

# PERHAPS

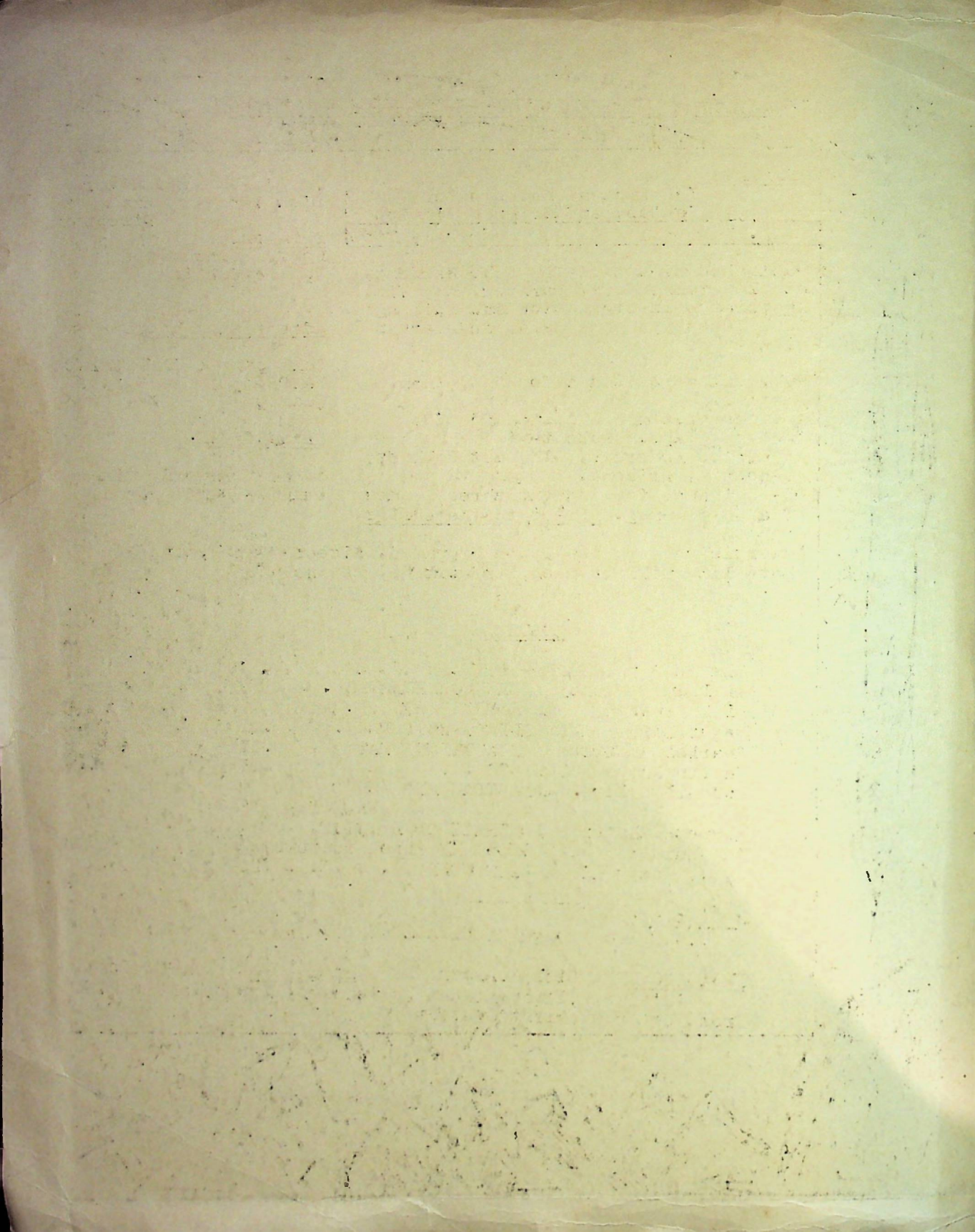
Vol. 1 N<sup>o</sup> 1.

The Amateur Magazine Of  
Fantasy and Science Fiction

FEBRUARY 1953

TWO SHILLINGS





PERHAPS

The Amateur Magazine of  
Fantasy and Science Fiction

Vol. 1 No.1 February 1953

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Dick Jenssen : Art Director

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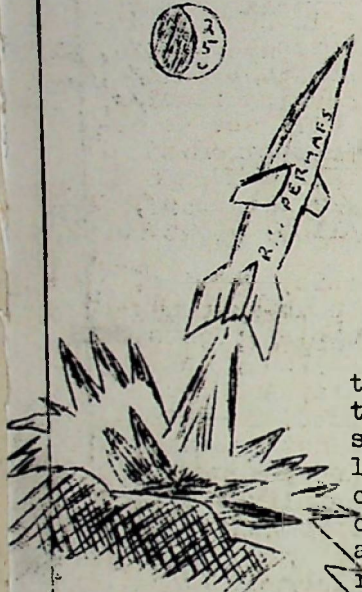
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Editorial:

# TAKE-OFF



It is usually the custom for an editor to outline the policy of his magazine, so not being contrary to the rule, I will proceed to do so.

First and foremost, Dick, Mervyn and myself intend to fill a long felt need in Australian fandom, and that is, a well printed, well informed, newsey, and readable fan-zine, with a regular schedule, and good writers. We must make apologies for the latter, for on this issue we have been badly let down with material, but in future issues we will feature all the well known American and British fans, as well as some of the big pro names.

When we have filled this need, we will begin to cater for the world, and we hope to become one of the best in the world, but all this depends on YOUR support, for without it we cannot succeed. Not only in buying the mag, but in helping us with your contributions and suggestions. When we obtain a circulation of 250 we shall be able to put out the mag all photo-lithoed, and that would mean better reproduction of artwork, and would save the editors lots of hard work and wastage, so rally up and it won't take us very long.

We are desperately in need of material of any kind : short, GOOD fiction, articles, humorous or otherwise, or cartoons, and particularly artwork, both for stencil-reproduction and photo-lithoed, and written contributions from 0 to 3000 words, but keep the humour on a ' sane' level, we don't want the mag full of urps, ughs, (pardon Bill) gaaaaas, slurps, etc; just a good laugh. We've got a dilly coming up in the next issue, Dick Jenssen's terrifying story of the "Fish in the Bowl", featuring the amazing barboreian hero - Slowone the Conqueror.

Speaking of Dick, he's quite a humourist y'know, as you will no doubt see in the following pages, and he also shows a different side to his talent, see the cover of this ish for confirmation, and could develop into one of the leading fan artists in Australia, and 'perhaps' one of the leading writers. He's also been a one man art staff this issue,

with only Kruss and myself to lend a hand, and believe me, I'm no artist! Stenciling limits artwork to a very low degree, but as all future issues will be photo-lithed, we can look forward to greater improved artwork, plus many new artists. And that means all you would-be-artists, we are interested in anything you send us, and we'll look twice at whatever you care to send us, so come on! And all you B.N.F.'s, don't leave all the work to the enthusiastic neo-fan, we want stuff by the Maddons, Cohens, Stones, and all the boys who watch over Aussifandon. And how about a yarn from you Val, or one from you Graham, or Royce, or Frank? Howzabout lending a hand. This is YOUR mag, and we want to show just what the Aussifans can do, as well as make it the International Fanzine.

We must beg of you to understand that this issue is just an introduction of what is to follow, so we have included the blogs of Dard and Slater, both big names in world fandom, and Campbell's column is only a sort of curtain-raiser to his forthcoming regular columns, as is Charlie Anderson's. Following issues will see us really getting stuck into the world in general, and for the moment we are keeping secret the identity of the numerous fans and PROS who will be writing for us in the future, we think you'll get a bigger kick out of the next issue when you gaze, drooling, at the contents page and see the amazing lineup therein.

