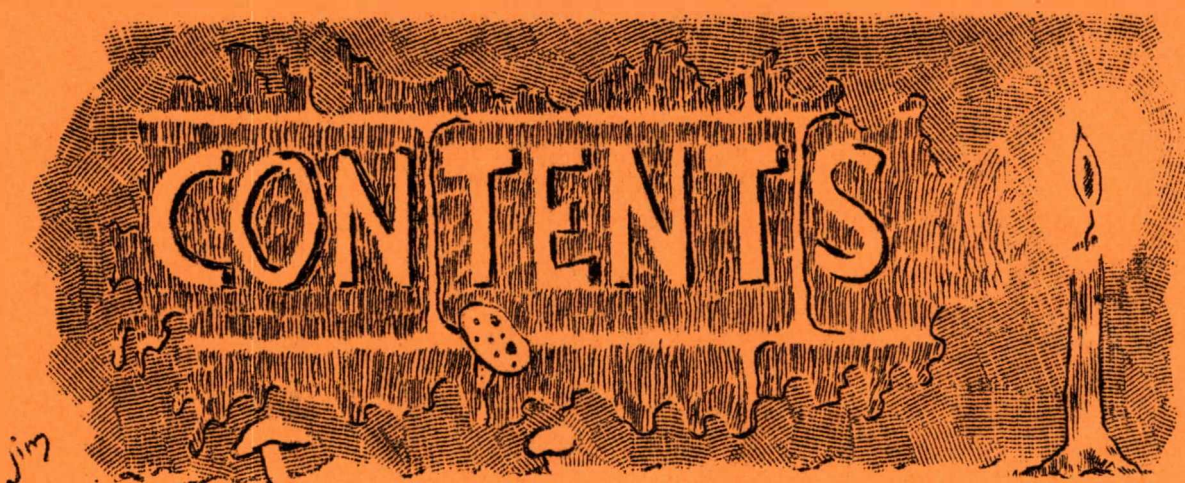




jim

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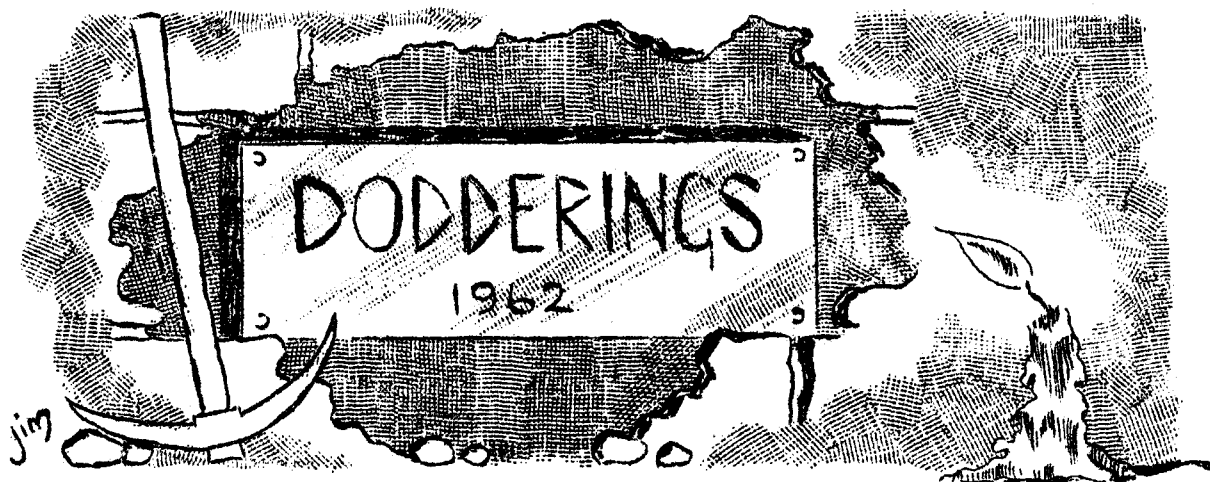
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Eddie Jones: 17,19,20.
William Rotsler. 18.
Robert E.Gilbert: 23,37, 39.
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This issue only sells for 2/6d, normally issues are 1/6d and are produced with complete irregularity whenever possible. It is available by trade, contribution or almost anything. Some we even give away - after all, what's money - except when there are Special Supplements. Contributions for the next issue will be very welcome. As will letters of comment.(25¢ this issue)****



By ALAN DODD.

As you may have noticed from the cover Jim Cawthorn has admirably pointed out the reason this particular issue of CAMBER has taken longer to produce than any of the previous issues - it is in fact No. 13 - traditionally unlucky and since I have been unable to produce this issue for at least 18 months you will see this time the old superstition has come true. I make no apologies for the distance between issues of this fanzine, after all, I have a vast correspondence and to neglect friends for a fanzine is something I could not do somehow. So, one has been neglected in favour of the others and a fanzine such as this does have a number of production problems as well as time needed, hence this issue's delay. No doubt the next issue will be once again back to the regular schedule that Robert E. Gilbert quite rightly calls "The Camber YearBook" - this is therefore the 18 monthly edition.

A word firstly about the contributors to this issue of CAMBER, we have the presence of two distinguished writers, Kendell Foster Crossen and Dr. David H. Keller M.D. of Kendell Foster Crossen I'm sure many of you will be familiar with his Manning Draco and the many ingenious aliens he invented during the short time he was writing of this famous intergalactic insurance investigator. Of the rest of his work you will find described in the article I managed to obtain with the kind help of his son David Crossen who himself has his own fanzine, something one rarely hears of these days - a science fiction writer's son producing a fanzine. You will also find while looking through the current books and those of the recent past the names of M.E. Chaber, Christopher Monig, Richard Foster and Clay Richards in the Boardman's and Eyre and Spottiswood books you will also find Crossen hiding under those names.

Of Dr. David H. Keller many pages alone could be written, he is undoubtedly one of the pillars of science fiction and has been since the earliest days of science fiction magazines. Like Crossen he also created another famous character of science fiction, Detective Taine of San Francisco; he was one of the Executive

Directors of the late Science Fiction League, editor of both POPULAR MEDICINE and SEXOLOGY, the Magazine of Sex Science and the author of countless science fiction stories, full length novels and books including THE EVENING STAR, THE TREE OF EVIL, RIDER BY NIGHT, THE HUMAN TERMITES, THE CONQUERORS, THE MENACE, THE METAL DOOM, THE LIVING MACHINE and many, many others. Only a checklist of his work would show how prolific he has been in the past. Now in his eighties Dr. Keller is still very active though I believe he doesn't write much in the way of stories anymore, although AMAZING STORIES recently reprinted one of his better short stories, he has however come out of retirement as it were to write articles in a limited number of fanzines. One can not imagine many other authors being able to continue or even wanting to at that time of life and his interest in fanzines is something I am sure many will appreciate on seeing this article herein, although my two art editors will no doubt be glad to tell him the problems involved in illustrating such an article!! However finally Eddie Jones compromised and it is his illustrations that are added to Dr. Keller's article.

Of Gene Tipton, a newcomer to CAMBER it might be worth mentioning that several of the programmes he mentions that were on radio can still be heard on the American Forces Network from Frankfurt, Germany if you have a sufficiently powerful set and included among them, from the original tapes are X MINUS ONE, DIMENSION X, SUSPENSE, ESCAPE, BOX 13 and countless others. Usually one programme runs from 7.30 till 8 and one from 9 till 9.30.

Don Stuefloten is present again with another very powerful piece of fantasy mood writing and one that needs reading slowly to savour the power behind the words. Of Don, the last I heard was that he was in Australia digging ditches in Canberra, driving cars around New South Wales and many other things, like all good writers he is collecting material no doubt he will be able to use in future stories. I still have a further two stories inspired by his fishing trips to the Tuomotus a while back. Where he is now --- is anyone's guess. He'll turn up again sometime no doubt. Home is Hemete, California - but he's seldom there for long.

George Metzger - another wanderer of life's highways - has had his illustrated article awaiting publication for sometime, last issue I tried expensive electronic stencils which left something to be desired and many moons have passed until the solution to this reproduction problem was placed before me by a fanzine of Mike Deckinger's - the process I have been waiting all the time for is Xerox - electric photography onto a master and then printing. The method however does one "ghostly" thing by reproducing large black areas as a ghostly white. Oddly effective somehow. My thanks to Mike Deckinger for so painstakingly arranging these pages to be done, without his generous help this would not have been possible.

While on the subject of generous help, I must as always

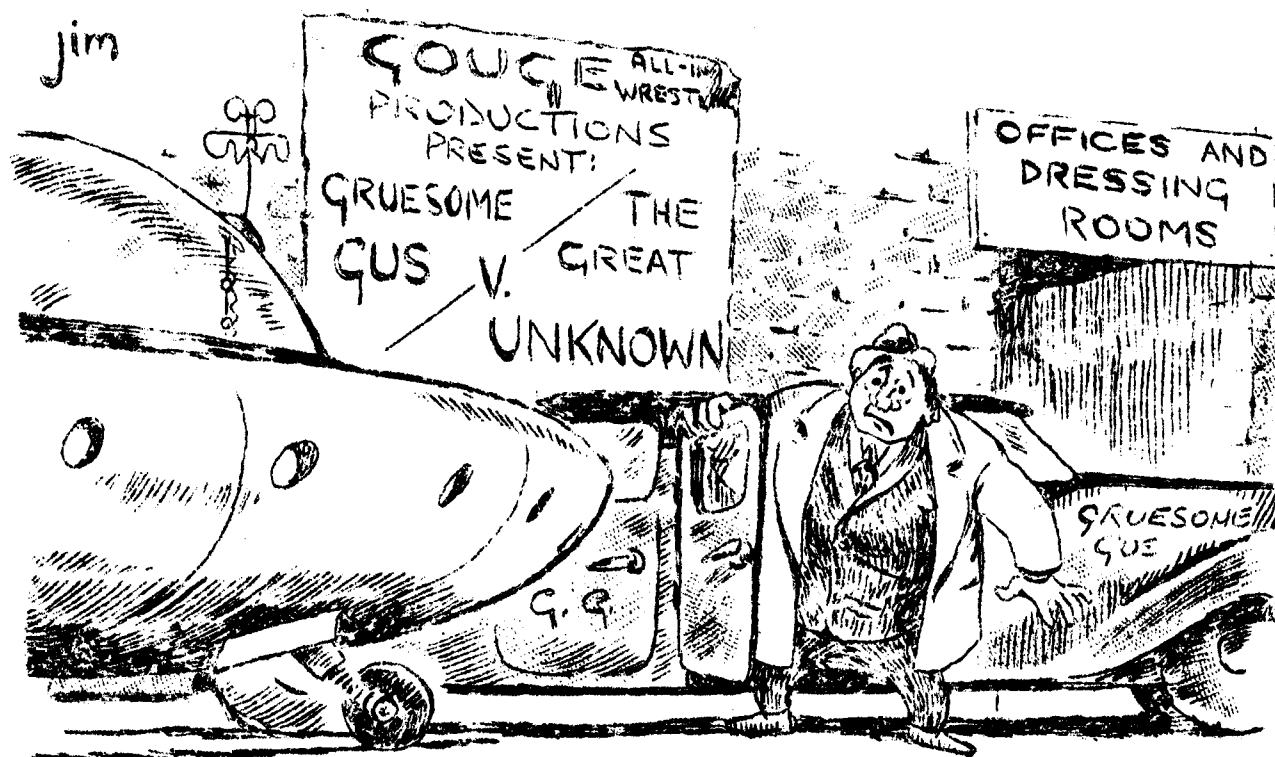
thank Jim Cawthorn for his tireless and extensive help in the complete illustration of this issue. All artwork including that of other artists, especially the detailed full page illustration by Dea of "Teleportation", has been cut directly onto the stencil by Jim. It is not a very satisfying thing for an artist in his own right to cut other people's work onto a stencil and I feel it should be pointed out that the reproduction of the artwork in this issue, with the exception of the ELEANOR article which Eddie Jones kindly illustrated, is entirely the work of Jim Cawthorn.

