

# PERHAPS

VOL. 1 - No. 2

The International Magazine of  
Fantasy and Science Fiction



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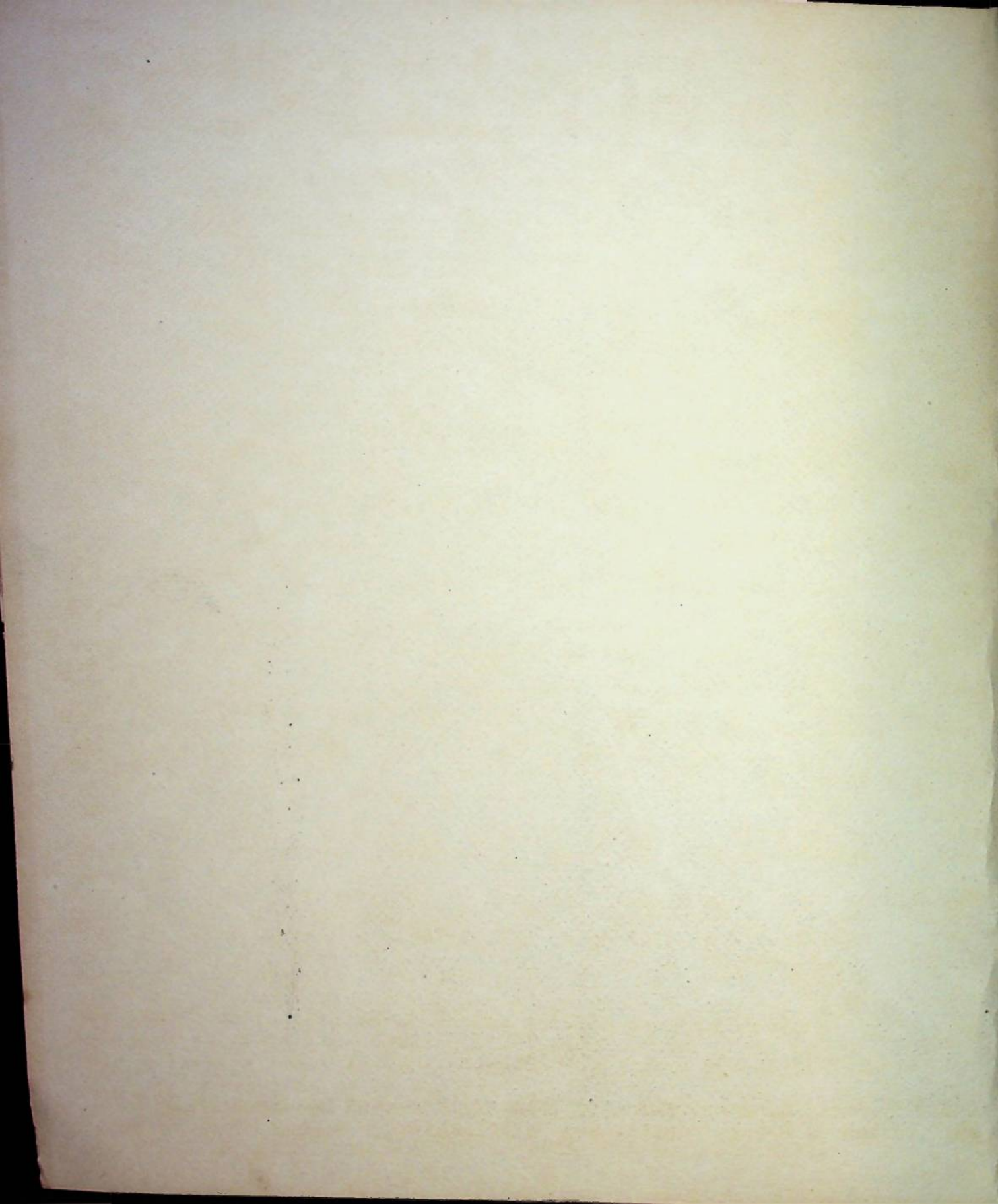
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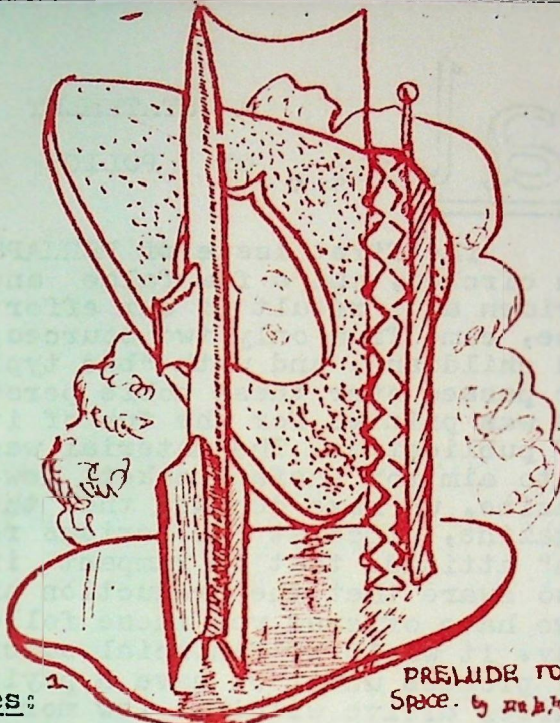
Articles

Fiction

Verse

Reviews





PRESENTING :

THE INTERNATIONAL  
MAGAZINE OF  
FANTASY AND  
SCIENCE FICTION  
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*Contents...*

I WENT TO DESERT ROCK by Charles Allen & Hal Shapiro . . . 4  
WITCH HUNTERS OF THE ATOMIC AGE by Roger Dard . . . . . 13  
AN EDITOR SPEAKS ON "SCIENCE FICTION" by H.J. Campbell . . 18  
SOME WORDS ON "FANTASTIC" by Lee Owen . . . . . 28

Fiction:

GROWING PAINS by Dick Jenssen . . . . . 12  
BACKFIRE by Martin James . . . . . 21  
HOMECOMING by Rick Jordan . . . . . 23

Verse :

CANNIBAL MOON by Orma MacCormick . . . . . 20

Features :

A STATEMENT OF POLICY : Editorial . . . . . 2  
VIEWPOINT by Ian Crozier . . . . . 3  
*the Ghoulaxy* (1) A MAGAZINE SURVEY by John Ditmar .29  
(2) THE NEW BOOKS . . . . . 33  
LETTER COLUMN by The Readers . . . . . 38

Cover by David G. Rose. Interior Illustrations and headings by De La Faye, Jenssen, Kruss, Martin, and McClelland.

# Editorial . . .

A STATEMENT

OF POLICY:

The first issue of PERIAPS caused quite a stir among Australian fan circles, and a few false and undeserving accusations seem to have arisen as a result of our effort. The main criticism against the magazine, came from only two sources, and referred to PERIAPS as "juvenile and childish", and with "bad typing and duplicating. Now, it seems to have passed over these noble personages' heads that the first issue of PAPS was printed for the fun of it, and we made no claims to excellency of publication. The material was far from "juvenile", and was intended to aim for the fan market. However, since the inauguration of our magazine, we have decided that there is a place for a "mature" amateur magazine, aimed at the serious reader, and getting away from the "fannish" attitude that is rampant in our overseas contemporaries. We are also aware that the production and format of No.1 was utterly rank, so we have offered you these following improvements: NOT photo-lithography. It would be financial suicide to have PAPS printed by such a costly process until we have a paying circulation of 600. This will, of course, arrive within a few more issues, but in the meantime we have switched over to the electronic stencilling process, the results of which you will see here and there throughout the following pages. Not all headings and illustrations have been printed by this process however, but with a few exceptions, you can see the results achieved by this method. In future, all artwork and headings will be printed in this manner, so you can also look forward to some really fine issues.

We also hope you like the idea of the two colour printing, and as soon as finances permit we shall add further colours. This will, naturally, take a little time, but with a little help from the readers, it won't take too long, we hope! A quick look over what has already been printed reveals certain typographical errors, so we have resolved to remove this unique feature from our magazine. After all, we can't have all the other magazines following our example. We also came to the conclusion that a portable is not the type of machine to type good stencils on, so the next issue should see some improvements along this line.

We know that this second issue is still not perfect, but at least it's a 100% improvement over No.1, and I can promise you a No.3 100% over this issue.

I must at this point give my personal thanks to Roger Dard, for his splendid work at publicity overseas; for securing so many excellent articles, stories, and numerous other stuff for PAPS, and for making yours truly realise how a serious magazine is needed in Australia, among other things.

As far as material is concerned, I think it would be a much better idea if those self-confessed BNFs stopped their hysterical crying of "juvenile" and "trashy"; stopped standing on the sidelines with their hands in their pockets, and attempted something for PAPS. We would have a far better magazine for it.

And for any of those interstate chaps brave enough to attend the convention in Sydney this May, then we can only beg you to hasten on to VIEWPOINT and learn the truth about this infamous spot.



As I have been requested from several sources to refrain from "commenting" on any contentious subject, I will therefore air my views on the mecca of Australian sun-lovers - Sydney.

If anyone takes exception to this, then I'll give the game away, so help me. (Letters now accepted.)

SYDNEY : by A Melbourne Visitor.

As we touch down on the wonderful air strip at Mascot, (or pull into the Central Station, depending on your pocket), we see before us the imposing skyline of beautiful Sydney - a symphonic tang-ble of unfinished railway lines, and the Harbour Bridge. (Imagine, 21 and not yet paid for!)

This typically delightful Australian city, where foreigners are unknown, is a tribute to the foresight of its founders, with its wide spacious streets, and clean new (almost) buildings.

The Sydneysider has a distinct patois all his own, and frequently breaks out into such phrases as "Get out you mug" or "Carn get your head read." This endears him to the rest of Australia.

Here is a workers paradise with strikes unknown, except for an occasional feud or battle between the staid leaders. This state of happiness is due, I think, to the warm, sunny climate experienced all the year round, which makes the inhabitants so happy and gay.

The ultra-modern transport system is the envy of every visitor, traffic jams being the sole prerogative of Melbourne. Trams cover a half of the city, the trains the other, and never the twain does meet. If you dislike either of these methods of transport, then there is the speedway - sorry - the bus lines, which crawl around the hills at a mere 90 miles an hour, thereby confounding the manufacturers, who guaranteed them for at least 150.

The favourite pastime of the Sydneysider is the Bathing Beauty contests, which are held at the drop of a hat. This, together with surf carnivals, the dogs, and murdering each other constitutes the simple pleasures enjoyed.

The shops and hotels play an old game known as fleecing, and every visitor should play it. I am sure they will enjoy it.

Being the oldest city (in spirit only, of course) in Australia, we look forward to the words of wisdom frequently passed to us by the responsible bodies in the Harbour City. What we would do without them I do not know.

And so as the sun sinks low over the gap, we must reluctantly say goodbye to sunny Sydney with this thought in mind --

There's a devil of a lot of N.S.W. cars in Melbourne.



# I WENT *to* DESERT ROCK

I was one of the 4,500 U.S. servicemen who received orders to take part in A-Bomb tests near Desert Rock, Nevada in 1952. I may partake in future tests.

Like most of the observers arriving at Camp Desert Rock, I didn't know much about the surrounding countryside. Gordon Dean, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, described it as "a good place to throw used razor blades." It is genuine waste land; flat, alkali desert rimmed with sparsely covered yucca plants and sage brush, with mountains on all sides. The test site lies near the rim of Death Valley, California. The nearest settlement, 15 miles from camp, is Indian Springs Air Force Base, at the small town of Indian Springs, once a stage coach stop. Then, 65 miles from camp, is the fabulous Las Vegas. It looks good after tent life on a sun-baked, dusty desert.

I spent four days at camp getting preliminary orientation and lectures by expert instructors. They acquainted me, in an unusually effective manner, with molecules and atoms, electrons and ions, and roentgens - all of which became highly interesting to me when I considered that I would soon see their capabilities demonstrated in the field.

The instructors told me about the ways in which atomic scientists had harnessed nuclear fission, and how military commanders can use nuclear fission weapons - bursting them above or at the surface of earth or water. Training films were shown, including restricted footage on previous bursts.

Then a practice march was made through the target area. There I,

by  
Charles  
Allen

as told to  
Hal  
Shapiro

and the rest of the test subjects, inspected other test objects - equipment and animals - placed at various distances from ground zero - the point directly under the blast.

When the big day arrived, we were taken to the range in the early hours of the morning, and reached our position about an hour before time. Most of the AEC's tests are conducted before dawn, when the air is still. As we filed out in to the grey false dawn, we swapped wise-cracks, most likely to keep from being scared stiff. The positions were at several mile from ground zero - at a safe distance - but close enough so that we were able to witness the effects of the bomb.

