

Space Times

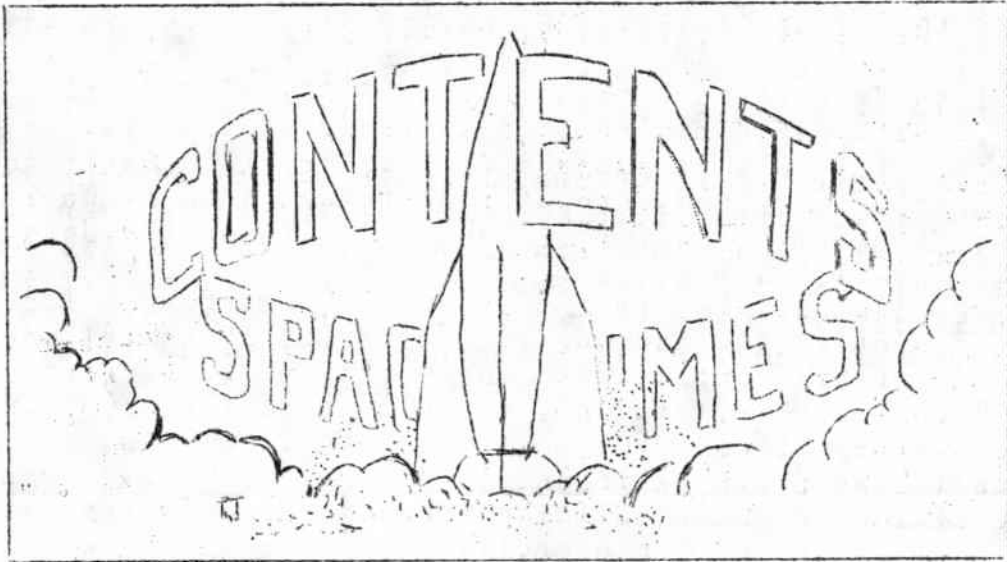


"Softly, softly..."

D. YOUNG '53

NOVEMBER 1953

vol. 2 no. 11



EDITORIAL		2
SCIENCE FICTION AND FRANCE	Léopold Massiéra	3
THE NCD ...Short story...	Joan W. Carr	5
WHISKERS ...Coroncon Radio Play...	Walter A. Willis	7
RAKETEN IN WELTRAUM...German News..	Pat & Bernard Lee	10
ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR ALIEN	Eric Dentcliffe	13
LONDON LETTER	Brian qui Boit	14
DALE'S DIARY	Dale R. Smith	16

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 We invite contributions and criticism from all fen(and others)

FLYING SAUCERS

by Eric Bentcliffe

Flying Saucers, fact or fiction ????? This is a question which crops up in most science-fiction magazines at one time or another, whether the publication be professional or amateur. To date we have a pretty open mind on the subject: we neither believe or disbelieve in their existence, and this editorial is not intended to convert you to the cult of Saucer-worship..... and such a cult does now exist. We do not object to their prostrating themselves before the great god Saucer, but we do wish they would cease to be so dogmatic when expounding his gospel. If they would say, "We believe Flying Saucers exist " instead of their illogical, unsemantic, " Flying Saucers DO exist ", we should pay far more heed to their statements. Not all people interested in this subject fall under the classification of 'worshipper', many are earnest researchers with an unbiased outlook and to them we wish good hunting - or, in the jargon, good sightings.

George Adamski, in his book "Flying Saucers have landed " gives an account of the landing of one of the aforementioned aircraft and of his contact with one of the members of its crew. Adamski, " Philosopher; student, teacher, " admits to having been Saucer-crazy since 1946. He lives on Mt. Palomar, site of the famous telescope in California. Now Mr. Adamski does not fall into either of the classifications we have so far attempted. He has set one up for himself. He has seen and conversed with these visitors from elsewhere. Venus, he says, is their base (Poor old Mars seems to be taking a back seat these days) And they have come to visit us because of the recent atomic explosions (Cannot one of the fans think up a fresh reason for the visitations) Later he states, in contradiction, that the saucers have in fact been commuting to Terra for hundreds of years: and bingo goes his almost logical reason for their appearance.

Adamski bases his theory of past visitation mainly on the records of the late Charles Fort (Who doesn't ?) and uses many quotes from " The Book of the Damned ", " Lo ", et cetera. This is, of course, old hat to anyone who has read about the mystery before, but Adamski has one thing that the other writers haven't got : close-up photographs of the flying-saucers. About these pix Pew Marley, one of Hollywood's most expert cameramen, says, "If Adamski's photos are fakes, they are the cleverest I have ever seen."

It is amazing - and we use the word in its SF connotation - how many of the inexplicable happenings in the heavens over the past thousand years have now been explained away by attaching to them the label "Flying Saucer". There was the sighting of an " unfamiliar object in the sky, a sort of a winged cigar with a stream of brilliant light emanating from its head" at

Science-fiction & FRANCE

By Léopold Massiéra

It is perhaps a little early to take stock, because Science Fiction is only just beginning to grow up in France. In spite of promising beginnings, we must admit that it has not attained the popularity which novels of the 'thriller' and 'crime' variety enjoyed right from the start.

