

# CAMBER # 6.

The Curvilinear Fanzine





# A DODDERING PRODUCTION

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CAMBER is produced with criminal irregularity and sells for 9d(15¢) a copy, is distributed free to contributors and exchanged with all kinds of fanzines and associated reading material. Letters of comment and contributions always welcomed along with fanzine exchanges.

## DODDNOTE.

To all American fans with large automobiles, and in particular to Grennell's Oldsmobile, Calkin's Pontiac, Tucker's Studebaker and Curt Janke's Buick Roadmaster - to them, this issue of CAMBER is respectfully dedicated.

-----  
Accept no substitutes - I am the only true Dodd.....  
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# CONFUSIO

## Twinking



American fandom would seem to be booming of late judging from a recent issue of Gregg Calkins' OOPS!A. Here we find Dean Grennell buying a new Oldsmobile (English list price £2,460/15/0d) and Gregg Calkins himself getting a new Chevrolet Bel-Air (English list price £1966/11/5d) using it for a mere six months, discarding it, and buying a new Pontiac V8 - Detroit's answer to Boyd Racburn, (English list price £2,176 " 1 " 2d). What's the 2d for? Well, you want wheels don't yer? Now if this is how American fandom is doing what are English fanzine editors doing to combat this?

Surely from the profits of their fanzines they too, must be riding around in luxury limousines. Memo to Messrs. Bentcliffe and Jeeves, editors of England's most prosperous fanzine TRIODE. What are you boys driving around in these days? Rolls-Royce? Humber? Morris Minor? Cabin Scooter? Bike? What do you mean - you still walk? A shocking confession to make!

Can't you realise what a bad impression this creates? As fanzine editors you have a position in the fannish community to uphold? You aren't just anybody. You never hear an American fanned say he goes walking anywhere do you? 'Cos not. So, one of the editors of NOW AND THEN does have a motor-bike? Do you think for one moment this compares with Tucker's Studebaker or Janke's Buick Roadmaster?

What impression will it create at the 1957 WorldCon if held in London. Up roll the Gestalters on a No.10 bus, out of the underground crawls Ron Bennett and the TRIODE editors get out of a battered taxi? Disgraceful exhibition!

Whaddya mean you can't afford a car?

Well, whaddya do with your money?

Me? How do you mean me? What am I doing?

I took one look at the new bus fare increases, grabbed my rotary electric razor, fitted wheels to it and went to work on that! So Grennell has an Oldsmobile and Calkins a Pontiac - I'll bet I'm the only one who drives up the High Street on a Philishave convertible! Yes sir!



# FANDOM

# FANTASIA

By TERRY CARR.

There was an article in an issue of ANDROMEDA some time ago concerning the differences between U.S. - type science fiction and the U.K. brand. Now, this was a very serious and constructive piece, in fact it looked so important that I almost read it. But whether I did or not, it still gave me an idea: a column on the differences between U.S. and U.K. fandoms.

The first thing I noticed was that in England everybody seems to know everybody else. Perhaps this can be explained by the fact that you live closer together than do we in the U.S. But then again, maybe it can't. Then again, maybe there are fewer of you ...but not so's a person'd notice. Whatever the reason, the situation exists, and to such a degree that I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see an ad in some personals column in this issue of CAMBER saying, "Joy, how about going to the planetarium Sat.nite? Pick you up at eight?" I mean, you all seem so friendly and all!

Then again, there seem to be so few serconfans among you. I tell you, if Boyd Raeburn received only Britizines he'd have to fold A BAS for lack of material. Everybody goes around writing fannish articles and fannish stories and drawing fannish cartoons until... well, one would almost get the impression that there were no prozines published over there, just fanmags with large circulations. Tell me, when is Authentic going to reprint Lee Hoffman's "Tragedy of Fannius McCainius" as a feature novel? And I sure wish Peter Hamilton would quit printing so much fan-fiction and concentrate more on WAW's column.

And it seems that when a fan gets married his wife must promise to love, honor, obey, and help him with his crifanac. All these fannes keep popping up in Britizines! And in fact, there even seem to be quite a number of them at conventions, if I can believe conreports. I mean, with beanies and waterguns and all, and saying witty fannish things that get onto the bacover of HYPHEN all the time. It's enough to stagger a person who is used to U.S. Cons, where females are often as scarce as mint copies of the Outsider (and much more in demand).

Probably as a direct outgrowth of this great number of fannes, there seems to be quite a bit of, uh, sex in Britizines. This really does surprise me. Of course, we conservative U.S.'ers haven't really had much sex in our mags since the days of Laney (if you can call that sex). I even strongly suspect that the chaps who put out INCINERATIONS must have been fronts for some English fans (note: I did not say "Britishers"!).

In a way it's like entering fandom again. I've been in fan-dom, U.S. - style, for something like six years, but I've seen little of English mags until the last few months. It's wonderful. Can't understand why I never did it before.

I was planning on doing an article on the absence of fan-fiction fanzines, but now I don't feel up to it. Since this column will sort of wander from topic to topic, maybe I could consider the idea here for a moment.

A couple of years ago I wrote an article for PSYCHOTIC defending fan-fiction against an article that Larry Balint had written in the previous issue. A lot of the things I said then strike me differently now. My main point was that fanzines offer a place for struggling would-be pros to practise their trade until they can turn pro. Various people have mentioned this, not the least among them one Ray Bradbury, who seemed all in favour of the idea. In a recent letter, tho, Dave Rike raised a point that hadn't occurred to me before: namely, that if a fanzine is to set out to print the work of "tomorrow's pros," then that mag will be printing pseudo-pro crud. There will be not even the argument about off-trail stories, because writers striving for the pros won't be doing off-trail stuff; it'll all be pro-imitation...and, of course, second-rate.



But still, it seems odd that there is not one single fanzine that I know of which is devoted to fan-fiction exclusively. All through fandom's history there have been fan-fiction zines (too many, in most cases), many of which have made very good names. NECROMANTIKON was highly regarded in its day, and I seem to recall that SLANT was originally a fan-fiction fanzine.

But the trend seems toward fannish fanzines today. Seems to, hell; it is: If it isn't a fannish zine, it's a personality zine, expressing the editor's tastes and interests.

Where are the frustrated pros?



# THE GABERLONZI

by MARK SCHULZINGER.

Hello there, I see you're back again. Just sit down and let me tell you the tale of something I came across during my wanderings some time ago. It happened in a sleepy town called Cleveland, in the beautiful state of Ohio. That year a group of worshippers of Ghu, Foo-Foo, and Roscoe were having their annual orgy in one of the small hotels. They called it the Clevention...

.....

It was 6:30 A.M., Cleveland time, when our train pulled into the terminal. I had spent a night sleeping on the hard seat of a coach car, vintage 1865, or rather half the night on the hard seat. I had been using two of them until about 2:00 when the porter gave the other seat to some pretty, young thing. I then spent the periods between waking and sleeping debating whether to get friendly with her or not, but since I was too tired to be really interested, and the car was filled with soldiers going back from leave, I decided to wait until Cleveland and try my luck with the femmefans. Anyhow, the train pulled into the terminal and I rolled off, clutching my box of fanzines in one pair of hands, my suitcase and Don Ford's camera in the other.

The Friendly Redcap ("That'll be a quarter, boss.") took the largest of my bags and carried it to the taxi depot, where I hired one of the native hackeys to take me to the Manger (which rhymes with 'hanger', no matter what the others say.) When we got there he grabbed my money and I dragged my stuff into the lobby. At the desk ahead of me was a pair of fans, male and female. The femme signed in as Lee Hoffman, and I was filled with curiosity. For why is Lee re-entering fandom? But I was too busy convincing the desk clerk that I really did share a room with Ray Schaffer Jr., and they must have mislaid the notice, to bother her at that time. They finally gave in to the tune of twice as much and the bell-boy captain led me and my bags to our room.

After getting settled, and changing into a decent suit of clothes, (I had worn blue jeans and a dirty old jacket on the trip up.) I wandered down, with an armload of fanzines, looking for



green pastures to conquer. Reading the convention announcements in the lobby I saw that we were meeting on the mezzanine, so there I went. When I got there I found a group of fans standing around, engaged in a discussion. I wormed into the group and found out that some guy with a pipe that looked like a spaceship was trying to tell some lean and lanky fan that he couldn't hold an Oklacon at the same time that a Worldcon was going on. The poor Oklafan was nearly in tears and the others were backing away to avoid being sprayed.

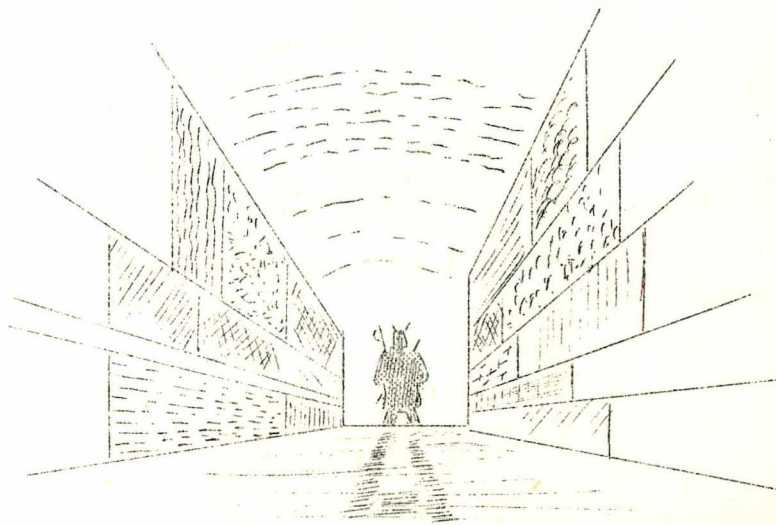
I moved in and introduced myself. The others retaliated. The young one who wanted the con was Kent Corey, who amiably informed me that my mag stunk in comparison with his. I nearly brained him with a short, fat fan who stood nearby, and who turned out to be Frank Prieto of the Fantasy-Times staff. But I decided to talk him out of his delusion. This boy was better than Hitler. He believed that he was Superfan incarnate and that his zine "ALICE" would rule the fan world. He also had a secret weapon, a blonde bombshell named Alice who hung on his arm, flashed sizzling smiles at all the males and drank continually. I don't know this from first hand observation, in fact neither I nor anyone else saw her, but Corey contended that she was there and attributed his frequent thirst to her: 'driving him to drink'. He says that he named the mag after her to put personality into it. The rest of us just agreed and tried to keep him from getting violent.