However, as H-hour approached, the jokes became less frequent, the smiles a little more strained, and the general atmosphere became tense. At about ten minutes before the weapon was due to go off we were told to get into the trenches, and as we did, I heard the distant thunder of high explosive charges being set off ten miles on one flank to calibrate the delicate scientific instruments, but, thinking forward a couple of hours, I was only mildly impressed.

At two minutes before the blast, we were told to squat down and face to the rear, and I sensed an air of tightening expectancy about my whole being. This latter was a precaution against the temporary blindness that would ensue if one looked directly at the blast.

From AEC's control point came the measured counting off of the seconds. "H-15 .. H-10 .. H-5 .. 4, 3, 2, 1 --ZERO!" And during the counting of those seconds, the tension that rose, even among those battle veterans who had witnessed many a blast, was

## I WENT TO DESERT ROCK

brittle as ice. At the count of zero there was a tremendous white flash of light and you know what happened.

The flash, coming at the instant of detonation, was the most striking of the actual physical effects of the bomb I experienced during the exercise. It has been described as being many times brighter than the sun at noon, but to me it was like putting my head in a bushel basket of flash bulbs and having them all fired at once; even with my back turned.

The sound of the weapon was gigantic. A single sharp bang, followed by rumbling echoes rolling back from the hills, but after this test, regardless of where I may be, I will always be able to tell by the flash whether or not an A-bomb has been detonated in the vicinity.

Shortly after the explosion - a matter of a few seconds - the command Raise! was given, and I turned around to see the awesome sight growing before my eyes. The first thing I noticed was a glowing ball of fire suspended about one thousand feet above the desert floor. The shock wave from the explosion hit the ground and raised a mammoth cloud of dust, lifting it for hundreds of feet over the desert. The heat of more than a million degrees centigrade pulled the central portion of the dust upward as the monstrous fireball rose, forming the stem of the familiar mushroom cloud.

The fireball, which began to rise at about 50 miles an hour, rapidly changed to a brownish cloud as the nitrogen in the air was turned into various oxides of nitrogen by the effects of the blast. The cloud was picked up by the stem of the rising mushroom, and was then churned into the fireball itself, which then became a brownish orange colour, fading into a pastel shade.

As the fireball rose, the intense heat of the centre caused a violent churning action. It looked as though the head of the mushroom was continually turning itself inside out as it soared upward. When the fireball reached an icing altitude, condensation in the atmosphere formed an ice cap, which flowed down over the cloud and mixed with it, producing one of the purest whites I have ever seen.

Reaching its maximum altitude of about 50,000 feet (maximum height depends on atmospheric conditions at the time of the explosion), the mushroom maintained its identity for about twenty minutes. (This too is variable, depending upon the atmosphere.)

It is possible to gauge the extent of the phenomena in many ways. At Desert Rock rockets were set off at set distances from on both sides of ground zero, and their vertical streamers drew a scale in the sky for photographic recording apparatus and the naked eye to use as markers.

Normally, a B-29 looks like the head of a pin at 40,000 feet, but when you stand at a point a few miles from ground zero and look at an atomic cloud reaching ten miles up, you will think that it is directly above you. So it seemed to me, filling the sky and looking the tallest thing I had ever seen. It was! Mount Everest is only half as high.

After the dazzling flash of light informed me that the bomb had gone off, four miles away, I was hit by a definite wave of heat. What



## I WENT TO DESERT ROCK

I felt, however, was only a small sample of the terrific burning power of the weapon. The shock wave did not reach me for 15 to 20 seconds after the explosion. Therefore, when the command to rise was given, I turned to see this startling technicolour spectacle. There was complete silence except for a few gasps here and there from the more vocal observers.

People stood there, watching this thing, this monstrous fireball glowing red, turning to gelitan, orange, white; churning upward, the dust carpet rising from the desert floor; the mushroom stem rising to meet the fireball. We stood with mouths open, watching the show, and before we realized it, the shock wave smacked us. The dust, coming on the pressure wave, first struck me in the face, and it felt as though someone had shoved a shovelfull of dust in my face and then three down neck. It struck me first in the face, and then, in succeeding phases, more dust was piled down my neck.

And then it was all over.

When I first arrived at Desert Rock, I shared a similar worry with my thousands of trainees, that of danger from nuclear radiation. I'd read books and articles which claimed that areas under an atomic blast would be uninhabitable for 20 years, 50 years, or a century. This, I learned, is not true. The radiation from a bomb exploding in the air is all gone in a minute and a half, and after that time, no significant radiation exists on the ground.

After observing the blast, we were not allowed to approach ground zero until AEC radiological and Army Chemical Corps safety teams had monitored the area. An instrument called the ionization chamber was first flown over the area by an air force - AEC helicopter, and later the same instrument was carried into the area by a jeep.

The cloud itself remains highly radioactive, and is followed by aircraft for approximately 600 miles to determine the actual cloud position so that "fall-out" of radioactive wastes down-wind can be estimated, and also control the air lanes so that other aircraft will not fly into the contaminated area.

The ionization chamber is used for testing large amounts of radioactivity, and is of primary use in war time. It does not read the very low amounts prescribed as peace time tolerances by the AEC; the Geiger-Muller counter is employed for this. The "Geiger" is carried by troop Chemical, Biological, and Radiological (CBR) personnel to monitor radiation cling to those participating in the exercise after they have passed the blasted area. The radiation for which these CBR monitors were looking were in the form of radioactive dust particles, and were, I learned, in my hair and on my clothes, so that for a while I was radioactive.

The low-level radiation dust particles were removed from my clothes and shoes by brushing it off with an ordinary broom. However, I had to launder my clothes and take a thorough shower, giving particular attention to my eyebrows, hair and scalp, and fingernails. These are the

## I WENT TO DESERT ROCK

places where, so I am told, the dust particles collect and stick. Several of the men who did not do a thorough washing job were sent back to the showers by the monitors.

Similary, vehicles had to be brushed down and checked; some had to be washed.

Most of the radiation from an air burst will go upward, and by the time these particles come down, or "fall-out", they are so widely dispersed as to be detected by the most sensitive instruments only, and they definately do not present any hazard to personel, in spite of what Ray Palmer says.

### EFFECTS OF THE BLAST

As we moved forward after the blast, as we examined military equipment left at various distances from ground zero; as we inspected the close in positions, with their charred, smoking dummies and unhappy looking sheep above ground, and apparently little-damaged dummies and animals in fox holes; when we heard the scientists' reports on the ammount of heat that existed at different locations, the amount of blast pressure and nuclear radiation that occurred, most of us realised that we could live through an atomic explosion, unless we are so unfortunatate as to be directly under the bomb when it goes off, or unprotected.

An A-bomb blast does not kill people directly. Frail as human beings are, it takes a terrific amount of pressure to crush a man to death - up to a 100 pounds per square inch, which is much more than the pressure required to level an ordinary building. The greatest blast danger comes from flying debris, coming at hundreds of miles an hour. A wooden pencil travelling at 100 M.P.H. can be as deadly as a .50 calibre bullet.

The second effect of the bomb is heat -- tremendous heat, which comes during the first three seconds of the atomic blast, and causes flash and flame burns. A person standing 2 1/2 miles from the explosion may receive burns on exposed parts of his body. His hair may be singed or burned; but heat travels in a straight line, just as light does, and at a mile and a half, which is pretty damn close, the clothes you wear will protect you from the burn. The sides of a ditch, the walls of a trench, anything that hides a man's skin from the fireball's white light -- millions of degrees in temperature -- will protect him from the burn.

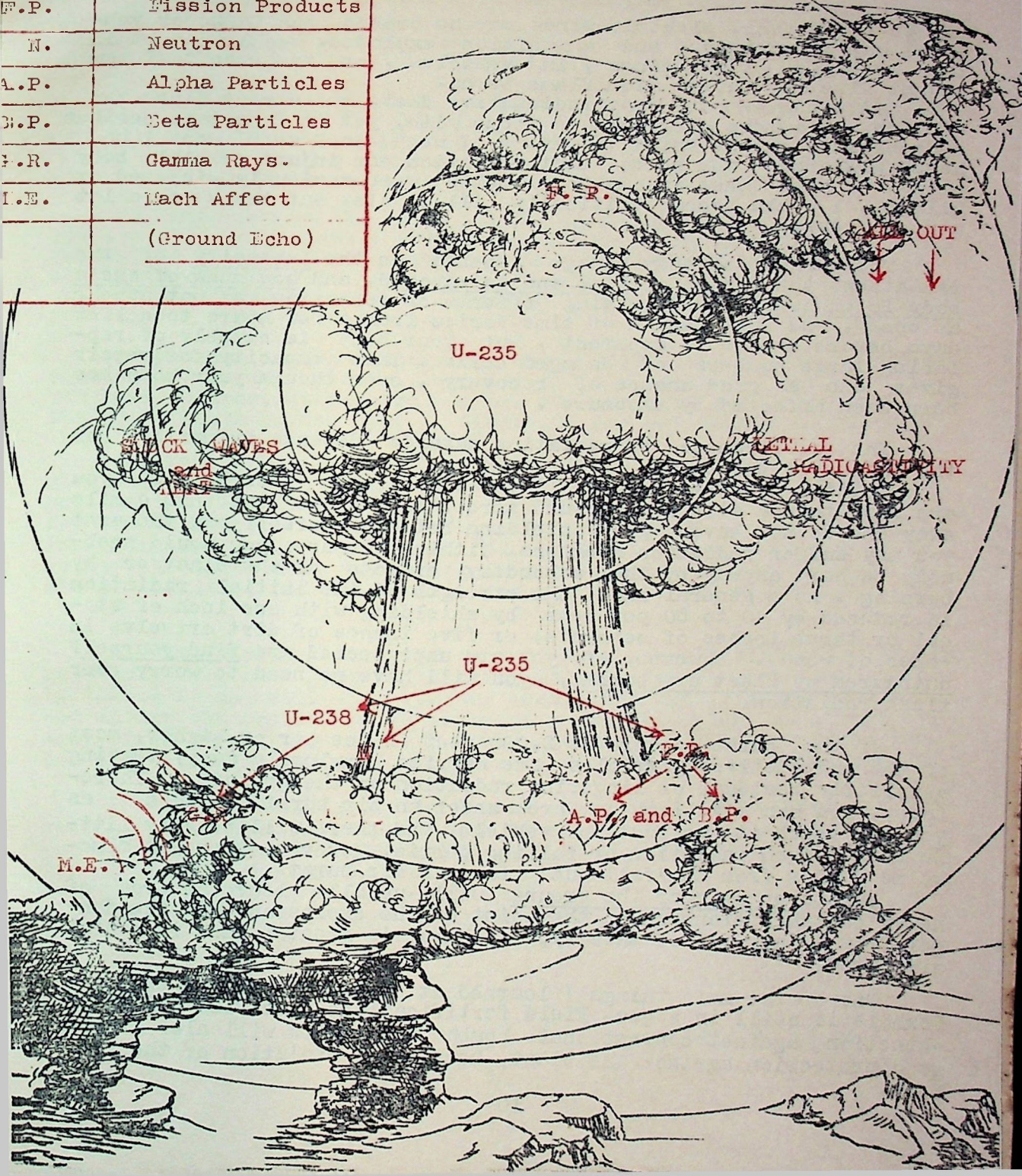
Flash blindness affects anyone within ten miles who watches the blast with unshielded eyes. In daylight, this temporary blindness lasts about five minutes; at night about 15 minutes. The danger of permanent injury to the optic nerves is very slight.

Flame burns are secondary effects of the burst.

In an atomic blast, many numerous ordinary fires can start. Stoves

EFFECTS OF THE BLAST

F.P.	Fission Products
N.	Neutron
A.P.	Alpha Particles
B.P.	Beta Particles
Γ.R.	Gamma Rays.
M.E.	Mach Affect
	(Ground Echo)



## I WENT TO DESERT ROCK

may be blown over, electric wires may be broken, gas tanks or vehicles may be damaged, and ammunition exploded. People caught in the wreckage of buildings, in vehicles, or in areas that have caught fire may suffer from flame burns.

Radiation -- not just radioactive dust, but direct flash radiation -- is more difficult to cope with, yet it is not as serious a problem as people think. Before I went to Desert Rock I had heard all about the facts that radiation can injure or kill body cells. I knew that if my body cells were seriously injured or killed, I would become critically ill or die. But there was a lot more to learn.

