

Space Times

feature

combined issue December



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January 1953



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EDITORIAL

By
Ye Ed
Otherwise Eric Bentcliffe.

Up to now the weakest part of S-T has been the art section, however, since we have now inveigled Terry Jeeves into the art Editors seat (hot), we think will soon see big improvements in this field. Especially on the covers. HUNTER, TURNER!! You will see 'em all represented AND by 'taking on' Terry we have made sure of plenty of JEEVES illustrations... We are now in the pleasant position of being able to tell you about some of the material soon to appear in SPACE-TIMES. A story we enjoyed and we think so will you is GENESIS by Pat & Bernard Lee, this story was originally written for Astroneer and we thank Paul for passing it on to us.

OUTLINE, is the title of a two part serial article by "Sandy Sanderson" which deals with the lives of S-F authors who haf made the biggest impact on the field ..from De Bergerac to John W. Campbell.. To bring more of an international atmosphere into the mag we are featuring a series of on Fandom and S-F in foreign climes, this issue SOUTH AFRICA...coming up SWEDEN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and wherever there are Fans..... Due to the last issue of S-T being late, we have had to omit "THE PRESSOR BEAM" for this issue as no miss-iles have been received at the time of going to print, we will endeavour to make up for this in our next issue, ..Before signing off we should like to say THANKS to ERIC JONES for making a nice job of S-T No.6, in very trying circumstances.....

E N D

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THE EGO SPOT

Terry Jeeves

I was born very young, and in consequence, fell aneasly victim to the lure of a Gernsback 'Wonder' offered for 3d. That was at the tender age of ten. By fifteen, I had a collection of many mags, including a sub to 'Astounding'. Left school in 1940, started work as a steel chemist, chucked it to volunteer for the R.A.F. Entered as Wireless op., remustered to Mech. Saw the world free, adding to my a.s.f. by picking up copies in such outlandish places as Durban, Bombay, Colombo, and Belfast. Left R.A.F. in 1946, entered teacher's training college, married during course of course (of course) now I am a fully under-paid teacher, with 1 wife and 2 kids. Once again began to take up the threads of fandom, which began with Tales of Wonder, Scientifiction and Tomorrow. A letter in a.s.f. brunged in bags of mail, and after seeing one or two fanzines I decided I'd have a bash at desecrating their covers, writing their stories and generally righting their wrongs. Somehow my stuff was/is passable/lousy, (cross out your choice) and that's how I came to be called Jasper..... Copyright reversed by derision of Jeeves Machinations Inc.

Signed. Lord Byron.

P.S. I still sell Fantasy Art Cards 10 for 2/6 and pictures dirt cheap, or should it be dirty pictures cheap.(?)

P.P.S. Hobbies are s.f. drawing, maths and amateur radio.

DALE'S DIARY

By

Dale R. Smith.

The Minnesota Section of the Nor'west Science-Fantasy Club has had several meetings recently and we are pleased to report that 100% attendance was tabulated in each case. This isn't really a huge turnout as Bill Hague and myself are the only Minnesota members at the present time. In case you haven't met Bill, he is a very nice young chap just recently over from Manchester and a new Science-Fiction fan and he hopes to be working as a research chemist very soon. As soon, that is, as certain factions can decide that he is not an undesirable alien or subversive agent. I think he may make the grade.

But we felt you might be interested in some of the impressions that Bill has received during his stay here. I had wanted to set this up to read like an interview, but my unpolished dialogue technique would be intolerable. So what do you get? Yes, mostly monologue.

Bill seems generally pleased with what he has found here in Minneapolis but he has not really been here long enough for the newness to wear off. When that happens we hope things will still look as good to him as they do now. His parents are here but his girl-friend is still with you. So the reply I get now when I ask him what he thinks of our gals is not too hot. He says they are too sharp (too many wise-cracks) and "don't look as if they can be easily deluded." This impression is apt to change with time.

The space we have impresses Bill after the crowded conditions of Manchester. Our industrial sections are generally well separated from residential areas. And he thinks our shops are quite good-looking. One of our post-war decorating fads for retail stores and hotels are entrance doors made entirely of heavy plate glass. They are really a bit hard to see until you get used to them.

Bill has seen magazine pictures of American home interiors but didn't quite believe them. Now he is convinced. He especially feels that our wall-paper is quite colorful and modern. In my den I have a paper which is a repetition of eight different Currier & Ives prints. And he likes our method of central heating in the homes. We burn gas in a furnace in the basement and this is controlled by a thermostat located in the dining room. With this arrangement we maintain a temperature of 22 degrees C. throughout the house regardless of what the weather is outside. Bill tells me that this disturbs him somewhat because he can't tell what the temperature is outside by what it is inside and so he doesn't know how to dress when he goes out. This could possibly prove fatal to him in a month or two when we have temperatures of minus 20 and 28 C. This in combination with several feet of snow could be a shock. But we stand this lack of heat quite well and are prepared for it. Each Fall we take off the screens and put on storm windows. Then we have a double window which gives us a dead air space and a good insulator. Screens, I was surprised to learn, are not common in England. We would be lost without them here, for in the Summer there are quite a number of insects - and the mosquito is a major offender. Bill has had no experience with these midget dive bombers. I am going to enjoy that in a sadistic sort of way.

Along about this time we were getting a little dry. Cold bottled beer was the obvious answer so the little woman served. We always try to keep a few bottles in the refrigerator so that it will be cold enough to drink. Bill advises me that this is not the general rule in England. I also picked up a

few pointers that I hope to use to good advantage some year soon on a Thursday evening in the White Horse Tavern. Instead of ordering a bottle or glass of beer as I would normally, I will order a pint and not complain if it is not what I call cold.

These days prices are a paramount subject of conversation at all levels. We naturally drifted to the subject and here are some interesting comparisons. A package of cigarets here cost 1/6 and in England the same cigaret goes at 3/6. One gallon of gas here is 1/10 while a gallon of petrol is 4/3. (Note: our gallon is 4/5ths of your Imperial gallon.) Meat prices here average 6/- per pound; butter, 6/3 per pound; bread, 1/4 per pound, and eggs 4/2 a doz. Bill was unable to give me your prices as a comparison, but he likes our coffee much better than our tea, he says that no one over here knows how to make tea properly and in the first place it isn't the same kind, I offered him tea but he seems to like beer better.

But before we leave the prices too far behind, here is a direct quote from Bill - "The ease with which your money goes amazes me." My reply, "It amazes me too!"

Bill has seen quite a few movies while here and some of them have been pretty poor. He was surprised to find that all the seats are the same price, - you buy a ticket and find a seat wherever you can. And smoking is not allowed which is a sore point with him.

And I am sure you will be pleased to know that Bill has just started to work. It is not the job he was counting on but that will have to wait a few months until he receives security clearance. His wage will then be five times what it was in Manchester. It is a very nice starting salary and reflects his ability and the five years of chemical experience that he has. And he doesn't seem to be able to work up any enthusiasm over my 1951 Ford - he likes Red Buicks. Yes, it is amazing how the money goes - especially when you start preferring expensive cars.....

Please direct all questions c/o The Minnesota Section. Answers will appear in future columns.

MEETINGS OF THE N.S.F.C. IN JANUARY

(AND DECEMBER)

DECEMBER 14th....21st....28th.... JANUARY 11th....25th.....

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NEW MEMBERS OF NSFC.

Fred Robinson, 63, Newborough Ave, Llanishen, CARDIFF.





Don't forget to send in your solution to last month's "GUESS WHO"!!!!

This issue may be late again, but I will endeavour with the help of the West Country S-F Group, to get it out before Xmas. Enquiries regarding the activities of the above group are welcomed, write George Whiting at "The Rising Sun Inn", Randwick, Nr Stroud, Glos. Eric Jones.

THE TURNING WHEEL

By

Norman Weedall.



