

# LAMBERHO

JC







CAMBER is a Doddering Production edited,  
produced and directed by The Only True  
Dodd:-

Alan Dodd,  
77 Stanstead Rd.,  
Hoddesdon,  
Herts.,  
England.

CAMBER is produced with criminal irregul-  
-arity and sells for 1/- (15¢) a copy  
and is traded for all other fanzines.  
Letters of comment and contributions are  
elcomed from all sources.

"In Dodd We Trust". Robert Bloch,  
IMAGINATION, October 1958.

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Art Editors:- Terry Jeeves.  
Jim Cawthorne.  
Eddie Jones.  
Bill Harry.

"Dodd's Pills have been taken with  
good results for over fifty years".  
Dodd's Medicine Co. Hamburg.  
N.Y.U.S.A.

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CLAUDE RAYE HALL. Austin, TEXAS, U.S.A. Seems something arrived recently named CAMBER. Your Bardot does not look like the Bardot I'm familiar (not closely enough) with. For one thing, too many clothes. And then, it doesn't look like the doll anyway. As usual your cover was good, though I thought the interior art seemingly failing in some respects. All the material was superb or something, even up to and including the Sylvia Dees parody. To rate such an effort, the girl MUST be pretty. If I wasn't already a senior, I must just transfer down to Florida University.

((Er-I don't think that'd be too wise as installed in that very place are such stalwart fans as the editor of ProFANity who is not only built like Herman the German but has a collection of swords and knives. And even Metzger and I don't feel like fighting our way through that lot!))

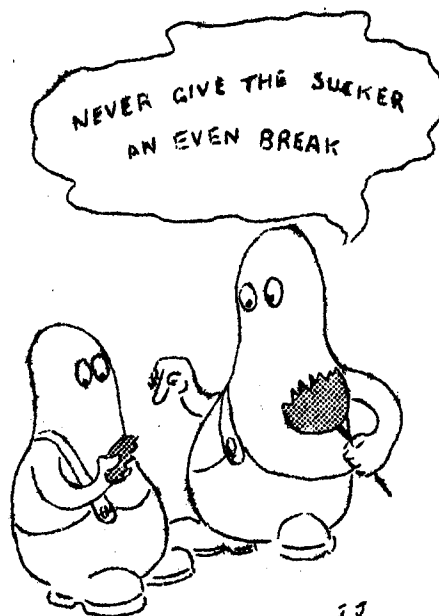
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 ....Every window in every Cadillac is safety plate glass.....  
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MERVYN D. BARRETT. Wellington C.4, New Zealand. The way that girl on the inside back cover of CAMBER is carrying those peculiar objects suggests to me that she is probably a lady plumber? Correct? I see that inside TAKE OFF there is a different woman wearing the same patterned cloth but with different headgear. A Master Lady Plumber perhaps?

((I couldn't really say - only Robert E. Gilbert who created them can tell you what the lady plumbers in his part of the world are like. Who knows?))

On page five of CAMBER you credit P.T. Barnum with saying, "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break". Did Barnum really say that? I mean everyone knows he said that, "There's one born every minute," but I hadn't heard that other line credited to him. Although I (sob) never saw the film I have been told that W.C.Fields used, "Never give a sucker an even break" as an exit line in a film that he made with Mae West entitled MY LITTLE CHICKADEE and I've always thought that he originated it or that it was written for him.

(( "Never give a sucker an even break" is I suspect lost in the origins of time. MY LITTLE CHICKADEE probably brought it further to the notice of people but I'm sure the saying was in existence long before Fields' great film. But who knows - where did this saying emanate? Does any reader know for sure?))