Duplicating this issue is unlike previous issues on the new Roneo 750 machine, not the old hand driven 500 model, paper is Hertford Castle Double weight - in most cases - the cover material - in most cases - is cerise - not pink or red. But some lucky souls may get a different colour depending on how supplies run and how I like the colours. Royal Board - it is called, and yes, it is a devil of a job to feed through a duplicator, but well - I only do it once or year or so---now you know why.

**

**

You might see around the various cinemas two films - CAPE FEAR (Though this has been held up by the censor in England) and MAN TRAP - they have in common, one author - John D. MacDonald, those of you who remember PLANET OF THE DREAMERS or VINE OF THE DREAMERS and many other science fiction stories will know what a splendid craftsman this writer is. It is our misfortune that he finds the crime field more lucrative as do most writers, but the



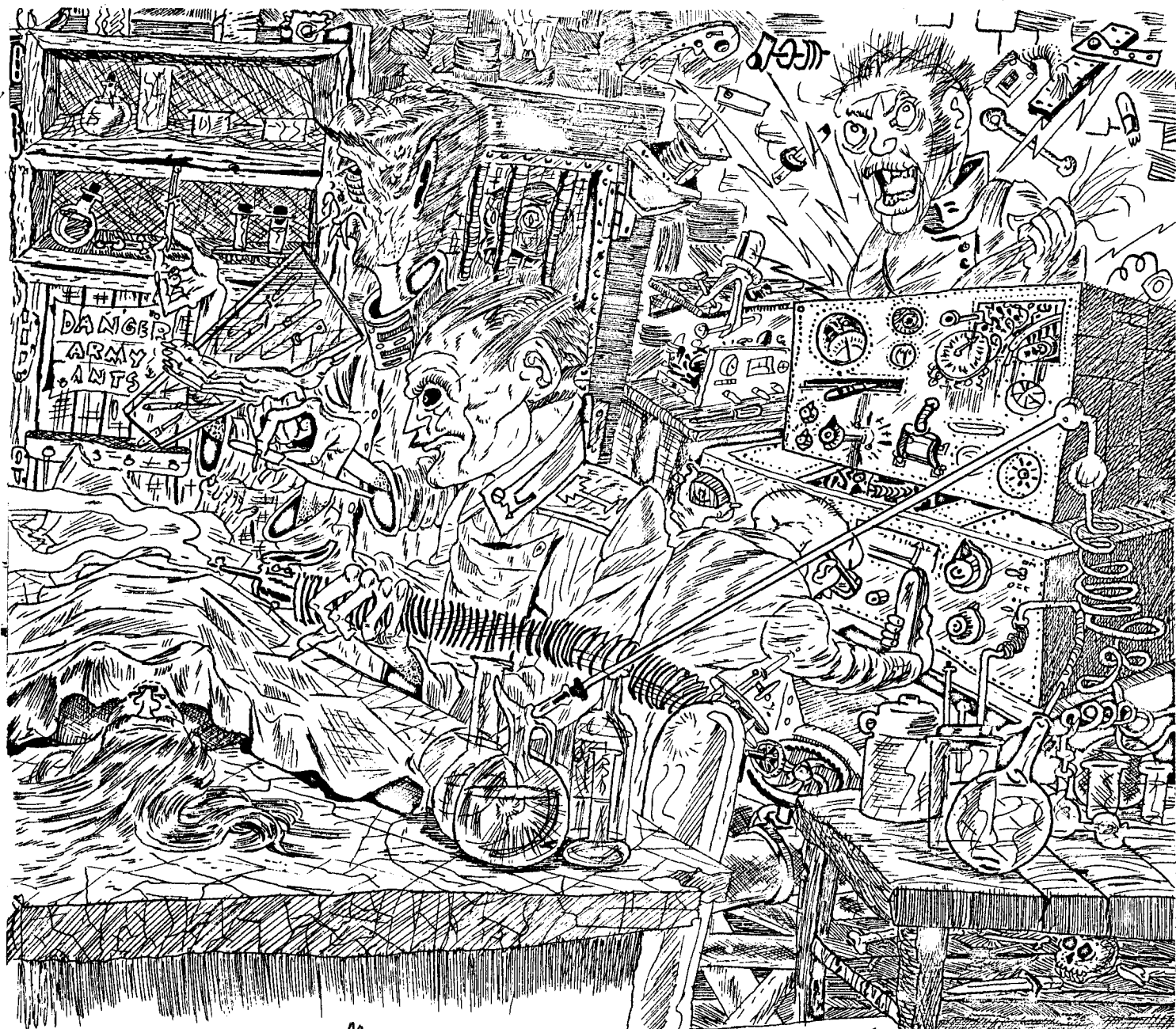
Great Fan book of MAN TRAP originally called by MacDonald SOFT TOUCH when it was published in 1958 by Robert Hale Ltd as a hardcover. The film unfortunately as usually bears little resemblance to the original - and the original is very good. The web into which Jerry Jamison is drawn is admirably captured, showing how a simple builder with a troublesome wife is drawn further and further into a network which starts with a 3 million dollar robbery in Tampa, to his first accidental killing, his second killing which is premeditated and finally ending in an orgy of three killings in which he calmly plants a bullet into the head of three unconscious killers who have tried to get him. One is almost certainly dead already and the ending, digging into a bloodied grave in the amnesiac mistake he is after the money is quite masterly. Why could they have not filmed it as MacDonald wrote it?

While on the subject of books it appears that Monarch Books Capital Building, Derby, Connecticut, U.S.A have a rather grim view of alien visitors from space. In J. Hunter Holly's ENCOUNTER a visitor from another world resembling a man comes to steal knowledge and leaves behind him a trail of crushed skulls that have been forced open from the inside. He finally is defeated with a battery of cats, the only thing that can jam his thoughtwaves. He, until then, has proved invulnerable, since he can control the police and officials with telepathy. Equally invincible is Russ Winterbotham's THE SPACE EGG which bursts through test pilot Jack Fayburn's cockpit at high altitude and takes over his body. Together with a second "female" egg a woman on the remote Kansas airfield is also taken over and since both have the power of regeneration that repairs bullet wounds they cannot be harmed. And a final gun battle leaves them in command and ready to take over the world also. There is one noticeable thing about both stories - almost no special effects are necessary, the settings ranging from a college campus to a small Kansas airfield are unambitious - suggesting in fact that both stories have been written with an idea to being filmed. Both in fact could be filmed with no trouble at all, and no special effects worthy of mention. A new trend in science fiction perhaps?

A publication that varies between fanzine and pro-mag is to be found in Les Nirenberg's THE PANIC BUTTON (1217 Weston Rd. Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. 1 dollar 5 issues) which he is attempting to get pre-distribution for on newsstands etc - he actually pays for humorous articles accepted, a practice I trust won't be followed by other editors or we're all likely to be out of business in the very near future. But this is a unique attempt and deserves your support and contributions. Cartoonists are invited to write also.

Which brings me almost to the end of this editorial, I hope that every issue of CANBER I have produced something a little better than the previous issue. To all other editors who have continued to send me their fanzines I hope this will be some slight return for their generosity. Time hasn't permitted me to write them all, some I did - never answered, Randy Scott, Fred Norwood, Larry McCombs and many others. Ah well, back again in a year mebbe?

*****-5-*****

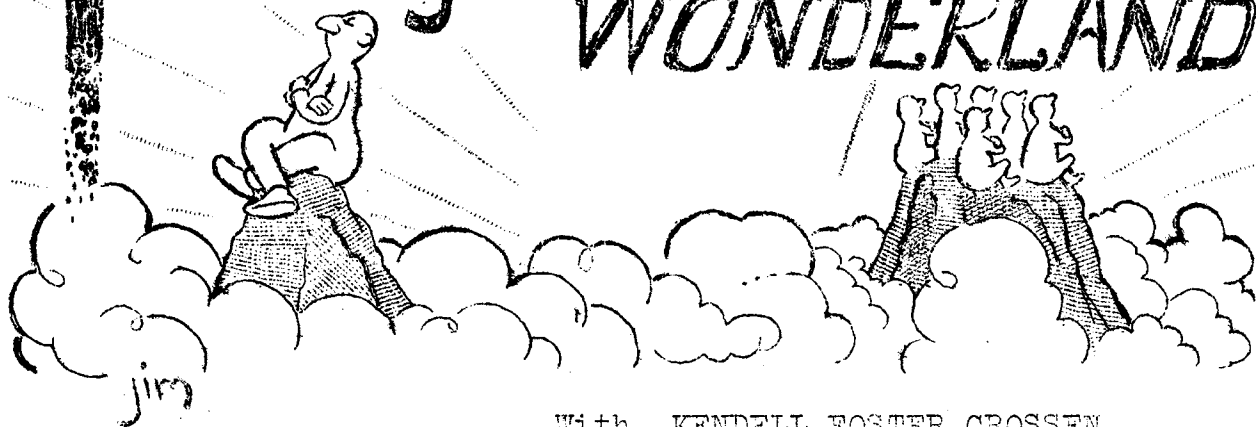


METZGER

SCIENCE MARCHES

ON

Through *THRILLING WONDERLAND*



With KENDELL FOSTER CROSSEN.

I was a full-time professional writer for nine years before I wrote my first science-fiction or fantasy story. Howard Browne amazed me by buying it for *AMAZING STORIES*. Later, I sold three more stories to him and one to Lowndes and by this time I had been discovered (or they had discovered me) by *STARTLING STORIES* and *THRILLING WONDER STORIES* and the two Sams -- Merwin and Mines. I like to think it was love at first sight. It was, at least, a mutually enjoyable relationship as long as either man was there. When Sam Mines finally left, the magazines were finished and I, more or less, ended my career as a science fiction writer. Three s-f books have been published since then -- *ONCE UPON A STAR* (4 Manning Draco stories by Kendell Foster Crossen), *YEAR OF CONSENT* (by Kendell Foster Crossen) and *THE REST MUST DIE* (By "Richard Foster"). I don't know if there will be others.

It was a short career but it was all fun. I had started writing s-f because it represented a chance to do satire and a certain type of humour which was and is hard to sell elsewhere. (Before it was over, I discovered that nobody was listening but this didn't completely spoil the fun.) In fact, I doubt if I could have sold any of the stories to any other science fiction magazine. I never tried. The result was a number of short stories and novelets which started a series of arguments among fans in both prozines and fanzines -- arguments, which I'm told, still go on to some degree. It seemed that I had started something called the Crossen-Merwin-Mines School of Science-Fiction. Nobody was indifferent to it. They were either strongly for or strongly against. Among SS and TWS readers they were pretty evenly divided; elsewhere they were mostly against. I used to wonder why and I think I finally found the answer.

Many of the writers and more of the fans in science fiction have always belonged to a very incestuous, ingrown and exclusive group who exhibited a paranoiac provincialism in their approach to literature. I remember, as only one example, a constant and

devoted reader of Astounding Science Fiction who, when s-f began to get a wider audience in America in 1949, said that he was thinking of giving up science-fiction because it was "becoming too popular." And this man was a scientist who worked for the Rand Corporation in California. I do not think that his attitude was unique among the fan. He was merely expressing a philosophy that is prevalent among people who find their own security from belonging to some sort of elite, whether it be science-fiction, the John Birch Society, Mosley's Black Shirts, the Communist Party or the Nazi Party. Invariably the majority of such people have no sense of humor about themselves-- and humor usually operates with some relationship to defects. Most of my s-f stories made fun of a certain type of s-f story as well as considering the foibles of our society.

