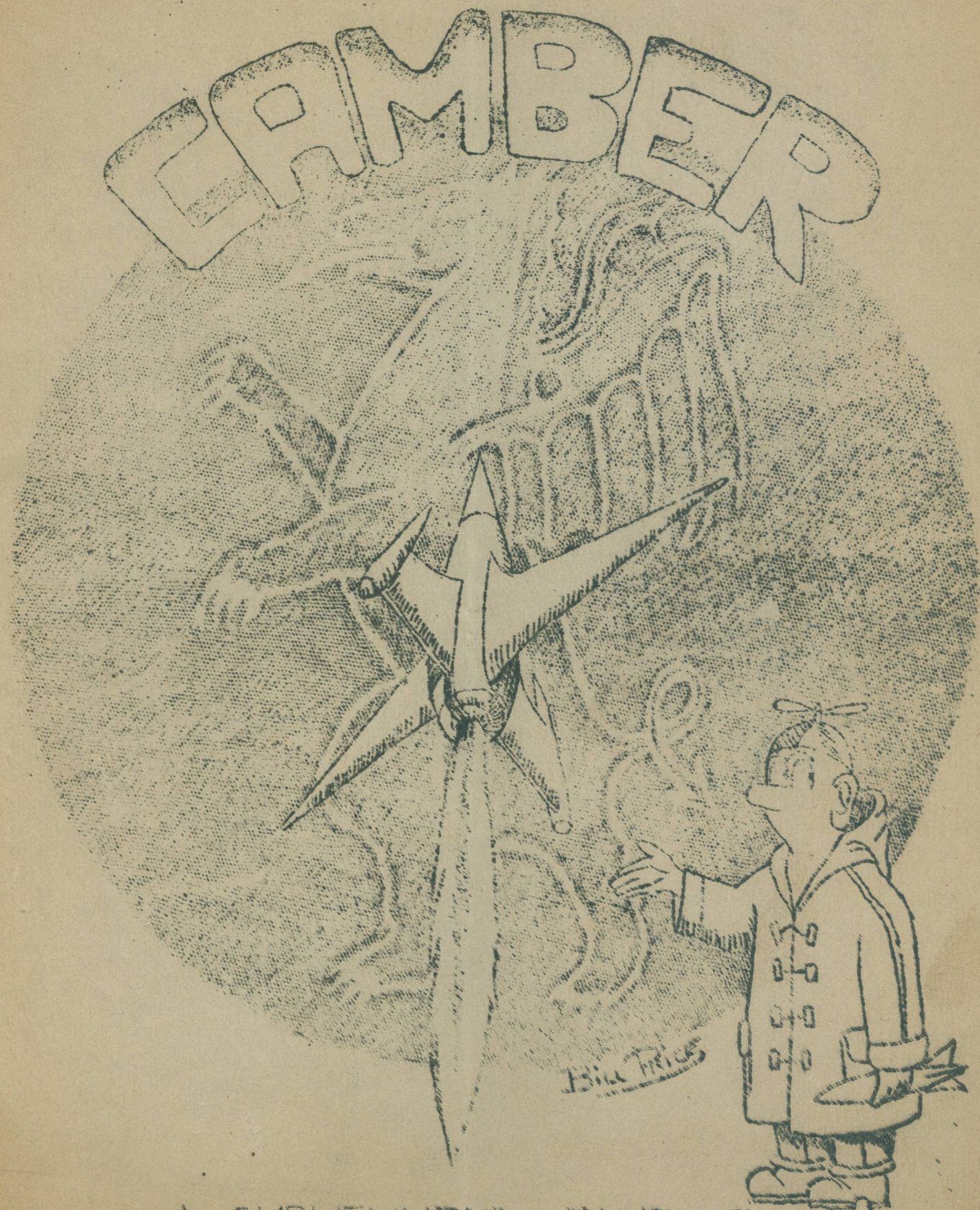


Introducing

NUMBER ONE

# CAMBER



A CURVELINEAR FANZINE.



# CONTENTS

	Page	
Cover .....	1	Bill Price.
This Editorial.....	2 & 3	Guess Who!
News .....	4	'It's a monopoly'.
Pisa - The Leaning Column.....	5	Hal Shapiro.
"Kingdom of the Cats"(Story).....	7	Mr. "E".
Cranky Comments (Fanzine Reviews).....	10	"Tot again?".
Poetry Section ( 6 Poems ).....	15	Orma McCormick, J.Hall & P.R.W.
Projections (Film Column) .....	19	D. Gifford.
HIC - (MANCON) Report) .....	22	"Sandy" Sanderson.
Book Reviews .....	27	"Lynch him..."
Terragraph. (Letter Section).....	30	Youse Yobs!
Pantasers Corner (Quiz) .....	35	Tony Thorne.

Staff (On whom I continually lean)

Art Editor ..... Bill Price..... Assistant....Dave Barker.

Poetry Editor ..... Orma McCormick.

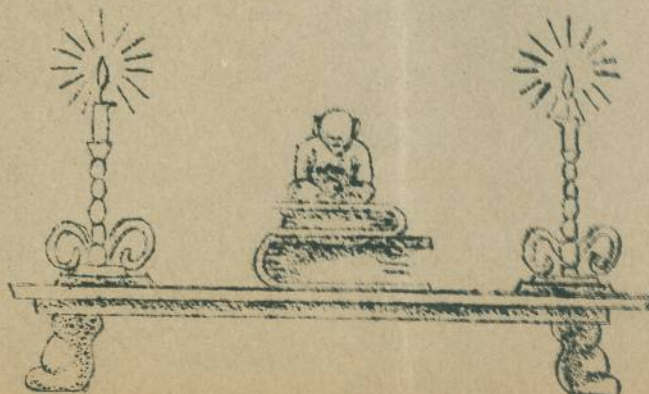
Production Editor.. Howard Griffiths.

CAMBER the "HIC" zine is edited by the wild Welshman, Fred Robinson at 63, Newborough Avenue, Llanishen, Cardiff, Glam., South Wales, G.B. It appears when the necessary material, energy, money, and of course contributions become available. (If that sounds like a hint it is !).

IT's practically thrown away at nine-pence (15 ø) a copy (Plus postage please) or 3/- for four (50 ø) for 4).

U.S. Subs to :-

Charles Lee Riddle,  
108, Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut, USA.



## THE TOP LINE.

Where the editor sweats.

Howdy Folks,

remember me ? Can't blame you if you don't, it's been

a long time. Six months in fact since I mailed out SU-5. Since when a great deal has happened most of it to your editor. I won't bore you with details of the succession of troubles I've run into in producing this edition of Camber. The last one is typical -- Someone promised to print half of the issue on a rotary machine for me that was two months ago. I've just had the blank paper back. So I'm running it all off on the flat bed. With luck you'll be reading this a week from today (19th April). Incidentally this is the second editorial I've written for this issue, the first one was so hopelessly out of date that I had to scrap the stencil. This one is being done in a heck of a rush in my dinner hour on a very ancient machine in work so forgive the mistakes.

The zine is ostensibly the OO of the local fan group "The Cynrades" tho as we are about as active as the London Circle that doesn't count for much. Credit for this ish is due mainly to one or two folks. Particularly to Bill Price who has done not only most of the artwork for the issue but typed most of the stencils as well when my standby Howard Griffiths had to go into hospital. Howard is now, thank goodness, back with us none the worse for his experience. You may be interested to hear that Bill has had a pic published in Nebula 2, the first of many we all hope. The cover of this ish is incidently Bill's first attempt at stencil cutting, tho the reproduction hardly does it credit. Thanks to, to Dave Barker, one of our junior members who drew a couple of the headings herein.

Now a word or two about some of the contributors to this issue. Denis Gifford who regularly draws the most praise per ish for his fine column is making a big thing out of the "Space Patrol" that he launched last year for juveniles (even if I am a member). Denis has incidently had a cartoon published recently in Imagination, gets around that boy. You'll notice that we have a poetry section in this issue. I'm a great lover of fantasy poetry myself and I'm proud to present a selection of some of the best poems of Orna McCormick who is far too well known a poetess to need introduction from me. Since stenciling these poems one of them has appeared in an American fanzine, maybe I can spot a good poem after all.

Although I'm by no means satisfied with this issue it is far nearer what I've wanted to publish than I've ever got before. At the present moment things look far better than ever from the point of view of duplicating supplies so now all I need are contributions of worthy material - like the piece that you wrote or drew, so how about sending it along now straight away, it might get into the next ish if you hurry. But enough of me, on with the motley - or something  
Sincerely, FRED.



## NEWS ITEMS

Bert Campbell announces that as of the Jan 15th issue Authentic will increase to 144 pages, run line drawings in the text, have a new cover artist and a new cover layout with a panel illo with title head and contents strip. First ish in new form will feature a full Temple novel, 'Immortals Plaything' and a short by Bradbury, 'Welcome Brothers' plus a serial instalment and the usual features. Future ish will run more Bradbury and stories by S.J. Byrne, Charles N. Harness and others including fiction by Forry Lockerman.

Another U.K. prozine to feature regular stories by U.K. authors is Nebula who have obtained exclusive rights to the work of Richard S. Shaver in this country - now I know what a long loud silence is!

IRE Galaxy as announced in S.U. 5 will commence publication with the Jan '55 ish (as No. 1) and will be a 160 page complete reprint. Also due at the same time is a IRE of Lester Del Rey's Space, the first being a reprint of the second U.S. issue. Space will run to 128 pages. Price 1/6.

Books due in the U.K. shortly from Museum Press reprints are:-  
The Puppet Masters - Heinlein; The Blind Spot - Hall & Flint; Dreadful Sanctuary - G.F. Russell. Dragon's Island - J. Williamson. Also versions of Adventures in Time and Space, astounding anthology, Galaxy S-F Reader, & Adventures in Tomorrow.

Sidwick & Jackson Ltd. announce the formation of the world's first S-F Book Club. The first three books announced are "Earth Abides", "The Martian Chronicles", and "Last and First Men". All at 6/- to members. The address for information is - Science - Fiction Book Club, 58, William IV (4th) Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C. 2.

### LONDON SCI-FI-FICTION CONVENTION 1955

Time :- Mitsun 1955. Sat and Sun. 23rd - 24th of May (and maybe Mon. 25th. too).  
Place :- Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, London W.C. 1. (few minutes from last year's site at the 'Royal'.

Price:- 2/6 per person registration fee.

4/5/- a day attendance fee.

Ladies, teenagers - half price.

Address all enquiries to :-

Convention Secretary, c/o White Horse;

Tavern, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Films-Talks-Plays-games-Prizes-auctions-

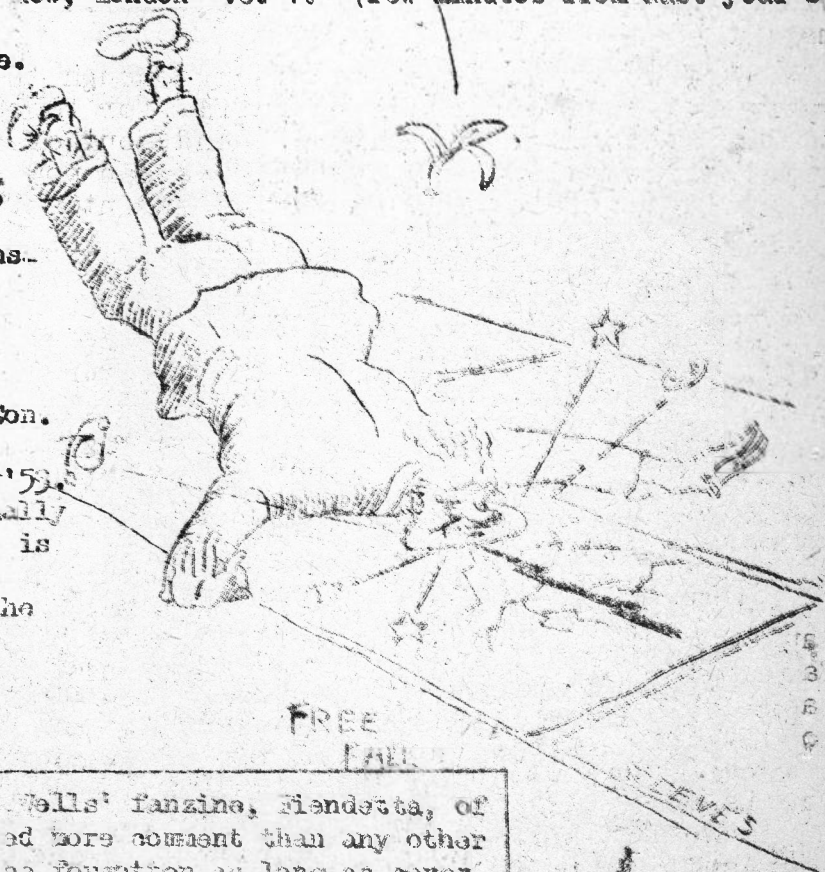
Competitions-Displays etc.