All the same, "S.F.", as it is called, is no longer an unknown quantity to the public. It has won admission into our everyday existence and now forms part of literary life. The man in the street knows now what it stands for. The mystery surrounding the "Flying Saucers" has given a certain fillip to this kind of literature, which wanders off the beaten track and thereby infuses new life into adventure stories.

In an article entitled "Français attention! Voilà la Science-Fiction" (People of France take heed! Here is S.F.), the great weekly 'France-Dimanche', in an issue which appeared at the beginning of 1952 introduced this kind of reading matter, which is enjoying an extraordinary vogue across the Atlantic. Starting with Plato, the first precursor of Science Fiction, to end up with Jules Verne and H.G.Wells, this paper recalled the names of all those who, in the course of the centuries, had given proof of a lively imagination. During the first three months of 1952, "France-Dimanche" published a dozen S.F. Novelettes: 'Une femme gagne la guerre des robots' (A woman wins the war of the robots) by A.E. van Vogt; "Un grand homme de chien" (A great man of a dog) by Murray Leinster; "Breche dans la cerce", (Breach in the circle; by Anthony Boucher; "Les visisculpteurs" (The vivisculptors) by Wallace West; "Une clientele triee sur le volet" (Hand picked customers) by K.F.Crossen; "Le Veldt dans la Nursery" (The veldt in the nursery) by Ray Bradbury; "Pas betes les gars de Betelgeuse" (Not bad the Betelgeuse boys) by William Tenn; "Le mangeur de vie" (The life-eater) by Major Reynolds; "Si vous etiez un Moklin" (If you were a Moklin) by Murray Leinster; and "Bonne nuit Mr James" (Good night Mr James) by Clifford D Simak. It is a pity this revue did not continue that thrilling series.

"V magazine" in turn published several novelettes of this type, but of a somewhat frivolous turn. This popular review published one of my short stories - "De Mars a Venus" (From Mars to Venus). Several new literary reviews, wishing to introduce s-f to their readers, also published some of my short stories: "Le messenger de l'autre monde" (The messenger from the other world) (Le Menure); "La Foret aux Vampires" (The Vampire Forest) Pettres et Poesies) and "La Vallee du dernier homme" (The valley of the last man) (Le Bonhomme Froissart)

A new international review edited in English and French is beginning to take root in France and to get itself talked about quite a lot. I refer to "OURANOS", which is devoted to the study of the "Flying Saucers" and problems connected therewith, and is the organ of the "Ouranos Study Group" (Paris). This review would be better if it was thicker and appeared monthly. Under the active and expert management of Marc Thirouin in France and E. Biddle in England, I am certain it will soon make its mark. Already a supplement wholly in French has come out and this means the interval between publication dates will be reduced to about six weeks. British representative: E.Biddle, 1513, High Rd., London N.20. (Sub to Ouranos, six issues, 3/-) Ouranos-Actualite, (French Supplement), 5/- a year.

To-day in France, some large publishing houses are starting series of S-F works. Among them figure : "Le fleuve noir", with a brilliant team which includes Jimmy Guieu (scientific assistant and research-correspondent of 'Ouranos'), Jean-Gaston Vandel, Vargö Statten, P. Richard Bessiere, etc. ; "Correa", which published "Les habitants des autres planetes" (Men of other planets) by K. Heuer ; "Le rayon fantastique" (directed by Mr. G.H. Gallet, scientific chronicler, who is also another of the scientific assistants of Ouranos), which publishes mainly foreign authors.

"Mon roman d'aventures" (Ferenczi), which published my little novel "L'Enigme des soucoupes volantes" (The enigma of the flying saucers), and which is going to publish my other little novel "La course aux etoiles" (The race to the stars). This series also includes works by the popular writer "Max-Andre Dazergues", who has already produced numerous S.F. works some of them before the war.

"André Jaeger", with a book by Jean de la Hire : "Soucoupe volante (Flying Saucer) "La flamme d'or which puts on the market every month a s.f. book with an attractive cover in colours ;

Very soon the house of Jacquier, well known to lovers of detective stories and 'gay' publications is going to create a Science-Fiction Library under the title of "L'An 2,000" (The year 2,000). The first title will be "Deporte sur la lune" (Deported to the moon) by Gil Roc and my novel "L'assaut de l'Atlantide" (To the assault on Atlantis) will follow.

S.F. can be interpreted in a humorous way. I had the pleasure of writing several stories in this vein which, while 'taking off' what is after all a serious form of writing, aimed solely at amusing the reader : "Ambassadeur extraordinaire" (Ambassador Extraordinary) /Le phare egyptien/ "Soucoupes volantes" (Flying Saucers) /OH-magazine/ ; "La fille de la planete Mars" (The girl from the planet Mars) /A la page/ ; "Le masque de beaute" (The Mask of Beauty), and "Aphrodia 3" (Parade du Fire) ; "L'aperitif Veritas" (Fou-Rire) and "L'oiseau devenu femme" (The bird which became a woman) /Le phare egyptien/.

