

A.J. D.H.W.

PERI Vol 1 No 1. The official organ of the Junior Fanatics Science-Fic-tion Society. For information on the above Society please contact the Editors: Ken Pötter & Dave Wood, 5 Furness St, Marsh, Lancaster, Lancs. Sub rates are: 1/- per ish or 2/6 for 3 ishes, payable to: Peter G. Taylor, 42 Geneva Rd, Brixton, London, S.W.9.

- CONTENTS -

Well here at last is the first ish of 'PERI'. Between our beautiful cover by Wood & Thorne, and the back cover there lies a positive myriad of star-studded, thought-provoking, mature, intellectual (turn to Galaxy), articles and stories.

First in our amazing list of fantastic out of this world stories is: 'REVERSAL'.....by-ALAN HUNTER.

A story with a 'punch' in it's tail!

Next something for Fanartists:-

'ART ANALYSIS'.....by-GERARD QUINN.

Coming up as a close 3rd is:-

'TWELTH STORY'.....by-DAN MORGAN. PRESENTED in a style sur-passing that of Galaxy, ASF, Mag of S-F & Fant, etc.....

A critic has said of this next awe-inspiring, terrific, multi-marvellous, stupendous, wonderful article,.....Phooey just a load of

'DRY-HOT'.....by-DAVE WOOD.

Next a treat once more for fanartists to inspire their minds on:

'HOW I PRODUCE ART FOR PRO-'ZINES'.....by-BOB CLOTHIER.

Time takes a holiday for the next glorious epic of far-reaching literature there-for we take pride in presenting:-

'LOST PROPERTY'.....by-TED TUBB.

Read mark, and learn and inwardly digest what you next read-IT'S:-

'THE PLAYERS OF CRAWEN-A'.....by-Walt Willis. (WAW).

'JOURNEYS END'.....by-JOE BOWMAN, is sure to impress all.

(POEM)

We're 'shaw' to have included the next peice because it's :-

'ESTIMATE!!!!'.....by BOB SHAW.

Mind your fingers !? !? !.....Infact a warning to :-

'HANDLE WITH CARE'.....by-VINCE CLARKE.

Next we go round with:-

'THE POTTERS WHEEL'.....by- The 'Pot' himself.

'Con' matters are ever a matter to discuss so sit thee down to grin over

'A MATTER OF CONVENTION'.....by-E. BENTCLIFFE

..And so finally we get taken into :-

'INTER-STELLAR SPACE'.....by-TERRY JEEVES

Applause - Excunt



REVERSAL

REVERSAL

-BY-

ALAN HUNTER.

He blinked his eyes open. Above him hung a bright light that hurt his eyes with it's intensity. He was lying on a soft surface- but where, and why? It was strange how blank his mind seemed.

He explored mentally. there was knowledge of many kinds, but in certain directions his mind was fogged. Himself for instance- his name was Manly, that he knew, but what was he doing here?

Lifting his arm to shield the light from his eyes, he turned his head. As he did so he became aware of two small, repulsive faces watching him. In sheer, shocked, amazement he raised his body to a sitting position.

The complete figures could now be seen, with thin, misshapen bodies covered with a white wrapping. They stood without moving, a look of intense, shrewed appraisal on each distorted face.

Then he became aware of his surroundings. He sat near wall of a room equiped as a combined work-shop and laboratory. Manly knew where everything would be- the chemicals in the large cupboard, the sink and adjacent work-bench with it's racks of tools. And he remembered intimately every piece of mechanical equipment, from the thought recorder to the growth accelerator. Obviously, then, this was his own laboratory, and at the back of his mind was the feeling that something of extreme importance had recently taken place. Could it be that same something which was responsible for his present position- and the presence of these two queer creatures?

At that thought, he thrust aside his repugnance and looked again the night mare beings, and then down at his own muscular, symmetrical body. The extreme contrast jerked a sudden memory into his mind.

There had been experiments-experiments in created life and controlled evolution. But more than that he could not remember. It seemed to be forgotten along with so many other things.

Abruptly he became aware that the creatures were stealthily approaching him, one of them holding an instrument that he recognised as a hypodermic syringe. He handled it clumsily, as if unfamiliar with the object.

Manly moved swiftly as a full realisation of the situation hit him. These two beings, products of experiments he could but dimly remember, were turning on their creator. His mental numbness was after effect of their attack, probably made with something that they had found in the laboratory. Now seeing that he was reviving, they were returning to render him unconcious once more while they completed their plans, whatever they might be-most probably escape. But they had underestimated his powers of recovery. With a hoarse shout, Manly swung his feet down to the floor and charged forward. The hypodermic flew

through the air as he sank one strong fist into the stomach of the nearest figure. In silence the second creature attacked him desperately, flailing ineffectually with it's small arms and fists. Even as his arm sent this second figure reeling, Manly had time to wonder at the continuous silence of his attackers. They were extremely fragile, and more damage had been done than he had intended. Gazing down at the still, crumpled forms Manly did not hear the door opening behind him. The first intimation he had that someone else was in the room, was the sudden shock of searing heat striking him in the back. Then the room dissolved into fragments before his eyes.

.....

Aans thought forms were neat and precise as became the training of a Guardian. "Receiving impressions of anguish and terror from the direction of the laboratory, Iran straight there and opened the door.