SEE YOU THERE FOLKS.

### Second Australian S-F Convention.

Following the success of last year's Con. a second and even better one is to be held during the first week-end in May '55. Fandom 'down under' is growing continually and in spite of many difficulties S-F is becoming ever more popular there. We therefore wish all concerned with the Con. the very best of luck.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

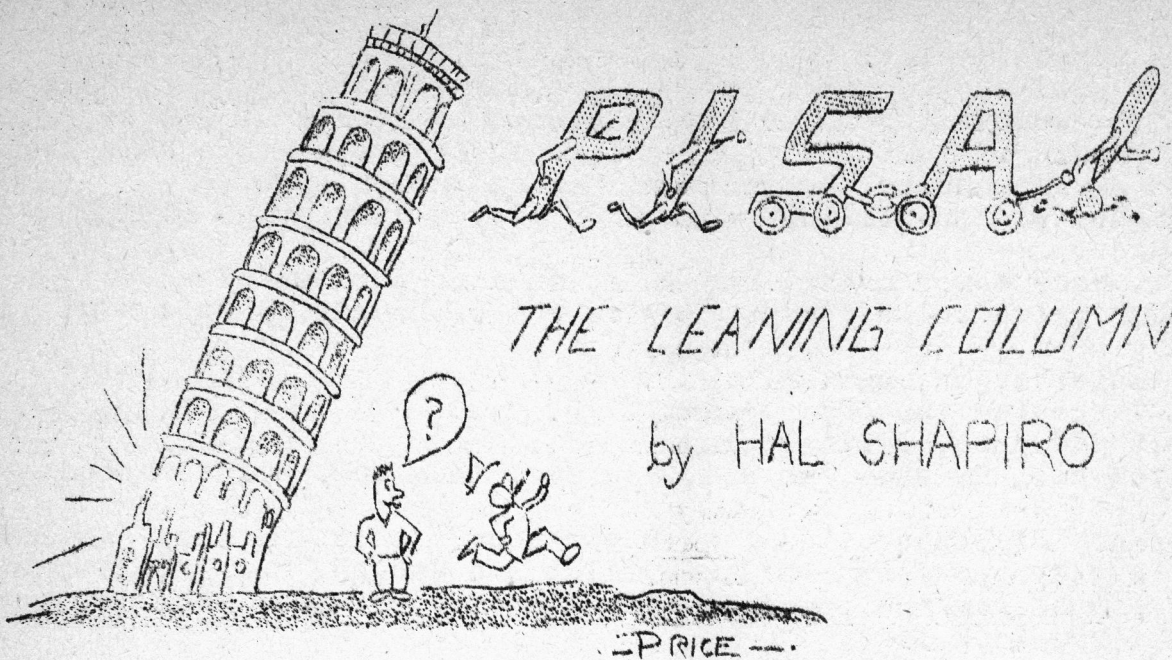


FREE  
FALL

REEVE'S

The death is announced in Charles Wells' fanzine, Fiendetta, of Earl Bergoy who has possibly caused more comment than any other SF artist. His name will never be forgotten as long as cover art is discussed in fandom.





# PISSA

## THE LEANING COLUMN

by HAL SHAPIRO

—PRICE—

With all the columns appearing in American fanzines by Anglo authors, it seemed a shame that there were none in the Isles' zines by characters on this side of the big water. Thus went the exchange of letters. So be it, decreed yed of Camber. So here I am. If you're looking for another Willis, you'd do better to trade this in on Phantasmagoria, the pickled mag.

Not to brag, but I was lucky enough to win the books donated by Porry Ackerman offered in a raffle for those who aided in bringing Willis to the States for the ChiCon. And, out of twenty books, thirteen were printed in England. Deep thinkers can now go into trances and attempt to decide if this means anything momentous.

For the Scientifically minded, a Frenchman has perfected an electrically powered wrist watch. It looks like any other watch, but has a small generator instead of a mainspring, and a motor described as "no larger than the fingernail of a newborn baby." One charge keeps the watch running a year. Forgetful people will line up over there, on the left bank.

o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o/o

Vaughn Span adjusted his trihetrozone mask and set it for pore breathing. He leaned over and said to the sultry beauty sitting next to him, in his helimobile parked 10,000 miles above the earth, "I'll bet you look wonderful under your space mask."

"Please," she replied, issuing the syllable from her breast plate.

"Well, you could take off your mask and let me see what you look like." Vaughn wasn't accustomed to having such a difficult time. But this new girl fascinated him somehow. He looked at himself in the televue mirros. He made a fine appearance, he decided, in his new double breasted space suit. So did she.

"I wouldn't be able to breath without my mask, silly. Your convertable top is down. Why are we parked anyway?"

"We're out of atoms. Just have to wait for a push. Why don't you set your suit for pore breathing?"

"Please, I'm not one of those pore breathing girls. I may look like one, but I'm not."

"Okay, don't get sore," said Vaughn, "nothing personal intended."

"This is a nice helicar," stated the gal, trying to get his mind of her.



"It's not the latest, but it does have finger control and push-pull beds."

"Gee," the girl stared, "You sure know a lot about mechanical things."

"Aw, no," he mumbled, "Why, I barely passed my atomic structure courses. Only reason I passed it is that I took a few of the profs atoms home with me to smash." He blushed to the roots of his extension cord.

"Say, Vaughn, we can still go someplace if you like," the girl beamed, trying to be nice.

"We can't. Here comes a cop, and we're on a no parking cloud."

"Hey, bud," cried the officer, "You're out of bounds. That's a no parking area."

"I see," said Vaughn, seeing.

"You see?" spouted the cop, seeing.

"He sees," added the girl, seeing.

"I see, you see, he sees, we see, you see, they see. Right?" asked Vaughn.

"A neater job of conjugation I've never seen," said the cop, "goodbye."

Anyway, they dropped down to 2,000 miles and Vaughn, his eyes dancing with anticipation of romance pleaded, "You can take off your mask now and let me see what you look like."

"Must I?"

"Why not? I've seen some girls who were out of this world. And they weren't on Mars. Nothing can scare me. Let me help you." He pulled at her breast plate and lifted off the mask.

"Great rings of Saturn, You're no girl," gasped Vaughn, "You're a robot! A female robot! A mechanical dame!"

"It's true," replied the robot, "but I thought you might not mind, a drop of lubricating oil dropped from her eye socket.

"But, how could I ever think you were my blind date?" gasped Vaughn.

"I picked up your ultra sonic signal when you were radioing Vicky Shell. Are you terribly mad?"

"Naw," said Vaughn, bravely.

"Then why are we going down?"

"Because," said Vaughn, hand on depressor, "I might change my mind and decide to raise a family of tin soldiers"

%%%%%%%%

Which is the way some fan fiction is. Or worse if 'tis possible. 'Tis?

Of course, columns these days seem to concentrate on humor. Primarily the pun. But I have yet to see a pun with a stf conotation. So, for your enlightenment, I present, for the first time, as far as I know, a stf pun.

Judge: "I sentence you to nine light years at hard labor."

Defendent: "Couldn't you make that nine hard years at light labor?"

And what of the poetry slant? How much poetry has every been written with a genuine stfnal interest. I present, for your elucidation:-

Little Anne in the refrigerator

Found her mother's disintegrator,

Then with a simple, childish glow

Dissolved the iceman, head to toe.

Mother cried, "Oh, what a bother,

Why, he might have been your father."

%%%%%%%%

Well, I saw my first copy of the "slick Fantastic a few days ago. It seems that that zine isn't sold in this part of the States and I stumbled on a copy of the Jan-Feb 1953 (V2N1) issue while passing through another town. Highly recommended in thish is Time Bum by Kornbluth. The writing itself is nothing special. But the punch line, in the final paragraph, kept me helpless with laughter for more than two minutes.



# KINGDOM OF THE CATS

by Mr "E"

PRICE--

Stepped in the fumes of alcoholic liquor, his head throbbing and mind bemused from the excessive libations of a five-hour debauch, a man pursued his way along the road with swaying gait. On either side of him were small detached houses, screened with evergreens and standing apart from the road in aloof isolation. Not a sound broke the silence of the night, save the faint sibilance of the wind and the uneasy, clattering footsteps of the libertine.

Under his stumbling feet the highway gradually changed its character, merging first into soil, and then into grass -- for the building estate had come to an end. And now the man paused, his legs half-buried in the tall grass, whose blades rustled and stirred as if with a quivering life of their own under the gentle stimulus of the breeze. His bleary eyes peered into the gloom, half-seeking, half-recognising, familiar landmarks. But the scenery danced and swirled about him in a grotesque arabesque, shifting and elongating in sinuous, python-like movements. And then a weakness, a lassitude impossible to resist, spread numbing fingers through his frame, and he sank to his knees. Rolling over, he lay flat on his back, extending arms and legs with a luxurious sigh. Softly to his ears came the murmur of the breeze and the little clicks and rustles as the creatures of the night went their mysterious errands. Far-off a dog barked. Then there was a silence, a peace, an air of stillness, yet pregnant with a myriad unborn whispers. Above him, the stars looked down like pale cold jewels.

A few moments passed, and then down in the distant town a clock struck one, the sound clear and distinct as the striking of a tiny bell. But the wanderer heard not the sound, for his conscious mind had slipped into a deep and dreamless slumber.

Time passed slowly by, minute following minute in gradual succession like the lazy uncoilings of some monstrous serpent. An hour came and went, and still the man lay like a dead thing, his breathing slow and gentle as that of some sleeping child. An instant more, and ---What was that?

Abruptly his eyes came open, every faculty taut-edged, his mind poised on the brink of some deep pit of fearful knowledge. What --- where was he? His eyes swivelled round, and gradually awareness of his surroundings came to him. The small field in which he lay was readily familiar, for he lived but a short distance away. That stunted tree yonder -- how many times in his youth had he not crawled along its branches in the guise of some marauding Indian. The hillock behind had been a fort. The clearing close by--



Turning his head, a movement that made him grimace with pain, he looked at the open space near at hand, then stiffened into immobility.

There in the clearing, now bathed in the golden rays of the moon, were black shapes, squatting like tiny, ebony idols, and still with the stillness of foreboding evil. The man recognised them instantly -- cats! But cats whose attitudes and behaviour were utterly foreign, strange --- and sinister!

Four of the animals were couched together, bodies parallel, whiskered black faces turned on another cat, who squatted in front of them. A semi-circle of cats formed the background of the assembly, scrawny fierce backyard toms crouching next to sleek domestic pets. None of the creatures moved. Their immobile attitudes suggested a peculiar air of anticipation, a grim sense of waiting, waiting.

The unseen watcher blinked his eyes, and ran a leathery tongue over lips of the same texture. God! Were the effects of his carousal still potent, still producing phantasms mocking his reason?... He pressed a hand to the aching band that was his forehead.

At that instant a large, magnificent cat padded into the clearing, the sable muscles of his body rippling as he delicately picked his way over to his confreres. Reaching them, he paused for a moment, and turning his head with tigerish grace, his yellow eyes went slowly around the clearing. The man sank back into the screening grass, an inexplicable fear chilling his veins. Brooding menace hovered around him: the air seemed full of unseen alien presences, and something brushed his soul with loathsome wings. Fear, ancient primeval fear, brought a tightness to his throat.

When he again raised his head, the big cat had assumed the crouching position of the others. And now a silence, awesome and still as death, seemed to emanate from the weird gathering, flowing outward to engulf all nearby life. The noise of the crickets died. The rustles of the little nocturnal animals grew hushed. Nothing stirred or moved or breathed. The silence was absolute.

Gradually out of the air, formless and thin as the whispering of the wind, yet slowly filling with the weight and oppression of inescapable doom, there issued word-forms and alien weird thought-pictures, etching their way into his consciousness like fiery drops of acid. Unbelievably, incredibly, the import of their very strangeness could not be denied. They were the unspoken words, the hidden thoughts -- the secret mind-processes of the cats. Secure in their supposed privacy, the felines were laying aside the screen that shielded their thoughts from human awareness. Bubastis, the ancient eternal idol of the Nile, symbol of the sacred cats of Egypt, whose power had lain dormant and hidden from man for unnumbered eons, again held sway.

"The Law! The Law has been broken!" Like a mad threnody from Hell's portals, like a thousand demoniac voices giving tongue, the words came pulsing into his brain. Someone had offended: someone was condemned; someone awaited the ultimate punishment!