Then the fans came in; we registered, and I began selling mags to everyone I could find. Somebody wanted to trade and I refused, until he reminded me that he was on my trade list: Benny Sodek, who publishes TACITUM.

The four of us, Kent, Frank, Benny, and yours truly, for some unexplainable reason, formed a bond of friendship, and seeing that booze or women were not to be found at this hour of the morning, wandered out of the hotel in search of adventure.

(More of this epic in the next ish.)

A few weeks before the Clevention, Ken and Pam Bulmer were guests of Don Ford, and he managed to bring them to a meeting of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group.



The first sight of Ken was a bit of a shock, as I had been expecting a clean-shaven, suave, continental, gentleman, all based on the photograph which the Clevention committee had published. Imagine my surprise to see a monstrous hairy face peering from behind a very beautiful woman. Ken, it seems, had decided to economise by not bringing a razor and grow a beard. Most of us were awed, to say the least.

Because of his beard, Ken was the object of bewildered stares around the neighbourhood. One evening, as he was walking to his temporary home with a friend of the Fords he was stopped by a policeman.

"Where yuh goin buddy?"

"Oh, just over there."

"Why there?"

"I'm staying there."

"They friends of yours?"

"No."

"Then what'yuh doin there?"

Ken then proceeded to explain the facts of the matter and the policeman, rather dismayed at not finding another bum for the jail, asked to see his driver's license. In the U.S. we are issued a new license every three years and throw the old one away. So here the policeman was attempting to peel the various layers of Ken's license apart and see just what was going on. Finally he gave up in disgust and went off to catch speeders.

Moral: It is impossible to economise in the U.S.



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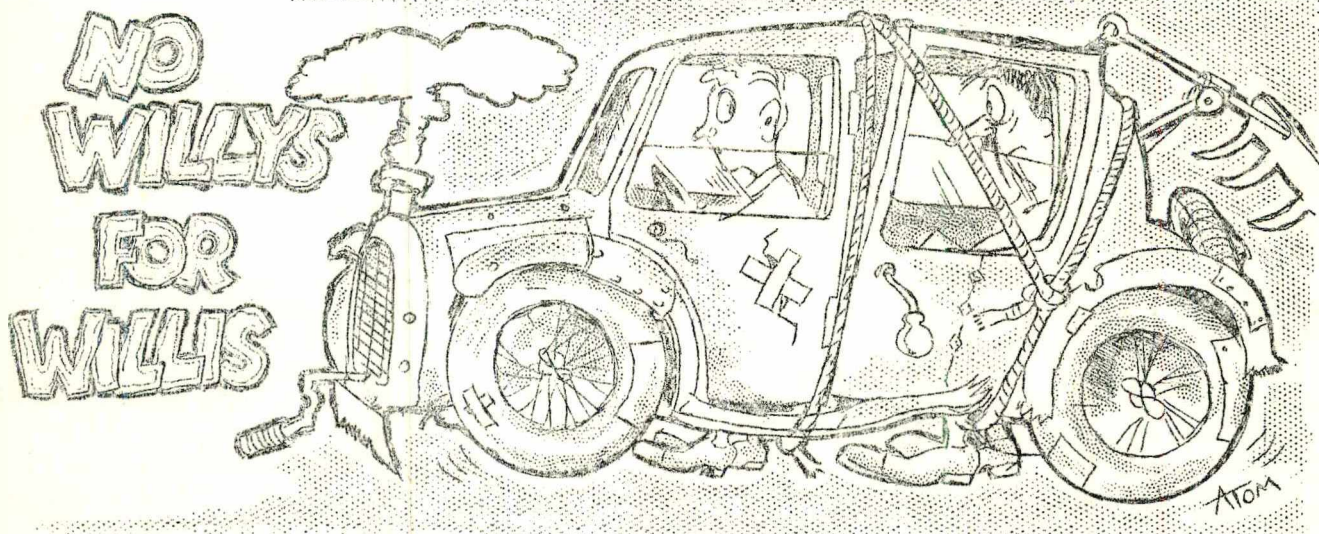
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YANDRO





EDITOR'S NOTE: For the benefit of Anglofans it should be pointed out that there is an American make of car called a Willys:

By John Berry.

I have been asked by Alan to write a few words about the Willis motor car. At first, I was very annoyed with his request, because it brought the bitter pangs of remorse shooting ruthlessly through me. But why should I suffer in silence?

I recall that we were arranging a visit to the White House, and as the party promised to be a rather late affair, I was worried about the transport problem, as James' new house is situated in the country outside Belfast, and the nearest trolley bus service finishes at 11 pm.

"Not to worry," said Walt, "I will run you and Diane home in my car."

I agreed, at that time having profound faith in all that Willis stood for.

.....

3.30 am, at The White House.

It was raining heavily.

We huddled in the imposing portals of The White House, wrapped mummy-like in oilskin waterproofs.

"O.K." said Walt, in his authoritative manner, "let's make a run for my car..... be careful how you open the rear door, John."

Shouting 'Goodnight' to the Whites, we picked our way over the empty bean tins and milk bottles, past the scrap heap and onto the drive.

"Hey, come back," shouted Walt.

Supporting my wife, who seemed to be in an exciteable condition (which I have since discovered to be a flash of intuition) we retraced our steps, but no Walt.

"Hurry up," gritted Willis from the scrap heap.

Even though the rain was lashing down, I surveyed the Willis motor car. I recognised the bonnet of the car as being from a 1923 Austin. The roof of the car, I was happy to note, seemed secure enough, the rough rope supports being conspicuous, but workmanlike. Definitely workmanlike. Presumably to eliminate air resistance to the minimum, Walt had dispensed with mudguards. The wheels seemed firm enough, and, as I was to discover later, actually were solid, the front and the off-side rear wheels being from an 1898 Columbia Electric, and the nearside and spare wheel from a 1904 Vauxhall, the two latter being souvenirs of Irish Fandom's 1955 visit to Belfast Museum.

"Pull the door off and get inside," shouted Walt, and doing that very thing, I ushered Diane inside.

"Watch the nails in the back seat," advised Willis, by the sound of it winding something up, "else they'll tear Diane's dress."

Thankful for the timely warning, Diane stood up in a horribly bent posture, hanging on to the lantern for support.

The winding noise continued for some time, with Walt swearing up and down the scale, fluctuating from a whispered 'damn' to a ribald 'bloody hell'.

Several times he whipped in and out of the car...sometimes with a spanner...sometimes with a screwdriver, finally with a 16 lb sledge hammer.

After the resultant horrible smashing noise, all was silent. Walt was away for some time... I couldn't help thinking that maybe he had gone back to The White House to spend the night waiting for the first trolley bus. I began to feel reckless.... I didn't care if the door did fall off, and I let go, and it did.

Walt came back, however, with his face screwed up like a brazil nut.

"Fortunately," he remarked, changing into a pair of hobnail boots, "even though the engine is..ahem..temporarily out of order, I have arranged an alternative power plant."

And, amazingly, the car moved forward, although Walt began to grunt and perspire.



"There is nothing for it," gasped Walt at length, "I'll have to change into second gear."

He pulled a lever on the dashboard, and the floor vanished under my feet, and my patent leather shoes sank ankle deep into a puddle. We were still on the White drive.

I soon caught the rhythm, however, and we moved forward at quite a reasonable rate.

We stopped again... I didn't discover exactly how Walt managed to stop the car with such a smoothly pneumatic action. Maybe the retractable spring-toothed harrow suspended across the rear bumper had something to do with it.... I must confess I am not mechanically minded.

"If we want to get home," observed Walt, "we shall have to change into..um..third gear."

"I've got my high heeled shoes on," sobbed Diane.

Walt began to get annoyed.

"Look, you can't expect me to do everything," he maintained, "after all, I'm driving."

Sometimes we went fast, sometimes we went slow...at heart, I sensed that Walt was free-wheeling. At 7.30 am, we trotted up to my front door.

"We'd invite you in for breakfast, Walt," said Diane, taking off her flat heeled shoes, " 'cept it gets light soon."

"You haven't a spare pair of boots?" asked Walt pensively.

"Sorry," I replied, and we sat on the front door step, flapped our soles, and watched Walt's car lumber away, his tired feet ringing despondently on the concrete road, causing many blinds to be thumbled aside.

.....  
At Oblique House, the remains of the car can still be seen. Before he left for Canada, Bob Shaw converted it into an aviary for his budgerigars, and somehow, even now, when I look through the wire mesh, a feeling of nausea sweeps over me.

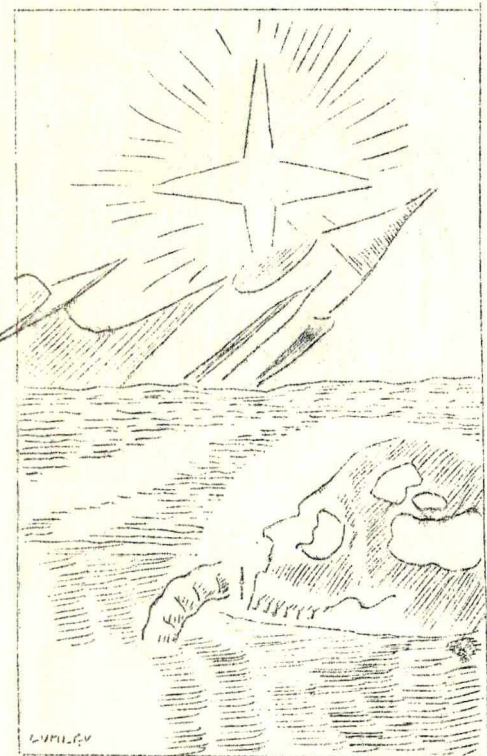
For the past few months, Walt has been using a 1956 model Morris Minor, but it is laid up at the moment for the re-fitting of its third gear box.