S.F. can equally approach very closely to the domain of the detective story. Thus, the big weekly "Le Harisson" published two stories of mine : "La premiere visite" (The first visit) and "Le visiteur inattendu" (The unexpected visitor). The elegant review "Bolero" each week inserts a lengthy s.f. story, with magnificent illustrations in colour and signed by a French master in this line. "Marius", the pleasant rose-coloured paper does not hesitate to publish S.F. regularly, including recently my stories "L'evade du passe" (The man who escaped from the past), "Les prisonniers du Docteur Homberg" (The prisoners of Dr. Holmberg), "Nensia", "Le dernier message", "Le cercle infernal", and "Le prisonnier de la lune".

"Mystere-magazine" recently published "La riposte du President" (The president's reply) by H.F. Heard. In each issue the new S.F. books published in France are cited and commented upon.

Readers of "Rapports France-Etats-Unis" were able, not long ago, to read an excellent study by M. Renault, the erudite director of 'Mystere-Magazine', "Qu'est ce que la S.F." ("What is S.F."). Numerous people charmed with S.F. have told me they would be glad to see in France a publication of the class of 'Mystere-Magazine' devoted to their favourite literature. Thus, little by little, S.F. is getting known and becoming popular in France. For my part I long for it to spread far and wide, for only in it is the romance-writer undisputed master. An immense field is open to him, and he can navigate in a universe in which he is, after the fashion of a god, the creator.

"Leopold Massiera" de la Societe des Gens de Lettres de France

The Nod
by Joan W. Blair

You wake up to see the sun shining, and the early morning breeze rustling the walls of the tent. You dress and wash and eat and walk to the office, and work. You work hard, because there is a lot to be done, but all the time you are waiting. You work for half the morning, and when those who work with you leave for their tea-break, chattering noisily, you stay behind, still waiting.

And Peter comes in, nodding and laughing. But today he seems - different.

You love Peter, and you love to talk to him, and you spend all your tea-breaks with him.

You start to talk, and you talk about science-fiction, because it is your hobby and through it you first met Peter. You talk about magazines and books, stories and plots and alien invaders -----

And Peter nods and laughs, but now he seems puppet-like, jerking.

You begin to worry because there is something wrong. You talk louder, quicker, and you talk about love and politics, religion and psychology.

But it is no use, because Peter still nods and laughs, and you wonder if you are going mad, and your body tenses. Your voice gets higher and louder and quicker and higher still as a note of hysteria creeps in. Apart of your mind looks on in a detached sort of way, and it wonders just why you are getting hysterical about all this because really there is nothing wrong. This mood this feeling, has just come upon you quickly, scarcely a minute has passed, there is no reason for it. But the rest of your mind is in turmoil - "Look at him - look at him"

And Peter nods and laughs.

You are talking far too fast now to make sense. You are talking about anything that comes into your head. The words, meaningless words now, gush from your mouth like a fountain.

Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, you stop. Because he has stopped. Stopped nodding and laughing.

You've won, you tell yourself, although you don't know what it is you have won. You start to talk again, but slower now, calmer, saner. You relax, and your body goes lax. You smile and feel happy and radiant.

Then you see that Peter is looking over your shoulder, at something behind you, staring, waiting..... and in that moment you realise that you haven't won - you have lost.....

And Peter nods -----

And the alien invader who has been controlling him, and feeding on your fear, slips the cold steel into your back, through your lungs, into your heart, and your mind screams in agony "Why me ?"

And Peter laughs -----

Continued on page

And you wake up to see the sun shining and the early morning breeze rustling the walls of the tent. The flower that Pe Peter gave you the day before stands on the table by your bed, swaying in the breeze, forward and back, forward and back, forward and back --- nodding --- and you laugh. You dress and wash, and eat and walk to the office, and work. You work hard because there is a lot to be done, but all the time you are waiting. You work for half the morning and when those who work with you leave for their tea-break, chattering noisily, you stay behind, waiting ----

And Peter comes in, nodding and laughing.....

E N D

* We shall be printing another story by Joan Carr in the New Year - in the meantime, write to us and tell us how you liked this one.....eds

* * * * *

EDITORIAL - continued.

Oakland, California, on Nov. 22, 1896. It MUST have been an FS, you know !