Seized in a paralysis of inexplicable terror, the unseen watcher beheld a sudden heightening of the drama. Springing with incredible swiftness upon the prostrate form of the cat set apart from the others, the black leader descended upon him. His paws flashed like ebon flails, his claws ripped into the unfortunate's head and flanks. With a howling as of the tortured inmates of Hell the other screamed in mortal anguish, writhing to escape the blows. His efforts were in vain. A moment later he lay lifeless on the green sward. The man sensed the grim satisfaction of the assembly. Justice had been done!

How long he remained there, how many dark and sinister secrets of the cat world were unfolded to him, the man was never quite clear. Hours passed before the conclave had finished its deliberations. He dared not



move. Then one by one the lith forms arose and slunk off into the bushes. He raised a hand and wiped the sweat of fear from his forehead. Hurriedly he got up, and avoiding the clearing, stumbled homewards.....

The next day being Sunday, the man came down to breakfast late. The cold douche of his wife's verbal lashing for his behaviour had pushed his night's experiences back into a remote fastness of his mind. He wondered how much was real, how much due to alcoholic stimulation.

Mrs. Thomas was in the dining room, tearfully pouring her sorrows out to his wife. "My Tim!" she wept. "Dead! Cut to pieces! The brutes! Only the day before he'd been practising the tricks we'd taught him, sitting up and begging! He was human, positively human. And now he's dead!" A large handkerchief came once more into use.

As he listened, a fragment of the night's episode came to him. He suddenly understood the law of the cats.

Not for them the servile obsequiousness of the dog. The private world of the felines, that ancient kingdom of the cats, brooked no member of theirs to learn tricks, to abase themselves before the stupid humans. Sooner or later, any cat who relinquished his independence, who permitted man too many liberties, paid the penalty.

The man looked at his own black cat, purring on the hearth-rug. It was large and well-fed. It looked exactly like the grim instrument of retribution of last night. Although it gave no sign of hearing the woman's plaintive voice, of even being awake, there was an air about it of somnolent satisfaction, of justice faithfully rendered.

The man threw up his hands in a despairing gesture, and turned to go out. It was fantastic, unbelievable. He needed a drink!

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PISA (CONT.)

Other Worlds is now coming out with a series of covers that seem to break all taboos for cover illustrations, and yet they're excellent. Now if Palmer will get rid of Shaver and get some decent stories for the inside, he'll have a remarkably fine magazine.

75/5/070/5/5/5/5

Well, it looks like Hollywood is catching up. Up to a couple of years ago, the thriller-chiller specialists never got further than the 19th century notions of Frankenstein, Dracula, and nasoum. When this vein threatened to peter out, producers resorted to clumsy sequels - "Bride of Frankenstein", "Son of Dr. Jekyll", etc. However, with the success of "Destination Moon" movietown suddenly opened its eyes. DM was followed (and preceded) by a rush of interplanetary pictures. Newest, of course, is George Pal's production of "War of the Worlds", The Martian invaders won't even be seen on the screen, according to various notices. The original monsters, Pal decided, were too horrible for public consumption. Said he, "They looked like walking pieces of raw liver."

And with this toothy thought, I'll leave you until this zinc cambers into your mail box next time.

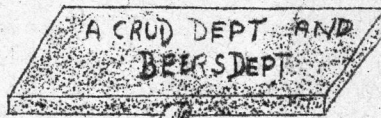
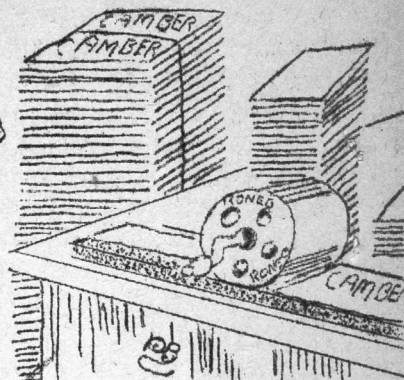
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IX.





# GRANKY COMMENTS



STRAIGHT UP!  
WHAT'S THAT?

FRED?

From the ever increasing volume of fanzines and fanduced literature pouring through my mail box these past few monthss, it would appear that those cranks have shifted into top gear.

Large, small, thick, thin, good and bad, still they come, but they all have one thing in common, they are the end result of a lot of thought, worry, plain hard work and above all, enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, owing to the large numbers of fanzines needing review, I have had to the cut down the lengthof the reviews. However, in them I have endeavoured to give a good indication of the style, content and quality of them as I see it. I only wish that I could spare time to write each edition personally but if you are, or ever have been, a faned and an actifan yourself then you will understand why I can't. Here then are the reviews for this time. Till next issue, - Press on, rewardless!

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SPACE-TILES Ed. Eric bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St. Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. Monthly. Rates. 5/- per year includes membership of Nor' West S-f Club.

'Stim is probably the one publication that has ever achieved and maintained monthly publication on this side of the Atlantic. Altho officially the organ of the Nor' West S-F Club it is a very general zine, news, views, good artwork. Strongly reccomended.

## STARLANES

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Ed. Orma McCormick. 1558. W.Hazlehurst St. Ferndale 20. Michigan. U.S.A. Quarterly. Rates. 20 ¢ a copy. 6 - ¢. U.A. subs for U.K. prozines.

Starlanes, a very high quality poemzine is now expanded. The latest edition to hand, No. 8 Winter '52 runs to 18 pages. Poetry to suit all tastes, stf - fantasy - wierd, serious and humorous, fully illustrated, a good buy and also a good outlet if you're a poet.

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HYPHEN Ed. Walt Willis, 170, Upper Newtownards Rd. Belfast N.I. and Chuck Highly Irregular Harris, 'Carulin', Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex.

Rates 2 for 1/6 as a US promag.

The second issue of this new product of the geometrical school of fan publishing confirms the opinion formed by the first issue. This is Slant stuff, delivered straight with it's hair down. Bob Shaw's cover should go in some direction, in fan history.

Columns, jokes and cartoon s.

0000000000

VOID Ed. Geo.F.Clements, 72, East St. Colchester, Essex.

Irregular. Rates 3 for 1/6 or a US promag, or 3 issues of any GOOD fanzine, will exchange copy for copy.

Welcome to a newcomer to the Uk fan press. Goerge has turned out an excellent first issue. Unusual size, oblong sixmo, but looks neat. Beautiful fantasy by Joe Bowman worthy of special mention. Art section not so hot, five out of six pages wasted. Couple of humorous articles too. Well worth the price.

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X



Ving has issued this "convention memory book" as a supplement to his fine S-F News. It consists in the main of a personal and lengthy report written by Vince himself; to provide a little contrast, Dorothy Jacobs has contributed her comments of her first convention. The booklet also reprints the Paper on The Future of S-F that Syd Bounds read at the con. Among other features is a novel article by Tony Thorne who has obviously been running wild with a London street directory - I was proud to see that London boasts 3 Robinson roads.

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S.F. Ed. John L. Magnus, Jr. 9612 Second Ave. Silver Spring, Maryland USA.  
Irreg. Rates. 15¢ a copy 8 - \$1 17 - \$2 No British rates quoted.

The best description I can give to SF is lively, very lively in fact. Its a 32 page 8vo job, mimeod very neatly with a two colour silk screen cover. The artwork is the only weak spot in its make up. Personally I loved the impish humor which pervades the whole mag. One of the best, worth getting.

7/6/5/5/5/5/5

SCIENCE-FICTION NEWS LETTER Ed. Bob Tucker. P.O.Box 702 Bloomington,  
Quarterly Illinois, U.S.A. Rates 20¢ a copy 4 for 75¢  
UK subs 5/6 a year to Capt. K.F. Slater,  
13Gp. R.P.C. B.A.O.R.29.

If its news, views and reviews you want this is your mag. The Autumn ish to hand has a Chicon write up by Lee Hoffman together with many photos of the events there, plus a whole stack of book reviews.

5555555

PEON Ed. Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham st. Norwich, Connecticut, U.S.A.  
Irreg. Rates. 10¢ a copy. 12 - \$1. U.K. 2 for a 1/6 promag.

One of the finest fan magazines published. The 24th issue to hand runs to 32 pages perfectly mimeod and full of interest no matter what your taste. Stories, articles, columns, serious stuff and humour, its all here. The 26th issue due next May will be a very special issue, the fifth annish of this fanzine and therefore unique.

.....

SCIENCE-FICTION NEWSCOPE Ed. Larry Campbell, Fandomain Press, 43 Tremont  
Monthly (?) St. Malden 48, Mass. U.S.A.  
Rates. 5 ¢ a copy or 50¢ a year. No British rate quoted.

For hot news at reasonable prices take your choice of Taurazi's "Fantasy Times" or Larry Campbells swell mag. Not much one can say about a newszine really, its not beautiful, but its lively and its accurate and the news is as fresh as you'll get it anywhere.

.....

ICE Ed. S/SGT Hal Shapiro 790<sup>th</sup> AC/V Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri.  
Irreg. Rates 15¢ a copy. 10-\$1. UK - By letter of request.

I feel tempted to say that the "frigid fanzine" as its subtitled is an icicle thing, only its not little, the first issue is 28 pages. Accent is on fun and still more fun. The cartoons are the best I've ever seen in a fanzine. A fine effort.

+++++

VANATIONS Ed. Norman G. Brown, 13906-101A Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.  
Bi-Mthly Rates. Special system - Ask for a copy and see.

A V2 has landed with something of a dull thud. Altho I went overboard for the first ish the second one by no means lives up to high standard created by its predecessor. Not that its a bad effort, far from it, parts of it are really good, the quality varies as much as the mimeoing, some of which is unreadable. Liked "What the Censor Missed", didn't like the pages of comments & statistics dealing with V1.

=+==+=

XI.

PHANTASMAGORIA Ed. Derek Pickles. 22 Marshfield Place, Bradford, Yorks.  
Irregular Rates. 9d ea. 2 for 1/6. U.S. - 2 for one good quality  
promag (not A.S.F.)

With the latest (V2N2) issue of Phantas. dedicated to Ken Slater, Derek has turned out the best yet issue of the zine. The most striking feature being the artwork. Cover by John Wilson is excellent, well drawn, fine theme and beautifully laid out to lead your interest into the title. However, Derek has done fandom a great service in bringing back Harry Turner to illustrating, his Egyptian Goddess on Page 8 is, we all agree here, the finest stencilled drawing we've ever seen. In Dennex Morton too, Derek has a great discovery, his cartoons are of pro standard. Contents include a serious article on Robin Hood by KFS, also an amusing, if difficult in style, story also from the Slater pen. A superb issue of a grand mag.

@@@@@@@

WONDER Ed. Mike Tealby, 8 Burfield Ave., Loughborough, Leics.  
Irreg. Rates. 2/- for 3. 40¢ for 3 or 1 promag for 2 issues.

While we say welcome back to fandom Mike, after your illness, we know you can do better than this. Wonder, for those of you not in the know, is a fanzine devoted to Fortean and phaver items, but even they can be well presented - and in this issue they are not. Come on Mike, if a thing's worth doing, its worth doing well.

%%%%%

MEDWAY S-F CLUB JOURNAL Ed. A.C. Thorne, 21 Granville Rd. Gillingham, Kent.  
Irregular. Rates. 9d. a copy 2/6 for 4.

Tony Thorne, in the past twelve months or so has proved to be one of Britain's most active and ambitious fans, that is why I was surprised to see what a dull effort his first fanzine turned out to be. Poorly duplicated, it consists mainly of local news, some serious, some humorous, but all purely local. Tony tells me that the second issue will be a great improvement, I certainly hope so - how about all those artists you mentioned at the con Tony?

SSSSSS

SPACE DIVERSIONS Co-Editors. Tom Owens, John Roles for Liverpool S-F Soc.  
Bi-Monthly 13A St. Vincent St. Liverpool 3. Rates. Free to members.  
6d. ea or 10¢. 3/- a year or 45¢. Country membership of  
LSFS 7/6d. annum.

"Spider" is another 'local' zine, but one that is very international in outlook. This third issue has 23 pages, on them is a lot of very neat printing in the form of articles, one by Bill Temple on Bill Temple, a story, notably part 3 of a round robin tale which gets continually more involved - and funny, an account of the lancon and many other articles, not all interesting to me but something for everybody seems to be the motto.

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FEN CRITTUR COMIC BOOKS An Obligoe-Ande publication for FAPA 61 mailing.  
One Shot Story WAW-Bosh. Drawings Bosh Vinç Clarke.  
Insistance by Chuck Harris and James White.

