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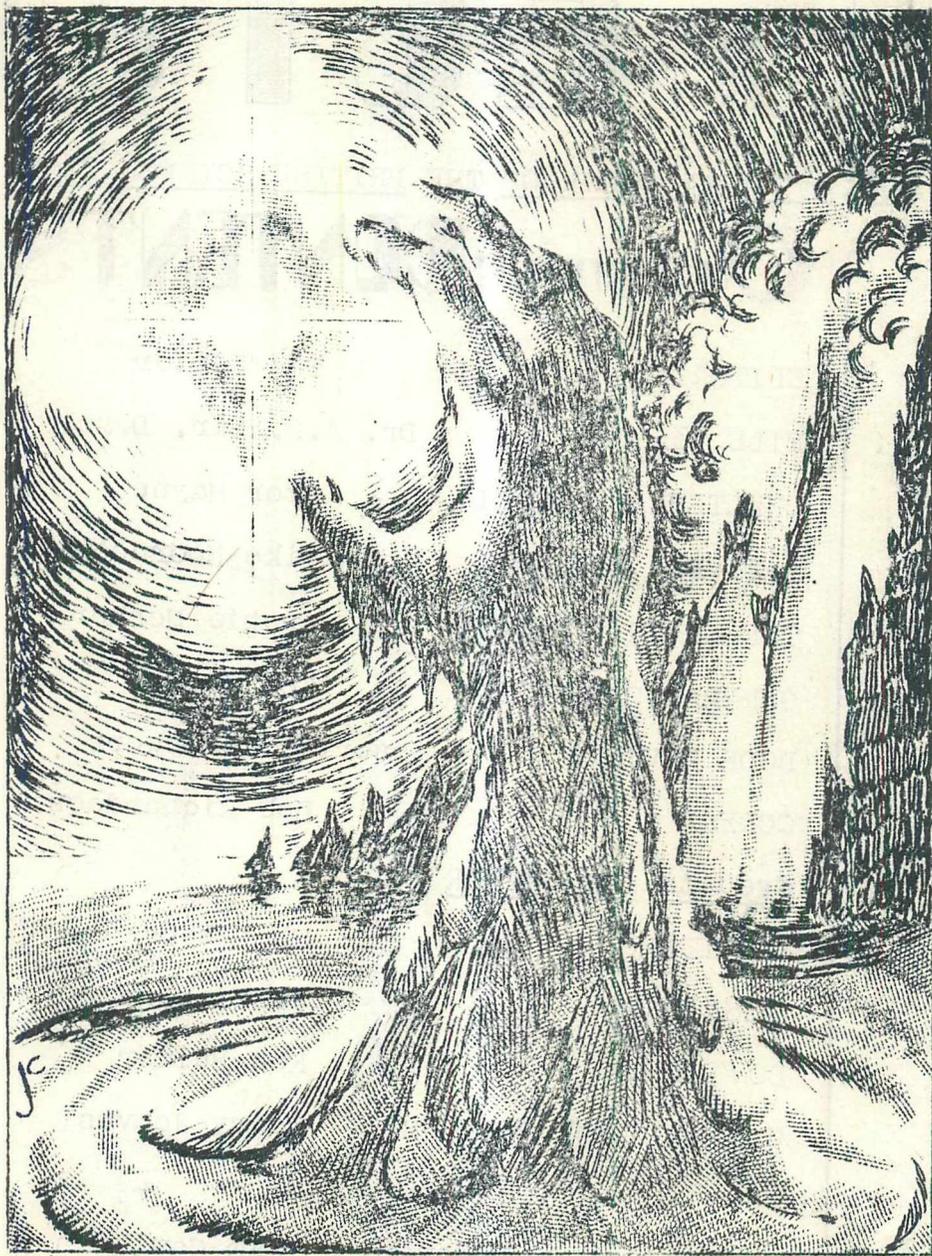
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VECTOR No. 5

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

Autumn: CONTENTS: 1959.

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Cover - Jim Cawthorn

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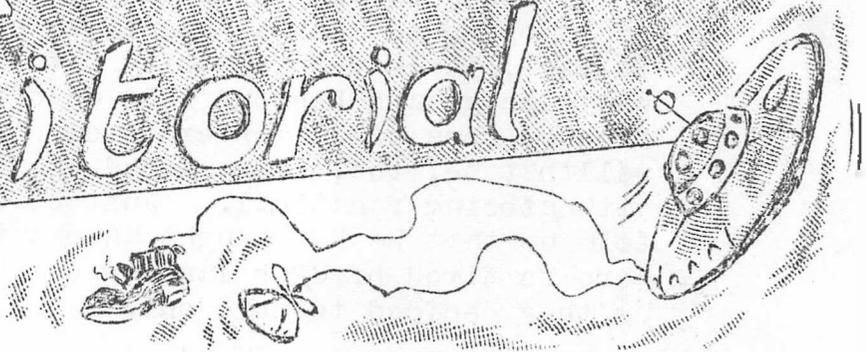
All Artwork in this issue of VECTOR is by Jim Cawthorn.

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All Nominations for the Editor of VECTOR 6 should be sent as soon as possible to Sandra Hall, the new Secretary. Address is on Page 28 and elsewhere in this issue.

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Editorial



First we must apologise for the lateness of this issue of VECTOR, but owing to sickness both the Secretary and the Editor had to pause for a while. Dr. Weir, during the short time he has been Secretary, has done stalwart work, but owing to a recurrence of an old illness he has been forced to resign. As from 1st September Sandra Hall will replace him as Secretary until the next election. At the same time, your editor also went down with a recurrence of an old illness and as Sandra has now taken over the Secretaryship this meant another hold-up. However, Mike Moorcock agreed to be my assistant editor when he was asked and he has done all the heavy work on the magazine. Misfortune seems to have visited nearly all those who have worked on VECTOR 5 and, since taking it over, Mike has also been ill. We know that this issue is considerably late and hope you will forgive us. We'll try to see that it won't happen again!

Further news is that soon I will be changing my name from Wild to Gray (date, time and place of marriage will not be published) and as my address will be uncertain for the next few weeks members are requested to forward any mail concerning VECTOR to me c/o the Secretary, 41, North End House, Fitz-James Ave., London, W. 14. All letters concerning the BSFA should either be marked with those initials or 'Vector', as during my absence on holiday either the Secretary or the Assistant Editor will deal with correspondence. Other letters should be marked 'Personal' and these the Secretary will save for me.

Since the last issue of VECTOR, the UFO International Week has come and gone. Just before Whitsun, Sandra Hall and I saw George Adamski and Desmond Leslie at White's Hotel and on a very brief acquaintance I received the impression that whatever has been said about George and Desmond they are sincere, as were also the two members for the Flying Saucer Review staff. I have myself an open mind on the subject of UFOs, but because I have never seen one I will not take the attitude that neither has anyone else. I learned my lesson after being thoroughly sceptical about one theory and then it was proved to me in a rather shattering way. However, George Adamski did say that the UFO International Week would be a waste of time - there would be no contacts. He was right, too. Both he and his co-author are excellent raconteurs, but when we saw them they were both a little wilted as a number of people had been ringing all day.

These callers were mostly cranks from strange cults, so it is obviously not all honey to be an authority on sightings. In fact, it is rather a pity that there is no space to repeat what George and Desmond told us of their meetings with cranks, because some of it was extremely funny. Adamski realises full well that he, too, is regarded as a crank, but he is sincere without being fanatical. Just before he left for Holland he told us that he had bought an estate in Mexico - the owners were so tired of UFOs landing on their property and cutting it up they decided to move out.

Any members who are interested in UFOs should subscribe to the various magazines on this subject, of which the Flying Saucer is one. Vector will only very occasionally publish an article on this particular subject.

This editorial is short, but the next time I hope to write something on the 'fan slang' that has mystified a number of the newer members.

R. WILD.

It wasn't the shock we got when we heard about the Russian Moon Rocket which caused the Assistant Editor to go down sick and the duplicator to break down at the crucial moment, but whatever it is, there's some kind of Jonah riding this issue of VECTOR - everything seems to be against us. However, we do sincerely apologise for the delay and hope that BSEFA members will sympathise with us. Let's hope that whatever is haunting VECTOR 5 goes away before we start on VECTOR 6.
HJM.

CONtroversy

LONDON at Whitsun, 1960 ?

HARROGATE at Easter ?

Both ? Or -

LONDON at Easter and HARROGATE at Whitsun ?

We would like your vote on this (Where we're going to hold the 1960 British Science-Fiction Convention) so please write to The Secretary, BSEFA, 41, North End House, Fitz James Avenue, London, E.7.6. and let her know what you think. THIS IS IMPORTANT!

I must apologise for any typographical errors which have appeared in the above editorial and other parts of the magazine but owing to the lateness of this issue of VECTOR, some of the stencils were typed on a late train down to Bognor Regis.

-Mike Moorcock.



At the time of compiling this, the membership list had crawled up to No. 141, and was temporarily moribund, since most people are, sensibly, waiting for the end of the financial half-year so as to save money on their subs.

New Occupations among members are : BANK CLERK, ARTIST, BOOK-KEEPER, INSURANCE UNDERWRITER, TELEPHONE ENGINEER, THERMOMETER INSPECTOR, UNIVERSITY TECHNICIAN, VETERINARY SURGEON, VIBRATION ENGINEER and WATCH REPAIRER !

I promised I'd undertake a survey of the Hobbies of the BSFA members, and that they seemed pretty various — they are. While on this, I wish people wouldn't put down would-be funny items under this heading : two people put BEER (brewing or drinking not specified), five put WOMEN and one WENCHING- If you're a good mixer, come to one or other of the Cons. and you'll find plenty more, but this kind of gaffia helps nobody !

What also helps nobody is that eleven members gave no hobbies at all -- one had the grace to add that he was too lazy to have any ! Two others didn't even put their occupations. And now here is the result -- figures in brackets after an item show how many members included that particular hobby :

AERO-SPOTTING, AMATEUR DRAMATICS (2), ARCHAEOLOGY, ART (2), ASTRONOMY (10), ATHLETICS (2), BASKET, BASEBALL, BIOLOGY, BOOK-COLLECTING (8), BOWLING, BRAG, BRIDGE (2), CHESS (8), CHEMISTRY, CINE-PHOTOGRAPHY (5) COLLECTING CHINA GLASS ETC., COOKING, CORRESPONDENCE, CROSSWORDS, CRICKET (2), CYCLING, DANCING, DEFECTIVE FICTION, DRAWING (3), ELECTRONICS (2), E.S.P. RESEARCH, FENCING (2), FILMS (9), FLYING SAUCERS (!), FOLK-DANCING (2), GEOLOGY, GLIDING, GOLF, GRAMOPHONE RECORDS (5), HI-FI (4), HISTORICAL RESEARCH, HISTORICAL FICTION, HISTORY (3), HISTORY OF GERMANIC CIVILIZATIONS, HUMANISM (that leavens the

lump, anyway !), INTERIOR DECORATING (houses or human beings not specified), JAZZ (9) of which 5 added "modern", KNOTS SPLICING & ROPEWORK, LANGUAGES, MUCIS -- GENERAL (5) FOLK (5) SERIOUS (3), MECCANO, MODEL AIRCRAFT (2), MODEL RAILWAYS, MODEL BUILDING, MOTORING, (2), MYTHOLOGY, NAVAL HISTORY, OPERA, PAINTING, PHILATELY (12), PLANT GENETICS, POETRY READING, POLITICS (4), POOLS, PRINTING, PUB-CRAWLING (3), RADIO (2), RAILWAYS, READING (23), ROCKETRY, RUGBY FOOTBALL, SAILING, SCIENCE (5), SCIENTOLOGY, SEWING, SHOPPING (2-- both lady members !), SHOOTING, SKI-ING, SLEEPING, SNOOKER, SPACE TRAVEL (2-- Hey ! when are they taking us along ?), TABLE-TENNIS, TAPE-RECORDING (13), TENNIS (4), THEATRE (2), THEOLOGY, TRAVEL, T-V, UNDERWATER SWIMMING (2), WRITING (6), WALKING, WHIST.