The humancid stood with its back to me, looking at the two Scientists lying dead on the floor. My instructions, where murder is concerned, are quite definite. I disintegrated him!"

The Controller shrugged his narrow shoulders. "Very well, you may go." Then he closed his mind and pondered. The creature had been given a mental store sufficient for it to reason out its surrounding and history

Where, then, had the experiment gone wrong? "The fault must lie," the Controller later reported, "in our attempting to duplicate a pre-atomic type. We were warned of their inherent mental instabilities and pugnacious tendencies, but we valued their physical co-ordination sufficiently to risk that. In view of the present result, I suggest that future researches into the production of Workers, must be confined to post-atomic types."

-THE END-



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ART ANALYSIS

A series by Gerard Quinn.

In this series of articles on famous fantasy artists, I would like to point out that I'm not setting myself up as a "Gavdamighty" critic who knows all the answers and anybody who says no "nay" gets a fat lip! No, I'm merely examining my own reactions to their work with the eye of a fellow artist. What I would "stick my neck out" on, is in closing each article with my opinion of what each artist is aiming at, with this intention to give embreave illustrators a pointer on what makes successful illustrations and perhaps get them setting up targets of their own.

EDD CARTIER.

Here, we have an artist who has equipped himself with a fresh and breezy technique. Clever use of Calligraphy (accented line) and dry-brush work (or possibly this is Embossed-Beard work).

At first sight it might appear easy, simple, not much to it! - but look again. Although it appears effortless it is only apparently so. Examine his figure work. Caricatured? yes! but underneath there lies good, sound, knowledge of the human form. Construction, Action, and repose at the hands of this artist are convincing only because of that Knowledge!. Look again at all his work, figures, animals, Aliens, buildings, ships etc. They are only in line and a minimum of shading, yet look at the solidity and apparent depth he obtains.

Here his control of Calligraphy is apparent, his lines don't just outline the forms; he depicts but models them by accentuation of strokes.

Look once more. This time at the ornament and decoration. Here we see Cartier as a first-rate designer. His superb invention, his sense of the Weird and the beautiful in form, make him an asset to our kind of fiction. An artist needs to go after something! A painter is a Reallist, an Impressionist, a Surrealist, a Modernist-etc. An Illustrator must find some path also! A method of attack, in order to find himself. Cartiers target, I believe to be, is Conviction with freedom of form, without going to extremes and executed in the simplest way.

PERILOUS PRATTLE.....

"I've just written a story about a bloke who builds a time-machine and....."

"Oh! I've read it."

"He bragged modestly....." (FIDO)

".....Arthur Clarke then received the science prize, for good work....." (Report in local paper on a speech day)

"Can I have an atomically excited canine quadruped, please?"

W A W



DEATH-WATCH BEETLE (MARTIAN HYBRID).



What a predicament!- Here I am, a bod who used to lash off columns, stories, and what have you, by the dozen, for one copy of 'Centaurus', and now I find I have a column in a printed 'zine8 and not a thing to say or rave about. Or isn't there?...What about Walt Willis? WAW poor chap is dead. In fact he died before he attended the Luncon that is the answer to the smell in the Con Hall. I pity the Chicom. A three-month old body doesn't smell very nice if it is an Irish one. This news which comes via 'SPACE DIVERSIONS' (Liverpool fan-mag) via DAVID GARDEMER via San Francisco via Walt is true (or so it says..). Now to my story interlude. this time a We-ird Ghost story.

"I saw Smith the other day walking out with his 'Widow'... As old as the Hills, ain't it? (You)- "Older"!.. Aw, shut up! As I was saying "...as I have nothing to blather about I had better get on with it. What you may be saying to yourself is.. 'What is a Peri?' Well I'll tell you...

A 'Peri' is a mythical fairy from Persian Folk Lore. Their history is a long one, for in 1777 a certain character known as Richardson discovered manuscripts referring to Peris. They were supposed to have inhabited the globe when it was first formed; being formed of the element of fire. They are regarded as both evil and yet at times benevolent, they were the original fallen angels and were at first excluded from Paradise, but later were admitted. They live off an exceedingly strange and dear substance - perfume!

They were created by the Devil- with whom they are in eternal conflict. They are ruled by EBLIS, Master of Evil. ..Greatest Evil Spirit. They are supposed to bring comets, eclipses, prevent rain, cause failure to crops.

.....

Well, that concludes todays Lecture folks, so let me sign off with : MANCH-ESTER FOR THE 1954 INTERNATIONAL CON....

THE SUPERMAN CON !

"Sawdust".

-HOW I PRODUCE ART FOR PRO-ZINES

-BOB CLOTHIER



very first thing I do is to try and imagine what the title of the story conveys to me, making one or two rough sketches. This sometimes helps to make a better impression than you obtain after reading the story. Then I run through the story making notes of suitable subjects for illustration, either interior or cover work. Checking for detail is another important item the artist must consider. Very often the description leaves a very vague picture for the artist to build upon.

This brings me to a very important point; so many readers write and ask-'why does the artist always draw space ships, space suits, and men in the already antiquated cumbersome styles well known to you all? Well, the usual answer to this is, the authors very seldom alter their descriptions even though the general plots and space destinations may vary.