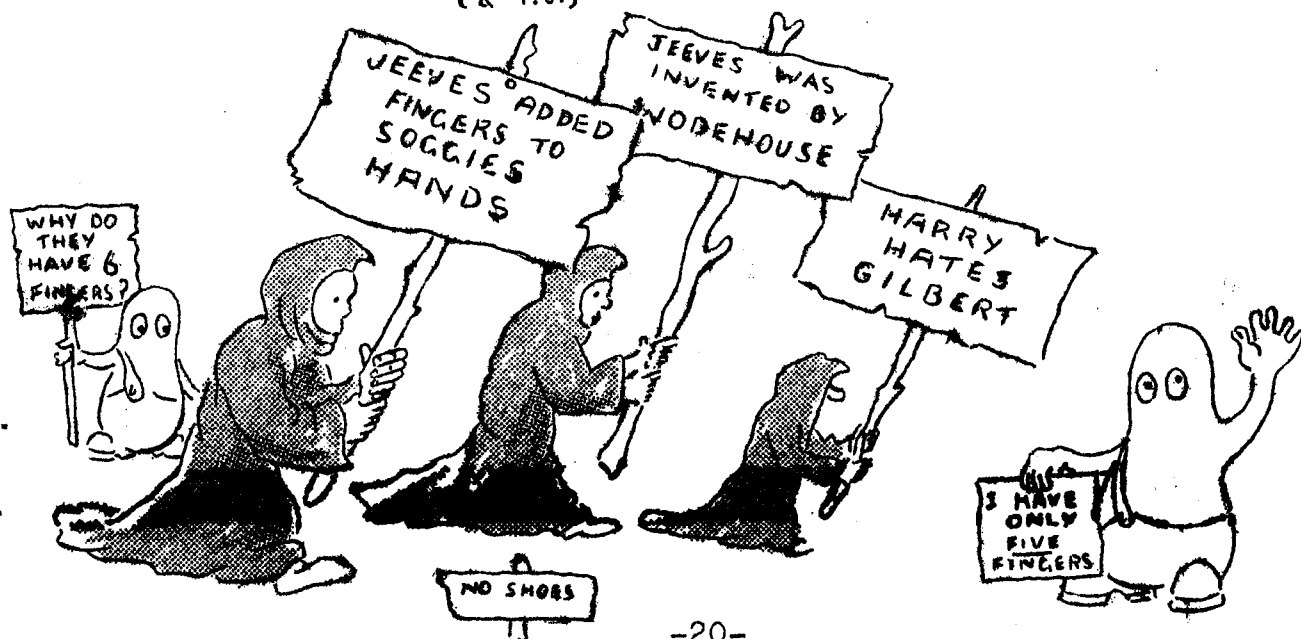


# TERRAGRAPH

BILL HARRY. Liverpool 8, Lancs. I don't know what's wrong with me. A thing I want to discuss first is my own work, as it seems to have sparked off a bit of misunderstanding or controversy. Incidentally, the babe on page two of the last issue isn't Bardot but a creation of my own, which makes a far better pencil drawing than a stencilled illo. The Bardot telepath is on page five. Actually I find hands no more difficult to draw than anything else, and have never purposely hidden them in a drawing because I thought I couldn't handle them. Perhaps I'm not much good at drawing hands, but then my weaknesses are many. I can't capture movement for instance, or draw feet to my liking, I can't turn out work that really satisfies me, but keep at it in the hope that someday I'll improve enough to get some ability to translate what I can picture in my mind onto paper.

(( On the subject of hands you may recall Jeeves' Soggies protested violently last time that Robert E. Gilbert had said that Soggies only had two fingers. After Jeeves' protest here is the answer of ROBERT E. GILBERT. Jonesboro, Tennessee, U.S.A.

( & T.S. )



The backbone of Paris fandom doesn't live in Paris. He hasn't been in Paris for years. He lives far away in Vesoul..Jean Linard and his wife Annie. Bulletins received from Vesoul,however, have a suspiciously Pataphysical ring to them. Suspicion is growing that Gene has gone over to the enemy. Our representative in England is Mike Moorcock, 19 Jubilee Court, London Road,Thornton Heath, Surrey, England. All funds and subscription money should be sent to him, if you wish to receive all the benefits of membership in the high-class sounding Science Fiction Club De Paris. This is so that you can proudly say, "I am a full member of the Science Fiction Club De Paris" but mainly because Mike just got fired from him job on"Tarzan Adventures" and needs the money badly.



For more information if you haven't had enough already, just drop a line to:-

Ray Nelson, 56 rue Rennequin, Paris 17<sup>e</sup>, France.

We shall be happy to see you if you come to Paris.

RAY & MICHEL.

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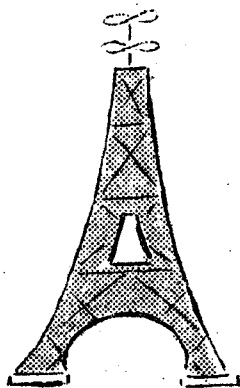
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re qu i e m -- f o r A t y P e w R i t e r

& by DON STUEFLOTEN.

One would suspect that writing comes in spurts and jumps and cataracts. It also comes,further, before and after long thick periods of silence when the nimbleness of word and letter and sentence and character find themselves scattered in conveyors rapidly conveying away from me with black oily dust clouds grimacingly following in their wake; while yet I sit here and pout and mutter with my fingers upon this typewriter. My typewriter - you are at fault. You are always too ready and too complacent and never quite sharing in my zeal and fury and storming attacks on your placidness never wake in you the proper resounding quickness; you will always continue in your cold blooded way getting your dirty keys stuck clumsily above the carriage or at the improper time choose to foul my fingers. You,dear scape goat, are the fault of everything. I should hasten your death. I should take you in my strong hands and arms and walk you down the river, and into it - splash - you would go. Into it splash. Little gleaming valleys and circular ridges splay out into the water to mark your grave. Even the marker soon dies. Fading. And then you are gone into silence where rust will take your keys, your letters, and tighten them and corrupt them and deafen them. Sightless you will lie there. Your proud noble carriage will cease entirely its haughty motion. Splash and you are gone. Sigh. Sigh. Sigh. What will I do then? \*\*\*\*\*the end\*\*\*\*\* -19-



# *le science fiction club de Paris*

Par Ray Nelson (Le fugitive  
de Chicago) et Michel Boulet.

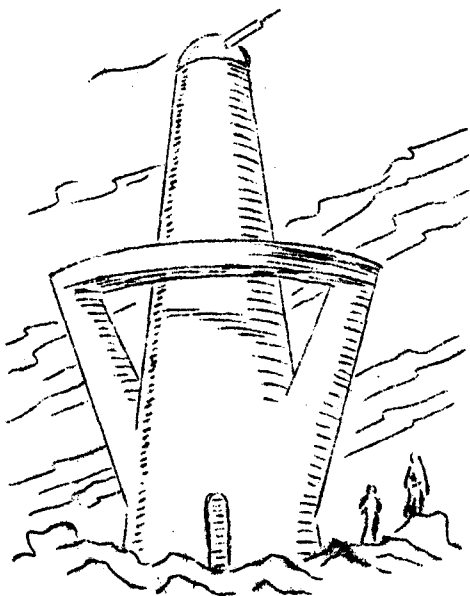
There are two science fiction clubs in Paris. The first is the filthy pro science fiction club that hangs out at L'Atome, 37 Rue De Seine, Paris 6. This group has not meeting exactly. They just sit around in afternoons and try to sell each other prozines containing their latest works. The other is the truefan Science Fiction Club De Paris. They have meetings once a week in theory but mainly they sit around in afternoons at Ray Nelson's place and try to sell each other fanzines containing each other's work..