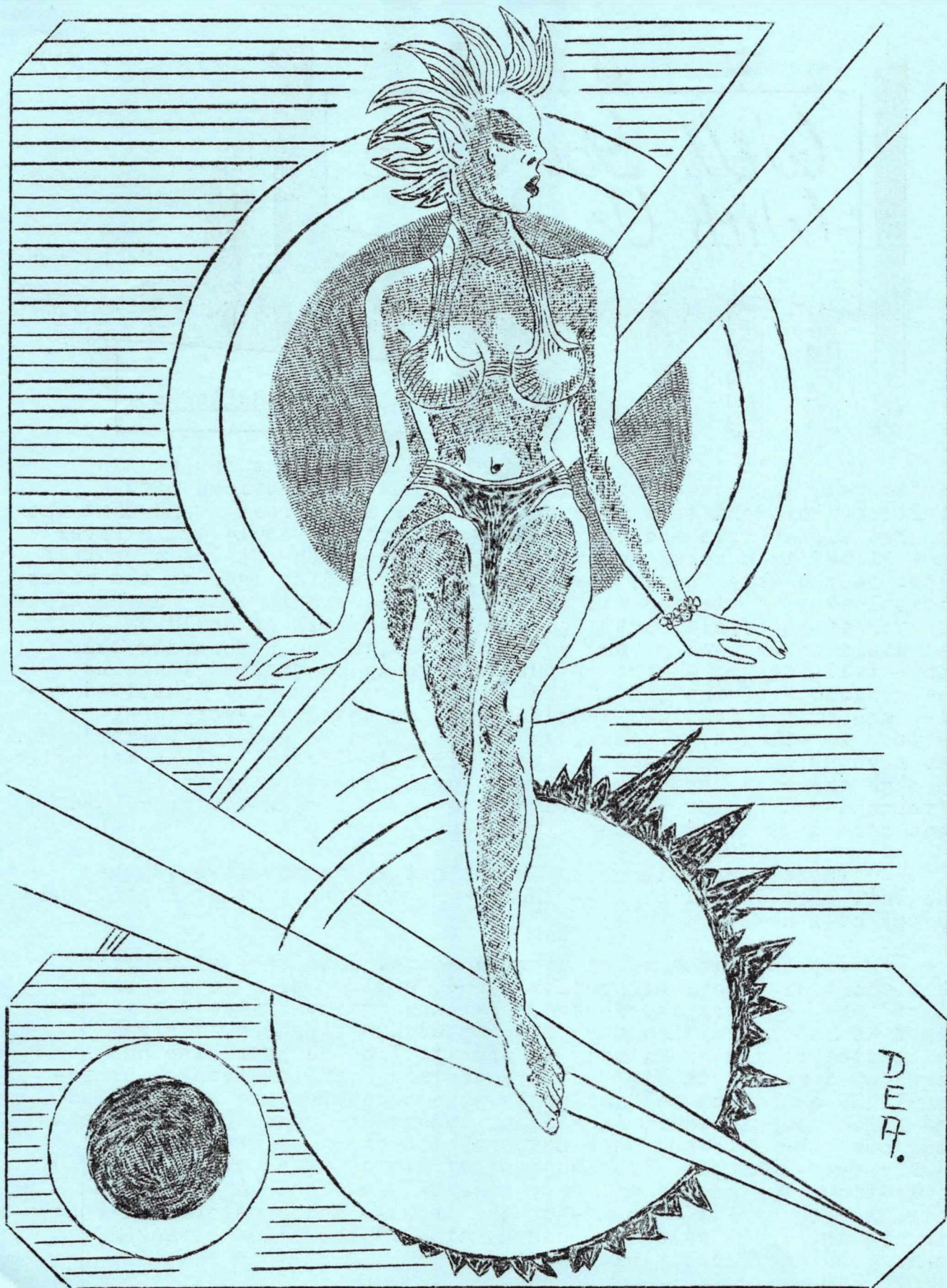
I still like science-fiction-- at least, those stories which I believe should be included in the genre. Too many things are lumped under this one heading and I very much fear that the majority of s-f fans are addicted to stories which are no more s-f than was Tarzan of the Apes. Extrapolation they may be but that does not make them science fiction; a writer may extrapolate human aberrations (as, say, has Mickey Spillane and Tennessee Williams in this country) but it's not science-fiction. A writer may also seemingly extrapolate science, as in many so-called space operas, without producing anything except another fairy tale. On the other hand, a writer extrapolate the human reaction to the extrapolation of science (as in such writers as Ray Bradbury and Ward Moore) and produce the purest of science-fiction. But I strongly suspect that even these writers become lost in the bog of fandom.



The basic reason for a writer's existence is communication. I think there is very little communication in science-fiction. Nobody is listening. Nobody wants to listen. The label "science fiction", promoted by the fans and accepted at face value by the publishers, has resulted in a literary island where there are many imports but very few exports. It has become an end in itself and this, I think, is sterility.

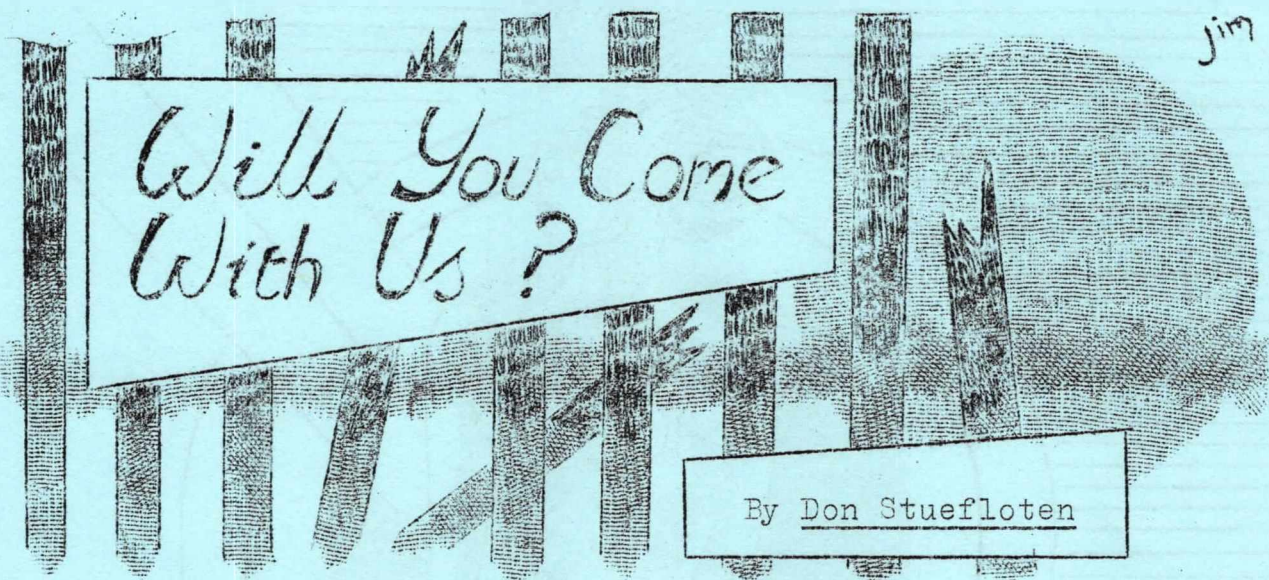
This, I believe, is what I learned from writing a few dozen short stories and novelets, four or five novels and editing two anthologies in science-fiction. I didn't make much money from it, but I consider that what I learned was priceless -- to a writer.

*****THE END*****



DEA.

TELEPORTATION



Will You Come With Us ?

By Don Stuefloten

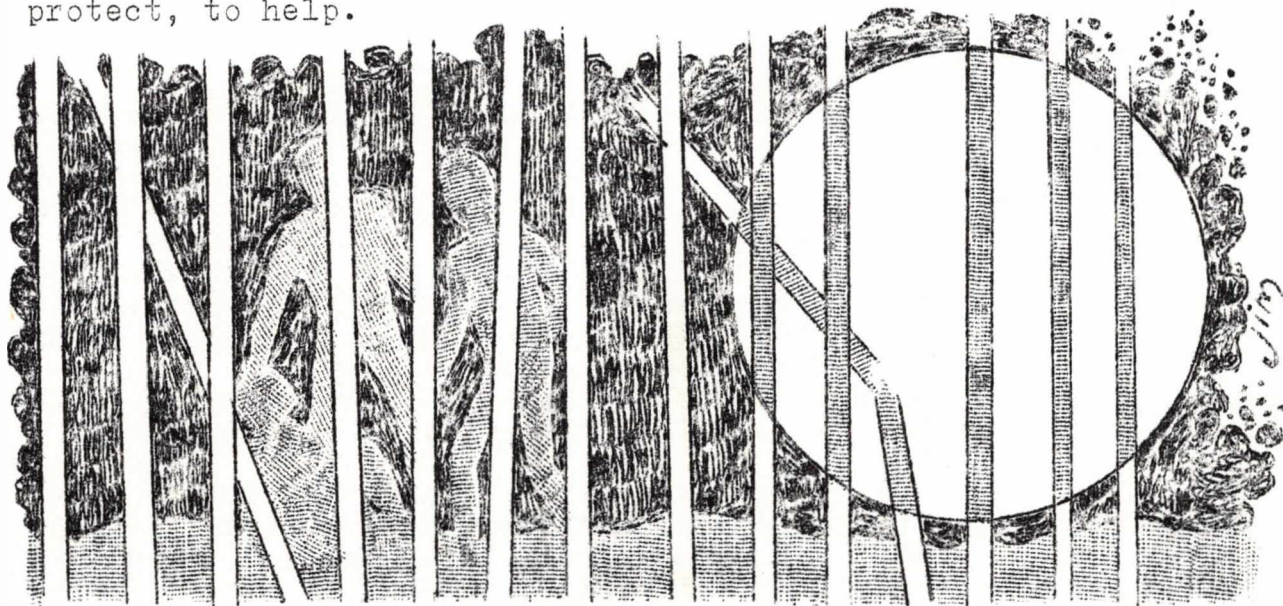
It wasn't long before he decided he had gone far enough; he stopped, took stock of his surroundings, and noticed with a start of amazement that none of the trees were green; and that the sky had turned pale and yellow; and, far off, he could see a river that flowed in a broad swathe cutting through the fields of purple cane. People were there, near that river, bending over at the water, motionless. He started walking over there, picking his way carefully across the field, until the cane got so tall he could no longer see where he was going; and so he stopped, seeing before him only those tall, narrow shafts of purple cane. As he stopped there he was conscious of the hue of the day, of the haze that inhabited the air, and of the peculiar soundlessness of the day--everything halted, in silence, a pause, expectant. Then he started forward; he was a young man, not easily tired or given to dismay, and he struggled through the cane, wending his path, until it was late in the afternoon and he was forced to stop a moment, wipe his brow, and once more take stock of the situation.

"There's no telling how much further to the river," he thought. "But I must go on-- there's no assurance that I can find my way back home."

So, in a moment, he started again. This time, after going on a short distance, he heard a sound, a tiny wail, like a baby might make. He stopped, looked, listened again. It was the first sound he had heard that day. The sound was repeated, the wail. He started moving cautiously toward it. Then he heard the new sound, of a woman, talking gently, soothing, and a strange, hoarse growl. He could not walk silently--the cane crackled and snapped, and flies rose to swarm in a cloud around his face. He was sweating now, the afternoon was hot, and the sting of the salt was in his eyes. The cane brushed against his arms, scratching and irritating. The ground was damp beneath him. Then he could not hear the sound of the woman--or the growl-- and he stopped, listening in the thick silence. When he stopped, the flies attacked, landing on his face, in his sweat.

The itch on his arms became unbearable. He couldn't stay still any longer--he crashed forward, through the cane, and heard, over his own sounds, other crashing noises, as if someone were running away from him. His jaw tightened in silence, steeling himself for the chase, he lowered his head, not able to see too clearly, the sweat in his eyes, and the flies around his face, and flailed on; the cane broke, bent, fell beneath him, trampled to the ground. He followed the noises; they were going fast, but not as fast as he, and soon he heard curses, and again the wail. Finally, their noises stopped. He stopped too. He could hear their panting beyond the solid wall of cane. Pollen, and the smell of cane, the heat, the sweat, and the flies, confounded his senses, so he could not be sure of the direction--but he pressed forward anyway--and in a moment he was face to face with the three.