For once I break my policy of not reviewing FAPA-SAPS zines. Walt sent me this remarkable effort and itsso darned interesting and unusual that I just had to tell you about it. By now most of you will have heard of POGO - What? , ignorant lot!! Anyway Pogo is just about THE comic book in the States, unlike most comic strips I've come across it is witty. WAW, together with several other well known grunches has evidently been swamped by so much Pogo that it has evicted them. First time I ever saw a duplicated comic book. When I mention that the laughs commence with the "Dermatitis Poisoivae" you'll get the idea - Maybe Walt still has a few left -try it (him?)



THE ALIEN Ed. Vic Waldrop Jr. 212 West Ave., Cartersville, Georgia, USA.  
Bi-Mthly. Rates. 50¢ a year. No British Rates quoted.

Probably the worst example of mimeoing I've ever seen but full of life and containing some interesting items. As the mag is so poorly printed and laid out I find it difficult to decipher the regularity and rates of this mag, mixed up as they are with club news etc. I particularly enjoyed the poetry, rather better than the usual fan standard. In future I hope Vic will take more time laying out and printing the mag - if he does he'd have a pretty good fanzine.

@@@@@@

SPACESHIP Ed. Bob Silverburg. 760 Montgomery St. Brooklyn 13, New York.  
Quarterly Rates 10¢ a copy 3 - 25¢ No British rates quoted.

The nineteenth issue of this "good old timer", now in its fourth year of publication is one of the most interesting I've yet read. Seven pages are given over to a history and checklist of British Reprint editions of U.S. mags. Very interesting, complete and accurate. Several other interesting items make this a copy well worth getting if you can.

QUANDRY Ed. Lee Hoffman (Miss) 101 Wagner St. Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A.  
Monthly Rates - Subs by invitation only. Restricted circulation.  
(+) Renewals at 7 - \$1, or 6/- to Walt Willis.

The only monthly fanzine that comes out weekly. After October's batch I'm convinced that 101 is a doorway to infinite universes all containing Lee Hoffman putting out different versions of Q at the same time. Seriously though, four Q's in a month is really something - Lee, as I've remarked before - you're a GENIUS.

Since putting out SU-5 I've received Q's No. 23-24-25-26. 23-5-6 are the usual mixture of fun and games while 24 is all about a guy named Tucker who's supposed to be a fan or something, tho between being a filthy pro and a builder I don't see how he gets the time - Proxyboo again I guess. Maybe if YOU put out four fanzines in a month Lee will invite you to sub. Whats that son? Mc? - er! That's a very good question. NEXT...

SSSSSS

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE Ed. Lynn A. Hickman, 239, East Broad, Statesville, North Carolina, U.S.A.

Rates 20¢ a copy. Free to members of T.L.M.A.

This one has come down quite a bit I'm afraid. Not that its bad, far from it, but it's not what it was - by a long way. TLC has, like its stablemate TLMA reviewed below, always been a colourful zine. Thish its done in various shades of (pardon the expression), red, apart from the cover which is green. Good poetry and the inevitable - but always interesting Chicon report.

.....

T.L.M.A. See Above

Bi-Mthly (?)

Unlike TLC, (above) TLMA 6 is an all green issue containing a mixed lot of material, most of it interesting. There's a con report of course, by Hal Shapiro, oddly enough, not of the Chicon but the MidwestCon that took place back in May, fun tho. Couple of very good poems too. Something seems to have gone out of the TLMA-TLC duo these past few issues, more good artwork would help I think to restore the old quality. How about it Lynn?

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XIII.

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE. Ed: Lynn A. Nickman. 239, East Broad, Statesville, N. Carolina, U.S.A. Irregular: Rates: 20 ¢ a copy. Free to members of P.L.M.A.

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How about it Lynn ?

COSMAG / SF DIGEST: Ed: COSMAG; Ian T. Macaulay, 57, East Park Lane, N.E. Atlanta, Georgia, U.S. Irregular. Ed: S.F.D. Henry. Burwell Jr., 459, Sterling St, N.E. Atl. Georgia, U.S.

It's always an unpleasant duty to report the demise of a fanzine. Especially when, like C/SFD, it's one of the best in publication. In adopting photo-like format Ian and Henry bit off rather more than they could chew, financially. The final combazine however will remain for all time as quite a monument to their joint efforts. Totalling 64 pages the two 'zines contain a vast amount of really superior material. The artwork too is of a veryb high quality. It would well worth your while to obtain a copy of this issue if you can - in years to come I fancy it will be quite a collector's item.

Congratulations to both editors on a fine show, hard luck that you could'nt continue the 'Zines. However I for one will be eagerly looking forward to the mimood 'zine ASFO that is to replace C/SFD. Subs to the new zine cost \$ 1 for 10.

FIENDETTA. Ed: Charles Wolls. 405, E. 62nd St., Savanna, Georgia, U.S.A. 5 times a year. Rates: 10¢ a copy, 3/25¢. Will trade foreign. Free for letter or comment.

The influence of Leo Hoffman's Quandry has made itself felt now so far afield as the adrees above. While I won't say Charles has swapped Leo but he has made a good attempt too. FIEND is a colourful blue, red, green, purple and is full of all sorts of fun even has a musiccorner which I8d probably enjoy if I could read music. Would strongly advise collectors to get in on this one - I think it's going places.

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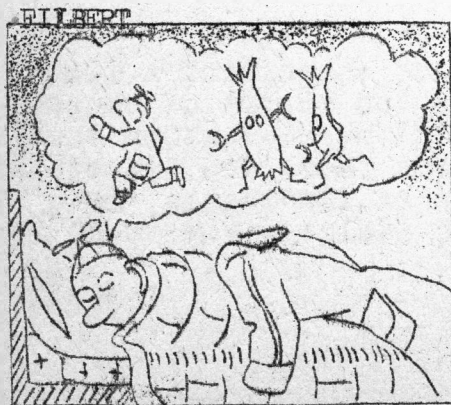
### FANZINE NEWS

Good news all around. WAW announces that SLANT is well under way and should be out about early in the new year.

Bob Foster too informs us that SLUDGE is well in the proof stage.

Stop Press :- Just recieved the 4th ish of SPACE DIVERSIONS. This folks is the biggest thing since the Quannish. 54 pages, printed cover, superb artwork and crammed with really good stuff. One of the finest British fanzines I8ve yet seen. Bouquets to Liverpool.

### THE FAN.





# Misanthrope

A sickened veil divides me from humanity;  
 grey apathy shot through with black despair.  
 I stand aloof and shudder at its vanity,  
 its sordidness, deceit and proud profanity;  
 its cruelty, spite, greed, lust, hate, INSANITY,  
 and I alone can find no kinship there.

I see how sister robs the plate of brother,  
 how first born bloodies fathers aged brow,  
 how wife betrays beloved for another,  
 and childhood friends in turn despoil each other,  
 how mistress ruins, spurns besotted lover,  
 for virtues home is grave and tombstone now.

I hear its hollow sounding celebrations,  
 that seem to strive to mock the pressing time.  
 When garotting sectarian adulations  
 against child murderers of other nations;  
 men may touch off their latest conflagrations,  
 and hurl us back to Pliestozeic slime:

And I alone cry out "Beware destruction"  
 to these whose heed is but to passions sate.  
 To save me from this heap of dank corruption,  
 this seat of murder, falsehood and seduction,  
 come Death, oblivion thy last unction  
 bestow, least I, converted, seek their fate.

J. Hall.

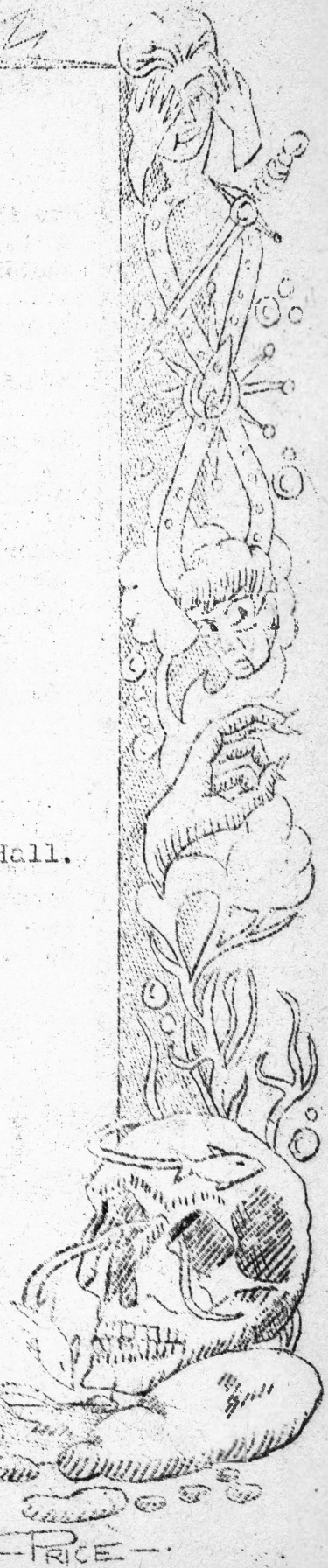
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## EPITAPH IN AUTUMN

Being in the evening  
 in the hills at the deep black pool  
 with smooth gentle sides  
 and those warm round stones beneath,  
 where waterweeds grow from the armpit of the hill,  
 he saw a fat little fish flicker in and out  
 through the empty eye sockets  
 of one who too strongly felt  
 the pull of the earth,  
 the turn of season and tide  
 and too logically longed for union.

P.F.W.

ooo000ooo



—PRICE—

# GALACTIC CONQUERERS

from "OBSERVATIONS".

The flight of songbirds first inspired man  
To test his strength, with beat of motor's roar,  
Exploring realms where sapphire vaults began.

With cobalt wings, a fierce conquistador,  
He jettied upwards past his previous flights  
To break the stratosphere, yet yearned for more.

His galleons now sail the purpled heights,  
His symmetry is sound for outer space;  
Unlike his feathered model, man recites

Immortal sagas of a superrace,  
Where pinions intermingle, dipped in flame,  
Against his cosmic tableau's trysting-place.

Man dares to challenge, conquer, and to tame  
The galaxies on which he burns his name.

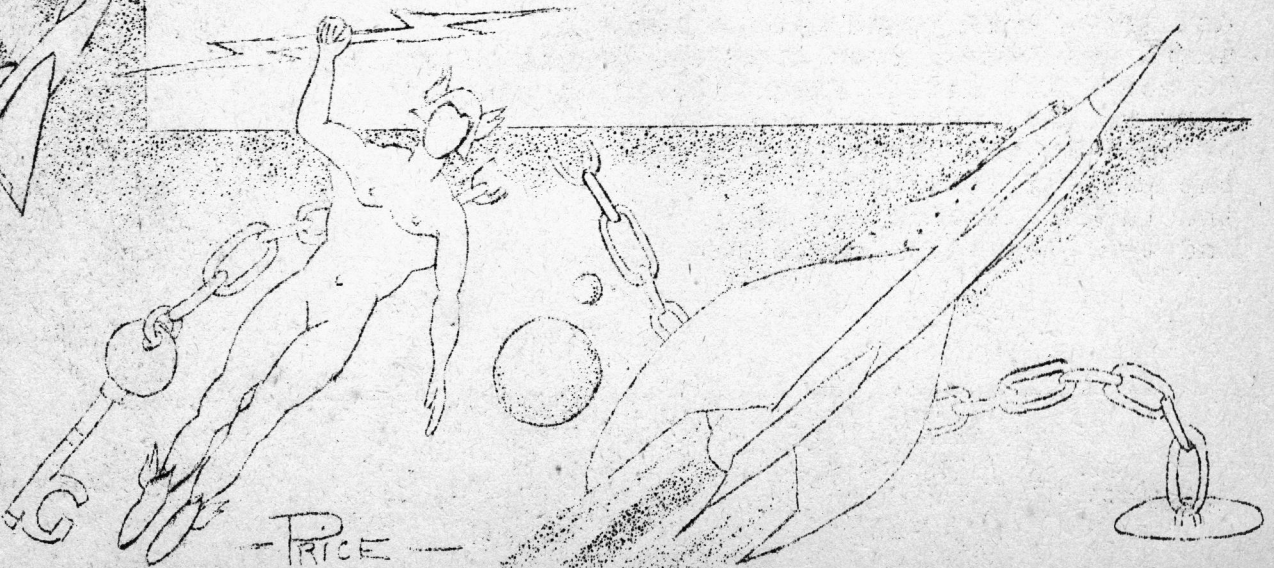
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MISTAKEN MEANING ..... from "DIFFERENT".

The Martian was persistent with his rhymes,  
Submitting them to earth too many times;  
One editor had written, "THESE THINGS STINK",  
So he rewrote them all with perfumed ink.