The amount of body damage depends on the intensity of the radiation, the length of time one is exposed, and how much of one's body is exposed. The damaging effects of radiation may not appear at once, and the length of time varies from a few hours to a few days before damage is apparent. But your body is capable of replacing large numbers of damaged cells. This capacity for repair gives one a good chance of recovery, even though your body has been affected by exposure.

The seriousness of radiation hazards depends primarily on the nature of the blast.

Initial radiation has little effect upon your body if you are more than a mile from ground zero. If you are less than a mile away and do not have good shielding between yourself and the burst you may suffer radiation sickness. Within this area you would probably be hurt anyway by the secondary effects of the blast or by burning. As a general rule, the strength of the initial radiation is reduced by 40 to 50 per cent by shielding with one inch of steel or three inches of concrete; or five inches of dirt or twelve inches of wood. However, if you are unprotected and find yourself uninjured by blast or burns, you will have no need to worry over flash radiation.

If the burst occurs at 2,000 feet in the air or higher, most of the radioactive particles are carried harmlessly away, leaving very little residual or lingering radiation on the ground. Therefore, you can move into an area under an air burst as soon as you can reach it on foot or vehicle, and there will be very little danger from radiation or falling debris. Moreover, there is almost no danger from the 'fall-out' from an air burst.

Bursts on or near the ground will usually leave an area of heavy contamination around the point of the explosion, and the danger from a fall-out of this type of burst is greater than in a high air burst.

One of the main things I learned at Desert Rock is that the foxhole is still in vogue. Field fortifications that will afford protection against conventional bombs and shells will also afford good protection against the blast, heat, and radiation of the A-bomb.

## I WENT TO DESERT ROCK

But suppose you are not in a foxhole when the bomb goes off - what then? Experiments at Desert Rock showed that crews in their armoured vehicles are sitting pretty, but those unarmoured provide only limited protection against an atomic blast.

If you have a warning, stop, roll down the windows, and crouch low. Your car will give you some protection from the blast and flying debris -- but not from the radiation. If the first thing you see is the bomb flash, then stop your vehicle, crouch low, and stay there till the debris has stopped falling.

If you are in the open, and some protection, such as a ditch, a wall, a foxhole, even a curbstone, is no more than a step away, take shelter there with your back to the explosion. Don't try to get to shelter if it is more than a few feet away, drop flat on your stomach and protect exposed parts of your body as best as you can.

If you are inside a building, drop flat to the floor with your back to the window, or dive under a desk or a table. When you have shelter, stay where you are for at least ten seconds to let the effects of the bomb dissipate and any debris to fall.

If you are alive and uninjured after being near an A-bomb explosion, you're darn lucky. You needn't worry too much about flash radiation. The decontamination problem is relatively simple, for although there is no known chemical or medical way of neutralizing radiation, just use good old fashioned soap and water -- the hotter the water and the stronger the soap the better. If you get rid of the dirt from the blast, you get rid of the radiation.

At Camp Desert Rock, the Armed Forces are learning to fight an atomic war, not just by dishing it out - as in World War II - but by taking it as well. I learned there that intelligent, disciplined action can double my chances of survival under an atomic attack, from ground or air. I found that we can counter attack across a bombed area far more effectively than we knew we could before.

I returned from Exercise Desert Rock deeply impressed by the awesome power that had stunned and dwarfed me. But I, and all of you to whom I pass this message, will feel the same sense of relief at knowing the score, I'm sure.

An A-bomb blast does not necessarily signal the end of the game.

Just time out.

Charles Allen

# GROWING PAINS. . .

BY  
DICK  
JENSSEN

The pain caught him between the ribs. It was a white hot knife thrust inwards and turned gougingly. Involuntarily he collapsed and fell to the floor, drawing his knees up to his pain-wracked chest. This, he had learnt, eased the pain more readily than any other way.

Five torturous minutes later he rose from the floor and made his way to the telephone; he'd request an immediate appointment with Dr. Stawell.

A nurse answered his call.

"Yes?"

"I made an appointment with Dr. Stawell for Thursday, but I can't wait any longer. I've just had another attack, and they're getting worse all the time. The doctor should have seen the X Rays bynow. Price is the name - Harold Price. . ."

"Oh, yes Mr. Price, that's right. As a matter of fact, I think he's looking at them now. Could you call back in half an hour?"

"Well . . . yes, I suppose so, but could I see the doctor please, it's very urgent?"

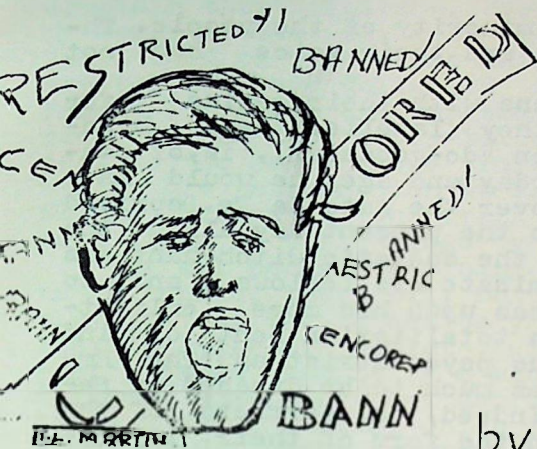
"Oh, I suppose we could fit you in between some of the other appointments. Say, in about an hour, will that do?"

"That'll be finethank you nurse."

Dr. Stawell sat in his cool, spacious consulting room. By his right hand lay a file of X Ray films. He looked idly over, selected one, and noting the name and case number, inserted it in his viewer. He flicked a switch, and light flooded the emulsion. The doctor's complacency dropped, and he checked a gasp of surprise. He was looking at an X Ray of a very complicated piece of machinery! Part of the lung wall had collapsed, exposing delicate tubes and relays, and had caught in the machinery of the body. This was evidently causing the pain. Harold Price was not Harold Price - but a very efficient and well built robot, and as such, was suffering from growing pains.

But who, or WHAT, the doctor wondered, had constructed Harold Price, and to what purpose? A plan to conquer Earth? Or . . .

Dr. Stawell flinched involuntarily, and clutched at his chest, as a white hot knife was thrust in between his ribs, gougingly.



# WITCH HUNTERS of the ATOMIC AGE

by ROGER DARD

There is food for thought in a recently reported statement made by Walter Willis, who, in reply to a question put to him by a member of the LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, said, that "as a left winger" he "heartily disliked writers like Hubbard."

For a good many years I have been labouring under the naive assumption that most people read fiction for pleasure, and for escapism from a dull world; and that most writers, no matter how much pride they took in their craft, wrote primarily for the purpose of supplying themselves with three square meals a day and to shower their wives with an occasional mink or sable. Over the years, however, it has become evident that this is not the case. Most writers are propagandists for this, that, or the other, and most readers, trusting child like creatures easily swayed and corrupted by a trivial piece of fiction.

This absurd belief is, of course, not new, but Willis's remarks about Hubbard simply emphasize the progress this totalitarian idea has made, when even a fan of Willis's calibre will assail a prominent writer like L. Ron - not on any literary grounds, surely the only grounds on which a writer can be attacked legitimately - but on his alleged political views, whatever they may be.

Willis's comparatively mild criticism of Hubbard is not important itself; it merely represents part of a general trend to damn - usually on the most trivial grounds and in the most specious manner - any and all forms of popular entertainment. This puritanical trend is becoming more and more evident every year, and as Horace Gold gloomily predicted in a GALAXY editorial, the world is moving towards a dark age of censorship. While Gold's editorial suggests that the totalitarian forces of censorship are making their presence felt in that last bastion of individualism - The United States of America - in no other democratic country have these forces made greater inroads than in Australia. The average Australian, a free and easy-going individual, is sympathetic towards attacks at his intellectual liberty, and has allowed to go unchallenged the gradual whittling away of his freedom by politicians, women's clubs, teachers groups (many red-dominated), purity leagues, and a host of other hypocritical organizations, whose

combined membership represents only a small minority of the people. They are however, an extremely vocal minority, and their voice has not gone unheeded in the Federal Capital.

The puritanical do-gooder (the Americans with their genius for coining new words excelled themselves when they labelled these hypocrites with the savagely satirical expression "do-gooders"), is, of course, an anachronism. Had he lived in another day and age, he would have been a witch-hunter, or would have presided over the Auto da Fe. Deprived of this by an accident of time, he brings to the present day all the burning, fanatical zeal which characterised the sadistic witch-hunters and inquisitors. His burning desire is to dominate his fellows, and to inflict his own smug, arrogant, backward ideas upon his more enlightened neighbours. Such an arrogance denotes a totalitarian bent of mind and has been aptly termed by a world-famous psychiatrist as "The Emotional Plague". This emotional plague is as much to be dreaded as Cholera or any other bacteria-caused plague. Indeed, the carriers of the Emotional Plague do have their bacteria - in the form of their infectious catch-cries designed to appeal to the emotions, but certainly not the reason, of the gullible sheep-like public: "Burn the books! . . . Ban the comics! . . . Imported trashy magazines . . . Horror stories . . . men from Mars . . . save the dear little children . . . juvenile delinquency . . . gangster films . . . crime . . . depravity . . . sex . . . sadism . . . ban - Ban - BAN!" It becomes a chant of hate; a funeral dirge to freedom.

Two of their favourite catch-cries appear to be those dealing with sex and sadism. Let's take - if you'll pardon the horrible expression - SEX. Objective examination of the pulp magazines and the comics, show them to be almost stuffily moralistic, and in striking contrast to the classics, where, very often, lecherous rakes are glorified. However, one can legitimately ask: "What's wrong with sex?" This is, after all the 20th. century, not the Victorian era, and it is time we grew up mentally, and stopped regarding sex as something dirty to be whispered about behind locked doors. It is a natural biological function which has existed since the beginning of time, and will go on existing until this planet is a dead world. My one objection to sex is that it has given rise to too many Mother Grundies, and not enough Alfred C. Kinseys.

Now sadism. The do-gooders, either deliberately, or because of their appalling ignorance, confuse violence with sadism. Most stories in the comics and pulp magazines - indeed in all contemporary writing today - do contain violence, but this does not necessarily mean they are sadistic. Sadism is needless cruelty, and an abnormal delight in the inflicting of it. When the Marquis de la Sade tied and whipped Rose Keller for no other reason than to gratify his own perverted sensuality, he was committing a sadistic act; but when a Captain Future or a Buck Rogers ray-guns a BEM or a Martian war-lord, it is usually for the purpose of saving some Girl - Friday, or maybe even to save the world from destruction. The worst to be said about such stuff is that is corny, it is definitely not sadistic. I have yet to find a pulp or comic-book hero - be he space-patrolman or gang-buster or western-fighter, who killed for the sheer love of killing. The fanatical do-gooder will, of course,



complain that violence, even when it is not sadistic, is objectionable. My reply to that is, that stories of violence are as old as mankind. From Robin Hood to Sinbad the Sailor; to Dick Tracy and Hopalong Cassidy, story-tellers have delighted in spinning tall yarns of noble heroes who fought injustice and oppression in the interests of common good. Of course, the old time story-tellers had the best of it. They were not subject to the censorious prurience of the present day, and Ben Ray Redman in his introduction to Random House's edition of Burton's ARABIAN NIGHTS, refers to "the frank lips of Scherazade, who had never known it is a crime to call things by their right name. . ."

If all books containing any element of sex, violence, or horror are to be banned, there will not be many left! You will have to ban the Bible, most of the "classics", Grimm's Fairy Tales, Edgar Allen Poe - the list is endless. "Hamlet", with its murders, suicide, insanity and incest, is an example of a story almost unequalled for scordidness and violence. Shall we then, deprive the world of Shakespeare? And what of "Oliver Twist", about which John Metcalfe in the October issue of THE AUSTRALIAN LIBRARY JOURNAL satirically says "that delightful book for children, in which Bill Sykes the burglar, bashes in the face of his mistress with a pistol butt. . ."

Since sadism is something which was apparently invented and spread by the American pulps and comics, one cannot help wondering about the Romans of Nero's day who cheered the Arena slaughter; the Spanish inquisitors who burned their victims at the stake; the Salem Puritans who hanged children as witches - what inspired these "good" people? What vile U.S. pulp corrupted the "cultured" Germans, and caused the "Master Race" to murder millions of Jews, and to torture untold millions of others in their hell-camps? How can we explain the enigma of Soviet Russia? No good communist would read a U.S. magazine or comic, for he knows that these evil things are the instruments of Wall Street Millionaires and the Washington War-Mongers, designed to bring the world under the heel of the brutal Reactionary - Capitalistic - Imperialistic - Yankee Facists. Despite which, Soviet Russia, with its NKVD torturers and its Siberian slave camps, personifies naked power and force, the denial of all human liberties, and sadism at its worst. Yet, ironically, the United States, with its un-censored sales of WEIRD TALES and other allegedly-sadistic pulps, is essentially a peace-loving nation, and a great force for the good of the international community.