Just as a hint tho', they'll be writers from Aussie, America, England, and Eire. So it looks like we will really be an international 'zine. Take this issue for instance: Dard, Jenssen, James, and ye edded from Aussie, Slater and Campbell from England, and Anderson and Silverberg from America, nay, I should say Anderson from America and Silverberg from Brooklyn. (Better Bob?) There's also some chap by name of Vency, whom we have as yet not decided from whence he originated, being a rather obscure and unknown entity. Now all we need is Glurp Urgle from Mars and Xptlyeszck Ppercakht from Arcturus and we'll be really right for a galaxy wide circulation. (No pun intended Horace.)

As we are well aware that most of our "news" will be history by the time our mag appears, we are laying plans for a "VICTORIAN NEWSLETTER", which will be a duplicated effort, number of pages not yet decided, and will have all the overseas and local news pumped out as fast as it comes in, thus we will not run on a regular schedule, but probably on a week to three weeks basis. Sub rate as yet undecided, but we'll let you know as soon as things are ready to roll.

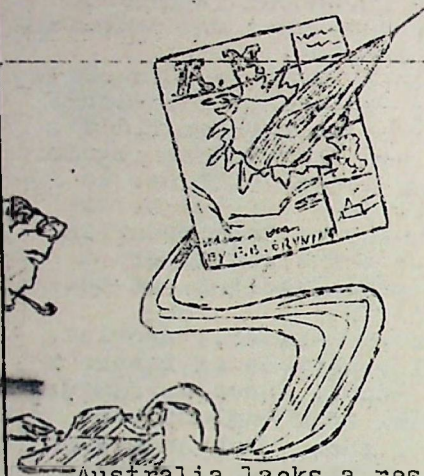
Well, I seem to have said enough for this issue, except that I must ask you to pardon any bad printing or small errors you may happen to find in these pages, for ye edde is still not the typist he hopes to be, and we had so much trouble with the duplicator, considering some fool busted it (Okay Dick, I confess! It was me who done the dirty deed. Nyaaaaah!), and we were put behind 2 weeks as a result of same, so we had to rush everything off as quick as possible. Anyway, we are very thankful to Mc.Gills for 'putting up with us for so long, for without their assistance this mag would never have appeared.

That's all it seems, till next issue, when Roger Dard takes up his position as assistant editor to PERHAPS

# THE FORERUNNERS

By

WILLIAM D. VENEY



The idea of an Australian professional science fiction magazine has come out from the hazy realms of academic discussion into the hard, cold light of practical probability. At this time it is well to devote some thought to the authors who will provide the material for this projected publication.

Australia lacks a reservoir of trained and known "name authors". There are, however, several writers who have specialised in science fiction and can be depended upon to turn out satisfactory work. I'm not suggesting that their efforts will equal the best now appearing in the American magazines, but at least they can capture the quality and flavour of what we have come to know as "average science fiction".

The most successful of our current crop of writers is Frank Bryning of Brisbane. He has had quite a few stories accepted in "Australian Monthly" which, by the way, pays about the highest rates of any Australian periodical. The competition is terrific for "A.M.", but Frank has managed to guide science fiction past the editorial desk with agreeable regularity. He also has had shorter stories accepted in the Associated press group, such as "Pocket Book", "Woman", etc. It is a rather strange thing that these people seem quite eager to accept quality fiction, but seem reluctant to publish after acceptance.

Norma Hemming, who provided us with the best material in the ill-fated "Thrills Incorporated", is about our second leading specialist. Norma has already had one story accepted in "Science-Fantasy", and is now devoting her talents to the American field. She is also getting valuable experience in "Forerunner".

Clive Bleck, known under a dozen or so pen names such as Ace Carter, is another distinct possibility. Although much of his early stuff brought tears to the eyes of most Australian fans, he did gain valuable experience writing for "Thrills". Under the guiding hand of a trained editor he could develop into a very successful - and acceptable - author.

Jack Menning ( no relation to Norma ) already has a national reputation as a western and detective story writer. He has always taken a keen interest in science fiction, though mainly as a consumer or garden variety fan. During the war he wrote a few paper-backs that received a favourable reception on the local market. He admits to having a back-log on his shelves that he wrote mainly for fun. However, these could be polished and made into quite acceptable gems.

Alan Connell, who had three or four shorts in the old Gernsback "Wonder", and which the current editors of the reprint mag "Fantastic Story Magazine" see worthy of reprinting, appears to have lost touch with the writing side of science fiction. He appeared in several paper-backs during the war years, fans may remember the "Serpent Land" series, plus turning up from time to time in "World's News". Nothing has been heard of him for several years, but any new publishing venture would do well to maintain contact with him.


Vel Molesworth, Sydney fan of long standing, has apparently left the science-fiction field for weird-horror, but some of his earlier works such as "Stratosphere Patrol" showed definite signs of promise. With suitable training, Vel could develop into one of the best science fiction authors in Australia and could compete favourably on the overseas market. He has a regrettable tendency to dwell on the more horrible side of fantasy, but should pass out of this stage when his latent ability to write more acceptable works is sufficiently developed.

Several science-fiction efforts have appeared in "Man" and "Man Junior" over the years, but most of the authors seem to have dressed up a western or detective idea and placed it on another world, usually the Moon. The most notable exception was an interesting novellette by A. Bertram Chandler. As much as I would like to, I find it most difficult to accept this as a local product. Still, the possibilities seem to be there in these two magazines, and it would be as well to examine them for undiscovered talent.

There are several fan writers that show encouraging signs of developing into successful professionals. Bryce Williams, who collaborated with Graham Stone on the delightful "Zero Equals Nothing", has a pleasing style that should go over very well. Graham Stone, the other half of the team, is recognised as being one of the leading fan authors of the day, and should do well if he decided to seek wider horizons. Eric Russell ( our one, not the British fellow ) has been devoting his time to adapting science fiction to radio, but even before the war he was well on the way towards becoming a proficient writer.

There are others, Norma Williams, Dick Jensen, Don Tuck, Doug Nicholson, and such who only need the opportunity to show their true worth. Possibly amongst the newer fans sitting on the side-lines might be another Ray Bradbury or an L.E. Smith.

Yes, it will be interesting to see the development of creative writing that will follow the launching of the first GOOD professional magazine.

  
(Veney, his mark)