The cave, which was reached by crawling through a twisting tunnel, was of earth and very dry. The brilliant hued paintings of Cro-magnon man covered the walls.

These, however, were ignored by the archaeologist, Professor Harvey Morton, and his young friend, Captain Peter Broderick. Broderick, pressed into service more by his love for Evelyn, the professor's only daughter, than any inclination for the dirty manual labour he had performed in tracing man's life in the cave.

The professor, so desperately grasping this last chance for research into man's beginnings, had journeyed with Peter and Evelyn to the Dordogre basin in France. For Armagedon was very near, and the hall of atomic war brooded sullenly and inevitably over a world under sentence of death.

Many days had been consumed, carefully removing and sifting the evidence of man's occupation of the cave, an occupation that had endured for thousands of years. Through the Cro-magnon, to the stone implements of the Mousterian Culture, to the fire-charred bones of animals, and the cruder flint implements of the Chellean Culture, but till now, no human remains.

The work in the dimly lighted cave was dirty and relatively unrewarding. The earthen floor was dry, and the rising dust mixed with the sweat of the labouring pair to form irritating muddy blobs. But now in the professor's hands was a skull. An utterly impossible skull. A Homo Sapiens skull.

The Professor stared unbelieving. Retracing the sequence in his mind, Homo Sapiens (himself), Cro-magnon, Neanderthaler, and finally impossibly Homo sapiens again. Modern man at the beginning and modern man at the end. Had Homo always been the sap?

Hoax? Utterly impossible! Their destination had been kept secret. The cultural layers of the cavern floor were separate and undisturbed....What then? Parallel time track? Where man had started his climb earlier, then somehow crossed over to leave his bones in the dust of the cave?

Had the atomic explosions disturbed the delicate balance of Time, jumbling in places the cultures? Or perhaps the sequence of events had slipped, acquiring new values. Like the ace in a pack of cards, which in some games has two values, high and low, low or high. Beginning to ending. No! By God! Beginning to ending, perhaps that was it! But how? The skull said nothing.

The professor ceased his musing, dropping into the dust the skull he held. The skull which in happier times would have meant fame to him. The skull, dry and brittle with age, splintered on the floor.

"Come Peter!" said the Professor, "that's all for now, we have been here too long already, Evelyn will be worried." Peter pointed to the skull. "Leave it there, who would believe it anyhow?"

2.

The sun had gone down, the evening meal prepared by Evelyn was over. The two men were smoking a last pipe, Evelyn was resting against Peter's knee, Peter said, "Still seems a hoax to me, modern man co-existing with Neanderthal! Utter bosh!" The professor mused. "Modern man? Let's say A modern man, I think....." What the professor thought was lost forever, the floor of the

LOST WORDS

By
A. Vincent Clarke.

whilst Walt Willis was staying at my place during the '52 London Convention, we kicked around one of those mythos that do so well to fill up the time between HYPERN, SFN and SLANT. (Plug, plug, plug.) I attempted to construct a poem from it.....it wasn't the sort of thing that would bear to be put down into print as a straight story....but bogged down about 1/3rd of the way thru. As there seem to be a few perspiring....er, aspiring poets around the N.S.F.C, they might like to try their hands. I get a mental block every time I look at the thing....It is:-

THE SAGA OF HECTOR Q. DRAINING BOARD (HNWAHW)

Unless you imprison me with a restraining cord,
 You will now hear the saga of Hector Q. Drainingboard,
 Hectors name to you may sound absurd,
 But puns apun a time it was a household word.
 Everyone knew him, his column, quips, his sarcastic verbal flail,
 If you didn't get his 6 color, lithographed, photo-inset weekly fanzine you
 were outside the pale,
 Inside the pale one day Hector Q. received a letter;
 "Dear Mr. D.", it said, "we would have you know us better.
 Can you, in a spare moment when not occupied with more important fanactivity,
 write us a serial, say three, or even six parts, anything to which you have
 proclivity ?
 You know our policy, but even if you don't it doesn't matter because we can
 always alter it to accomodate you,
 And while we're on the subject perhaps you can do a book-length novel for us
 too?
 Signed, H.L.Gold. Editor GALAXY, P.S. Please call me Horace,
 And if you're ever passing 105 West 40th Street, do drop in for a wee deoch-
 an'-doris."
 The universe whirled around Hector, this was the highpoint, the peak, it, one
 might say, was The End,
 Stars crashed, planets smashed, and the space-time continuum developed a dan-
 gerous bend.
 Hector emerged from a mental mist, feeling like a Van Vogt hero after his
 first attack of amnesia,
 But as time went by, if it did go by, things somehow failed to get any easier.
 The first thing he noticed was that the 6 colors were missing from his next

And that was as far as I went. I wanted a good fanzine title, with punning characteristics that would finish the line, rhyming with the end of the next of course. No luck. I did some brain-racking, and darned near turned the grey-matter white, but I just couldn't do it. Mike Wilson gave me about the best fanzine title I've heard....LUCRE....it's filthy but everyone wants it.. but couldn't find a suitable rhyme.

You can guess the general trend of Drainingboards' (HNWAHW) saga ...the gradual falling off of subscriptions, the change to duplicating, less ego-boo, whenever he insulted anybody they'd immediately become very friendly; he'd go along to the nearest mailbox with an empty sack, hold it under the slit, and piles of his magazine would pour from the box into the sack...he'd take it home, run the 'zines through his duplicator, obtaining clean reams of paper and tubes of ink which he'd sell to his local stationer.

Finally Rog Phillips rejected a copy of his now-hektographed 'zine from the 'Amazing Club House', and after writing an enthusiastic letter to PLANET Hector faded from the fan scene, eventually to stop reading FANTASTIC S-F, and taking up SUPERMAN. The last two lines of the pome would be something like:-

Friends, stop and shudder at the fate of this poor man,
Hector Q. Drainingboard, the Demolished Fan.

Well, there it is. A good idea in a way, but needing a leettle polishing before going into the Potter-Wood anthology of the BEST FAN FICTION OF UMPY UMP. With my well known generosity, I'm presenting it to anyone who'd like to complete it.....and the Bester luck to you.....

CONTEST PIECE: We offer a years sub' to N.S.F.C. for the best completion to 'LOST WORD'. Final date for entry, Feb 20th.(Ed)

END.

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B O O K
R E V I E W

by

D.R. Smith

Panther Books. 1/6d each. Publishers Hamilton & Co. (Stafford) Ltd.

CYBERNETIC CONTROLLER. By A.V. Clarke & H.K. Bulmer.

At first sight this seems as though it is going to be the one about the slave-classes revolting against the masters in a typically sociologically backward future age. Then for a time it takes on the semblance of a triangle drama due to the introduction of a second group of revolutionists, but since the masters themselves are never made properly known to us the situation simplifies itself as a direct conflict between pig-headed scientist who desire to emigrate to Mars and a paranoid revolutionary leader who desires to conquer the rest of Earth- which is split up into separate city-states as an aftermath of the atom-bomb war.

It is all immensely complicated, and the hero, who belongs to neither group but who works for both, seemed to me to be almost as confused as myself. And well he might, for the authors goto work on him with mutants, double-crossing scientists, mad dictator, the heroine, and the machine-brain of the title which, baffled by his strange talents, put him a birth into the lowest class of society. It could be excused for its bewilderment, for this useful type is not only born knowing all about electronics and other machanisms, with X-ray eyes and the power of telekineses,

but also with the useful property of immediate healing from crippling wounds. The latter is very valuable for one so set on getting hurt, and it does enable an incredible amount of action to take place. I would have appreciated this thud-and-blunder more had it been more trenchantly described.

In brief, this story is juvenile in plot and style, and if you think I mean childish you are only guilty of a minor misinterpretation.

MISSION FROM MARS. by Rick Conroy.