National characteristics, moulded by a long history of freedom and individualism, fortify a people against such trivia as comic-books or magazines. Of course, there will always be a minority of mentally unstable people affected by such media, but these neurotic types will always find their needed stimulation somewhere. A beautiful painting of a nude woman will become pornography to their twisted minds. Shall we then close up the Art Galleries and burn the paintings of centuries - because of the few unbalanced individuals in our midst?

The Emotional Plague - The Dark Age of Censorship - has made greater inroads in Australia than any other English speaking country, up to and including the United States and England. In Britain, literary censorship shall on a wise and tolerant basis. In the United

States - with the exception of a few places like Boston - censorship is equally sane. Even more encouraging is the fact that the American authorities refused to extend censorship to new art forms. A recent news item in the press informed us that Washington had refused a request to censor television, stating that such a censorship would "be most undesirable." Contrast this enlightened attitude to Australia, where the introduction of TV has been held up for years by the ever-present do-gooders, not on any valid grounds such as TV's effect on the national economy, on the contrary, it is admitted that TV will greatly benefit both our national economy and defence effort, but on such puerile grounds as "it might hurt the kiddies' eyes"! If every invention was suppressed because of some harm it may do, we would still be in the horse and buggy days. Here the totalitarian mind of the do-gooder is revealed in all its naked ugliness, in their insistence that the Great, Almighty, State regulate the lives of its citizens, and not the citizen using sound common sense and regulating his own. Surely it is the obligation of the parents concerned, and not that of politicians, to see that their children do not strain their eyes too much by enthusiastic use of the TV set. So, while we do not as yet have TV, we DO have the TV Censorship Board all set up and ready to censor this new form of entertainment, even before it is established! So do not expect a DIMENSION X, LIGHTS OUT, or any other form of fantasy programme when - if ever - our politicians and their do-gooder supporters graciously allow us the benefits to be had from this new form of entertainment. No doubt, however, there will be plenty of "cultural" programmes, such as speeches by your favourite (sic) politician, and broadcasts of the meetings of the Boy Scouts and the Christian Mothers' Club.

That the carriers of the Emotional Plague are admirers of the '1984' state, is evident by their arrogant assumption that anything they do not approve of, must be suppressed. No truly tolerant person wishes to troy his neighbours' hobbies or pleasures. I personally do not like the Grand Opera, but the last thing I would wish to do in this world would be to start an agitation for the banning of the Grand Opera. Is it the wrong thing to expect that others should be equally tolerant of whatever form of relaxation I choose for myself? Unfortunately, the totalitarian mind rejects such tolerance. As Howard Haycraft the distinguished American writer puts it in his history of crime literature: ORDER FOR PLEASURE, "Tyranny hatches not only rebels, but a subsequent literature of roguery; thus "Robin Hood" and his "blood-brothers" in benevolent crime. When a government is really popular the Robin Hoods are few and far between. The brief American glorification of the gangster had its origin in the brief lifetime of an unpopular law, and when the law was repealed, the sentimentalism quickly evaporated. We still have lovable rascals in the literature of the democracies, but they grow noticeably fewer with the passing of time. That they will eventually disappear is most unlikely - sympathy for the under-dog is a democratic trait too." Haycraft was concerned with the outcry against crime literature (he finds it more of a coincidence that three of the most liberty-loving countries in the world, the U.S.A., Britain and France have a long history of crime and horror literature free of censorship, whereas the totalitarian states have savagely suppressed them.), but

substitute "fantasy", "science fiction" or whatever your favourite form of literature happens to be, and you will find that Haycraft's arguments still hold good.

Australian fandom having been slavish, submissive victims of the censorial mind for years, is now suffering from Literary Censorship tolerated by no other English speaking nation. Absolute power corrupts absolutely, and a country which allows a small group of grey-ing Censorship Officers with little experience of general literature and no knowledge whatsoever of fantasy literature, to sit in judgement on the reading habits of a mature people, gravely blessing or excommunicating everything from Rabelais to Bradbury, is a country in which the bells are already tolling the death of a basic liberty: the liberty of a person to read what he likes, free of interference, from people - more often than not - his intellectual inferiors. It is a notorious fact that the do-gooders who agitate for a harsher censorship, are usually people who have not been to the movies since Griffith produced Birth of A Nation. It is equally true that those who scream for the banning of "trash, sexy, sadistic American magazines", never read anything more than the daily paper, and have no knowledge whereof they speak.

To a hardened stf fan, the story of giant ants overrunning New York or London would be childish; but to a dumb Customs officer whose reading is confined to the racing results in the Saturday newspaper, it would be a HORROR story fit to be banned.

The writing is on the wall. Gold's dire prediction is coming true before our eyes. The witch-hunters of the 20th Century are winning, and Australia is rushing headlong towards a Dark Age of Censorship & Suppression.

--Roger Dard

Coming Soon -

IN P E R H A P S

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T. G. L. COCKROFT	H. J. CAMPBELL
CHARLES ANDERSON	GREGG CALKINS
BOB SILVERBERG	JOHN DITMAR
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H. J. CAMPBELL

# AN EDITOR SPEAKS ON SCIENCE FICTION

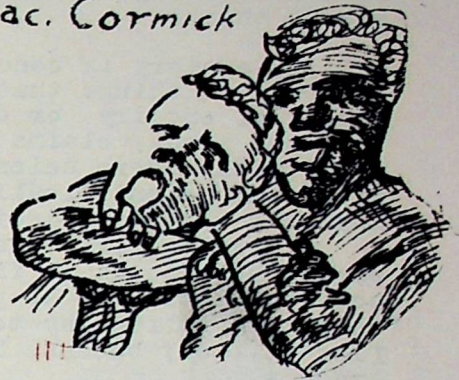
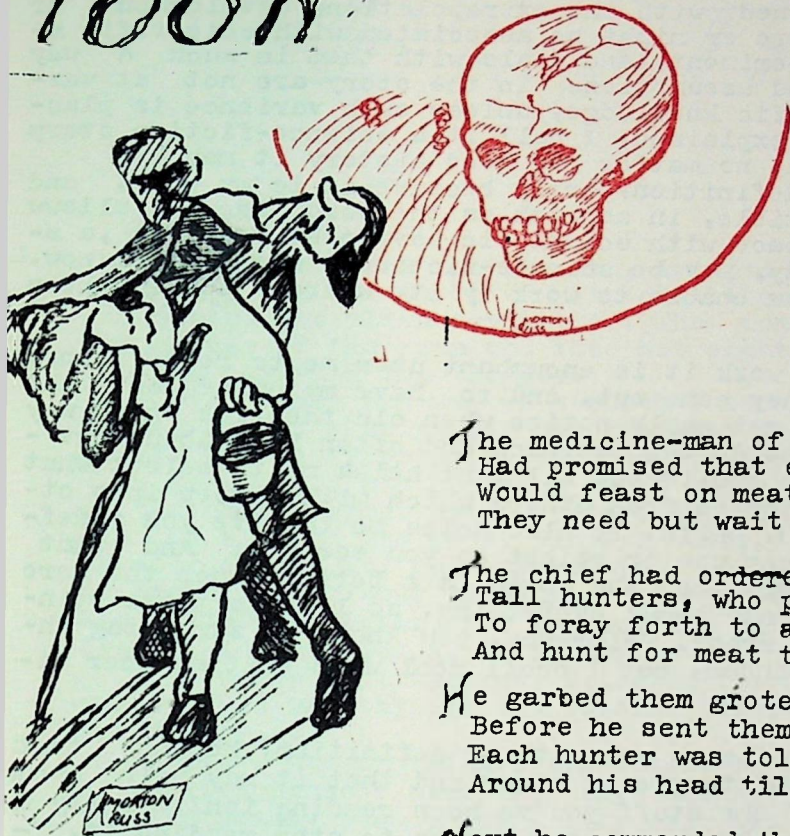
I'm wondering if anyone knows what science fiction is. You get this great, wide bubbling mass of fans who read nothing else, think nothing else and talk nothing else ( I believe they DO eat ordinary food ), yet you show them a story , ask them if it's science fiction, and some say yes and some say no while others, as in Gallup poll samples, don't know. The question is not whether it is good science fiction or bad science fiction, but whether it is science fiction at all. And I've never yet met a fan who could give a straight answer to that question - even though many of them can reel off who wrote what where and when back to the thirties. The easiest-on-the- mind definition I've yet come across is that science fiction is that which is published in science fiction magazines. That's all right with magazines that have the words in their titles, but it won't help with things like NEW WORLDS, OTHER WORLDS, IF, IMAGINATION and so on, because there's nothing in the title (unless it's in small print) that says it's science fiction. The science fiction part of it has been attributed to the mag by the fans, just as most people attribute beauty to a sunset when the phenomena itself is neither ugly, but strictly neutral and natural. But ask the fans what are the criteria for putting a mag in the sf category and you floor them; they may talk for hours in reply but they won't answer you. In other words, fans don't know what they are fanatic about; not really know; they simply have only a vague idea.

I bring all this up because people have been writing to me to charge that I've been putting fantasy stories in a title-admittably science fiction magazine. I thought it might help a bit if I tell you what my thoughts are on the matter, since I'm not afraid to stick my neck out and call my mag AUTHENTIC Science Fiction. Yet in a sense that is more vague than my rival NEW WORLDS, which clearly states on its cover "Fiction Of The Future" ( not any more it don't-Ed.). Well, so does mine, but not always, so I can't put it on the cover. But, of course, fiction of the future doesn't have to be science fiction, it might well be fantasy or some other genre.

Anyway, they certainly do send me fantasy stories , these hopeful fans who are pathetically unsure of what constitutes the literary form of their choosing. I send them back. The pint that matters here how do I sort them out from the science fiction. I'll tell you.

# Cannibal Moon

By  
Orma  
Mac. Cormick



The medicine-man of the starving clan,  
Had promised that every fighting man  
Would feast on meat in abundance soon,  
They need but wait till the full of the moon.

The chief had ordered two of his best  
Tall hunters, who passed his kestral-eyed test,  
To foray forth to a strange lagoon,  
And hunt for meat till the full of the moon.

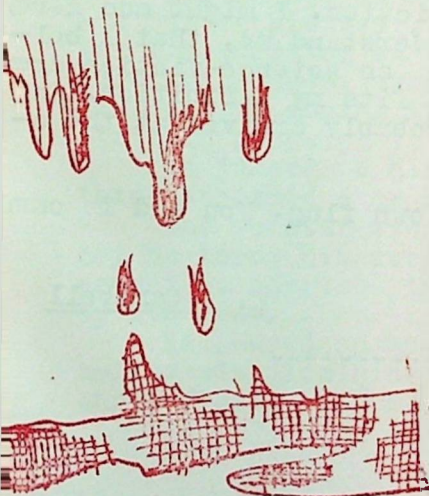
He garbed them grotesquely in vestments crude,  
Before he sent them to search for food,  
Each hunter was told to wear a festoon,  
Around his head till the full of the moon.

Next he commanded they hunt alone,  
And hum a war chant in monotone;  
Obeying, they feared such noise would oppugn,  
And scare any game till the full of the moon.

Before they parted one hunter said,  
"The last two men, I know are dead,  
These trappings are so they can hunt us soon,  
For WE are the meat for the full of the moon!"

The other sighed, "Then we'll lie in wait,  
And see if we, are indeed the bait,  
The doctor's club was stained maroon,  
When the tribe sat down last full of the moon."

A new witch doctor stirred the brew,  
The chief who watched was a new one too . . .  
While the dancing girls led the rigadon,  
When the tribesman et. at the full of the moon,



Then you'll know that the great Campbell has spoken and science-fiction has been given its inevitable and irrevocable place in the scheme of things.

If a story is concerned with the extrapolation, development or disproof of things that are or might be associated with scientific methods of enquiry or experiment, and deals with them in such a way that the ideas, claims and assumptions in the story are not at variance with modern scientific knowledge, unless such variance is plausibly and scientifically explained, I call it a science-fiction story. Anything else is rejected, no matter how good a story it may be.

I rather like this definition, partly because it is my own, and partly because it is flexible, in as much as the word modern allows science-fiction to keep pace with scientific advances. That way, a story that is fantasy today, may be science-fiction a decade from now. I like it, too, because I am able to work by it, whereas some others are not.