Michel Boulet has been elected President of the latter club, mostly by default. While it is true that nobody voted for him, it is equally true that nobody voted against him. Ray is the secretary. He has recently been appointed to the post by the President. That is to say, he was just appointed to this post five minutes ago, so that he would have the draggy job of writing this article.

Thus far the SF club de Paris has published one fanzine which was immediately confiscated by the French Post Office Dept. who thought fandom was a code name for an underground revolution-ary movement, and to this day are convinced that BNF refers to DeGaulle. We have also put up for the night, or even for the week, visiting fans such as Mike Moorcock from London, Niels Augustin from Holland, and a number of Americans, as well as entertaining other visiting fan types like Pierre Versins of Switzerland and Jaques Bergier, an ex-secret agent (during War II). It's still a matter of speculation just what he is up to. He was seen just the other day in Le Minotaure, the College of Pataphysic, an in-stitution dedicated to the subversion of, not only the state, but the sanity of the human mind. He tried to appear casual, as if he had just happened in off the street... like a tourist, perhaps, but we are not so easily fooled.

(I only mention it here. It doesn't necessarily mean anything, but L'Atome, that hangout of filthy pros, is only about a block away from Le Minotaure.)

The SFC de P is looking for fans from every country. So far the membership is about equally divided between France, America and Norway. No accurate count is being kept of the membership, unfortunately, but we are in hopes of holding a convention real soon.



In as much as John is a man of words rather than action, so is the book a story of ideas rather than movement. This is not necessarily a fault.

Cynthia, the alien schoolteacher, brings a note of reality into the book where the reader's belief begins to flag slightly. The first tendency is to dismiss the presence of this young lady as a sex angle which might help sell the book. Without doubt this approach does exist, but Mr. Oliver's treatment of this sub-theme is perhaps the best thing about the book, for Cynthia's presence is explained towards the end of the story from an anthropological and most logical position.

Alien farmer Melvin Thorne is the middle-man between Ellery and alien John and can be dismissed as such. Ellery's girl friend from Austin, Anne, comes into the tale toward the end and proves to be artif-

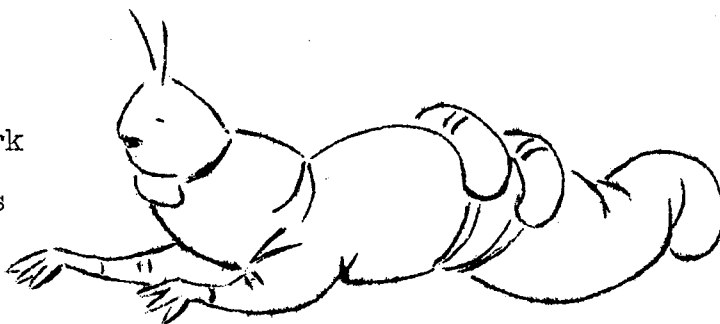
-icially insipid.

In summing up, I'd say that this novel is interesting, thought provoking in parts and occasionally even intentionally humorous. The actual plot can't be discussed in detail, as each following situation and "problem" depends on the one solved in the previous chapter. The progression of thought throughout the book is very logical and is well presented. The anthropological "turn-about" idea is that of which the novel is the vehicle. One should not look to the characters and indeed the plot as more than that. The idea is the thing. In SHADOWS IN THE SUN that idea is enough to carry the book. It's an entertaining vehicle and is such is recommended.

\*\*\*\*\* The End \*\*\*\*\*

#### MICROREVIEW:

SIX INCHES TALL shows what happens when you start to work for lonely doll makers. You get shrunk down to six inches and stuffed in a bottle with suspended animation only to come out when the master fells bored. Mailmen, callers secretaries, delivery men, door to door salesmen. Ya get shrunk. So watch out...



in anthropology. And in SHADOWS IN THE SUN, the hero is Paul Ellery, an anthropologist who is studying various cultures and who stumbles across a situation which puzzles him.

The town of Jefferson Springs, Texas, population 6,000 is superficially typical of its kind. Ellery, however, notices that there are various inconsistencies. He investigates and discovers that during the previous fifteen years the entire population has come to life in the town.

At this point it is safe to assume that without help from the author, Ellery might merely have gone on investigating and increasing his suspicions; there is no factual-in the book-background to affirm these suspicions; However Ellery first sees the arrival of a flying saucer at a farm, and then is taken to that saucer. His contact with the aliens in the saucer is all very above board, friendly and buddy-buddy.

He is told the *raison d'être* for Jefferson Springs and is offered the chance of joining the aliens. He can even take a course of indoctrination whereby he can become an alien. He is given a time-limit to decide and meanwhile takes up residence with school teacher Cynthia.

Ellery's character is reasonably well drawn and once the reader has put aside the probability of his having taken the obvious course at the beginning of the book of running away from Jefferson Springs to rejoin his girl in nearby Austin, his actions are less artificial and more real. He acts under the stresses and strains of the overpowering community around him as might we all. He is frightened enough to 'want out' but curious enough to stay and learn more. He has to stay, of course; there would be no story if he left.