Orma McCormick

\*\*\*\*\*





# LIVING GRAVE

from ..... DUFFETT

The tree was gnarled, distorted, agonized,  
Appearing twisted, fed by poison sap;  
The people called it cursed, and soon surmised  
It must uprooted be, lest some mishap  
Be fall a passerby. It's limbs outreach  
Misshapen, pointing down instead of up,  
To suck the living blood-stream like a leach,  
As one's life, the monstrous thing would sup!

Men dug and chopped. The abnormality  
Resisted axe and shovel until dawn;  
All night, it fought with personality,  
The scene was one not good to look upon.  
The diggers crossed themselves with muted tones,  
For found between the roots, were human bones!

\*\*\*\*\*

"WE ARE THE UN-DEAD ONES".... from ASTRA'S TOWER.

We are the un-dead spirits who exist  
Within our ebon, bat-ensorcelled cave;  
If you but see us once before you die,  
We give you strength to leave your charnel grave.

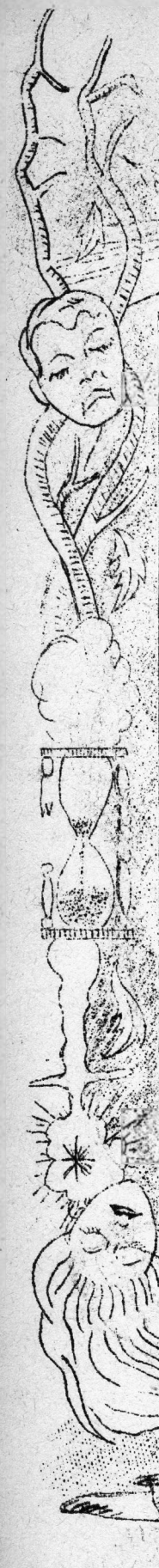
Orma McCormick.

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# VISION



Now, when the glass once more is turned,  
now, when the gypsy's cards are laid  
and the finger of death probes subtly for entrance,  
now, when diplomats quibble and looks could kill,  
now, when vultures foregather above the doomed continent.

Yet some of these may read the vultures purposeful flight,  
for one last despairing moment be gifted in augury,  
and at this glimpse of chaos loosen their limpet grip,  
lay bare before some envisaged destroyer their unconfessed weakness,  
then their for once uncharted course will lie obscurely  
between here and some unprecedented there ---  
bemused they will stumble, gladly they will fall,  
and death, so much more familiar, will claim them.

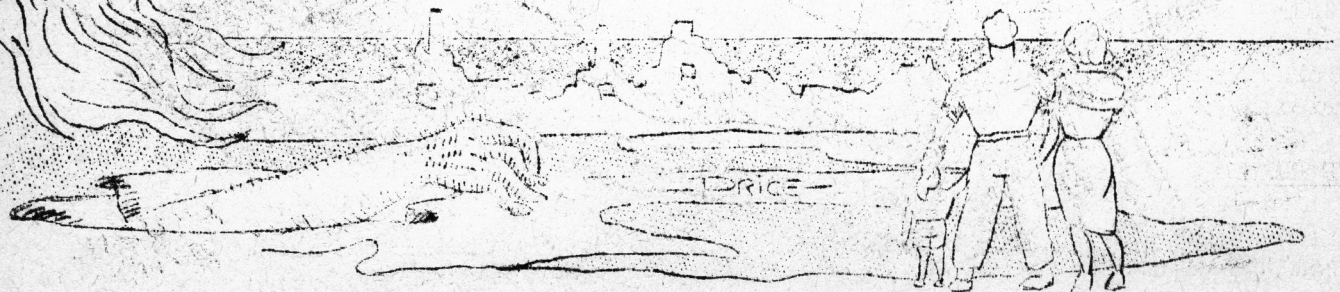
But always that certain number survive the physical death,  
resiliently fend off the shock of a larger reality, and  
grow greedier for life as their fellows fall  
and life becomes daily more worthless.

Their cries finally stilled and the dust at last settled,  
they will be happy once more to move  
from the ever present here  
across the ruins and broken bodies  
to a never changing there.

Infinite powers of recovery they have;  
they prosper, multiply, bring forth and increase as before  
in joyous ignorance, asking only  
that the age should fit their well know formula:  
for though the shadows of death be ever  
obscuring the prophets horizon,  
these patient, enduring ones will keep  
their eyes securely on the ground.

And who shall blame their brief contentment?

F.R.W.





# PROJECTIONS

PRODUCER  
Dennis Gifford

A Review of the latest Science Fiction  
Films

KRAKATIT. (CRACKATITE). 1948. Československý Film Corp.

Director: Otakar Vavra. From novel by Karel Capek.

With Karel Heger, Florence Marly, Natasa Panska.

As a special member of the S.F.I. I was privileged to see the only copy in this country (although it has been commercially shown in the U.S.) of this curious piece of Communist science - fantasy.

Scientist Prokop invents a formula for creating atomic explosions from every day items. The powder produced, Crackatite, blows itself up at 10.30. p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays! Injured in the first explosion, he is picked up delirious on the embankment, and taken to hospital, suffering from meningitis. Here he has a feverish nightmare concerning the possible disastrous consequences of his discovery. Kidnapped by a foreign power he makes love to the Princess, and Crackatite from her face-powder. Eventually the explosive is planned around the globe by agents and exploded by high frequency waves sent out by the Demon.

The whole film is very, very confusing as to plot. Indeed, the above synopsis may well be incorrect! However, the acting, and rather Germanic style of direction, is very fine, and a close up of Prokop's and Princess Wilhelmina's hands lovingly entwined is memorable in it's remarkable eroticism.

MIRACOLO A MILANO (MIRACLE IN MILAN). 1951. PDC-ENIC (Italy).

Director; Vittorio De Sica. from novel by Cesare Zavattini.

With Francesco Gollisano; Brunella Bovo.

A strangely beautiful film which into two distinct sections. Toto, an orphan with a happy heart, organises the Hobo-haven on the outskirts of Milan, but when oil is discovered there, the nasty old capitalists and their minions, armed with tear-gas and hoses, arrive to drive out the hapless, helpless victims of war and circumstances. Then, suddenly, Toto's long dead foster mother zooms down from heaven and gives the lad a magic dove. From here on in we have a fantasy in the best MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES style - small wonder when we realise that the special effects are by no less a person than Ned Mann MIRACLES, THINGS TO COME, GHOST GOES WEST, THE IF OF BAGDAD! After many wonderful camera tricks, all of which fail to save the destitutes (Moral!), Toto and Co. all zoom off, up into the clouds, heading for some better world, mounted on street-sweepers broomsticks. The bare bones above cannot hope to describe the beauty, simplicity, satire and lyricism which combine to make this film truly magic.

SUPERMAN AND THE STRANGE PEOPLE (S. and THE MOLE MEN) 1951.

Director: Lee Sholem. Story: Richard Fielding. FX.: Ray Mercer.

With George Reeves, Phyllis Coates, Jeff Corey, Billy Curtiss.

From the comic books to newspaper strips, to Paramount cartoon films., to Columbia

erials, to second features, there's just nothing to hold him. This time, Superman, alias Clark Kent, is out for a feature article on the world's deepest oilwell (six miles) at Silsby, but finds it closing down. Bill Corrigan, man in charge, says that he's found no oil, only luminescent deposits, and little creatures that wriggle under the micro-scope. Can the luminous stuff be radium? Nobody knows, because nobody has a geiger-counter. Whilst one is being shipped out to Silsby, the sealed well opens, and out come two midgets with paper-mache domes and bits of fluff glued on them, dressed in sheep-skin liberty bodices. Poor old Pop Shannon is scared literally to death, and his oranges pulse with light because the dwarfs touched them. The rest of the film is devoted to a superficial essay into the causes and effects of mob violence, which should have made the film an 'A' cert. Finally Superman deflects blips from a chromium-plated vacuum cleaner and the mole men produce from their hole, thus saving the life, and thereby reforming, the mob's leader. The mole men go home and blow up the shaft.

All Superman actually does is leap out of the picture to the accompaniment of whistling woodwinds, and deflect a few bullets. It's a pity that his chest protector is visible under his hem-stitched super-suit. We don't see any trick work, his flight being indicated by a zooming camera looking down at the street below.

This film is obviously cheaply-made, but actually it is quite sincerely done and highly moral, despite the fact that it is quite a strain trying not to smile at the mole men. Incidentally, it's not radium - just harmless phosphorous.

UNKNOWN WORLD. 1951. Rabin - Block Prods.

Director: Ferrel G. Morse. Story: Millard Kaufmann. FX.; J.R. Rabin.

With Bruce Kollog, Marilyn Nash, Otto Waldis, Jim Bannon.

This is an even cheaper production than the above, if such a thing is possible. In fact they could't afford to trundle the camera in for close-ups. Instead, portions of the scene actually filmed are blown up to screen size with resultant graininess. Also, sequences showing the obviously miniature model of the Cycloform burrowing about are constantly repeated. However, despite boredom here and there during the trip to the Earth's core, the film is quite good in it's low budget way, and sincere in it's message. After quite a good March of Time type newsreel opening, six scientists and a playboy millionaire climb up an extinct volcano and descend into the Earth to a depth of 1800 miles. After many a mishap and sudden death via steam, etc., they find a huge cavern lit by phosphorescence - an ideal refuge for mankind when the Hydrogen Bomb war starts. The trouble is their pregnant rabbit gives birth to dead offsprings, proving reproduction impossible. Fortunately, a nearby volcano blows up, and rushing waters wash them through rocky channels to the surface sea near a tropic island, an even better refuge! Why doesn't the weight of water crush the Tram? Dunno, but I can tell you that the center of the Earth is not hot and molten, because the chief scientists told me that was a misconception right at the start of the film, and it turned out to be quite right. It looks just like the Carlsbad Caverns where the film was made. And if further proof were needed, mole men live down there don't they?

#### FANTAFILM FLASHES

Sam Katzman, Columbia's top low-budget producer, has two serials nearing completion.

JET COMMANDOS and PLANET MAN.

Veteran producer Edward Alperson's National Pictures are making INVADERS FROM MARS in color for 20th-Fox release. The stars are Jimmy Hunt, Helena Carter and Arthur Franz. This film will just have to be the best of the current sfs, as the director is none other than the man who made the greatest sfilm of all time - William Cameron Menzies.

United Artists have no fewer than four sfs lined up for distribution - Edson Franko's production of VENUS WOMEN in colour, Edward Nassour's RING ROUND SATURN, W. Lee Wilder's PHANTOM FROM SPACE, and the Ivan pors - Curt Sidom - Richard Carlson item, A-MAN, just completed at the Hal Roach studios. Other films planned by this enterprising trio include M.A.N.I.A.C. and THE HUNGRY APOM.

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Lipperts are distributing the William Berke-T.2.Sundram film, THE JUNGLE, made on location in India from Carrol (JUNGLE JIM) Young's screen play of Rod Cameron, Marie Windsor and Cesar Romero's trek to locate a herd of prehistoric mammoths. Also featured are fights between tiger and bear, leopard and wart-hog, mongoose and cobra, Dakshinamoorthy and Hamunghan ... oops! Sorry! Those last two are the film's composers!

3,000 A.D. (RKO) has been retitled CAPTIVE WOMEN.

BLACK CASTLE should be good. Besides Stephen McNally as a sadist, Borris Karloff as a mad doctor, it also has Lon Chaney as a deformed monstrosity. The film was pre-released by U-I in America on halloween (Hallowe'een).

The B.I.S. and the A.P.S. are collaborating with Now World Prods. on a feature length documentary concerning flying saucers. Director Arthur Scott says that if some saucers don't turn up in Hollywood soon, they'll just have to animate them.

Borris Karloff is now back in the U.S. after making a three-part movie for Nettlofold - THE DEPARTMENT OF QUEER COMPLAINTS. Why three-part? Well, that way the filmmaker can be chopped up neatly for American TV showing. The Director is Cyril Endfield, the man who made that damning indictment of mob-violence, THE SOUND OF FURY. Boris is hoping to return here next year for that much-discussed Coronation revue with witch Hormoine Gingold, but so far, no-one has written a script. The only thing set is the title - THE THING AND I!

U-I enter the sf field at last! Yes, the old pioneer of fantasy is working on a real ughie about a wotsit from beneath the sea which stomps up to see us via the river Amazon. Yes, I know fish don't stomp, but this one has a humanoid body, despite it's frog-face, so all our hopes for a really thing-like thing from another world are yet again dashed. Oh, well.

In Jack Broder's oddly-titled BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA, Duke Mitchell and Sammy Potrillo, a vaudeville team said to crib from Martin and Lewis, meet mad Dr. Labor, played by Guess Who, working away on a reverse Darwin Formula. He promptly turns Duke into a gorilla, but the whole plot turns out to be Sammy's nightmare!

