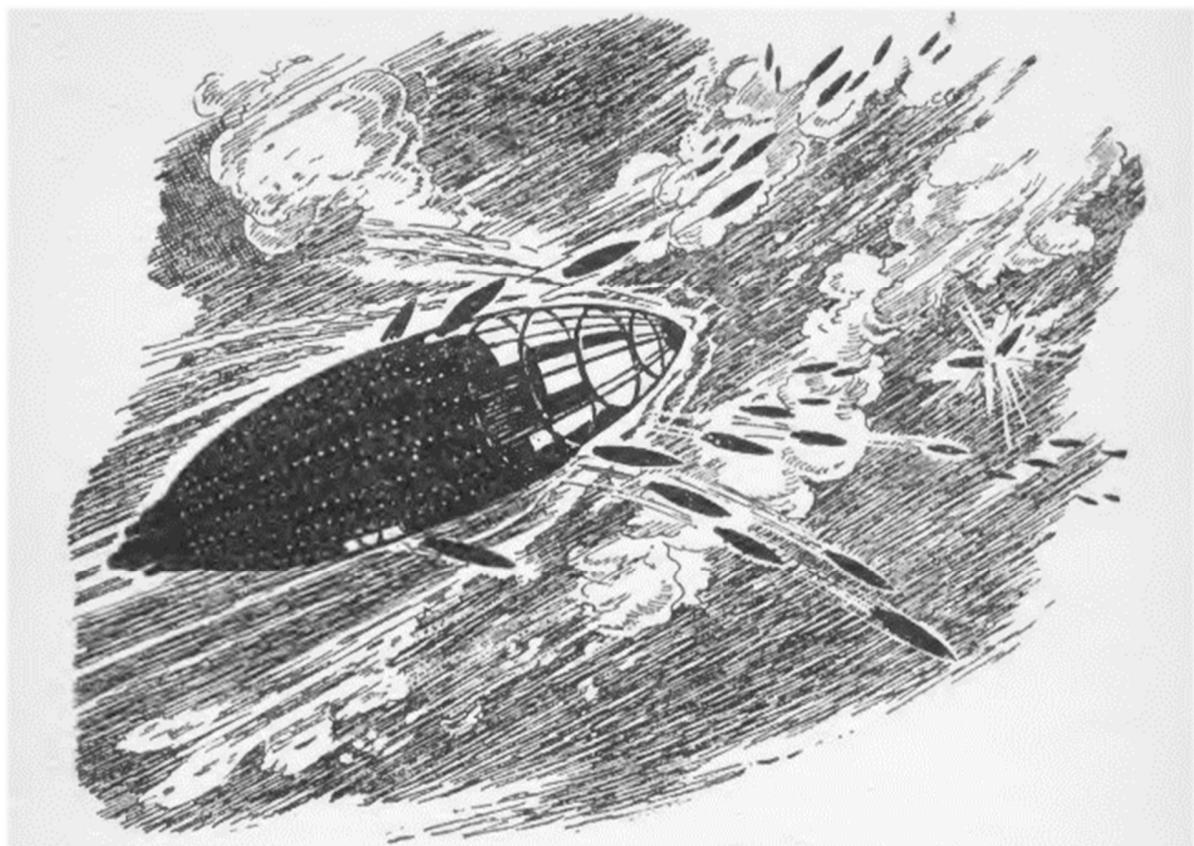
In the center of the dome, a series of openings appeared to give the space flyer from the earth an entrance.



Three days later into our atmosphere came a long, shining projectile, shooting flame and fire from its nose.



Planes circled overhead, also firing upon the drum-ship, but with no apparent effect. The shells simply bounced back.



The Revolt of the Star Men

By RAYMOND GALLUN



(Illustration by Paul)

A bulk dropped down on the nose of the craft. A pair of hands gripped the barrels of the machine gun and tore them from the mountings.