Now we come to the technical snags that have to be accounted for. Firstly, most covers to our S.F. Prozines are done in three colours, this being to cut down the cost of reproduction. It may seem simple enough but careful study will show that a lot of work is entailed in arranging the shades etc. On top of this the composition for background, foreground is worked out in conjunction with the title and other headings. After the roughs are sorted out the editor and publisher consider the selling value and draw for the public. Then the artist gets the O.K. to go ahead with the finished proof. You might think that this would finish here, but far from it. Sometimes the block makers can improve an illustration or as in some cases ruin what might have been a good cover. So when the readers are satisfied with a good cover, the credit is shared by many.

R. Clothier.

.....OR DID HE MEAN "WIZARD".....

.....sex barriers are a very powerful part of our culture and therefore the breaking of them is weird.

GALAXY (fanmag April 1943)



FULL LENGTH
NOVELLETTE.

LOST PROPE

Ted Tubb, well known writer for "New Worlds", gives us a story of something being "Lost Property", when, to all intents and purposes, it wouldn't be lost for quite a long time yet!

LOST PROPERTY

=====

by Ted Tubb.

The doors hissed open. For a few seconds there was confusion as those within the carriage tried to get out, and those on the platform tried to get in. Fennal grunted as an elbow jammed into his ribs, with the skill of long practice he wriggled between a stout woman and her friends, bumped into a man reading an evening paper, tripped over an umbrella, slid into a vacant seat.

A woman glared at him, stonily he looked at her, reached for his cigarettes - and touched the briefcase. It rested beside him on the seat, an expensive looking case, rich leather shone with polish metal fittings gleamed in the light.

Fennal glanced at the people either side of him a girl deep in a paper backed novel, a matron busy with her knitting, neither of them appeared to be the owner of the case. For a moment he hesitated, then his arm slipped down hiding the briefcase from the casual view.

When the train halted he rose, smiled at the irate woman, dodged between closing doors, the case went with him.

Fennal wasn't really a criminal, he did not have the nerve to be, but he did not believe in wasting opportunities. Lost property, as the briefcase obviously was, was such an opportunity. Minor again, quickly and easily obtained, and without the slightest risk. He smiled.

Deliberately he waited before examining his find. If anyone had noticed him pick it up, followed him, he could always say he intended handing it in the next day. Once in the safety of his room however, impatience mastered him. Locking the door, he rested the bag on the table, pulled up a chair, and looked more closely at what he had.

A normal briefcase, two clips, a lock, a handle for carrying. The lock claimed immediate attention. It wasn't an ordinary lock, there was no keyhole, only a series of knurled rings. A combination lock. He grunted in disappointment.

To open the bag he would have to ruin it. He didn't want to, the bag would be far more valuable than the contents could possibly be, but there was no help for it. He consoled himself with the thought that a clever leather worker could sew on a new flap.

Fennal slid a sharp knife beneath the leather, and tried to cut around the lock. For some reason the knife wouldn't cut the material. Closer examination showed why, the case was not made of leather. Thinly coated by some form of plastic was a layer of fine metal mesh. It blunted the knife, but remained unmarked by it.

He frowned, while excitement mounted within him. The contents must be valuable indeed to warrant such protection. He had to open the bag?

The man on the floor below grunted as Fennal asked his request. "Tools? What 'd yer want tools for?"

patiently. "If you could lend me a hacksaw, file, something like that"

"Want any hold?" the man asked curiously.

"No thank you." Fennal smiled. "You know me. I live above you. I'll fetch them straight back."

"See that you do." grunted the man suspiciously, but he fetched the tools.

It was slow work, by wedging the flap open with a book he managed to get a steady surface, but even then it took over two hours and three fresh blades before he finally cut through the mesh. Arm muscles aching with the effort, he lit a cigarette and eagerly tipped out the contents.

Papers, Something that seemed to be a passport. A thin sheaf of brightly coloured slips of paper. A gayly printed booklet. A small flat box, Several books, Money. Lots of Money? Bundles of notes each with a fresh band. All brand new?

Fennal wiped sweat from his face with a trembling hand. Something seemed to grip at the bottom of his stomach. Suddenly he felt afraid. This was too big. No one would lose this amount of money and not try everything to get it back. He had an irrational desire to get rid of it.

Suspiciously he glanced at the door. It was locked, the key still in the keyhole. He forced himself to be calm. Getting rid of the case and contents would do no good. He had taken it. He might as well have the benefit of his theft. Idly he began to rifle through the rest of the contents.

The books were ordinary guide books. The small flat box was locked, he put it to one side with the money. The booklet seemed to be from a travel agency. The passport held his attention. Black, with gold lettering.

"Terrestrial Passport - Temporal Travel Division."

Fennal frowned and opened the cover. A photograph of a man in his mid thirties. Two whorls that looked like thumbprints. A signature. Dates.

Dates? "Issued in the year 3,546. Valid for ten years. Jarl Gedge Harsun. Born 3,390. White. 70 Kilos. Rocket pilot....."

Fennal stared in amazement. Mechanically one part of his mind began to do little sums. 3,390 from 3,546 left 156. One hundred and fifty six years old? His eye fell on the booklet.

"Vacations in time? Visit historical scenes of the past? Ten day tour 2,000 credits. All comfort. Local currency supplied?

The colourful slips of paper twinkled at him.