Who says we aren't of various and cultured interests ?

Would people like me to get them into touch with others of like tastes, If so, I'll do my best, but with School and G.C.E. Examinations coming on I am not likely to be able to get this properly going till half-way through July ; so, if you want this, let me know, and I'll try to oblige, but don't expect a quick reply.

A propos of this, Jim Linwood, who is a very live wire in S-F fandom, is trying to get together all the under-21 members of BSFA in a correspondence and hobbies' club. This is an excellent thing, and we all wish him every success. As each new "A." member joins, I shall send his name, address, and a list of his hobbies to Jim, so that they can "get in touch."

An example of how NOT to do this kind of thing was recently supplied by someone else, who, without consulting anybody, circularized his neighbourhood with printed cards advertising the formation of a local branch of the BSFA, and asking would-be members to contact Peter Mabey (who, though one of the oldest established members of BSFA, and a most enthusiastic librarian, is not a BSFA Committee member), and also giving an address that Peter had left some time ago !

While on this subject, here is our official attitude to this sort of thing :

If you want to form a local S-F Circle, Club or Society, go ahead, and good luck go with you ; what your relations are with the BSFA is, however, a matter for your own local Committee ; we give no special privileges to local club members. Some local clubs prefer their members to be also BSFA members, while there are clubs who are hostile to the idea of the BSFA ; but the BSFA was primarily formed as a co-ordinating organisation that should make it easier for the various local clubs to get together and act in concert, and the more of them do so the happier we are.

Whitsun saw an example of the proper get-together when the Cheltenham Circle acted as host to all those of the London Circle who cared to come. The Londoners arrived attired as Crusaders and Pilgrims, and were received by an Oriental gentleman with a startling resemblance to W.S. Gilbert's Prince Agio, who proved to be Eric Jones. Eating, drinking, talking and some singing filled the first day, which prolonged itself unofficially well into the morning of the second. The second day commenced officially with lunch, followed by coach trip to Bourton-on-the-Water to see the Witchcraft Museum and Model Village, with a stop in the way back at one of the oldest pubs in the Cotswolds. More general chat and song finished a very successful day. Special thanks go to the ladies members of the Cheltenham Circle for their management of the commissariat, and to Sandra "all for her enthusiastic help with the costumes and make-up.

As all the BSFA Committee members were present, a spot of official business was done. Those present talked over Ken Slater's "Eurofragrant" scheme, and it was agreed that it was basically a good thing, but that it was too early days to try to put it into action yet. If any member hasn't heard of it yet, will he get into touch with Ken Slater for further info and then write in and let Ken have his detailed views about it! It's a scheme rather like T.F.F., but designed to help bring over Continental S-F fans to British Cons.

Also, it was definitely decided that :

The BSFA 1960 Convention will be held at the Whitsun week-end in LONDON, so note the dates in your diaries NOW -- JUNE 4th, 5th and 6th, 1960. The London Circle are taking on the whole of arrangements and programming of the Conference, and are electing their own Con. Committee; as soon as we know details, we'll give the names and addresses of the ConSec. and Programme Sec., and people can apply directly to them with offers of help, suggestions, etc.

And now a rather gloomy conclusion -- I didn't know, till Eric Jones stood up and proposed me at BrumCon, that I was even under consideration for the job of Sec. to BSFA, and I took it on with considerable misgivings. Everybody has been as kind and helpful as can be, but I could not, at the time, foresee a change in my family affairs that is now leaving me steadily less time for the job -- and it requires a lot. So, after consultation with the rest of the Committee, I am definitely giving up from October 1st 1959, unless somebody can take it over for me -- with the very greatest regret, as I find it most enjoyable and it brings me into touch with many people I'm very glad to know.

My successor has all my good wishes -- but I do wish I could keep it on, just the same !

Till then, I'll do my best to make things hum.

Always at your service

NEW MEMBERS

- M. 122 V. LeBlond: 2 Rookburn Crst, Bellshill, Lanarkshire, Scot.
- M. 123 R.B.Keelding: 312, Mather Avenue, Allerton, Liverpool 13.
- M. 124 J.W.MacGregor: 11, Oxford Terrace, Edinburgh 4, Scot.
- O. 125 J.Gregor: 54, Barrymore St, Everton Pk, Brisbane, Queensland
- M. 126 P.A.Andrews: 1, John St. Maidstone, Kent. /Australia.
- M. 127 G.W.Mosdell: "Fairwind", Yacht Basin, Chiswick, London W.4.
- M. 128 W.A.Willis: 27, Clonlee Drive, Belfast, Northern Ireland.
- M. 129 H.P.Blackie: 35, Upper Dicconson St., Wigan, Lancs.
- M. 130 J.Fairley: 63, Tuddhoe Moor Estate, Spennymoor, Co.Durham.
- O. 131 J.MacLeod: 33, Renfrew Av, Mt Albert, Auckland SW1, N.Z'land.
- M. 132 J.Loudragan: 11, Ash-Hill Drive, Cornhill, Aberdeen, Scot.
- O. 133 S. Sedolin: PO Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden.
- O. 134 D.R.Polk: 170, West Cedar Av., Denver 23, Colorado, USA.
- M. 135 P.G.Taylor: 18, Mildoran Rd., Brixton, London, S.W.2.
- M. 136 J.G.Roberts: 45, Branstree Rd., Warton, Blackpool, Lancs.
- M. 137 J.J.Phillipent: 41, Ongar Rd., London, S.W.6.
- A. 138 J.T.Gleghorn: 5, Langton Ave., Wyke Regis, Weymouth, Dorst.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

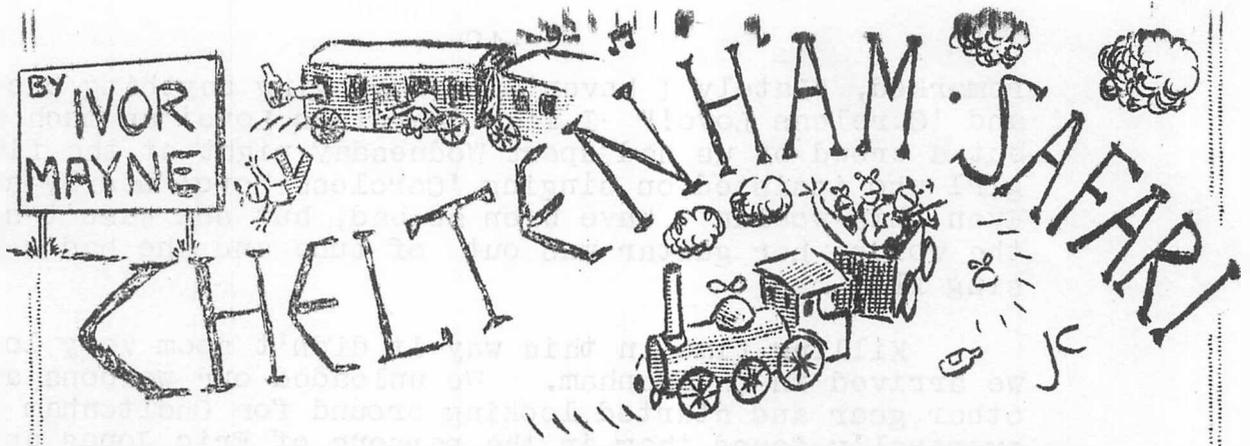
- M. 12 Mrs. G.T.Adams: now 54, Cobden Ave., Bitterne Park, Southampton.
- M. 43 Miss A.E.Eversfield: now 53, Pittville Lawn, Cheltenham, Glos.
- M. 71 P.S.Gooch: now 32601061 Pte Gooch P.S., Path Lab, 21, Coy RAMC, Wheatley, Oxon.
- M. 74 T.M.Chalmers: now 12 Park Hill Rd, East Croydon, Surrey.

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A consolidated list of all members who have renewed their subscriptions will appear in VECTOR No. 6. Which reminds us -

HAVE YOU RENEWED YOUR SUBSCRIPTION YET ?

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I don't know what went wrong, but Whitsun Saturday this year started with a bright warm sunny morning. This after a week when every lunchtime you could find practically all the staff of the Scientific Branch of the Civil Service Commission (me, for example) spending their lunch hour loafing in the sun in Hyde Park. Incidentally, why don't you look me up sometime. You can find me lying on the grass behind Speakers' Corner.

All through this terrific week, I had been anxiously waiting for the weather to break, just before the weekend. When Saturday morning came and it was still fine, I almost convinced myself that the weather was going to hold up. It did too.

I arrived at Paddington station at 8:30 and started looking around for the other fans. Peter West and I spotted each other simultaneously. I hurried over to him, he hurriedly gave me my ticket. I hurriedly gave him the money for it and hurried onto the platform. It was only then I realised that the train wasn't due to leave until 9:5 and that it wasn't even in the station yet.

As well as Peter West, other fans who were travelling down were Tikwis Hall, Pete Taylor, Mike Moorcock, Laurence 'Sandy' Sandfield, Barry Bayley and George Locke. The train reached the platform shortly after me, and we all climbed into one compartment. VECTOR'S more intellectual readers will have noticed that there were eight of us, and that most compartments are built to hold eight people. Who says nationalisation has abolished individual service? (Dunno, who does?)

We straightway settled down to such fannish pastimes as singing blues and playing poker dice on Mike's guitar. As Sandy said, "That's one thing you can't do with a callo model." Peter West asked Tikwis if she would like to play dice. "Oh, yes!" she said, "we play that in school." She was good, too.

So the journey went on, amid general fannish uproar and merriment. Mike and Sandy did most of the singing, accompanying themselves on a guitar Mike had borrowed, and the rest of us joined in whenever we found something we knew. Unfortunately they both had a predilection for 'Sandy's' style of singing.

remarked, "Lately I haven't been singing anything except blues and 'Careless Love!" I like 'Careless Love' as much as anybody but a crowd of us had spent Wednesday night at the flat of a girl who insisted on singing 'Careless Love' nearly all night. Even this wouldn't have been so bad, but she wasn't sure of all the words, her guitar was out of tune and she had a tendency to sing flat.

Killing time in this way it didn't seem very long before we arrived in Cheltenham. We unloaded our weapons and the other gear and started looking around for Cheltenham fans, and eventually found them in the persons of Eric Jones and Frank Herbert. We unloaded the gear onto his car and then took the bus to the hotel. The hotel staff blanched visibly when we started leaving swords and shields lying around the lobby, and the manager looked a bit shaken when we asked if it was all right if we left our banner there. When George and I had been up to our room we went out to eat. First of all we had a look at an o-o-ld bookshop George remembered (probably from a previous incarnation). It was shut, though. We wandered around and finally found someplace to eat. The food was good, but the service left something to be desired. Sugar and spoons for example.

Back at the hotel we changed into our costumes. George had gone to a lot of trouble with his costume as a bowman, and looked very good in it. In my foolish optimistic way I had believed the rumour that costumes would be provided, and had only found out on Tuesday that I hadn't got one, so my costume was a very, very rushed job. I was supposed to be Lady Ella Macbeth's trainbearer, but she hadn't arrived when we left the hotel for the clubroom. Most of the Cheltenham people we passed studiously avoided looking at us, although some of them watched us anxiously from the cover of their eyes. In case we got violent, I suppose. It's funny how undemonstrative the English people are. The only decent reaction I noticed was from two old dears talking in front of a shop. One wondered what we thought we were doing, and the other said: "Well, they're not asking for money, so it must be all right."

Humph met us at the clubroom and conducted us to an antechamber before the shrine. Here the History of St. Fanthony was read to us, and we swore eternal albigiance to Him. Then we went one by one into the Holy of Holies to pay individual homage to Him. We were warned of the frightful penalties for those who did not follow the correct ritual, but we weren't told what the ritual was, so I was rather perturbed about it.

I was even more worried when I entered The Chamber, a darkened room with a motionless figure with crossed arms standing in it. For a moment I thought it was St. Fanthony Himself. I didn't feel much like speaking to this individual, so I just made a silent obeisance before the altar. I remembered to leave my joss-stick behind.