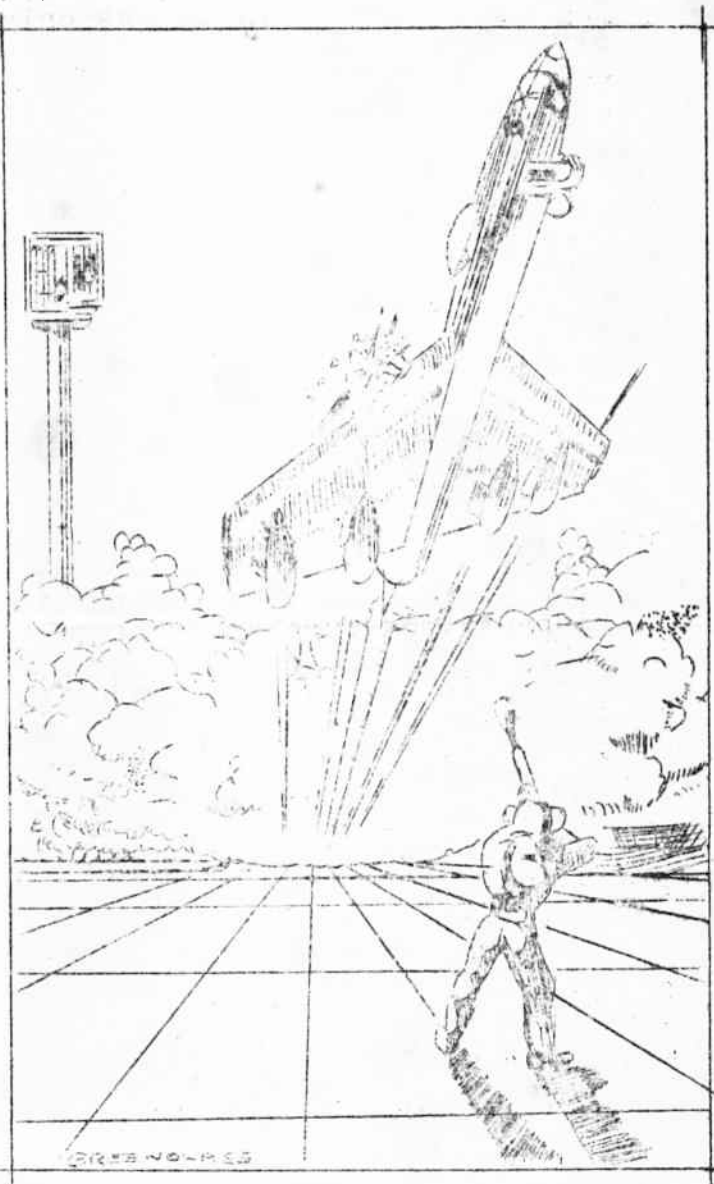
It is not our intention to give a list of sightings here : our purpose is merely to plead for more logic and less wild statement on the subject of the Saucers. Possibly they do exist and they may be from Venus - but let's have a little more actual evidence and fewer dogmatic opinions about them.

To finish in a lighter vein: Eric Frank Russell once wrote a piece for UNKNOWN, dealing with strange occurrences, in which he linked the sightings of sky-craft made around the isles of Japan with the loss of many small fishing vessels (Bring me back a Parrott, bring me back a Biped)

He concluded his article with the quaint thought that "the sons of the Sun may also be the stuffed monkeys of the Stars"end.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"Please to remember"- no, not the fifth of November - but the SUPERMANCON. June 5-6, 1954



W H I S K E R S 7
HERE WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE HIT ITEM OF THE CONVENTION
THE RADIO PLAY By Walter A. Willis.

A. Fred Brown B. Ted Carnell PRS Frank Arnold
PM. Bill Temple

(A) This is the BBC's Emergency Service. Here is a special report by Radio Newsreel of the fateful events of the past week. It opens with a recording made by one of our reporters who was present on the scene of the original catastrophe.

(B) Well, here we are at the H.J. Campbell Research Laboratories. There is a general hum of excitement and expectancy as we wait for Mr. Campbell to appear. Ah, here he is now... No, I beg your pardon, it was only a man carrying a horsehair mattress. I think most of you will be familiar from the talks in Science Survey with the importance of this occasion. It represents not only the culmination of seven year's work by one of our foremost research chemists, but also an important demonstration of a new scientific method which Mr. Campbell has developed and perfected.

(A) This important new principle was first mentioned, some fifteen years ago, in an article in the learned medical journal OPERATION FANTAST where in a brief account of Mr. Campbell's career to date it was disclosed that at one time Mr. Campbell had been employed by a research foundation to discover a cure for tuberculosis. In due course Mr. Campbell produced seven new drugs which were obviously of the greatest merit.

(B) Unfortunately none of them had the slightest effect on tuberculosis, and public faith in Mr. Campbell might have been shaken had it not been shortly discovered that one of the drugs was an excellent cure for leprosy. Mr. Campbell was immediately given the task of producing a cure for leprosy, and sure enough came up with a cure for tuberculosis.

(A) The principle was clear. Henceforth Mr. Campbell was employed merely to produce cures for diseases chosen at random from the medical dictionary. When he produced the drug, a team of medical research workers endeavoured to find a disease it would cure. In this way Mr Campbell slowly but unsurely produced cures for every known disease, and has in addition accumulated a stock pile of several thousand drugs for which no disease has yet been found.

(B) These drugs have been carefully stored by the Government against the development of space flight and the importation of new diseases from other planets. Some three years ago however, the president of the Board of Trade, Brigadier Sir Kenneth Slater, OBE, OF, decided that the supply of drugs was sufficient for all the diseases likely to be encountered in this solar system.

(A) He also said he had been assured by the minister of Transport, Sir Norman Wansborough, that there was no likelihood of an interstellar drive being discovered for many years, at least not until Sir Norman got a treasury appropriation of another 15/- per week.

(B) In the circumstances, it was decided to ask Mr. Campbell to stop producing new drugs and to turn his attention to the production of other useful chemicals. Mr Campbell obliged, and in the last few years he has produced such invaluable items as a furniture polish which made an excellent sandwich spread, a sandwich spread which proved to be an excellent furniture polish, a glue which made an excellent lubricant for sewing machines, and a soldering flux which turned out to have several times the explosive power of TNT.