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# Sidewinder's Well

by JACK MICHAEL.



Just over a year ago, in a fanzine called SATELLITE, Ted Mason, under the guise of Vitriol, wrote a very provocative article on the subject of Filth in Fanzines. Unfortunately, instead of accusing all who were guilty, he singled out one or two particular persons, and they had to bear the full weight of his harsh criticisms. He was very limited in his accusations, and I think that he might have had more effect if he had broadened his scope, and not been so vituperative. What I am about to tell you, could, I suppose, be called filth in fanzines, but it is by no

means a continuation of Ted's article. It concerns items in zines, in which the authors either boast about their own 'adventures', or accuse their friends and, I suppose, enemies, of similar adventures, with the opposite sex.

I hesitate to think that what they say is completely true, so why should they try to give a false impression of their characters. If they are telling the truth, they should look to their morals. Bohemianism is alright, pure smut, or lechery if you like, is not. Bacchanalianism is an outmoded, and very boring thing. Ted Tubb accused, in ORION, the extremists of fandom of being too extreme; they were composed of, among other things, perverts and sex maniacs. This was quite unfair -- there maybe some among them like this, but they do not sound off about it, or boast of their exploits. If they have something to sell, at least they peddle their wares in silence.

Now, as I said before, I don't maintain that the items under discussion are factual accounts of actual occurrences. Indeed, I hope they are not. But even when they describe what might have occurred if, the innuendo is disgusting, unfair to the people concerned, and quite revolting to anyone possessing a decent normal mind. Why must they describe themselves as rakes, libertines, and promiscuous wives and husbands, when they may be just ordinary, or as ordinary as fen can be, people. Why circulate these things, when there are professional authors who can do it so much better - Mickey Spillane, Paul Renin etc.



Perhaps we normal fen are much too sedate for them, we cannot give their egos the excitement and glamour they crave.

Go ahead, accuse your friend of being a beer-guzzling swine, nobody is harmed but him, if it's true. Say that he is carrying on with BLANK's wife on the sofa, and that is a different thing. It's like a steamroller, gathering steam as it goes along, until everyone is blackened or smeared in some fashion.

Not only the males are guilty of these crimes, the feminine half is as bad as the rest. I have always taken it for granted that the minds of fen can be graded from intelligent upwards. Morons do not read SF, or at least they are not active fans publishing magazines. Yet they continue with this inexcusable childishness. For example just look over the following excerpts:-  
SATELLITE No.6. by Don Allen.

The scene is a hotel room at Kettering last year, Don and Shirley Marriott are sitting on the floor. (The innuendo is obvious) Ron Bennett and Mike Wallace are present, working on Burp, and vouchsafe the following comments, of which Don appears quite proud.

"Aw hell, stop snogging on the floor!"

"You've heard of coal barges, now look at Don's feet."

"Is that your garter or your stocking!"

You will find these on page 8, then on p.9.

"I was necking under the table with Shirley."... Don.

P.11. -- "Dick brought Shampy --- settled down to a spot of love making -- Archie(Mercer, I think) and I looked on, occasionally giving instructions and demonstrations" ...Don.

How charming, what a genteel pastime. But there is more from this report, P.13 says:- ... Shirley played at birds and bees with John Owen", or, ... "what's he doing on the bed with Marriott?"

Why continue, even though Don manages to keep the atmosphere of debauchery going strong for several pages. Further on, Shirley has her say, but she only CONFIRMS WHAT DON STATES. She even adds a few choice bits of her own. "..... spent the night, or what was left of it, in another bedroom with a 'perfect' gentleman." Who's perfect in a case like that.



Here we have a 'hot' report from EYE 2, by (the then) Miss Joy Goodwin, again from the last year's Kettering convention.

"....upset someone, in the room, who promptly covered Ted and his partner with a coat, to hide the blushes of the onlookers."

That is what I call friendship!!

Later playing cards," I had lost -- oh well, never mind ----but I did get one of my nylons back." You lucky girl, some girls might not have been so lucky.

Ted Tubb, in the same issue, says - "Two tom-cats snarled over who was to be with a certain glamorous young lady.....Another couple did an Indian snake dance in a horizontal position.....a certain person with a sylph like figure and a touch of copper in her hair, held a dirty joke session on the floor, it should have been in the cellar."

Stu Mackenzie, followed Ted in the mag with these delightful little snippets:---"Tubb said he had lost 17/6d playing poker. That's a handy price in any city."

"Which dashing young airman found solace in the arms of an Army man's wife?"

"Whose bed did Carnell sleep in?"

Frances Evans, in FEZ 6, says,".....I was dragged into the bathroom, someone suggested that to make this a genuine affair, we all should get into the bath."

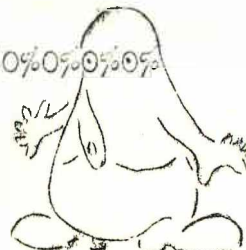
What delightful reading these observations make. What delicious prose. Such glamorous romance.

I could quote so many more, but my stomach is a bit squeamish today. Anyhow, I think that the above will fully illustrate my meaning. For instance, a friend of mine, looking through a fanzine remarked, "I bet that she's a bloody hot piece!" and later on, "He sounds like a right bastard. God help his wife, if he's got one." I tried to explain that the persons under fire were fans, but the old axiom still holds good, There is no smoke without Fire".

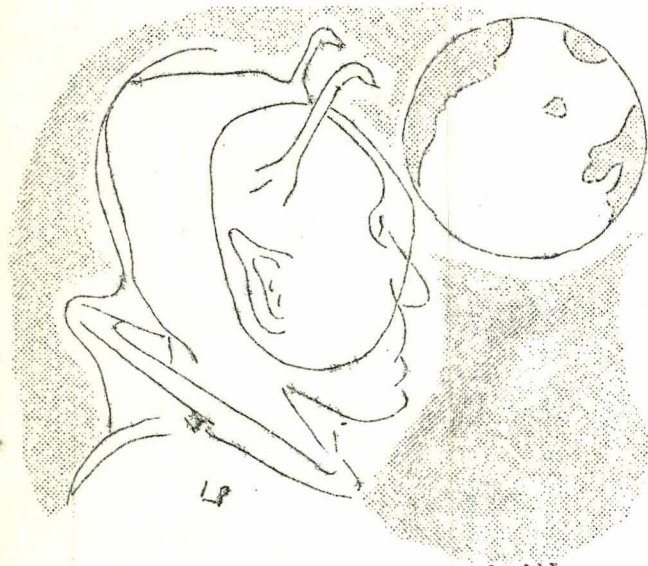
This friend of mine cannot be the only outsider who chances to pick up a fanzine, and it would be most unfair, and difficult, to censor all publications before allowing them to come near any sane adults. The only thing to do is to cut this grime out of them. The persons I have mentioned above are not sole offenders. I actually think that they are all quite pleasant people to know, and are talented enough to write without dragging in all this tripe. They have done so, so why not do it again. If people must write like this, then why not let someone publish a fanzine by the name of LEWD, which could contain all these unpleasant articles. It should have a good circulation among the public conveniences.



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# Tom Brown's Fandays

by RON BENNETT.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 .....for in Ron Bennett we come to the phenomenon of a master who  
 is more ignorant than his pupils....Eric Bentcliffe in CURTAIN CALL.  
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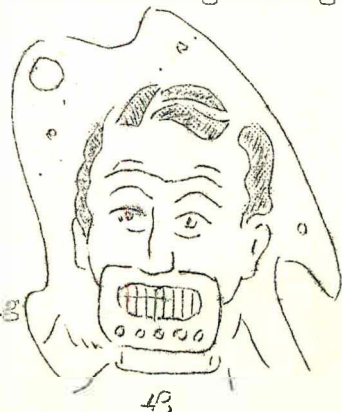
"Sorry, Featherstonehaugh," I said, "Three Aces beat your  
 two," and raked in the small pile of silver which lay on the table in  
 the Prefects' Room.

"Aw, sir..." He was about to complain, when the door opened  
 and Jones Minor burst in with the news that Mr. Barclay-Hetherington,  
 the Headmaster, wanted to see me immediately. "And, sir," he added,  
 somewhat disrespectfully, "the old codger says it's important."

I pocketed my winnings and with a quick glance at my wrist-  
 watch to see how long the lunch hour had to run, went along to the  
 Headmaster's office.

I went in. He had his feet up on the desk and was reading an  
 EC HORROR COMIC (Any similarity between this account and Kornbluth's  
 THE MARCHING MORONS is). He put a bookmark in the comic at the beginning  
 of THE VAMPIRE OF TONG CEMETARY and put the slim volume  
 on his desk. "Say" I said, "They're running another  
 adaptation of a Bradbury story. Gee, what colour - what  
 artwork - Look at this drawing of Cecy - what artwork -  
 what a gal - beats the SATURDAY EVENING POST illos,  
 doesn't it? Well, Bill, old boy, what do you want to see  
 me about?"

"Look at this, Ron," he said. "A report from  
 Johnny Brown's mother who complains that he isn't making  
 the progress expected of him. How can I tell her that  
 he's paying too much attention to that little red-head  
 in your class?"



"Lita Glokespiel?" I gasped. "Why the little double crosser. She's got a date with me tonight. Wait till I see her. Last time she gets ten out of ten from me. What do you think I should do about Johnny Brown, though? I've got him when I take class 3B-Remove for Literature - we're doing THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES just now?"

"Hmm, yes. Well, ask him a few easy questions and then move him up a section or two. Give him a couple of nines or tens this next week or so and I'll see he gets a good report - the little \*&!! - at the end of the term. With a little co-operation, we should keep his mother away for a while."

"Right, thanks, Bill," I said, just as the bell rang for afternoon classes. "I'd better be getting along now. I haven't had my cup of tea yet."