In my non-AUTHENTIC work it is incumbent upon me to read most scientific journals as they come out, and to have my pulse on the way science is moving. I get early notice when old theories give way to new. I meet the men who do the research and often know about developments before they are published. All that helps me to select what I call science-fiction stories from others which might creep into other magazines, but not AUTHENTIC. It also helps me to give you a definition of s-f that you can use or reject as you see fit. And that pleases me because I firmly that the world is a better place the more different opinions there are about everything, so long as those opinions are reasoned and tolerant. Tolerance, you know, is something that is sadly lacking in fandom, but I shall deal with that another time.

For the time being I leave you with my definition, hoping that it might be carved on some temple or other and that it may help you to realise that a lot of the stuff you've been reading isn't really s-f at all, though that would be no good reason to stop reading it. However, you will be able to leave such stories and pages out of the argument when discussing trends in science-fiction. I might add here in case the war-mongers among us try to misunderstand me, that I believe that all British periodicals looked upon as science-fiction are just that. The stuff they carry nearly always fits my definition. And we're all pals together, though the others probably arrived at the same end by a different route.

British science-fiction sails under its own flag. You and I can be proud of that.

H.J. Campbell

-----0000000000000000-----



# BACK-FIRE

By *Martin James*

He lunged for the corner, twisted himself around, and tumbled in a heap on the floor. With cat-like agility he was on his feet and behind the alien furniture. The monster padded slowly around the corner of the room and into his sights.

He squeezed the trigger.

With sixth (or was it seventh?) sense timing the monster leapt backwards, slewing its Blackhorster projector round to bear. Its breath hissed frightening through its mouth-like aperture.

He snapped another shot at it and sprang away as the bolt struck the chair, splattering it in a thousand droplets.

He slammed the door, jumping hastily aside as a beam from the monster struck it, and was running madly down the corridor. Panting, he heard the ominous padding of his pursuer drawing rapidly nearer, and waited in terror for the searing pain that would mean the bolt from a Blackhorster striking him down.

He was almost through. Reaching the door, he wrenched it open, smashed his way through the outside force-screen, and ran on to the cliff edge.

Below, the churning black waters beckoned. Taking a deep breath, he lowered himself over the edge. He saw the monster fire, and felt too the deadly beam playing idly over his fingers. With a cry of pain he fell.

Providence landed him on an overhanging ledge, the breath knocked out of his body. He glimpsed the monster peering over the edge, its Blackhorster at the ready. He crawled to the edge of his platform and jumped, sprawling helplessly in shallow water. The monster jumped from above, its wings unfolded, drifting slowly down upon its stricken prey.

He jumped to his feet and fired point blank at the monster. Nothing happened - he was out of charges!

The monster leeringly leveled its projector, and with a hoarse cry he threw his useless weapon up at the leering face. The monster, caught by surprise, triggered its projector, the blast smashing down by its prey.

He leaped up and caught and clawed at the monster, his face crawling with loathing and revulsion, pulling it down. There was a sharp flurry, and he came away with the blaster clutched in his hands

Frustration clawed at him, tightening his throat. The weapon-  
too alien to use, he couldn't understand its intricacies. With a fl-  
ick of his wrist, he sent it whirling out over the ocean. He turned,  
stooped to retrieve his discarded blaster, and twisting the back  
sights off, ran for the seashore.

Water. Water would help the gun's efficiency, recharge its en-  
ergy to some extent. Behind him, the monster fumbled clumsily in its  
voluminous folds. A writhing tentacle emerged, clutching a small  
blaster. With unhurried deliberance it sighted the cross hairs on  
the fleeing figure.

He looked frantically around, and then behind him.

The gun spat its deadly charge.

He had only time for a brief gasp and then sprawled down life-  
lessly on the soaked ground.

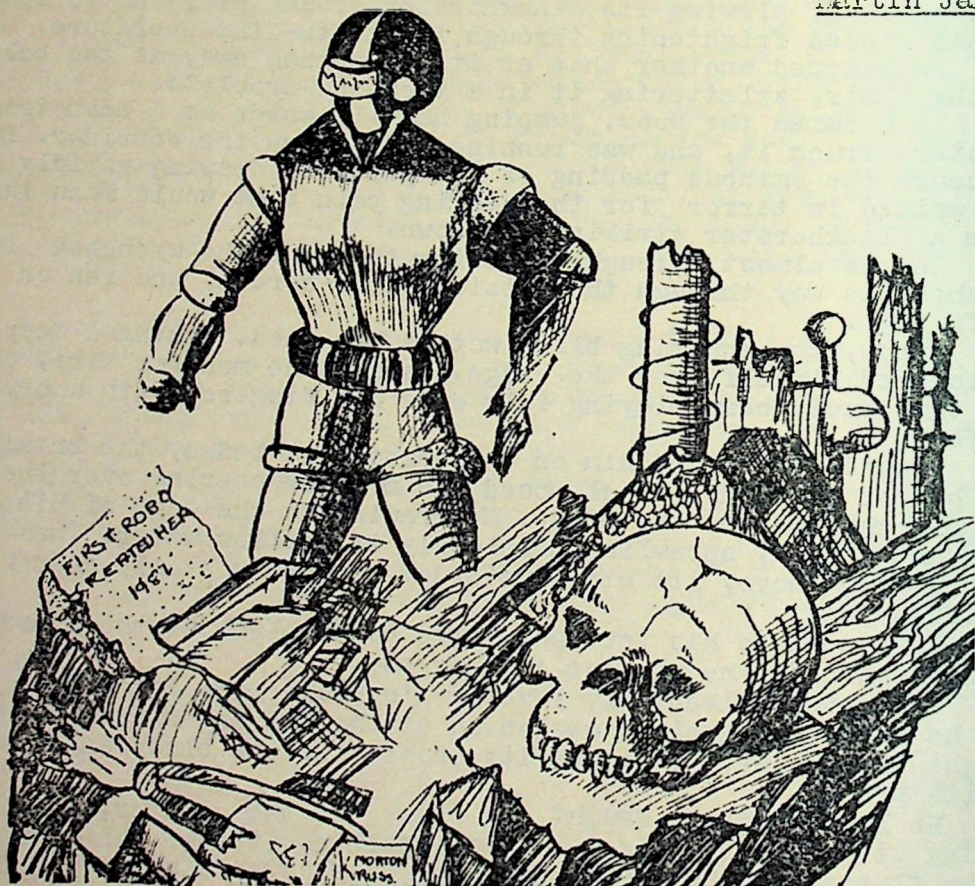
The monster approached unhurridly across the sands.

The space-suited figure jumped to its feet.

"Aw, it's my turn to be the BEM! this time."

Solemnly the two little boys exchanged water pistols and costumes.

Martin James





# HOME

## Coming

By  
Rick Jordan



He walked down the silent, deserted street, bewilderment and a little disappointment showing on his face.

He couldn't understand it. Where was everybody?

After all, it was only four years since he had left. His parents, wife and friends should have been there to meet him. But the only welcome he received was the wind-swept tarmac and the sight of the city.

He wasn't a vain man, but he had expected the people to turn out and give him a reception. After all, he was the first man to reach Venus and return.

The silence, it was eerie. He had had enough of silence for the last four years. He wanted a bit of noise, lights and people.

More than anything, he wanted people.

Ahead loomed the bulk of what looked like City Hall, and he began walking towards it.

"This is promising", he mused, "the door being open." But where are the lights?"

He groped his way to another door and entered. Feeling for a light switch, he found one and flicked it on.

Dust.

The room was covered dust. Things were still on the desks, drawers still open, giving the impression that the occupants had just slipped out for a moment. Except for the dust.

His bewildered footsteps echoed down the hollow corridor as he retraced his steps.

"I must be mad", he thought, "this can't be. Where is everybody?"

He walked wearily back down the steps. The sun was coming up.

Dawn was breaking.

Over what?

An apparently dead and empty

## OLECOLING

atomic weapons had been used , then the area was possibly radio - active . That would also account for the rebuilt city . Yes , that must be it . Yet his Geiger counter had recorded no traces of contamination , and why hadn't the people come back to the city?

Still not accepting his solution , he jumped to his feet and crossed to where an atlas of the world was located . Opening it, he worked out the distance and direction of the closest city to Metropolis , which was Shelbourne.

By now , it was becoming dark, so he decided to rest and start off early in the morning. He would have to use the crawler , for there was hardly enough fuel left in the ship to create a respectable noise let alone take to the air.

While he slept , the cold night settled down on the planet bare except for the huge bulk of the cities spaced over its face.

He slept on, waking only once, disturbed by strange rumblings in the earth. They eventually subsided, and he passed once more into the realms of sleep.

He could not see the huge cracks and fissures that were slowly spreading from pole to pole , nor appreciate to the full the terrible rumblings from the bowels of the earth.

He slept on.

Early next morning , he loaded the crawler with as much fuel and food as he could , estimating it to last for about three weeks.

Bidding a fond farewell to the ship which had been his home

for so long , he set the crawler in motion and headed towards Shelbourne.

Once outside the city limits, he was amazed to see the same air of desolation hanging over the countryside . No crops were growing , the only vegetation a wire stubble on top of the earth.

Although well used , the road was in good condition, and he made good time.

Several hours later he sighted a city in the distance . "Ah", he thought, "this must be Shelbourne." The surrounding countryside was identical with that which he had traversed. Bleak , arid, and without a sign of life

He drove the machine into a wide street on the outskirts of the city. Slowly he proceeded up the silent thoroughfare , feeling the same horrible sense of loneliness he had felt in Metropolis.

The city was deserted.

The same air of desolation hung over the buildings, with the dust everywhere. He stopped and entered a likely doorway . The entrance hall stretched silent , and bare, before him.

"The same", he thought, "it's all the same , everything ." He turned hopelessly back to the crawler, fear and trepidation showing in his movements . Climbing into the cabin, a sudden thought pierced icily into his brain .

"What about Jean, Mother, and Dad - what's happened to them?"

Panic began to take hold, but he forced himself to sit down and think out his next move

He took out a set of maps ,

## HOLECOLING

and began studying them. Now, if there had been a war, where would be the most unlikely target for atomic bombs? Obviously the wide farming lands to the west. There were no military installations, and the survivors would probably make their way to the little towns.

Suddenly a horrible thought struck him. "I'm assuming too much. If there was an atomic war, then why were there no signs of the obvious destruction that would follow?"

"What could it be? Plague, famine, what?" Both could be ruled out for the complete order he had found in the buildings vetoed that idea. Apart from the dust, everything was normal. No signs of violence or sudden death. It was bewildering.

Well, he couldn't stay there, so he decided to head for the west. He turned the crawler around and headed off.

On through the never ending vista of parched, cracked earth, the machine and its despondent passenger continued its monotonous journey.

"I must reach something soon" he cried after four days.

Ahead loomed a lofty hill, and he decided to make a stop at its summit.

Reaching the top, another city sprawled itself beneath the glare of the noon sun. It shone on a city in the same condition as Metropolis, and of Shelbourne, except that here even the computers had given up the ghost.

He walked again down silent, deserted streets, the utter loneliness and despair welling up inside him.

What was the use? After this

town, what next? Another hill, another city - a silent, deserted city.

His wandering steps carried him to the outer confines of the city. A few yards away, he noticed something bright glittering in the sunlight, and he walked towards it. A deep scar told of a heavy body coming into contact, and the earth was scorched for yards around.

He approached closer, and saw that the object was a metal canister, imbedded in the earth. He twisted the top, and it came off, a small piece of parchment falling out onto the ground. He picked it up and unfolded it.

His face blanched as the horror of his situation gripped him. The deserted cities . . . . The subterranean rumblings . . . . The arid, broken land . . . . The empty fuel tanks on the rocket . . . .

He fell to the ground sobbing.

He rose wearily to his feet, the parchment fluttering to the ground, its words a final verdict.

"To those wanderers we leave behind: On this day, the 26th. of November, 1993, the last handful of survivors of this world left by specially constructed space ships for the planet Venus. The disastrous cosmic stream which the Earth passed through, razed the life of world to dust, and sterilized more than half of the remaining humans. Few that we are, we are taking this step to preserve what is good in the human race, and if we do not reach our goal, then at least we shall die with the knowledge that we tried."

Ironically he laughed. He was indeed the first man on Venus. He was also the last man on Earth.

RICK JORDAN

SOME  
WORDS  
ON

# FANTASTIC

BY

LEE OWEN

Early in 1952, a new digest sized smooth-papered science-fantasy magazine made its appearance from Ziff-Davis. Titled somewhat haphazardly FANTASTIC, it was a great move away from the standard digest magazine, and from the standard fantasy magazine. Devoid of editorial, readers' column, book reviews, or any other such material commonplace to the average sf or fantasy mag, it was a bold experiment of a different type of magazine. It was an experiment that succeeded in a startling manner.