One was a woman, with a child in her arms. The other a man, large, with a dark matted face. He wore a single length of cloth around his middle, and his naked chest was dark with hair and wet with sweat. He could smell the man, the sweaty, male smell of a man gone too long without a bath. The man was breathing heavily, and was obviously exhausted, and, strong though he looked, could be no match at the moment for the younger man. He turned his attention to the woman. She was middle-aged, and her hair was damp and falling over her forehead, so he could not tell too well how she looked; but she too was hot and tired, and frightened. But the baby was worse than all--red, choking, kicking in her arms, his skin full of bumps and red irritations. He stepped forward, and looked at the baby. The woman didn't move. Her eyes were silent and tired looking at him. The man made no movement. The baby was going to die soon. There was nothing that could help him. He looked at the woman. Did she know that? She clung to the child, unable to protect, to help.



"You can't stay here," he said at last. "We shall have to go on, to the river."

She stared at him. The man's head lifted, dumbly.

He looked at the sun, to tell directions, and the sun was a hot haze boiling overhead. The cane rose upward, matting, thin. He started forward. He looked back. They hadn't moved. "Come on", he said. "Do you want to die?" He went on, not looking back, and after a moment heard them following.

They were a long time in the cane; the ground grew damper; he was hot, and could hardly stand the touch of the cane on his arms, rasping. His shoes were muddy, slogging, and his pants were dirty and freckled with flies. That was the worst of all, he thought, the flies that rose and swarmed and got into your eyes. There were flies hiding in the corner of his mouth; he could taste them, their tiny hard bodies, their whirring wings. Not once had he looked back; but they were following, he could hear their stumbling progress. It grew dark; the sky shadowed, the cane grew dark, but the air was no cooler. He no longer knew directions, for there were no stars, just clouds overhead. At last he called a stop, and they sat down together, on their haunches. The baby was still alive, but barely, cradled in her arms. She looked more woebegone than ever, but took off her blouse and fed the baby. The baby sucked for a while, then coughed, and white milk foamed along his lips. The dark man did not look at her. The young man watched the feeding with tired interest. The baby would be dead by morning. She buttoned her blouse back up, looked up to see him watching her, but there was no emotion in her tired eyes.

After a while he got up.

"We have to keep on going," he said. "We have to reach the river tonight".

They followed him, obediently, without murmuring.

He wanted, more than anything else, to find that river, to enter it, to feel the cool cleaning water rush over his body. He was too hot, itching, and sweating to feel alive--the feeling of his skin and the heaviness of his limbs was something outside of him, unbearable, bearing in on him, numbing his mind. The water would be wonderful, cool. He hurried on. They followed.

It was late in the hot humid night before they came out of the cane, to the edge of the river. The water was swift and smooth, and when it met a rock, it flowed unbroken over and around. It made no sound. It was a silent, swift, dark river.

For a moment he was afraid to enter it; he looked behind uneasily, at the girl and the man, and they too were staring at the water. The bank was deserted; on the other side he could see the dark swell of the ground, and trees beyond. Slowly he took off his clothes. The cloth was limp and wet. He could smell his own sweat. When he was naked the

woman came up to him, and handed him the baby, and he took it and felt its hot little body in his arms. It was dead already. At the river's edge, it was dead, so he laid it down on the mud and looked at the woman. She had forgotten the baby. She was tearing off her clothes, in a sort of agony, whimpering. Her eyes were glassy and unseeing. He heard a splash, beside him, and saw the other man already in,

coughing and moaning and splashing in the water. He ducked his head, came up dark and drenching and blowing. In a moment the woman was in there too, her red welted body flashing, then gleaming with the wetness. Slowly he followed them. The water crept up his ankles, his legs, enveloping him. The water was chilly and mooth flowing against him. The water was up to his chest. He went under, stretched his limbs, feeling the pleasure that was close to being agony. Everything was wet and cool and dark. The pressure of the river was against him. He came up, swam a few strokes, feeling the protest of his stretching, soothing muscles. The flies had left him. The heat was ebbing. His body still itched, but now it was bearable.

After a while they all got out and stretched out at the river's edge and went to sleep.

He was the first to awake, early in the morning, but they were all lying so closely together, that when he stirred, the others awoke too. The man looked stronger, and more alert, and would bear watching. The woman was looking at him, the baby still forgotten. There was mud on her face and on her legs. She was not aware of her naked body, of the openness or her thighs and the almost swollen largeness of her breasts. She still looked heavy and tired. The three of them stood up.

No one said anything. At last he went down to the river and washed, carefully, and then washed his clothes. She did the same. When she was finished he helped her out of the water, so her body brushed his. The dark man remained on the bank, watching.

"Where are you going?" The young man asked.

The dark man said nothing.

She shot a glance at him, then said, "I don't know."

"What were you doing in the cane?"

"Nothing," the dark man grunted. He looked at the woman.

"Come".

The woman did not answer him. "Where's my baby," she said.

He told her.

"I didn't want it," she said at last. "I'm glad it's gone."

He watched her, closely, but she said it only with a vast relief.

"Yesterday I saw some people here along the river. Perhaps, if we wait, they'll come again, and we can find out where we are."

"Never mind that," said the black man. "We have to go." He took the woman's arm. She was still naked. She pulled back, away from him, but he just started dragging her along in the mud. She cast one fearful, pleading look at the young man, and he started after them. "Wait," he said, and the black man turned and looked. He said nothing. His eyes were expressionless. Only one hand raised, large and dark. She lay there, silent, in the mud. Her body was still red and irritated. She was not very pretty. But he came up anyway, near them, and said, "If she doesn't want to go with you, she doesn't have to. She doesn't belong to you."

"She's my wife," he said. "That was my baby. She comes with me."

"No," he said, "she doesn't."

The man rushed forward, and before escape was possible grabbed him by the throat. He threw his weight back, bringing the dark man over him, but he wouldn't let go. They skidded down next to the river. The woman had her hands at her cheeks, watching, with wide eyes. The river was swift and still. The man was dark and grim-acing above him, choking out the breath. The solid huge hand lifted, and while he lay there limp and unable to move descended. It was as if the whole sky descended, in darkness, collapsing around him. He couldn't see the woman any more. He felt the blow along his face. He skidded away into the darkness.

He awoke very suddenly, but there was still a gray buzzing in his head. The side of his head hurt. He sat up, glad he was still alive, and felt a little sorry for the woman. She had had a rough life. The baby was dead, but she hadn't wanted it. He remembered the hot red body. It had felt flaccid and heavy and lifeless in his arms, like a stone. He looked around, and saw the men sitting around him. They were small men, squatting on the ground, and they were all watching him intently. There was the cane on one side of him, the river on the other. The day was hot and late. The sun burned overhead through the sky. One of the men nodded, pleasantly. He nodded back. He wondered if they spoke the same language. They looked pleasant, smiling, fine men. He stood, and they stood too. There were five of them.

"How do you feel now?" the one man said.

"Fine," he said, grinning. "I'm lucky I wasn't killed."

All of them nodded. They all smiled.

"There were just two of them?"

"You mean the man and the woman? Yes, and the dead baby."

The man's eyes lighted up in interest.

"There was a baby?"

He nodded. "But he died."

He focussed on the men. They stood around him, smiling. They looked a little like children, old children, old children, with creased faces and small bodies. But there were five of them. He began to feel a little suspicious.

"Where did they go?" The man and the woman."

"Not very far," said the man. "We have them."

The man's face was old, but the eyes were childish, the sun beat down on their bodies, turning them brown, and in the slight wind the cane rustled. He looked at the river. On the other side were women, with fat bodies, washing clothes in the water. They beat the clothes on the rocks. He knew what they were up to now; they wanted to capture him. He didn't know why-- he thought it was foolish. They should just leave him alone, to wander, to live, he should not have to fight--over the woman, or anything. He felt sorry about the woman, but wished he hadn't fought the man. Because that was foolish. That was just the way things were.

"What are you going to do with them?" he said at last.

"We always kill strangers," said the man.

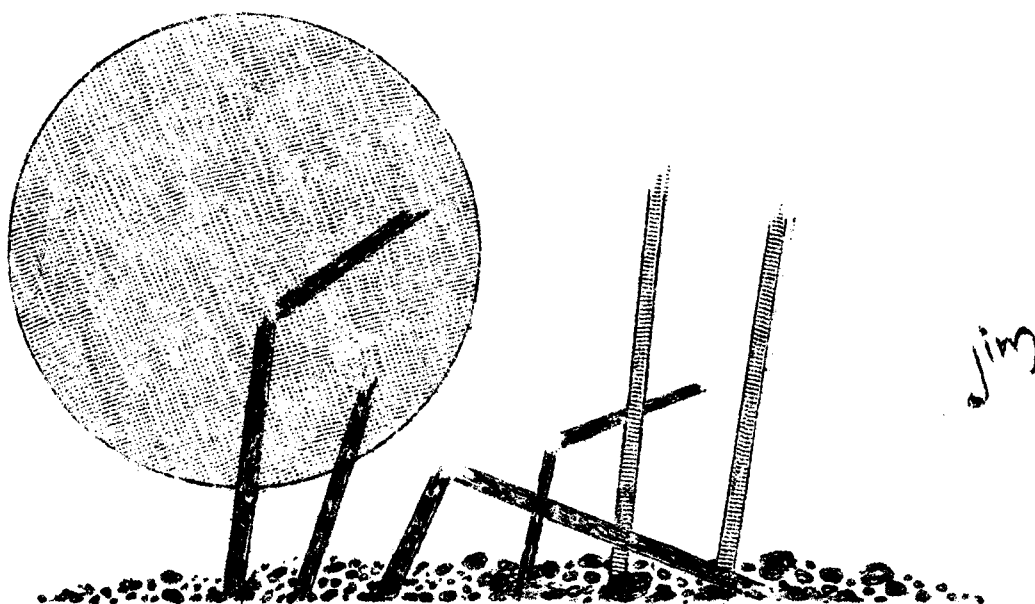
They were moving in closer; he said, "Don't you think that's foolish?"

"Not at all," they answered. "Will you come with us?"

He made his try, but they had him; more people came out of the cane, and the women went on washing, beating their clothes against the rock, and the water swept smoothly over them, with a gloss like a mirror. He thought he had never seen a river so smooth and even. They had little bodies, but there were many of them. Their arms clung, they tripped, they pummeled. They gloried in the battle against the bigger man. There was not much he could do. He fought until they had him down on the ground. They produced ropes, and bound his arms and legs. He thought he had killed one of them, and badly hurt others, but they had him tied and helpless. They stood above him, smiling and nodding, as if thanking him for the battle he had put up. He felt helpless and defeated. He thought the men must be mad. Their women were fat. He wondered what they had done to the other girl--the one with the red welts and the dead baby. Probably she was still alive. Perhaps he would see her again. He wished he believed in a god. There was nothing he could do.

They picked him up and carried him away.

*****THE END*****





ELEPHANTIS

By Dr. DAVID H. KELLER, M.D.

Roman culture, during the reign of Nero, had many interesting features. One of the most peculiar was a bivalency of communication. In spite of the decadence of morals the spoken word remained pure and uninfluenced in any way by biological peculiarities indulged in by all, rich or poor, rulers or slaves. It was considered almost a crime for a Roman to talk about the intimate relations of his private life.