Outside the Shrine, I found the other fans who had passed through before me anxiously comparing notes to try and decide what the correct ritual should have been. As other people emerged we immediately asked them what they had done.

Before everyone had passed before St. Fanthony the party who had come in Ted Tubb's car arrived. Ted had had his usual breakdown. Several in fact. They'd also had a slight accident when somebody ran into them, and had been held up in a traffic jam. They quickly changed into their costumes, and then they were called upon to pay their homage to St. Fanthony, after which Sandra Hall and Ted were made respectively a Lady and Knight of St. Fanthony.

After this the great religious pilgrimage somehow degenerated into a drinking session.

People sat around chatting and drinking until it was time for tea. After tea, Doc Weir called a meeting to discuss next year's convention and Ken Slater's idea for a fund to help bring a Eurofan to Britain. We hammered out something to send to Ken and it was tentatively decided that - subject to the approval of a full meeting of the London Circle - next year's Con would be held by and in London.

After this discussion, I felt rather hungry again. I wandered into the kitchen to get some food, and was happily slicing my way through a roll when the knife (a dirty great ham-knife of all things!) slipped, and I was immediately rushed to hospital in Frank's car, with Margaret, who knew where it was. At every corner Frank would stop the car and ask Margaret if this was the right corner or should he drive on. At the hospital I filled in a card with my name, another card with my name and address and still another card with my name, address, age and occupation. After this obviously vital ritual had been completed, I was finally allowed to be approached by a doctor. This character cheerfully informed me that I wouldn't need a local anaesthetic, and when he'd finished whatever he was supposed to be doing, made the classic remark, "Well, that didn't hurt too much, did it?"

I was so stunned I couldn't even think of a suitable answer.

Anyway, after this, Frank drove Margaret and me back to the clubroom. Thanks a lot, people. Pretty soon we moved from the clubroom to the flat of the people who owned it. George and I talked to Doc Weir about Atlantis and Music, Sandy played the piano, Barry went to sleep and everybody else followed their own fannish inclination. From there we went back to the hotel, and I went to bed.

Next morning (Sunday) until lunch was spent wandering between the hotel bar and various people's rooms. After lunch the Cheltenham group had kindly laid on a coach trip to the nearby village of Bourton-on-the-Water, a village which still manages to be pleasant despite its somewhat commercial air.

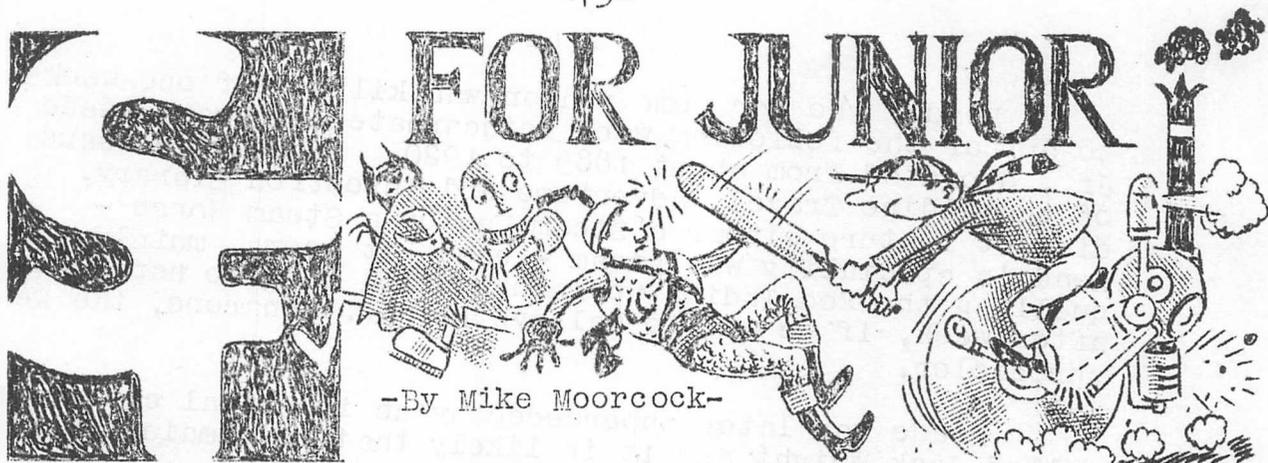
First of all Eric led us all to the witchcraft exhibition. This, of course, was obviously a fannish focal point. I wandered round it with Pam and Ken Bulmer and Jimmy Rattigan, passing Audrey Eversfield and Keith Freeman who seemed to be going round the other way. When we came out the other fans had disappeared, so we bought some tea and ice-cream and walked along beside the river, passing Audrey and Keith who seemed to be walking the other way. We found a group of fans lying on the grass verge beside the road, and pretty soon we were all gathered there, even Audrey and Keith.

Back at the clubroom we resumed the normal fannish round of talking, drinking and occasionally eating. This time after leaving the clubroom we all went up to Bill Gray's flat. I walked down with Sandy Sandfield, who was playing his guitar. A bearded, Bohemian type with a guitar slung on his back gaped at us in amazement as we walked past him.

The party at Bill's place was a real swingin' affair. Ted Tubb was again in top form until he decided to join in the game of poker dice that was going on in the corner. I was simultaneously trying to talk to Margaret Jones about fandom and Sandy about jazz and at the same time swap insults with Ella Parker. This herculean feat so exhausted me that when the party broke up and we moved back to the hotel I again went to bed.

Monday morning was again spent wandering between the clubroom (from where we saw Ted Tubb and his party off), the hotel bar and various rooms. Eventually George and I went out with Archie to eat. Unfortunately we couldn't find a self-service place, and the Wimpy Bar (Ugh!) couldn't guarantee to serve us in time. Archie immediately replied that he couldn't guarantee to eat there, so we got up and walked out. By this time, though, we'd left it too late, so we went back to the hotel without having eaten. We found a group of fans there who were just waiting for Archie, so we all trekked down to the coach station. Here we saw some fannish zaniness at its best, mostly supplied by Mike Moorcock and Pete Taylor, who sang their current theme-son WE MET ON THE STEPS OF A MOSCOW LATRINE, and then went into one of their pantomimes. Margaret saw somebody from work and suddenly decided she'd better not know us. I'm sure that I saw some of the people on the bus wince when we finally let Archie climb aboard.

When Archie's bus had left the coach station we all went to eat, led by Mike Moorcock as a crippled, one-eyed hunchback. Very gruesome he looked too. He kept this up until we got onto the platform. I was still carrying a shield, and Pete and Mike made some remarks about the leper colony's annual outing. As you can see, we were determined to get a carriage to ourselves. We quietened down and became serious when we realised that the time had come to say goodbye to the Cheltenham people, and that it was really the end of a wonderful fannish weekend, full of warmth and good-fellowship.



I was mildly surprised to see that E.S. Turner's **BOYS WILL BE BOYS*** is still in great demand, running into several editions since it was first published in 1948.

It has recently reappeared 'bang up to date with many new finds and even more astonishing illustrations' in a new and revised edition.

The reason I mention this book is because I have had for a long time a deep interest in British and American juvenile literature. Primarily it is for what many collectors term 'the golden years' (between 1910 and 1940).

Science-fiction and fantasy themes are no new innovation to schoolboy literature. In fact it is interesting to find stories of this kind, however much they appealed to adults, referred to as 'boys adventure' always, around the turn of the century. This term was applied to **THE LOST WORLD** and **THE TIME MACHINE**.

Since the Gothic and pseudo Gothic 'bloods' and 'penny dreadfuls' presented vampires, werewolves and other assorted demons to the youth of England, boys have been willing to spend their pocket money on any magazines which offer either the above-mentioned horrors or, from about 1900 on, the space-ships, robots and startling (if hardly credible) inventions of mad professors and hero-inventors.

Frank Reade, for instance, a young inventor of American origin whose adventures were reprinted in England by the now defunct Aldine Publishing Company, was a familiar figure among the many 2d and 1d 'libraries' which, at one time, were produced at anything from weekly to monthly intervals. The size was roughly that of the present day 1/- 'Picture Libraries' (or more like the typeset Sexton Blake Library). Publishers were principally Aldines and the Amalgamated Press (before that known as the Harmsworth Press and now as Fleetway Publications).

*Published by Michael Joseph, 277 pages inc. index. 18/-

Reade, who for some reason was killed-off one week to appear the following week reincarnated as Frank Reade Jr., operated from about 1885 to 1920. Hardly an issue of the Aldine Travel, Adventure and Invention Library, did not feature either a Steam Man or a Steam Horse - Reade's speciality was steam - used, it seems, mainly for quelling the Red Indian uprisings which used to happen week after week, if we are to believe Luis P. Senarens, the Reade chronicler.

Reade was later superceded by an identical character called Jack Wright and it is likely that he remained Reade in the U.S.A.

The great pioneer, Alred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe) built in less than twenty years the greatest publishing Empire in the world. He became the Tyrant of Fleet Street, the most feared and admired man in British Publishing. He at one time owned The Times and the Daily Mail plus several other newspapers and many magazines, a greater proportion of which were juvenile.

Harmsworth had one big obsession - one that proved him right in 1914 when Germany went to war. "Britain was going to be invaded and she was not ready for an invasion!" His newspapers constantly drove this idea into the minds of British adults. His boys' magazines put over the point only a trifle more subtly through the medium of fiction.

BRITAIN INVADED! That was the title of one story. The others (and there were certainly many of them) followed a similar trend of thought. Generally it was Germany who was the aggressor, but sometimes France or Russia - once the entire world - were attacking our shores with the aid of weird flying machines, death rays and germ warfare. Nearly always one inventor managed to counter the assaults with bigger and better inventions of war. It was more often than not that this inventor, usually of course with the aid of a British schoolboy, single-handedly drove the Huns, the Froggies and the Ruskies from our land. Ocassionally, a British schoolboy inventor did it alone.

How many times London was bombed to the ground would be difficult to estimate. End of the world (or at least end of civilisation) themes were used a great deal, no doubt influenced by the H.G. Wells predictions.

Lost lands where pterodactyls and dinosaurs roamed with the single purpose of finishing-off the inventor and his inevitable schoolboy assistant began to appear very soon after the publication of THE LOST WORLD in 1912. Nearly every valley in the African and South American interior had its quota of prehistoric monsters at one time.

One story (written in 1913) described a land beneath the Earth's crust - similar to the Jules Verne story JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH - very much on the lines of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Pellucidar and it just might have influenced ERB to write AT THE EARTH'S CORE published in the Munsey ALL-STORY MAGAZINE during 1914.

The sudden impact of a Scottish publishing house in the twenties, did a great deal to push the fantastic element in schoolboy reading matter to an even higher proportion than before. Messrs. D.C.Thomson had no illusions about the youth of the British Isles. They were not crusaders, they were business men.

They were also pioneers. Pioneers of the first real attempt at 'conveyor belt' juvenile publishing. "The Big Five" - The Wizard, The Hotspur, The Rover, Adventure and The Skipper were turned out weekly and soon became serious competitors of the large London houses, primarily The Amalgamated Press and George Newnes.

The Thomson label was easily spotted, no author credits, every story exactly the same in style, every illustration identical in technique and, as E.S.Turner notes, their attitude towards the sex problem was simple - girls just didn't exist. However, this canny Scots firm was soon becoming a serious threat to the security of many popular and well-loved publications like THE MAGNET, THE GEM and BOY'S FRIEND. In retaliation, the fantastically successful CHAMPION was launched and soon afterwards THE MODERN BOY. Also the RANGER (later renamed PILOT) for slightly younger readers. This was just packed with invisible men, earth-boring giant moles, spaceships and other fantastic things.

"Sport" was one of the main themes in the Thomson papers - but sport with a twist. Tarzan-type footballers who played almost single-handed as his team-mates were eliminated and two-hundred year old athletes (remember Wilson ?) were the thing. In the CHAMPION, MODERN BOY and RANGER, the A.P. outdid Thomsons in their two main fields. The Champion became to sport, the Modern Boy and Ranger to adventure and out of the ordinary school stories, generally with a fantastic touch or an outright fantasy or SF plot.