The first issue was something unique at its time, the stories leaning towards the "slick" method of presentation, and was notable for the inclusion of Raymond Chandler's memorable fantasy piece - "Professor Bingo's Snuff". There were many lesser enjoyable efforts, as Martinez's "For Heaven's Sake"; Asimov's "What If...", and Miller's macabre "Six and Ten Are Johnny".

The magazine looked highly promising, and this was further evident in the following issue, with some fine stories by Russell, Bixby, Leiber, and the inclusion of some so-called classics. The editor seems to favour the late Edgar Allen Poe, and has been reprinting a lot of this fine author's work. This issue was also notable for the introduction of colour tinted illustrations, which the publishers, no doubt to draw in the suckers, advertised extensively as "illustrated in FULL COLOUR". It was however, a favourable step forward.

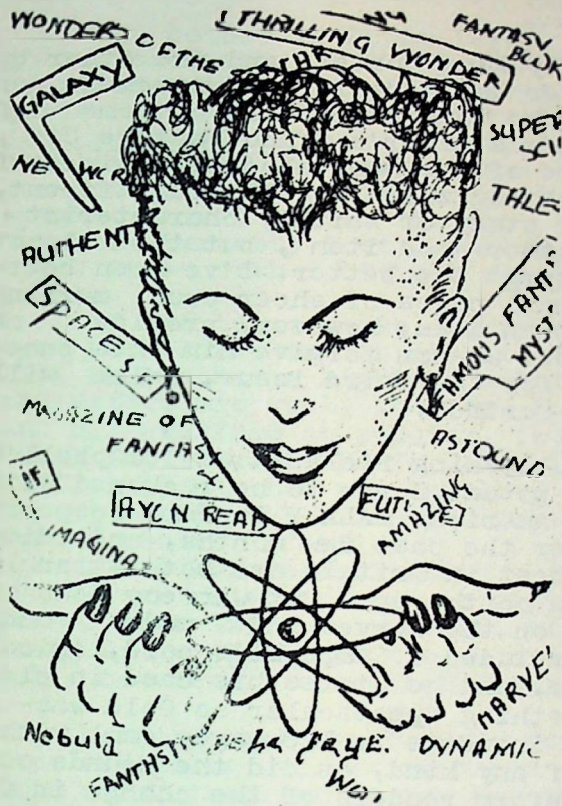
And then it happened.

Along came the third issue, and it was quite evident why the magazine had achieved the highest circulation in so short a time. The much lauded crime and sadism author Mickey Spillane was present with, the editor chortled happily, "his first s-f story". Whatever it was, it was most certainly NOT s-f, not even by the barest degree. It was however, full of sex, sadism, violence, and a s-f gimmick thrown in just for the heck of it. The story itself was very good, but it was NOT s-f. The element of sex, a very high element, is not offending in any story, but when an editor goes all out to print a magazine full of sex-soaked stories, it begins to become a bit nauseating after a while.

Now I'm no prude, I like sex sprinkled liberally in my fiction, but I prefer it the way Mines and STARTLING do it, not filling the whole mag up with page after page of oozy sex.

The fourth issue has just appeared, and again the same feature is a standout. Almost EVERY story fits the above category, be there fine writing or not, Brownel's editorial policy of sex, sex, SEX is making the magazine a pain to read. He has, apparently, hit upon a sure fire circulation-getter, and this has no doubt spurred him on to his decision to put the infamous AMAZING out in the same manner. Advance reports seem to indicate this is even worse than FANTASTIC.

Fans are never satisfied, an old evil has given way to an even worse magazine.



# the Ghoulaxy

## A MAGAZINE SURVEY

by

JOHN DITMAR

II A Britisher takes a look at the British field II

At the present time, British publishing seems to be going through the pains of converting. John Carnell has announced his intention of putting NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE-FANTASY out in the digest format, beginning with the May issue, and the introduction of NOVA SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS, a series of p-b reprints to be issued monthly. The first three titles of this proposed series have been announced as Beyon's "Stowaway To Mars", Jameson's "Bullard Of The Space Patrol", and Jones' "Renaissance". Carnell has also promised some spectacular new artwork, and much can be hoped for.

A newcomer, NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION, edited by nineteen year old Peter Hamilton, is a Scottish offering. First issue featured an entertaining, though overlong, novella by E.R. James, along with a van Vogt reprint "Letter From The Stars", making its umpteenth appearance in print, and a neat little item by Peter Ridley. If only Peter could get away from the "fannish" attitude of his editorials ("We're trying to do our best for you, HONEST we are"), they could be really appreciated. Not that Peter's any great shakes as a J.W.C. . . . .

The second issue was a vast improvement over the first, and

## MAGAZINE SURVEY

featured two (!) illustrations, one by Alan Hunter, and the other by fan artist Bill Price. Hunter's cover was a decided improvement on his first attempt, though still not up to the standard of some of the second-rate p-bs. Feature story was Rayer's "Thou Pasture Us", a novella which turned out to be one of the most absorbing pieces of writing ever to appear in an English magazine. Equally magnificent, Tubb's "Dark Solution" was a bitter study of Earthly characteristics. Brunner's "Brainpower" was another good item, but the least said about Ackerman's "Atoms And Stars" the better. I've seen better stuff than this in fanzines! Two small pages of sheer crud, marring an otherwise excellent issue. Ackerman does, however, provide an interesting film column, so I suppose we can forgive him this once - but only once. High hopes are held for the third issue, which will have yarns by Temple, Beaumont and Gardner. .

An analysis of the British publishing field shows Campbell's AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION the most potent force to be reckoned with. The magazine can be likened to the American GALAXY in some respects, its meteoric rise to popularity over the past few months, and editor Campbell's claims to being the best in Britain are both strongly reminiscent of Gold's cries of a few months ago. But whereas Gold's egotistical claims tended to grate on the nerves and made many fans sick to death - myself included - Campbell's cold, logical claims shy clear of blatant brado, and he states his case in clear and concise terms, promising nothing spectacular as Gold was - and still is -- fond of doing. The increase to 128 pages came without warning or advance publicity of any kind, as did the Bounds serial. A note in issue No.28 does inform readers of the change in format and the introduction of new authors and artwork, but I think Campbell would have been a fool to keep something like that secret for too long.

Whether the use of American material will add to the popularity of AUTHENTIC is uncertain. Certainly a lot of American buyers will not like the idea of reading stuff they have already read previously ( e.g.: S.J. Bryne's "Lady Of Flame", which appeared originally in OTHER WORLDS as "The Naked Goddess", and Will Temple's "Immortal's Playthings" which appeared in the same magazine as "Field Of Battle"), and it is likely to lose AUTHENTIC a lot of its U.S. followers. A number of British fans will most likely have read them also, but it appears that Campbell is not in the least concerned with this relative minority of his reported 15,000 circulation. A sound business attitude, but it will lose a lot of fandom's respect for Bert. The important point is, however, which matters most to the PUBLISHER, not the EDITOR. The respect of a few hundred fans or the spiralling circulation figures?

Hamiltons, the publishers of AUTHENTIC, have more than doubled their "PANTHER BOOKS" series of s-f. Almost every title is a worthwhile effort, but one author outshines the others with a burst of thrilling and well-plotted writing.

## MAGAZINE SURVEY

The author is Bryan Berry, the penner of that truly excellent pocket-book AND THE STARS REMAIN, published early last year. Here is mature science fiction, maybe the writing is a bit wobbly in parts, yet written in a masterly style with frightening conviction. A superb study of human character, it suffered from inadequate handling of plot and theme. However, the work emerged as a major contribution to British science fiction, and it will be quite a while before I forget the four adventurers McOrdle, Nolan, Rumbold and Hennessy lost in their strange self-made world beyond time, where each found his destiny, and Hennessy his asylum and keeper.

In his later works, Berry's literary style became more developed and slick, and in his first hard-cover novel BORN IN CAPTIVITY, he reaches a height of achievement never before attained. His characters are real, they are human, and that is what makes Berry and his writings so popular. Yet, in a study of his other works -- DREAD VISITOR, RETURN TO EARTH (his first) and AFTERMATH in AUTHENTIC, he has not yet equalled the characterisation and emotional impact of AND THE STARS REMAIN, with the possible exception of his new hard-cover offering.

Berry has recently sold a few stories to the American PLANET, and we can only hope he can show his prowess in the short story as he has with the novel. He is, at the present time, the most promising and prolific of the current crop of British writers, and could develop into another Francis Rayer.

Nothing much can be said for the remaining British publications. (Nothing derogative meant boys.) NEW WORLDS & SCIENCE FANTASY still lead the field, but they had better look to their laurels now that the new AUTHENTIC and NEBULA are there to offer stiff competition. Though Carnell manages to keep up a consistent standard of GOOD stories, he occasionally - either through lack of longer material, or just plain laxness - lets a dud lead story grace the pages of his esteemed magazine. The most outstanding example of this was the recent "Flame Gods" in No.14 NW. As it was by Syd Bouds it was only to be expected. Telepathic aliens arriving in the nick of time to save the Earthpeople from their wicked oppressors, blast guns blazing hither and yon; BEMIS and FEMIS galloping madly all over the landscape-usually A in pursuit of B, and a conglomerate of mutants cluttering up the thirty odd pages of the magazine. I was somewhat conscience-pleased to see I was not alone in my opinion - the story hit rock-bottom in the Literary Line-Up!

More recently, a new author, George Duncan, presented us with "Galactic Quest", a rather confused mess of chasing all over the blasted galaxy in search of some mysterious weapon known as The Techon. To my undoubtedly callous mind, the "weapon" didn't seem at all terrible, in fact many AMAZING heroes carry side arms thousands of times more powerful than the Techon, but no - we leave the hero and heroine necking in the airlock (a popular spot, by the way), he saying calmly and patriotically "NO! This weapon is too horrible to use, we must destroy it!" Oh well . . . . .

## MAGAZINE SURVEY

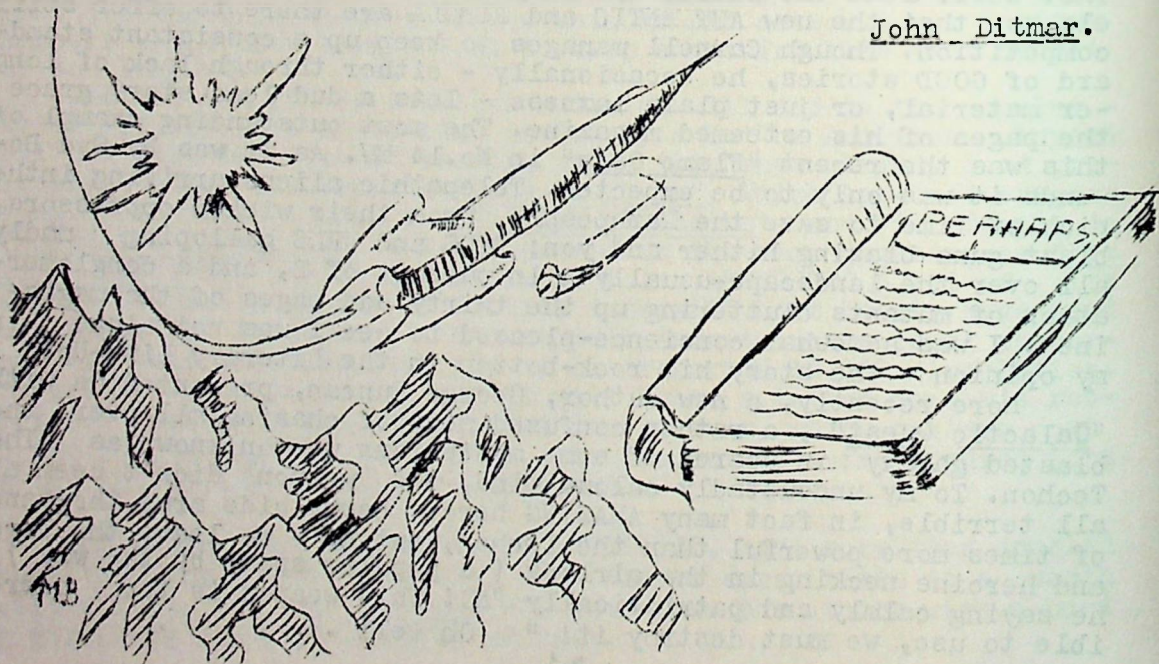
Carnell has discovered a very powerful and very potent writer in E.C. (Ted) Tubb, who, in building his own "Martian History", has touched upon some interesting items Mr. Bradbury overlooked. Ted avoids Bradbury's melodramatic touch, and his stories appear even more real because of his underwriting. His non-fars stories carry the same power and conviction as his more publicised efforts, and, indeed, some make excellent reading.