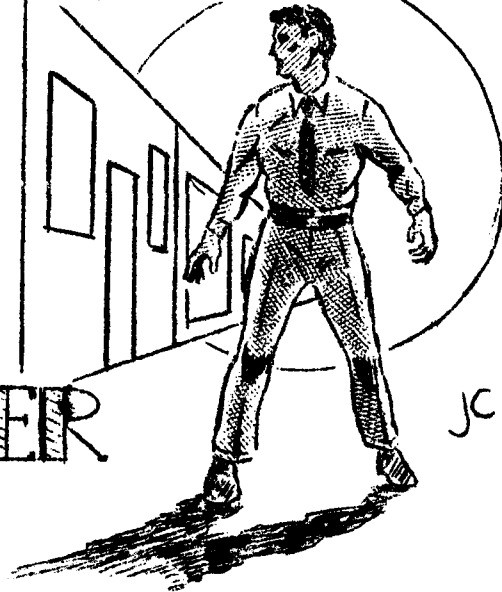
John, the alien who flits in and out of the story whenever Ellery wants an explanation to the latest problem he has set himself, is perhaps the best characterised personality in the book, being in reality an extension of the author's ego. He is the mouthpiece for Chad Oliver's views on aboriginal cultures and to him Ellery is but a stooge, the classical conception of the confident if you like.





# SHADOWS IN THE SUN

BY CHAD OLIVER



Reviewed by JACK WILLIAMS.

Science fiction usually depends on the incredible and there are some enthusiasts who believe that the more gimmicks an author can produce in the course of a story then the better that story. Superficially, this is a generalisation which is as faulty as most, but it should be realised that a science fiction novel length story which depends on a single gimmick is rare; it must be difficult to write a book around an idea which a Van Vogt would mention merely as a "throwout" reference. It is more usual to provide an orgy of fantastic brilliance, a galaxy of ideas.

I'm prejudiced. To me, a book which has to depend on gimmick after gimmick is too artificial to produce credulity. If you feel the same as I do, you'll probably enjoy Chad Oliver's SHADOWS IN THE SUN. This isn't a classic in any accepted sense of the word, in or out of SF circles, but there are a couple of well drawn characters in a picture which Mr Oliver paints as believable within the limits of the book, and the pace of the story, whilst not being that of an "action-packed thriller", rarely flags.

Those who have read Chad Oliver's collection of short stories, ANOTHER KIND (Reviewed in CAMBER 8) will know of the author's interest



The music becomes erotic, eerie and vibrates down to a diabolically descending octave everytime Dracula himself appears. A black befeathered hearse rattles across the drawbridge to transport Dracula in his bed of earth coffin to safety in an undertakers. Horses race vainly through the night against time as the victim's friend hurtles towards the castle after the evil Count has been forced to return there with his latest victim. Unlike the original Count Dracula he cannot turn into a bat at will and therefore is somewhat more earthbound even during the night hours. His latest female victim is still alive although he has tried to bury her alive in the castle grounds. The vampire Harker has become dead with a stake through it, the other girl rests with the crucifix.



Only Dracula remains.

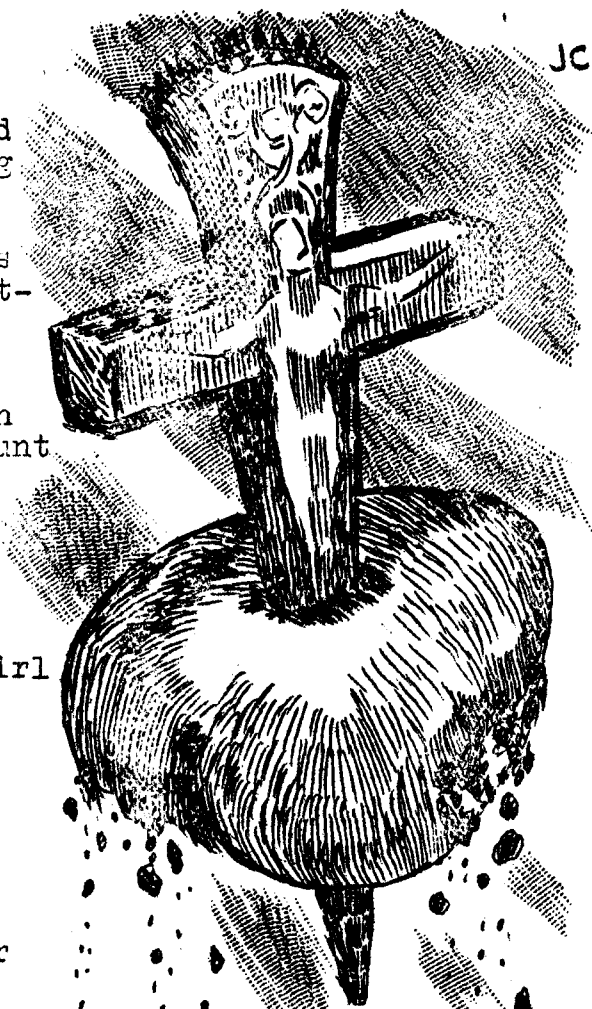
Six feet four inches of black malevolent terror skulking in the murky catacombs of his castle - an admirable performance from Christopher Lee as the Count eclipsing even Bela Lugosi who never had colour to work with and by far surpassing his previous miscasting as the Frankenstein monster in the original horror film produced by this company. Pursued by the professor he fights savagely - but Dracula has left it too late. The sun is up.