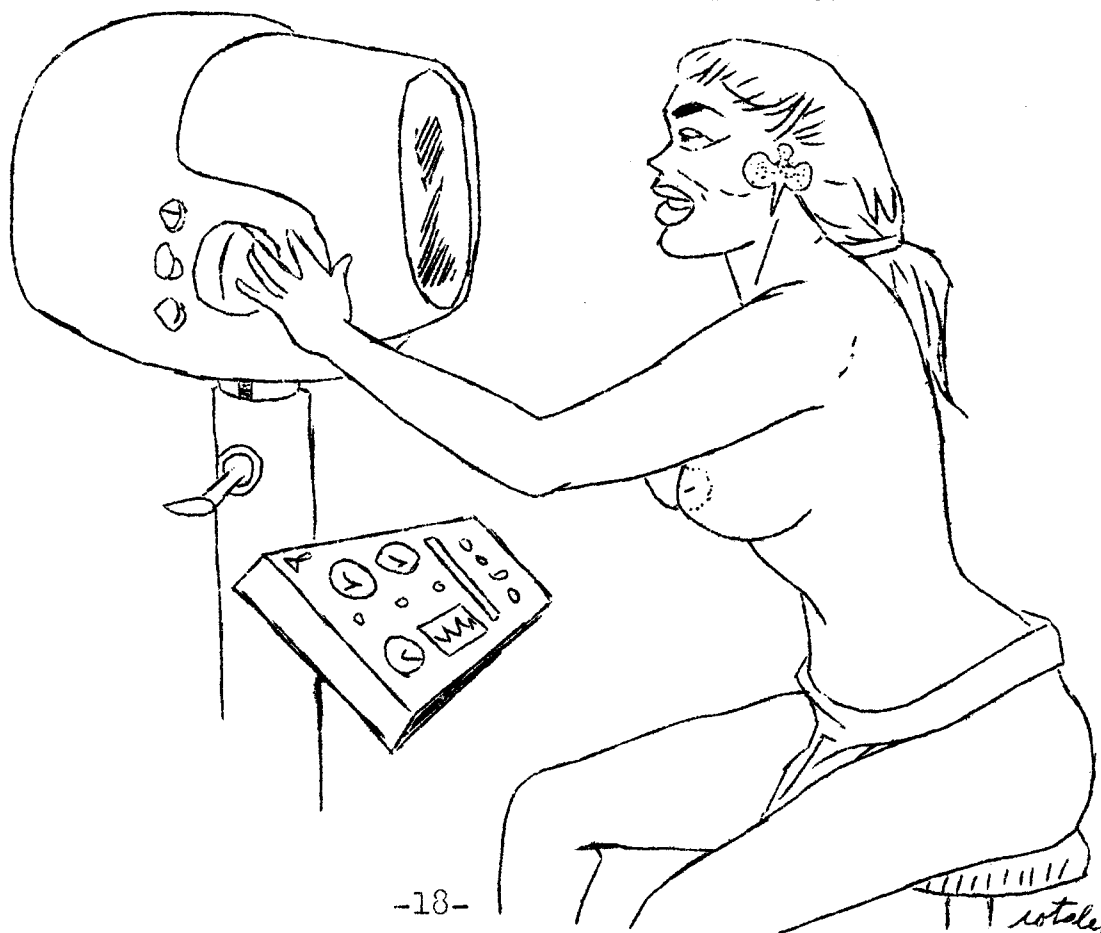
However there were other forms of communication to which this prohibition did not apply. Authors could write about anything and formed an extensive vocabulary of words now considered vulgar and even obscene. The artists could picture in their murals every form of human contact. The actors using pantomime, instead of speech, titillated their audiences with physical reproductions of acts well understood by the audience. Many of these erotic poems, plays and stories are still preserved. The extremely suggestive murals can still be seen in the excavated palaces of Herculaneum, if the visitor can identify himself as an anthropologist interested in the obscene past only from a professional viewpoint. Pantomime lived on and was still shown and understood in the burlesque shows of the past generation; Rabelais devoted two chapters to its explanation.

Rome conquered the known world and brought to its seven hilled city the culture, art and vices of the conquered nations. What they did not primarily know concerning the relation of the sexes they rapidly learned from the Eastern savants who had for centuries devoted their spare time to acquiring such knowledge. The early Romans, Spartan in their simplicity, degenerated into voluptuous Satyrs who indulged in weird sexual contact to the point of physical exhaustion, refreshed themselves in hot baths and then went forth to seek new diversions. Thus Rome eventually fell, and easy victim to the Goths and Huns.

There is nothing to show that Nero was a purist sexually. He took his pleasure as brought to him by panders and according to history even committed incest with his mother. It is therefore most interesting to learn that one book so shocked him that he ordered all copies of it collected and publically burned.

This book was ELEPHANTIS. So complete was its destruction that for centuries it was only a title concerning which there were various opinions. Some students have stated that it was simply a set of ivory cards either tied together or enclosed in a box. On each card was the picture of a variety of the sexual relation. They claim that the title was derived from the elephant ivory the card was made from. Tradition states there were thirty-two cards in each set.

Another explanation is that an Egyptian courtesan named Elephantis wrote thirty-two vellum pages of text, with a similar number of illustrations. Each picture had an explanatory text. She used her name as the title of this book, thus hoping to doubly ensure her immortality, which, as I well know, is the desire of most authors. Once this book came into the hands of the general public it was widely pirated, and evidently, during the reign of Nero, no man, who considered himself very much of a man, could consider himself properly equipped to properly toy with Venus unless he used ELEPHANTIS as a text book.



It was evidently very annoying to Nero to have an Egyptian lady win such fame in his capitol. At this time it is difficult to understand the psychology underlying his drastic reaction. Perhaps he was jealous and regretted not having written such a book himself. Perhaps he thought it presumptuous for an Egyptian to dare to instruct the Romans in an art they thought they were completely adept. Whatever his reason he had the book confiscated and burned.

And thus for centuries ELEPHANTIS has remained only a title covered by the mysterious dust of the past. All the gay men and women who read the book and tried to profit by it are now free of the impetuosity of youth or the vain desires of impotent senility. Lost were both the wisdom and folly of its pages. Only the title remains --- and it was thought that no living man knew of a certainty what the book contained.

In Underwood I have a very unusual library containing some books so rare that I guard them carefully from my occasional visitors for I have found that more than a few, irrespective of their moral standing and declared admiration for me, do not hesitate to pilfer the shelves when my back is turned. For example I have that rare book, SACRAMENTAL CAKES, A STUDY OF RELIGIOUS FOODS, which I carefully reviewed for Peon, without receiving the curious attention of the casual readers which I expected. Cared for most tenderly is a copy of my SONGS OF A SPANISH LOVER, beautifully illustrated in water colours by one of my abnormal friends. Occasionally I show the two volume copy of my THE GENTLE PIRATE, extra-illustrated with a most unusual assortment of pictures, which so perfectly blend with the text that I can always claim they are necessary parts of the book rather than a form of erotic desire.

But there is one book that none of my visitors have ever seen and I seriously feel that they never will and that is my copy of ELEPHANTIS. It is evidently a copy of a copy and from the French text must have been written and illustrated by a medieval monk, who probably thought that, by such a labour, he could imitate the social life of Saint Anthony.



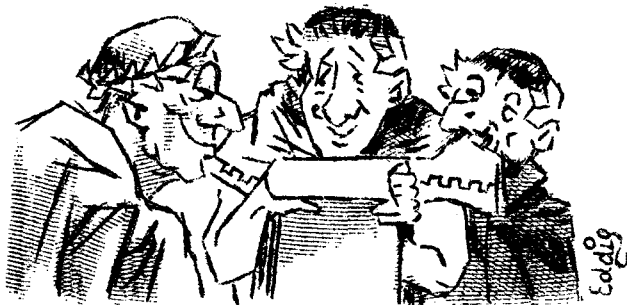
During World War I, while in Paris, I found this book in a stall by the Seine River. The price was cheap, a hasty glance so intriguing I bought it. Later on my return to the United States I found a student able to translate the old French and persuaded him to write a page of English for each of the thirty-two pages of the original manuscript. These I had inserted and then engaged a bookbinder to rebind the book in pigskin. It was neither an appropriate or romantic binding for such an unusual book but the best I could afford.

Thus I have a book in my library that is most rare. There may be other copies but correspondence with the largest libraries in the world have failed to disclose any. The student who translated the old text evidently had a hard time learning a vocabulary new to him, but he did an excellent work and the English text closely supplements the thirty two pictures.

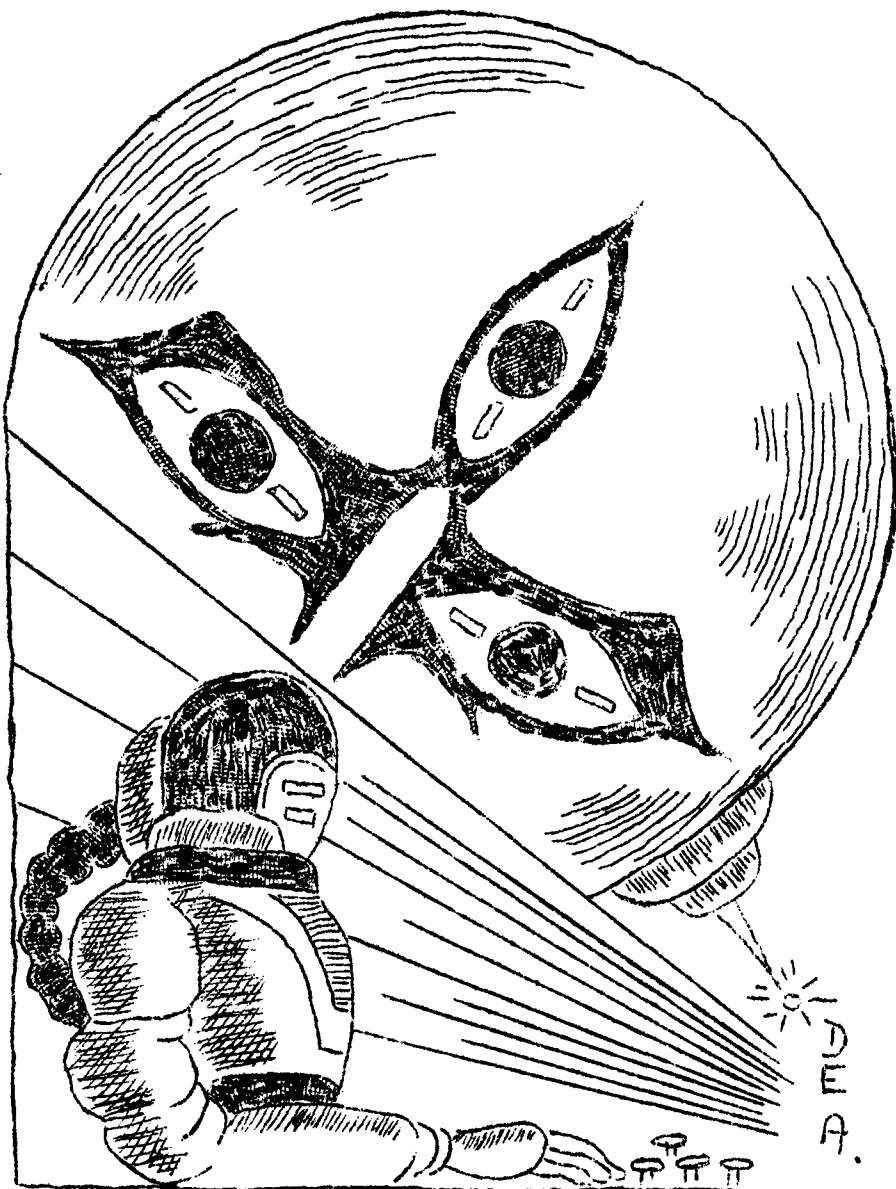
When time afforded I carefully read this book and studied the pictures. My first impression was that the Egyptian lady was either an expert liar or a proficient acrobat, or perhaps both. If she indulged in the pleasures pictured and described in this book she had a graceful agility not possessed by most women and her masculine playmates must have been finally surfeited by her demands.

However as the years passed and I learned more about humanity I became convinced that no form of amorous pleasure known to the ancients is unknown to the present generation of our large cities. I am confident that all the information in ELEPHANTIS has been passed down from father to son and mother to daughter and that at present is being practiced by our idle rich and our many poor who find that such pleasure is tax free. And modern science has even been able to add a few variations unknown to Rome, Egypt or India.

This is the story of a famous book which I am carefully preserving, in a dust proof jacket. I doubt that it will ever be shown to anyone who visits Underwood, irrespective of their impetuous demands. It is not exactly the kind of a book that could be looked into by anyone except a true student of pathological behaviorism, and even such a man, unless he has become an aged philosopher, might be unduly influenced by it.



In my will I have directed that, after my death, it be donated to the Library of Congress in Washington, where, no doubt, it will be placed in the interdicted section and seen by very few. However, if in my declining years, I become financially crippled I may sell it, but at a price that could only be paid by few of my friends.



WANTED

Jim

ON THE RADIO

By GENE TIPTON.