BEYOND THE POLE

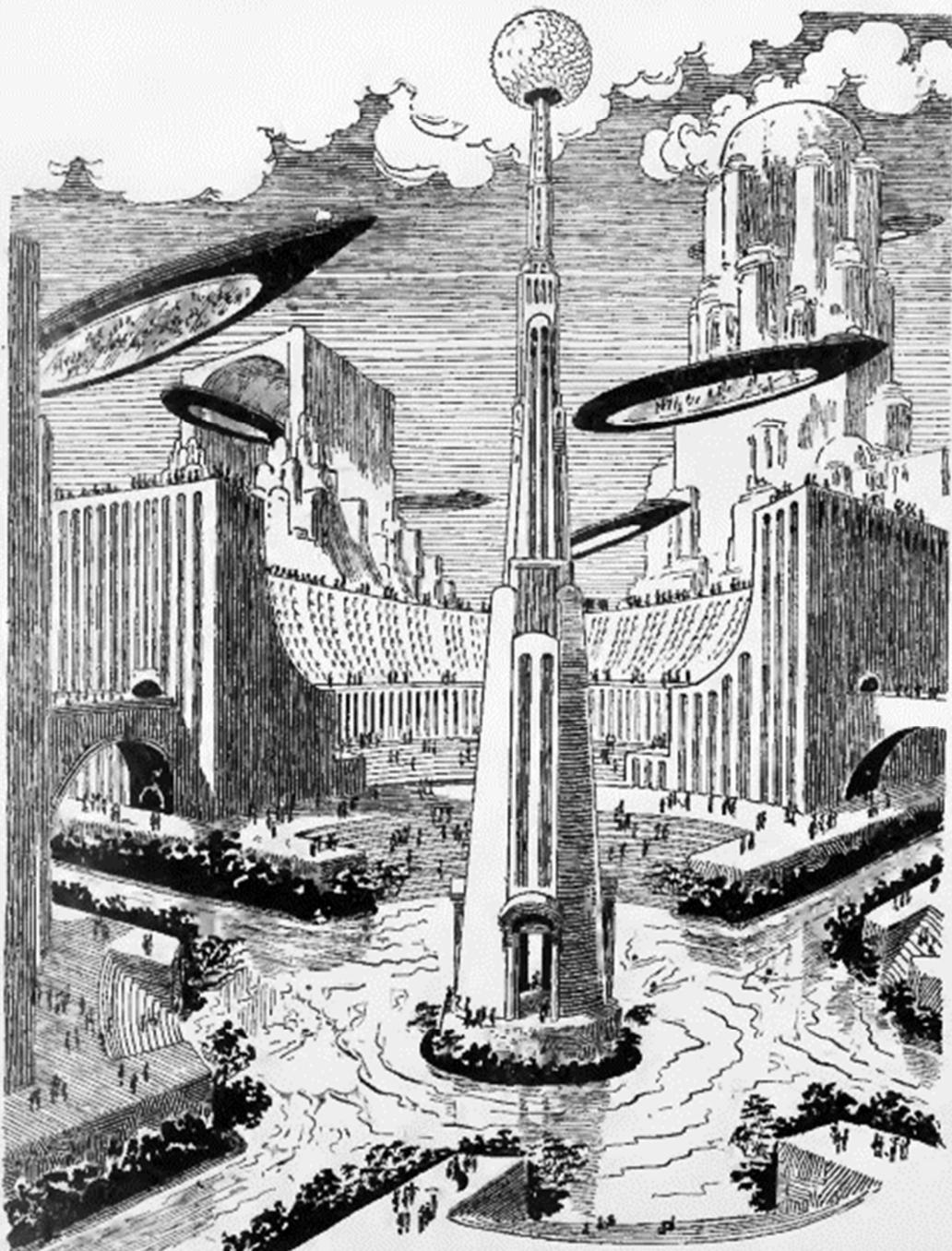
~ By A. Hyatt Verrill ~



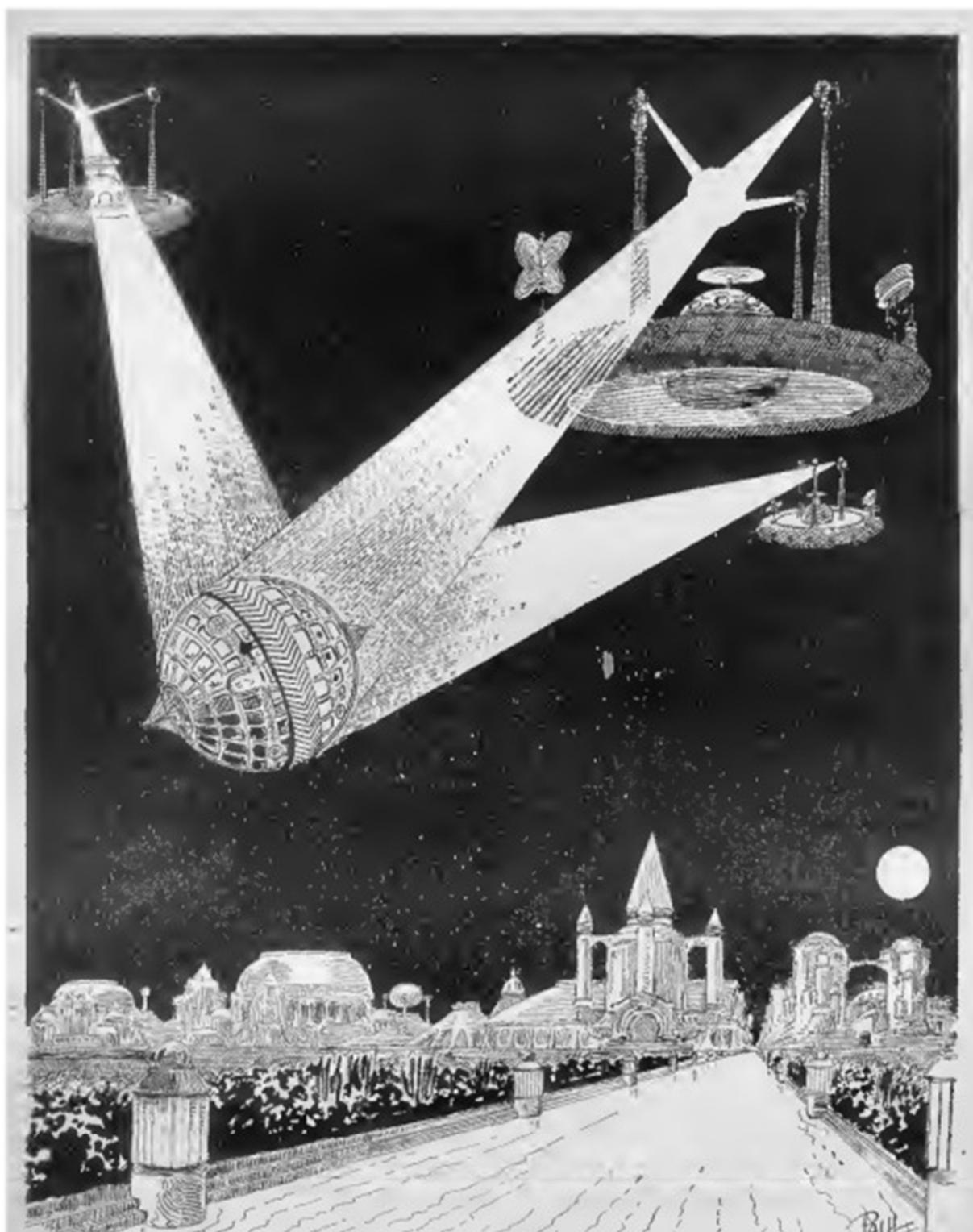
The airships are next to useless. Let an airship rise aloft and the swarming queen ants light upon it by hundreds and bear it to earth with their weight, but the wheeled vehicles, protected, transformed to miniature forts of metal and filled with armed beings carry terror and destruction among the ants, crushing them beneath the wheels while arrows and bullets strike them down.

The INFINITE VISION

"By Charles C. Winn "



They were looking down upon great buildings a thousand feet in height, above which swarms of enormous airships darted gracefully through the air. And the decks were covered with tiny figures!



Three circular, massive structures, which looked like metal aircraft, spaced equal distances apart, were floating in space. The three flyers marked an equilateral triangle while in the exact center, but about one mile lower down than the flyers, our *Intersteller* was floating. Three shafts of an intense yellow ray were turned on us, and it was this light, or rather the peculiar properties of the rays, which had made us captives to the Martians' superior intelligence.