I ran down to the Staff Room and poured myself a quick Guinness and got along to the classroom. I accepted the cigarette Greene offered me and got down to lessons. "This afternoon," I said, "We're going to study the history of printing. Anders, do you know why books were so rare in the Middle Ages?... Er, what's that?... No, the unions didn't have the printers out on strike. You see, they didn't have any unions then.. I mean mean they didn't have any printers then - Printing hadn't been invented. What's that Mitchell? 'Garn' did you say? Right Mitchell, you're playing full-back in the First XV on Saturday for that. I'll give you 'Garn'. Learn to speak properly and say 'Go on.' Anyway, to start with, the ancients had very primitive printing machines. I've got one here and thought it would be a good practical lesson if you tried it out. You put this thing, called a stencil here. Here, Greene, you turn this handle. Mitchell, put these slip sheets in between the pages as they come out. You help him, Willoughby - never mind what FLOY means - get on with it..."

And so it went on. Later we learned all about primitive bookbinding in handwork. How they use stapling machines and all that. But afterwards, I was glad to get to the staff room at afternoon break for another cup of tea. "What a lot they are," I complained to a colleague with the aid of the tuba bell he used as an ear trumpet, "Greene ran the back of page 9 with page 12 and Piddington put the staple margin of page 13 on the wrong side. I'll have to call it ORBIT now, instead of FLOY." I lit another cigarette.

I went back to the classroom. I was stopped en route with a note from Bill. "Attention to staff," it read. "A fire practice will be held this afternoon after break. The school bell will be rung at intervals of..."





Well, little use starting another lesson, I thought. "Right," I said to the class. "I'm going to be busy now. I have to address these envelopes. Take out a reading book and get on with some work. Yes, Willoughby, you may leave the room."

I'd finished the envelopes and the fire-bell still hadn't rung. I lit a cigarette and had a walk around the class. "That's quite a thick book, you're reading Mitchell - oh, yes - FOREVER AMBER. Have you got up to page 196 yet? And what's this one Greene? - put that cigarette out, Mitchell - you've had fifteen already today - oh, yes, Greene THE ALPHABET IN PICTURES - you must lend it to me sometime. And that one Browne? What?.. Take it out and put it in the dustbin at once...Vargo Statten indeed..."

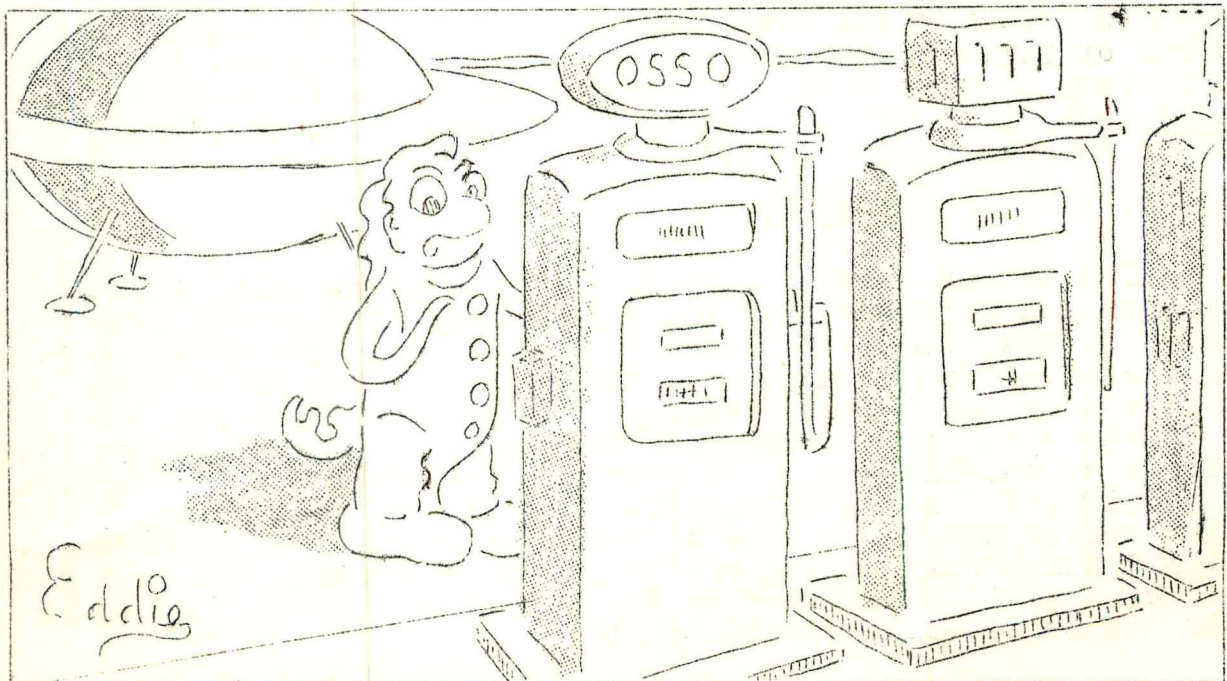
And at that moment, the fire-bell rang. We filed calmly through the door, the windows and anything else handy and swarmed into the playground. The fire engine was just coming up to the front of the school.

"What goes on?" I asked Bill. "They don't usually turn up for practices."

"Practice be damned," he said, "Some fool left a cigarette burning in the staff room."

We watched the building burn down to the ground and went home and had tea.

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"Take me to your leader"



A book review by Jack Williams.

I first came across this anthology when I dropped in to visit Michael Rosenblum in Leeds. He showed me the latest additions to his vast collection of S.F. and fantasy books, "Alien Landscapes," by Jonathan Burke. "Read it?" Michael asked me. I reminded him of my horror of S.F. novels, most of which I consider junk. There are the exceptions to this rule, but as you yourself will probably consider those junk, I'll not trouble to list them. "But this," said Michael, "is an anthology of shorts."

I love anthologies.

The moment Michael left to answer a phone call, I picked up the book and began to read the first story. I'd become interested enough by the time he returned to want to read the story through for myself. I've now managed to do just that. The title alone intrigued me and I feel inclined to think that many would-be readers will pour too much meaning into the words - especially the first. This is an anthology of five shorts and a novelette, taken from NEW WORLDS, NEBULA and AUTHENTIC. The stories are straight SF, thus being merely unusual slants of the non-fantasy type of fiction. Get it? Alien only to the ordinary type of reader. The 'Alien' part of the title may thus be translated as 'other' which cuts down the sales value immediately!

The first story, and that which first captured my fancy is



"Stand-In," which could be a tale in the series of those marionette stories of Ray Bradbury's. A man and his wife have robot duplicates of themselves made to inflict on unwelcome guests, boring meetings and the like. You can see it a mile away that they're going to deceive each other, but all the same I enjoyed the final twist.

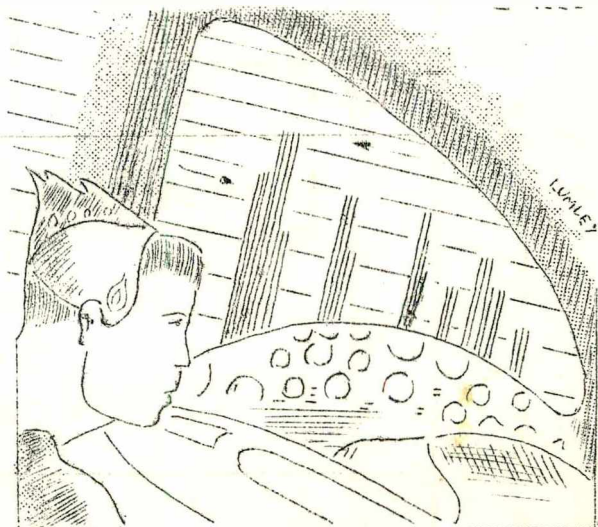
"Once Upon a Time" is a variation on the well-travelled path of co-existent worlds, jazz and bop(jop) gone wrong being responsible for the move from one world to another of two lil kiddie-winkies.

"For You, the Possessed" is a story I loved, though like the others in the book, there is little, if any, subtlety in a story which could have been polished up no end by implication, or rather by more subtle implication. The teller of this tale is the last (unpossessed) man on Earth, the rest of us having been taken over by the Martians. If you can't see, by the bottom of page four, that our friend the storyteller, will himself be submitted, you can stay down a class at the end of the year.

"The Censors" starts off with a flow of words which makes the tale reminiscent of the Van Vogt we used to know and love about twelve years ago. The plot is a twist on the one about the solar system existing, as it were, in someone's vest pocket where he can get it out and look at it like a hunter heirloom that he's afraid of touching in case he might break it, with a tiny organism on the watch finally becoming the master itself.

"An Apple For The Teacher" is reminiscent of another author and I'd like to have seen the story penned by John Wyndham or perhaps even Bill Temple, considering their stories in "No Place Like Earth". Here we find a college lecturer on Venus a victim of a young Saturnian girl's adolescent crush. Love by telepathy has its possibilities!