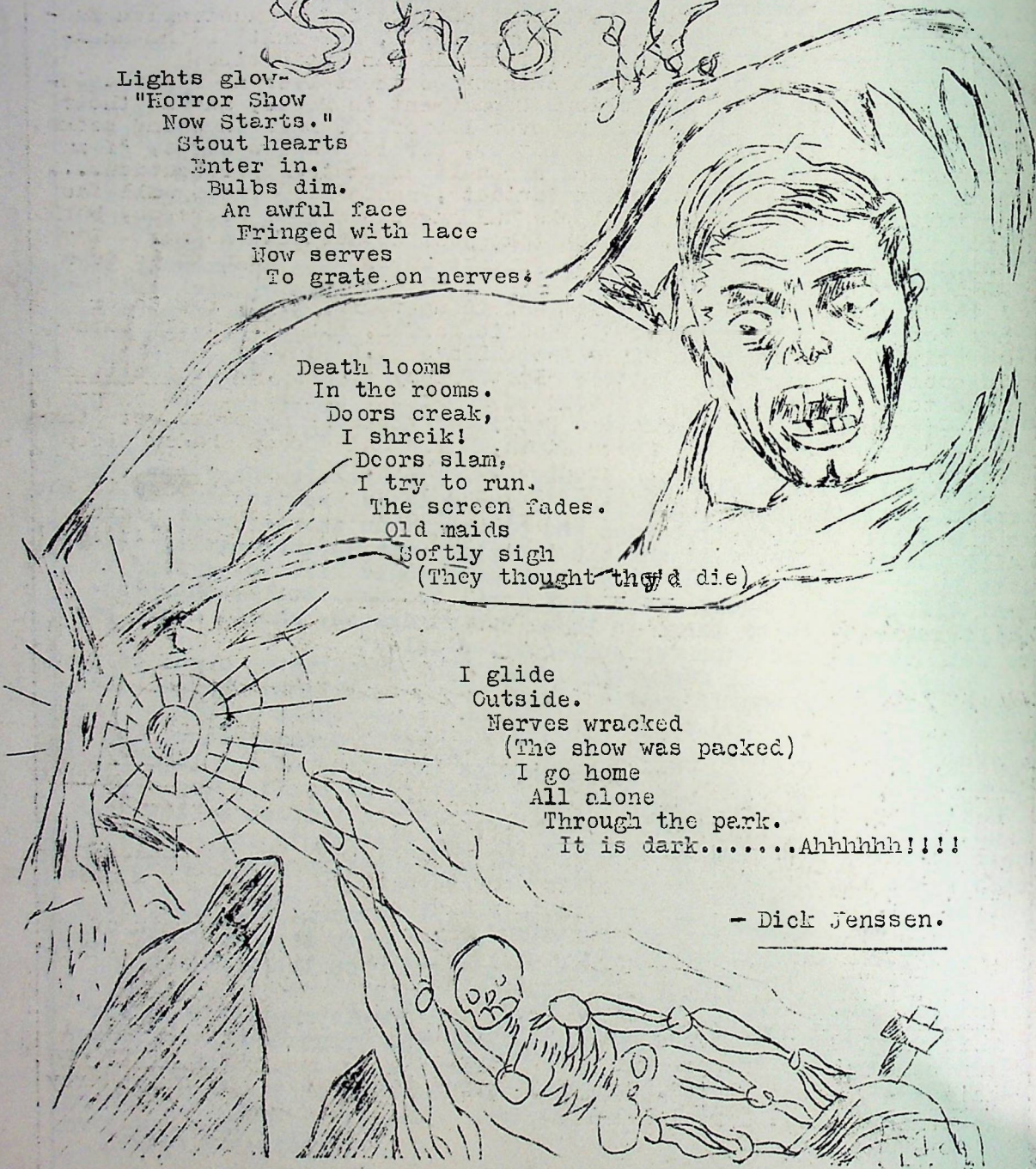
# The Horror Show

Lights glow-  
"Horror Show  
Now Starts."  
Stout hearts  
Enter in.  
Bulbs dim.  
An awful face  
Fringed with lace  
Now serves  
To grate on nerves.

Death looms  
In the rooms.  
Doors creak,  
I shriek!  
Doors slam,  
I try to run.  
The screen fades.  
Old maids  
Softly sigh  
(They thought they'd die)

I glide  
Outside.  
Nerves wracked  
(The show was packed)  
I go home  
All alone  
Through the park.  
It is dark.....Ahhhhhh!!!!

- Dick Jensen.





Editorial note :

It is our unpleasent duty to inform Australian fandon of an event of disasterous significance, and that is the unex-pected resignation of Roger Dard from all fan activities.

Some may have had a silent snigger to themselves at Roger's et-ernal wrangling with the Customs Department in Perth, and at their despicable action at destroying over 100 of his magazines and books. But it is no longer a laughing matter, for in his own words, "I am through....Dard quits fandon as a result of Customs Persecution.... I am resigning from "Operation Fantast", and discontinuing all fan activity , and stopping all books and magazines from overseas, both from the U.S. and U.K. ...I can take just so much and no more. I've had it. My only ambition now is to save up enough dough to go to a FREE country."

I think you'll agree that this is nothing to laugh at, for Roger has long been a main figure in Aussie fandon, and has justly earned the title bestowed upon him - Australia's No.1 Fan.

To quote from a recent letter- "Last Friday evening, two detectives came to my home and and questioned me at the orders of the -----(something vile)--Customs Dept; and three of my books were taken - "Who Goes There?", "Burn Witch, Burn" and "Creep Shadow Creep" No fan in history has been treated as I have."

and ther e you have the full story, and those of you who have in the past thought it all a big joke, myself included, just have a kind word for old Roger, and as for .....DOWN WITH THE CUSTOMS!!!!!!!!!!

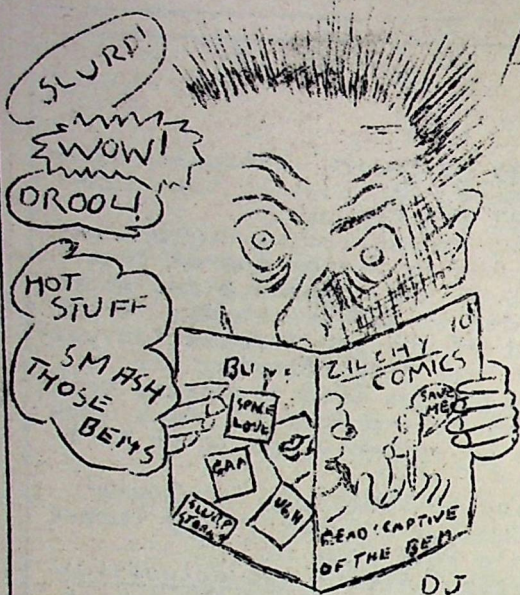
~~XX~~  
*and some books like the one in the middle of the book...*  
**ETHER-LINE**  
*XX*

The latest report from the States is to the effect that Horace Gold, editor of the mag "GALAXY", is Laying plans for a fantasy magazine, based along the lines of the much lamented "THE OWN WORLDS". Let's hope it's atleast half as good as Campbell's attempt, and brother, here's one copy he'll sell!

Speaking of Gold and Galaxy, judging by the steadily increasing mat-urity of the mag, one wonders if very soon it will have the amazing circulation of two - Albert Einstein and Gold himself.

"if" for Nov. appears with a new cover design, once again of the "Galaxy" type- white border etc; and a new editor, ye publisher Quinn. Lead story is novella by one John Scott Campbell - "The Image And The Likeness", which looks quite good. I wonder where this Campbell has been keeping himself lately, only thing by him I can remember is the pre-war novel reprinted in "Fantastic Story Mag-azine" - 'Beyond Pluto'. Some fool tried to tell me it's really Torry Ackerman, but..... we-1-1-1-11?

L.J.H.



# AUSTRALIA'S NO. 1 FAN

A SELF PROFILE BY

ROGER  
DARD

Perth fan Roger Dard as he is most commonly seen - absorbed in the latest copy of his favourite magazine,

Cartoons By

Dick Jenssen

## THE EVOLUTION OF A FAN

Looking back, it is hard to realise that a bare five years ago I was not a fan! It seems as though I have been one all my life, yet a review of my past activities make me realise the fallacy of this thought.

Actually, I have been reading the sf and fantasy magazines since I was a schoolboy in Sydney, where I was born raised till I was 14. At that age, my family came west, and we settled in Perth. Here I made the acquaintance of one Ernest Norman Dillon, and old time readers may recall many letters by Ernest in the pre-war AMAZING. His main hobby was stamp collecting, but because of an interest in the sf field, he collected AMAZING, ASTOUNDING, and WONDER. Meeting Ernest was the first experience I had ever had to meet a real dyed in the wool collector, for at that time the collecting bug had not bit me. Nor was I a fan, in the accepted sense of the word. For I passed over the SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE in the Gernsback WONDER, and did not join any of the other societies existing at the time. Then I gradually became infected with the fever, and I found that instead

of disposing of the pro-zines as I once did, I began to keep those copies that I managed to pick up in the various second hand shops and bookstalls, and they began mounting steadily up. However, it was not until Ernest decided to get married that the nucleus of my collection was formed. Ernest decided to make stamp collecting his full-time hobby, and to give up the stf mags. He offered them to me for a song, so going down on one knee and crooning "Mammy" in my best Al Jolson manner, I walked off with his collection of precious pro-zines.