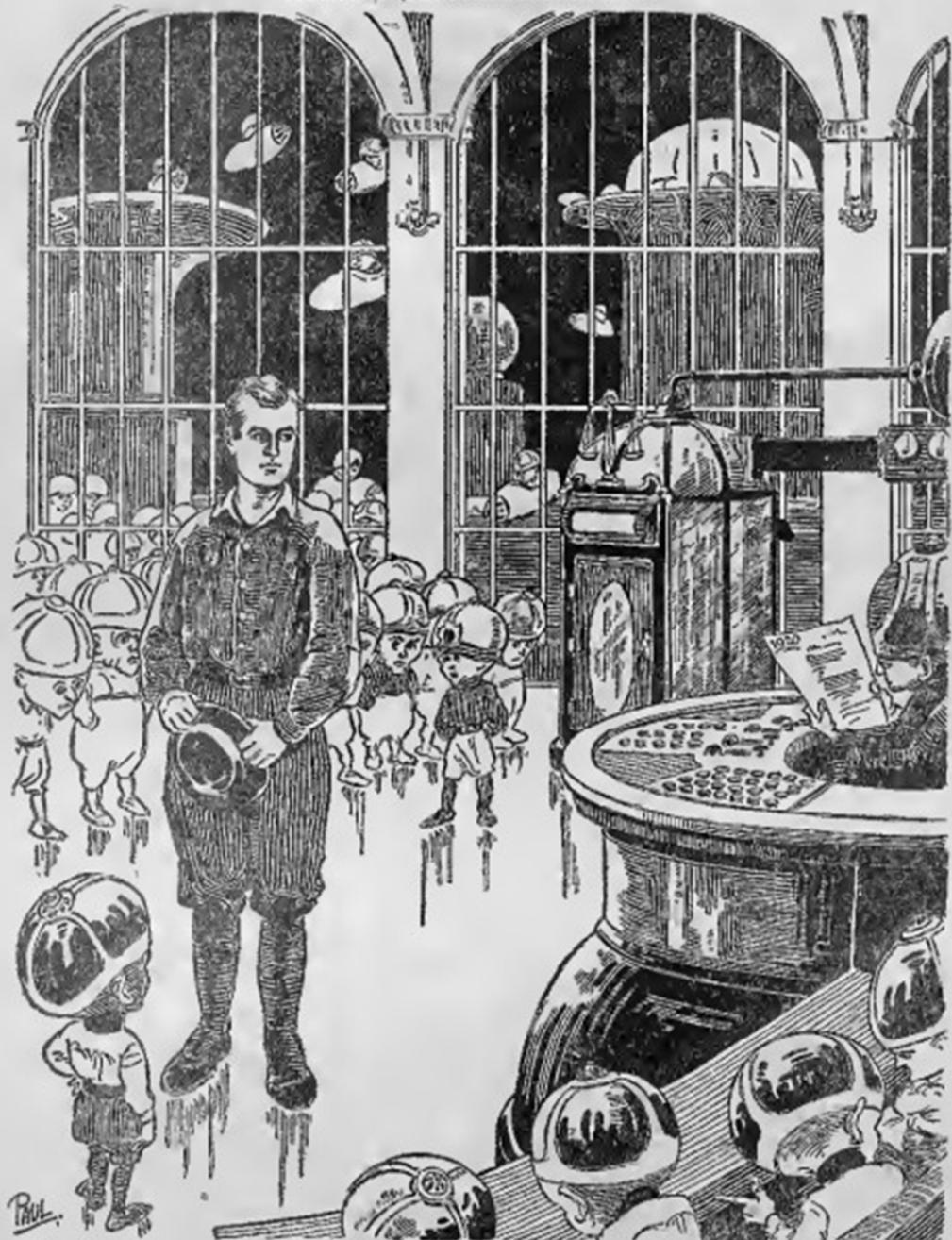


Others of the red men came from nowhere, seeming to spring up from the very floor, and he was carried, kicking and struggling vainly.

The COMING of the ICE

~ By G. Peyton Wertenbaker ~

Author of "The Man From the Atom"



Strange men, these creatures of the hundredth century, men with huge brains and tiny, shrivelled bodies, atrophied limbs, and slow, penderous movements on their little conveyances. . . . It was then that I was forced to produce my tattered old papers, proving my identity and my story.