In an age when television has emerged as a domineering giant in the entertainment industry, radio is often ignored or forgotten. This medium is even looked upon with scorn by some people. Unhappily, there is often cause for such an attitude. Certainly, many radio stations have degenerated into little more than outlets for rock and roll music. To stay alive in this TV-dominated era, the radio industry as a whole has had to adopt relatively inexpensive forms of programming. With drama, comedy and variety shows giving way to a low-budget music and news format, radio's full potential for entertainment is seldom realised nowadays.

However, many will remember when the radio set was the object of greatest pride in every living room. It functioned as a picture-less TV set, offering entertainment in endless variety, demanding only a little imagination on the listener's part for the enjoyment of its varied treasures.

Fantasy was hardly absent from the airwaves in that golden age of radio. Even in more recent years--when the trend has been away from drama--weird, macabre, and science-fiction programmes have stubbornly persisted on the air. This is understandable, for stories of a highly fanciful nature are among those which radio is best equipped to handle. In the movies and TV, stories are anchored down by rigid sets and confined to the range of a camera, but on radio there are no limits to the imagination. Science-fiction lends itself particularly well to radio adaptation. The greater freedom and flexibility of this medium enable it to overcome many of the technical obstacles which so often occur in the visual presentation of S-F tales.

One of the most popular shows ever to dramatize fantasy on the air was LIGHTS OUT. My own memories of LIGHTS OUT date back to the later years of this programme when Wyllis Cooper was its writer; but it's my understanding that Orson Welles and Arch Oboler also did scripts for L.O. in its earlier years. This programme was known by a different name in its infancy. It was called ARE YOU A MISSING HEIR from December 1939 through September 1942.

Wyllis Cooper's talents have not been confined to LIGHTS OUT. He also wrote the scripts for QUIET, PLEASE, which made its debut over the Mutual Broadcasting System around 1947. QUIET, PLEASE later moved to the ABC Network. I am inclined to slightly favour this series to LIGHTS OUT, since a bit more variety was represented in its stories. The dramas were narrated in the first person, with Ernest Chappell, a veteran radio and TV announcer, portraying the central character in each story. Many of the QUIET, PLEASE broadcasts linger vividly in this listener's mind even today. Not the least of the programme's assets was its haunting theme music (a melodic fragment from Caesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor). THE WRITER'S DIGEST announced that a group of the Q.P. scripts were scheduled to appear in book form, but I cannot say with certainty that the book was ever published.

Another radio series to make use of Wyllis Cooper's talents was ESCAPE. This programme was heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System from July 7, 1947 through Sept. 25, 1954. In addition to new stories, ESCAPE presented adaptations of such classics as M.R. James' CASTING THE RUNES, H.P. Lovecraft's THE DUNWICH HORROR, Bulwer-Lytton's THE HOUSE & THE BRAIN and Mrs. Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN.

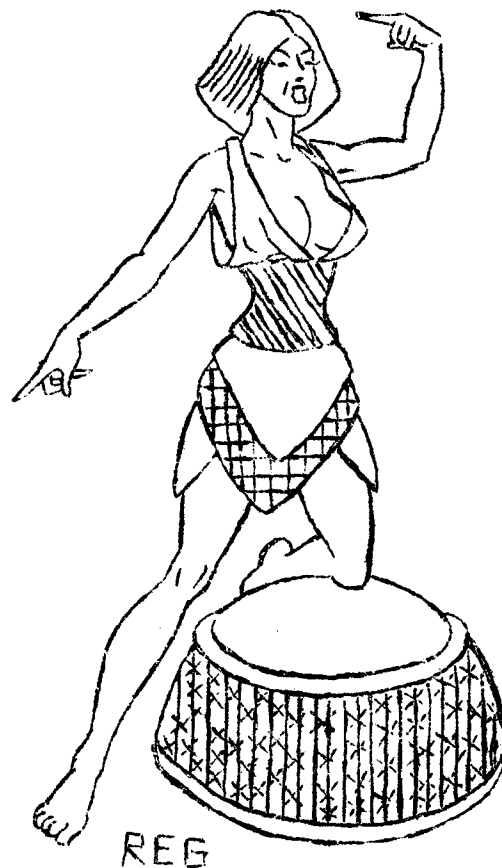
One of radio's earliest ventures into fantasy was THE WITCH'S TALES, directed by Alonzo Dean Cole. Mr. Cole also served as editor of a magazine which was inspired by this show in 1937. The magazine was less successful, and folded after 2 issues.

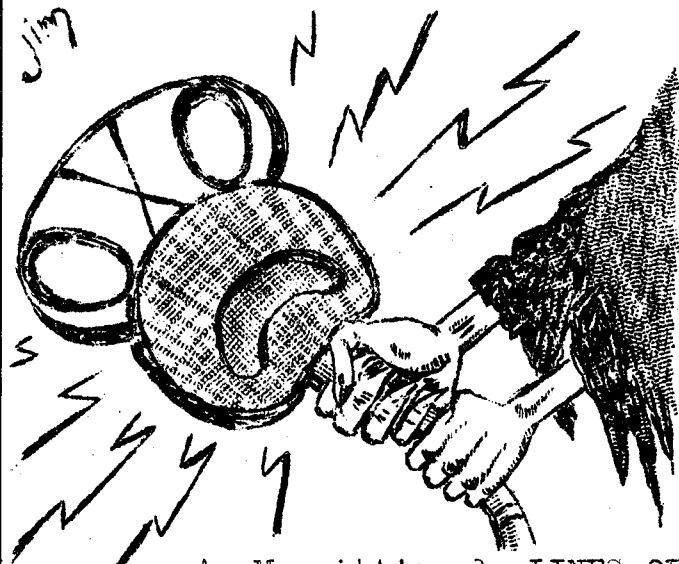
CBS Radio's SUSPENSE also inspired a magazine, which lasted for 4 issues. SUSPENSE, one of the very few dramatic shows left on radio, has often explored the realms of the eerie and fanciful. Charles Dickens' THE SIGNAL-MAN has been aired on SUSPENSE 3 times, in 2 separate productions. Other tales to be dramatized on SUSPENSE include H.G. Wells' THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND, Poe's THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, Bierce's AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE, C.P. Gilman's THE YELLOW WALL-PAPER, and A.M. Burroughs' THE TAXIWORK.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER was still another radio thriller to become honored by a magazine. This popular Mutual program starred Maurice Tauplin in the title role. THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER didn't often delve into the supernatural, by many of its offerings were yet of a sufficiently eerie and offbeat nature to merit the attention of weirdists. Robert A. Arthur and David P. Kogan wrote and produced this series.

Robert Bloch's considerably reprinted WEIRD TALES yarn, YOURS TRULY, JACK THE RIPEER, was broadcast twice on radio in 1944 and 1945. Bloch also figured prominently in a radio project titled STAY TUNED FOR TERROR. This was a group of transcribed 15-minute chillers adapted from other stories by Bloch to appear in WEIRD TALES. Dramatisations were made of this author's HOUSE OF THE HATCHET, SOUL PROPRIETOR, THE SECRET OF SEBEK, RETURN TO THE SABBATH, etc.

THE WEIRD CIRCLE was another transcribed vehicle devoted to the uncanny. I can recall hearing that old warhorse, FRANKENSTEIN, on this one, also Poe's THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE TELL-TALE HEART. This series was produced during the 1940s, but was still making the rounds as recently as 1955. It may be that THE WEIRD CIRCLE... can be heard over certain stations even today.





Another transcribed programme, THE HAUNTING HOUR, was primarily given to murder mysteries, despite its title. Certain other of the old radio shows stressed fantasy at their outset, but later degenerated into ordinary crime shows. Two examples would be INNER SANCTUM and THE SHADOW. Incidentally, Brett Morrison, who starred as The Shadow, was heard in a serialised radio version of Bram Stoker's DRACULA back in the early '30s.

A. Merritt's 3 LINES OF OLD FRENCH was one of the stories presented on DARK FANTASY, a feature of NBC's Red Network during the early '40s.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY, an offering of MBS, centered around incidents that seemingly were of supernatural origin, but for which a natural explanation was always found. H.O.M. dealt with the exploits of a ghost hunter named Roger Elliott. This sleuth couldn't really be likened to a John Silence or a Jules De Grandin, since he never wrestled with any actual spooks. The programme had a slightly juvenile tinge, but managed to be interesting on occasions.

In the mid- '50s The American Broadcasting Company presented a group of inexplicable tales under the general title of STRANGE BUT TRUE. These presentations were allegedly based on actual happenings.

Of even more recent vintage was NBC's SLEEP NO MORE, which featured the dramatic readings of Nelson Omstead. Narrated on SLEEP NO MORE were horror stories by Algernon Blackwood, John Collier, Dorothy Sayers, Nelson Bond, and others. Two specific titles which come to mind are Collier's THUS I REFUTE BEEZLY and Bond's THE BOOKSHOP.

The United States maintains no monopoly on radio spook shows. A few years ago our Canadian neighbours were dispensing goose pimples over the airwaves via a programme called OUT OF THIS WORLD. I've been unable to learn if this is still on the air.

Radio has frequently ventured into the science-fiction field during the last decade or so. On NBC's X MINUS ONE could be heard adaptations of material taken from ASTOUNDING and GALAXY. Two other s-f programmes of note were DIMENSION X and ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW. Stories from ASTOUNDING turned up on both of these shows. John W. Campbell had the role of host and narrator on the brief-lived ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW.

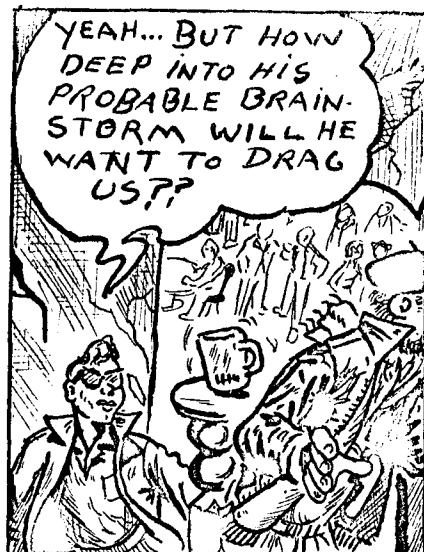
*****THE END*****



WITH LIQUID MOTION
ROBIN WOOD GUIDED THE
CAR TO A PARKING SPOT
IN FRONT OF DODD'S BAR...

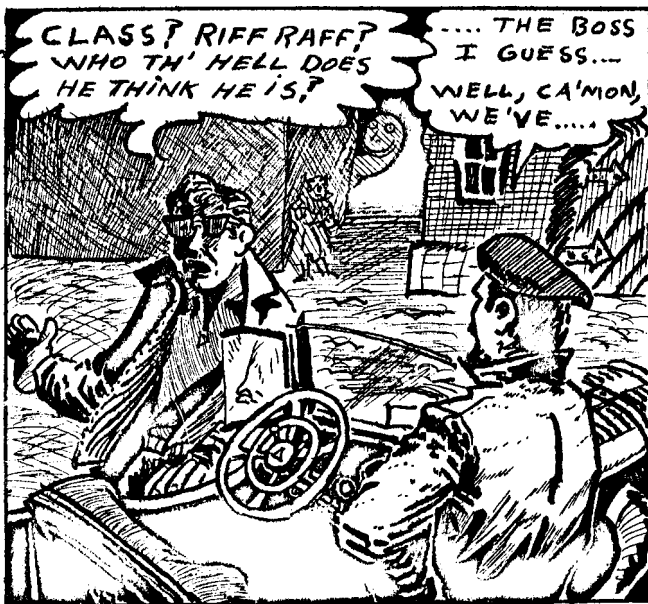
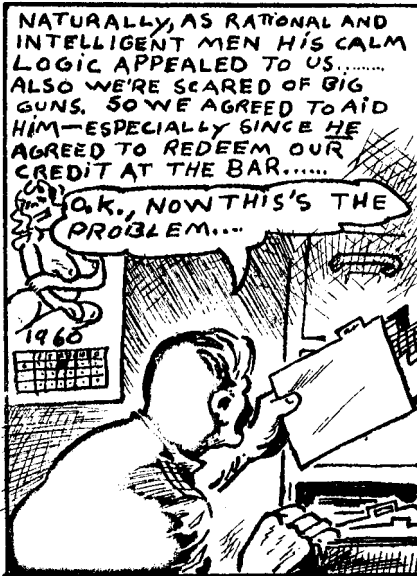
THIS WAS AN UNUSUAL
VISIT: THIS TIME WE WERE
BEING ASKED IN! QUICKLY
WE CLIPPED DOWN THE
STEPS AND INTO THE ATMOS-
PHERE, PUSHING THRU
TO THE OFFICE...