(A) For the last six months Mr Campbell has been working.... but here he is now to tell you about it himself. At least I think it's him. His beard came into the room a few moments ago. Yes, here comes Mr Campbell himself.

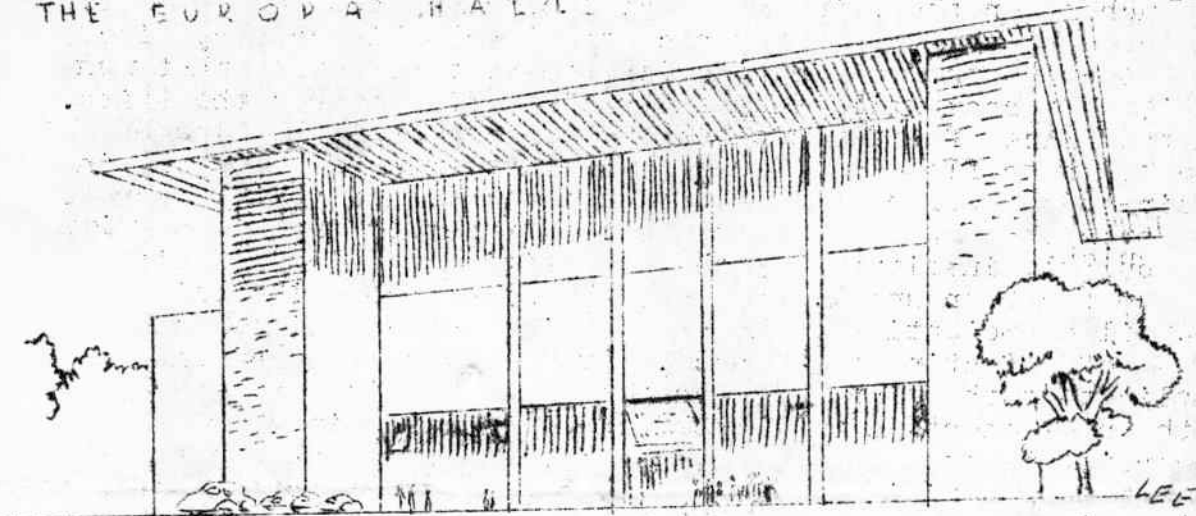
(B) He strides to the rostrum and looks round the room. The Chairman hurries forward and asks him not to move his head, and the ladies in the audience put their hats back on. Mr Campbell nods...that was the noise like the crack of a whip. ...and begins to speak.

Mr. Campbell Ladies and gentlemen. As you know I have for the past six months been working on a new formula, more complicated than anything I have produced before. In this phial is the result of my work. I had actually been asked to produce a depilatory, for those people who will persist in removing the hair which providence intended to grow on their faces, but of course tests will be required to find out what the substance actually does. Some of the tests will be carried out now, and I'm sure you will find them of great interest. For instance, on my right is the well known publisher, Sir Derek Pickles, who hopes it will be a cheap substitute for water, and outside is Sir Arthur Clarke with the BIS spaceship in case I happen to have invented a new rocket fuel. However before we start I'd better make sure (he laughs ruefully) that I haven't actually invented a depilatory. I'll just dab a little on the corner of my beard.....AAAAGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!

(A) At this point the recording apparatus broke down, and none of the people in the room were ever heard of again. Only prompt action by the Civil Defence Services saved the majority of the people of Wockwich from a horrible death. As it was, several rows of streets in the immediate vicinity were obliterated before the area could be evacuated. Now here is a recording of a part of a talk given after the nine o'clock news that day by the President of the Royal Society, P.R.S. The calamity which has befallen our country to-day is one for which no human agency is to blame, and no blame can be attached to Mr Campbell. His work has been of inestimable benefit to the country, and until now the only casualties involved in any of the research projects have been a few radio engineers who were testing the soldering flux. No one could have anticipated that the mysterious and potent liquid produced by Mr Campbell could have proved to be of all things,

a hair restorer. Or that it would have proved a hair restorer of such power that, in the special circumstances of its use, it produced the greatest menace to attack this country since the black death. No one is alive today to describe what went on in that room while they fought in panic towards the exits. In the space of a few seconds it burst through the windows and began to flow down Hardin Street trapping many people in their houses before they had time to flee, and rapidly soreding over the Borough of Woolwich. Fortunately organised action was quickly instituted by the authorities and loss of life has so far been small. However the Emergency Scientific Council of Scientists, who are working day and night on a means of defeating the menace, have asked me to warn the public that the beard will continue to grow in accordance with an exponential law, each hair increasing in length according to the square of its root, and that co-operation with the authorities by every citizen is necessary if the menace is to be defeated. Thank you.