The mission consists of a young man and his popsie who desire to reform Earth to the point where the more thoughtful Martians will no longer feel it necessary to exterminate mankind in self-defence. They bring with them a persuader in the form of a super-widget capable of destroying all metals except gold, and after a few minor trials on outlying battlefields of the war in progress at the time they succeed in destroying all the metal in most of Europe, including England. This stops the major war but starts a civil one in England between the Nobs and the Spivs on one side, and the Reds - or working classes - on the other. This minor brawl reveals facets of the character of Homo Sapiens which the other Martians accept as sufficient reason for allowing him to survive.

It is essentially a light-hearted story, a Thorne Smith type of story minus most of the yummy business. A little too care-free to be termed a satire, it yet resembles one in that there is no pretence of creating any impression of reality, and is being used as a vehicle for amusing sallies against the author's pet foibles. The humour may at times lack subtlety and even flag slightly, but it is so pleasant to read a science-fiction story that does not take itself too seriously that I myself am quite willing to turn a blind eye on any defects.

END.

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THE STATE OF SCIENCE-FICTION
IN
SOUTH AFRICA.

By Pearle Appleford...

In your note enclosed in Space-Times you extended an invitation for me to write giving you news of s.f. fandom here in South Africa.

Now there is not much for me to write, for the simple reason that there is not much happening to write about, but if what I can tell you is likely to be of some interest to the readers of Space-Times, here is all the news I can tell you about S.A. fandom.

Firstly, there are not many known fans here - my latest count makes it around 25. Undoubtedly there are a great many more people who read and enjoy science-fiction, but those 25 are the ones who have been interested enough to write letters at one time or another, to the editors of magazines, mostly, which is how they have become known to one another.

Of these 25 or so, there are a number of lone wolves who like to get along by themselves and who are not particularly interested in contacting other fans, etc, but on the other hand, there is a small nucleus of fans who are keen on all the recognised activities which mark the s.f. fanatic - such as



THE MAN IN KHAKI



L. Sprague Decamped inspects a Phantasmagoria.

One of the most popular legends in Yorkshire fanzines is that of Robin Hood the Elder Ghod, tales of whose exploits are whispered from the bosky Dells to the market places, and from the Medway Towns to Glasgow. Like any modern newspaper report, these legends are a curious mixture of truth, fantasy and downright lies, and in the main, one can only state that if he lived, he was certainly born at some time, and that, if he lived, he is now either dead or, according to Schmidt (1), pretty elderly.

We find in the popular legend that Hood captained a very strong organisation of followers...Big Derik, Maid Marjorie, Hunter Allan, etc..... who dressed in khaki and roamed the forests between the Rhine and the Lynn, shooting wild boars, robbing the poor to give to the poor, and at night laying aside their bows to quaff the nut-brown ale (their marching song was 'Burtons and Bows') and to tell fertility-rite stories. Through all their exploits runs the 'group motif', and any newcomer was deluged with missiles. (2).

The historical record is rather meagre, consisting of numerous odd pamphlets and references in American popular publications of a largely mythological character, and the dates are confused and contradictory. Anyone wanting a good collection of dates should get in touch with Abdul Al Geria (3) (Advert). For other historical records the HMV catalogue is a good source.

There are also the lines found scratched on an old steak (4) by Bishop Hatto, (eaten 970 A.D.) (5):-

Benyth thys clodd lyes Hodd th Ghod,
Thou'rt trod t'sod o'er a reet odd bod.
(RIP 55 B.C.)

These verses indicate that the poet had strong sense of rhyme and may possibly have been drunk at the time, but their authenticity is doubtful. In a Directory issued by the Sheriff of Nottingham (probably), which shows signs of great age and no little acquaintance with its subject...in fact, hardly any,....there is no Hood mentioned, but this should not be taken as conclusive proof of his non-existence....rather the reverse, in fact.

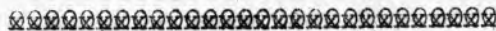
References to Robin Hood may be found in many place names, such as Hoddesdon (Herts) and Hodnet (Salop), but the most widespread is of course in connection with the 'hod', the carrying implement used by brick-layers and Slaters. Here again we have the sense of organisation, the building of a solid group which is a direct throw-back to the primaeval cave family. (6)

It is obvious that the root-source of the Hood mythos is the Teutonic Odin or Wotan, known to the Anglo-Saxons as Woden. The god of war and tempest, (7) profoundly versed in magic lore and the knowledge of runes, he dwelt in the paradise Valhalla, occasionally dealing with mortals in awful solemnity. One can also compare Hodr, the blind brother of Balder in the same mythos and the Celtic 'Aedd', derived from the Grecian 'Hades'. 'Adad' was worshipped by the Assyrians as the 'all-highest', which will instantly recall to the readers mind the 'Ardshi-Bordshi', the Mongolian translation from the Sanskrit which tells of the mighty Vikramaditya. All in all, the Hood legend can take one far afield, and pretty hellish going it is too.

"A sad tale's best for winter, I have one of sprites and goblins."
(Winters tale; Act 2.1. 25/26)

- (1) 'Lappländische Märchen, Volkssagen, Räthsel und Sprichwörter'...Schmidt never could keep to one subject.
- (2) According to Kuhn and Schwartz, 'Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebraüche aus Meklenburg &c.; Leipzig, '48' (8), this should be 'deluged with missives' .
- (3) Author of 'The Calendar's Story' and 'I flew a camel in World War 1'; Hourii Press.
- (4) "The lines were found in a queer joint"...Wolfii Lect.Memorab.Centenarii XVI. Lavingae 1600.
- (5) The Bishop was eaten, by rats. (Op. Cit)
- (6) Cf. 'Caveat Emptor'...'Beware of an empty cave'.
- (7) See any popular mythology book.
- (8) 1848, of course

END.



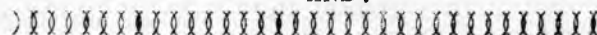
ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR ALIEN.

NEWS AND / / / / / / / By / / / / / / / OR VIEWS.
Eric Bentcliffe

The CORONVENTION will be held over Whitsun weekend in London. The venue is so far undecided, but will not be the same as for the last two London conventions, the Royal is definitely out this year. We are told that there will be less formality this year, come to think of it we did feel a little out of place in our "soup & fish " last Whit.....Hamiltons, the publishers of Authentic, seem to have really caught the s.f. bug. Their latest venture into the field is in a "SELECTED SCIENCE-FICTION LIBRARY"...Two titles have so far been announced, "Beyond the Visible" By H.J. Campbell and "Born in Captivity" By Bryan Berry; both at 8/6....New fanzine this month is VOID, printed on a "Fakir Board" (Flat Bed Dup) by George F. Clements at 72 East St, Colchester, Essex. This 'zine contains about 50% artwork, and if the art improves should make an interesting addition to the Fan Publishing Field.....

More news from Hamiltons..The January 53 issue of Asfm will contain a short novel by Bill Temple and will introduce Authentic's "new" cover stylewhich will be the same as Astounding and Galaxy, with no print on the actual drawing. Also forecast for this issue , an article by Arthur C. Clarke, another 16 pages and interior illos. Promised for future issues are stories by: Ray Bradbury, Charles L. Harness, and S.J.Byrne. As regards the latter author we would ask why????...Authentic No.27 quite justifiably "pans" Astroneer, but on that theme 'people in glass houses should not throw stones', we would like to ask Messrs Hamiltons to do something about their circular duplicating...apart from the fact that they use thicker paper than did Paul with Astroneer, I cannot see any difference.----- COLLIERS magazine for the October 18th issue commences another space-flight series entitled "MAN on the MOON", with illustration by Bonestell.This we can strongly reccommend.....

END.



THE STAFF OF SPACE-TIMES WISH YOU ALL VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.....

EDITORIAL.