It was too late to turn back; the madness had set in. Now only a .45 slug or a Customs officer could stop me from collecting the stf mags. As they were fresh out of slugs, they very thoughtfully provided not one, but several Customs officers to dissuade me from my folly. But that is another story which I will leave for another time. At war's end, I began getting the stf magazines sent direct to me from the US, and then an ad. for "S-F Service" in Liverpool England, which I came across in a non-stf British magazine, put me in touch with this valuable organization. In turn, I discovered, or was discovered by such people as G. Ken Chapman, Captain Slater, and E.J. Carnell; but the biggest discovery did not come till some time later, in 1948.

Early that year, while reading a copy of FAMOUS FANTASTIC REGISTERS, I was amazed to find a letter by one Vol Molesworth, of Coogee, N.S.W. Astonished to discover there were actually people other than myself in Australia who read the stf magazines, I wrote a rather naive letter to Vol, and back came a quick reply, with a nomination of myself for the Futurians. I had come of age; officially I was a fan!

By now, I was becoming emboldened enough as to timidly write a few pieces for the overseas fan-zines, but on the whole, I was content to keep pretty much in the background, until one day a fateful letter arrived from the UK. It was from Captain Slater, requesting me to act as his official Australian representative of OPERATION INTERFANTASTIC. The horrible truth burst upon me, I was becoming a Big Name Fan!

From that point on things accelerated. I established the Australian branch of OF, building it up from a membership of one (myself), to one of close on a hundred, and but for the fact that Customs persecution forced me to resign from OF only this month, I had intended to make OF the biggest thing in Australian fandom. It is now in the capable hands of Dave Cohen, and I am sure that Australian fans will continue to benefit from OF membership.

By now I am firmly established as Australia's best known overseas fan, mainly as a result of the writings I have done for the fan-zines. I have always been fortunate in the sense that while I do not consider the writings I have done to be anything special, much of it has been praised, not only by BNF's overseas, but also by the professionals. Only recently, an article of mine in the US magazine ICE, inspired Robert Bloch to compose a 24 line rhyme in honour of it. My regular news column in SPACESHIP is highly regarded, and in the words of Rog Phillips-"makes you feel like you really know the fans down under". One of America's largest publishers of comic-book fantasy cut their subscription rates by one third as a result of a blast in my column, against what I considered their exorbitant sub

1

rates! If I appear to be blowing my own trumpet, please forgive me, but I feel it necessary to defend my fan writing, for a few misconceptions seem to have arisen about it. Only a short time ago, a prominent Sydney fan complained to me that my writings reflect on Australian fandom. This is absolutely untrue, and the letters I have received from US and UK professionals, including editors like Jerry Bixby and Peter Hamilton, and others, plus comments by the reviewers in the pro-zines, make it quite clear, that however poor my literary style may be (and I am well well aware that I am no Walt Willis), my writings have brought about a better appreciation and understanding of Australian fandom overseas, both in the US and in England.

The extent to which I will participate in fandom in the future is, at the moment, uncertain, for persecution by the Customs has literally forced me out of the field. But that, as I remarked earlier, is another story.

R.D.



O.J.

CITATIONS..... This is : THE END

FOR THE NEW YEAR .....

Orchids to Sam Mines, editor of the Thrilling quins, for filling Merwin's shoes so admirably, in fact more so, and for the splendid improvement he has made in all mags concerned, particularly STARTLING, with its superior new format, and one of the most delightful editorial policies in years - sex with a light touch and solid writing and characterisation. More!

NEARER HOME.....

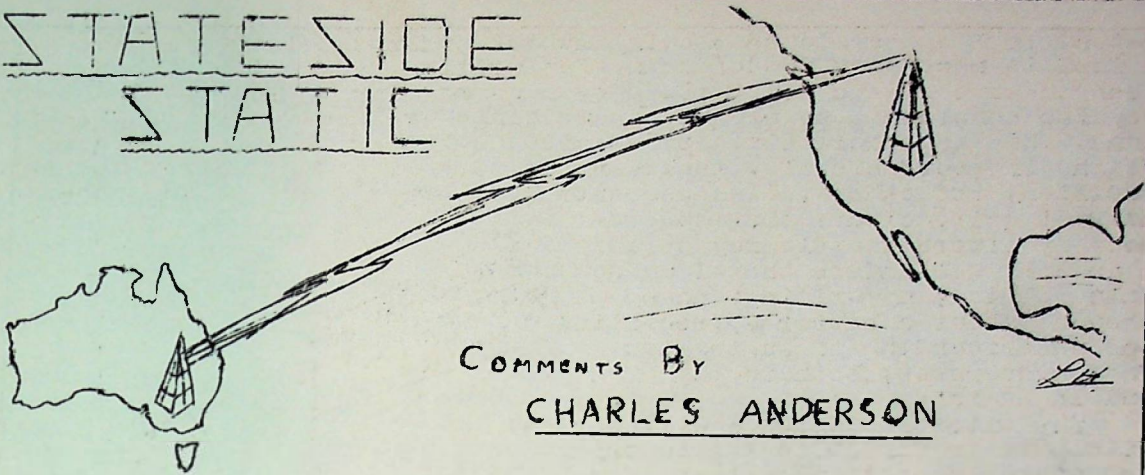
Ditto to Doug Nicholson and Co. for their sincere and honest attempt at the production of a professional magazine, and though the stories in the first issue are best forgotten (in my disgustingly useless opinion), we wish them all the luck with their future issues, and may their dreams finally become a reality.

NOT SO GOOD.....

Brickbats to Horace Gold, for his continually smug editorially attitude. Anent his recent remark in his foreward to the "GALAXY READER", that his TEN YEAR OLD son has offered invaluable advice towards the mag, all we can say is - "Look out Joe, the Luties are comin'!"

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION..... How about it J.W.C.?

# STATESIDE STATIC



Comments By

CHARLES ANDERSON

With the news that AMAZING is to shortly turn slick and follow FANTASTIC towards the top of the heap, I think it is a good time to take a look at the various new magazines that made their appearance during 1952.

Out of the nine (the largest amount of new magazines ever to appear in one year) only three are worth reading.

IF- Worlds of Science Fiction, a 35¢ digest size magazine, was the first of the long procession. Edited by an old AMAZING hand, in Paul W. Fairman, the first, second, and third issues were almost a carbon copy of the Ziff - Davis mag, and indeed, No.1 had a lineup of all AMAZING writers, in Howard Browne, Ray Palmer, (the editor and ex-editor of AS) Theodore Sturgeon, Milton Lesser, and the infamous Shaver, plus lesser names in the pulp firmament. Fairman left shortly after, to become assistant editor with the Ziff-Davis chain, no doubt happy to be back in the fold again. The publisher, James Quinn, then took over, and with a new cover design, (AGAIN based on GALAXY), and hopes of improved stories.

Next out was SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, another overpriced magazine, edited by Lester del Rey, with the cover design once again taken from GALAXY, and the quality of the fiction substandard, no doubt being the stuff Gold turned down. Despite reports that it pays higher rates than AST; it is not evident in the contents, and the only saving feature is the articles, and they aren't that remarkable.

Fans gave a sigh of relief when Howard Browne of Ziff-Davis, the publisher of AMAZING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, came out with the very slick FANTASTIC, edited by Browne, as per usual. Its quality is in sharp contrast with the other two, and this is evident in the fact that it has sold over 150,000 copies every issue, the highest ever for a science fiction, or fantasy magazine. On the strength of this success, Browne has now ceased publication of the pulp FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, and very shortly AMAZING is to go slick with, so they say, greatly improved stories. That I will have to see!