The only remaining field uncovered is that of reprints, more often than not referred to as BRES. This year has seen the introduction of Bre editions of GALAXY, SPACE S-F, and possibly SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES to accompany the regular ASTOUNDING and THRILLING WONDER STORIES, and the infrequent issues of FABTASTIC ADVENTURES, AMAZING, STARTLING, etc. This influx will no doubt cause the original magazines to tighten up as far as story quality goes, and could possibly be the cause of the conversions of Carnell and Campbell's mags.

That about covers the British field at the present time, with the exception of the so-called "pocket book" publishers. These infamous groups, such as Scion, Curtis, etc, continue to churn out pile upon pile of absolutetripe. They are doing a job of sorts, I suppose, but it is a job I would not relish.

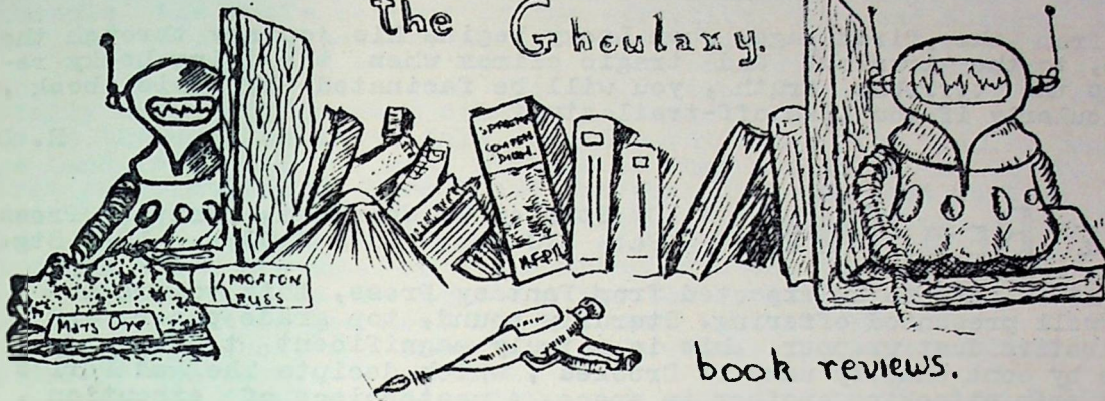
On the whole, however, British science fiction as it stands today owes a lot to John Carnell, the man who set out to publish mature science fiction in his country, and, as his recent collections of British authors' works testify, achieved his aim most admirably- and successfully.

John Ditmar.





# the Galaxy.



book reviews.

## CASTAWAY

By James Gould Cozzens. Bantam Books,  
New York and Corgi Books, London. 2/6

"Castaway" is one of those books the fantasy collector passes by, for its author, James Gould Cozzens, is - as far as I am aware - unknown in the fantasy field, and there is nothing in either the title or the cover blurb to suggest that the book is the powerful piece of psychological horror it is.

I had not thought there could be anything terrifying about a big city department store until I read this book. Cozzens has, however, achieved the difficult feat of investing a department with an atmosphere of terror and forboding, and unspeakable evil. Even more remarkable, he has achieved the even more difficult task of writing a full length novel with but one character, and without one single word of dialogue!

The story of the man, Mr. Lecky (his first name is never given) who finds himself locked in a large deserted department store, and his pursuit by a nameless terror makes fascinating reading. You follow him as he flees wildly through the ominously silent store, eating its food, drinking its liquor, frantically arming himself with guns from its sport department. You share his terror so much, that when, fear crazed, he barricades himself, armed to the teeth, inside a lavatory to await the coming of his unknown but dreaded pursuer, you do not find it ludicrous.

From the prosaic materials of a department store, and the fear in a man's mind, Pulitzer Prize-Winning author Cozzens has created a fascinating fantasy. The book abounds in powerful writing, though a little baffling at times, and this reviewer frankly admits his inability to interpret - in parts - Cozzens beautiful, yet ambiguous prose. Nor does Cozzens give any explanation of how Lecky came to be alone in the store, and why no one ever comes to let him out. And you will probably need to read the ending several times before you grasp its full significance.

THE GLOULARY :

From the first page, when Lecky begins his journey through the store, to the ironical and tragic climax when the dying Lecky realises the terrible truth, you will be fascinated by this book, particularly if you like off-trail stuff

R. D.

## THE RED PERI

By Stanley G. Weinbaum. Fantasy Press.  
Pa; 270 p.p.      \$ 3.00      19/6 Stg.

As is only to be expected from Fantasy Press, this volume is a very well presented offering. Sturdily bound, top grade paper and a distinctive dust wrapper. This is a truly magnificent technicolor piece by some chap, by name of Brookes, which depicts The Red Peri's space ship attacking another in space. A masterpiece of execution, the drawing I mean.

The book is a collection of two nov elets and some odd shorts. Of these, the lead story is by far the best. It has plenty of action, a notable Weinbaum characteristic, and is peopled with characters far from wooden. Briefly, the Red Peri is a gorgeous redhead in charge of a pirate (space)ship. She captures two Earthten, one a young scientist, the other his 'old-timer' pal. The young couple proceed to fall in love, but he is determined to have her brought to justice, so he may marry her knowing she has no smear on her name. He captures her by a SUPERhuman feat and takes off with her. She then escapes, and leaves a farewell note. He then takes off to find her - AND HERE THE STORY ENDS! It is madderingly frustrating to say the least. And there is no sequel! If ever a story cried for one this d&d. This story alone is worth the price of the book.

The remaining stories vary widely in consistency of writing and most would not find their way into a science fiction mag today. Not because they are bad, but because they are pure action with some romance thrown in. Weinbaum's formula seems to have been Boy meets girl, girl refuses to fall in love, Boy makes her, happy ending. The Red Peri has no happy ending; "Proteus Island" has only a beautiful wild girl who doesn't know how NOT to fall in love; an "On the Brink of Infinity" has no girl; these are the only exceptions.

All the stories are worth reading, if only to see how s-f has changed since Weinbaum's tragically short literary career of one and a half years (1934 - 35); though some of his stories were not published until 1938. Two, "Smothered Seas" and "Revolution of 1960" were written with Ralph Milne Farley, unfortunately.

Try to get a copy, it's well worth the try.

D.J

## CITY

By Clifford D. Simak. Gnome Press.  
270p.p.; \$ 2.75      18/6 Stg.

## CITY

Simak's long awaited hard-cover collection of his popular "City" series has at long last made its appearance. It was worth the wait. Here Gnome have assembled some of the finest science fiction ever published - the cream of Astounding publishing during the fabulous

Forties of that great magazine. I cannot say I am in favour of the "Connecting Links" Simak has thrown in before each story. They tend to ridicule the whole concept of the narrative. They add nothing to the stories' reading pleasure, and if you're wise, you'll skip them.

Simak's picture of the future is as completely fascinating as any conjured up by Bob Heinlein; though the two "histories" are on scales totally different to each other. The saga of the collapse of the cities in the opening title tale, and the retreat of the peoples back to the land is an all too real picture of what could happen. On to the first explorations of Mars - and the fear of a man that lost to the world the greatest concept of all time ( "Huddling Place" ); to the eventual desertion of Earth by its peoples to a new life, a new thought, and a new FORI on the howling holecast that is Jupiter, and the world is left to the dogs and the few remaining humans. And the robots. Here it is you meet Simak's most lovable character, Jenkins the Webster robot, who casts his shadow over the last half dozen chapters of the book.

With the final retreat of the few remaining people into a state of suspended animation called The Eternal Sleep, the world is left to the pitiful handful of humans, and the Dogs and their robots. At this stage, the dogs have gained a very high degree of intelligence, and through the experiments of a long dead Webster, now have the ability to speak with vocal chords. Over all this, there is the ever present figure of Jenkins - always there to lend a helping hand. The Dogs eventually discover and gain access to the "cobbly worlds" - worlds co-existing with our own, and the book finishes with the world branching off into these countless different nows. On one (is this the real Earth?), the ants, now highly developed and possessed of an amazing degree of intelligent thought, are taking over; while on another, the handful of survivors of the once great human race are starting along the long road to civilization.

It is hard to choose which of the stories is the best, its only a matter of taste, as is always the case with good books. I, personally, prefer the duo "Desertion" and "Paradise", with "Huddling Place" a very close runner-up. The last tale, "The Easy Way" (Magazine title - "The Trouble With Ants") leaves a somewhat unsatisfied taste in the mouth, and is not altogether a good end tale. It does, however, leave us all with a message, as do all the stories in this book, but not all will see and appreciate it.

"CITY" is definately a must for your bookshelf. It shows a fine chance of being the top collection of '52.

Leo Harding.

## BEYOND THE VISIBLE

By H.J. Campbell.  
Hamilton and Co., Eng.  
189 p.p., 10/9 Aust.

If you've read Russell's "Sinister Barrier", then you've read this book. All Campbell has done is to re-hash the "we're property" and Viton ideas into a trashy, juvenile jumble. With one major and

some minor variations he has managed to pad a story which would have been better if left unwritten.

A man by name of Fedik is called upon to perform an operation on the President, but during the operation the apparatus blows up, killing the President and affecting Fedik's eyes. This enables him to see beyond the spectrum, and causes him to notice queer blobs of light playing over peoples' heads, particularly after any of the people have been indulging in violence of any kind. Fedik is forthwith arrested and charged with the murder of the president, and is assigned to a mental hospital, for, as is only to be expected, no one believes him and his story. He is then interrogated, and concocts a series of lies to save himself from more harm. He persuades a woman at the institution to let him carry on with his experiments, and escapes with the help of his loyal assistant.

From here on the book is no more than a complicated series of catches, escapes, catches, escapes . . . etc. The strange things Fedik has seen begin to force men to war, and as a result the Earth begins to fall towards the Sun. Having contacts, Fedik gets on the first liars rocket and takes off. The "villians" return to the sun for health reasons, they cannot exist otherwise, and take the Earth with them. With his lover clutched in his arms, Fedik watches the Earth die, knowing that a new and better race will soon rise on Mars.

Peurile and putrid. Well worth the 10/9 tho', if you want to see how to plaigarise and ruin a good story.

Dick Jensen

THE HOUSE THAT  
STOOD STILL

By A.E. van Vogt.  
Wiendenfield and  
Nicholson. 210p  
12/- Aust.

A striking dust jacket accentuates the latest British offering of a vV reprint, though it has practically nothing to do with the novel, except for an extremely small drawing of a house. The distinctive atom design is also featured on the front cover, and the book, as a whole, is very well presented. As for the story . . . excellent. It moves at a crisp, fast pace, devoid of unnecessary padding. A few chapters (about nine pages each) could have been expanded, and the ending is far too abrupt.

Here is yet another of van Vogt's superman themes, yet without the usual Vogtian complications. It deals with a house wherein the dwellers have immortality, thanks to the regenerating qualities of radioactive marble walls. The house itself is only a blind for a super spaceship, piloted by a robot, which crashed many, many ages ago, and the robot has been trying unsuccessfully to resume its journey ever since.

Allison Stephens is unwillingly drawn into close contact with the immortals and a beautiful girl, aged 2400 years or more, and finds himself enmeshed in a web of intricacies that read like a detective story.

## THE GLOSSARY

Why did Tennahill pretend to die and impersonate his nephew so as to inherit his own fortune? Who was trying to kill the immortals - and WHY? Why was Stephen given information no other human possessed?

These are the questions confronting the reader. As the plot unfolds at breakneck pace the questions are all answered, and then --- the climax. Abruptly and unexpectedly the book closes, that in itself being the most unsatisfactory feature of the novel. One receives the impression that van Vogt was short of cash, and rushed it off, not having the time to re-write it. Some threads hang loosely, yet for sheer excitement, for a detective - cum - s-f story, this is it. A local bookseller sold out in one day, so I advise you to get your order in as soon as possible. It's too good to miss.

Dick Jenness

# PLAYER PIANO

By Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Reprinted in England by McMillan and Co; at 12/6 (Sterling)

This book is similar in many respects to other modern science fiction stories. The author, as so many nowadays do, postulates a definite direction of scientific or engineering advancement, not too far in the future, and then seeks to establish the consequences of such an advance on the social and economic life of the American nation.

The style of writing is clear and reasonably convincing, but the author takes a little too long before introducing the actual plot. The main deficiency from the modern reader's point of view is, that there is too much description and too little action, thus making the story drag a little.