"Temporal travel agency. First class. Western Hemisphere shuttle. Mid-20th Century."

Someone rattled the door handle.

Fennal jerked to his feet, almost wild with terror. With desperate haste he swept the case and its scattered contents into .

a drawer. Picking up the tools he moved across to the door.

"Sorry" he called, twisting the key. I've just finished. Here are your tools".

The door swung open. The words died on his lips. Facing him stood two men. Both were dressed in dark suits. One looked like an official, the other seemed vaguely familiar.

Fennal began to sweat. "What do you want? Who are you?"

They ignored him. The official looking one, cocked his head, glanced at his wrist, nodded to the other.

"This is it Harsun"

Fennal gulped. He knew why the man looked so familiar. It was the man who's photograph appeared in the passport. The owner of the briefcase.

Casually they brushed him aside. Entered the room. Closed the door behind them.

"Where is it?"

"Where's what? What are you talking about?"

The official looked contemptuously at Fennal.

"The briefcase. Where is it?"

"I don't know what you are talking about" said Fennal sickly.

Harsun looked impatient. "Look" he snapped. "When I lost the case I went to a local branch of the agency. There is an electronic instrument printed on the inside of the case. It enables us to locate it wherever it may be. We know it's here. Where is it?"

The official looking man had rapidly glanced around the room. Now he jerked open the drawer, glanced inside, whistled.

"He opened it. That's bad"

"Give me a chance." whimpered Fennal. "I was curious I was going to hand it in tomorrow. I swear I was."

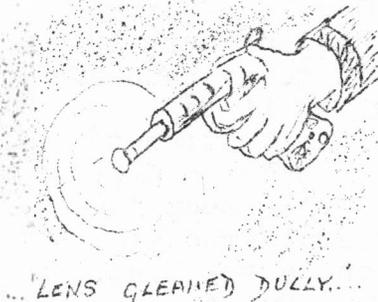
They ignored him. Harsun picked up the case, checked the contents, replaced them. Holding the bag beneath his arm he stared pityingly at Fennal.

"Must we?" he asked the official looking man. "Of course suppose he talks?" He unclipped what seemed to be a fountain pen from an inside pocket. Levelled it at Fennal. A lens gleamed dully. "He has no evidence." urged Harsun. "We were in time". The official frowned doubtfully. "It would save trouble." he agreed. "But you know the regulations. If he should talk.

Harsun caught his arm, pulled him towards the door.

"Who would believe him?" he smiled.

The door closed behind them.....



... LENS GLEAMED DULLY...

THE PLAYERS OF CRAVEN-

Reviewed by Walt Willis, fandom's leading expert and critic.

In this astounding tale of intergalactic intrigue the hero, FILBERT BOSSEYN, is employed to track down ELDRED PRANG, scientific wizard and inventor of the fission-powered WEAPON SHIPS OF OSHER, and leader of a secret conspiracy to overthrow the cold but beautiful EMPRESS ANAETHESIA of Venus. The secret of the fission drive is coveted by HERRIN THE RED, null-Marxist ruler of the Red Planet, and his ambiguous ally THE FELLOW TRAVELLOR, a mysterious entity who is invisible, intangible, and practically inaudible. They employ Bosseyn because he has several extrabrain, extratoes, extralivers and other extraorgans, and is in such a state of perpetual confusion that he doesn't know his extrabrain from his extraelbow and fails miserably in his quest. This is to Herrin's advantage, because when Prang overthrows Anaesthesia he captures her throne and hides it in the Castle of Crystal on Mars. However the throne is immediately stolen again by Prang, thereby proving that people who live in glass houses shouldn't stow thrones, and herefuses to return it to Anaesthesia unless she promises to marry him. Left without support, Anaesthesia falls back on Bosseyn and makes a deep impression on him as a cold stern woman who will stoop to do anything to secure her base ends. Having smothered his protests she sends him on a desperate mission to the House of Osher to capture some of the fission ships. Due to a semantic confussion, Bosseyn returns with a small parcel wrapped in greaseproof paper, and in a fit of petulance Anaesthesia sends him back to his own planet through a spacewoof. (This is much the same as a spacewarp, but it makes a better yarn.) Arriving on Earth, Bosseyn finds that misfortune continues to dog his footsteps. The spacewoof was actually a timewoof and he has been sent back to five different points in time. He discovers that he is really not only Herrin the Red, The Fellow Traveller, Eldred Prang and even Anaesthesia, but also the mastermind behind the cosmic chess game----PAVN W. CAMPBELL JR!



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JOURNALS 612.

 JOE BOWMAN.

Out On the desert sand he lies,
 Out on the lonely, crimson plain.
 Sleeping the great Eternal Sleep
 Free from the storm, the sleet and rain
 While high in the sky the stars gleam down,
 Majestic in their eternal span,
 With never the sound of beast or bird,
 And never the voice of man.
 High in the spangled purple sky,
 Shining, the planet that gave his birth.
 Lighting his pale and peaceful face
 That never again shall see the Earth.
 While all around him silence reigns
 Over the deserts liltng swell.
 As he sleeps the great Eternal Sleep
 Under the stars that he loved so well.