Sinking under a shaft of fatal sunshine and the power of crossed silver candlesticks - Dracula begins to die. His shoe turns to glue as though dipped in acid - and separates reluctantly from his trousered leg. His hand turns gloved. Then grey. Then ash. The face crumbles into the shape of a powdered grey cat and the light goes out behind the orange eyes and suddenly----

Suddenly Dracula is nothing but a handful of dust, a glinting signet ring, a shovelful of old empty clothes scattered on the floor and a cobwebby hank of six hundred year old hair shifting across the marble floor in the dawn breeze.

I found the new DRACULA the most compelling horror film I have seen in over ten years of viewing. And whatever title it has in your country HORROR OF DRACULA, BLOOD OF DRACULA or just DRACULA you must not miss it.

\*\*\* The End \*\*\*



and filled with Grand Guignol thrills for it is not a place that looks lived in. Castle Dracula looks died in.

Grisly wolf howls reverberate through the closed windows, candles gutter while smouldering logs cast their eerie light over baroque four poster beds and the red velvet curtains falling from ancient ceilings lost in shadow. Through the echoing, flagged corridors only the saturnine and malignant Count, whose silhouette fits most effectively into the obscurity of the night, seems at home.

In the day he lies in an open coffin in his castle vaults. At night he rises, wraps his black cloak around him and goes forth to search for lovely young women into whose neck he sinks his wolf like fangs and withdraws their blood to maintain the immortality that has kept him alive for six hundred years. This action converts the flesh of the owner into Dracula's own devilish creed.

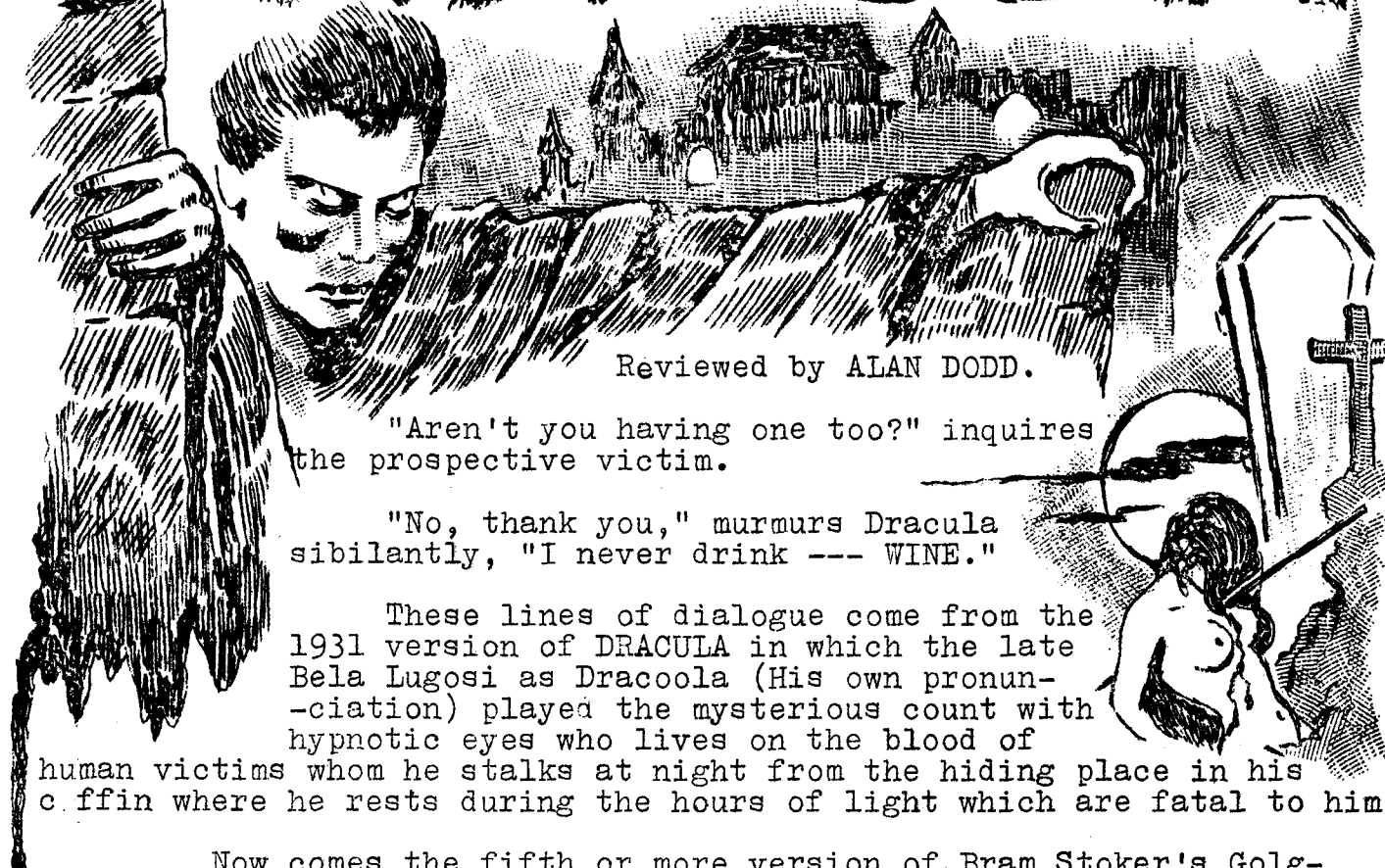
A terrified girl in a nightgown pleads with Harker to help her escape from the clutches of the evil Dracula. But the moment he puts a comforting arm around her she opens her mouth to reveal two white fangs which she plunges with a shriek of delight into his throat. Sealed with the puncture holes of doom Harker finds his way eventually to the stone chambers underneath the castle wherein Dracula lays in open splendour, the girl in another nearby lidless coffin. With wooden stake in hand he selects a spot and in a frenzied moment the chamber echoes to the sickening "twack" as iron hammer connects with oaken peg which he hammers through her heart with further rapid blows. In the American and Japanese versions of this film the blood actually gushes forth on contact with the peg but the scene is missing from the English version. Harker looks down. And the once voluptuous woman has suddenly become an old hag of incredible age with a bloodstained stake through her heart.