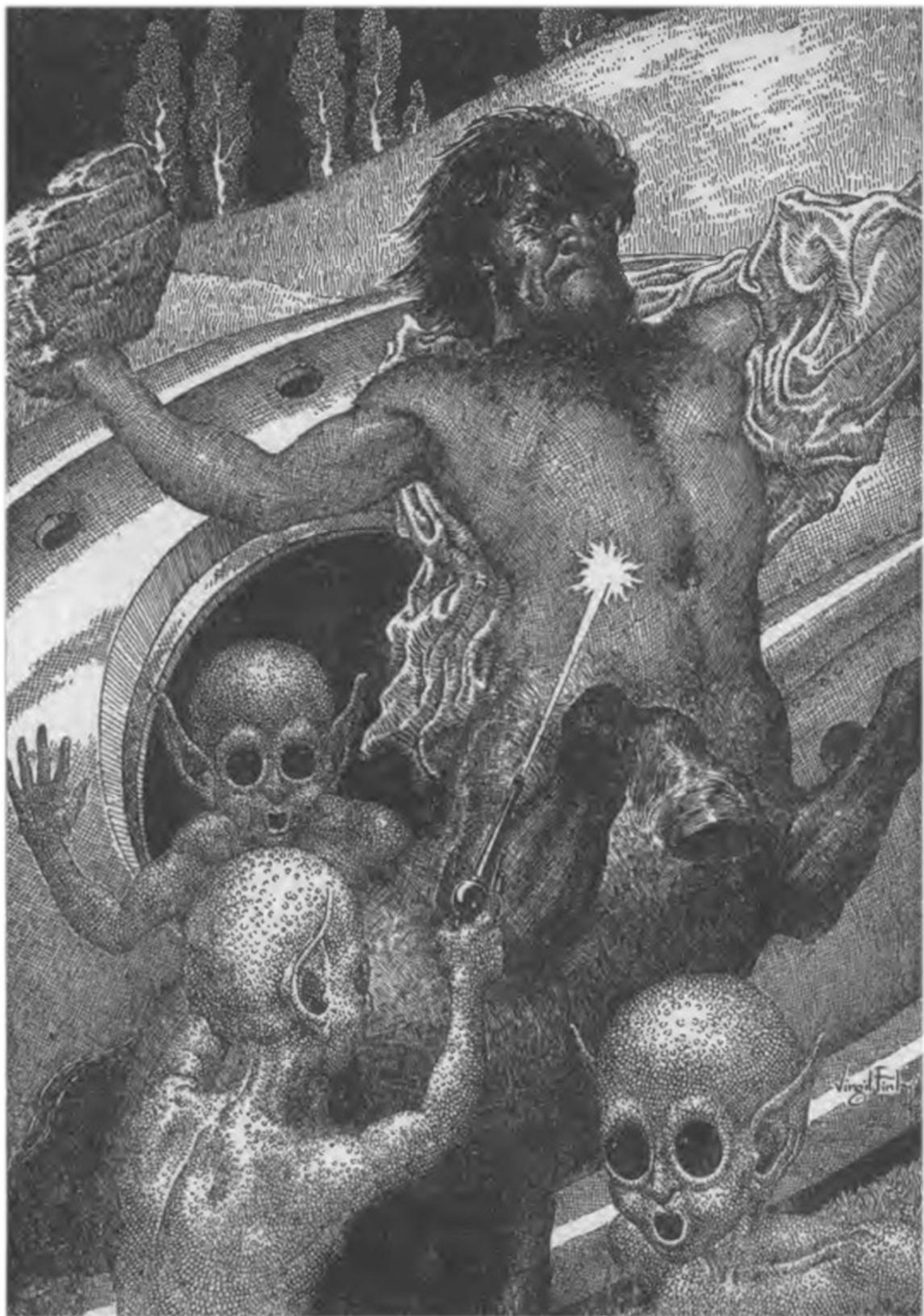
The **WINKING LIGHTS OF MARS**



"It's war!" came a shout from the doorway

**The linking of two
worlds hinged on the re-
sult of the astronomers'
observations. Would the
Winking Lights be seen?**

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The Martian

By A. R. Hilliard
and Allen Glasser

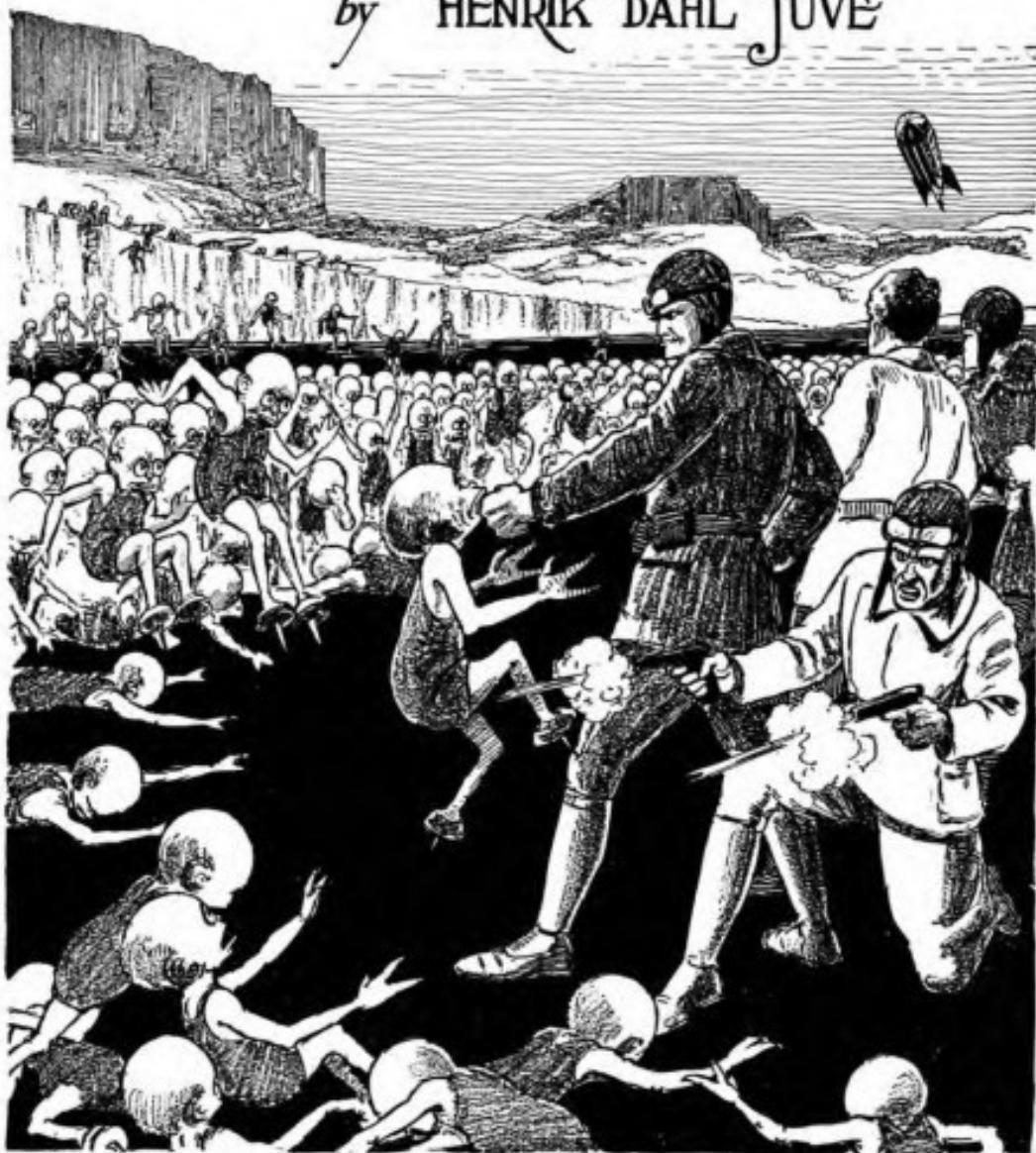


(Illustration by Paul)

The water was evaporated by the ever-shining sun until there was none left for the
thirsty plants. Every year more workers died in misery.

The Martian Revenge

by HENRIK DAHL JUVE



(Illustration by Paul)

Masters fired desperately, but with slow deliberation. But it was hopeless to stem the tide that rolled in upon them in relentless fury.

Los temas ufológicos en las historietas prearnoldianas

Marc Hallet

Lieja (Bélgica) – Marzo de 2013

INTRODUCCIÓN Y EXPLICACIONES

Tras la reciente distribución de mi resumen sobre algunas ilustraciones prearnoldianas que tocan el tema de la ufología, mi amigo Wim van Utrecht me señaló un sitio estadounidense que pude explorar en profundidad. Este sitio es: <http://comicbookplus.com/> Como su nombre lo indica, está más particularmente interesado en los *cómics* (historietas), es decir, en los cómics estadounidenses y extranjeros, antiguos o recientes. Por supuesto, miré más específicamente en los cómics estadounidenses de los años 20, 30 y 40.

¿Qué he notado? Que desde una perspectiva de ciencia ficción, sólo unos pocos temas recurrentes parecían alimentar la imaginación de los autores. Así que parecían preocuparse más por la creación de extraordinarios monstruos alienígenas que por naves interplanetarias verdaderamente nuevas. Es bastante simple: casi todas las naves espaciales interplanetarias fueron derivadas de cohetes con o sin aletas. Pero veamos esto con más detalle...

PÁGINA 6: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies- Septiembre de 1940]* Aquí vemos una nave espacial sin duda inspirada, en ese momento, por el cohete. Podemos adivinar fácilmente que el mismo concepto inspiró más tarde el cigarro volador con ojos de buey a lo largo de toda su cabina.

PÁGINA 7: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies- Septiembre de 1940]* Esta máquina interplanetaria aterriza verticalmente y así hace pensar un poco en el famoso “cigarrillo de las nubes” del que habló Aimé Michel, y que se veía a menudo en esta posición en el cielo.

PÁGINA 8: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies - Julio de 1940]* Este ingenio interplanetario ilustraba una serie de aventuras del héroe interplanetario Jon Linton, pero...

PÁGINA 9: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies - Julio de 1940]* ...no era muy diferente de cualquier otro que apareció en la serie *Space Patrol* de Basil Wolverton. ¡Lo que demuestra que en ese momento no nos importaba mucho imaginar naves interplanetarias realmente diferentes entre sí!

PÁGINA 10: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies - Junio de 1940]* En este extracto de *Space Patrol*, vemos (abajo a la derecha) seres de pequeño tamaño, con una cabeza grande, casi calva y ojos muy rasgados. Un tema cien veces repetido aquí y allá...

PÁGINA 11: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies – Junio de 1940]* No dejemos a *Space Patrol* para demostrar que, a diferencia de las naves interplanetarias, los autores de la época desbordaban imaginación para crear criaturas de otros mundos...

PÁGINA 12: *[Planet Comics - Febrero de 1940]* Sin embargo, los enanos con grandes

cabezas calvas y orejas grandes eran parte de los “clásicos”. ¡Aquí hay un villano que se parece extrañamente a Nicolas Sarkozy!

PÁGINA 13: *[Amazing MysteryFunnies - Agosto de 1939]* El enano cabezón (generalmente “malvado”) también se utiliza para representar al “científico loco”. Pero muy a menudo el científico loco tiene el cabello largo o despeinado. Aquí hay un ejemplo ...