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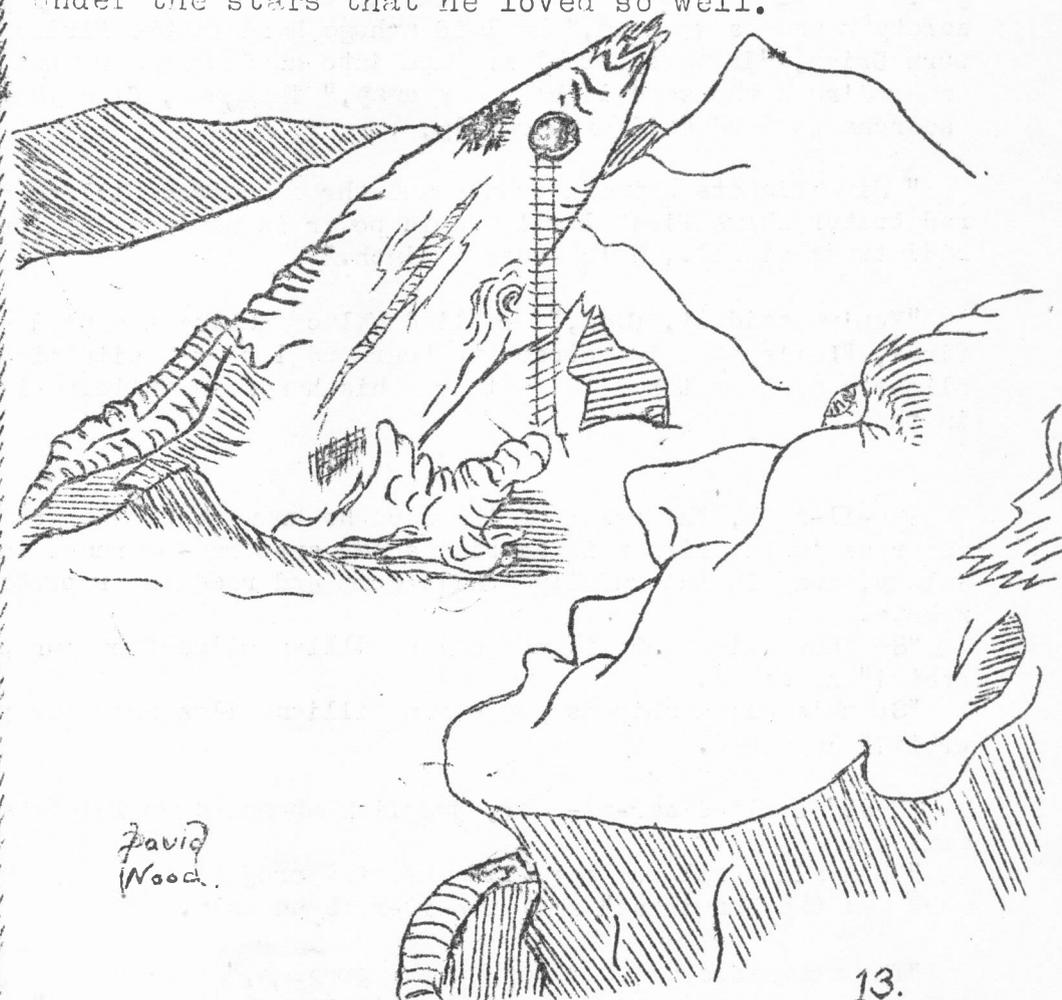
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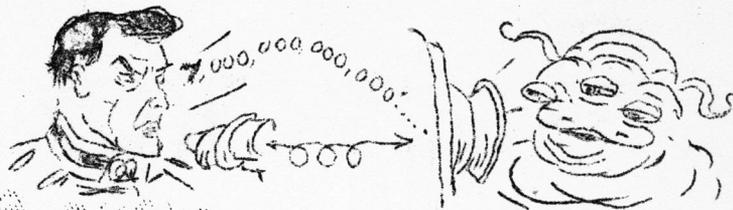
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 Price



David
 Wood.

ESTIMATE

By [Signature]



It is inevitable that due to the mind-shattering size of the Galaxy, many suns or, even groups of suns will establish space flight and yet not come in contact with the Empire of Man. Such a sun was Kerran, and it was unfortunate for the inhabitants of the planets that once circled Kerran that Man found them. Not that they would have come to any harm had they been contacted in the correct manner by the proper authorities...

Gregg Malace wanted money, large quantities of money, and he was prepared to break any number of laws to get it. The hard life of a space scavenger was beginning to pall on him, so he took six men and a Lilburn Drive ship and warped, almost before he had cleared Luna's orbit, to a sun that stellar Survey would not reach for another thousand years.

"There she is," Malace grinned, "ours for the taking. Imagine spending fifty years studying a race before daring to contact them - safety measures! here's all the safety measures we need," he laid a huge hand on the firing console of the Lilburn Drive, "If we can't bluff them into handing over what we want - click! and we're a thousand light years away," The mate, Clem Thornbury looked up from the searchscope and said exuberantly,

"Five planets between twenty and three hundred million miles out. The radetector shows first level atomic power is used on the fourth - no Lilburn type radiations at all. We're onto a cinch."

"You've said it, Clem," replied Malace making a mental note to get rid of Thornbury first, "Let's edge in closer to Four and look the situation over." His brow wrinkled slightly as he watched the mate rub his hands in anticipation of the money seen to rest in them.