The last anthology I read on these lines, with a winding-up novelette which takes up as much room as the rest of the stories strung together was Prosper Merimee's "Contes et Nouvelles." The novelette there was "Carmen" and I can say no other than I preferred Merimee's story. "The Old Man of the Stars" tells of the travelling to the stars by a man who has, by murder, made himself immortal, or rather who has increased his life span infinitely. With chosen colonists he sails away in a giant space-ship, though he is the only one to survive out of the original party to leave Earth. He finally reaches Elysium, goodness-

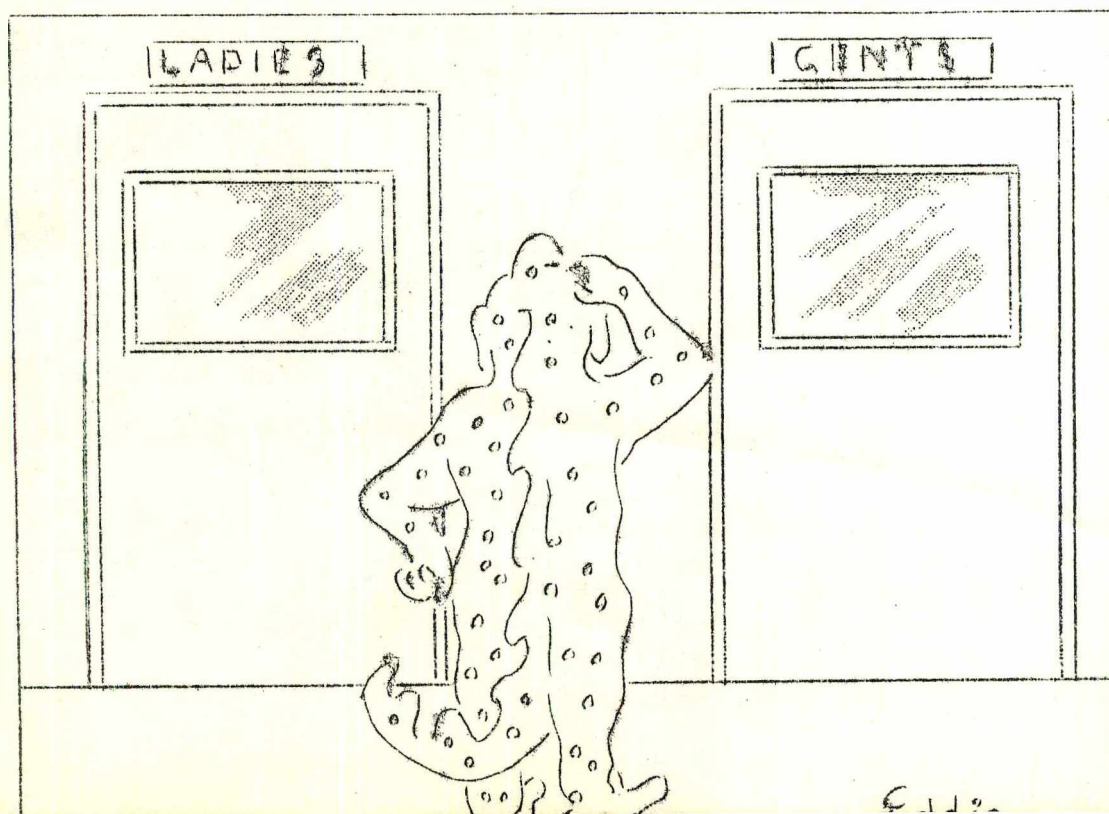


knows-how-many light years away and the colonists settle there. Within time they die and their descendants take over and so on ad infinitum. Matthew, the immortal, however, does not die but is regarded as a fool whose memory is faulty. For some unknown reason the paradise of Elysium is destroyed by invaders from a near planet and Matthew struggles to urge his compatriots to undertake the journey, now shortened in terms of time, back to Earth. He finally gets them there after many hardships suffered en route and finds that he himself is dying back at home. While the central theme was far better expressed in the childrens' fantasy tale "The Bluebird," Burke does make this story interesting if only from the constant repetition of the arguments used to spur on laggardly voyagers; the reader feels he has to wade through these as there might be a difference somewhere.

A sub theme is that man may one day find planets on which the optimum conditions prevail. There will be no "physical friction" which wears out a man's internal organs through merely living. Very nice. Matthew is immortal on Elysium it seems, because that planet has that very optimum condition. As soon as Matthew returns to Earth he again begins to grow old. Unfortunately Burke forgot two points here: 1) Why did Matthew not, then, grow older before he left for Elysium? and 2) Why did anybody grow old - well, let us say physically old or past maturity - on Elysium itself if 'physical friction' did not exist? The different stages of character - actual changes - in Matthew's long life are somewhat inconsistent in themselves; at no time does our hero even let himself think that he might possibly have done wrong by murdering Philipson.

Anyway, this story, like the entire book is recommended as bearing reading - once.

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# Chips off the OLD BLOCH

EDITOR'S NOTE: One would not expect to find letters by The World's Greatest Science-Fiction Writer (Ref: See Solly Ann Bloch in Femizine) buried mid the rabble of an ordinary lettercol, so I am devoting the next few paragraphs to words of wisdom from this great man. Gentlemen, I give you a man of whom the Times Literary Critic once said:- "Robert Who???" Currently starring on Milwaukee Television - pray silence for his honour:-

ROBERT BLOCH (In Person): "Why, even in the wilds of Weyauwega, a certain hairy hand will grope blindly into a post box and come out with - ugh..."

You couldn't be wronger chum.

With the kind of mail I get, I long ago discontinued the dangerous practice of opening the post box and reaching for it. To begin with, I've an agreement with the postmaster. All parcels received are soaked in water for 24 hours before I take delivery on them. All magazines -- particularly British magazines -- are placed well back in the box. I grope for them with a ten-foot pole. The ones I wouldn't want to touch with a ten-foot pole are shipped directly to the F.B.I.

So you see, I didn't just reach for CAMBER. When it finally emerged on the end of the pole, wet and dripping, I discovered that the staples were coming out. My daughter then sorted the pages for me, and I finally assembled them in more or less numerical order. Perhaps some were inadvertently lost in the process. I note you state, "I refuse to apologise for the jokes in this issue", and the pages I read do not contain any jokes. Everything seems serious and constructive.

The roundup of fanzine reviews and the extended letter-column constitute pleasing features. They reassure me that there is still a certain poetion of fandom which indulges in reading and writing.

One rather loses sight of that notion when one attends a Convention. Which I did, as you probably know, in September. The Bulmers were on hand, and proved a pleasant surprise. Ken is certainly the life of the party. His little trick of immersing his beard in brandy and then setting fire to it was one of the highlights

of the affair. And Pamela's strip-tease at the auction was certainly a novel way of raising funds. They conducted themselves with typical British reserve, and made a great hit. Charming people, those two.

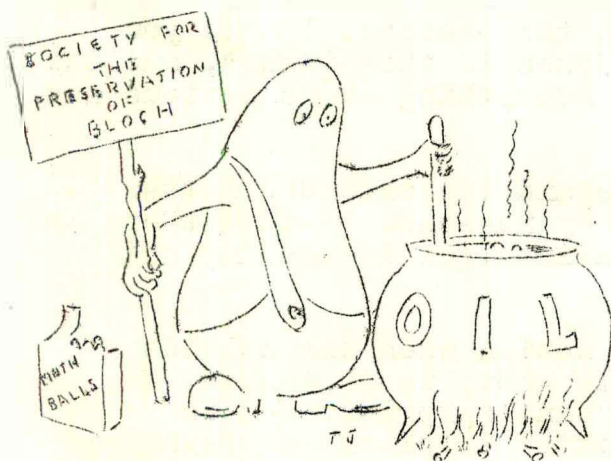
EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Bloch's letter then goes on to end up with the saddening phrase, "I'm too old". Which I don't understand. Boyd Raeburn is always insisting on how old he is and I really can't understand two young fellas like this being so worried. Anyway Mr. Bloch, can you tell me if you're writing anything these days?

ROBERT BLOCH: Yes, I'm still writing: currently in INFINITY, with material up-coming in MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION, MANHUNT, SUSPECT, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, PLAYBOY etc. And hope to be doing more book-lengths this winter.

All this, while deplorable, is necessary, because so far The Society For The Preservation of Robert Bloch is merly one of those organisations which may look good on paper but doesn't seem to function too well in practise. Rather like the U.N., I should think. Lots of talk, but no action. So far I've received neither monetary nor liquid contributions, and just how anyone expects to "preserve" me without either, I cannot fathom. You'd think by this time that something would have happened: public subscription of a few hundred thousand pounds (or dollars, or even drachmas; I'm not fussy). But no. To date, I haven't received a single case of scotch, let alone a full week's supply.

Raeburn, up in Toronto, is old. At least he always looks old to me at Conventions...particularly after the second morning. That's because he stays up until midnight or even later. I used to do it myself, but can't any more. All a thing of the past, I'm afraid. Nobody seems to be in the mood for debauchery around 5 PM, and after that time I fail rapidly these days. Pretty soon I'll stay home from conventions entirely and just send my daughter. Weyauwega's answer to Shirley Marriott.

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POSTSCRIPT: Don't tell anyone, but Bob (Or Robert) Bloch is actually one of my pen-names. This is a long story but some day the truth will be told when the world is ready for it and you shall be one of the first to hear the entire sordid saga. This I promise.

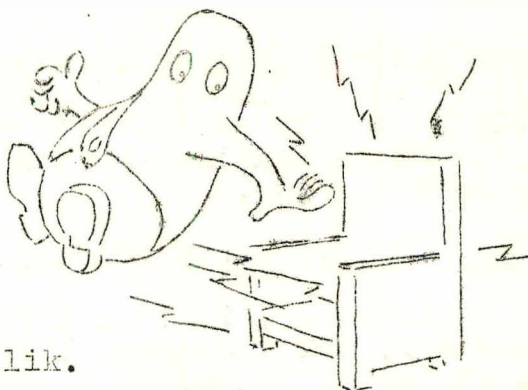
Signed,

Dean A. Grennell



The

# ELLIKTRIC Chair



Executioner:- Ron Ellik.

A Fanzine Review column.

OUTRE (No.1.) George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland.

As William Grant said, "He's got what it takes to produce a fanzine, but he hasn't got anything to produce." Spencer mimeographs in five colours at last count, gets impeccable reproduction and types a mean stencil. He equals, and even surpasses GRUE for neatness and reproduction. BUT...Material is by William Deek, Chester Page, "S.Xenaxis", Frank Burgess and Spencer. What a fantastic line-up. Look at me, I'm aglow with fascination and hyper-interest. Aweel. The magazine costs 10¢ but I suppose you extracted foreigners could get it for less since he advertises "Price: 10¢ or two Wendell Wilke campaign buttons." At least he is off to a good start reproductionwise, and will no doubt develop at unbelievable rates in the future.

FOR BEMS ONLY (No.1.) Paul Cook-Jerry Merrill, 620 Avenue "I", Boulder City, Nevada.

Here we have the epitome of the first issue. Unlike OUTRE up above, FBO features horrible reproduction, dittoed in one colour and very poorly typed. Similarly to OUTRE, it has almost nothing in the way of material, being saved by the fact that it contains one of Sneary's few contributions to fanzines since the days of the glory of the Outlander Society. Sneary, as most of you know, is now living in Nevada for his health, and I strongly suspect him to be the activating factor in Boulder City fanac. Anyway, you know what a first issue is !! and this is it. It says here that it costs 5¢, but I'm certain the editors would enjoy helpful letters of comment much more, even though, "we need the money...at least we want to pay for the paper." It might be fun writing to them, at that...