One character, remembered with nostalgia by many readers of The Modern Boy, was Captain Justice, the dare-devil rogue with a twinkle in his eye who was forever becoming involved with giant robots, space ships, other planets, monster air-ships, lost races, death rays, ad, as they say, infinitum.

Justice was the creation of a well-known Sexton Blake writer Robert Murray Graydon, writing under the pen-name of Murray Roberts. His adventures were recounted in the Modern Boy from about 1930 to 1940 and also appeared in the Boy's Friend Library issued in digest form at 4d a month. Fourpence for a genuine book-length story - those certainly were the days! Captain Justice, with his inseparable companions Midge, the schoolboy, Dr. O'Malley, the Irishman, and Prof. Flaznagel, eccentric inventor, was faced with adventures ranging from world-destroying mad-scientists to a robot Santa Claus. A really memorable story certainly outdid the current crop of oversize film-horrors. Not content with giant ants and flies; Graydon had Justice deal with monster frogs, huge gnats, swollen wasps etc. as well.

Captain Justice's last big adventure, "Captain Justice's Greatest Adventure!", appeared in the Modern Boy just before the war. Running in the same issues of Modern Boy as those featuring this serial was a tale by Arch Whitehouse foretelling an American-Japanese war and setting it in 1940. Not far out, eh ?

The popularity of these fantastic themes was obvious and George Newnes soon saw the chance to bring out an all s-f magazine called 'Scoops'. For some reason it did not last but it is unlikely that the s-f fans of that period who boasted that it was their efforts that had caused it to be discontinued were to blame. So far this had been the only juvenile SF magazine to be attempted (not counting the picture booklets like CAPTAIN FUTURE etc.).

The Pilot, you might be interested to know, ran the early strip adventures of TARZAN drawn by Hal Foster. At least three stories appeared beginning from July 3rd 1937 until December of the same year. These were TARZAN OF THE APES, RETURN and BEASTS OF TARZAN. The first two were, until recently, in my possession.

The War came and with it the demise of many deeply mourned favourites due to paper shortage. Where British magazines left off, cheaply produced American comic books began to be reprinted over here by people like L. Miller who took advantage of the shortage of reading matter to foist their muck upon the British kids. Their influence lowered the standard of much British juvenile publishing for a long time after the War had ended and its effects still linger. Instead of Captain Justice and Billy Bunter, Superman and Captain Marvel were the heroes of the day, but they haven't lasted in popularity and now the sales of most of these reprints are well below the 30,000 a month circulation. Leading on from these we were late infested with the now infamous Horror Comics of the early fifties. TALES FROM THE CRYPT, VAULT OF HORROR returned to the days of the 'dreadfuls', making some of them look like Sunday-school prizes. Once or twice a halfway good E.C. like WEIRD

SCIENCE came over but they were certainly not the right kind of thing for children.

To counteract these cheaply produced slime-sheets, EAGLE was launched in about 1953 with a fine space strip drawn by young Frank Hampson - DAN DARE, PILOT OF THE FUTURE. LION (with Captain Condor - Buccancer of Space) appeared in answer to this Hulton challenge, produced by the Amalgamated Press. Soon all new publications were featuring some sort of s-f element.

TARZAN ADVENTURES, under my editorship particularly, published a lot of SF and fantasy and letters to us proved that this was very popular.

SUN featured a long serial THE MARTIAN some time ago (an adaptation of ERB's PRINCESS OF MARS) and its companion featured JET-ACE LOGAN of the Space Patrol.

The Thomson papers (now the only all type-set boys' papers left) still run space stories frequently and the last one I read was called HANDS OFF THE PURPLE PLANET in the Rover. Rick Random, space detective, continues to appear almost every month in the SUPER DETECTIVE LIBRARY.

SPACE-AGE KIT, an often hilariously funny satirical strip on all SF ever written, runs in KNOCKOUT. Fantasy for young children is supplied in the adaptations of the wonderful E.Nesbit stories in Playhour, coupled with some fabulous artwork. FIVE CHILDREN AND IT is currently running as I write this. The EXPRESS WEEKLY features the characters of the radio serials under the same title as their radio counterpart JOURNEY INTO SPACE - this also runs a very Conan-influenced strip drawn by Ron Embleton WOLF THE BRITOM.

We may not have the NELSON LEE LIBRARY, practically an SF and fantasy magazine on its own - although published as a detective and school-story magazine and written by Edwy Searles Brooks, who has now won new fame as a detective story writer (Berkely Grey and Victor Gunn) - but we've still got an awful lot of SF for the kids these days. Let's hope that eventually it will help to bring that 'new blood' into fandom in general and the BSFA in particular that everybody's talking about.

-Mike Moorcock.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Jim Linwood, Alan Rispin and Brian Jordan would like members under 21 to write to them. They are thinking of forming a small organisation for the purpose of young fans to find and communicate with each other. If you are interested please write to J.G.Linwood, 10, Meadow Cottages, NETHERFIELD, Nottingham, stating age and non SF interests.

2. ANALYSIS OF EXPENDITURE

	STATIONERY	POSTAGE	SUNDRIES	TOTAL
General	5 12 3	Int: 1 13 Ext: 1 18	6 3	12 8 9 16 8
Library	3 6	4 4	0	4 17 2 9 4 8
Vector	17 0	2 8	7	3 5 7
Convention 1959		1	9	2 11 0 2 12 9
Convention 1960			5	5
New Worlds Index		15	7	15 7
Galaxy Index				- - -
Nebula Index			6	6
Advertising				7 3 7 3
	6 12 9	11 2	7	8 8 1 26 3 5

NOTES.

1. We have been receiving subscriptions for either six months or for eighteen months. In the latter case, the 1960 share has been placed on reserve for use during that year. Also, one overseas member is paid-up until the end of 1962. There remains, in the old "reserve for overpayments" fund, five shillings only, representing half of another overseas member's 1960 subscription, about which nothing can be done until the other half arrives.
2. The additional expenses for the 1959 Convention will be noted. The main item is a refund to one of the official photographers on account of damage to his camera.
3. The consolidated accounts for the "year" running from the foundation of the Association (at Easter 1958) to June 1959 are now being audited, and should therefore be appearing in VECTOR No 6. However, owing to my annual holiday occurring just then, there will be no quarterly report in VECTOR No 6. Instead, the intercalated half-year to December 1959 will be treated for accounting purposes as an indivisible unit.

Finally, would those of you who have not yet renewed your subscriptions from July 1959 onwards please do so as soon as possible. Thank you.

A.H. Mercer

(A.H. Mercer) Hon Treasurer BSFA

GENERAL CHUNTERING

Ken Slater

The stencils have just arrived from our editress Bobbie Wild, so I guess that the printing strike is not affecting VECTOR.....so far it is too early to say how much science fiction magazines will suffer under the dispute, but it seems pretty obvious that the ASF reprint from Atlas is at least late; but that the Galaxy reprint from Thorpe & Porter (No.74) is on sale now, so it would not be un-wise to forecast that FUTURE and ORIGINAL SF STORIES will appear.they are also Strato/T&P publications.....I don't know how the Nova group are effected....but NW 36 has already been reviewed in one fanzine...from the business point of view I take a dim view of this...publication date for NW is the last Friday of each month.. and the implication of a fanzine published in the middle of the month containing a review of that month's issue is that somewhere the mag is going on the market early....it happens I know this is not so....but I've already had one letter asking why F(M)L haven't sent NW36 out yet....actually it is not so bad on magazines, but I'd still advise fanzine reviewers to note in such cases that what they are reviewing is an advance copy....and if they happen to be the lucky types who get books sent to 'em by publishers, then take note of the date the publisher says his book will be published, and don't publish a review before that date if he says not to.....else you may find you won't be getting the books anymore is probably a good reason to offer....but there are others....THE FALLING TORCH by Algis Budrys (Pyramid G416, 35¢, 158pp) is an extension of the story of Michael Wireman, the son of the Terran President-in-Exile, who is dropped with a consignment of arms to aid a guerilla "general" in a rebellion against the Invaders who have conquered Earthnote that no note of prior publication of one two-thirds of the book is made....Graham Stone of Sydney, Australia, is publish-ing a series of s-f titles under the imprint of "LUCIAN BOOKS".. the first selection will be "THE BRICK MOON" by Edward Everett Hale, originally published by Little, Brown of Boston, in 1869..... the original publication had a page content of 369....I understand that Lucian Books will sell the title at 11/6 a copy, Australian, which seems remarkably cheap...the trial pricing of ASF USA in some districts seems to have been successful and it has been announced that ASF will go up to 50¢, probably with the September '59 issue, with 196pp not counting back cover sheet....the 32 extra pages will be divided between articles and advertising, and although Galaxy's 196pp count includes both cover sheets, only a little over 5pp have so far been devoted to adverts...of course, it may be some time before ASF gets enough advertising to fill the 16 pp, and for all we know Galaxy may have the same aim in mind.. ...we can but wait and see....SATELLITE, which changed to a large size format with the first 1959 issue, has ceased publication with its May 1959 number.....FANTASTIC UNIVERSE has changed owners, and the new publisher intends to issue monthly, pulp-size format, but with trimmed edges...128pp, 35¢.....SUPER SCIENCE FICTION is reported to be suspended.....Ballentine issued the 5th of the Pohl edited STAR SCIENCE FICTION pbs on schedule.....but the latest of

the MA D pbs, THE BEDSIDE MAD, comes from Signet instead of Ballantine the manuscript of Professor J.R.R. Tolkein's story which proceeds in historical time both "The Hobbit" and "The Lord of the Rings" has not yet reached the publishers... it should do so before the year end, but quite obviously at the present it is impossible for anyone to forecast when the work will be published... all we can do is hope we live that long, and the strike is off...

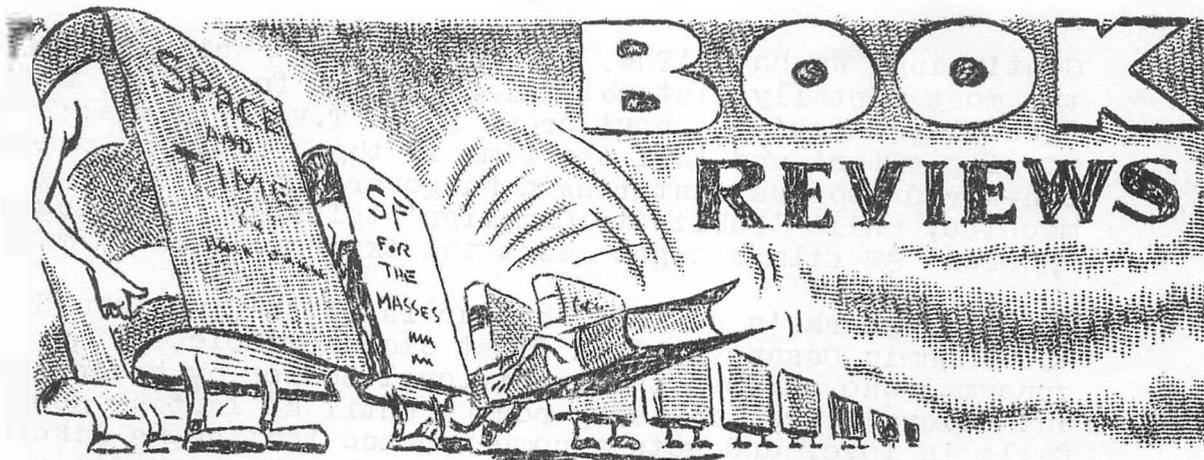
FANDOM seems to be entering, in the UK, a new era of mushrooming local s-f clubs.. I've had several letters from folk on these, but so far none of them are 'concrete' enough for mention in this column... or if they are concrete my information is not sufficiently complete... if you have started a local club, or want to start one, please let me have as much data as possible... but particularly important is the name and address of the person whom prospective members should join... one non-fan club I can mention is the LINCOLN INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY, Secretary P. Hammerton, 20 Boultham Avenue, Lincoln... if you have any cheap and battered books which contain astronomical plates the L.I.S. would be interested in them... for the benefit of some indexer, somewhere, be it noted that Raymond F. Jones' story "Pete Can Fit It" was published in the May 1954 issue of the British ARGOSY ... I can't recall who wanted to know this, but I'm fairly sure it was a B.S.F.A. member... On the subject of stray information, several book collectors have asked me to advise them on a good method of removing "biro"-type pens... frankly I don't know of any... they can be faded out by exposure to strong sunlight, but this is also apt to fade the paper... any B.S.F.A. members any ideas...? ...Sloan's Ink Eradicator doesn't work well on the ink used in roll-ball pens, although I've used it quite effectively on ordinary inks up to 90 years old... anyone troubled with removing bookplates or library stickers should try 'Lusenbak' (George Harris, Rostrevor, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, is the sole manufacturer)... a one-ounce bottle costs 21/- including postage, but if you are a serious collector of scarce books the expense will be worthwhile... this column of mine seems to be a clearing house for all sorts of strange information... but I might as well use it for a couple of points on B.S.F.A. policy just for a change... as the B.S.F.A. is supposed to cater for all folk with a serious interest in science-fiction; should the election of its' officers be confined to convention-fandom, or should it be done by postal vote over the entire membership?... think that over and write letters to the editor and/or secretary if you have any comment to make... bear the following in mind however... postal voting will require nominations and campaigning for some time in advance of the actual election... conventioners, by and large, are the most active element of the science-fiction enthusiasts..... and now for the second point... as those of you who were at the Brumcon will recall, the question of a President for the Association was left open, and I was appointed to scout a couple of named personalities in the literary field, with a view to the Association inviting the most likely to occupy the position of Hon. Pres. well, so far I've had a blank silence from one line of enquiry... and from the other, an appreciative letter but still one which declined partly on grounds of health and partly on lack of time (the two of course tie up together) ... so I'm now working in a vacuum again..... and I think the (GO AHEAD AND TURN THE PAGE...)