" I think that your magazine is the best science - fiction mag ".How many times have you seen that phrase in the readers columns ? A goodly few I imagine . And most S - F fans praise themselves upon their reasoning and use of logic!!!! Let us qualify that first sentence by adding " of its kind " . For what a large number of fans do not seem to realise is the fact that science - fiction is not just a form of literature but an entire field. Encompassing adventure, romance, and their thousand and one divergent themes . You just cannot compare say Planet Stories with A.S.F because each publish completely different types of stories.

For no particular reason I would like to state which in my opinion are the best magazines, and how I myself type them... For sheer LITERARY merit I rate the Mag of Fantasy & S - F, far and away above any other 'zine. For stories that make you THINK, Astounding for me . If Galaxy can escape from its apparent pre - occupation with one type of story (Sociological) then it may rise to the top of this list . For READABILITY, when I am in the mood more for entertainment than cogitation , Startling is the first mag I pick up, though it must be admitted that any of this chain of magazines would do almost as well . To Planet I would give a special bouquet, for it is the ONLY S-F magazine that does not rate itself as the BEST in the market. My final type of 'zine is the WORST , and I cannot think of anyone who deserves to be at the top of this list more than Ray Palmer and his product of a deranged mind,--Other Worlds.

Basing my prophesy on the number of magazines now projected and being published, I believe that the magazines in the S-F field will grow farther and farther apart as regards contents and story themes , in fact I think they will have to..... Eric Bentcliffe.

*****000000*****000000*****

A few days ago we received from Roger Dard a letter which profoundly disturbed us , and , as we think the contents should be made known to fans everywhere , we reproduce it here for your perusal.....

The Editor.

Dear Eric,

If this letter isn't too bright , don't blame me. I'm afraid I've had a bad Christmas . About a month ago I was visited by Customs Inspectors, (Gestapo Thugs would be a better term) and was warned by them what would happen to me if I continued to represent Operation Fantast in Australia, but did not take too much notice of them - when you live in Australia and collect books or mags, you get used to being persecuted by the authorities. However , last week I was " RAIDED " by the State Police, - the first time in history as far as I know that the Customs have put the police onto a fan ! They denounced Operation Fantast as being an organisation , which , if not actually subversive , was responsible for flooding Australia with ""Pornographic Magazines"". This to you sounds silly --- it could not happen in either England or America but it does happen here! This time I took the hint . I wrote to Ken Slater resigning

from O . F . , I have not yet had a reply from him so I do not know his reaction to all this. I was damned sorry to give up O . F . , I kind of thought it was my baby in this part of the world , having built up the membership "down under" from 0 to close on 100.

I just hope that these swine have not damaged Ken's reputation in Europe as they have maligned mine here.

Reg Dard.

WE ASK ALL FAN EDITORS TO REPRINT THIS LETTER IN THEIR 'ZINES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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DALE'S DIARY

(A letter from America.....)

Winter has settled in for real, and between sessions with the snow shovel and chains for the Ford there is still a little time left over for Science Fiction.

I am sure you won't be too interested to learn we have another pro-magazine title added to the list. Vol.1. No. 1. of TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION is on the stands dated Spring 1953. It is strictly a reprint job - all stories appeared in PLANET from 1942 to 1950. The thing is a quarterly and maybe if they try hard enough they can get it down to an annual.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY is out, dated Feb. 1953.. This is, and should be, Vol.2. No.2., but it is marked Vol.1. No.2. This same volume number first appeared on the August 1951 issue. Now all of this may not be too much of a problem to the contemporary collector and students of Science Fiction. However, discrepancies such as these may prove to be rather tough problems for the future - and towards the easing of these problems I have a few observations and suggestions to offer.

First of all there are several facts, grim as they may be, that are nevertheless facts. 1.- Science Fiction Fandom will reach its climax at about the same time as the first manned Artificial Satellite is established in an orbit around Earth. In that era the fiction that we label S-F will find its way more and more into the "slick" and "popular" field and will be thought of as "adventure". This may be as soon as 25 years and certainly will not be longer than 50. The majority of the population at this time will be thoroughly grounded in the fundamental concepts of space travel. They will believe it because it is happening right on their T-V screens. The Children of today play with plastic space ships and tear off box tops to become Space Cadets. With this background and the reality of space travel those intelligent individuals who have been S-F fans will probably be reduced to banding together for the purpose of practising mental telepathy or some other slightly improbable subject.

2. - The majority of "our" literature is published in magazines. And have you closely inspected the oldest item in your collection? It is not quite as fresh today as it was when published. Steadily, even though slowly, these magazines are oxidizing and will crumble. This will take a good many years but it will happen and the loss will be great. I do not pretend to defend some of the tripe that is published as S-F but it is not our problem

to judge in this instance - our problem is preservation. At the present time all we can hope for is that those stories which have been anthologised will survive for several hundred years. (This applies also to novels published in book form.) This is too much to expect from magazine paper. If the publishers would print a few copies of each issue on rag paper, provide a stiff cover and then send them to selected public and university libraries for safe keeping they would survive as long as the books. This would do much as a solution to the problem confronting the students and researchers of 2453 A.D. But we still have the problem of several thousand issues still exposed to the detrimental effects of oxygen and sunlight. There is a solution here also, even though it will be expensive. A collection should be started and placed in a light-tight, helium filled vault. Under these conditions the magazines would achieve maximum durability which would probably be in the order of 500 to 1000 years. This vault should be large enough for all past, current and future issues of S-F magazines and a section certainly should be provided for fan mags.

In addition, microfilm could be used very profitably in this venture to preserve a record of pre-space flight S-F for the generations to come who are certainly going to wonder what we thought of the future course of the human race.

But, returning to lower levels, I wish to disagree with Walt Willis and his "quality counts in these matters, and not quantity" in connection with the young lady with three breasts. (see page 10, Nov. S-T) Now here is real meat for a superb debate. Unfortunately it would be too hot for the mails.

And now I must dash back to the basement where I have my magazine collection, make sure no sunlight is getting in and see if I can't do something about the damnably high oxygen content of the atmosphere.

%% /+ /+ /+ /+ /+ /+ /+ /+ %%

GUESS WHO???????

by

Geoff Lewis.

1) The pen is mightier than the sword
 To me; dispensing Butler's hoard,
 Yet I, a humble unit small,
 (Though handsome, witty, smart and all)
 Have mean place in the scheme of things,
 It is my work importance brings.
 By ORDER do I live and breathe
 Yet, so I'm told, am quite naive.
 I've tried this concept to dispel
 By wine, women, song as well,
 And though my gut by spirits burned
 My efforts by most women spurned.

2) Some animation yet remains
 (But not enough, a voice complains)
 Maybe, but then the fault you see
 Is in the dopes surrounding me.
 Just look, when I am next about,
 Ask yourself with honest doubt
 If you can justify a claim
 To give this dog a rotten name.
 The answer will be loud and clear
 A PAEN to the listening ear,
 By whisky, wine and common beer,
 "HE IS BY FAR THE BEST MAN HERE".

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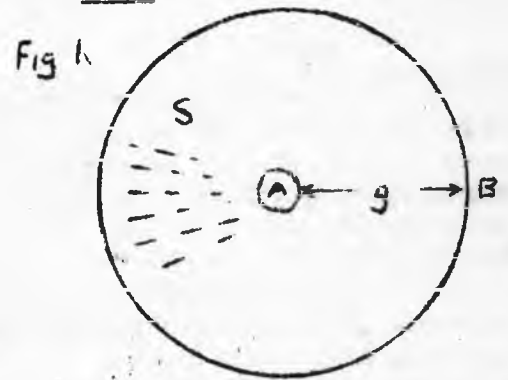
FURTHER ASPECTS OF THERMOMAGNETISM.....

by

TERRY JEEVES.