But the shadows have crept in. Night is upon Harker. Dracula's coffin is empty. The puncture marks are on his throat. And Dracula soon has another disciple placed in his open tomb of worship.

But Harker's professor friend is investigating too when his disappearance is reported and soon there are more victims added to Dracula's list. Creatures whom the yellow garlic flowers can only protect in the preliminary stages and when once they have succumbed can only be stopped by the silver crucifix which burns their flesh. Blood dribbles down their fangs like soup from a glutton's lip: each time their appetite is satisfied and only the silver molten crucifix can destroy them.

# THE NEW DRACULA



Reviewed by ALAN DODD.

"Aren't you having one too?" inquires the prospective victim.

"No, thank you," murmurs Dracula sibilantly, "I never drink --- WINE."

These lines of dialogue come from the 1931 version of DRACULA in which the late Bela Lugosi as Dracoola (His own pronunciation) played the mysterious count with hypnotic eyes who lives on the blood of human victims whom he stalks at night from the hiding place in his coffin where he rests during the hours of light which are fatal to him.

Now comes the fifth or more version of Bram Stoker's Gothic masterpiece in comparison with which the macabre exercises of Baron Frankenstein compare to Count Dracula as Little Bo-Peep does to Attila the Hun. Letters in blood dripping scarlet proclaim the titles and cast as James Bernard's chilling music rises to horrifying crescendo as the camera sweeps up to a menacingly grey gargoyle in the form of a griffin - Dracula's hallmark. It is a remarkably effective opening to the story.

Jonathan Harker an investigator, arrives at Castle Dracula with the foolish intention of thinking that he can exterminate the vampire's evil under the pretext of cataloguing his books. The exterior of the castle though looks too much like a studio mock-up of painted skylcloth, artificial waterstream that spays too fast to be true, and phony trees. The interior is far more sepulchral



"I have heard," Sakadrooma began, "all about what happen last night. It is disgusting and not honorable of you, so you will pay. Yes, you will pay dearly for daring to commit such a sacrilege. This not the first time, and as last time, when the guilty ones could not be found, you will all suffer. You will, everyone of you, pay the penalty for daring to do such a thing...." Still Sakadrooma raged on about what hardships and suffering he would fling upon them, what would happen if such an atrocity were to happen again. And he made it perfectly clear that he was not, in fact, joking.

"Orders I have recieved," he continued, "from the Imperial Emporer concerning a new task which you are to be assigned to. For the next week every one of you evil swine will be out working day and night in the pleasant jungle which surrounds this camp. You will march, and work, no stop until the assignment is complete. you will eat as you work, no rest will be permitted, if you fall to the ground then you can only do so if you are dead and even then you will suffer for being so insolent as to do such a thing while working for his Imperial Emporer."

"And so it came about that work, if it could be called work, more rather hell, began on the latest Pinky task. First a party of men, under brutal Pinky escort, set out into the jungle for a destination unknown. Then further parties of men, also under escort, left the camp dragging behind them huge cartloads containing boxes of unknown content. Night and day they struggled through the hot stinking jungle while on numerous occasions the wheels of the carts would sink into the oozing jungle floor causing them to capsize and spill the load into the undergrowth.

Numerous ideas were put forth as to where they were headed and what was in the boxes they were carrying but it was not until the fourth day of travel that they got anywhere near the truth. It was on this day that the Pinkies suddenly called the line to halt and gave orders that they were to make camp for the night. On the morning of the fifth day the first party of men who had left the prison camp appeared on the scene and whatever task they had been doing it had certainly taken all signs of life out of them but a mission to communicate with them proved unsuccessful.

Then in the quietness of the jungle night came the sound of a man's body slithering through the undergrowth... "Not a lousy guard saw me, I got right up to where they are camping on the edge of the river. It's about three miles from here. The Pinkies have got quite a large base set up there." It was Lt. Merry who was doing the talking to an eager group of listening men. "Anyway after scouting around I managed to find out what this is all about and believe me it's pretty fantastic. I sorted out the boys of the carts that left today and they gave me most of the information. As I said there is a river about three miles away and these boxes on the carts and full, of all bloody things, full of onions!"

"Onions!" the others hissed in amazement.

"That's what I said. Onions. You see we are going to fill the river with onions so as to make The Bridge Over the River Kwai...."

\*\*\*\*\*11\*\*\*\*\*

Now all was quiet but for the customary night noises of the jungle. Side by side the two men slithered across the open ground away from the hut and out towards the wire. Neither man spoke for they each knew from previous planning which direction to crawl in, what part of the fence they were making for and what to do when they got there. The two men hugged the ground, daring not to breathe as a patrolling Pinky guard came nearer and nearer and then, as suddenly as he had appeared, he was gone. Swallowed up in the darkness of the night.