committee would welcome a few more suggestions from the membership on this subject...bear in mind that one of the prime requirements that was laid down was that the person invited should not only be someone with a knowledge of the of the s-f field and an interest in it, but also a person who is reasonably well-known outside the field...that is not as simple as it seems, either...any brilliant suggestions will be welcome...for folk who may have missed it, a pb edition of the weird yarn collection, PERTURBED Spirits, edited by R.C. Bull, with an introduction by Herbert van Thak, was published by Dragon Books (Arthur Barker Ltd.) at 2/6 last year...it is still in print...contains a number of the less common items.

Penguin Books representative called on me recently...if the printing strike continues, it seems that Penguin's next list (August) will be published the fannish way - by duplicator! I guess if the dispute stays with us long enough the books will also get done that way...what a market for the trufan with years of experience in the vagaries of duplicator production...now is the time to put your fannags on sale in the shops! ...Corgi books, too, have just started to print their lists with the cover illos in colour...that is not going to be so easy...best bit of colour work I can recall seeing was on one issue of Manly Banister's Neckromanticon...and that wouldn't match up to the glossy covers on Corgi pbs...far this year the topmost fan publication is Don Tucker's love-labour, THE HANDBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY...foolscap size, two parts, it totals 393 pages...coverage is up to November 1957, and while it may not be free from error or fully complete to everyone's satisfaction it is certainly the authority work in the field...contains personal reference to all authors, and many fans, lists of work published, lists of title from most sf pb publishers, and a multitude of other material...excellently cross-referenced .

Bookguide July '59 issue should be of interest to all serious readers.. it contains "Books-in-Print in the field of Literary Criticism...there is a faint possibility that FOURSQUARE pbs may print some of the Edgar Rice Burroughs which have been done in U.K. as between boards books but not previously as pbs.. there is no hope of any of the not-printed -in-U.K.-as -yet titles coming up, tho.. The death of Sax Rohmer seems to have passed almost unnoticed by the science fiction field...whilst I agree his work was not truly science-fiction, I feel he did qualify as a master of fantasy...for over forty years the insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu has remained a good seller in the book-lists, and Sax Rohmer's creation of a mysterious East has been to many people the only East which existed...whilst s.f. calls for a suspension of disbelief in many cases, to convince the Fu-Manchu addict of the real East's existence required even greater effort.

We recently had a visit from R. Lionel Fanthorpe, who writes weird yarns for the Badger published "Supernatural Stories"...Lionel deplored the lack of a good "weird"-type magazine in the world today...I'm inclined to agree with him, but what can be done about it? .. there have been a few tries recently, the most successful of which from all points of view was "PHANTOM", but even that couldn't find a large enough reading public...one of the basic troubles is distribution...at the newsagent's level the difficulties and trouble and cost of obtaining single copies of an item not handled by one of the major distributing chains makes it uneconomical...on the side the major chains are wary handling distribution of some tried publication...the usual dead-end type vicious circle..



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY by Arthur C. Clarke. Harcourt
Brace and Company, New York.

BSFA does not, as a rule, review American hard-cover SF but Harcourt Brace of New York have published this set of short stories by one of our best-known SF authors. No British publisher seems in any way inclined to follow suit so what can we do ?

There is an interesting little-two-page bibliographical introduction by the author himself, and then we are fairly away!

The title is from the second of the two sets of six SF 1,500 word short stories originally published in the Evening Standard and, for reasons known to the publisher only, the second set is printed first, the first set VENTURE TO THE MOON (already anthologised in THE BEST FROM F&SF No. 7) following later in the book.

All these shorts are good, but Clarke admits himself that writing for a mass readership was a considerable handicap to him; however, the results show little trace of this.

Of the twelve, the six best for my money are 'Robin Hood, FRS' introducing an ancient weapon in a most unexpected setting; 'All that Glitters' about a man who makes a great discovery in space only to find that recent progress on Earth has already made it useless; 'A Question of Residence' which calls attention to a painful headache for H.M. Dept. of Inland Revenue; 'Feathered Friend', a very neat and highly efficient application of an old discovery; 'Freedom of Space' in which a highly publicised television commentator finds a new delight in life and 'Passer By' in which one of the oldest questions fails to be answered by a love-lorn spaceman.

Of the longer shorts, we begin with the much-anthologised 'Nine Billion Names of God', the next being 'Refugee' (which most of us read in NEW WORLDS under the name 'Royal Perogative' and which has appeared under at least two other names!).

Continuing, we have 'The Wall of Darkness' which is one of the most mentally disturbing I have read for a long time. 'Security Check' is about props for a T.V. SF serial; 'No Morning After' and 'All the time in the World' are end-of-the-world stories featuring a hangover and the other a time machine, while 'Publicity Campaign' tells how an alleged 'Horror' SF film brought about the extermination of mankind.

Mr Clarke's sense of humour is of the 'vintage dry' type and 'Cosmic Casanova' is a first class example, being about a spaceman who outdoes the traditional sailor by having not one but several wives in every port - until at last he genuinely falls in love, and gets a come-uppance that seems likely to permanently handicap his relations with the opposite sex forever after! I said that the punchline ending of Expedition to Earth beat most; well, here in my opinion is one that is even better.

'The Star' voted the best SF story of 1956 has a strong religious background (SF seems to be featuring this element quite a lot these days - witness Blish's latest prize-winning novel). This, as the author relishingly tells us in the introduction, completely failed to attain even a mention in the '2,500 A.D.' contest in the Observer.

'Out of the Sun' is a reworking of Olaf Stapledon's 'The Flames' which I fancy, few of today's SF fans will have read. 'Transience' is a heart-aching and nostalgic little tale, reminiscent of the author's 'If I forget thee, oh Earth' and the book concludes with the curiously pathetic 'Sons of Distant Earth'.

Technically, this book is extremely well done with an excellent dust wrapper.

But WHY won't some English publisher take it up at a reasonable price since \$3.95 puts it out of reach of most of us? Will fen please write to Corgi or possibly Panther asking them to put it on their publishing lists for the near future? ((British publishers are very wary of collections, Doc and it is often difficult to get them to take one. Ted Carnell has been trying for ages. Mike M.))

-Arthur R. Weir, D.Sc.

CHAIN REACTION by C. Hodder-Williams. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

'Any story with a scientific background is science-fiction' is one well-known critic's definition of SF. Chain Reaction qualifies on these ground, otherwise it might be described as detective fiction. The plot of this novel is laid in London. The time, any day now - perhaps even later this evening. A child falls suddenly ill. The cause of the sickness is traced to a can of Spigett's Baked Beans which prove, on examination, to be radio-active. The case is reported to the authorities as represented by the Atomic

Development Commission and so the detection starts. What sent the Roengen count into the danger area? Was the tin itself radio-active or was it the special lining used in the tin? Was it something in the ketchup or was it the beans themselves? Were all the tins in that huge consignment radio-active and where have they all been sent to? Most important of all, are there any other products on the market so affected?

It might well be argued that there are too many characters in this story and that the character drawing suffers accordingly. Apart from this it is a frighteningly plausible story of what might happen if one man's nerve gave way for a moment under the strain of nuclear research. SF fans will be fascinated by this book. Read it when you can.

Sandra Hall

COUNT DOWN by Charles Eric Maine. Hodder and Stoughton. 12/6.

For those who insist on their SF mixed with aliens and rockets, then this book is more in their line. The story is laid on the volcanic island of Kaluiki atoll. A team of seven men and two women are isolated there during the days that an atomic reactor builds up power for a secret project. There is no communication possible with the outside world as a radio contact might give away too much to the enemy. Then, suddenly, murder strikes.

The situation is roughly parallel to 'The Ten Little Niggers' as each corpse is found. Doubtless this will fascinate the casual reader with a fairly omniverous appetite. SF fans have a slightly higher I.Q. or so we are informed, they are difficult to fool like this. They will probably guess the real murderer by the end of the second chapter. They will continue to read the book, fascinated by the hero taking up so much time to figure out the same thing and do something about it. Not one of this author's best, I'm afraid.

Sandra Hall.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE by James Blish.

This novel is essentially the story of one man's struggle with his conscience - not simply his moral conscience but also his spiritual conscience - in fact, his soul.

A little concentration is needed if the full impact of this remarkable book is to be felt. It concerns the trails of Father Ramon Ruiz-Sanchez, a Jesuit priest and a biologist, member of a team of four men who are investigating the recently discovered planet, Lithia. As Ruiz delves further and further into the flora and fauna of Lithia, he gradually comes to a terrifying conclusion - terrifying only to himself.

The Lithians are twelve-feet tall, resembling reptilian kangaroos. They are highly intelligent and advanced in many sciences, though they have not advanced in the same directions as some corresponding earth sciences. As Father Ramon's researches progress, he at last comes to one inescapable conclusion - Lithia is a perfect world, but the factors involved in this perfection cannot make Lithia a creation of God. This it can only be a creation of the Devil. But even if he admits such a thing, Father Ramon is committing heresy. The Devil cannot create perfection.

This novel is primarily concerned with a theological problem and in some places needs, I feel, a working knowledge of several Catholic principles to be fully understood. The character of the priest is extremely well-drawn, his fears, difficult to put over even to the lay Roman Catholic, very cleverly expressed. How this problem is finally sorted out could leave neither Christian nor atheist dissatisfied. The novel is well-balanced, written without bias by someone who, while not himself a Catholic, shows a deep sympathy and understanding of Catholicism, more so, I feel than many of its members. It should be interesting to see just what the Roman Catholic church makes of this novel.

Maybe it will be the cause of more endless bickering among the bishops? They should welcome a new problem!

I can thoroughly and enthusiastically recommend A CASE OF CONSCIENCE as a good example of Blish at his best. It is fine modern science-fiction. This kind of story is not usually the kind I go for - but this particular one I go for all the way!

Michael J. Moorcock.