WAD. (No.2.), Curt Janke, 1612 S 7th St, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

The motto of WAD is "Clemence, Egalite, Chastite," which may mean any one of a dozen things to many people, but it solidifies somewhat as you enter this mimeographed picture of the Mind of Curtis Janke. This is one of the most entertaining fanzines in the field -- it's free, for one thing--for it makes absolutely no pretenses as to policy or format. It's maudlin maunderings by Curt Janke, all by Curt Janke, and may

discuss sex, religion, music, mimeography or free love at the drop of a hat (NB cliché). WAD is a Parafandom Production, and lives up to that as well as to its motto. It's not purporting to be better or worse than any other fanzine -- it's just beyond all of them. It's irregular as hell, too.

BRILLIG. (No.3.) Larry Bourne, PO Box 5044, Portland, Oregon.

"This issue free", it says here. I can't recall if the others were charged for, but I suppose this free policy will hold up for a few weeks at least. Bourne is a young man obsessed by the problems of the structure of the universe and fandom, and leads off with an editorial titled THIS IS FANDOM (in my opinion). He's the devil of a good cartoonist, though, even if he takes other matters too seriously and even though BRILLIG doesn't show up much of anything right now it is valuable for the artwork by Jenrette, Adkins and Bourne and Phillips. Bourne could use material, and that's an unarguable statement. He would use anything you sent him, and love you for it.

A BAS. (No.8) Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada.

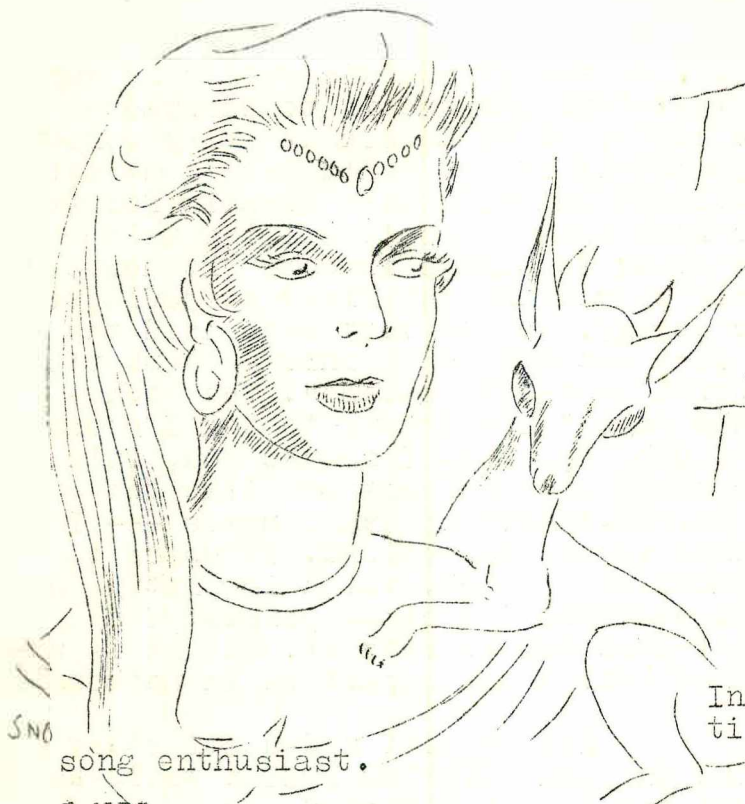
Dodd((I didn't like the way you said that, Ellik!!)) says that No.6 of CAMBER is shaping up to a Boyd Raeburn Appreciation Issue, and that I definitely MUST review A BAS, but I probably would have anyway. A BAS is a Fine Magazine, and Boyd Raeburn is a Good Man. I've seen his picture (courtesy Rich Eney) and even tho he looks slightly windblown he remains a Good Man. This issue of A BAS contains many things I did not read, and a few things I did read. It contains HOW TO BE A JAZZ SNOB which I didn't read because I already know several jazz snobs and am not interested. It contains, however, a letter column and a DERELICTI DEROGATION which are its redeeming features in my eyes, and normally the only parts I read. It costs 25¢ but was at one time available to anybody whose name is mentioned, so I suppose you could still get it by writing a letter which is printed. Wheels within wheels. I wish to impress upon the audience that I do not read very much of A BAS, but only the parts which give me egoboo. Is this understood?

ISM. (No.4.) Sandy Rosin, 163 West College Street, Oberlin, Ohio.

This is the duplicated mouthings of a young lady who puts forth some extremely interesting mouthings, if I do say so. It's small, it's all written by Sandy Rosin, and it contains nothing of any great Fannish Import, yet it's more valuable reading in this fan's demented outlook than many a Budgerigar Article or Propaganda Sheet for the Advancement of Drinking of Chola. If you aren't completely revolted by a slight tinge of serconnish endeavor at intelligent writing, drop Sandy a line and ask for ISM. It's free, and worth twice as much.

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...I'm a rough, tough, masculine Sou'wester (meaning I live in the south-west, not that I'm a raincoat).....RON ELLIK.  
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# THE RISING OF THE MOON

by ROBERT COULSON.

Incase anyone wonders about the title for this thing, I'm a folk-

song enthusiast.

I suppose that everyone knows that segregation is quite an issue in the U.S. now. I'm glad to see that Britain is so completely integrated. I didn't realise how far things had gone until I received a piece of the Liverpool Echo for April 20, 1955, wrapped around my copy of the latest SCIENCE FANTASY. One of the headlines was about a "Plaid Candidate" running for some office or other. I must congratulate you --- we haven't come nearly that far with our integration.

Speaking of elections, I recently got a ballot for elections in the National Rifle Association. I admire the efficiency of that organisation. There were 20 vacancies to be filled, and 20 persons had been chosen by the nominating committee to fill them. This sort of thing makes counting ballots so much easier. Noe I'm trying to figure out how to get on the nominating committee.

It looks like the stf slump is over here. Rumours are flying about, new magazines coming out, existing magazines stepping up to a monthly schedule, and so on. INFINITY printed a story by Harlan Ellison in its second issue -- something that a mag in a shaky financial position wouldn't dare do. Even Lou Tabakow, author of that celebrated unprinted classic, "Sven", finally got a couple of stories printed. (When they start taking my stories, you'll know another boom is underway.)

There is a pamphlet being published in this country that I heartily recommend to all my readers. It is called, "The Coming Disaster Worse Than The H-Bomb", it is published by the Barber Scientific Foundation, P.O. Box 3254, Washington 10, D.C. (U.S.A. naturally), and it is one of the funniest things I've ever read.

It describes the coming GREAT FLOOD, which will be caused by "a shift of the axis of the earth as a result of the gyroscopic action of our solar system". The author states that "Our purpose is to persuade Congress to take action and build boats, to be moored at every street corner, to save civilisation." Apparently if you don't have a street corner handy, you just aren't civilised and will have to swim for it. The author also wants everyone to know that he isn't selling this booklet for money; oh no! "We are about to engage in some extensive experiments with a view to possibly preventing the flood by deflecting the axis of the earth with atomic energy, and we very much need the small profit on the book." I can just see him going into a chemist's and saying, "Gimnee a quarter's worth of U-235, please". The book costs one dollar, but to anyone who says "With honour to God I cannot afford one dollar", he will send a copy for 25¢. I assure you, it's worth the price. The booklet is crammed with information like the circumference of the earth being 24,902.455246565339520 miles --- I bet you never saw it worked out that accurately before. It comes to something like the nearest trillionth of an inch, which is pretty accurate. One of his other numbers contains 3 decimal points; I'm not sure how to read it, but it is undoubtedly a new departure in mathematics.

Kem Bennett had a stf story in the SATURDAY EVENING POST a while back. Any kin to Ron Bennett?

The February issue of READER'S DIGEST contains an article titled "Progress In Cleaning Up The Comics", by T.E. Murphy. As is usual in the proponents of censorship, Murphy can't tell one comic from another, but is full of self-righteousness about the "clean-up" of the field, and throws out a few hints that adult mags should be similarly censored. Stf may yet feel the blow. Since comic censorship did not --- as it was supposed to do --- halt juvenile delinquency, the next step is not to admit that a mistake was made, but to compound it by extending censorship to other forms of reading matter. The stupidity of fanatics is incredible.



For a further installment of the adventures of the Slim Whitman of Indiana, please see the next issue of this magazine. Available from your local fanzine dealer.



# The Mailing Habits of the German

VERBODEN



1ST  
GEFUNKEN

NEIN  
NACHTS  
TO  
YOU

by GREG BENFORD.

Without a single thought as to the postal regulations, my brother Jim and I started work on the first issue of our fanzine, VOID. I had always admired a faneditor for his mailing page, for I always studied and derived great pleasure from the good ones. You know, the type that says: ( ) You a subber are ( ) You are a BNF ( ) I like you ( ) I hate your guts ( ) I owe you money" and other checks.

I liked those type mailing pages. But I was a neo-neo-fan then. So I decided on a simple little thing that only stated the address, return address and postal statements, and a simple illo. A lot of mags back in the States were mailed flat, so we figured that we would mail ours that way. Real neat, and all that. We happily pounded the 2¢ stamps on and sent them off. Two days later they came back via our father, who receives all the mail, marked "insufficient postage". Ha, I thought, they won't get away with this one. And I sallied forth.

"Why," I asked, "can this guy (waving a copy of VARIOSO, which was flat as a pancake) send his by 2¢ and get away with it when you want to bill me a nickle?"

"The Manual says so," they answered.

So right then and there I decided that the U.S. Army did not follow the laws of the US. It came in handy after that, believe me. The only thing we could do was to fold them in half and address them. Needless to say, it looked pretty sloppy when they were mailed. But it saved money, and that was that.

The second issue rolled around. We made the mailing side-ways to save money and put in six simple checkboxes with the ordinary postal notices. This time I took the things down to the post office and had them weighed. Everything was alright. All smiles. Then they looked at the checkboxes.

"What's this?" they asked.

"Oh, just a few little checks I put on to tell the person who receives it when his subscription has run out."