PÁGINA 14: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies - Julio de 1940]* Hablé antes de las naves interplanetarias cigarroides inspiradas en el cohete. En ese momento ya aparecía otra noción: la de bases espaciales o vehículos espaciales. Lo encontraremos en ufología con los cigarros voladores portando platillos ... Aquí una nave cigarroide emergiendo de una base espacial...

PÁGINA 15: *[Amazing Mystery Funnies - Julio de 1940]* ...y aquí se ve otra nave entrando, así como extraterrestres saliendo de una nave que ha ingresado en una base espacial.

PÁGINA 16: *[Planet Comics - Marzo de 1940]* Así, los cómics de la época desarrollaron principalmente una pequeña cantidad de temas, centrados en enfrentamientos entre diferentes pueblos y razas, y los ilustradores se enfocaron principalmente en crear aterradoras criaturas extraterrestres...

PÁGINA 17: *[Planet Comics - Enero de 1940]* Pero dentro de estos cómics, que en última instancia eran bastante convencionales, a veces podían aparecer algunas sorpresas...

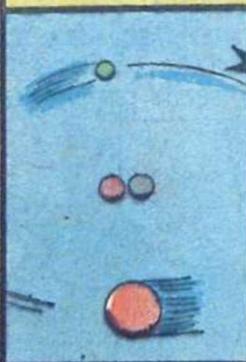
PÁGINA 18: *[Planet Comics - Enero de 1940]* ...como aquí (abajo a la izquierda) donde una nave *cigarroide* se encuentra con una nave interplanetaria que ya te hace pensar más en futuros platillos voladores...

PÁGINA 19: *[Planet Comics - Marzo de 1940]* ...o como aquí, donde un barco *cigarroide* se enfrenta a naves triangulares.

AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

EDITORS NOTE:
ALPHA'S ODD ABILITY
TO CREATE MATTER
FROM THOUGHT IS
DUE TO THE 5TH DIMEN-
SIONAL MAN'S POWER
TO USE MENTAL FORCE
TO BIND FREE PROTONS
AND ELECTRONS TO-
GETHER INTO ATOMS
OF MATTER AND
THUS CREATE
MATERIAL THINGS.

HELUM ATOM



THE BATTLE FAR BEHIND, JON'S SPACE SHIP
ROARS OVER A STRANGE CITY.

QUINTON CITY! MADE BY
MENTAL FORCE, LIKE
EVERYTHING ELSE HERE!

MENTAL FORCE?

OH, YES! SOMETHING
LIKE YOUR REAL
ESTATE DEVELOPMENTS
OF EARTH!

BUT MUCH MORE
SUBSTANTIAL!
LOOK!

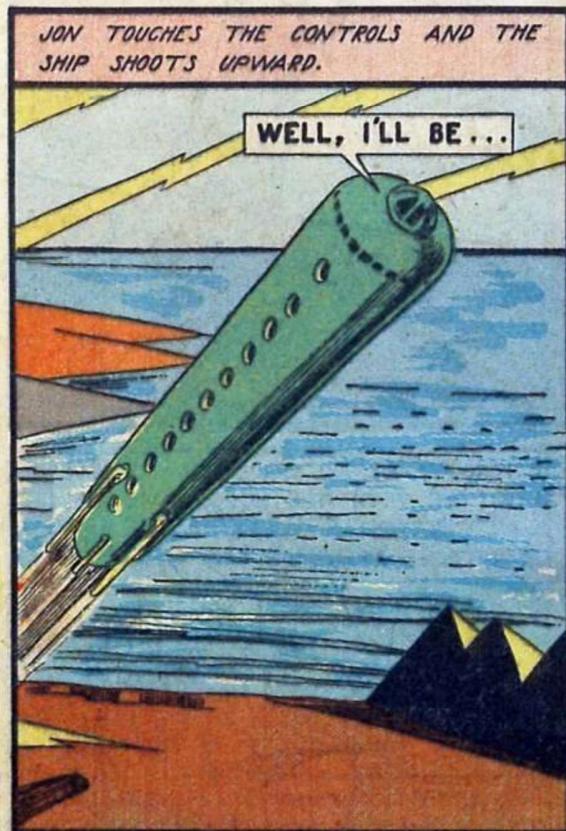
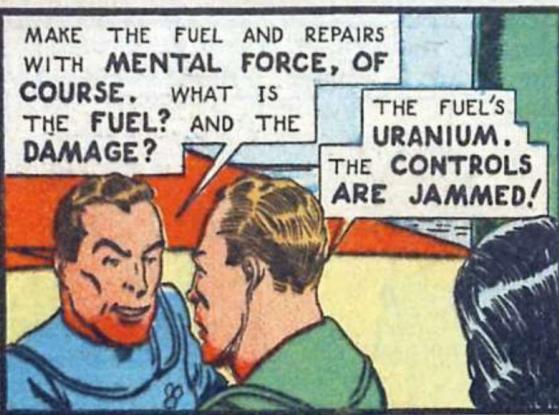
A SUBURBAN COMMUNITY MATERIALIZES.

LAND IN THAT PARK.

JON LANDS IN QUINTON CITY.

I MUST TAKE YOU TO OUR
HEAD MAN, ROREPME THE
THIRTIETH. THE PALACE
IS AHEAD.

AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES



JON LINTON

flyer
scientist
adventurer

TIME:

THE YEAR 2000 A.D.

PLACE:

THE PLANET VENUS, THE ASTEROID LOGOS AND IN INTERPLANETARY SPACE.

CHARACTERS:

JON LINTON, YOUNG SPACE FLYER AND NOTED INVENTOR.

DR. KANE, ELDERLY MAN OF SCIENCE, JON'S TEACHER, AND FATHER OF

LISA KANE, JON'S ASSISTANT.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HAVING ONCE AGAIN BESTED HIS MAD, BRILLIANT ENEMY, SATAN REX, AND FOILED ONE MORE PLOT TO WRECK THE EARTH, JON LEAVES SATAN A CAPTIVE ON THE PLANET VENUS, AND STARTS BACK TO EARTH.

by
HARRY
KANE
CAMPBELL

WITH ROCKETS ROARING, JON'S SPACE SHIP, WITH JON, DR. KANE AND LISA ABOARD, LEAVES THE EVER CLOUDY ATMOSPHERE OF VENUS, BOUND FOR EARTH.



IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET BACK TO EARTH, JON.

AND HOW!