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Brief Film Review: THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

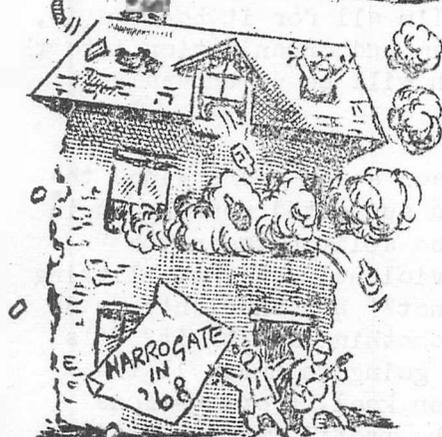
An interesting SF film - and a change. The makers seemed to be avoiding the 'Horror' label by studiously dispensing with even a hint of a corpse. End of the world story (or at least end of civilisation). Mirrors popular modern ideals which are fast becoming trite on the screen - and embarrassing.

Set in New York mainly, the first third is the best - with Harry Belafonte on his own - second third (where the inevitable girl turns up - Inger Stevens) isn't at all bad. Last third - eternal triangle stuff - when we meet Mel Ferrer - degenerates. Camera work and general production is excellent. I can recommend it for several humorous instances, several almost moving parts, and excellent directing. Yes, go and see it - I don't think you'll regret it.

- Mike Moorcock.

CONFAB

by BOB
RICHARDSON



Although at the time of writing the BIRCON is not far past, it's never too early to start planning for the next one. The annual convention is the biggest event in the SF year and it ought to be an improvement on the previous one no matter how successful that one was. The next con. must eliminate some of the rough points of the BIRCON so perhaps it would be as well to hold a post-mortem and see what must be changed and improved.

I have taped, written or spoken to quite a few fen since Birmingham and the majority of them agree as I do that:-

A semi-serious con. is desired. It is not enough to say 'Oh well, you can have fun at the room parties'. No one wants to sit for hours to listen to talks or lectures unless, of course, they are of the Doo Weir variety'. The strong point of the BIRCON was its accent on the social and fannish side. The only serious SF item in our programme was Ken Slater's cover competition - he got four entries.

The difference between the 5/- con fee of the BSFA and the 12/6 of the non-BSFA was too great. It should have been 7/6 & 10/6 or thereabouts.

Con committees should have a minimum of six months in which to prepare a programme and organise things. We had three months and it wasn't enough. There are less than a handful of people in fandom who can organise a programme and produce a programme booklet of the high quality of the last one in that short time. Fortunately for all of us, Norman Shorrocks was one of the few. He did a wonderful job, but it wasn't easy.

Con committees should consist of at least four people and where possible they should live within easy travelling distance of one another. Too much valuable time is, of necessity, wasted waiting for replies to tapes and letters if it happens that the Con committee are spread out all over fandom.

The consite should be where there are enough fen to constitute a con committee. It is not easy to plan a con or choose a consite by 'remote control'. I know, I've tried it. It is a necessity too to have a local fan acting as liason between fandom and the hotel.

There are, of course, many other suggestions and ideas but those are the main ones, and we'd all do well to remember them.

In the words of the service song, 'Now we come to the better bit'. - Who is going to run the 1960 con? The BSFA, certainly, but who will serve on the con committee? Last time the BSFA committee asked that question, they got very few answers. Several fen were prepared to help in a small way, but no one wanted the job of organising it all. So, rather than see the already overworked BSFA committee tackle it, as they were prepared to do, rather than have no con at all during the important year of its birth, Norman and I had a crack at it - phew! It's got to be a group undertaking so may I suggest that the NEW London Circle be given the job? They are willing and capable and have plenty of members - over forty at the moment.

We here in Cheltenham had the pleasure of their company here over Whitsun and it was in our clubrooms that they suggested the idea. I'm all for it because if, as they undoubtedly will, put as much effort, enthusiasm and organisation into the 1960 con as they did into that weekend with us, the con will be an unparalleled success.

They suggested having the con in London, and it's been seven years since the last one was held there, British Con, I mean. They also suggested running it in conjunction with the BSFA and that the profits should be split between the association and the London Circle. I disagreed almost violently at the splitting of the profits, but, on thinking it over, I say, 'Why not?' Why shouldn't an SF group who are prepared to tackle a job like that get something out of it? It's not as if the money will be spent on drink; the LC are going to need all the money they can get to keep the club on a financially even keel. Previous cons held in London have shown no balance sheet and where the profit went is still a mystery. I think the BSFA would do well to accept the London offer and to make it a rule that conventions should be run by SF groups for the time being at any rate. The Association is still in its infancy and although the infant is robust and healthy, it needs to be helped along by the more experienced and staid members of British Fandom.

"A share in the profits" is a fine incentive to any group, it ensures their full co-operation. The more successful the convention, the more money for the group to use to improve their clubrooms or any other activity they have in mind. So, you say, that idea leaves out the individual fan who isn't fortunate to be in an SF society or circle - out in the cold. Not at all. What fan hasn't, on visiting a group's clubrooms or meeting place hasn't been made welcome? We in Cheltenham have made it quite clear that our clubrooms are open to any fan, and so have other groups. I'm all for the cons being run by SF societies and groups, just as long as they remember that they are under an obligation to the rest of us to put on the best possible con, to extend special privileges to the current guest of honour and to see that the TAFF representative is taken good care of.

I think that the London Circle measures up to our requirements. Let's give them the chance they want to run the 1960 con. I don't think we'll regret it.

----- Bob Richardson.

THIS ISSUE OF VECTOR IS THE COMBINED WORK OF:

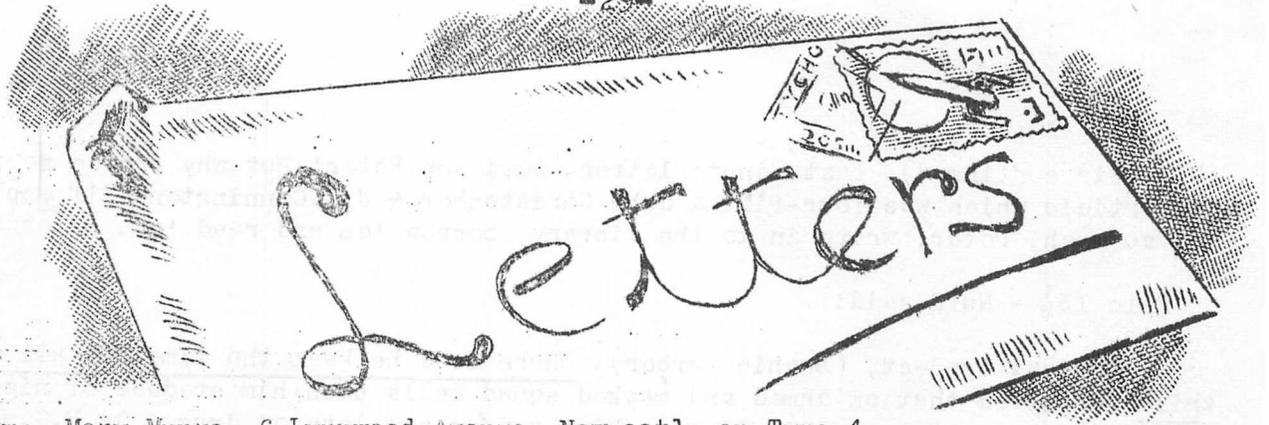
Roberta Wild, Mike Moorcock, Sandra Hall and George Locke. Published (for this issue only) from 30, Benhill Wood Road, SUTTON, Surrey. Art Editor: Jim Cawthorn. Most of the duplicating done very kindly by Dick Ellingsworth, the rest of the duping done by Mike Moorcock and Sandra Hall.

Treasurer: Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Rd., N. Hykeham, LINCOLN.

Secretary: Sandra Hall, 41, North End House, Fitz-James Ave., London, W.14.

Library: THE LIBRARIAN, The Basement, 130, London Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

All correspondence, submissions etc. regarding VECTOR should, for the time being, be sent to the Secretary, Miss Sandra Hall.



From:- Mary Munro, 6 Lynnwood Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne 4.

V.4 was a far better set out and printed mag than its predecessors, but the actual contents seemed to have been hurriedly put together. (A mild attack of conventionitis, orkaps?)

My favourite article is General Chuntering by Ken Slater; how he can pack so much information and general s-f gossip into such a small space and yet produce readable matter beats me.

I was glad to note also that you had noticed the science in science in science fiction and had printed an article on the London Planetarium. Keep up the magazine reviews, I like to see whether I agree or disagree with you experts, but please don't review the American magazines before I receive them, you quite gave the game away in the last ASF serial. (By the way, could you please tell me where to write for Amazing S.F.Stories, I cannot obtain a copy up here.)

By all means let's have a fanzine review column, if not in each issue, at least occasionally. There are so many fanzines that the newcomer like me would welcome a signpost as to which was good and which was bad.

I liked the story "The Perfect Answer" but couldn't follow Terry Jeeve's "Time Capsule" (though I think it is a good idea. I didn't like the cover, it looked as though outer space suffered from an attack of measles. Nor did I like 'Bloke at the corner' partly, I think, because I didn't follow it.

On the whole Vector seems a good and intelligent and intelligible magazine - long may it thrive.

From:- 'Doc' Weir, Primrose Cottage, Westonbirt Village, Tetbury, GLOS.

...Good idea getting three people to do the convention report. A propos of the convention cartoon - idea for the next con, we must have a large notice board to call attention to things of general interest.

Editorial, Terry, your services at the convention were extraordinarily useful in the capacity of shepherd dog - hunting members out of the lounge, bar, gents., bedroom bottle parties etc, and herding them into the Connaught Room so that everybody got a good audience and there was really a representative show of opinion at the discussions. I have attended professionally a good many conventions on science and the teaching thereof and I have yet found one at which the general discussion wasn't the most useful and educative part of the whole thing

(Doc Weir continued) Last minute letter. Good for Peter! But why praise me for the article which was four-fifths John Christopher & J.J. Connington - if you like 'em so much, Peter, write in to the library, borrow 'em and read 'em.

... File 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ - Nuff said!

Historical Project, (Archie Mercer). Where does he keep the time for all of this? Suggested that an armed and masked squad calls upon him at dead of night and finds where he keeps his time machine and/or accelerator drug A la H.G. Wells.

Classified adverts, was this Ken's own idea or did our editor merely put one in for him? He deserves a row of them anyway for all he's done for us.

London Planetarium, very nice, we could do with more of this sort of thing. (Any nice new models or working exhibits at the science museum?) One awful gaffe at the beginning - what has poor Karl Jansky done to be called Janksy?

U.S. Mags Review. As usual you aren't letting them get away with it. I wish you'd say in so many words that J.W. Campbell ought to stop monkeying about with Dianetics and elementary magic and go back to editing ASF; then, perhaps he might get it out of the level of slick, slightly dull competence to which it is at present sticking snail-like.

Time Capsule. Nothing like going out in a blaze (reflectorship) glory, Terry - and, at that, I've read many worse.

Letters. L. Sandfield. "All successful writers invariably make the action in their short stories take place through the eyes of their angle character." Bolony, Lawrence! How about A.C. Clarke's shorts, (2) Fredric Brown's short-shorts from Angels and Spaceships and (3) Robert Heinlein's shorts? Hardly any of them obey Lawrence's rule. Best point was your comment, Terry, at the end.

Groves: Yes, I've thought that about fantasy - so strongly I felt like knocking it about in my next contribution as secretary.

Lindsay: For people like myself who are not organised 'fans' and find many fanzines unreadable owing to the amount of background social knowledge that they assume, this letter comes as one of the most valuable things in the whole issue! One up to Ethel for writing it and Terry for printing it. Thank You Both.

Treasurer's report. He's a treasure as well as a treasurer - I hope other people realise this too!

From:- Rainer Eisfeld, Margaretenplatz 10, (220) Bonn, GERMANY.