(A) Now here is a recording of a message to the nation by the Prime Minister broadcast over all BBC stations the following day. (P.M.) In this time of national danger the Government calls on all citizens to remain calm. Stay where you are until arrangements are made for the evacuation of your area. The beard is under constant reconnaissance not only from mobile units on the fringe area, but by radar from the air, and ample notice will be given if your area becomes endangered. In the meantime panic must at all costs be avoided. The Government is taking every possible action pending the discovery by the Emergency Council of Scientists of a way to finally dispose of the menace. The spread of the beard eastwards has been temporarily halted by the courageous explosion of Woolwich arsenal by its commander, Colonel Buckmaster. On other fronts a delaying action is being fought by a fleet of combine harvesters patrolling the fringe area. The Thames has so far been kept free for navigation by the importation of several thousand swordfish and their release in the portions of the river occupied by the beard. Paddle steamers have been rushed from various seaside resorts and equipped with knives attached to their paddle wheels on the lines of Boadicea's chariots. Help in the form of several thousand circular saws and harvesters is being rushed from America and the Continent. Nevertheless the situation remains grave. A wall erected by the Royal Engineers round the South London Arc was overgrown early this morning and the beard continued its advance into the metropolis. The seat of Government is being moved to Manchester. Martial law has been declared over the entire area of South East England. In view of the gravity of the situation the Government has conscripted the entire population for beard control work. In accordance with directions to be given later over the BBC all able bodied males between the ages of



RAKETEN IN WELTRAUM

GERMAN NEWSLETTER

Dusseldorf on May 16th. last was smeared with posters proclaiming a 'Rockets into Space' Exhibition at the new Europa Hall - so it is little wonder that we had soon parted with a couple of Marks to enter the glass plated exhibition hall.

What a sight! The whole vast floor was dominated by a 30 feet long model of a 'Weltraumfahrtschiff' - summed up by our far more fortunate word 'spaceship'. This model cast a significant shadow over the centre of the floor of the Hall where the orbits of the solar planets were mapped out, with a further orbit indicating the path a vessel would take from the Earth to Mars.

The impact of Bonestell and Ley was soon to be seen in the display. Practically all the illustrations from the Conquest of Space had been reproduced as large wall panels. Incidentally their book was on display too, together with a German translation of "Across the Space Frontier", which also provided some material for reproduction.

Models of most projected rocket designs were on show, as well as three or four models of space stations.

Most striking was a model of a spaceship's control room complete with space-suited occupant. Various German firms, from as far away as Munich, had provided realistic controls and machinery.

Perhaps the most significant part of the whole exhibition was a fully documented picture history of space flight. Quite naturally the early German pioneers were described in some detail, then came the war period where one could see models of the Peenemunde Rocket Research Station and

models and photographs of the "V" weapons - the "V" we learned stood for Vergeltungswaffe, 'Reprisal weapon' - and ending with the latest published photographs of American and U.K. rocket experiments.

Great interest is shown in Germany in all aspects of rocketry to judge from the prolific supply of books on the subject to be seen in bookshops in many parts of Northern Germany. Translated Science Fiction too is on the increase there - one of the latest books to come out being Asimov's 'I Robot'. and there is an increasing crop of native literature. The artwork on some of the German covers was particularly good. As regards general rocketry German Research has been used to doing a lot on a little, unlike the U.K., and to a greater extent, the U.S. Research establishments, and if the interest in this field is anything to go by, the contribution that Germany can make to Space Travel can be as great as it was in the past.

The only trouble is that some time in the next twenty years we may wake up one morning and find that the moon has suddenly become a German owned satellite.....

Pat and Bernard Lee.

WHISPERS concluded

16 and 60, must parade at the nearest police barracks with garden shears. Women will report to the nearest WVS headquarters with scissors. All stocks of these implements are hereby requisitioned. The same applies to lawnmowers, and a special flying corps of gardeners is being formed for their use. Finally the Government urges everyone to remain calm. Keep tuned to this station for special BBC notices

-----"BEAVER"-----

GREETINGS TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.....

Alf Hind,
225, Drake Street,
Rochdale, Lancs.

Sgt. Joan W. Carr,
c/o R.A.P.C. Sgts' Mess,
Maida Camp,
M.E.L.F. 17

G.R.N. Smith,
Chare Farm, Stanton,
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