AFTER A MOMENT DODD SMILED AND ROSE TO GREET US ENTHUSIASTICALLY... HE NEXT BROKE OUT THE BHEER.







IT WAS AT ONCE THE TALK OF THE TOWN—THE FACT THAT THE TALK WAS ALL FOUR LETTER WORDS DIDN'T SEEM TO BOTHER DODD, BUT AT THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK HE HAD ROBIN AND I USHERED INTO HIS OFFICE. WHAT WAS WRONG? WERE WE FRIGHTENING AWAY CUSTOMERS?

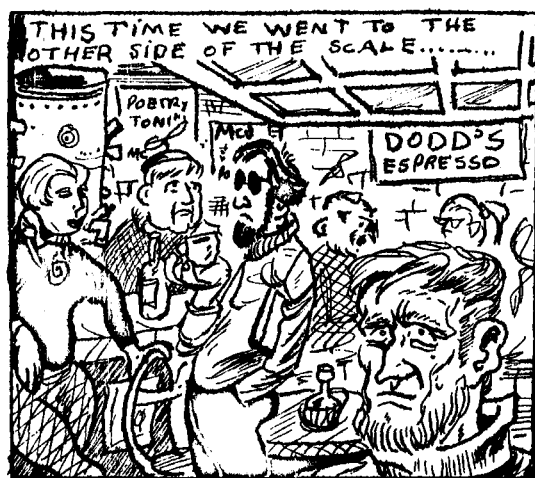
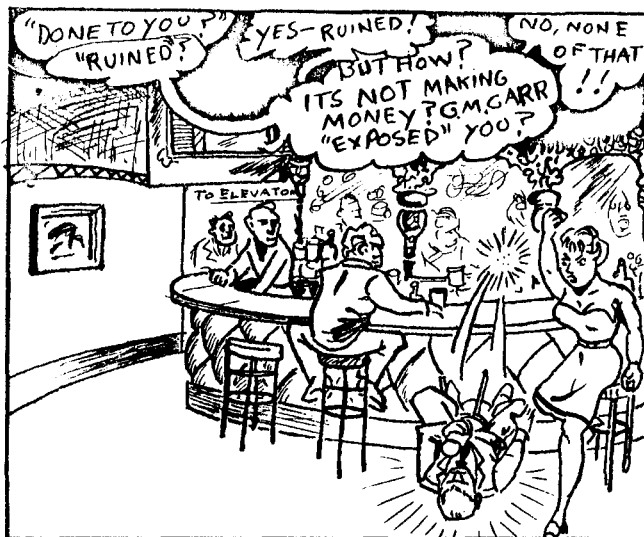


WAS HE RECEIVING THREATENING NOTES? HAD HE DISCOVERED THE HOLES WE'D BORED IN THE WALLS OF THE CHORUS GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM?.....

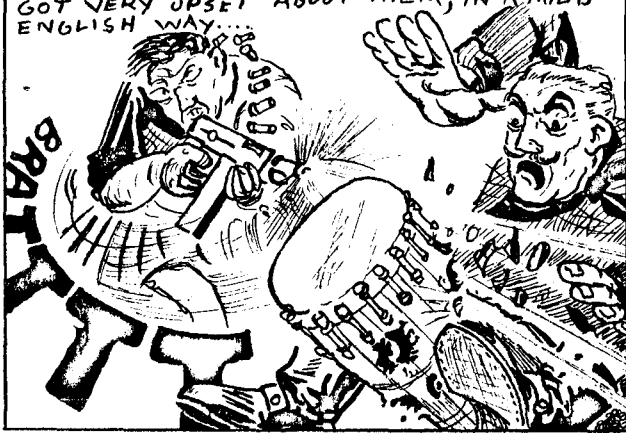


AH-HAH! SO THERE YOU ARE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME? YOU'VE RUINED ME!





---AND WE CLOSED UP AGAIN--- THIS TIME IT WAS SOMETHING ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO UNDERSTAND POETRY---AND THE CONGA DRUMS WERE DRIVING HIM NUTS..... HE GOT VERY UPSET ABOUT THEM, IN A MILD ENGLISH WAY....



SHALL WE TRY AGAIN, BOYS?



WE TRIED FOR A QUIET LITTLE BEER HALL... BUT....



...WE GOOFED...

WE'LL, BOYS, IT LOOKS LIKE THAT WASN'T IT EITHER....

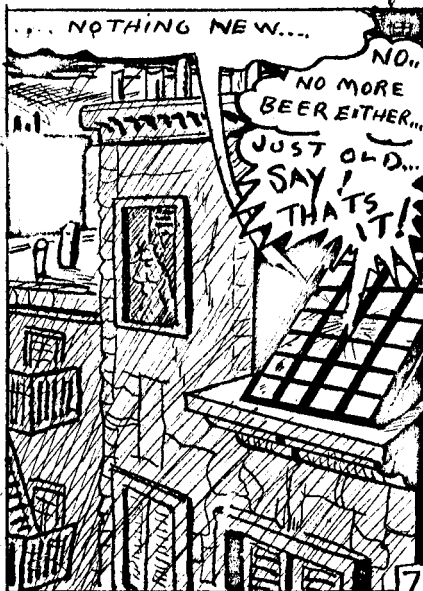
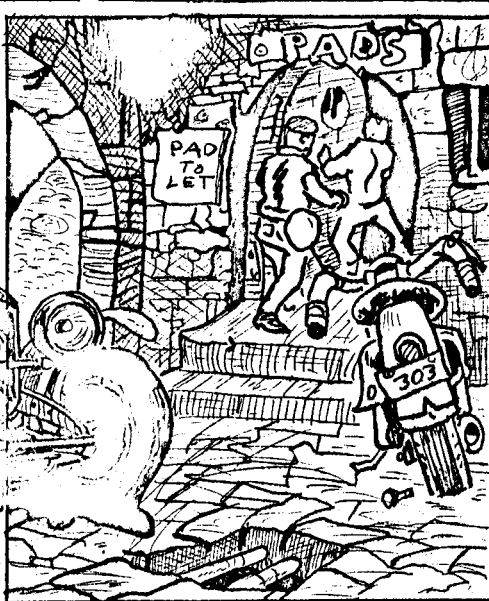


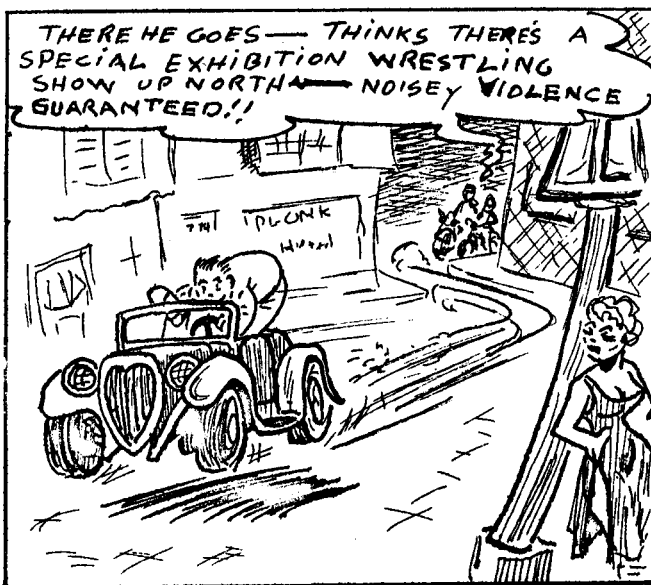
AND SO WE TRIED AGAIN

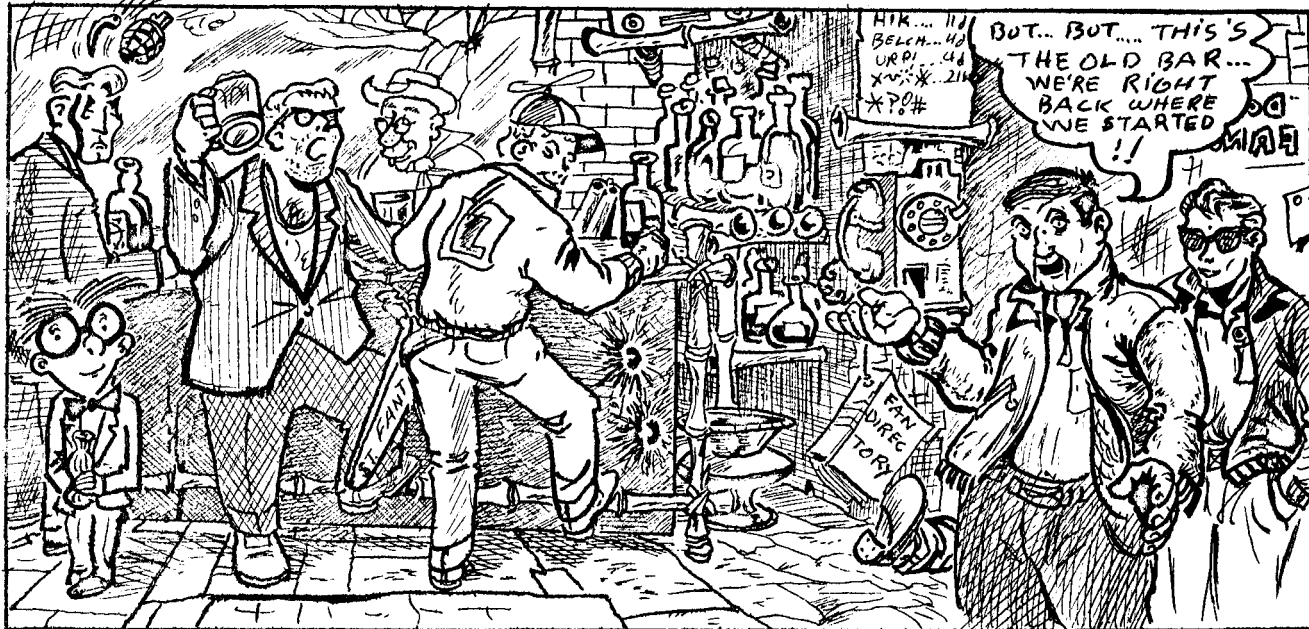
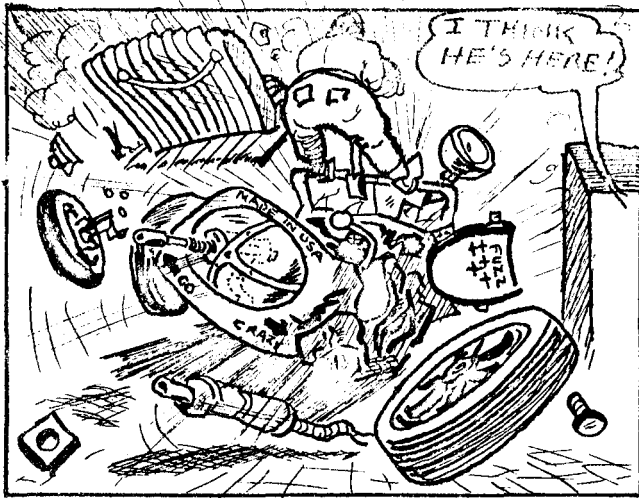


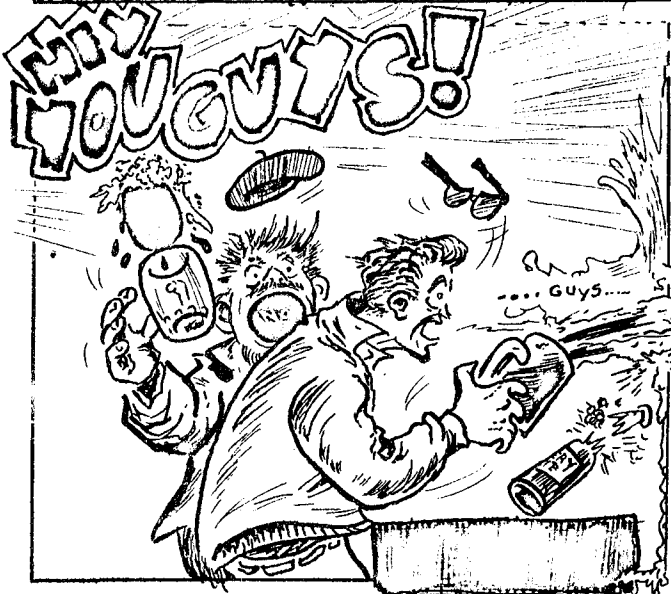
AND A FEW STAR ATTRACTIONS...