Following this very good effort came FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, which is undoubtedly the one and only contender to the title of the worst post war stf magazine. The stories had literally no science whatsoever, but made up for the lack of it in a very high sex interest, with the crudest of illustrations accompanying the shallow stories. Personally, I have never read a magazine that has disgusted me more than this rag, and I feel that is the general opinion of American fans. This disgrace to science fiction is edited by Walter Gibson, former editor of a good semi-fantasy detective pulp - THE SLEAD-OW. Quarto sized, excellent paper, this magazine has yet to have a recognised author featured within its pages. They are no doubt protecting their reputations.

SPACE STORIES, a companion to the Standard Pubs. four other mags. (STARTLING, THRILLING WONDER, etc.) was the outcome of the demands of readers for stories with "more action", and many still want a Captain Future annual, and it looks as tho' they'll once again have their way. While it is aimed at a different type of reader than the other Standard mags, its stories are of good quality and very readable.

Del Rey's next mag quickly followed on its heels, and appeared as SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. The yarns are all quite acceptable, tho' they are aimed at the not too scientific minded reader, who is not ready for GALAXY, ASTOUNDING, or other higher classes of stf. Supposedly edited by one Phillip St. John, the name is probably just another front for del Rey.

In September, Columbia Pubs. issued a quarterly titled DYNAMIC Science Fiction to accompany their other two stf mags, FUTURE and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. All three are edited by Robert W. Lowndes, a fan who rose from the ranks to become an editor. The quality of the three is not too high, but I think that if the publisher would pay better rates for material, Lowndes could make ~~fixate~~ them into top mags.

In late November, Avon revived their two former mags under the one title of AVON SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY REDDER. This new mag now prints new stories only, having good interior illos, and good paper, bears little resemblance to its deceased predecessors. This lack of similarity is further carried out in the stories, which are of excellent quality. Together with FANTASTIC & SPACE STORIES, it is one of the only good mags to appear last year.

Not to be left out of the race, PLANET STORIES (the pseudo S-F magazine) issued TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION. The entire contents consisting of reprints from early issues of PLANET, and once again we are confronted by the white bordered cover. The epics featured are better than those currently appearing in PS, but the difference is not too great. It has all the earmarks of a "one-shot", and fandom will not be too saddened if it does turn out that way.

This year looks like a much better one at the present, with H.L. Gold's new fantasy magazine BEYOND due in a few months. Quite an event too, it's the first American Fantasy mag in many years, and promises to be a fitting contemporary to the much lamented UPLIFOWN.

Cheerio till next time,

C. Anderson



He was in a tight spot, a very tight spot.

"Like the movies", he thought, "only this can't be happening to me".

But it was.

He was in a small office, situated at the back of a dingy apartment house. The office itself was far from dingy. Paintings - lewd ones - gleamed on the walls coloured a soft, fleshy pink by the fluorescent lighting overhead. His feet sank into down-like green carpet which stretched from wall to wall of the room. In front of him was a desk; big and brass-y and shiny. Paper weights and letter openers competed with the telephone and odd bits of miscellany for the dubious distinction of having the greatest albedo.

The reflected light shone into his eyes and hurt them.

More light flashed off in scintillating beams from Pegasus's pudgy fingers, and Pegasus was smiling, as a cat smiles, from behind the brassy desk. There were two hefty body-guards standing on either side of him, hands menacingly in their pockets, seeming to

drink in every word Pegasus uttered.

"I'm afraid you just got a bit too nosy Keyland, both for my good and yours. You will, of course, understand me when I say that as you are a nuisance, you will have to be - ah - "

"Removed", Keyland supplied dully.

"That's not quite the word I was going to use, but it will do just as well" Pegasus' oily smile widened, and now the gleam of gold topped teeth added to the confused jangle of light in the room. "It was very obliging of you to have all your notes on you, most obliging".

Keyland smiled inwardly. He hoped Pegasus would continue to believe that, at least until the carbon copy he had made of his report reached the police. It was the only way now. He knew it would be sufficient to topple Pegasus from his underworld throne of violence and corruption. If he was going to die, at least Pegasus would not gloat for very long. Wait - maybe he could use the copy as a threat

to Pegasus - bargain for his life. Yes, he would do that.

Pegasus was still speaking. "However, don't entertain any vain hopes that the copy you made is safe. My men intercepted the mailman and -ah- persuaded him that it would be to his advantage to part with the letter."

Keyland slumped visibly on his feet. His last chance was gone. But - hell! - he'd make a fight of it. He gathered his strength into one tight ball of tenseness and launched himself at Pegasus.

The bodyguards exploded in -to action. One of them whipped out a vicious looking automatic and slammed it into Keyland's face, crossing the nose with a brittle snap. A hand hit him in the nape of the neck, and Keyland went down. A boot crushed his jaw and another thudded in -to his side. They proceeded to work him over.

Pegasus purred with satisfaction. "That will be enough buys!" The muscle men dutifully backed away from the inert figure, while the gang bosses smile threatened to split his face in half.

Ever immaculate, he took out a gleaming nail file and began to pare his nails, jerking his head in a gesture understood by his henchmen.

"So nice to have known you Keyland." The corpulent body began to shake with subdued mirth.

One of the 'guards' jerked the dazed and unresisting Keyland to his feet, managing to thrust his thumb quite accidentally into Keyland's eye. "Come on you, let's get going."

.....

The car purred to a stop. "This is as far as we - pardon - as far as YOU go!"

Perspiration gleamed on Keyland's features, and the fear

of approaching death was mirrored in his eyes, as the man on his left side raised the silencer with sadistic slowness. His mind worked furiously, he had to act, and act fast. He lunged out frantically, knocking the gun out of his captor's surprised hands, and wrenched the door open.

A gun spat death. The noise, even through the silencer, was loud in the confines of the car.

He was on the pavement now, pumping his feet up and down, clutching his shoulder where the bullet had hit him.

He was almost at the corner, but he knew he wouldn't make it. Blood trickled through his fingers and then poured down his shirt.

"They're playing with me, letting me get to the corner before they began to shoot. I've got to fool them."

He was almost there. Suddenly, he threw himself flat onto the sidewalk, and not a moment too soon. The noise the bullet made as it ricocheted from the wall sent cold shivers down his spine.

"Fooled you!" he gritted through clenched teeth.

"The car started up again. They'll be on top of me in a second. I'll have to risk it now." He pulled himself upward and lunged for the corner.

There was the thunderous roar of an automatic, and two slugs slammed into his shoulder blades, sending him spinning to the sidewalk. A look of stunned surprise distorted his features as he fell, wanting to scream but it was too late, for he was already dead.

.....

Everything was black, pitch black. He couldn't see, feel, hear or smell anything in the ordinary sense of the word. He



could do all these things, but in another way, a more subtle way. He knew there was someone beside him in that stygian blackness.

Like all people who come up against something they cannot understand, he tried to joke.

"Death, where IS thy sting?" he quoted feebly.

The somebody who was within asked "Who are you? Where are WE? Where?"

Keyland stretched out a phantom hand for his companion, and touched him. Instantly he felt his hand sink into the others flesh, and he found himself being drawn towards his companion, against his will! It was as if he were being drawn into the other's body!

Slowly, inexorably, he was being absorbed into the other body.

Panic-stricken, he tried to pull himself free, but the force was too great to withstand.

With a tired sigh, he gave up the struggle, and let his being slide into the other shell, to become two identities in the one body - coalesced.

Keyland writhed and twisted, what was happening? He shared a body, if it could be called a body, and the thoughts of someone else? What he found in the thoughts only served to aggravate his already confused state of mind. For this too was Michael Keyland! There could be no doubt about it. The memories there were correct, all the memories of Michael Keyland up to the last few hours and a few other exceptions were faithfully duplicated.