May I at the beginning thank you for the printing of my article on Gerfandom in the last issue of Vector. At the same time I must mention a 'mimeoing mistake' at its start which, I hope, was not misinterpreted. Vector said: "The BSFA and the SFCE have been linked by the exchange of two members on each side - Walter Ernsting and myself have agreed to further co-operation." I had written:-

(Rainer Eisfeld continued) "...have been linked by the exchange of two members on each side - Walter Ernsting and I have agreed to further co-operation" thus to stress that both organisations had agreed, not just we. It only struck me when re-reading Vector, and not when I got it months ago...

From:- Ian R.M. McAulay, Ballycorus Grange, Kilternan, Co. Dublin.

...I enjoyed practically all of Vector 4 but I think a few additions could be made; firstly, more reviews, both of fan and prozines. Indeed, why not more book reviews? Not necessarily of new books alone but of some of the classics in the field. Something along the line of Doc Weir's comparison of the 'Death of Grass' and 'Nordenholt's Million' in Vector 3 should fill the bill nicely.

Next, the controversial subject of artwork. If it was possible to get Atom or someone of his calibre (if such a person exists) I think the format would improve greatly. I may be in a minority here, but a few cartoons such as those that appear in 'Hyphen' and some of the other fanzines would surely be worth trying as an experiment.

I was disapocinted to see that the sub to the BSFA is staying at the same level for its second year. I'm sure that many of the members are in the same position as myself and get nothing but the journal for their sub. With the best will in the world 5/- per issue is a bit steep...

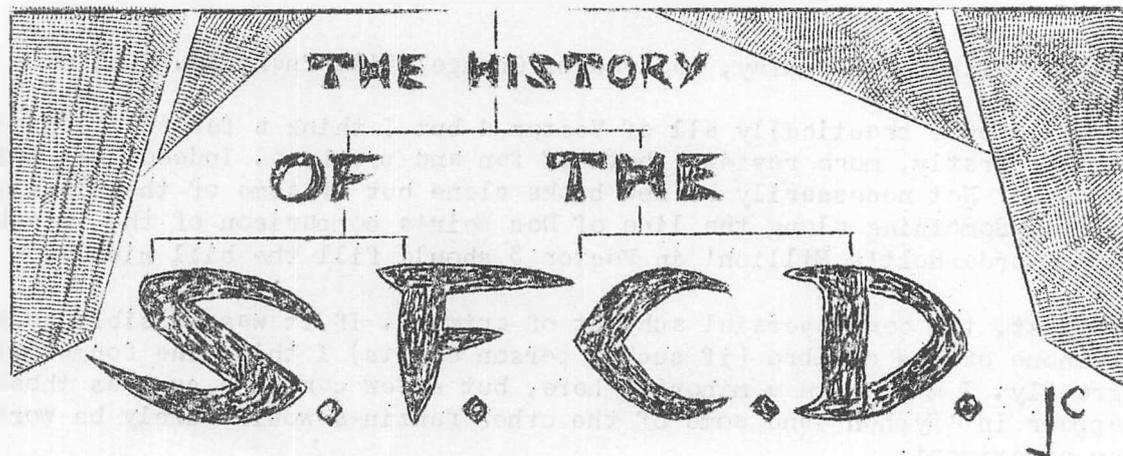
From:- Peter Singleton, 10 Emily St., Burnley, Lancs.

I opened my copy of Vector 4 anticipating a very pleasurable reading session. I wasn't disappointed. It surpassed all expectation.

A very important item was the con report. It was soberly written without the usual fannish nonsense incorporated into it. Not that I don't like 'fannish nonsense' - in fact, I revel in it, but I read a con report to get a factual account of a convention and not a concoction of truth and nonsense because in such cases it is not easy to distinguish fact from fiction. Full marks to the con reporters. I am determined to attend the con next year.

Better than ever was 'General Cluntering'. The wealth of information makes it useful and interesting. I hope to see more next issue.

In VECTOR 3 Rainer Eisfeld gave a short account of the SCIENCE FICTION CLUB EUROPA. Here is the history of Gerfandom again as seen through the eyes of Julian Parr, Anglofan of old and one of the founders of Gerfandom.



Although there were a number of veteran readers of SF in Germany, no feal fanac could start until there was some regular link between the enthusiasts. This came early in 1955 with THE READER SPEAKS' department in Walter Ernsting's pulp monthly, the UTOPIA GROSSBAND. On August 4th of that year, the Science-Fiction Club Deutschland (the S.F.C.D) was founded. Since then over 1,500 s-f readers have joined it and although a number are no longer members, the S.F.C.D. is without doubt the largest SF society in the world at present, if not the largest ever.

In the past four years, the SFCD has suffered all the ailments that fan organisations are heir to - personal feuds, opposition groups, pressure from commercial interests, rivalry with the I.S.F.S. for continental leadership, the great schism when Vice Chairman Hein Bingenheimer left to found his own 'Transgalaxis SF Book Service, and finally the split from which emerged the new 'Stellaris'.

On the other hand, the S.F.C.D's record of achievement is a proud one. It has promoted the formation of almost thirty local Chapters (including national sections in Switzerland and Austria - and one in Sweden) six of which are now publishing their own fanzines. It has organised national cons each year with attendances up to 200, while Chapters have organised similar regional meetings with attendances of up to 50 fans. It has sponsored the German 'Hugo' awards fro the best German SF novel of each year. By guaranteeing sales of at least 500 copies, the SFCD was

able to persuade publishers to bring out "S.F.C.D.Choice" volumes one of which was an anthology of some thirty stories by S.F.C.D. members. The S.F.D.C. ran a mail order service for its members giving them a 20% discount on the normal retail prices of books and magazines. It runs an adoption fund for East German fans. It bought out the first checklist of German language Sf and is now preparing a revised version which lists over 1,600 stories. Of its major efforts to popularise the genre was one to take over the largest stand at the German Inventor's Union Exhibition at Recklinghausen in November 1956.

In April 1958 the S.F.C.D. was re-named the Science Fiction Club Europa, in deference to its growing membership in other countries (at least 60 in Switzerland for instance). The unwieldy S.F.C.D. statutes were discarded and leadership was centralised with President Walter Ernsting and Director Wolf Detlef Rhor. The S.F.C.E.'s aims were re-stated: to promote correspondence, meetings, discussions and other activity among Sf readers and fans; and thus help to raise the standard of German-language Sf; to keep members informed about developments in various branches of science, in world Sf literature and in international fandom. S.F.C.E. members receive the monthly ((now bi-monthly and with more pages.R.E.)) printed journal "Blick in die Zukunft" (with articles club news, fan fiction, book and film reviews, book service catalogue etc.) and also the quarterly duplicated fanzine "ANDROMEDA", with club news, letters, reports from local chapters etc. They also have reduced prices in the book services etc; free use of the Club library and free admission to Cons and other events.

Julian Parr,
Begonienstr. 20.
Dusseldorf - Stockum.

Sad news is that Julian Parr will retire from active as well as passive fandom. His new profession will leave him no time. Julian did a lot for SFCD/E abroad. He is better known in the UK and the US than in Germany.

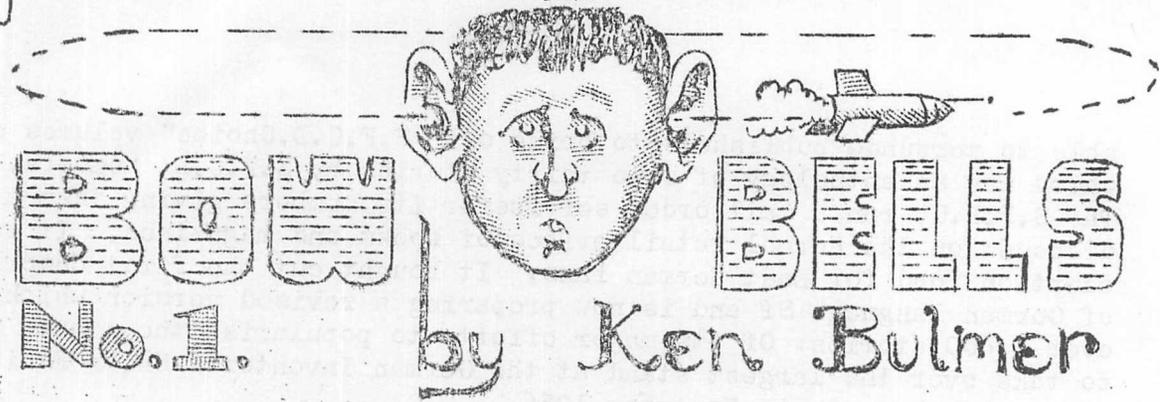
Rainer Eisfeld.
Margaretenplatz 10,
(22c) Bonn. GERMANY.

FOR SALE.

A collection of American Science Fiction. This consists of 76 issues of 'Astounding' 1950 - 1956 and about 60 issues of various Galaxies and Astoundings, British and American editions. All these are in perfect condition. Will anyone interested please write to the following address.

J. A. Turner, 21a Athelstan Rd., Hastings, SUSSEX.

Jc



"... the nose capsule will be exploded free of the main satellite, a retro rocket bringing it back to the earth's surface. Eight large cargo aeroplanes are standing by with large nets attached to their fuselages. When the radio signal from the descending capsule is picked up, the planes will try to snare its parachute with their nets and bring it in..."

All right; so they didn't. But someone with a fair amount of brass weighing down his shoulders had to sanction this apparently mad-cap scheme. Used as a gimmick in an sf story it would probably have raised the hackles of the pure and science-only types among us. The very natural thought that follows is: 'well, is fact catching up with science fiction?'

Despite the credulous mundane types in the street, and despite the gigantic strides made by science into the fields that only a few years ago were chartored only by sf writers, the average sf fan - that is, enthusiast above the ordinary for sf - will answer at once and firmly: "No !"

Two years ago or more I pointed out in an article that the use of the words 'Outer Space' are pretty ridiculous when applied to the journeys of earth satellites and even of moon and space probes, Cabinet Ministers, Presidents, astronomers, newspaper men and all types of people with a public voice refer to 'outer space' without really knowing what they are talking about. Perhaps the most pathetic example of the crass ignorance shown by most sections of the public occurred during a BBC Radio Newsreel interview with an astronomer - I believe it was Lovell of Jodrell Bank - after the Russian Lunik was launched.

The astronomer had given an account of what it was about and how the lunik had missed the moon and was now hurtling through space in an orbit round the sun. The interviewer was quite unable to grasp this concept. Finally he asked: "When will the satellite reack the Sun?" Well, I ask you!

Again he was told and again he failed to grasp it. The astronomer and if it was Lovell he by now, I imagine, heartily sick of rockets for the rest of his life - tried to soften the shock of explaining to the interviewer that he was a cretin. Yet - these BBC boys are sharp. I know their standard of interviewing varies; but their marbles are all there. It seems that what we sf people take for granted is darkest black magic to them.

And so we find someone glibly referring to Undersea as 'Inner Space'. This is so childish that no more time need be wasted on it. There is only one minor justification for 'Outer Space'. Lawyers refer to the air above a country as that country's 'airspace'. So you might consider the space above that to be outer space. The word 'space' has a certain positive meaning, applied in this instance to the space between heavenly bodies. 'Airspace' then can be regarded as a contradiction in terms. And when a satellite creeps up into an orbit of a few hundred miles apogee, so that it is still within the Earth's atmosphere - well, legal eagles, airspace or outerspace ?

Space extends. Using the old Earth-as-a-central-point concept when basing our galactic highway code, we could very well regard the Inner planets as being in Inner Space. Then comes space proper, extending from the sun to the orbit of Pluto and any trans-Plutonian planets there may be. Once you kick off on the long haul to the stars you can talk about being in outer space - but most sf folk prefer Deep Space.

A great deal more could be said on this; how the effect on the minds of the laymen is all out of proportion to what they understand (as it always will be) but it seems to me that the issue is simply that the unthinking use of the words 'Outer Space' epitomises this ignorance. I couldn't care less what the future spacemen call their trade and its environs. I use the words I know and my readers know; if I used the future words my readers wouldn't cotton on. (There are exceptions to this I know, pace AST, but the basic truth is unchanged). I jib a bit at using words which I consider indicate a lack of understanding. I could be wrong - and it's up to you to tell me if you think I am.