I-JUST-CAN'T-BELIEVE-IT-BUT-IF-IT'S-TRUE-GOODBYE-CRUEL-WORLD-DEPARTMENT:

Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, and Fred Lowe are working on musical versions of HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME starring Donald O'Connor, and DRACULA starring Dan Dailey and Margaret O'Brien.

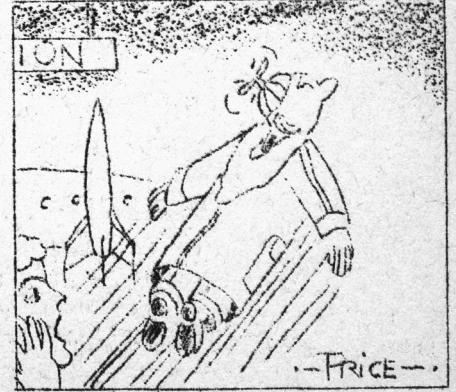
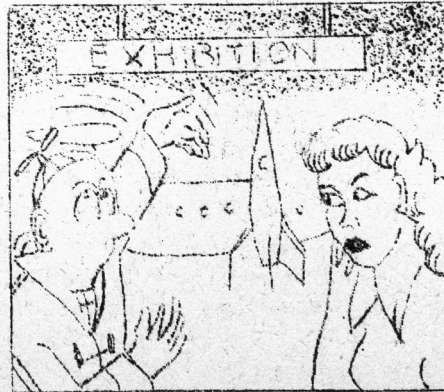
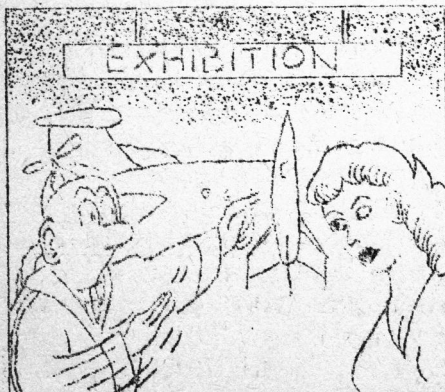
GOODY-FOR-ME-I'M-A-SPACE-PATROLMAN-DEPARTMENT: Yvonne DeCarlo has promised to marry the first man to fly to the moon - "Because he could take me some place I've never been to in my life!"

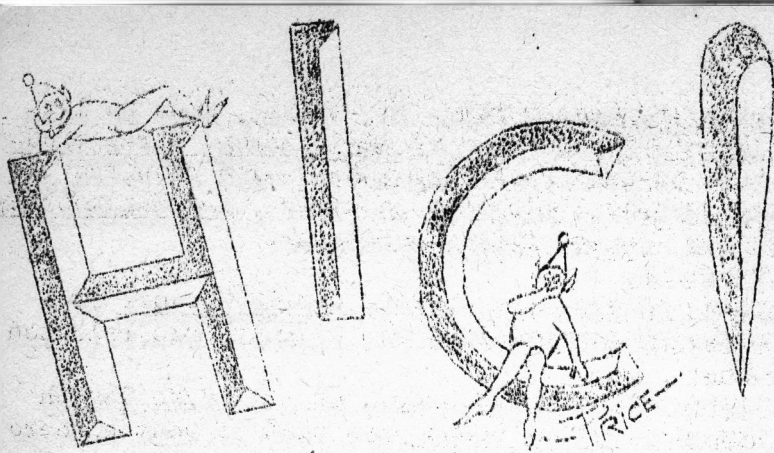
APOLOGY - To Apex Distributors. the film "DEATH IS ANBER", for which I erroneously blamed them in last issue is actually released by Adolphi.

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Filbert

THE FAN





XXII  
Being an account of my  
impressions of the  
**MANCON!** Written  
about, by and for—  
—**ME!**

by H.P. <sup>III</sup> SANDY <sup>III</sup> SANDERSON

At long last the oft-heralded day arrived. The only Sunday morning on which I have been awake at 8:00 A.M., and me on leave too! I staggered down to the Waterloo Hotel at approximately 10:00, and met a rather worried looking Eric Bentcliffe. Seems some character had been trying to tell him that the clocks were put back an hour the night before. We were just going to look for some other members of the Mancon committee, when we saw Frank Simpson coming along, so with him we turned and entered the Hotel. Frances Evans had just arrived, and between us we started to arrange chairs and tables etc.

John Brunner, the stick upon which Peter Hamilton of "Nebula" leans, was staying at the Waterloo. He had travelled to Manchester the night before just to hear the Saints Jazz Band at the Grosvenor Hotel, Deansgate, (Adv.). He must have been disturbed by the noise we were making because he popped his head in the door but when he saw how hard we were working, he sort of disappeared for a while. The Junior Fanatics also arrived early, and we grabbed them before they could make a getaway, to help with the tables and chairs.

At approximately eleven o'clock the scene was set, and nearly all the exhibitions were ready. Of these there were eight, the best two being the Milleross (they seemed to have brought the shop with them), and Mike Rosenblum's selection of "Science-Fiction before 1900". The other exhibitors were Fred Fairless (a collection of books and book-covers from the O.F. Library), John Brunner (Nebula No. 1 plus two original illos to be in No. 2), Terry Jeeves (Fantasy Art Society Calendar for 1953 and some of his own illos), The Liverpool Club (Space-Diversions), Grayson and Grayson Publishers (six of their books which were later auctioned), and our own little show, including our fan-mag Space-Times, the Checklist, and some fantasy leatherwork by Eric Jones, our printer.

Quite a lot of people had come in by this time, and Frances and Bill Jesson were at the door relieving them of money. There were not enough, however to start the proceedings at 12:00 as advertised, so the informal period was extended to 12:30. By this time a large contingent from Bradford had had improved matters immensely, the bar was open, I had a double scotch in my hand, and the programme got under way. First Dave Cohen introduced various celebrities, John Brunner (bow down, he's sold a story to A.S.F.), The Junior Fanatics, Norman Weedal for the Liverpool group, Derek Pickles for the Bradford group, and Harry Turner, who during the war was co-editor and cover illustrator for "Zenith", just about the fanmag of the time. Next came the members of the Committee; Dave himself,



Secretary; Bill Jesson, Chairman; Eric Benteliffe, Editor, Eric Jones, Printer (of Space Times); Frank Simpson, Librarian; Sid Klepper, Treasurer; Frances Evans, B.L.M. (She says its Brown-Eyed Maiden); and yours truly (HIC!). Just at the end of the introductions, seven or eight people came in and were introduced as John Russell Fearn. Next on the agenda was a lecture from Frank Simpson titled "Alien Life Forms". For this he required the aid of a blackboard, which did its best to be awkward. The lecture, which I believe will be in the Souvenir Booklet was supposed to be the result of some amazing experiments carried out by a French scientist. It was very well done, and I daresay there were many who didn't spot the hoax until it was well under way, but I can't help feeling it would have received better attention if it had come later in the programme instead of at the beginning.

The lecture was followed by a game of Twenty Questions between a Liverpool Team comprising John Roles, Norman Shorrocks, Lewis Conway and Stan Nuttall, and a Manchester Team of Eric Jones, Eric Benteliffe, Terry Jeeves and guess who? (HIC!) First object was "A DAN DARE TYE" which the L'pool team managed to get, only to find out that it was merely a test object. Question Master Frank Simpson then got down to the real job. "VULCAN" went to M/c in 17, "IMAGINATION" to L'pool in 20. For some obscure reason the time had now got to 1:30, so a halt was called for lunch. I got back at 2:30 to receive the worst shock of the day. The bar was closed till 7:00 at night. However we carried on with the Twenty Questions and "FANDOM" went to M/c in 16, and the last, "PRIVATELY" was managed by L'pool in the last second, almost as the gong was about to be gonged.

One of the most interesting features of the day came next (at approx. 2:40) This was the talk on Anglo-fandom given by Mike Rosenbloom. In this he stated that it is generally accepted that Anglo fandom began with Walter Gillings, although perhaps he could go a little further back and say it all began with a letter to "Amazing" in 1926 from John Russell Fearn. However, Walt Gillings was the one who was really in touch with the early American fans. At this time, astronomical societies played quite a big part in the growth of fans, forming a meeting place for many S.F. minded people. On April 1st 1935 the Science Fiction League was formed in Leeds. This was the local chapter (No. 17) of the organization run by "Wonder Stories", and was the first to be formed outside the United States. In January 1937 the first Convention was held in a hall in Leeds People present, besides the local lads included Eric Frank Russell, Les Johnson (L'pool) A.C. Clarke, Ted Carnell and Walt Gillings. It was decided at the convention, to form a world society to be known as the Science Fiction Association. It was hoped that this would take over the American fans, and surprisingly enough it did, because it came at a time when the fans in America were getting tired of the magazine-run clubs and leagues. This lasted till 1939, when the war put an end to it. Contact between fans was kept up by chain letters originated it is believed by A.C. Clarke. Mike himself was trying to keep up a fan-mag, the "FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST", and it was proving just a little too much for him, when the British Fantasy Society was formed, purely as a temporary measure. This came to an end with the war in 1945, and elaborate plans were made for reviving the old Association, but they never came off. Since then, the main group has been the highly informal London Circle, members of which can be found on a Thursday night at the White Horse, Fetter Lane. Our own club, the N.S.F.C. was one of the first to be formed outside London.

XXIII

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At the end of his brief outline, Mike was joined by Derek Pickles and Eric Bentcliffe, and the three answered questions fired at them. First question was "Is present fan activity up to the standard set before the war?". Mike said that it is building up to it, but as yet there is neither the experience nor the literary ability of pre-war fandom. Eric didn't quite agree, he pointed out that the number of fans who are quite open and willing to come forward has increased greatly since the war. We are, it seems, far more respectable now. Next question. "Have the films made S.F. more popular." Mike again spoke first, and said that many S.F. films and books were made before the war, but they were not recognized as such. There was little classification before the war. Nowadays they are helping to a certain extent. (At this point, a cat brought, I believe, from London at great expense strolled onto the scene) Reverting to the first question re fandom, Frank Simpson from the floor said that the increased respectability of S.F. was obviously due to the V2's and Atom bombs. Eric, still insisting that there are more fans now than before the war said that this was helped by improved transport. Stunned silence from all those who had travelled on Brit. Railways. Taffy Williams (the ASF Memory Man) now entered the argument, and pointed out that when he tried to contact active fans after the war, he found that they were no longer active, and it took till 1949 to improve matters. Mike had the last word however, because he pointed out that most fans are young, and when they get a little older they have a tendency to get married, raise a family etc. and consequently cannot be so active as they would like. Their places should be taken by other young fans; during the war, however, the Forces were taking all the young fans, and there were no replacements for the old guard. That's why there was a gap after the war, and why fandom now is only just building up into the force it was pre-war. The point was then dropped, and Paul Sowerby asked the third question, "Who, What, When, Why etc. of Operation Fantast". Derek Pickles answered this by saying that O.F. was started by Ken Slater, purely as a trading mag. American mags at one time used to come over as ballast in ships, but not during the war. O.F. was intended merely as an exchange market to enable the English fans to get American mags. Since then it's just grown and grown, and Ken has continued it as a non-profit making concern ever since.

Next came the visiting celebrities. John Russell Fearn spoke first, and he turned out to be a very nice friendly sort of character. In answer to an absolute barrage of questions, he released the following information. He enjoys writing S.F. and has done so for about 25 years. The pseudonym Vargo Statton was his publishers idea, not his own. He doesn't like it, but as he's under contract there's nothing he can do. Astron del Martia is another of his names, but he only wrote one story under it, "The Trembling World". The rest are not his. The Vargo Statton epics are turned out at the rate of three a month, each comprising 40,000 words, and taking 8 days to write. It's a full time job even when they are not accepted. He sometimes finds it difficult to get time for a shave. When asked about his best story, he said "Annihilation". This despite the fact that it was turned down by about 8 American editors. He admits to a little plagiarism, occasionally writes someone else's plots from the middle out. Asked if he ever found time to read his own books he retorted "I wouldn't read them if I could find time". His pseudonyms number 15, including all sorts of writing, there are about 8 for S.F. He said that his stories are written as they are on the publisher's orders. A plot that would be leapt at by American editors can't be sold in England. (What about New Worlds, Mr. Fearn?) His publishers insist he write down to the public. As these books apparently sell, it seems to indicate that they are bought by the younger element who are not in S.F. Clubs. He also blames the publishers for his habit of destroying the earth. Apparently the first story using that theme went down so well they asked him to keep it up. (A competent psychiatrist might be able to make something of that) However he says the trend is coming to an end.