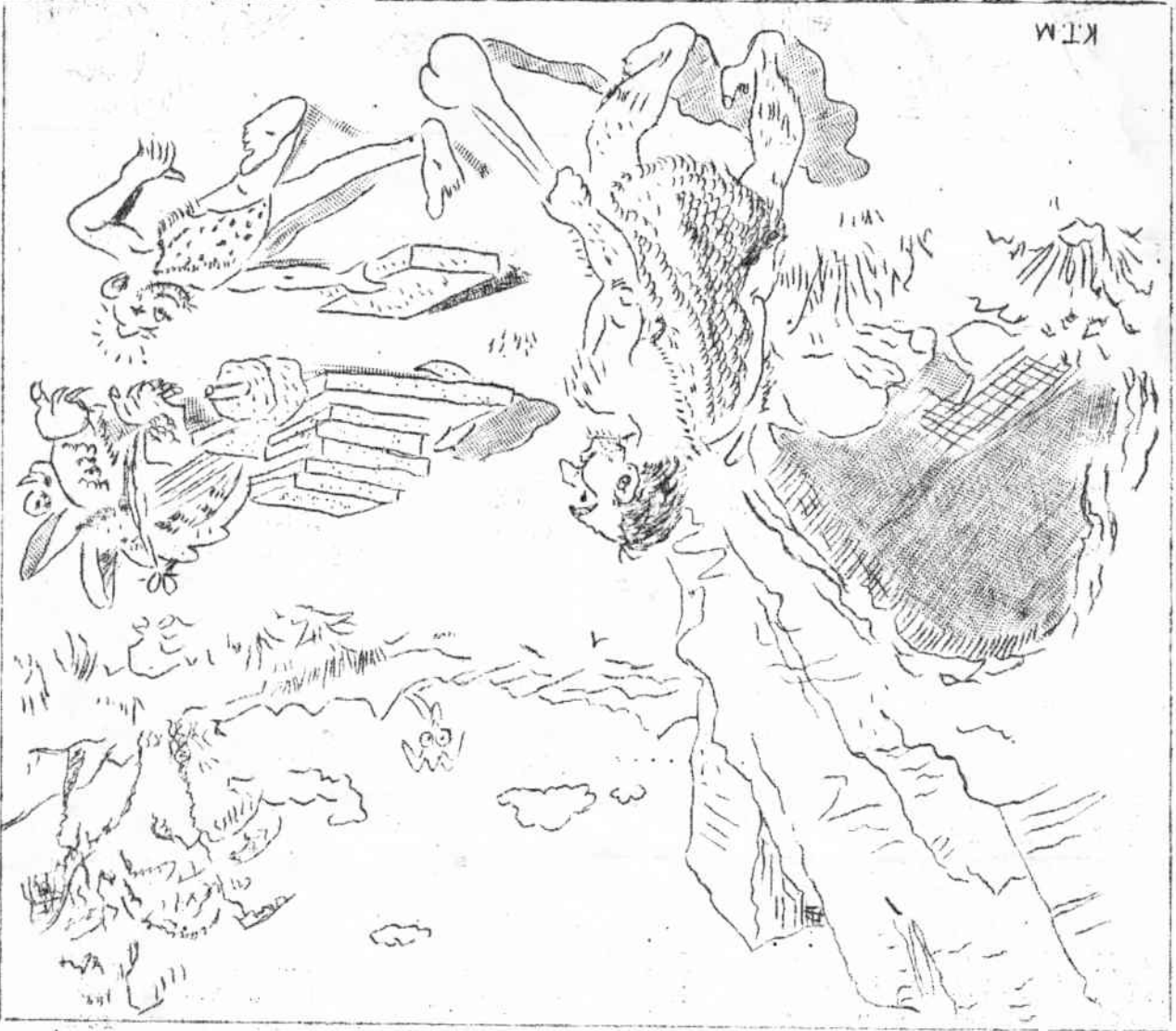
Mrs. Joy K. Goodwin,
66 West Valley Road,
Hemel Hempstead,
Herts.

S - T FOOTNOTES by Beattie Jay

Humanoid	:Kwiktork, meaning the man was angry	One G	: A thousand dollars
Red Tape	:Used for tying up Commies in bundles of ten	Two G	: A pair of horses
		Max G	: Horse belongs to Max
		Min G	: A stingy horse

" I'LL TEACH YOU TO PURLOIN MY WIERD TALES "

KIM



ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR ALIEN

by

Eric Bentcliffe

THE VARGO STATTON SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE will appear on the newsstands on January 14th ... this will be a crown quarto mag (slightly narrower than ST but the same length)... contents will be, stories by Vargo Statton, E.C. Tubb, Volsted Gridban, Stefan Inkerman and John Wernheim (the Tubb item will be the first part of a three-part serial entitled the INEVITABLE CONFLICT) also the following departments, "Rocket Mail", "Science Facts and Speculations", "Editorial Forum", and "Thoughts for the Month" : publishers are, of course, Scion Ltd...the Editor, please note, is NOT John Russell Fearn but a Mr. Patterson.....NEBULA is to feature an original novelette by Eric Frank Russell in the next issue, commissions to write for this mag. have also been offered to Robert A. Heillein and Theodore Sturgeon..... Bert Campbell is now back in London after attending the Philcon - subsequently he toured the USA and parts of Canada when the vote was taken for the site of next year's major American Convention (called the World Convention over there) London, (proposed by Bert) came third with 61 votes... the winner was San Francisco and next year's convention will be held there. The Philcon has been described as a "dull success" by many of the attendees and apparently never reached the heights of last year's Chicon... attendance was around the 1000 mark.... Voted Number One Fan Personality at the Convention was O.F. man Ken Slater and it could not have happened to a nicer guy.... Best pro-mag, a tie between ASTOUNDING and GALAXY... Best novel of the year, THE DEMOLISHED MAN..... Peter Hamilton is to have an UMBRELLA STAND at the Mancon A recent publication of Macdonald's is UNBORN TOMORROW, a Last Story (and Fantasy) by Gilbert Frankau It is reviewed elsewhere in this issue..... ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, Octoberly, carries a nice article by George Pal on War of the Worlds. Pal reveals just how the many magnificent effects were obtained for the film and leaves this Fan, at least, thoroughly disillusioned....WCTW cost two million dollars to produce and now its effect has been cancelled out by thirty-five cents. TED TUBB has sold his water-pistol - " does this mean he is giving up Fandom ?".... Fifth in the series of Science-Fiction titles from Bodley Head is Wilson (BOB) F. TUCKER's "LONG LOUD SILENCE", an after-Atomogeddon story which has been named by several reviewers as the best story of '55 ...192 pages and the price is 8/6d. (The Milcross have it in stock)....Mike Rosenblum of Leeds is to revive FUTURIAN, his pre-war fanzine, this will be slanted to the collector rather than the punster and should make a welcome addition to the fanzines of the UK... a magazine of this type has been needed badly since the folding of Walt Gilling's SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW.... Walt may be back on the SF scene shortly and may appear in both fan and pro magazines, we are told.....No concrete news on the future of NEW WORLDS or SCIENCE FANTASY can be obtained