No - whilst the moon is still unexplored, sf has a clear and unchallenged lead over science - and don't let any penny a liner try to tell you otherwise.

And after the moon - ? How can science catch up with sf when by definition sf is the extrapolation of scientific concepts into the future ?

In issue No. 3 of Vector I was particularly impressed by Eric Jones' report of successes and failures with the Cheltenham group. The LC safari to Cheltenham will be over by the time you read this. We hope that we have been uplifted and strengthened, as they say, to go on with our own plans. The London Circle, it should be noted, has no connection with the BSFA other than the mutual interest in sfish affairs; yet I feel that news of London must be of interest to fandom at large.

Now that Bobbie Wild is to take over editorship of Vector, it seems that London will have an even bigger part to play. In Vector 6 I hope to carry the saga on further.

It was with some justified dissatisfaction that I missed the Brumcon. I gather that the first BSFA sponsored con was a success and I think this a good thing. Apart from the bad timing - Easter is not a good time for a con, Whitsun is preferable - the BSFA should feel proud of having accomplished a marked success. All congratulations to the organisers.

As Pamela and I are half of the entire English resident membership of Irish Fandom - the other two being Charles Randolph Harris and Arthur Thomson - we made our annual pilgrimage to Belfast over Easter, where a wonderful time was enjoyed by all as they say. Walter Willis, James White and Bob Shaw were in fine fettle, along with wives and children, George Charters and Gerard Quinn made up some fine sf-ish and joke-filled gatherings.

It was an amusing and impressive thought that those present represented quite a sizable slice of the sf world and could between them have filled a science fiction magazine - and have! Gerard Quinn for the art department, Walter Willis for the column, James White, Bob Shaw and self for the fiction and - whisper it not in Gath - Pamela for an article, and GATW Charters has appeared in hard covers. Yes, a very fine gathering in Belfast over Easter, and all pity that circumstances did not allow us to enjoy the company of the rest of you at Birmingham.

Stop Press. During October this year the London Circle is holding a conversazione - now re-named Symposium. This will take place over Saturday night with the object of introducing fresh people to science fiction. It is hoped that as many interested people as possible will attend.

Dear Miss Wild,

I am looking for contributors for NOVA, the literary fanzine of Germany. I am hunting for people who have a profound knowledge of the essentialities of British S-F authors and who are willing to take over a monthly or bi-monthly column in which they tell German readers about them.

Will any member who is willing and in a position to help please write to:-

Klaus Eylmann, Hamburg 39, Maria-Louisen-Stieg 23, GERMANY.

U.S.

magazine

REVIEWS

Tony Francis

Not many magazines have piled up here in the last month or so. So many seem to have dropped out of sight,

that the only things left to review are Astounding and Galaxy. Naturally, I don't subscribe to every American mag, but I generally pass most of them

through my hands under a certain private arrangement...it seems to have slipped up this quarter however, so the reviews look like covering only Galaxy and Asf. The rating is on a five point scale, and in response to several requests, here is how I consider the grades. A. Excellent, well written, good plot, and a good ending. B. Good yarn, well written, but somehow just failing to ring the bell. C, is an average thing, nothing cruddy, but leaving no pleasant memory. D goes to a story failing badly in any of the above counts, but with a few things to be said in its favour. E, is an out and out stinker. The opinions are my own, and I have been criticised for being a bit harsh...so what, when I give an A, I want to feel it means that it WAS a good story....so critics, don't expect any let up for mediocre material. And now so.....

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....May, 1959

CUM GRANO SALIS...(Gordon) Deals with an expedition forced to live off the land, which grows poisonous fruit. One man gets away with it. Problem, why? Be charitable, and rate it C

OPERATION HAYSTACK...(Herbert) Concerns someone rocking the political boat, and how do you find them. The searcher is a character who has been rebuilt from a basket case, but since this plays no part in the plot, it is difficult to see why it is brought in. C, but B grade in parts

HEX...(Harris) A woman welfare worker, who uses psi powers to diagnose the troubles and to set them right. Amusing in parts, and barely making a D

WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG, FARDLY...(Kuykendall) After that mouthful, you'd expect more than a yarn (related by an adolescent) describing a trip into space by psi-powered space ship built by two adolescents. Charitable again, this is a B.

HISTORY REPEATS...(Smith) Partnership of man and his talking dog in a search on a frontier planet. Some interesting side-lights on the customs, but little more than an incident gets the yarn a D

DISTURBING SUN...(Latham) Richardson has yet to write a story which sounds like one. Long on science (astronomy), his plots

are poorly draped around some pet theory. In this case, the idea that sun spots affect the brain. Conducted in interview question and answer form, it fully earns a bottom D.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....June. 1959

CAT AND MOUSE...(Williams) Concerns a warden who finds one of his reserves (planets) infested by a pest. Using fire to kill fire, he opens an inter dimensional gate to Earth, and thus releases an Earth hunter on the pest. The pest (a very intriguing life-form) gets it in the neck... Definitely B.

TRANSFUSION...(Oliver) Archaeology by time machine shows that man wasn't on this earth as long as was believed before. The time machine reveals humanity being seeded, and the trail leads to a dying race preparing us to receive their secrets.. ..Luckily (for them) the last two are still alive in time to be discovered and hand on their secrets... Just short of B.

ALL DAY SEPTEMBER...(Kuykendell) Moon prospector gets a meteorite through the innards of his tractor.. and no prospect of rescue....naturally, he has plenty of food, but no water, or at least, not enough to last until a search party can find him. The prospector (What prospector could afford a moon passage, and moon tractor, and still need to go prospecting ???) finds himself a water-mine. Good reading, but the basic set up makes it a C.

UNBORN TOMORROW...(Reynolds) Time travel, beer session and private detective hired to find the first, via the second. D

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....July.1959

DORSAI...(Dickson) This three part serial, which began in the May issue; winds up on a high action level. The Dorsai are professional soldiers, and Donal though a true Dorsai, has peculiar differences. His foresight and rise to power are remarkable, fascinating and swift. The hints of psi powers which dangle tantalisingly never really get followed up, but even so, here is you A for...and worth saving that A for.

BUT I DON'T THINK...(Garrett) The (psi) 'Guesser' of a military space ship, is rugged, and left behind on a strange planet. Accustomed to harsh military rule, he knows no rest until he has fought his way back to his old position, and is happiest when he gets punished for doing so. Rating C

BROKEN TOOL...(Thomas) One of those cute 'tests' for space aptitude, where you're supposed to think the man has passed, then find he failed...this particular test is pretty puerile. Send the man home on leave, then if he enters his own home, he passes, but if he turns away from the door and heads back to the spaceport, he fails, because he doesn't show human sentiment....who would fail that one? Rating...D

STRAW...(Budrys) Somebody forms a Syndicate to grab power and money (in a modern Atlantis), and they are foiled by the big wig of the travel bureau...because he knows what everyone is doing all the time.....C

LEVERAGE...(Anvil) A planet with nice nasty monsters, which suddenly turn out to be no problem at all.....D.

VANISHING POINT...(Beck) An artist invents a machine to demonstrate perspective, and the vanishing point begins to enlarge. As soon as the threat has been made obvious, the story ends. Definitely, an E, though near D level.

GALAXY MAGAZINE.....June.1959

WHATEVER COUNTS...(Pohl) Colonists encounter a nasty form of alien race, but finally manage to escape their foul clutches by a marvellous use of the powers of the human brain....C

TAKE WOODEN INDIANS...(Davidson) A hodge-podge of time travel, mysterious opponents and wooden Indians...Give it D
NO PLACE FOR CRIME...(McIntosh) A planet with a super clever police force, faces up to the tricks of a pair of teleports. The police win out...they know all the tricks. C+

TRAVELLING COMPANION WANTED...(Wilson) A spaceman falls off a space station..oh yes, his guide rocket pushes him out of orbit, but then he falls into the sea...obviously, this is considered a soft landing. All this, so the bloke can have a logical (?) reason for swimming in a space suit..and won't drown when he gets sucked into a tunnel running from the bed of the Atlantic, to the Indian Ocean (under Africa) to give you a bit more for your money, he even finds people living down there...than ghu, Galaxy no longer calls itself a s-f magazine.....This is a real F.

SOFT TOUCH...(Galouye) Mutant humans, incapable of wrong doing, are persecuted unmercifully (They are such suckers, they deserve it) Luckily for them, their children have the protective mutation of causing love and devotion in everyone round.....C

EXTRACTS FROM THE GALACTIC ALMANACK...(Harris) The sort of crud that would get a fanzine rejection slip.....E

GALAXY MAGAZINE.....August.1959

NO LIFE OF THEIR OWN...(Beck) The children of various alien races play together. One gets shoved through a machine into some queer dimension..and gets rescued along with the beings who dispense good and bad luck.....C

MUGWUMP 4...(Silverberg) A stooge dials the wrong number, is suspected of spying on someone or other, and is shipped off to the future, then six ways, and finally back to his starting point in time to go through it again and again...D

THE MALTED MILK MONSTER...(Term) A man entrapped in the dream world of a child. Sturgeon would have got more horror and realism into this, but with Term, it never really grips you, even when the story ends on a low note. Rating C

THE WAGING OF THE PEACE...(Pohl) Being a sort of sequel to the 'Wizard of Pung's Corners', wherein the problem is how to knock out the war machines which keep on producing all sorts of unwanted gadgets. The efforts have unusual results, and the story is never dull.....C+

CITIZEN CELL...(Sheara) The exile on Earth had unusual powers, but if he used them, 'Guardians' would come and

winkle him out for doing so. He does, they do, and its a D
THE SPICY SOUND OF SUCCESS...(Harman) Exploration by a
spacecrew where you start as Captain, and work your way
down to Crewman as you gain experience. .which isn't
wanted. This reads rather like the Reader's Digest pieces
on unusual quips and figures of speech. .otherwise, if
you're like me, you'll wonder what it is all about...D
LEX...(Haggert) Lex, is an interesting robot factory in
need of a new manager. No sooner does it get one, than the
old boss pegs out, and the factory commits suicide...a poor
ending to an otherwise intriguing concept.....C+
LICENSE TO STEAL, is another of those annoying bits of
nonsense which keep appearing in Galaxy...it purports to
detail the truth behind various original (and otherwise)
laws and cases of the Galaxy. Permissible in a fanzine,
but I don't BUY professional magazines to read this utter
crud....why did I let myself be talked out of a six point
scale...I could have rated this F.

Having a spare piece of stencil left after those
reviews, I'll take to comment on a few of the more obvious
trends of the SF magazines...asf and Galaxy in particular.

Asf is leaning heavily on the psi gimmick, and Galaxy
leans just as heavily on the fanzine type material...which
has none of the honest 'have-fun' of the true fanzine.

These two, and other magazines, share a more serious
fault...that of the missing story. Too many stories these
days, are wrapped around an idea that would only have been
an incident in the old days.... Remember 'Waldo'..or under
its other title, 'Genius in Orbit'? Heinlein threw in
A weakling genius, who was a millionaire with his own space
station --- a modern civilisation with flying 'broomsticks'
and he mixed the lot into a terrific story. Today, most
authors would pose the problem of how to handle materials
at a distance, and the story would end with the invention
of the 'Waldo'.....with Heinlein, that was merely a
background detail. The modern story seldom goes as far
as to finish off as simply as the example given. Having
posed the problem, it is rapidly becoming customary to
run around it forever, and then write the END. In the mags
just reviewed. 'Fading of the Peace', ends with the machines
coming up with a new gimmick.. nobody wins,
'Mugwump 4' leaves our hero in the old time spiral...no
decisive ending
'Vanishing Point' leaves the world menaced by an expanding
lump of nothing
'Unborn Tomorrow' gets off the time spiral, but gives up
trying to solve the original problem.

And so we go. We had plenty of crud in the old days,
but we also had stories. Kinnison came through. The
Humanoids had a good time. The Vitons got their come-
uppance....and in each case, we had plenty of side shows
as well as the main problem. Would someone wake up the