Had he gone mad? Was he in the grip of schizophrenia, that strange disease of the mind that finally turned its victim into a gibbering maniac, with 'illusions' of two different personalities existing within itself, or was this death?

Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, he seized a fluttering of thought that conflicted with his own. Desperately he screamed "The war ended in August, nineteen forty six!"

A voice no less hysterical than his own replied. "No! In January, nineteen forty five!"

Keyland shouted scoundlessly. This was impossible! A conversation with himself!

He was hoarse with mental shouting, and then something seemed to quieten him - he felt the body, his body, grow suddenly calm.

"I'm over-wrought, who would -n't be after what I've been through. I must be calm inwardly he smiled, and thought pathetically "This is being brave. Maybe the war did end in forty five; I must try and be calm. He tried, and succeeded.

"HMMMMMM, it DID end in forty five, didn't it? Yes, of course!"

And then he realised what was happening. Someone, or some force was twisting the other Keyland's memories which did not coincide with his, into his real memories! He rebelled. "No! It ended in August forty six! It did! I know it did! It did! It did!"

With the fear and strength that comes from lack of knowledge of the unknown, he pushed and pulled at the imprisoning body. To no avail. Again he struggled violently, mouthing unheard babble, and then something gave. His arm his hand, was free. Seeing success within reach, he renewed his efforts with added strength. He was winning the struggle.

Quite unexpectedly, he found himself free.

He sank back onto a soft cushion of nothingness. Thankfully, he rested, exhausted. Somehow he knew that the other him would be after the mind-wrecking struggle.

It seemed hours later before either of them spoke, and it was the other Keyland who spoke first.

"I've been thinking, Mike."  
"Yes?" Keyland was not suprised that the other had addressed him in that manner.

"From what I remember of your thoughts - mine in a way, since somehow you're not -"

"Yes?"

"Well, you think Pegasus' hoodlums killed you?" It was a question and a statement.

"I don't think, I KNOW!"

"Well listen Mike, I remember seeing a cap, two of them, firing on them before they had time to finish me off. Maybe they had trailed them from the start, or something, I don't know for sure."

"Yes, I know; I saw some of your thoughts too. You - or I - fainted from loss of blood from a shoulder wound."

"Right, but there are other things, such as the date of the end of the war, and that accident a few years back....."

"But -"

"I know what you're going to say, that the truck missed you and smashed into the telegraph pole, **IN YOUR WORLD!**"

"What do you mean - 'my' world?" Realisation flooded over Keyland.

"Surely you don't mean that theory about alternate worlds and parallel time-tracks?"

"Yes, that's it! Worlds, an infinity of them existing side by side, but all different. Where everything that COULD have happened, does happen. In an infinity of worlds anything can happen, and everything must!"

Keyland was silent for some time, stunned by the sheer immensity of the others concept, and when he did speak, it was with the realisation that what he had feared was true.

"Then I DID die. But then...."

"Perhaps Mike, this is death. When you 'die', your ego, soul, spirit, call it what you will, goes into another time-track, one in which you did NOT die."

"That would mean that I'm immortal, or will be."

"Yes, of course; there must be a world in which you ARE."

"But I can remember that I existed in another time-track, the one in which I was killed, and you remember yours. If what you say is true then all of us must remember Keyland pondered for a moment.

"Wait! I remember now only because I didn't let myself coalesce with you. That explains why my memories began to change into yours!" "I would have become you!"

"That's exactly what I think Mike, it means that in 'you' are"

"Hundreds, thousands, millions maybe, of mes, and mes who have 'died'." finished Keyland.

The tugging had begun again, and Michael Keyland felt the force tugging at him, pulling him to be absorbed in the body of his alter ego. Once again he began to struggle, and this time he knew what to expect.

It was easier this time. He went through all the frantic struggling as before, but gradually he felt the other presence growing weaker, till at last he had lost contact with the other self, completely.

Some time later he felt the tugging again, but this time it was not so strong, and he overcame it easily. The next was easier, and the next easier still, till at last all contact was broken, and he no longer felt the tuggings.

---

There were two people in the room, and five outside.

There was a nurse and an unconscious man, and the five detectives were anxious to interview him.

The figure in the hospital cot stirred weakly as the nurse bent over him. Slowly consciousness returned him. He opened his eyes, and two Keylands looked

(continued on page 21)

# AMERICAN *and* WORLD FANDOM

BY  
BOB SILVERBERG

There are fans in all sorts of God-forsaken places. Not only are there fans in Brooklyn, Texas, the U.S., Canada, Australia, England and the other Dominions etc; but there are fans in such unlikely places as Israel, Ethiopia, Spain, Mexico, France, and one many years ago from Hungary.

The attitude of American fans towards most of these is that the overseas fans are mere accidents. How fandom ever got started in England, the leading non-American fan center, is a matter of some doubt. Science fiction was nothing new to England, in fact it had virtually originated there, but some Britishers found out that it was being published in magazine form in America, and managed to import U.S. pro-zines through the thirties. England did not get its own prozine till TALES OF WONDER in 1938 (except for the juvenile SCOOPS of 1934) and when it arrived, it was edited by a fan - Walter Gillings - and supported by fandom.

British fandom, centering around ToW, was quite active in the immediate pre-war days, and a strong liason developed between the American fans of the day and their British cousins. This vanished in 1940 however, when about 90% of British fandom disappeared into the armed forces. The war, oddly enough, led to the current booming of fandom in England, since it brought about the British Reprint Editions. (Also distributed in Australia and New Zealand) These were pin-sized versions of current American prozines, and when the war ended they continued publication. Many readers of the BRE's were eventually lured into becoming full-fledged fans, both in England and Australia.

Australian fandom likewise had an uncertain start in the thirties. AMAZING STORIES of the day was fond of printing letters from readers 'down under', as well as New Zealand, Hong Kong, India, and such places, and apparently the magazine was well circulated through out the world. Australian fandom, like its British counterpart, sprung up in the last few years before the war, and, while it never managed to reach the greater rapport of English fandom, managed to maintain some sort of contact with America until the outbreak of the war.

As for the other countries, probably only blind luck led them in to fandom. Certainly there are no prozines in South Africa --and it is almost axiomatic that prozines are the necessary basis for fandom -- but either a trickle of BRE's, which is likely, or a trickle of prozines, caused the formation of a large colony of fans in the Cape region. There are other fans scattered all over the world, but how the got to hear of s-f is a matter for some conjecture.

The attitude of U.S. fans towards them varies. The British fans are in closest harmony with us -- in fact, Walt Willis of Northern Ireland is in such popularity here that few would deny that he's the Number One Fan, the first time an overseas fan has

reached such heights in this country. Many others are so familiar to American fans that it is as if there were no Atlantic between us.

The same might be said for the much fewer Canadian fans, although they have remained further from American fan affairs than their cousins in England. (And, of course, there is no Atlantic between Canada and the US, only a rather informal boundary line.) A few Canfans have been active in American fandom, but on the whole they have preferred to remain an insular group. Now that almost all the US prozines are being circulated on Canadian newstands, this position should change. Canadian fandom is just reaching the American and Britons were ten years ago, and is beginning to evince considerable interest in doings in America. They are coming to our conventions and subscribing to our fan-zines --- nearly 10% of my fanzine "SPACE & SHIP'S" subscribers live in Canada --- and in the next few years, Canadian fandom will probably merge with Anglo-American fandom to form an even larger body.

In Australia, as you know, there is a large and active body of fans, who unfortunately are cut off by distance from taking major positions in world fandom. After all, it takes almost three months for a fanzine mailed in New York to reach its Australian destination! The Aussifans are enthusiastic, determined to get good stuff published in their country (here is one rallying point absent in Canada, since the Canadians come by their stuff easily enough) and a few have won considerable reputation in America as fans. But the only Australian fan who is really well known in this country is Rog Dard, whereas almost every active fan can name ten or twenty Britons.