At last they reached the wire fence that circled the compound and Reeves reached into his tunic and brought out a pair of wire cutters. Minutes passed, then a hole large enough for a man to crawl through was made and through it went Bentsniff. Behind him, Reeves pushed the bulky package which they had dragged with them through the hole.

"Good luck, old man," whispered Reeves as Bentsiff dashed off along the road and into the night. After running silently but swiftly for a few hundred yards he came upon his objective. Trembling and panting with the sudden burst of energy he placed the package on the ground and, with shaking sweaty hands, he opened it up.

Success was theirs. After months of careful planning and waiting here now he was about to complete the final phase. With one quick glance about him he gathered up the copies of the new fanzine and promptly posted them in the letterbox.

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The next day the news of the previous night's success had travelled the camp grapevine and as the men lined up in the compound for the roll call there was a hum of excitement in the air. A feeling of tense expectancy. The news of the cut wire and of the successful mission had, without doubt, reached the ears of Commandant Sakadrooma. Such a thing to happen on the eve of his new commission had put him into a raging violent mood and he was bent on making the prisoners suffer for the sacrilegious plan. So it was, in this sadistic mood, that he stormed onto the parade ground and up the steps to the dias. A quietness settled over the compound.



The staccato chatter of the machine gun echoed across the compound and the Pinky officer cried out with delight as the Commandant fell when the gunfire ripped apart his body.

"Goodee goodee, hah now me am Commandant. Back to work slobs."

Captain J.F.Andrews, rheumatic, shrugged his shoulders and went back to digging his mud bath.

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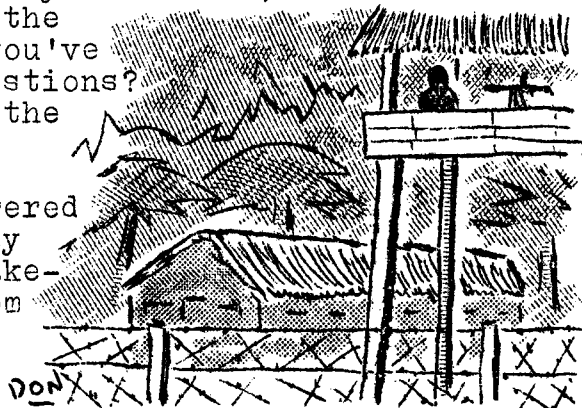
That night when the new Pinky Commandant was celebrating his new self-appointed position by bathing in Yaki and eagerly watching the gyrations of the specially imported harem girl, a group of prisoners were gathered together in secret conference.

"See we've got ourselves a new boss then," said Flying Officer R.M.Dennett, the Prisoners' Education Officer, as he carefully trimmed the ends of his moustache.

"Looks that way an all," agreed Lt. J.Merry, Security Officer, "An' I don't know if I'm a bit pleased about it. Begorra, all these Pinkies are the same, a set of twits if I saw any and our new Commandant is no exception. Why I'll even bet me best pair of patrol boots he's worse than the others!"

"He may be at that, John, but we're not gathered here tonight to talk about our new boss." Colonel P.Beanie, Officer-In-Command of Prisoners, interrupted, to which the others, huddled together in the darkness of the hut, murmured in agreement. "No, tonight's the night," he continued, "when Reeves and Bentsniff make the bid. We must succeed this time. Now, before we say anymore, let us check the details. This is the perfect opportunity we've been waiting for and we cannot afford any slips ups. Our new Commandant by now will be blotto, the guards are taking advantage of this fact too and won't be so alert. Also it is a moonless night. Perfect conditions in fact to get away. Right, Reeves and Bentsniff." The two potential escapees murmured, "Sir," in acknowledgement, someone belched and another cursed as he brushed away the ants that were crawling up his leg. Colonel Beanie too, took the opportunity to scratch before he continued. "Well, we're all depending upon you two now, we've all done our parts in this, but you have to fulfil the last, final and most important phase. So you've just got to get through that wire. Any questions? No, good, right then chaps away you go and the best of luck."

Reeves and Bentsniff slowly lowered themselves out of the hut window after they had received the pats-on-the-back, the shake-of-the-hand and the words of good luck from their mates.



# THE TRAMP ON MUD ISLAND

Don.

by Don Allen.

Captain J.F. Andrews cursed out loudly as he pushed the inadequate shovel into the slimy mud for what must have been the hundredth time. It was slow going, but then he was in no hurry. He had lost complete track of time. All he knew was that he had been digging for a hell of a long time and that he did not seem to be making an progress. No sooner did the hole appear to take on some depth then it would fill up again with horribly stinking muddy water. The shovel came out of the slime with a loud slapping noise and the evil smelling mud oozed back into the hole it had made. With a look of disgust, Captain J.F. Andrews threw the shovel into the air and then flung himself full length into the slime filled hole.

"Capeetan no play at splashee," cried the Pinky officer standing by the machine gun party a few yards away. "You dig deeper, hully hully, not much time left." He waddled the distance, in typical Pinky fashion, between the machine gun and the hole and prodded the muddy blob of a captain with his stick.

"Go get notted!" was the only acknowledgement Captain J.F. Andrews gave as he heaved himself out of the slops.

"No nots, you dig deeper, no, wait. Ah, the Commandant is ready. I see him on veranda of hut, yes, he give signal to commence. You no dig now, you prepare, lookee your friends watch from behind wire. Ah, much fun."