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Asked if "Laughter in Space" was a printing mistake for "Slaughter in Space", he said that a sub-editor had a wonderful idea round about the time he was writing that. He was going to add more pages, illustrations etc., and he asked for 80,000 words. When the story was written he found out that the sub-editor had been sacked because his ideas were not liked. The 80,000 words were cut to the normal 40,000, and the result was "Laughter in Space". Reverting back to pen-names, he does insist that Thornton Ayre is not one of his. Apparently it belongs to a friend of his, Frank Jones. Mr. Jones does a lot of travelling, and he leaves his MSS with JRF. Publishers sending cheques to JRF's house must have assumed he was Thornton Ayre. Mr. Fearn then left the stage during a well deserved round of applause.

The other personality was John Brunner, who I have already mentioned as having sold a story to ASF. He has been giving Peter Hamilton a hand in getting out the new S.F. Mag "Nebula", and he told us quite a bit about it. Peter, who is 19, left a nursing home only last April, and was asked by his father what he intended doing in the line of work. As his father is a printer, he said he'd edit a mag. Just like that. He got several stories lined up, and then began hitting the snags. The lead novel turned out to be too long, which is perhaps just as well, because he cut out approx. 30,000 words of the stuff that is illustrated by Amazing's covers. He was going to print 20,000 copies at first, but on John's advice he reduced that to 15,000 (This was the figure that Bert Campbell gave for "Authentic"). The idea behind the mag is to help new authors, and starting with the second issue, new artists. The two main snags that cropped up were 1) No distributor. 2) No advertiser. Peter is moving Heaven, Earth and Scotland in an attempt to get a distributor, and Kemsleys in Glasgow are helping with advertising on an "only SF Mag edited by Teenagers" slant. I personally wish them every success.

Following John, at 4:00 came the play "1966 and All That". This was very good, and was quite well acted. The tape-recorder used for a wireless however, was a little low. The play consisted of a small group of club members meeting in 1966 to hear the broadcast of the American rocket landing on Mars. Before the broadcast they discuss alien life forms. I must say that Brian Varley was very good as the neo-fan (I must say it, he's bigger than I am). The broadcast then came on, and we heard the Americans landing, only to be met by a chappie with a message from the skipper of the "MANCUNIAN" which had been waiting for the Yanks ever since the last but one opposition.

Somewhere about here, whilst we were playing Fantasy Charades, our mystery visitor wandered in. It looked very much like the "Man from Planet X", and it walked round, knocking over chairs etc. Rather an amusing idea I thought.

The auction followed; there were lots of mags and books for sale, and quite a lot of the original artwork from "New Worlds" and "Science Fantasy", donated by Ted Carnell. Derek Pickles who betrayed a great interest in Hunder, by buying nearly all his illos, also gave us a hand with the actual auction. It's a shame Ted Tubb wasn't there, but Derek did very well. Between 5:20 and 5:45 we adjourned for the Buffet, which was agreed by all I think, as being excellent and a big improvement over other Cons. The auction was renewed after the Buffet, and it terminated at 6:45. Photos were taken of various groups, and two large ones of the entire hall were taken for the cover of the Souvenir Booklet. This took till 7:00 at which time they were open again, and I was able to make up for a very thirsty afternoon. I finally got settled again with a double Scotch in time to hear Eric Bentcliffe ask Terry Jeeves and Eric Jones to name the three people they would want to have with them if they were marooned on an asteroid. Terry though first of three Bergey cover girls, but when he realised that unlike the cover of a certain mag, he would not be able to remove his space-suit he gave up the idea. Instead he chose one of

E.E. Smith's characters who could twist a few strands of wire and a bit of putty etc and make anything, including a space-ship. I forget just which character he picked, but as all Doc Smith's characters can perform that trick (except the women), I don't think it really matters. Second choice was G.O. Smith, who is also good at that sort of stuff. Terry muttered something about a matter transmitter oscillating a perfect square wave etc. Third choice was Eric Bentcliffe, as he was responsible for him being there, and if he wasn't able to get off, he could knock hell out of Eric. Eric Jones then got up and said that as Terry had pinched nearly all his ideas he'd have to think for a minute or two. First choice was Rick Drake, who seems to do well on asteroids, especially seetee ones. Second choice was Isaac Asimov, because he said that if he was there any length of time he'd have to build a hut of some sort, and Asimov could ensure a good "foundation" (Ugh!) Third choice was "Ole Doc Methuselah" who could cure them if they were hurt at all. Bu this time the projector for the film had been set up, and as it only needed a few final adjustments, the time was spent taking more photos. I grabbed a couple more whiskeys and at 7:30 the film began. First there was "The Atom Bomb", which wasn't too bad. The piece de resistance followed, "Black Saturday" produced by John Russell Fearn, and directed by Pete Ogden. This, although very amateurish was very well done. The story concerned itself with the effect that the darkening of the world had on various people. There seemed to be rather a lot of horrible men leering lecherously at young women, which caused quite a few comments, some humorous, some not, and far too many directed at me. It was during the film, whilst a fellow was trying to get a girl drunk, that a great idea struck me. Many people in S.F. have their deities, Foo Foo, Ghu and Klono among them. Now I know the truth, they are all false. There is no Ghod but HIC! and Scotch is his prophet. People are always praying for his forgiveness, although they don't know it. They are always saying HIC! Pardon me! The light has dawned!!! Anyway, back to the film. Despite the various comments, it went down very well, and our thanks are due to JRF and Pete Ogden for the opportunity to see something new. It finished about 8:40, and as most people had to get away early the Con began to split up. Another cup of tea was provided for anybody who could manage a minute or two before going. The Millcross people and our own lads then settled down for a little matter, and round about 9:45 and two doubles later we broke up completely. Looking back, I think it was a great success for a first effort, and something the club can be proud of. True, the planning was bad, three items on the programme had to be dropped because of lack of time, but that can, and will, be corrected next time. There will be a next time.

As I pointed out at the beginning, this effort by me would invariably have a lot of me in it. However, I hope you've been able to get an idea of the Mancon, and if I have transgressed in any way or hurt any feelings, I can only repeat HIC! Pardon me!

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CAMBER recommends : NEBULA SCIENCE-FICTION. Britain's newest promag. Edited by Peter Hamilton Jr. the second (Spring '55) issue is on sale containing a long novel by F.G. Rayer, shorts by Ackerman, Brunner, and Tubb, plus departments and features for fans. Obtainable now at 2/- per copy from your local newsagent, or from the agents listed below. Australia - Roger N. Dard, 232, James St., Perth, W. Australia. Gt Britain & Eire - P. Hamilton Jr. 159, Crown Point Rd, Glasgow, S.S. Scotland. New Zealand - J. Connel., G.P.O. Box No. 2808, Auckland C.I., U.S.A. - Frank.A. Schmid, 42, Sherwood Avenue, Franklyn 59, L.I., N.Y.

XXVI



# BOOK REVIEW

XXVII

BORN IN CAPTIVITY. Brian Barry.

BEYOND THE VISIBLE. H.J. Campbell. F.C.S., FR.H.S., I.S.C.I., F.D.I.S.

Both published by Hamilton & Co, Ltd.,  
1&2, Melville Court,  
Goldhawk Road,  
London, W.12  
at 8/6 each.

The publishers of Authentic S-F Monthly have been for some time one of the most progressive firms publishing sciences - fiction in Britain. Hard on the heels of news about improvements to Authentic (for which see elsewhere in this issue) came the publication of their first two novels bound in hard covers.

For the modest sum of 8/6 (approx £ 3.20) each they have produced two high quality books. Although the paper is not of the best, the layout, printing, and binding are remarkable value for the money. Dust jackets are attractive, certainly eye-catching, and, although obviously the work of Authentic's cover artist, of rather better quality than his previous work.

I find it difficult to choose one of these stories as being superior to the other, however the immaculately written descriptive passages in Brian Barry's novel put it ahead in this respect at least.

Barry has taken a stock plot and given it an individual treatment which raises it high above the majority of back stories written around the same theme. We find ourselves in an England which is stagnant, where creativeness of any kind is stifled, where to practice the arts, to criticise, to violate the code of normalcy then present, is to court trouble, usually resulting in a visit by and "environmental psychologist", a step closely followed by internment in an institution.

Born in Captivity is the story of one of the "I.S." men, newly married, appointed a district sub-overseer. Conditioned from childhood to a world controlled by push-button and psychological press gangs he at first dutifully searches out the "misfits" in his area, and watches them arrested and removed, with the satisfaction of a job well done. However, while interviewing person after person, the little seeds of rebellion fall upon the fertile ground of his repressed imagination; take root and fed by the slow realisation that his wife too is revolting against his superiors and the regime that they enforce. All this time the clouds of a world war have been gathering like some gigantic fist ready at any moment to smash into dust and flame the earth that lies beneath it.

The climax of the novel comes when after the accidental killing of a superior he flees with his wife to the "underground", that he has discovered during his investigations, so the initial incidents preceeding the universal destruction of atomic war take place. All the characters, even the minor ones, are very well drawn. The description of the flight to the underground although detailed does not hold back the pace of the story which increases from page to page. An exciting, convincing novel which is a credit to it's author and is strongly recommended to all S-F enthusiasts, particularly those who prefer the psychological type of story.

In 'Beyond The Visible' by H.J. (Bert) Campbell, the editor of Hamilton's Authentic S-F Monthly, we find another totalitarian world of the future, but by no means so smug and superficial a one, as in Brian Barry's story. The setting of this novel is America in the not too distant future with the world still divided, East v. West with war still around the corner.

## XXVIII

It is a mechanistic world where even surgery is a push button affair and in the story the President of the U.S. is about to be "operated" upon, an emergency job involving the use of ultra high voltage electronic equipment, some of which has not been previously tested. While in use the machine explodes in a violent flash, killing the President and blinding the "surgeon" in one eye. From then on the story follows the life of the surgeon, firstly as he discovers that he is not really blind, but instead his sight in one eye has shifted along the spectrum so that he can now see radio waves. Then, following swiftly upon this knowledge comes his discovery of "globes of energy" which appear to be by-products of radio transmission. These globes he finds to his horror are affecting men's minds, making them turn on one another. Naturally after making known these discoveries at the investigation into the President's death, he is considered insane and committed to an institution.

From here on the pace of the story increases as he seeks to duplicate the accident so that others may see the "globes" too; he escapes and is recaptured several times. He contacts an underground political party who are secretly building a space-ship so that a party of pioneers can start a colony on Mars free from the oppression of the party in power. He makes his final escape during the outbreak of a world war and after many more adventures he convinces the "underground" of the existence of the "energy blobs" and flees to Mars with the party in the space-ship.

This somewhat melodramatic plot is largely overcome by expert phrasing and the authenticity which Campbell has such a knack of instilling into his writing.

These two books, while not of the best quality, are well worth reading while their reasonable price and attractive appearance make them very suitable as gifts.

F.J.R.

## THE IMMORTAL STORM. Sam Moskowitz. § 2.

In writing this exhausting history of fandom Sam Moskowitz has himself added another chapter to the colourful and eventful era he so fully describes. I am fortunate enough to possess one of the limited editions of 150 copies that have been produced jointly by a number of fans including Henry Burwell, Ian Macaulay, G.H. Carr, and Moskowitz himself. Burwell incidentally, handled the distribution of them. However as there is a strong possibility of the book seeing a hard cover edition in the future, I think I am justified in reviewing it here.

In this edition is a monumental piece of work running to upwards of 150 mimeoed pages plus printed covers, the whole fastened with large paper fasteners. Various grades of quarto paper have been used, not all with success. In fact several pages of my copy are almost illegible and more than one page is missing, how many I can't tell because the pages are not numbered. So much for the appearance, now let's take a look at the history itself.

Like many of the new fans I kept hitting up against references in fan and pro journals to various occurrences - feuds, cliques, clubs and publications which had taken place during the last three decades. To illustrate with the most quotable example - "The Tucker Death Hoax". It was to 'put myself in the picture' regarding these events that I obtained a copy of the book. Well now I've read it through, am I all clued up, and did I enjoy reading it? To the first question - yes, with reservations; to the second - no. While Moskowitz goes into enormous detail I feel he has failed, largely because the amount of wordage bogs down the reader. I found it very heavy going in many places - even when the events described were of absorbing interest in themselves. Also, although he has tried dutifully to describe events impartially, the overall effect is depressing. In his description of the Colliem - Henry feud and the Wonder Stories supposed Science-Fiction League, he has painted a very dingy picture of the events and participants. I am not suggesting that what he says is untrue, or even prejudiced, but the effect has been to destroy more than one idea conceived from reading various other accounts elsewhere - and I'm not at all sure that I like my first illusions being pulled from under me. It looks as if I am an escapist even about fandom; however I did believe that fandom had a rather more harmonious history than this.