It would appear that my earlier article on the general theory of this new science has aroused considerable controversy. In spite of my emphasising the impossibility of completely covering the subject in one article, a certain Mr Sanderson has accused me of not being in touch with the latest developments in the field. On reading this gentleman's article, I can only conclude that it is he who is woefully behind the times, I will even go so far as to accuse him of 'dipping' into one of the books I listed, and on finding the 'juicy' news about spokeless wheels, immediately jumped on this as a sample of my inadequacy. Well, reader, you shall judge. I will continue the information started by my contemporary, but I will complete it.

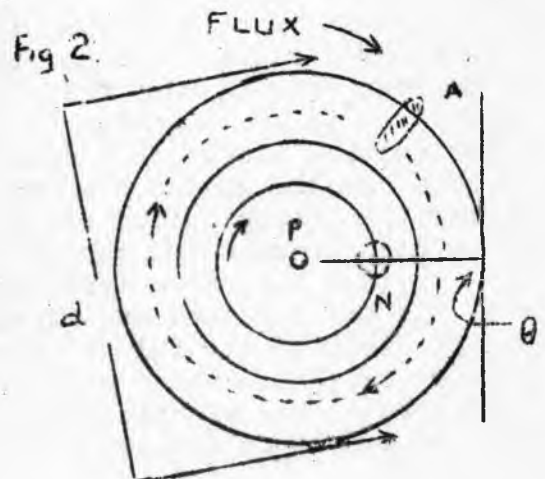
On referring to fig.1., the reader will recall that Mr.S. concluded his remarks to the effect that the turning axle would not drive the rim, though the vehicles when fitted (presumably) with normal wheels, were placed first, second and third in a big race. He neglects to add, that the other cars were B.R.M.'s. Need I say more? However, to return to fig 1., Torque transmitted from axle A to rim B is proportional to Flux S, and inversely so, to the distance of the two apart (g). Obviously torque can be increased



by either increasing S, or decreasing g. Using thermomagnets, S is already at its maximum, but as the gap g was made smaller and smaller, the power transmitted was increased. When g reaches zero, power transmitted to rim is maximum. But, by this time, the wheel is solid, and weighs more than the normal spoked type. THIS IS THE REASON FOR IT'S ABANDONMENT, and it is also the reason for my ignoring it in my limited article.

However, lest further critics arise, and in case Mr.S. should chance to read further in the book, I will now describe what he and they will discover in Krakt's excellent 'Thermomagnetic Engines'.

A circular thermomagnet with a continuous revolving flux and cross-sectional area A is formed. Fig 2. A second wheel fitted to an axle P and with a magnetic Neutral pole bolted to its perimeter, is placed within the rim. d is the diameter of the outer rim, θ is the angle between tangent to rim, and the neutral pole. Naturally, as the flux rotates about the rim, the neutral pole is drawn after it thus turning the inner wheel and producing a turning moment in the axle P. The Power produced is given by the equation:



$$P = \frac{K \cdot A \cdot k}{d \cdot l} - k \cdot \sin \theta$$

where K is the constant of thermodynamical inefficiency.
k is constant for the particular alloy.
A is the cross-sectional area.
d is the diameter of the ring.
l is length of the ring.
 θ is angle between pole and rim.

Given the equation it is a simple matter to differentiate it and equate it to zero, in order to discover what value of A will give max power output. Differentiating with respect to k, (The alloy variable) we get:-

$$dP/dk = K.A/d.l. - \sin \theta. \quad \text{When } dP/dk = 0 \text{ then } \frac{K.A.}{d.l.} = \sin \theta,$$

but as θ always is 90° , $\sin \theta$ must be 1, therefore the equation is now:-

$$\frac{K.A.}{d.l.} = 1, \text{ and by transposition, } A = d.l./K \quad \text{But by Krakt's theorem,}$$

$$\frac{d.l.}{K} = \cos \theta, \text{ but } \cos \theta \text{ equals zero, when } \theta \text{ is } 90^\circ \text{ (or } \pi/2 \text{)}$$

Therefore, for max power output, A must equal 0, this seems impossible to achieve in practice, but naturally, the smaller A becomes, the more power does appear, and working models using rims made of very fine 97 s.w.g. wire, have been made to operate with 87. 031 % efficiency. They are frequently used in the Boskon labs for re-activating inactive fans. No doubt there will be a ready sale for them in London.

In conclusion, I trust that in vindicating myself, I have not bored you. If you would really like to read more about Thermomagnetism, or indeed, ANY other branch of science, please write to the editor and table your requests. In that way only, can he decide whether this and similar material is required.....

From far ~~S~~aurus comes the (Inn)famous Vin~~d~~ Clarke with further planet-harrowing information.....

Apparently Sanderson is not aware of an even later paper on THERMOMAGNETISM ...a Government Grey Paper (they ran out of white) ((Hide that S-T cover!!! E.J.)) entitled "Further Field work"...he probably overlooked it as it was issued by the Agriculture and Fishery people. An agricultural industrialist (or, as some might say, a farmer) friendly with Eich tried out the magnetic wheel on his tractor, hoping that there would be sufficient speed for this if not for a racing car, and that the magnetic field would help cushion the bumps that ruin so many tractor springs. He found that the axle revolving at high speed in the magnetic field built up a tremendous electrical potential, which earthed itself in a continuous series of lightning flashes between the chassis and the ground beneath in a very spectacular fashion...you will remember the Abbots Bottom riots when a revivalist meeting saw the approach of an Eich tractor and thought it was the Second Coming ?

But a curious thing was noticed about the ground beneath the tractor...it was levelled and finely sifted as if it had been harrowed. Aided by officials of the Bulmer Aqueous Vapor Company, who were naturally called to the scene when steam was observed rising from the field, it was found that through the electrolysis of water in the soil, all clods of earth had been broken up by internal ipnisation into uniform size to a depth of 2ft

3/4 inches average, and all pests in the field had been electrocuted.

It was immediately evident that an agricultural tool of tremendous importance had been found. Further experiments showed that a row of electrodes fixed beneath the tractor would discharge at sharply defined spots, and, the electrodes being nearer the ground, would break up the soil into fine dust. Electric fans fixed on the back of the tractor blew this dust away as the tractor proceeded, and furrows were left. The first Electric Plough had been invented!

Unfortunately, the hopes of officials that the fans would also serve to propel the tractor were unfulfilled, and it has been found necessary to draw them by horses over rough ground. The utilisation of the Eich tractor has been held up until a sufficient supply of insulating rubber boots are available for these horses, but when they and the other farm animals are properly shod, it is felt that a new era will dawn for British farming.

Wear and tear of tractors is rather rapid, as the chassis becomes red hot during operations, but the ploughman need never now feel cold and miserable. (In fact, there appears to be a growing demand for hollow tractor seats which can be filled with ice). Indeed, when the healthy effect of the ozone freed in the electrolytic process, the ease of operation, and the comfort experienced when driving an Eich tractor becomes generally known, the slogan of 'Spend Your Holiday on the Farm' will be entirely superfluous and our far-seeing authorities are already preparing a 'Back to the Factories' campaign to stop Britain from lapsing into an agricultural economy.

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ANIMAL VEGETABLE OR ALIEN

by
Eric Bentcliffe.

In addition to the already announced British Edition of GALAXY (Due this month) you can expect to see, any day, a B.R.E. of SPACE S-F, to start with a reprint of the second U.S.A. issue. Perhaps in the face of this increased competition, A.S.F. is to drop its price to 9d....From America we hear that Galaxy is to have a companion Mag, this is to feature 'pure fantasy' and is to be published in April. From information received, we gather that this mag will be styled after UNKNOWN. We hope it will be as good.