PARTY'S END



By MIKE DECKINGER.

The couples chatted in hushed tones as they filed into the room. They walked with dignity; eyes fixed straight ahead, heads snapped erect.

Amy sat in a small chair by the door, waiting.

The couples passed by her, regarding her as little more than a clinging insignificant mote. There were many people there, more than Amy had expected would come.

The men were tall and they were short, some walked with canes and others stood tall and straight. The women were well dressed and attractive, adorning their dresses and hair with sparkling bits of jewelry. Their male escorts walked proudly in their presence.

As Amy sat watching a tall comely woman, wearing a green dress and brushing up a loose strand of her oversize hair-do, detached herself from a handsome, cleanshaven gentleman and hurried over.

"You're looking well Amy," she announced in a flightly, but not comical voice.

"Am I?" Amy's voice was pathetically thin, lost in the uproar that was developing.

"Better than ever," the woman affirmed. Again she dabbed at her hair.

Two shining round eyes peeped out behind a wisp of flaxen hair. A long, slender, wiry taily arched over the woman's head.

"I didn't expect you to bring her along too," Amy stated tonelessly.

"The little witch," the woman spat contemptuously, "I had to. She gave me no peace until I consented to bring her along. She hasn't been behaving well for a time. Full of life and vim and vigor. Eager to see everything there is to see. She's trying to drive me mad, you know?"

Amy looked up. "Can you be sure?"

"Can I be sure indeed? Can I be sure she hates me and wants to be released? Can I be sure she dreams of me being locked away, with nothing but my screams to keep me company. She has the power you know. She can pluck madness from the air and transfer it to people. But not me."

"Not you?"

"Indeed not me," the woman snarled. She raised her hand to her head and affectionately patted the mass resting within her hair. "For were I to go mad, she knows full well that she would go mad too. And then she'd have no place to stay at all; there'd be no one to feed her and care for her and stroke her when she needed it. She would be homeless and forced to wander in the streets and would be kicked and treated badly. She knows it." The woman smiled, baring her teeth menacingly, "She knows it and fears it, the devil. And she'll live with it." The slim tail snaked down over her eyes for a minute, and then rigidly rose into the air.

Amy looked about herself, peering at the couples.

"Looking for Rolf, are you?" the other woman snapped.

"What's that?"

"I thought so. Waiting for Rolf. You expect to be with him, perhaps even to dance with him?"

Amy nodded quickly, unable to suppress the emotions that welled up within her. "He promised that he'd come tonight, he must."

"You think he will?"

"I know it. He promised."

"Promises, promises...Promises are mere words, delivered to quiet or reassure, nothing more. A promise is given when a lie is insufficient my dear, you should know that. They are all trustless,

except you, my pet." She rubbed her hand along her hair.

"Rolf is different," Amy pleaded, "his words are not empty."

"All words are empty," the woman snapped harshly. She turned and began to walk away. "I wish you luck with him just the same."

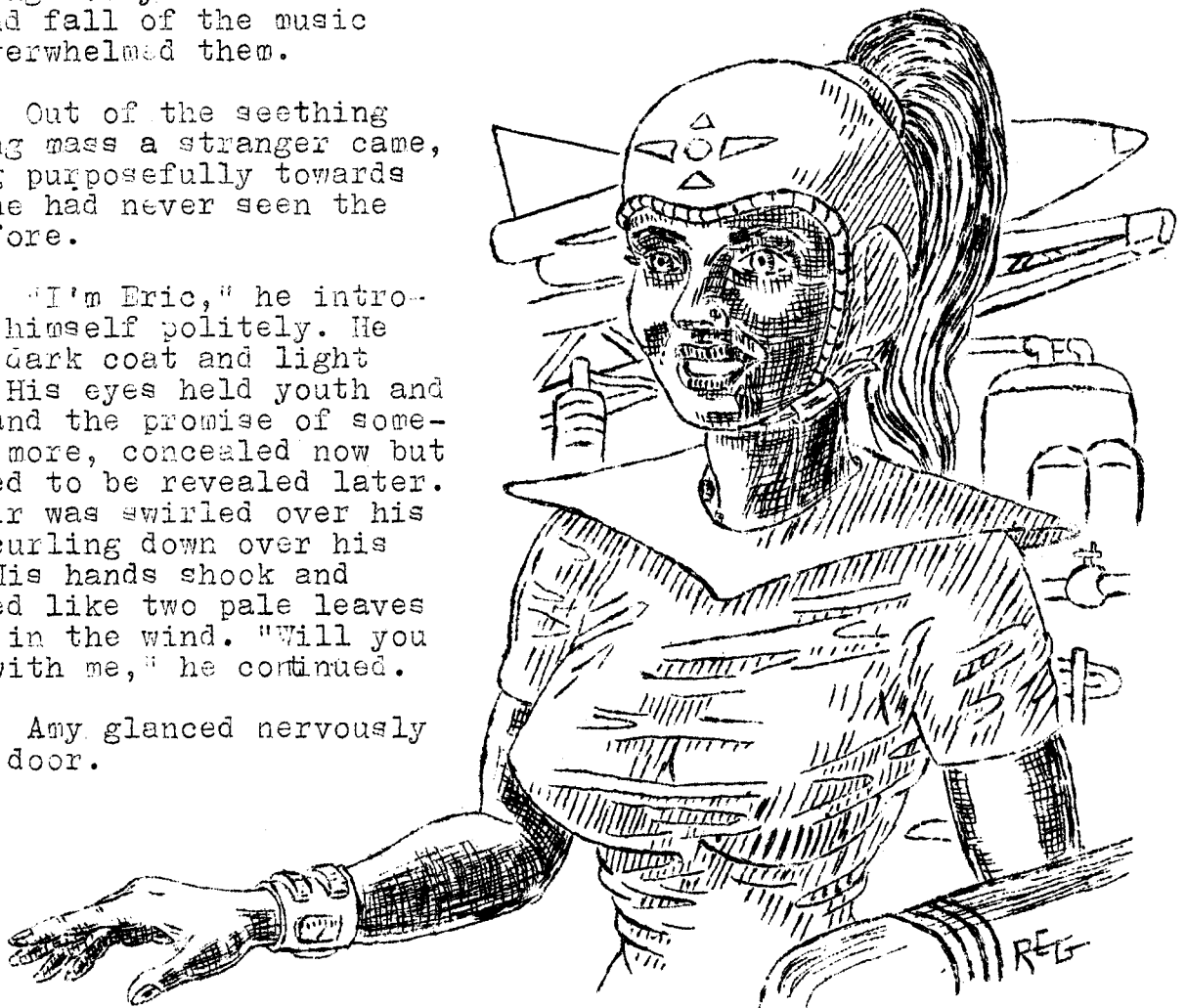
"Thank you," Amy whispered.

The assembled couples were beginning to dance now. Music flew from every corner of the room, from the arched walls and the low, decorated ceiling, drowning the dancers in sound and song. Lightly their feet skipped over the smooth, unblemished floor, skirts swirling high. The tempo was slow and restful. Drearyness slipped into the music, a lethargic drearyness that gripped them all. The dancers slowed their steps, became less frantic. They formlessly shuffled across the floor, kept perfect time with thier partners, balancing every motion to the rise and fall of the music that overwhelmed them.

Out of the seething buckling mass a stranger came, walking purposefully towards Amy. She had never seen the man before.

"I'm Eric," he introduced himself politely. He wore a dark coat and light pants. His eyes held youth and life, and the promise of something more, concealed now but destined to be revealed later. His hair was swirled over his head, curling down over his ears. His hands shook and trembled like two pale leaves caught in the wind. "Will you dance with me," he continued.

Amy glanced nervously to the door.



Two couples entered; Rolf was not among them. Eric could only occupy a small portion of her time, there would be enough hours to devote to Rolf. She thought he looked exquisitely sad, standing before her.

"I saw you all alone and I felt it was wrong," he said uneasily, "it would please me and perhaps yourself if we just danced a few..." He unsteadily but off the rest of the sentence and discarded it; he had made his intent clear already.

"Yes, by all means." Amy rose to her feet. If Rolf arrived she could immediately break loose from Eric and go to him. But the urge to dance was in her. She could not bear to be a spectator while the rest performed.

Together they strode onto the floor. The couples already there blindly shifted to one side to let them pass, without looking at Amy and her partner. Eric slipped his arms about Amy and pulled her to him. She held him tightly and shut her eyes.

The music rose. The mood began to shift, subtly. The pitch slowly crept, unnoticeably. The dancers' feet began to move faster and faster. Amy felt her feet matching the pace of the music, knew Eric's was doing the same. Several couples moved off. Eric gripped her more tightly. His hot breath sealed her ear. He moved his lips to her and traced his tongue along her forehead. He lowered his head and grazed her cheek with his teeth. Amy moaned deep in her throat.

Suddenly the music soared to a furious height. Amy screwed her eyes shut. Her breathing grew heavier, as did Eric's. Together they whirled across the floor, feet writhing and contorting like limbs possessed of an independent life. Amy's feet leapt and kicked and shuffled and were strangely still when the music demanded it.

The music beat down on them unmercifully. Eric was perspiring freely as he fought to retain his position, Amy beside him. The two were the only ones dancing now; the rest had scattered.

An unbearably bright light shone down on them. Eric cried out in pain and shut his eyes as Amy had done. The music leapt along maddeningly. The light followed their every move. The colours in the beam began to shift.

"Faster, faster, Eric moaned. In the multi-hued beam of the light Amy could see his pained face as the radiances played over him. His expression stood out in the dark green, making his eyes hollow pits then red, so that flames danced along his lips, now blue, with ice melting on his cheeks. Amy shut her own eyes and leapt with the music, losing all sense of awareness. Eric's breathing became ragged and hoarse.

Around the floor the other couples crowded closer, eager to view the sight.

A hundred eyes beheld the pair as they danced and shifted and were altered by the mighty light. The music could not become any faster, Amy thought. To do so would be impossible. Strange that she did not feel as tired as Eric did.

Eric suddenly pulled loose from her. The music cut off instantly making everything seem intolerably quiet. The light dimmed and vanished. Eric slowly collapsed to the floor. He twisted onto his back, stabbed his bony hands up. His face was red and pain-wracked. He coughed and rolled over. Amy stepped back.

"Eric," she said softly.

"I am Eric," he replied with great difficulty, his face pressed to the dust," and I was also Rolf and John and Edmund and Harold and so many others that my mind cannot hold them all. Now I am nothing, as I once was."

The body of the man who had been so many others twitched on the floor. Tighter and tighter he clung to the featureless surface. His image shifted to be replaced by another and then another. No longer was he a man, or even a being.

Amy stiffly walked away and hurried to her chair. The other couples slowly marched onto the floor. The music resumed, very low and very sad.

Amy sobbed once and dabbed at a tear sliding along the corner of her eye. The music continued it's slow, mournful pace. The dancers matched the rhythm with their intricate, graceful steps.

Amy turned her head and gazed longingly at the door. The music was very sad.

She started to cry again.



***** THE END *****

Mike Deckinger.