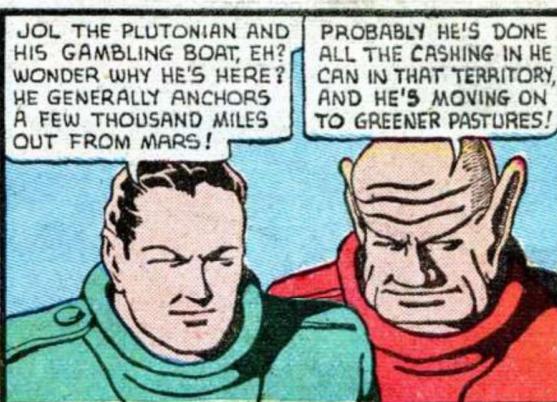
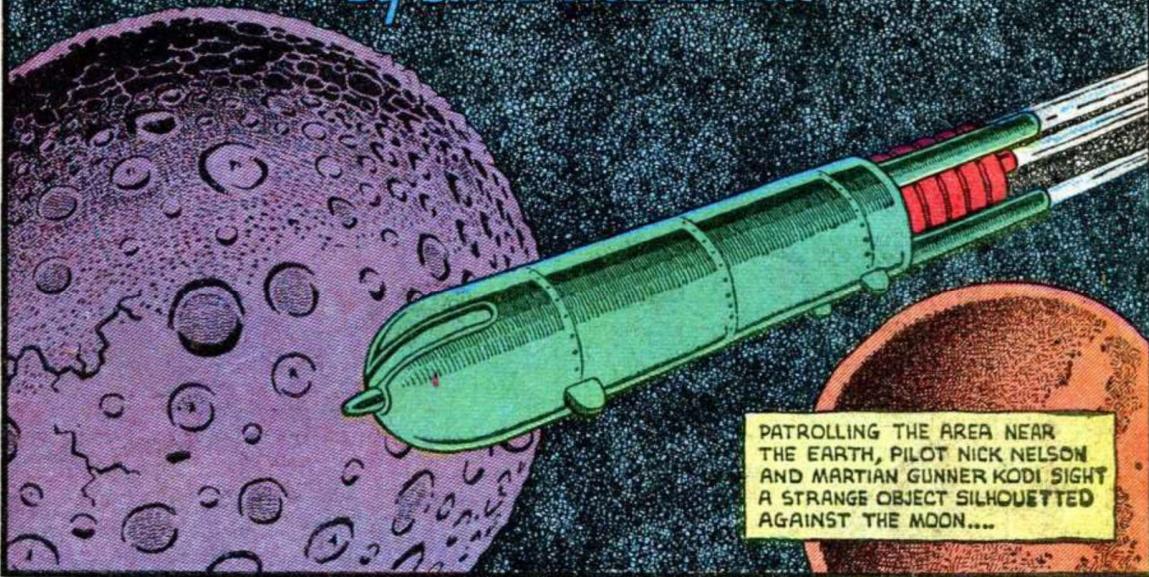
SPEEDING ALONG AT 125000 MILES AN HOUR—

JON! LOOK OUT, METEOR AHEAD!



SPACE PATROL

by BASIL WOLVERTON





AND A WEEK LATER JON'S SPACE SHIP
EASES THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF VENUS.



FROM BEHIND THE
BLUE ROCK —



SPACE PATROL

by Basil Wolverton

Featuring pilot Nick Nelson,
his Martian gunner, Kodi,
and the strange, fierce
balloon men of Jupiter.

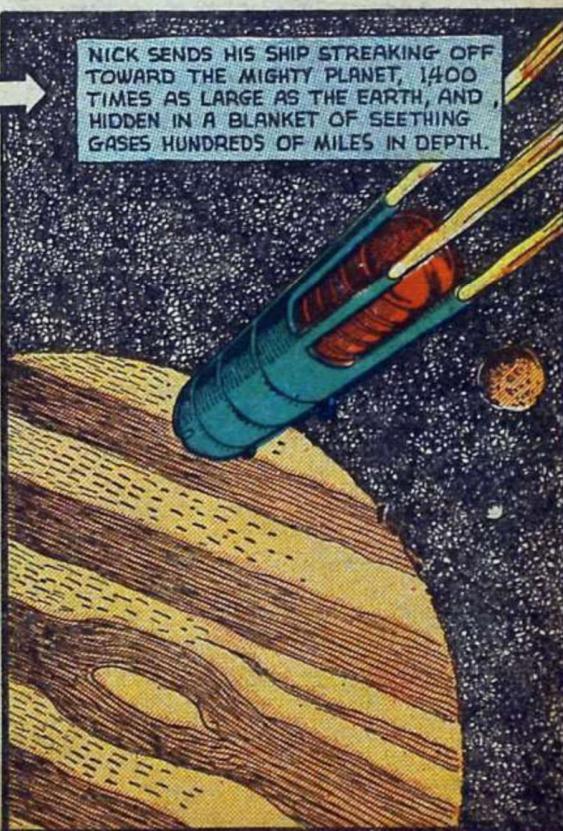


CALLING ALL PATROL SHIPS
NEAR JUPITER'S SOUTH POLE!
PROCEED TO SECTION 68
OF THAT PLANET! INVESTIGATE
TROUBLE IN MOUNTAIN
VILLAGES!

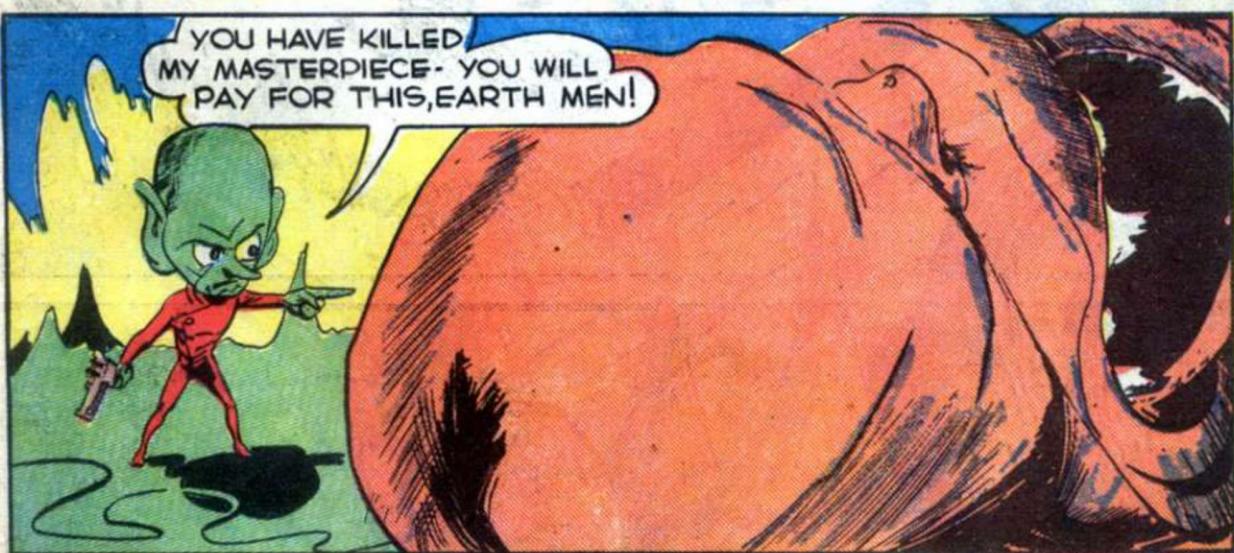
THAT MEANS
US, KODI!
WE'RE ONLY A
FEW THOUSAND
MILES FROM
SECTION 68!

NICK SENDS HIS SHIP STREAKING OFF
TOWARD THE MIGHTY PLANET, 1400
TIMES AS LARGE AS THE EARTH, AND
HIDDEN IN A BLANKET OF SEETHING
GASES HUNDREDS OF MILES IN DEPTH.