Evidently they didn't believe me, because the biggest one of the two in charge picked up a copy and marched out the door. I followed for a short distance and watched him walk into an office marked "C.O." (Commanding Officer). Being too far away to hear what was being said, I can't be sure what went on, but before he emerged there was a knot of four men around that copy of VOID, all of them talking in loud tones. Occasionally one of them would glance out into the hall and see me standing there trying to look innocent.

The knot broke up and the big man with the copy in his hand came stalking out. He was the typical dog-faced sergeant.

"Th' Majjer sez it's okay, but don't write anythin' in em 'r they'll have ta go regular mail. But th' checks 'r alright."

I breathed a sigh of relief and paid for the stamps. The second issue was out.

Came the third. All of 24 pages this time, and of course it weighed more. But naturally I didn't think of that. We finished them Thursday and they went out the same day. All of them were fine; 13 checks, the address, statements, and a small illo. All stapled correctly and stamped. Off they went.

Friday I came home from high school to find all the copies resting on the hall table. On top was a nice little mimeographed statement with "insufficient postage" marked on it again. This one, I vowed, I would fight. Early Saturday morning I walked into the post office with about 30 copies of VOID under my arm.

Struggling with the load I stalked up to the window. "What's wrong with them now?" I asked.

"The regulation says you've got to pay extra if the thing is over two ounces. This weighs 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ , so it'll cost you two cents extra for international and one for the States."

After totalling up the number of copies I found that it would cost us about one dollar to send the copies off, not counting the amount on them already. Begrudgingly we paid, and then were informed that we had to stick all the extra stamps on by hand and not cover the ones already on. This sounds easy, but you haven't seen our mailing page. The addition of the extra stamps blotted out about three of the checks and most of the postal statements. And this is no joke when the stamps stay on our type paper, either. Nevertheless, we did it, standing in the middle of the post office pounding stamps for about fifteen minutes. You should have seen the queer looks we got.

So much for the third, but then on the fourth issue we decided to send them in envelopes and the German copies by the Deutsch Bundespost. Not to be caught again, I checked first. The envelopes wouldn't count, and we wouldn't have to pay any extra



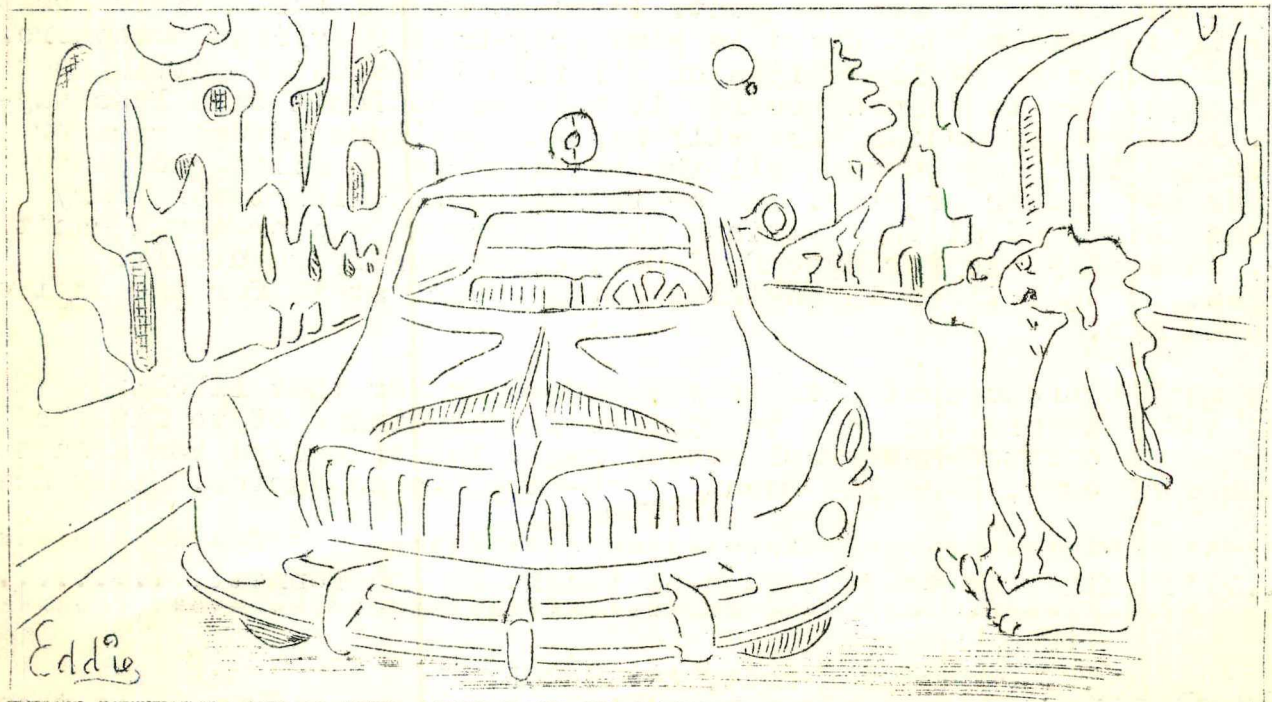
postage. I knew everybody else didn't have to pay extra postage, but you'll remember we don't follow the rules over here. Number four was completed, with the checks inside, which, by prearrangement, was okay. Ann Steul, a Gerfan who lives nearby, sends her OMPazine by the Bundespost and told us that it would cost less if we sent our German copies by it. At the local Bundespost we asked how much it would cost, and found that it would save us money. Ten cents. But ten cents is ten cents no matter where you are, we went ahead and mailed them. Not one hitch. Nice envelopes, all addresses by typer. Check.

We thought everything would be like this issue. Now, just one week ago, we were informed that from now on everything we send out has to have the rank, first name, middle initial, and the serial number, which is about eight digits, of our father. And the address, three more long lines, too. And as we aren't able to mimeograph envelopes on the flatbed we've got, I've got to type the entire address 85 times when VOID goes out by envelopes. Always depend on the Army to muck things up, I always say.

You have just seen what a horrible time we have mailing out fanzines over here. Aren't you glad you don't have to do all this, when a person cain't even depend on buying an address stamp for fear he will be moving next month? We poor fans are always living in the face of adversity, aren't we?

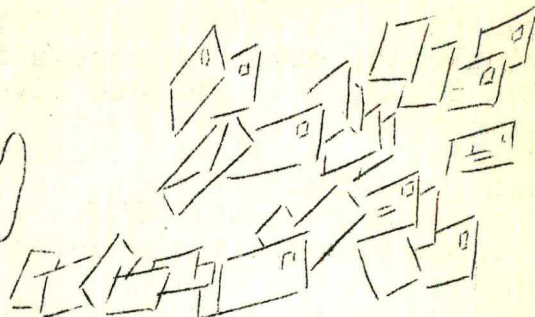
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SPECIALLY COMMISSIONED FOR MG RIDDLED TORONTO:-



"General Motors wuz here".

# TERRAGRAPH



Letters of comment are not only welcomed but most likely will be printed in the following column:-

RON (I am not a bus-conductor) BENNETT, Allerton, LIVERPOOL.  
Your comment on PLOY, ashes to ashes made me laugh out loud, an action I usually reserve for Groucho Marx, but what feuds have I been stirring up? Baby-feuds? Despite his horrible name and his consistent misuse of the word Britons, I liked Ron Ellick's reviews and also his sentiments about 'increasing your trades and circulation. Very nice thought of his. I also liked the gag about come away dear, but feel that you have labelled me. Sir, I am not a bus-conductor. I feel that you have been the victim of a hoax. The Keeper of The Printed Books? He lives in the British Museum and goes about asking for spare copies of fanzines to complete his files. You should have seen his reply to a letter I sent him after he'd asked for PLOY 1. Actually I feel rather sorry for the gent. To be in such a responsible position, it's obvious that there is some grey-matter evident somewhere. I wonder what he really thinks of all this tripe we're putting out and why he has to find space for it when we couldn't care less anyway. Moreover, I wonder what will happen when some future race or personage is going through all the British Museum files and comes across say Camber or Ploy. And so to page 63. I didn't see Terry Jeeves plastered at the Cytricon but whether he was or not, I can't say, naturally. As for myself, I most emphatically refute all suggestion that I was in anything but a sober state for the entire proceedings.

((My most profuse apologies to you and Terry for thus libelling you, but you were the only two people I could think of to fit the 'masters decorated-mastersplastered gag'. And of course you aren't a bus conductor, I really meant part-time bus conductor. Happy now?))

\*\*\*\*\*  
.....I'd rather go to jail than be taught by Ron Bennett.....  
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BILL HARRY, Parliament Street, LIVERPOOL.  
Ah...Doddering. So you had a horrible escape from a fate worse than death did you? Well you're not the only one. Let me quote you a piece from one of Ron Bennett's letters.....



"I wrote to Pete Reaney yesterday that I didn't believe in you. No reply to my letter, as far as I could find, no such address. Yes, I had been looking you up. I started from the junction of Upper and Blank Parliament Streets. I believe at the cathedral? Anyway, I worked my way down hill, past two blocks of new flats on the left hand side. These sported the numbers 80 and 76 so I pressed on. I passed between some mountainous looking buildings I can only suppose to be derelict warehouses or headquarters of the IRA! I went on. The next house was numbered somewhere around 10. I went back. No go. I tried Upper Parliament Street. And of course you know the result there. The blarsted wireless(sic) College."

Ah, well, such is life. But in all fairness I must say that I don't really exist. Bill Harry is a pseudonym, and I don't live in Parliament street, I live in a house.

((My warmest congratulations on your narrow escape Bill - if you hadn't had the presence of mind to shift those street names, Ghu knows what would have befallen you.))

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The following letter was typed on Denver, Colorado notepaper, was postmarked Albion, Michigan and its author is now in the Carolinas; who else could it be but that wandering nomad of American Fandom -

LYNN A. HICKMAN. Formerly of Albion, Michigan, U.S.A.