The-il-reeb, the ruler of the race he knew to be the greatest and most numerous in the five neighbouring solar systems - perhaps in the whole Galaxy, hung in the ruddily sunlit dome and read the reports from the detector robots.

"So this alien ship is now seven million miles from our planet and in a closed orbit?" he asked.

"So this alien ship is now seven million miles from our planet and in a closed orbit?" he asked.

"Yes," replied sar-ul-neer, juggling up and down in his support brackets with anxiety.

"Then align all our satellite mounted projectors on it as soon as the computers work out the bearings," said the-il-reeb uneasily.

"The computers are already on the problem," answered the other, "and I hope to Quer they are finished before the alien opens fire on us." At this irreverent use of the mighty Quer's name The-il-reeb closed three of his eyes quickly, but mentally

conceded.

As soon as the translator had analysed and translated the Kerran language from their shortwave radio Malace went on the air.

"Hello, you of planet IV. This is Gregg Malace, official representative of the Empire of Man, which consists of over seven thousand solar systems. But do not fear, we only desire to promulgate honest trading and freindship between our planets and yours." The fact that he had begun his "honest trading" with what was probably one of the biggest lies ever told bothered him not at all.

"If you have any trade materials we will load our ship with them and return to our base where they can be...." Malace continued for some ten minutes more in the same vein.

The-il-reeb was beside himself in amazement at his luck, "Why are the fools broadcasting this meaningless non-sense instead of bombing us? How long until the computaters finish?"

"Ten minutes," replied Sar-ul-noer, "perhaps you should talk to them. Let them think we are taken in."

"Perhaps so. Make the necessary connections." He held the microphone in his work tentacle and listened as the voice of Gregg Malace issued from the speaker.

"We can see from our brief study of planets that you are but a small race, yet we of Earth do not wish to crush you." The-il-reeb omitted the equivalent of a snort- small race indeed!

"How many Earthmen are there on your ship and how many at your base?" he asked with an amused look in all his eyes.

"Seven in our ship, three billion around Sol, Four billions on various other planers. That does not include nearhumans." Malace chuckled deeply as he reeled off the figures making them sound impressive, because after all, his life depended on them.

"What us to stop us of Kerran from burning your ship out of existence?" the speaker said.

"Because," replied Malace succinctly, "our drive engines always emit a sub-ethreal energy pulse when they are destroyed and inside a few hours there would be enough Earth ships here xad to melt every planet in your system. Not that we want that to happen," he added hastily.

"That is our safeguard when we enter a new system. If any race destroyed our ship they would be committing suicide. No single race could stand up to the might of our Empire. You see that don't you?" Malace knew he was right. Absolutely. He flashed a confident grin at his men; soon they, or rather- he, would be rich because they were of course, absolutely untouchable. Two seconds later twelve converging rays of highly lethal energy vapourized him and his whole crew and ship. The sharp click of indicator needles fething up against their limiting pins foretold Malace of his fate half a second in advance. He had barely time to wonder why.....

That night there was atremendous feast among the members of the great and glorius Kerranite race- the whole ton of them! The-il-reeb leaned further out of his support brackets and waved his signal tentacle for silence at the table.

"Imagine them putting their whole race - just seven of them, onto a ship and trying to bluff us like that. As ifa any race could have more members than we ton! Three billions on Sol," he said,

"The-il-reeb gestured weakly, "They'd have been telling us next that they intended to colonise the whole Galaxy!" They all wrinkled up in paroxysms of mirth - it was really very funny.



By - Ken Potter.

Once again I will attempt to place my name amongst fandom's greatest columnists by entertaining you with my sparkling wit. Only, you can't be witty about nothing.

At the present, gentle reader, the future seems black. Sure, I had ideas for this column, but they have vanished into the forgotten past, and now my mind is a blank. It is not easy to write when one's mind is a blank, so if this column is not quite what you would expect from a master pen-weilder, bear with me till I manage to fill my mind again.

This, I assure you, will take a lot of doing, such a vast mind as mine often takes a steam shovel to fill it. Please do not mistake my meaning, I do not mean that steam shovels are my ruling passion in life, not at all, in fact I read fanzines because I like 'em, and not to take my mind off steam shovels. Anybody could write a column better than THIS. There are surely some interesting topics connected with S.F. about which I could ramble.

Ah! while I remember, Mike Crewdson might appreciate some publicity; he is a Junior Fanatic, who produces Britain's only handwritten fanzine, SOLAR. Since competition in the way of Stellar and Centurus has been removed Mike now has a clear path, and he is making good use of it. If you write to, 5 Stansey Avenue, Morecombe, Lancs., you will see SOLAR sometime. Ghu knows when.

THIS IS A PERI!!

How too too bad of me! I have referred above to SOLAR as the only one copy fanzine, which brings me to a very interesting point. There is, I hope, believe it or not, a 'zine in existence, handwritten, devoted to S.F. which is not put out by a fan. Is this a fanzine?

Maybe the ed. of "Space" would be angry if he knew that I was calling him a non-fan, but I doubt it. The amount of S.F. he has read is, three poor class British pocket books. He was induced to produce "Space" by Mike Crewdson to prove that he WAS a fan. I am not convinced. I don't have the first issue here right now, but mainly in order to fill space, I will review it from memory.