WE'D BETTER GET INTO OUR ANTI-GRAVITY
ARMOR, KODI, OR THE TERRIFIC GRAVITY AT
JUPITER'S SURFACE WILL CRUSH US TO A PULP!

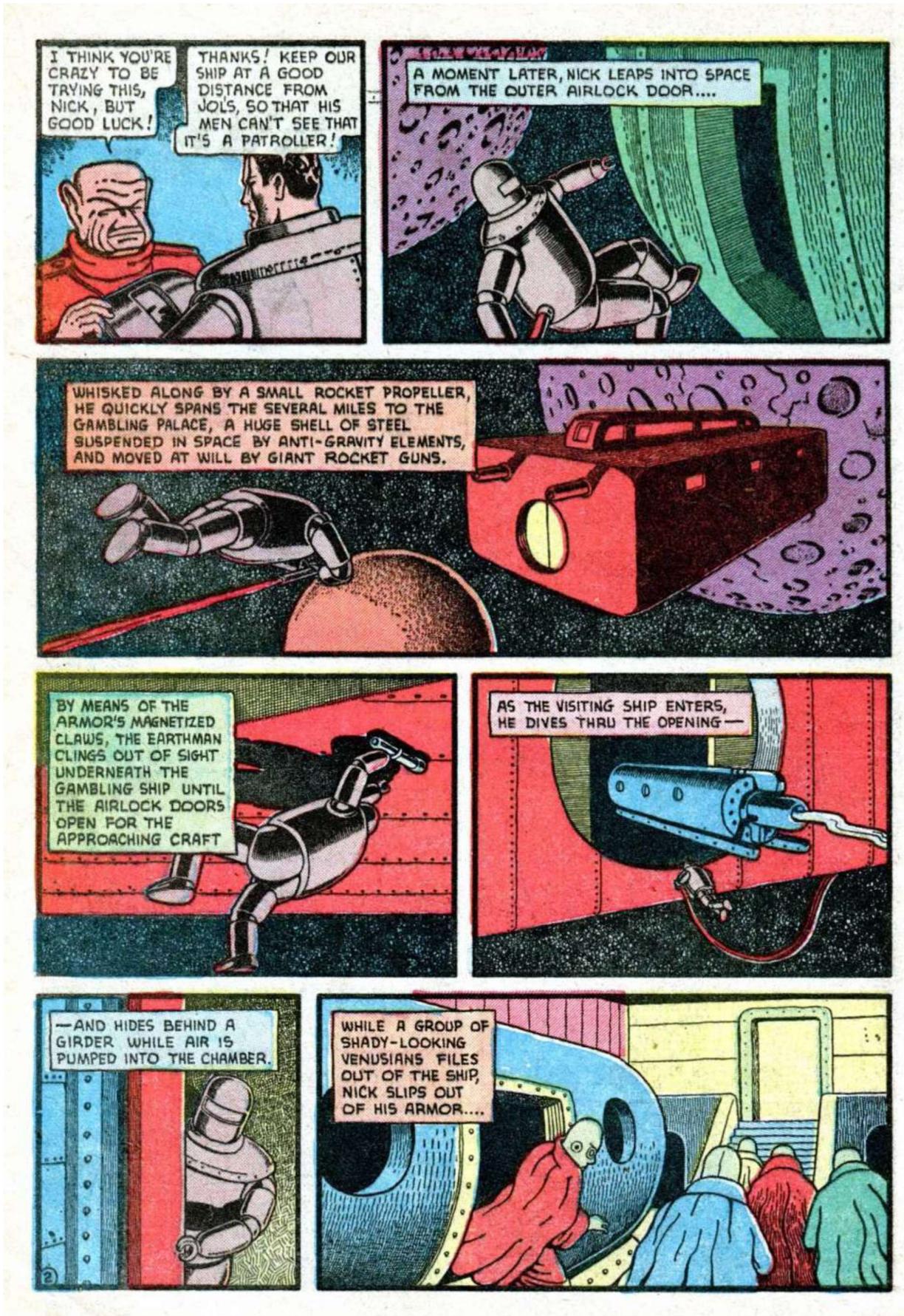


SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT . . .

YOU HAVE KILLED
MY MASTERPIECE - YOU WILL
PAY FOR THIS, EARTH MEN!DO AS I SAY, YOU FOOLS, OR
I WILL DESTROY YOU, FOR I AM
ALL-POWERFUL HERE! COME
WITH ME!BETTER DO AS
HE SAYS!







WEIRD ADVENTURES OF OTHER WORLDS - THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE

PLANET COMICS

10c

MAR.

NO. 3

FICTION HOUSE
MAGAZINES

War
of the
Worlds
in
"The Weird
Void
of Outer
Space"

FLINT
BAKER
IN
SPACE WAR
CAPT. NELSON
COLE
AND
MANY OTHERS



BACK AT FLINT'S HOME...

IN PRISON, GENTLEMEN, YOU WERE CONDEMNED TO DIE. YOUR LIVES AREN'T WORTH MUCH MORE NOW, FOR I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'LL EVER SEE THIS EARTH AGAIN. NOBODY WILL SIGN UP AS MY CREW ON A TRIP TO MARS, SO I CHOSE YOU THREE EX-MECHANICS FOR MY CREW.

WE'RE WITH YOU, MR. BAKER! FROM NOW ON OUR HEARTS BELONG TO YOU! HA-HA!



AT FIRST THE MEN WERE SKEPTICAL. THEN, AFTER TWO WEEKS OF FLINT'S INSTRUCTION, THE CONVICTS ARE

RARING TO GO, THE DANGERS OF THIS STRANGE TRIP NO WORRY TO THEM. THEN, ONE EVENING.....



A TERRIFIC DETONATION, AND FLINT BAKER'S ROCKET SHIP IS LAUNCHED INTO SPACE, LEAVING BEHIND THE EVER-DIMINISHING EARTH!

FOR A SECOND SARKO GETS THE UPPER HAND. IT LOOKS BLACK FOR FLINT!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A LOUD REPORT AND SARKO GASPS!



YOU CAN KEEP YOUR OL' RAY GUNS! I'LL PUT MY OPPONENTS OUT OF COMMISSION WITH MY .38!



MIMI AND VIGA FREED, THEY ALL REACH THE SHIP. ALL EXCEPT GRANT, WHO DIED BRAVELY!



FLINT! THAT SHIP IS SENDING US A MESSAGE! --- OUR PEOPLE HAVE CONQUERED THE ONE-EYED MONSTERS!



WHAT A STORY THAT WOULD MAKE IN OUR NEWSPAPERS GOSH!-IF I ONLY HAD A PHONE!!



DON'T MISS THE ADVENTURES OF
FLINT BAKER SPACE PILOT
IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

LIKE HUGE BLACK STING-RAYS THE SPACE PIRATES CRUISE IN SEARCH OF PREY...