The history embraces in this edition from the publication of 'Bird Tales' first issue in 1926 to the first World S-F Convention in 1959. I understand that in the event of a hard cover edition becoming a reality then the history will be expanded to bring it up to date. As this should nearly double the length of this book if the same amount of detail is included, may I respectfully suggest to Sam that he goes through the book with a blue pencil, editing and revising it drastically, making it livelier and more closely knit than the present rambling word bound volume that it is.

Although I have been harsh in my review I would like to stress that it is a purely personal opinion and I pay unhesitating tribute to Moskowitz for attempting, and in some measure succeeding, in such a tremendous and difficult task. Also a word of praise is due to all those who helped on the production side of what will become, whatever the opinions of the text may be, a collectors item and a great chapter in fan history.

F. J. R.

INDEX TO S-F MAGAZINES. 1926 - 1950

Compiled by Don. B. Day.  
Terri Fross. Portland 19, Ore.  
\$ 6. 50.

Ever since S-F magazines have been published there have been checklists of their contents. Some produced by collectors for themselves and fellow fans, many more printed in fanzines, yet others distributed like those of NSF, to club members. These checklists have taken every conceivable form, embracing this or that type of magazine in varying amounts of detail. Now at last comes the much advertised professionally printed and bound volume that seeks to embrace all S-F magazines produced between 1926 and 1950 and analysing their contents thoroughly.

It is a large volume (11" x 8 1/2") photo lithoed on heavy quality printing paper and bound in buff buckram. The only criticism I can offer on the production side is the rather uneven impression of the text, some pages being far lighter than others; however as this has little effect except to mar the appearance of the book I'm not much perturbed about it.

Don Day the compiler of this Index is well known as the editor of THE FANZINE, for several years voted the best fanzine published. In compiling the Index he has gone through over 1275 issues of 58 magazines from the first 'Amazing Stories' of 1926 to the many magazines on sale in 1950. The only magazine that he has not included that is widely collected is 'Bird Tales' - an omission I feel that is a mistake, for in it's day 'Bird' has published much excellent stuff.

The Index itself is divided into four sections. Firstly an Index by author. In this, printed in three columns in alphabetical order each author is listed together with the story, titles, length, magazine title, date, and page number. This is followed by an alphabetical index of titles as follows:-

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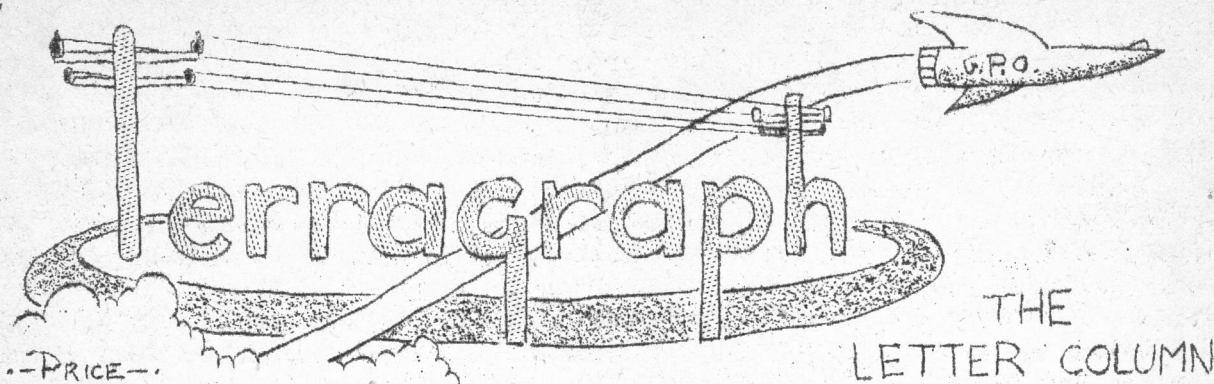
Finally there is a list of back cover pictures that have appeared on Amazing & F.A.

In it's 184 pages Don Day has crammed a mine of information. Altho at \$ 6.50 it's dear to a collector it's usefulness should make it worth even that.

Perhaps it's a little early but I would suggest that someone puts out a book listing the contents of any particular issue of any magazine, a type of checklist that many have voted for in the past. It would provide an ideal companion volume to Don Day's fine book.

F. J. R. XXVII

XXX



In future numbers this column will be devoted to your letters, so if you have anything to say about Camber, or any topic of stiff interest that you would like to see your opinion voiced in public on, then write in to the editor, indicating if you would like to see your letter in print. We don't guarantee to print it, but each issue those letters of most general appeal will be seen in these pages.

To start the ball rolling we thought you would like to have some comments on the Chicon 11 which took place this Autumn in the States and at which Britain's No. 1 fan Walter Willis of Belfast, was one of the guests.

Immediately upon his return Walt sent us a postcard giving his summing up of the Con itself and on our requesting more "gen" on the unofficial events we received a long letter. Our thanks are due to Walt, who must be sick of writing conreports by now, for taking time out to write to us at such length.

First then the postcard.

Dear Fred,

I just got back Thursday night. After Con I went to Palmer's place in Wisconsin & then to LA with Rog and Bari Phillips & the Ackerman's. Then back through Kansas City (Bannister), Lynn Haven, Florida (Vick), and New York (Go Smith). Met almost everybody - nicest pros of the lot were Bloch and Van Vogt. Yes there was a lot of bad blood at the Con - press v fans, Little Men v the East, New York v New York, most everybody v Ken Beale, Elseberry and the Con Committee, everybody v the house detectives, neofen v fans, other editors v Howard Browne & Micky Spillane, and so on. But the Con was'n't bad, in fact it was too big to be anything. It was wonderful, terrible, exciting, dull, a howling success, a dismal flop --- a glorious heterogenous chaos. I loved it. Main snag is there just was'n't time to talk to people you'd wanted to meet, there were so many of them.

Walt.

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Dear Fred,

Sorry to have been so silent, but believe me I've been busy.

Yes I certainly had an exciting time of it in the States. I landed in New York on Wednesday morning, the 27th of August, and was plunged right into the maestrom of New York fan fueds. The leaders of both the rival factions - Kyle and Sykon - met me at the docks and tried to lure me away from each other. I removed the bone of contention to H.L. Gold's apartment where I spent the afternoon drinking beer, talking to Gold, and looking at manuscripts. At six thirty that evening I caught the bus for Chiago and arrived there 24 hours later. Lee Hoffman and Bob Tucker met me at the bus station and we went to the hotel and started a marathon prty consisting of us three plus Bae Laheffey, Evelyn Gold, Robert Bloch, Go Smith and some other pros.



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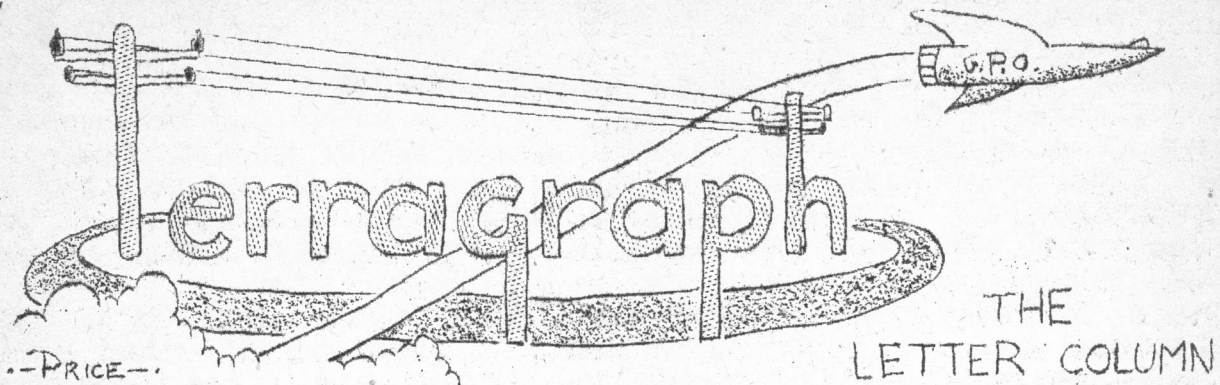
Finally there is a list of back cover pictures that have appeared on 'Amazing & F.A.'.

In its 184 pages Don Day has crammed a mine of information. Altho at \$ 6.50 it's dear to a collector its usefulness should make it worth even that.

Perhaps it's a little early but I would suggest that someone puts out a book listing the contents of any particular issue of any magazine, a type of checklist that many have voted for in the past. It would provide an ideal companion volume to Don Day's fine book.

F. J. R. XXVIX

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In future numbers this column will be devoted to your letters, so if you have anything to say about Camber, or any topic of stfish interest that you would like to see your opinion voiced in public on, then write in to the editor, indicating if you would like to see your letter in print. We don't guarantee to print it, but each issue those letters of most general appeal will be seen in these pages.

To start the ball rolling we thought you would like to have some comments on the Chicon 11 which took place this Autumn in the States and at which Britain's No. 1 fan Walter Willis of Belfast, was one of the guests.

Immediately upon his return Walt sent us a postcard giving his summing up of the Con itself and on our requesting more "gen" on the unofficial events we recieved a long letter. Our thanks are due to Walt, who must be sick of writing conreports by now, for taking time out to write to us at such length.

First then the postcard.

Dear Fred,

I just got back Thursday night. After Con I went to Palmer's place in Wisconsin & then to LA with Rog and Pari Phillips & the Ackerman's. Then back through Kansas City (Bannister), Lynn Haven, Florida (Vick), and New York (GO Smith). Met almost everybody-nicest pros of the lot were Bloch and Van Vogt. Yes there was a lot of bad blood at the Con - press v fans, Little Men v the East, New York v New York, most everybody v Ken Beale, Elseberry and the Con Committee, everybody v the house detectives, neofen v fans, other editors v Howard Browne & Micky Spillane, and so on. But the Con was'nt bad, in fact it was too big to be anything. It was wonderful, terrible, exciting, dull, a howling success, a dismal flop --- a glorious heterogenous chaos. I loved it. Main snag is there just was'nt time to talk to people you'd wanted to meet, there were so many of them.

Walt.

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Dear Fred,

Sorry to have been so silent, but believe me I've been busy.

Yes I certainly had an exciting time of it in the States. I landed in New York on Wednesday morning, the 27th of August, and was plunged right into the maestrom of New York fan fueds. The leaders of both the rival factions - Kyle and Sykon - met me at the docks and tried to lure me away from each other. I removed the bone of contention to H.L. Gold's apartment where I spent the afternoon drinking beer, talking to Gold, and looking at manuscripts. at six thirty that evening I caught the bus for Chiago and arrived there 24 hours later. Lee Hoffman and bob Tucker met me at the bus station and we went to the hotel and started a marathon prty consisting of us three plus Bae Maheffey, Evelyn Gold, Robert Bloch, Go Smith and some other pros.



# CONJURED

CONJURED UP BY



*by Thorne*

# CORNER



At the time of writing, the last and first edition of this competition has been rewarded by the receipt of one entry! Received almost as soon as I received my own copy of Straight Up too! (you know, that other mag). The perpetrator's name by the way is Paul Sowerby and he was dead right, apart from having the idea that the first one might be a catch with the clock beneath the mirror so that you saw it correctly despite the fact that you were looking at the mirror!

Shame! As if I'd stoop so low as to play a dirty trick like that?

Despite the response, here is another competition along the same lines, let's see how many of you 'intellectuals' can solve these.

Answers to the last problems first though.

No. 1. The time would be 7:38 or 22 mins to 8.

No. 2. The hollow ball having it's mass concentrated away from the centre so to speak, would have a greater radius of gyration than the solid ones, thus possessing a higher moment of inertia. Thus, if you just tilted the table you can assume they're on, and set them rolling, the hollow one would roll slower and reach the bottom last! .

There you are, easy when you know how, congratulations Paul, by now you should have received your prize promag.

Now for this issue's teasers:-

1. A number of space-stations are in the same orbit about the earth. An observer on one of them turns to his mate and remarks that one third of the artificial satellites in front of them plus three quarters of those behind them, gives the total number of satellites in the orbit! Can you see how many there must have been?

2. You have two identical bars of steel. You are told that one of them only is a magnet! How would you determine which was which? Again I must stipulate that no apparatus is necessary. No suspending them in the earth's magnetic field either!!

Well, there you have it! Remember the first correct entry received will be awarded a brand new prozine, even if you've read it you can swap it for a sub to any of the better class fanzines (such as the Medway Journal)! See you next issue.

T.T.

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The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The spang-cook homewards plods his weary way,