The cover, I remember, is by Mike Crewson. Mike is pretty keen, and becoming increasingly keener, but the plain unvarnished truth is that he is not artistically bent. If my artistic talents were raised to that of Ed Cartier, and his raised in proportion, he'd be around as good as I am now,



WHAT IS A PERI?---

... do ... review ... you could ...

Aw, do I hafta review it? If I could remember the editor's address I'd tell you and you could see for yourselves. But I CAN'T remember the editor's address - you lucky people.

Now let me be utterly and completely stonily serious for a moment. Elsewhere in this 'zine Eric Bentcliffe has presented a good case for the International Con. in Manchester with which I heartily concur. Yet it appears that we are doomed to travel to London again Next* year, as the motion to remove the Con. was defeated by an overwhelming majority at this year's Con. It is pretty obvious that this was unfair. Practically the entire fan population of London was at the Con., and Northerners were staggeringly outnumbered by Southerners. The people who would be benifited by a move North had no say. Surely, a postal vote would not be amiss?

I am not alone in this belief. If you won't listen to me, then Mike Rosenblum can convince you. A postal vote is the only fair way.

POSTAL SERVICES AND SCIENCE FICTION.

So far as I can see, the only reasonable argument against the foregoing is that it would unduly tax the strength of that truly public body of men, the Postmen.

Acti-Fans are invairiably prolific in their mail but who spares a thought for the poor servant of the public as he staggers, bent double, down the garden path?

Postmen are not automotors. Believe it or not, they think! And they talk. Their minds are often warped and bitter, the result of long years of carting fans letters, and as a result fans are regarded by them as cranks, idiots, and irksome raving lunaties.

It is not good, brothers to get on the wrong side of men in uniform. A uniform is the mark of authority, and if the postman says we're barmy, WE'RE BARMY!

The public can, and will, be turned dead against us by this means. I know it is impossible to cut down on your mail, so beware the revolution. We may as well enjoy the short time of happiness and freedom that will be allowed to us. Then Fandom will be banned.

The thought of fandom becoming a sort of Underground movement may be thrilling to some.

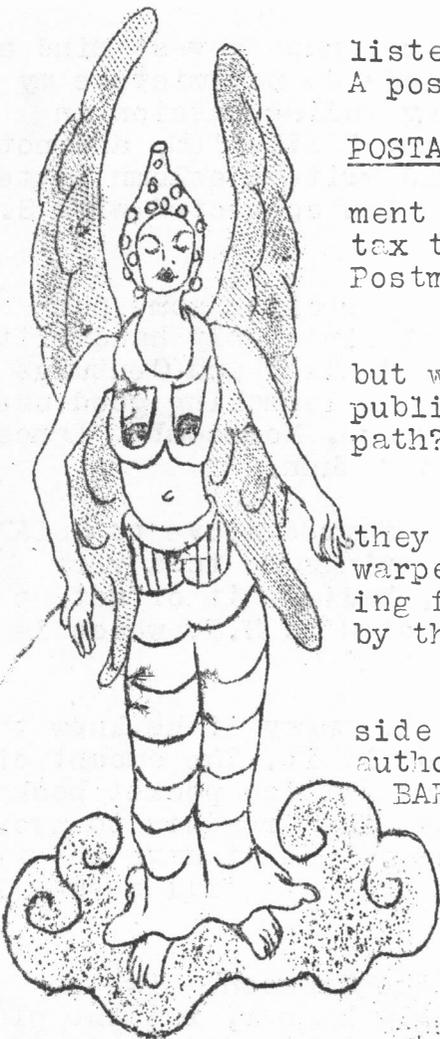
...A PERSIAN FAIRY.

- by Alan Hunter.

* This year!.....

18.

(cont on page 22)



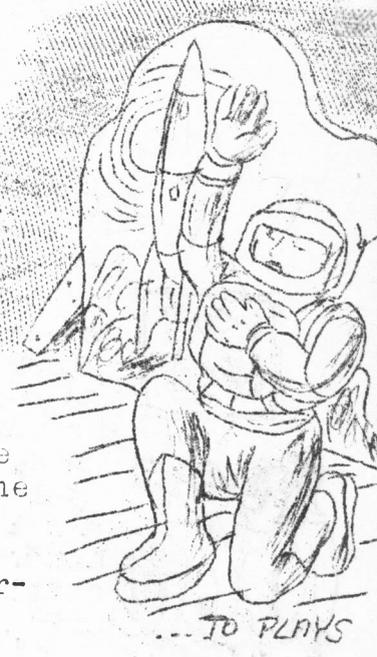
A MATTER OF CONVENTION

 ...E. BENCLIFFE

To folk attending their first Convention, this weekend in London was no doubt a joyous occasion; I too enjoyed the opportunities it gave of renewing old friendships and forming new ones BUT I must admit that the programme was very lacking in new ideas, not one item was there that was not used at the International Convention in '51. In fact several of the items which were well-received in the previous year were missed out of this years programme.

This I think is an additional argument for next years Convention to be held in a town other than London (*) or alternatively to be organized by a fresh committee who may bring fresh ideas to the fore. Surely London with the biggest fan population in the British Isles can think up in twelve months at least one new idea!