As for the fans in other countries, it seems a lost cause. One or two have tried to join the world body of fandom, but they're completely isolated, and usually world conditions militate against their doing any such thing. Many fans feel that France shows potentialities as a future fan centre, but unfortunately the language barrier is a difficult one. The same goes for Mexico.

In short, England and the United States are now, as they were in 1941, linked into an international body of fandom, reading the same prozines and the same fanzines. Canada remains half in and half out of the group, and Australia is trying, despite adverse conditions, to enter the sprawling corporate bring known as World Fandom. The other nations, with their scattered fans, will probably never be able to join this fannish United Nations, but fandom, once an American institution, is now world wide. It is very likely that in three or four years, barring such calamities as a war or a rise in international postage rates, "fandom will be a tightly knit group composed of all the English-speaking countries, without national barriers."

We hope so.

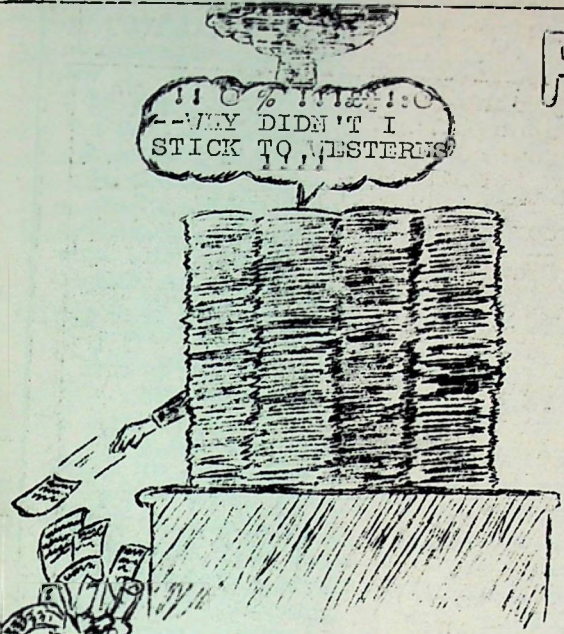
---Bob Silverberg

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# PORTRAIT OF A B.N.F.

By

KENNETH F. SLATER

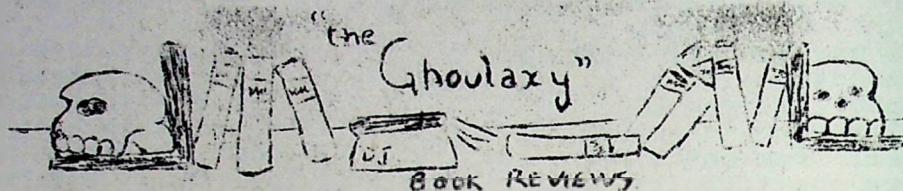


This is Ken. He is a B.N.F. He is answering his morning mail.

The artist wishes to remain anonymous as he is at present on the best of terms with Mr. Slater.

Leo wrote me for my biography. This seems to have been in demand lately. In the last six months this has been requested by the RHODOMAGENITIC DIGEST, a USA 'zine of some little fame, by GALLEY, a quite important item in the 'little magazine' field, and by sundry fans. Most peculiar request for said biog. was from a college of DOMESTIC SCIENCE, who appeared to be under the impression that I was a modern poet, and O.F. was devoted to poetry. I doubt not that they will be most dissatisfied with what I've sent 'em!

But let's push on. I wuz born, (naturally), in Wanstead, Essex, England. The place of my birth, since I revisited, seems to be a most unusual place to get born in. However, as my folks moved so darn rapidly that I was christened at some three months of age in Mythe, Kent, this fact may be excused. Of my youthful days I don't recall much. My parents both died early - I have a very faint recollection of my mother, and none at all of my father. My grandmother 'brought me up', and I guess I should thank her a lot - she let me have my own way to a large extent, and strangely enough this speedily made me pretty self-reliant. This is to the contrary to the popular opinion that children who have their freedom become 'little horrors'. I may have been a horror, but no-one ever told me so, and therefore I presume I wasn't.



By

The Editor.

I find it difficult not to go overboard about one of the current anthologies, and that is "The Astounding Science Fiction Anthology" (Simon & Schuster, 585 p.p., \$3.95, 27/6 stg.), which is edited by the old man of science fiction, John W. Campbell Jr. Tho' Ast, seems to be deteriorating at the present time, this collection stands head and shoulders above any other anthology printed last year, with the possible exception of one, which is reviewed later on.

If the collection of 23 tales is not all top stuff, you can't blame the editor, for most of Ast's classic tales have been reprinted time and again by various publishers, and Campbell has attempted to put together as many un-anthologised stories as he could, with a few outstanding exceptions, and a very good job he has made of it.

It is hard to decide which of two tales is the best item, but your ed thinks that T.L. Sherred's magnificent and un-forgettable "E For Effort" has the edge over Asimov's classically terrifying "Nightfall", probably one of the most frightening concepts ever to appear in fiction. Another truly superb piece of craftsmanship is present in Robert Heinlein's "Blowups Happen", with its remarkable study of men and emotions working on an atomic pile, written in 1940!

There are some doubtful items which may disturb the majority of readers, like Schmit's "Witches of Karres", Piper's "Last Enemy", and probably, to the purists, Williamson's "Hindsight", and deCamp's "The Exalted", but to make up for them there are such top items as van Vogt's "Vault of the Beast", O'Donnell's "Clash By Night", Dolton Edward's delightful little piece of NON-FICTION oddness - "Meihem In Ce Klasrum", Leinster's "First Contact", Theodore Sturgeon's utterly superb "Thunder and Roses", and many, many more. Taken all round, I enjoyed every story in it, and so should you. Try it, it'll show you why Ast. has led the field so long, and it will make you wish the good old days were back again.

The item mentioned above as the rival, is "Galaxy Reader of Science

"Fiction", Edited by H.L. Gold. (Crown, 575 p.p., \$3.50, 25/6 stg.)  
 Here is yet another well packed volume of 32 stories, eight of them being lengthy novelets. As the title states, the stories therein are culled from Gold's magazine GALAXY, which seems to have taken the place of the old Ast. in most fans opinions, and justly so. Disregarding editor Gold's smug editorial attitude, one can really admire the quality of the stories appearing in the magazine, but not all will like their coldness and sharpness, for like an Astounding story, a GALAXY yarn is an acquired taste.

Regarding the book, it appears that as GSF has only been "on the go" for a little over two years, fans thus having the complete set or thereabouts, only those with either rich uncles or deceased grandmothers can afford to lay out the necessary cash for this duplication. However, there are some really magnificent tales featured in the volume, among which Wyman Guin's shocking BEYOND BEDLAM makes the greatest impression, while as entertainment, it can only be described as "shock treatment". The picture of a future where schizophrenia is the norm is not exactly a pleasant hour's reading. Sturgeons moving STARS ARE THE STYX, Fritz Leiber's revolting future as depicted in COMING ATTRACTION, Damon Knight's beautiful satire DON'T LIVE IN THE PAST and ASK ME ANYTHING, and many, many, more, are all top notch selections, and there are only a few dud ones present. It's a good collection, one of the very best, some may even say THE best ever, but it will all depend on your taste. If you're a modern, and like the story that packs a wallop, moves at breakneck pace, and keeps you - literally - on the edge of your seat, then the "Galaxy Reader" is for you. But if you are of the more reserved type of reader who prefers relatively light and entertaining, then the "AST. ANTHOLGY" will be your choice. The same might well be applied to the magazines; the wrangle over "best" has been going on ever since GSF first appeared, but as always, it is up for the reader himself to decide which one suits his or her tastes.