We note that the latest Vargo Statten is either a sequel, or re-write, of "Liners of Time"....What did you say? "Why didn't we read it and find out"??? We will only do SO much for S-F.....Received a few days ago, "Fantasy Xmas Cards" from Tony Thorne...It's too late for '52, but if you haven't seen them we suggest you enquire from Tony at: 21, Granville Rd, Gillingham, Kent...They are really a collectors item..This also goes for the "Fantasy Photos" that the Medway are producing, they are, we can assure you, well worth having....Authentic, who recently announced big improvements, are to reprint S.G.Byrnes "Naked Goddess" from 'Other Worlds', if this is a sample of what Editor Campbell has in store for us as 'Improvements', we pass!!!.....The Mexican S-F mag "Los Cuentos Fantasticos", which is noted

for its plagiarism of other 'zines, has reprinted its own First Issue Cover!Question time..Mr W.R.D Perkins, (Tory M.P. for Stroud) is to ask the Prime Minister whether he will appoint a Select Committee to make sure that Britain does not lag behind in the development of inter-planetary travel... He is also to ask the Minister of Aviation whether any developement work is now being done.We have a hunch that these questions will not be answered... Sidgwick & Jackson have announced the Worlds' First S-F Book Club ..And it's a sign of the times that an advertisement to this effect was recently in the Manchester Guardian,-one of Britain's staidiest dailies -. The book club will issue six titles per year, the first three of which are:- Earth Abides, Martian Chronicles and Last and First Men. The price will be 6/6 each.Museum Press are also "getting into the Act". Books scheduled by them are:- The Puppet Masters, The Blind spot, Dreadful Sanctuary, Dragon's Island and several anthologies including both ASF and GALAXY collections, though these will most likely be 'cut' versions....Space Diversions - the Organ of the Liverpool S-F Society - came through the letter box with a dull thud this morn. No less than 52 pages in this issue, very nice blokes. These boys must devote all their time to science-fiction..The illustration on the Nov contents page of S-T came to you, by the way, by courtesy of Colliers ((Ah've been hexcavated!!!E.J)).....

STOP PRESS.... L. Ron Hubbard is now in London, campaigning for his new cult "Scientology". A recent circular from the Hubbard Dianetic Foundation in Wichita, Kansas states....."Mr hubbard has left the Foundation in order to pursue investigation into the incredible and fantastic, and has left us to develop that which has been found credible, workable and useful.....".

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WE EXTEND OUR SYMPATHIES TO DAVE COHEN, WHO RECENTLY LOST HIS FATHER .

NEW MEMBERS OF N.S.F.C.

Brian Lewis,
252, Canterbury St,
Gillingham, Kent.

Mr M Dermott,
29, Caldecot Rd,
Nr Blakely, M/c 9.

Eric Hubeand,
"Dacra Dene",
Dackers,
Greenfield,Nr Oldham, Lancs.

Orville. W. Mosher,
1728, Mayfair,
Emporia, Kansas, U.S.A.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

(for the last time thank Ghz!)

Eric Jones,
44, Barbridge Rd,
Anle, Cheltenham, Glos.

For fans in the Bristol,Bath, Stroud,
Gloucester, and West Country Areas:
Join The West Country S-F Group!
Write to:- George Whiting,
"Rising Sun Inn"
Randwick, Nr Stroud
Glos.....

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THE LUNAR EXILE

NARRATOR
Paul.L.Sowerby.

((Narrator's Note: This legend has had nothing added or deducted from the original Japanese version (Taketori Monogatari 10th Century) except that certain episodes of interest only to the mythologist have not been given in full, and that current stf terminology has been employed, where justified. As to the date of these occurances, it can, at a guess, be tentatively placed at between 500 & 900 A.D., the basis for the guess being in the original version of an "Ancient" relic of Buddha.(Circa first century A.D. advent of Buddhism in Japan.) This, however, could merely be a later accretion due to the Buddhist influence.))

Sanugi No Miyakko was a humble and poorly remunerated essential worker in the industrial system of ancient Japan --to be precise, a bamboo-cutter. It was whilst pursuing this occupation in an as yet untouched cane-brake one day that he became aware, despite the strong sunlight, of a bright light radiating from a denser portion of the clump. Hacking his way through the impeding vegetation, he approached the light, to find that its source lay within one of the canes, of peculiar appearance. Slashing it open, the origin of the light was revealed, a young female, human in appearance, but-----only four inches high! Miyakko immediately seized the tiny creature, and bore it home to his wife, who, being childless, received it with much affection.

Subsequent visits to the same vicinity by Miyakko caused him to discover considerable quantities of gold, so much that he was enabled to elevate his position considerably.

The tiny girl they had adopted was possessed of a phenomenal appetite, which was matched by a rate of growth so great that she attained adult stature, and an intelligence commensurate with it, after only three months in their care. Her foster parents gave her the name, "Lady Kaguya", which means, "Precious slender Bamboo of the Field of Autumn".

So great was the beauty and wisdom of the Lady Kaguya that many suitors sought her hand, but all without success. In fact, so firm were her refusals, and so over-awing the wealth which Miyakko had acquired, many of the suitors, particularly the poorer ones, ceased to pay court after only a few weeks, unable, or unwilling, to afford the expensive gifts deemed necessary to win her heart.

Finally, after some years, only five wealthy and powerful DAIMYŌS, whose beauty of person, charm, virility and youth were in inverse proportion to their wealth and power, still continued their importunities. These five approached Miyakko, and demanded that the Lady Kaguya should become the bride of one of them. The worthy old man, however, despite the further increase in wealth and social standing which would accrue to him from such a union, protested that the girl was not really his daughter, and that thus he had no authority over her in this matter. Whereupon, the quintet applied to the Lady Kaguya herself for satisfaction in their demands. Thus presented with an ultimatum, Kaguya temporised by setting each a task calculated to

exact the utmost from their capacities for courage and resource. As, however, in each case the task was to obtain some rare object from distant lands, they made the mistakes of either entrusting the task to servants who did not prosecute the search with sufficient vigour, or attempting to counterfeit the required rarity, which the lady immediately detected. Thus each suitor was unsuccessful, and retired from Miyakko's house in shame, never to return.

With so many rejected suitors in the land to spread the sorrowful tale of their wooing, it is not to be wondered that the fame of the Lady Kaguya's beauty reached the ears of the TENNŌ (Emperor) himself, and curious to view this paragon with his own eyes he ordered Miyakko to bring her to court, adding as an incentive the hint that elevation to the nobility might be the reward of compliance. Miyakko's cupidity was aroused, but despite his entreaties, Kaguya remained adamant in her refusal to go to Kyoto, declaring that to do so would result in her death. Thus baulked, the Tennō resorted to subterfuge. Decreeing an Imperial Hunt, he arranged its route to pass Miyakko's dwelling, so that he might obtain entrance to it on the pretext of seeking refreshment.

In this he was successful, insofar as he saw and spoke with the Lady Kaguya, but when he attempted to force her to return to Kyoto with him, she made herself invisible, and only returned to sight upon receipt of his promise not to molest.

They parted politely, the Tennō with great sorrow, the Lady Kaguya.

Two years passed without further event, but in the third year, Kaguya was seized with an ever increasing preoccupation with the Moon, so that by the seventh month, the sight of it caused her to weep, and her days were spent in melancholy. Being pressed for an explanation by Miyakko, she declared that the sight of the Moon caused her to think on the misery and wretchedness of Earth.

The following month, she further explained that she was not truly human, nor a native of this planet, but had actually been born in the Capital of the Moon, to which she was soon to return.

This latter information was conveyed to the Tennō, to his distress, and on making enquiries he learned that an expedition was to be sent from the Moon when it was next at full. Acting upon this information he ordered a company of troops to guard the Lady's domicile, disregarding her protests at their inability to protect her, by which she hoped to have them removed for her own safety.