Camber No.5. was received, read and appreciated. However, there is one point on which I must disagree. I have not been driven out of every other state in the union. In fact this is the second time I have lived in Michigan. And to further prove my point I have now decided to move south about 1200 miles. I hadn't thought much of it until receiving your zine, but then I could hardly let your statement go unchallenged. So immediately I quit my job with Gates, called south and accepted a job as state manager with the Turner Mfg. Co. for South Carolina. So you see there is a state that will still have me. Even with my fiendish fan-press.

((...and as the sun sinks slowly in the West, and in the East and in the North, we say farewell, as to the strains of "Dixie", Plato Jones goes marching confidently off into the Deep South. When last heard of he had settled in Orangeburg, South Carolina. Latest reports confirm Jackson has surrendered. The South has suffered its greatest defeat.....))

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.....He calls me Al.....  
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MARK SCHULZINGER. Cincinnati, OHIO.

That card stock you used for covers looks wonderful and I didn't have to sit on the mag to flatten it out. Give up hoping for DIMENSIONS. Ellison was selling subs at the last con and got enough money to buy out ASTOUNDING. I hear he's going to South America and fleece the fen down there. (( He could probably do it too))

JAN JANSEN. The immaculate continental from ANTWERP, BELGIUM.

I once wrote a letter to Don Allen telling him the various tortures I was going to expose Ron Bennett to. All because as a representative for ALPHA he had most criminally neglected his duties in plugging ALPHA in a letter to Satellite. When he turned up however, I was so overwhelmed by the terrible ordeal he'd gone through on his way to Antwerp, that I allowed him to stay at my place, and even fed him... and see what happens? He goes and praises a couple of dozen mags in another fanzine and again neglects ALPHA. He'd better be careful if he wants to get back from a second trip to the continent. Just as well that my ego was somewhat appeased by the booing you did.

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.....Jan is a girl, Randy is a boy, I am a TEXAN...Benny Sodek in TAC.

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JAN SADLER. Jackson 6, MISSISSIPPI.

Puns...oh yes. Yo zine is the punniest ah've evah seen. ((Willis - start packing!)) It reeks with them.((!!!)) I like the artwork and I like the envelopes but who are all these people? Never heard of 'em. Ohyez: another delightful bit was discovering editorial comments in Cockney accent.

((Cockney accent!! I'll have you know Miss Sadler that there are only three accents in British Fandom:- Authentic Hertfordshire, Authentic Crawley and Bloody Provincial!))



"IT ISN'T EVERYONE WHO  
HAS THE NATURAL BORN  
TALENT TO BE A FAN"

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..First Al Jennings - and now TYPO.....

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WALT(BOOMERANG)BOWART, Enid, OKLAHOMA.

It is with a heavy heart and a wattery eyeball that I write this to you. No special reason for it, I'm just in the heavy heart, wattery eyeball mood. (wattery should be spelt watery except that I don't know the difference)((Spelt should be spelt spelled, also.)) The thing I liked the best about CAMBER was the timed staples. Boy, that's clever. As soon as you open the envelope the staples fall out of the magazine and you have to read it page by page. How in the world did you ever get them to do it. Did you have to train them staple by staple or could you train them boxes at a time?

(( You think it was EASY ? It takes years of practice I'll have you know! The above letter is a perfectly illogical letter from a perfectly

illogical fan who goes all the way from Oklahoma towards Cleveland Ohio for the 1955 WorldCon and then never gets there because he stayed off at Kansas City. She must have been some gal Walt. Yessir.))





BOYD RAE BURN. Toronto 9, Ontario, CANADA.  
I wonder if any of those guys who request form 3547 ever get it, and what they do with it when they get it? Like the appearance of this ish very much. That cover stock makes the whole thing look good good. It doesn't LOOK like an English fanzine. You Britisher you, why do you object to being called a Britisher?((I am NOT a Britisher you Canadianner you!)) Nice to see such a comprehensive fanzine review section, but, I'm sorry, I don't like your reviews. Are you trying to set yourself up as the Rog Phillips of British fandom? When

you say nice things about crudzines, it is obvious that you are an uncritical person, and thus your reviews are valueless. Phillips is stupid. Are you stupid? This George H. Young you mention in your review of STF Trends. Are you aware that this to you anonymous George H. Young is The Man Who Introduced The Helicopter Beanie to Fandom, and thus should be a minor ghod to you British fans (or Britishers)? I have just read your review of WWHIMSEY. I am sick.

((Well, don't just SIT there - mop it up with your New York Hood!))

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.....Fifteen miles from Davy Crockett.....  
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ROBERT.E.GILBERT. Jonesboro, TENNESSEE.

Form 3547 is a notice used by the Post Office when an addressee has moved to a new address and gives the old address and the new address, if the new address is local, and if forwarding postage is guaranteed, the mail is forwarded, but form 3547 is also sent. If forwarding postage is not guaranteed, the mail is returned bearing a notation of the new address. If the new address is not known, no new address is noted. You can get 140 Form 3547s for a pound, if you want that many, think. Since we're agreed that no one says "pip-pip", I think I'll start saying it, because it seems a pity for such an explosive, or birdlike, expression to be wasted. Pip-pip. Many people seem to think that everyone except themselves speaks an oddly accented dialect. People from New York find the speech of people from Tennessee hilarious and express their opinion with unbelievable transgressions of the dictionary. Do you hear the "Goon Show" on the Radio? It's on NBC here as a transcription from BBC. I can understand most of what's said and find it amusing. Apart from Camber I haven't seen any kind of fanzine in some time.

(( In view of some of the fine work you have in this issue it seems a great pity that the fanzine editors are ignoring you. If any of them need a really good artist I'm sure they'd be only too glad to contact you via me. Don't worry too much about not understanding all the Goon show, even we don't understand half of it at times!))

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....Say, 'Sir' when you speak to a Second Lieutenant.....  
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DAVE JENRETTE. Sacramento, CALIFORNIA.

You're right, they do pick odd places to put air fields. Last November, while returning from the Air Force's "brainwash" school at Reno, Rusty and I were driving through some very, very barren Nevada desert. We were just on the edge of Death Valley and passing by the Funeral Mountains when we came to an Air Force Base. Indian Springs Air Force Base. Well, I've given up dropping paratroopers now. From now on it's A-Bombs. You like the Ferko String Band? Well, in Philly each New Years, there is a parade and a lot of the different clubs march in them. There are three different categories involved: fancy, comic and string band. Ferko is one of the string bands along with Durning, Quaker City, Polish-American, etc. I've gone out in the parades a couple of years and I was raised in the South Philly district where the New Years Mummary was born, so it has a kind of special meaning to me.

((And to me too Dave, if ever music was Out of This World, that produced by the Ferko String Band surely is. Media should be given a medal for prserving their music on record for posterity. It is also good to see that whereas MERLIN has been temporarily suspended its chief artist is still flying high. Maybe we can get you to do something for the next CAMBER))

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....I became a lawyer the hard way - I went to Medical College.....  
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CHAS. McMAHON Jnr.....way down yonder in NEW ORLEANS 14, LOUISIANA. Wayne Strickland and VIEING no longer reside in our fair City of New Orleans. Speaking of N.O. we held our Mardi Gras February 14th (St. Valentines Day) and the trend toward Stf. was evident in the costumes of the maskers. There were more spacemen and men from Mars than anything else. I wonder if this is an indication that more people are becoming conscious of science-fiction. Oh, well, the more the merrier. The artwork was very good. How do you bribe these guys to do it for you?

(( I dunno really. I guess I must have irresistable charm. Speaking of Mardi Gras in New Orleans and the FerkoString Band in Philadelphia it would appear that there are quite a few things I'd like to see before I finally pass away. Probably never will tho'))

PURE LOVE  
(OF LIFE)



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ANDY YOUNG. Cambridge, MASSACHUSETTS. (Where you can't chop your poppa up in) I disagree violently with Graham B. Stone; mimeo is well adapted for artwork. It certainly requires a special style and technique, to be successful, but the mimeoed line is quite pleasing if well handled. Paul Mittelbuscher's very cogent letter was excellent though depressing. If you possibly can, get hold of the November '55 issue of The Atlantic and read the article called "British Cultural Fatigue". It says, in part: "The darkest cloud over the cultural landscape is that of steadily increasing xenophobia. The man without feet inevitably resents the man next door, who lacks only shoes....."



(( I had originally intended to devote an entire letterzine called "TAKE-OFF" to the host of replies I received to Paul's letter but as time presses I find I haven't the necessary time to lay out such an extensive project but would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who commented on the subjects brought up. I hope to delve into it at a later and more opportune date.))

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 .....where my caravan has rusted.....  
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DAVE MASON. West 10th Street, New York City, NEW YORK.

You'll note that the address above is NOT 14 Jones Street. That's one of the complications. The present address is also a dark corner of Grench Villitch, but is much higher up -six flights up, in fact and is known as Mason's Mesa. 14 Jones Street was my home for three years and possessed as its sole advantage a gigantic cellar. It has been the weekend hangout of New York fanarchists since the advent of the true Fanarchist Oath, and the discovery of Ruppert's Dark Beer by an enterprising youth whose bones now lie somewhere on the farther side of the Gowanus canal. Further definition: - ELLISON, Harlan; well known pro, once a fan. Has been at Idiot's Castle in upper edge of city for six months emerging only to borrow more money and complain of the blindness of editors. Has made almost enough in six months to pay for an entire week of idleness. IDIOT'S CASTLE: An eerie establishment created by the pleasant new custom of splitting an apartment of reasonable size into ten apartments of unreasonable smallness. Presntly occupied by Ron and Cindy Smith, proprietors of INSIDE, Randy Garrett, Bob Silverberg, three unidentified bodies, and Harlan Ellison. SLANSHACK, SANA'S; Enormous establishment requiring a private car to travel around in, presently occupied by gallant little band of Uptown Fanarchists; Ellington, Curran, Saha, Donaho and Freudenthal, and periodically infested by New York Fandom en masse. And yes, Jones street was four dimensional, a bit. Yours for the revolution...

(( Dave Mason without Jones Street? That's like Abbott without Costello. Martin without Lewis. Sabrina without -er, well. Comes the revolution though, the Russians will never invade New York. They couldn't afford to live there. And with that I'll sign off and hope to hear from you.))