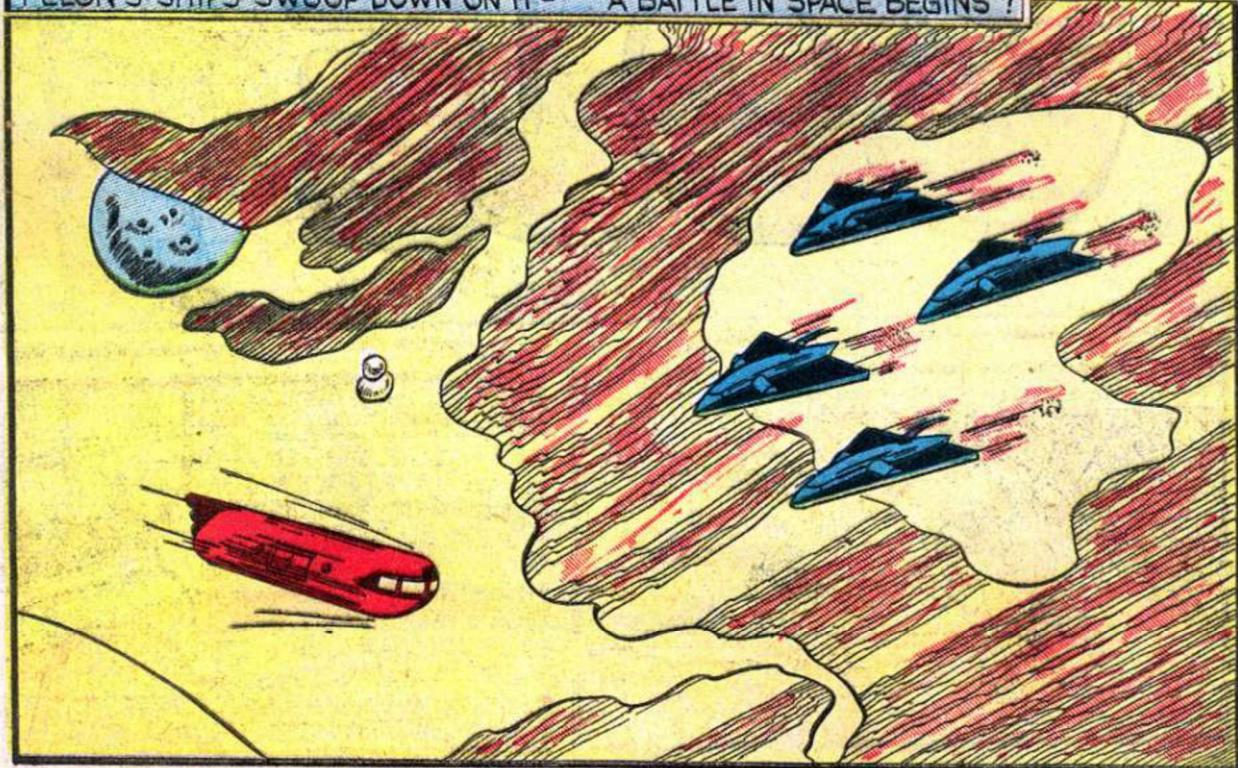


THE LEADER OF THE FLEET IS THE INGENIOUS ARCH-VILLAIN FELON.

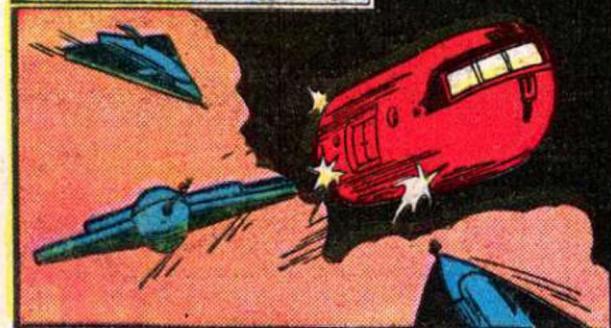
I WILL HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF SPACE, WHEN MY GREAT INVENTION, THE INTERCEPTOR, IS COMPLETE!



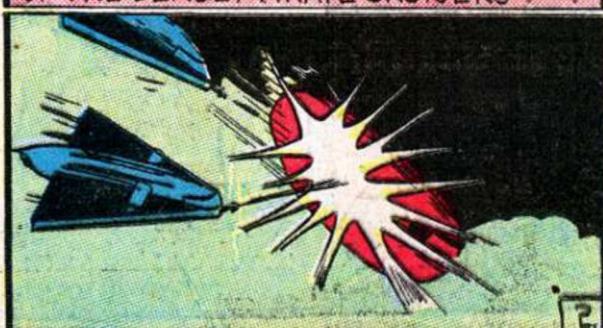
A FREIGHTER CARRYING VALUABLE CARGO, SPEEDS ON ITS ROUTE WHEN SUDDENLY FELON'S SHIPS SWOOP DOWN ON IT - A BATTLE IN SPACE BEGINS!



POWERFUL MAGNO-RAYS PARALYZE THE TRANSPORTS MOTORS.



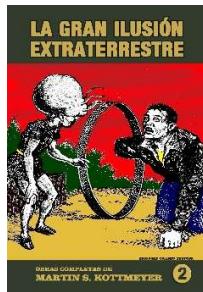
CRIPPLED, THE BIG SHIP IS AT THE MERCY OF THE DEADLY PIRATE CRUISERS.



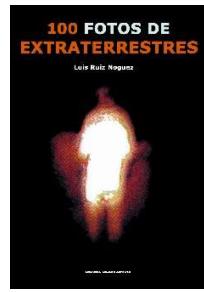
LIBROS PUBLICADOS POR EDICIONES COLISEO SENTOSA



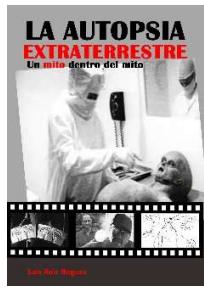
**Extraterrestres bajo
la lupa**
Martin Kottmeyer



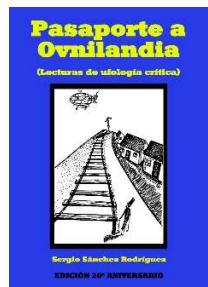
**La gran ilusión
extraterrestre**
Martin Kottmeyer



**100 fotos de
extraterrestres**
Luis Ruiz Noguez



**La autopsia
extraterrestre**
Luis Ruiz Noguez



**Pasaporte a
Ovnilandia**
Sergio Sánchez R.



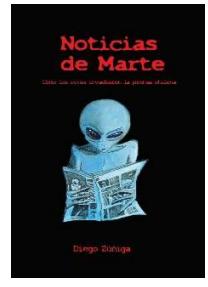
**La gran invasión
marciana**
Sergio Sánchez R.



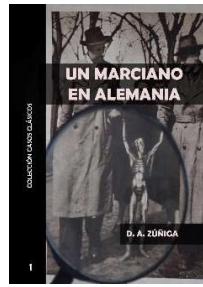
**A Magonia sin
pasaporte**
Sergio Sánchez R.



**El gran enigma de la
imaginación
ufológica**
Sergio Sánchez R.



Noticias de Marte
Diego Zúñiga



**Un marciano en
Alemania**
D. A. Zúñiga



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