On the appointed night, nothing in the least untoward was noticed until the Hour of the Rat (midnight to 2a.m.), when an incredible luminescence equal to the light of day shone from the sky. After a little while a speck could be seen approaching from the centre of this light, which was eventually perceived to be what later times have termed a grav-sled, emanating and trailing vapours of strange appearance gently curling and swirling about it.

The Imperial troops, despite their terror at such a sight, released cloud after cloud of arrows at the sled, but all were deflected by some shield of force.

As the sled came to rest in front of the house, a great voice boomed forth from a curtain-enclosed canopy upon it, demanding the immediate surrender of "Kaguya".

Without waiting for a reply, the sled and its occupants lifted and hovered over the house itself, from which position the side of the building was stripped off by invisible means. The Lady Kaguya came out to her own people, but first bade farewell to the bamboo-cutter, and wrote a letter to the Tennō, again conveying her regrets that what he wished might not be. One of the Selenites offered her to drink of the Elixir of Life, to combat, as he said, "The gross-ness of this filthy planet". The cylinder containing the remnant of the Elixir, together with her letter, she gave to the Commander of the Guard, then with the donning of the Celestial Feather Robe which another Selenite handed her, all memory of her Terrestrial life passed from her, and she entered the grav-sled, whereupon it ascended rapidly to be soon lost to sight. With this sudden disappearance of the great light, the night resumed its former tranquility.

On receipt of the scroll and Elixir, the Tennō wept, and, after deliberation, ordered a courtier to take them both and burn them at the summit of Fugi-yama, declaring that in his sorrow, no desire to prolong his life above its natural span existed.....

There are many mysteries attached to this tale, and many queries are roused in the mind of the reader. Was the Lady Kaguya exiled for some crime, placed on Earth for the purpose of some test, or what? How did she arrive? Why in such a small size? And so on.....

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B. O O K R E V I E W

by
D.R.Smith.

Panther Books; Hamilton & Co.(Stafford) Ltd. Price 1/6.

The Menacing Sleep. by Roy Sheldon.

This is a whodunit placed in a future where interplanetary travel is commonplace, and where a large proportion of Earth's food supply comes from hydroponic Lunar farms. The private Eye returns from Mars to find the population of Earth suffering from a marked deficiency of zip due to causes unknown, and, in the best tradition, is called in by the authorities to solve the mystery in collaboration with the official sleuth. In this latter role is cast the lovely girl whose presence seems to be demanded by the contract between author and publisher in the case of all these Panther Books, though in this case there is a daring excursion into more complex plottery by the introduction of a second winsome female. The latter turns up on the Moon, where the other two have gone in the line of duty and where the mystery is eventually solved.

The author succeeds in being fair to his readers in the sense that he makes available to all the clues with which his detective eventually arrives at the solution without restraining his ingenuity in producing such widgets as must be naturally be expected in a story of the future. The plot is basically sound and is worked out with a commendable absence of thud-and-blunder. That the story as a whole is disappointing is the fault of shallow writing and feeble characters. The hero in particular is singularly inept, and as he occupies 75% of the book exclusively, I do not recommend it.....

Underworld of Zello. by Jon J. Deegan.

There seems to be something particularly fascinating about the ocean and its mysterious inhabitants, and every story set in such a locality starts off with an intrinsic advantage. Often enough that advantage is soon lost by the author, but this case is one in which a due harvest is reached and an enjoyable story produced.

A ship of the Interplanetary Exploration Bureau has had one of its scouts plunge strangely out of control into the ocean of the alien planet. A second scout party is commissioned to investigate, the three normal members of it - the narrator being one - being augmented by a marine biologist. This turns out to be The Girl, but happily she is a pleasant wench and behaves rationally. Naturally they succeed in being lured into captivity by the underwater villains and have some interesting experiences before their rescue and the obliteration of the captors is brought about by the intervention of more friendly dwellers of the very deep.

The author enlivens his story with pleasantly bizarre touches, as when the explorers come across a beach where the intelligent fish bury their dead by throwing them out onto the land, as land dwellers sometimes do in the reverse, and though the flippancy of his characters sometimes fails to be funny, I found them enjoyable company on the whole throughout their entertaining adventure.....This book is recommended.....

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G E N E R A L M E E T I N G N O T I C E .

An important General Meeting will be held on FEB 22nd at the Waterloo Hotel, Waterloo Rd, Hightown, M/c 8. at 5.p.m. Will all members able to do so please attend, as this meeting is to decide the future of the Club. To date the activities of the Club have been in the hands of the few, we want YOU to make this date and help the Committee to make N.S.F.C. as YOU want it to be. LET US MAKE THIS YEAR ONE OF THE GREATEST IN THE ANNALS OF OUR SHORT HISTORY.

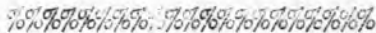
This meeting is being promoted for the sole benefit of those members, who, through distance or inconvenienc, have been able to attend few, if any, meetings of the N.S.F.C.

It is hoped that there will be present at least one of the notables of the S-F world.

For those who wish to stay overnight, please inform the Secretary; DAVE H. COHEN, 32, LARCH ST, HIGHTOWN, M/c 8. or the Asst Secretary; ERIC BENTCLIFFE, 47, ALLDIS ST, STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE. It would also assist if ALL who are contemplating attending would also contact either of the above.

Added info: The 81 bus from Albert Square; Cross St, or Corporation St will drop you outside the Waterloo, or the 79x or 26 buses from Cannon St will bring you to the same destination.

WE WANT YOU TO COME.....WILL YOU??????



This issue you are reading is the combined Dec-Jan issue. Owing to various setbacks in Dec this has had to be done. I hope to have the Feb issue out on time if the financial arrangements can be improved by the middle of Feb.

Eric Jones.

S T A T N E W S

from

John Russel Fearn.

I have ceased to write for Scion owing to grim financial troubles with them which the Society of Authors is in the process of ironing out. I shall henceforth appear with Milestone Publications (as Vargo Statten), with Hamilton as Fearn, and with Curtis Warren as somebody as yet unknown. All three have commissioned me to write for them, and John Spencer and T.V.Boardman hover in the background.....The first of the Milestone stories will probably be ---"Fugitive of Time" as it is at present titled.

To explain the vast repercussions behind the scenes with Scion would take too long, but I have come to an end as far as they are concerned--- (and done much better in consequence) it being mostly Scion's former men who are now running Milestone Publications. With Scion five novels have yet to come----"Journey to the Ultimate" (Mathematica and Plus in one); "Cold Light"; "City of Science" (sequel to Liners of Time, the name of the villain alone being changed); "Winged Pestilence" and the "Dust Destroyer". Hamiltons will be the first of a new series on a new character----Simon Oscar Slade by name and S.O.S. for short. Title----"Moons for Sale", I hope you'll like him...Not sure yet what Curtis Warren's will beAlso another firm is deciding on commissioning me to write a science-fiction "Saint" (Charteris) series, about which more later. Name of this bloke will be Carfundo Brown, half Martian, half Earthman....Since Toronto Star have also decided to take all I can send, I find myself, to say the least of it, kinda busy.

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H.P. SANDERSON.

Oh woe, woe, you have fouled the fair pages of our magazine with the name of the false one GHU, Have I not told you that there is no god but HIC, and Scotch is his prophet!!! You must ask for HIC's forgiveness. You must repeat Hic, pardon me, many times.....The cover this month is excellent, Mrs Jeeves can feel proud once more..Guess Who is obviously Brian Varley, which brings me to his piece on the Con. It's easy to see why you subtitled it 'A not so serious Account'. It was really quite good, I would like to mention tho' that I was unable to catch up with "The Man from Planet X", as my Whiskenholm ran out of fuel (you may remember that I had to exist from 2.30 - 7 without a drink... ((Hic! Pardon me! Ed))

FRANK DODD (New Zealand)

Greetings from the Auckland S-F Club! Herewith a few words on S-T 4. "Ego Spot" good up to a point, but let us have some of the lesser known members of N.S.F.C. represented. Film Reviews....I disagree with E.B.'s review of "The Thing", certainly it differs from the original story, but as a film it ranks ((RANK is the operative word. Ed)) only slightly below "Destination Moon" and "The Day the Earth Stood Still", as a film it was a darn good thriller.....The poems Stunk....Book and Mag news all good... ((You must have seen the cut version of the "Thing" Ed.))