14

LONDON LETTER
par
BRIAN QUI BOIT

This is the second of what I hope will be a series of columns by myself coming from the big city. The first of my efforts was concerned solely with the MEDCON and there was no room for explanations. To get down to the basic ideas of this monthly epistle my aim is to cover all the events which occur in the city which might be of interest to fans. Such things as reviewing new scientific films, odd items which crop up in the newspapers, news gleaned from visits to the 'White Horse', in fact anything which interests me will go down here. I'm afraid that because this is mainly composed of news local to Londoners, they might not appreciate my efforts, so I hereby apologise for wasting their time but continue in the hope that their country cousins will receive this in time for it still to be news to them.

To start the ball rolling I have to report on the latest film to arrive from across the duck-pond, this is Ray Bradburys, "It came from Outer Space". I must confess that I entered the cinema in a very dubious frame of mind, for only the previous week I had seen the other film which carries his by-line, that stinkeroo to end all stinkers, "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms". Having been disappointed once I was not allowing myself to get excited about what might well be a flop, but fortunately my misgivings were ill-founded, to a certain extent anyway. Mind you I'm not saying that it's a marvellous film, but it is certainly worth a couple of bob at the local cinema. To take the things which attracted me, there is for instance a BEM which looks quite alien, according to Doc. Smith anyway. The only way in which I can picture it for you is, imagine a giant eye in an even bigger eyeball, surround the whole issue with loose, filthy-looking flesh and have steam issuing from under this flesh, that's as near as I can get to it, it's much better to go and see for yourself. The story concerns the landing of an alien space-ship for repairs, the BEMs have the ability to change themselves into human form, but of course require a few models to work upon. We now find ourselves with a mob of zombie-like characters staggering all over the place, but the dilemma is finally resolved through the good offices of the aliens and the heroism of the male lead. It all ends happily ever after, but surprisingly enough it was the Earthmen who were spoiling for a fight, the aliens although much more powerful were only anxious to leave before the trouble started. One final note of warning, give your eyes a rest before going to see it, it's in the opticians delight, 3-D.

While on the subject of Bradbury, it might interest you to know that he's in England at the moment, but not for the production of S/F but to do the film script of 'Moby Dick'

Then we come to the next item, also dealing with films, or to be more precise, cartoons. Most of you will remember the U.P.A. cartoon 'Gerald McBoing Boing' which got an Oscar a few years back. Now there are several more on the same lines, and one in particular about a little boy who wants to have a space-ship, and when he can't have it he changes into a chicken. It is a delightful little fantasy, but what amused me most of all about the film was the name of one of the script-writers, I wonder whether T.Hee is his real name.

Finally an item about the Supermancon. The London Circle are considering making a block booking at the Grosvenor, thirty beds or so, they are also trying to find a cheap way of getting to Manchester, another item under discussion is a booze fund, a praiseworthy idea if ever there was one. Might I suggest to all Londoners who hope to go to Manchester, and who don't normally go to the 'White Horse' that they might in the interest of cheaper and more convivial travel do well to contact either Ted Tubb or Vinç Clarke who seem to be doing the organising, after all a few bob saved on travel means more in the kitty for we Mancunians to extract.

To be continued..... Don't miss the next instalment, will delightful Dottie Rattigan escape from the villianous clutches of arch-fiend E Cholmondeley Tubb ????

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- * WE HEAR that D.C. Thompson are thinking of entering the s-ffield. Currently they are "scouting" for writers for Boys' Stories-S/F. variety. Anyone interested???
- * FANTASY SECRETARY HAVE CHANGED ADDRESS - Now at 6, Thorpe Close, Silverdale, London. S.E. 26. Other fanzines please copy.....
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DALE'S DIARY

By Dale R. Smith

I often feel concern for the S-F student of the distant future when I consider the multiplicity of material that will confront him. At the same time I feel a little superior by being able to reach out, and, within a moment, hold in my hand almost any issue of any S-F magazine published within the last five years - and many before. But a bit of reflection sobers my elation, for I find that I am unable to call to memory the distinguishing characteristics of the current crop of American pro magazines. To help boost my memory, and also to aid that yet unborn student who is lucky enough to unearth a copy of this issue of SPACE TIMES, I have assembled the following data concerning American magazines of S-F and Fantasy. I hope you will find it interesting and informative.

(In order that the details may all be included the following code of abbreviations etc. has been devised and we trust that it will not detract from the readability of the list - BHV)

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