COMING EVENTS

In retrospect for the moment, I hear that the plates and stocks of the Abelard Press books "Outpost Mars" by Cyril Fadd and "Prisoner in the Skull" by Charles Dye were destroyed by fire and will not be reprinted till about 1954. The advance review copies that were sent out are already collectors items.

One of the most promising anthologies for the year appears to be "Beyond Human Ken", Edited by Judith Merril, to be published by Random House. 21 tales, all but one previously anthologised, and advance reports predict that it will be the outstanding collection of 1953. The new Blieler - Dikty annual is once again with us, but not up to the duo's customary standard, as with Groff Conklin's "Omnibus of Science-Fiction". Too much competition, or so it appears.

Due for publication in England this year: "Dreadful Sanctuary" Russel; "Dragon's Island" and "The Humanoids" by Williamson; "The Puppet Masters" - Heinlein; "The Blind Spot" - Hall & Flint; all put out by Muesum Press, and cut versions of "Galaxy Reader", "Ast. Antholgy", "Adventures in Tomorrow", "Destination Universe!", and

the Healey - Mc.Gonag "marathon" of '46, "Adventures In Time and Space", cut to ten yarns! (No, Who Goes There? is NOT one of them)

While on the British side of things, as word comes through that thereis to be a British edition of GALAXY, so does it that thereis also to be an AMERICAN edition of NEW WORLDS! It seems that the age of miracle s is not yet past! Also hear that there is to be a BRE issue of SPACE S-E, beginning with issue No. 3, but cut to 128 pages. GALAXY appears in full 160 p.p., and Thorpe & Porter are the guilty party. G is also scheduled for ITALIAN reprint, WOW, it's becoming a regular Reader's Digest at that! BRE Astounding will cut its price down to 9d. Immmm, seems as if Campbell is getting beaten at every turn.

SPECIAL REVIEW! - THE FIRST ALL BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY!

NO PLACE LIKE EARTH :

Edited by John Carnell. Published by T. V BOARDMAN, 256 p.p., 10/6 stg.

The most outstanding feature of this book is the cover, a real stunner, and in my opinion, the BEST cover I have ever seen on ANY stf book, either British or American. It's just beautiful, and dramatically effective, and I'll say th at again!

And, aaaah, the format, it's excellent, not the standard Crown 8vo. common to the British stf books, but a nice large size, and the binding leaves nothing to be desired, and the paper is first quality. John can be congratulated on a really brilliant effort at production.

Now we come to the contents, and what a fine collection of stories John has assembled. and it proves that our, that is, English, authors rank with the best the U.S. can produce. Witness...

Top item - John Wyndham's macabre "SURVIVAL", though the full horror of the story doesn't show up till the final line of the story. An amazing study of human nature in the raw, AND human emotions. Runners up-- John Beyon's (which is just another way of saying "John Wyndham" ) title story. "NO PLACE LIKE EARTH" combined with his sequel "TIME TO REST", or rather, the other way round. They make delightfully refreshing reading, and are a fine example of contemporary British stf writing of today.

Another fine item is Arthur Clarke's nerve wracking "BREAKING STRAIN" , which appeared in the American "THRILLING WONDER STORIES" as "36 SECONDS - 30 DAYS", and is followed up by such favourites as Peter Phillip's excellent "UNEKNOWN QUANTITY", George Whitley's ( A.B. Chandler ) "CASTAWAY", and others, and the only unfortunate selection is William F. Temple's "THE TWO SHADOWS", which is not the best example of this fine authors work. All round, it's one of the best anthologies ever, and I can only urge you to hurry and place an order with your dealer, for it's going to sell like blazes! I'M lucky, I've got a personally autographed copy, Haaaah!

L.J. H.



# A LAST WORD

BY

H. J. Campbell

Editor : AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION

Aussifans, your Leo Harding has winning ways. He puts it to me so that I cannot resist - ~~he~~ how famous my name will be down under. So here I am writing my regular column in your fanzine. I hope you like it. If you don't, then you'll have to lump it, because Leo is dead set on the idea. Anyway, it would cost you too much to by me off now.

Leo didn't tell me how long this first installment was to be, so I'll just keep writing until the air-letter peters out and let it go at that. I hope it doesn't peter out in midsentence. If it does, ~~xxxx~~I'll carry straight on next time, so you'll have a kind of serial.

Now, what shall I write about? I could tell you about Authentic, but you already know how good it is and how well I edit it, so it would be no use my telling you that Authentic is just as interested in Aussifans as in others, because you know that too. But I would like to ask you for some letters. I've already printed a few from your area, and I'd like many more. Comments, suggestions, criticisms, news - all are welcome.

I'll leave Authentic there and go onto generalities. Indeed, you must expect this column to be more in the nature of a friendly letter than a well thought out article. We'll do away with formality and all be pals together. Share our Matildas, so to speak, and if I ramble a bit, please forgive me.

'Spite of the miles and years between us, as Rupert Brooks so nicely puts it, I am deeply interested in the goings on over your side, and I shall watch developments with a keen eye to see if Aussifandom evolves a life and being of its own, or veers towards the patterns of Aneri - or Anglofandom. Oh yes, we have a pattern you know; slightly checkered in places, but nevertheless a pattern. Some of its elements are a little faded now, and a few are completely invisible, but at least one old stager keeps going as strong as ever. That's John Carnell, the man we call Ted.

Ted won't mind, I think and hope, if I tell you that he has played a bigger part than any-one else in the maintaining of British science fiction. He has gone on fighting - he had to fight - all through the years as others, younger, richer, more experienced,

dropped out of the running, tired and beaten. But he was not content with that; mere existence was not enough for Ted. British science fiction had to be GOOD, and that meant it had to be improved. You don't need me to tell you how he has succeeded in that; you should hear them cheer him when he enters the White Horse.

Though he'd be the last to claim it and the first to deny it, Ted forms the pivotal hub around which British fandom makes its leisurely turns. There are a few spokes, necessary to hold the thing together. Walter Willis is one of these, and so are Ken Slauer, Der-ek Pickles, Vince Clarke and a few others. Round the circumference are a few hundred hangers-on. Some of them are in danger of losing their grip, and it is said that there are wheels within this wheel.

American fandom, in the words of some American fans, is more active but less mature than ours. Personally, I'd except Lee Hoffman from this because in the photo she sent me she looked so sweet. Walt Willis, of course, is madly in love with her, but then he's met her. I'm longing for the day when I do.

And here let me induce a little acid into things to see if there is anything to corrode among my darling Anglofans. The one main fault with British fandom is the lack of ladies, or, come to that, females of any sort. There are one or two who help to liven things up, but we could do with dozens more. Their female faction is the one thing I envy the Americans for. Don't you fellows, whatever you do, let Aussiefandom become a stag party; kidnap them if necessary, and save a few for me.

Here's an idea for you. You know how everybody went mad when Walt Willis brought back a bottle of swamp water? Well, you might get quite a lot of money to help run your fanzines if you could send over little cartons of sand from the Wocnera range. Some fans will buy anything, even PERHAPS. If you could put little bits of fused magnesium into it, so much the better. Who's being childish now?

The end is in sight, so I won't have to finish in mid-sentence after all. Oh, wait a minute, maybe I was -

H.J.C.

..... In the next issue of "PERHAPS", you will, we hope find the following features:

Cover by David G. Rose, which has to be seen to be believed. David's only a fifteen year older, and his work is absolutely amazing. Interior covers by Dick Jensen, "perhaps" another b.n.f. Aussie artist, and one by Vestal, compliments of Jerry Bixby, who MAY also be present with an article, together with several other pros. See you Mar 16th, 24 to 32 p.p., all photo-lithoed!

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\* These have been ordered and will be available soon

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