Briefly, the premises on which the book is written, are the tremendous if not entirely logical advance in the process of fully automatic production of consumer goods, and in their distribution. As a result, the entire population is divided into two distinct, widely separated classes. The engineers and managers forming the very select, extremely high paid upper stratum, and the rest, who are engaged on unnecessary work of a menial nature form the other. In this lower stratum there is no possibility of advancement, and thus no incentive to betterment in any direction. This critic does not think such a development would necessarily follow the basic premises. All human beings have some sort of creative instinct, and it is more likely that for the lower classes more hobbies would be introduced by social workers, and these pursued more assiduously than in present practice. Also, with an increased amount of leisure time, sport would take the place of many of the leisure occupations followed at present. It would be the duty of social workers to encourage this.

The development of a fully automatic production machinery is also open to criticism. The cost would be tremendous, particularly if

one considers that the failure of a single sixpenny component could have very serious consequences. Also, raw materials still have to be procured and transported, and the finished goods transported and distributed. The complexity of a fully automatic system would be enormous (about 20 vacuum tubes or their equivalent to produce one single component); that the number of highly trained technicians needed for maintenance would probably exceed the available manpower by an astronomical figure.

Provided that these points are not taken too seriously, this book is reasonably good and makes entertaining reading.

# ADVENTURES in TOMORROW

H. WEIGERT

Edited By Kendall Foster  
Crossen.  
The Bodley Head, London,  
240p.p., 13/6 Aust.

For a first attempt at science fiction from Bodley head, they've produced one of the finest jobs yet from England. For format, it beats any contemporary, but just fails achieving this in literary content. First place, of course, still goes to Carnell's superb NO PLACE LIKE EARTH.

Editor Crossen has come up with some superb stories, and, alas, some bad ones, really bad. On the cred it side, however, we have such top items as Kuttner's rib-tickler "Voice Of The Lobster", Sturgeon's "Memory", Boucher's "Transfer Point" by Anthonu Boucher, Bradbury's opus - "There Will Come Soft Rains", bearing its fifth or sixth printing, and Clark's little gem "The Portable Phonograph."

The book is divide into five parts: The Introducting; The Atomic Age; Galactic Age; Stellar Age, and Delphic Age. What with his introduction and "Restricted Clientele", Crossen takes up over one sixth of the book.

Leaving the introduction, the Atomic Age presents a future withno people, or a handful of people with no hope of survival. And yet, there is a Galactic Age! In this section the honours are divided between the Bradbury opus and Clarks gen. The Galactic Age is the weakest of the lot, as only two stories are present. The other two, Asimov's "Christmas on Ganymede" and Moore's "Shambelau", with Crossen's tale taking precedence over van Vogt's inferior "Automaton".

The Stellar Age has two excellent tales in Kuttner's and Sturgeon's contributions, with minor items by Bracket and Merwin.

The Delphic Age has only one really readable story: Boucher's very fine "Transfer Point". The other two, Elliot's "The Devil Was Sick" & Arkhur's "Evolution's End" are strictly minor fictions.

The dust jacket is of the new un-soliable plastic type, so take note all of you who read at breakfast!

**! DANGER !**

# LETTER Column.



## WHAT, NO COMMENTS?

PERHAPS was really good , I thought a telegram was the only way of letting you know just how I felt about it. The few digs at UGH! (including the ad on the back of the magazine Dard was readin') were quite funny . . . . I could make some criticism on the magazine, but anything I say would have already been detected by you or one of your staff, and I don't see why I should use my critical faculty when I get more fun by just reading your magazine to enjoy it. . . I'll continue to overlook the minor errors and enjoy the major efforts. Keep PERIAPS coming, it's good.

BILL VENEY

(Thanks Bill, that's the spirit we like, and say, haven't we seen your name in print before somewhere? For the benefit of readers, the above was NOT the telegram, but a following letter!)

## YE GODS. HERE'S SOME!

Dear ED, Leo, sf fan or any other title you go under. Today I read PERIAPS. I like it. PERIAPS is great. The cover is great . How was it done - linotype? (No, photo-litho. Ed) Boxed pages are new to me, and this I also like. Your authors I also like . (Hey! Is this guy human after all? ..Ed) I suppose you have quite a retinue of overseas contacts, eh. ( Ed, modestly, "We-l-l-l")

Jenssen's "HORROR SHOW" got a belly laugh. The back cover was awful. (Huh?) You can't cut a good stencil with a lot on it, so why try, and having tried, why publish it? (Well, we thought it was a good idea at the time. We don't now. .Ed) Interiors

LETTER COLUMN

like that are good, they help a story along, but not full pages of them. So I look forward to your 24-32 pages all photo-lithed. By the by, SCHIZO! was good- until it said "continued on page 21." The whole thing was well written; it had that spontaneous continuity or condensed abruptness, but no in-between. The gap spoils it somewhat. The two styles were very consistent.

By the way, what is BACCANALIA? When did it happen, where, how, and why and by whom?

BILL RUBLE

(We're still in fits over that last bit, tho' Race is fuming. Sorry to disappoint you about that P-L pal, but see the editorial and you'll see what I mean.)

SHORT AND - SWEET (?)

I've just finished reading PERHAPS - Quite good for a first issue, but cripes, the mimeo work! The cover is fine, but the interior looks like one of those poverty stricken U.K. fanzines as far as format goes. Anyway, enclosed is my sub for the next three issues.

LYELL CRANE

(The odd thing is Lyell, that we all agree with you!)

Received the copies of PERHAPS, and am sorry you sounded so despondent about it. To be quite honest I thought it wasn't too bad at all. I've seen other fanmagazines that have been running for many issues in a worse state than yours. The way you wrote yourself down made me think it was lousy. So I say again, it was quite decent.

DON TUCK

(Pal, we loves yah!)

PERHAPS arrived today, and I'm very enthusiastic! Aside from the crook duplicating, which you already pointed out to me, it was a terrific first issue. As you intend to put out a mature 'zine, I would say scrap FICTION. A mature mag is better off without it, though I will say that the story in PERHAPS was excellent.

ROGER DARD

(We disagree Roger. Any magazine can benefit by fiction, but it must be GOOD fiction. At the present time we are experimenting, both with short stuff and longer efforts, but the fiction we run, and intend to run, will be GOOD fiction, that I promise you. Ye Gods, I've just realised, I've been telling the assistant editor what we WILL do!)

Congrats on quite a decent effort. The articles were good, with the fiction trailing a long way behind.

JOHN GREGOR

(Well, that's the way it goes.)



LETTER COLUMN

Enclosed my Sub to PERIAPS. You have quite a creditable publication and you can be assured of my support. Am looking forward to next issue photo-lithoed, which, as you say, will be a big improvement. May I make just one suggestion: keep to the existing format, at least for awhile. My pet hate is varying sizes of different issues of a mag, or any publication, causing much inconvenience in filing.

Again, congratulations.

CHARLES MUSTACHIN

(Well, this issue isn't P-L, but we hope you like it just the same, and your other "wish" has been granted too, by the looks of it!)

Just got a PERIAPS from Dave Cohen. It's worth the two bob, I reckon, but I understand your disappointment tho' - my reaction to a lot of the first FORERUNNER's pages was similar, and I had the services of a couple of good typists. The job was jiggered up in the duplicating . . . I, of course, had never used a duplicator before.

You have a nicely balanced selection of contents I should say, except for the lack of serious critical stuff, though I hope this will come. SCHIZO! I did not like. The story is strong and well developed, but the writing style ----gaaaagh! Bet Mart got a helluva lot more science marks than English all the way through school.

DOUG NICHOLSON

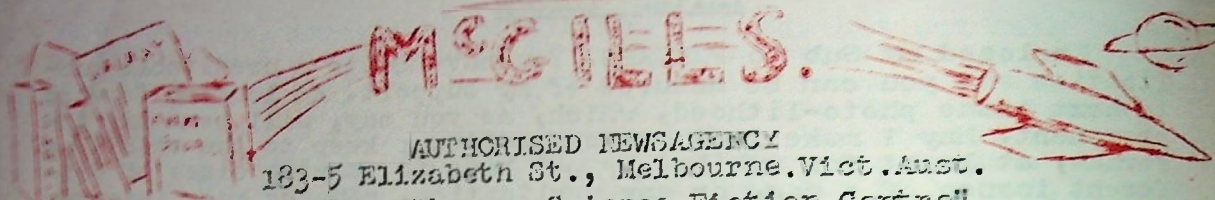
Well, that winds it up for this issue, and if you have any remarks to make on No.2, then just drop a line to the editor at the address listed below, and -please - do as Dick suggests --- Use only the best asbestos.

LJH

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 183-5 Elizabeth St., Melbourne, Vict. Aust.  
 "The Melbourne Science Fiction Centre"

Current List of Books:

THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL (14/6)	by A.E. Van Vogt.		
THE WEAPONS SHOPS OF ISHER (12/-)	" "		
SLAN & DESTINATION UNIVERSE	(To be published soon).		
ISLANDS IN THE SKY (10/9	£1.50)	by A.C. Clarke.	
PRELUDE TO SPACE (12/-	£1.60)	" "	
BEYOND THE VISIBLE (10/9	£1.50)	H.J. Campbell.	
BORN IN CAPTIVITY	" "	Bryan Berry.	
NEW TALES OF SPACE & TIME,	Edited by R.J. Healy.	16/-	£2.20
EARTH ARBITERS, by George R. Stewart	- only	7/6	.70
ADVENTURES IN TIME & SPACE,	edit. by Healy & McComas	13/6	
NO PLACE LIKE EARTH, Edit. by E.J. Carnell.		12/9	£1.30
ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW, Edit. Kendell Foster Crossen.		13/6	
THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, by John Wyndham.		16/-	£2.20
MOON AHEAD, by Leslie Greener.		12/-	£1.60
WORLDS FAR FROM HERE, by Denis Wheatley.		22/6	£3.25
TO THE DEVIL A DAUGHTER, " "		16/-	£2.20
MEN OF OTHER PLANETS		16/-	£2.20
ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER		35/6	

Coming Soon:

- |                              |                        |
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| DEMOLISHED MAN.              | GALAXY READER.         |
| THE DISAPPEARANCE.           |                        |

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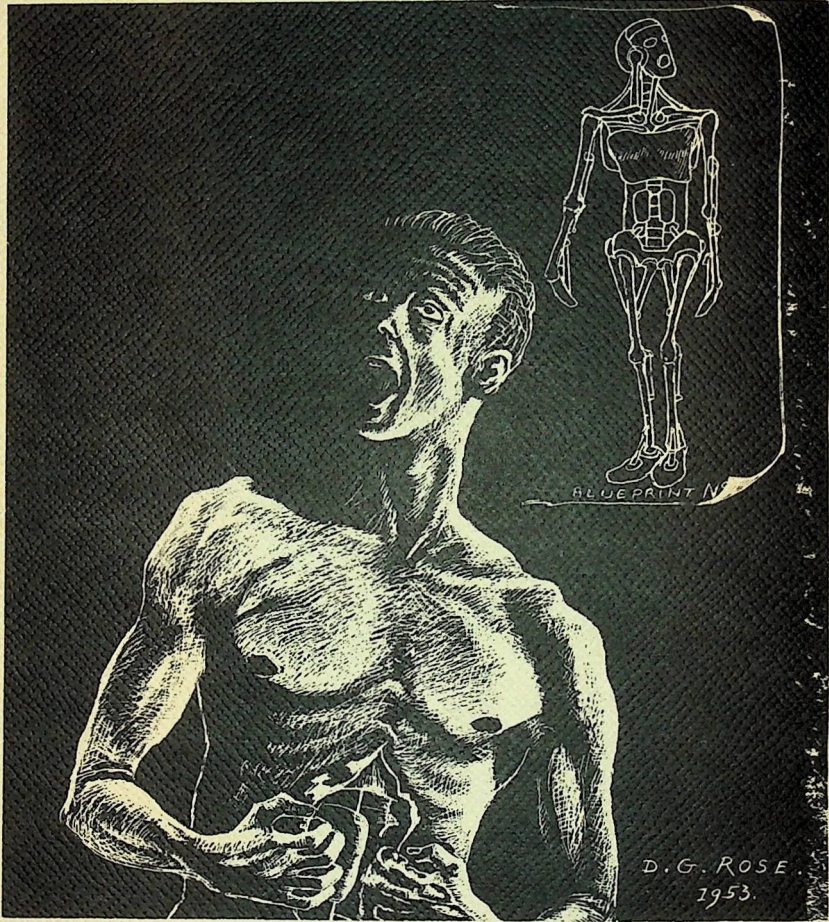
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