In criticism; I also think that if it is impossible to show a reasonably new or new to Britain, Fantasy film, this part of the programme should be given over to a play in the S.F. medium. After all "Metropolis", "The Man who worked Miracles", etcetera, are not now very good Science Fiction or "celluloid masterpieces".



... TO PLAYS

In conclusion I would like to thank the "London Circle", for a pleasant weekend but implore them to provide more entertainment at their next Convention.

(*) Oh well! too late (ed.)

Also Read -

NOW A SUPPLEMENTARY TO - *Pepi* - BUT THEY'VE GOT BIG IDEAS ABOUT -

Centaurs Published by:

- Dave Wood.

4. Coverdale Rd Lancaster Lancs.



Interstellar SPACE

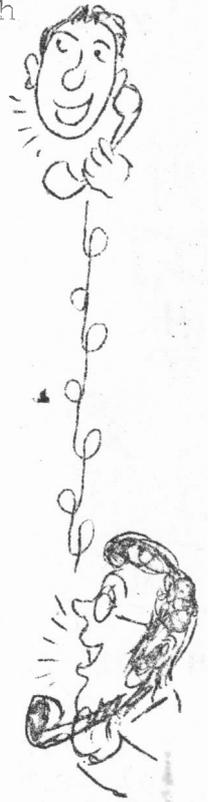
by T Jeeves.

How Conventions can muck up schedules, after recovering from the International in London, I thought that I was well in hand with my mail. Oh yeah? On casting a perfunctory butchers through a few old letters just now, I found a letter from Ken Potter reminding me that the deadline for my column was xxxxx. No, I'll not give away how long Peri has been in preparation, suffice to say that this column is due to arrive tomorrow. I've had to dig out the coggage basher, find a roll of paper (Hope no one goes therebefore the shops open) and I hav to rack my brains. Contrary to general opinion, I have some to back.

Now is the time to look at the Con in retrospect, for those who played hockey that day, I mean look back. I found my hotel without any effort; as soon as the Black Maria left I was conducted to a palatial one-room suite on the ground floor. In-
-c, bed lamp (and bed) and joy of joys, a telephone. I immediately planned morning tea, and lay in bed while ringing up one or two of the London bōds for a natter. It probably meant them getting up bleary eyed on Sunday morning and staggē cring to their phones, but what the hell. They should get up in the morning. Anyway that was my plan. After a slap-up feed, lunch to the mor gen-
-teel, I sallied forth, found the Con hall by circumnavigating a pseudo Bonestell executed by Ratican, failed to circumnavigate Chas Dricombe at the pay desk, where it was found that my 2/6 entry fee had not been entered (I wonder who pocketed it?) but Chas had only to look at my face to realise that I told the truth. Anyway after one look, he closed his eyes while I walked in. Scattered around were numerous displays of books, mags, artwork etc. I made a swift tour in search of a familiar face. Who should I meet but myself in a mirror. Then I ran into Mike Rosenblum, after I had apologised, we had a short natter and Mike asked me to visit him in Leeds. We agreed to meet later and have a natter, but for some reason we never did. Are you listening Mike? Then I ran into Colin Boll of Wombwell, complete



..a pseudo Bone-
-stell by Ratigun..



with poppy, for some reason, he never let me out of his sight. Some people dont trust anyone. After that I met our noble editors Ken and Dave, who kindly allowed me a few square inches off the edge of their table for the display of Slater's art cards. They even sold a set for me. The only set bought at the Con, wake up you clots, send your 2/6 to me P.D Q. Ten beautiful art cards, use them and astonish your freinds. People arrived thick and fast after that, Alan Hunter had a stall complete with pictures, calenders, and a smashing wife. Walt Willis suggested the slogan " Gay Parrot in 53" , for next years Con, and I still have the terrible feeling that due to several people speaking at once, I failed to catch a certain character's name on introduction, and made the horrible blunder of saying " I'm afraid I cant place the name" when I should really have asked for it to be repeated. I think it was of the Belfast contingent, though I'm not sure. Whoever it was , please accept my sincere apologies. I really didn't catch the name. Various events followed including a raffle to be forgotten auction by Ted Tubb. It was worth a guinea a box. Ted Arnoll introduced various celebrities one by one, cunningly ignoring me, right Arnoll, I'm going to buy every copy of New Worlds and then burn them so that no one else will buy it. That'll fix him.

After a full evening, full details of which are available elsewhere, I retired to my suite put in a call for early morning tea as part of my plan, and then went to sleep. Next morning, the tea arrived, I took a swig, lit a fag, and reached for the phone. Now to shake the London Circle one by one. Then DAMN it, I realised that I didnt know the telephone number of one of em, not a blinking one. I had to chew lumps out of the carpet instead.

Snuff about the Con, lets have some thing thing more worthy of my new bottle of vitriol pens for the use of) . (no day , some editor is going to put out a magazine that doesn't have even a teeny weeny little story about SECURITY, atoms, 4Rods, or barbarians....maybe.

You've all heard of how the epicentre ceiling fell on Vince Clarke, well I can now reveal that when Professor Caver discovered that anti-gra material Caverito, he accidentally stepped on a piece, and he fell on the ceiling. Could it be the case of "The Ceilings Revenge"? That title is copyright (or left) I'm not sure which it ought to be.

Anyway, as this is zero hour, I'll bung this off to K.P. (10 days) before he disinherits me.

Yours fanatically,
Terry