WINTERBOTTOM WEATHERBY

Would you be so good as to tell me the difference between a "Pro-mag" and a "Fan-mag"? Thank you. ((Dear Winty-bott, The main difference is that the "Pro-mag" is a quarterly which comes out monthly and a "Fan-mag" is a monthly which turns up quarterly. Ed.))

TOM WHITE.

Regarding the November issue. A good cover, in fact comparable with most Fanzine covers I have seen. But the colours !!! So faint. Was it a GHOST SHIP?..Dales Diary seems very business-like and ample for the purpose, but that crack about Weird Tales..Weird as a whole publishes the best written literature of all the pulps.((You may get some letters on this tom. Ed.)). "Drunk at the Mancon", I thought it was very funny, why not turn Varley loose ((What made you guess we keep him locked up? Ed.)) on a series of subjects? I think he would be a great success. Altogether I rate the mag as vastly improved over the first issue. ((About Varley, we will ask his keeper. Hey! Sandyyyyy! Ed))

VINCE CLARKE.

Space-Times November recieved....Wow! The subject is overdone, but I've rarely seen the different colored Hekto inks as used on the cover better handled.. And the same scene on the back too! Thas clever! Duplicating throughout nice, clean and clear.Layout fairly good(I like interior illo's occasionally, but in your present format they are hardly suitable).The material is coming along well, Why don't you number the 'zine. ((We do, but there is a geezer in the second row that doesn't answer!)) ((Actually it was a slip-up...Ed.)) Dale's diary. now good and crisp..

BRIAN LEWIS.

I heartily agree with Vince, you have built up a sufficiently high standard in Space-Times to allow yourselves a little respite....In my opinion the best thing in the Nov. ish was the Mancon report..Any Con report should be on the funny side, it provides better reading for the lone fan who couldn't get to a convention anyway....News and Views is good, this can be quite a successful column.....

FRED ROBINSON.

I hereby bequeath you the egoboo that Bert Campbell gave me in Authentic No.27. You deserve it, not me. Take a bow, both Eric's...Love-ly cover on Nov ish, one of Jeeves best, marvellous three- dimensional effect! ((Unintentional we assure you. Ed.)) guess the color does it. Is the ship a mauve one? ...Controversy. Ugh!,Serious stuff...Guess Who is

kinda attractive in a repulsive sorta way, I get the French, but the last verse has me....Going back To S-T 5, I must congratulate you on reviving the Clarke piece, there must be a stack of old gems like this just begging to be printed again. Enjoyed Rowlands "Syntony", tho' he did not make as much of the possibilities as he might have done...Congrats once again, and keep it up as long as you can, you're breaking records.((Thank 'ee for those kind words. Ed.))

WALTER A. WILLIS.

About thish of S-T. Are you people intoxicated by those shades of purple and green ((No. It's HIC's breath!)) or are you just confirmed Ghuists. (('Tis too late Eric, we are undone! Ed.)) Why Hekto covers? Contents are pretty good though, Ego Spot is worth keeping if the Author has a sense of humour as this one has....Dale is interesting, Fantastic Science Fiction has folded I hear, and as a result of Fan Pressure of all things! Forry Ackerman told me that the Editor told him the Publisher saw the Fans' letters, and said "This has got to stop" and pulled the next issue from under him..((We had a suspicion that was the position he did his editing in. Ed.)) Is this D.R.Smith in the letter column our old friend "Death Ray" from around Nuneaton somewheres? ((We see a limpid, but deadly ray od light seeking its way Newtownards. Ed.))

That's all the letters for this time folks, and by way of an explanation for the 'orrid cullers in the last issues cover, the Banda duplicator on which these are done developed a leak in the spirit tank at the start of the run and spoilt the stencil. As soon as things get more settled with me, I am going to start a series of experiments with the Roneo, and if Ghu (or HIC) is with me you may soon see covers similar to Zenith...We hope. E.J.

@*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

NEW MEMBERS 2nd LIST.

John Wright,
230, Green Lane,
Heaton Norris,
Stockport, Ches.

George Richards,
40, Arncliffe Rd,
Eastmoor, Wakefield,
Yorks.

Lyell Crane,
c/o M.M Guinness,
Box 4788, G.P.O.
Sydney, Australia.

Thos N.Watt, "Rockbrook",
Dundrum Rd, Rathmines,
Dublin, Eire.

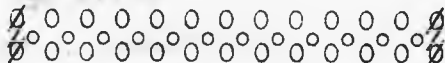
Margaret Wroe,
46, Anfield Road,
New Moston, Manchester 10.

==*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

STOP PRESS:::::::::::

New Treasurer of N.S.F.C, is Brian Varley, 11, Ramsden St, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs. All subs should now be sent to him. HAVE YOU SENT YOURS?

S-T has been reviewed in Authentic No.29. The reviewer criticises the cover drawing on S-T 4, but otherwise the review reccommends fen to send for a copy.....



SECRETARIAL REPORT

Dear Members,

The year that has passed has seen a great improvement in the activities, and the membership, of our Club.

We now have a reasonably good monthly fanzine that we hope will improve gradually. The activities of the N.S.F.C. has placed us amongst the top acti-clubs of fandom, our membership is around the hundred mark and we have amongst our members such well-known acti-fans as Walt Willis, Ken Slater and Mike Rosenblum. This membership has spread to Australia, New Zealand, Norway and the U.S.A.---Who would have thought that in the short space of two years after the four founder members met in an Oxford Street Pub, N.S.F.C. would grow to become one of the few world-wide clubs based in the British Isles!

Yes, we have spread beyond all expectations. But it is you, the member, who has made this possible, with your interest in the aims of the club; your subs, that enabled us to publish a monthly zine and so extend our activities..The library too, was made possible by the increase in membership.Members can borrow books and mags at a very reasonable rate..... Yet much remains to be done, and we appeal to you, the member, for further support.

The Badge that had been proposed could not be made owing to high costs-----we hope soon to obtain badges at a reasonable rate as suggested by Ken Slater for all Fandom, embossed with N.S.F.C.

Our future plans include; Obtaining our own premises where members can visit anytime they wish, and where members from outside Manchester can be put up.---A quarterly fanzine other than Space-Times---A two or three day Convention to be held in Manchester---Special trips etc, to enable members to visit places of interest, and many other items that will soon be announced.

Yet, to make ANY of the above ideas possible, we need your support, for without that we may as well fold up.

you will realise by the treasurers' report (This is not yet available??!!???. E.J.) that our funds are not too sound. Your previous sub of 5/- per year just about covered our outlay, and no club can continue without the cash to back it up. It was therefore decided by the Committee to increase the yearly sub to 7/6. When you realise that the cost, including postage, for your monthly Space-Times alone costs us 6d per copy at the minimum, you will understand our difficulties...We want to give you more than the monthly 'zine, much more, and this we cannot do on the previous sub. We also want to obtain another duplicator for the extra material we intend to give you, but for this we need cash.

So we appeal to you as members of the N.S.F.C. not to let us down and decide to drop out of the club, rather than pay the extra 2/6, for, I repeat, without your support we may as well fold up.....

Not only do we hope that the old members will stand by us, but also that they interest other S-F fen to join. The more members we have, the more we can offer.

Dave H. Cohen.

Dave H. Cohen. Hon Sec. N.S.F.C.