But the captain did not hear a word of the Pinky's blabber-ings as he stood deep in the watery hole while his thoughts travel-  
-led back in a race to recall happy memories. A limp, ragged and dirty, degraded figure of a man he was. He did not even hear the Pinky officer's words of command as he gave instructions to the firing party and then called out the final order.

"Ung - toor - trae, uly oun QWAAYAAAAA!!!"



Comes the revolution! Fandom arise?  
Er - FANDOM ARISE! Throw down these BNF's  
who have held us to our conforming ways.  
Onward, let us proclaim the new era in fan-  
dom. Out with these leaders. A new crop of  
fanzines should arise; nay, must arise, and  
show the way. We march!



Now there will probably be confusion  
and distrust in the initial phases of this new movement, so we shall  
need a leader. Someone who can guide the masses, and indicate the  
path to non-conformity.

I might ...er, ah...well, I could....Or maybe I should....

Oh, the hell with it! Gon on, and conform; be part of Mass-  
Fan, and see if I care.

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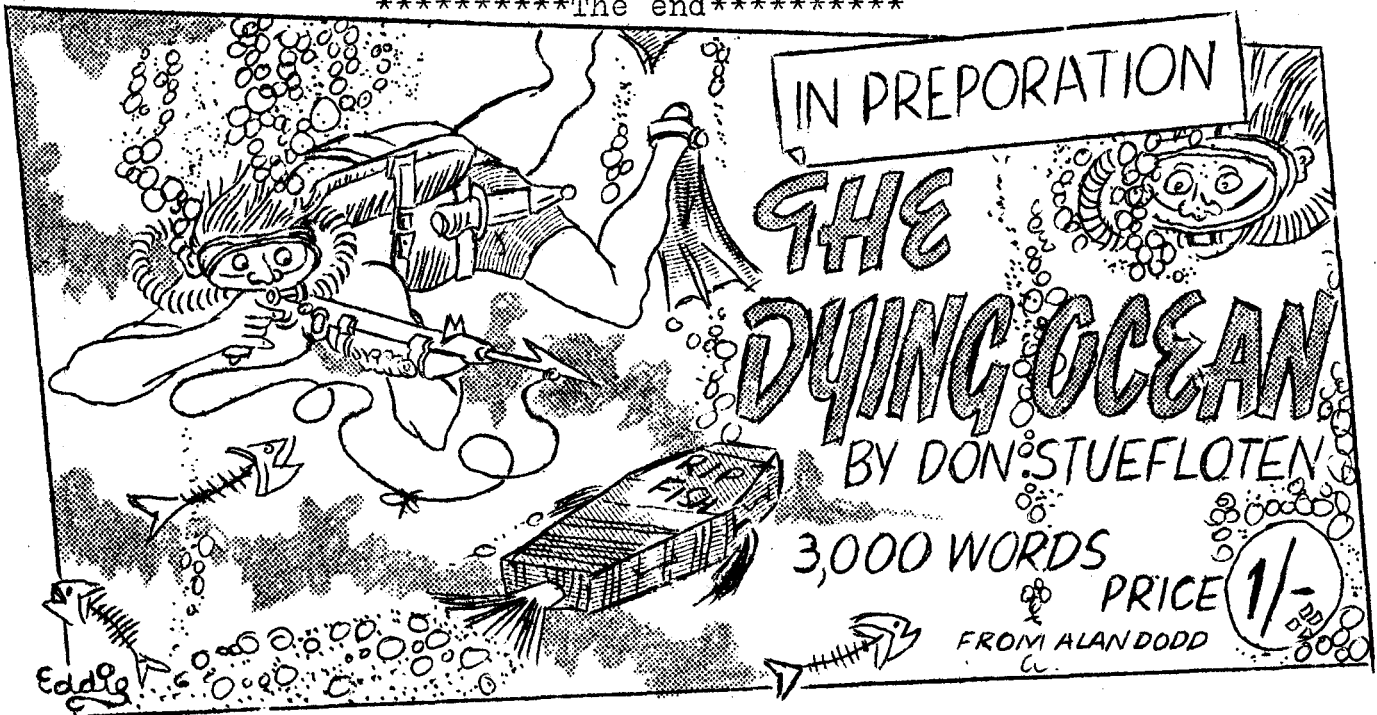
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EDITOR'S NOTE: We will now end this sterling campaign. message  
with the Mass Fan Anthem, sung of course to the melody known as  
either "Glory, Allelujah" "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" or "We'll  
Hang Jeff Davis From a Sour Apple Tree". (Depending on which side  
you were):-

"John G. Trimble Lies a mouldering in the grave,  
John G. Trimble lies a mouldering in the grave,  
John G. Trimble lies a mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching ON....."

\*\*\*\*\*The end\*\*\*\*\*





And then there are the conventions. Announce a convention, and everyone goes. Fans hitch-hike from all over the country just to attend these conventions. Why, I ask? Just to be like everyone else; drinking, fanning, staying up all week, and just having fun, in general. All mass functions. We've got to regain our individuality. All convention going must stop. This whole idea is a menace to fandom; it creates Mass-Fan, a dangerous entity, and something to be fought against.

And what about the average thoughts of modern fans? Why, we are all in a rut. All anyone can think of are mundane things like Towers to the Moon of Bheercans, and like that. Why, I ask, should we hold ourselves to things like this. Let's return to the ways of superior thinking of our forefen. There are things which need our kind of superior thinking; there are daring things, like rockets, and space travel, and mystical things like Modern Politics, and money, and intriguing things like the National Review, or SatEvePost, or Reader's Digest. All these things important to think superiorly about.

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What can be done about all this? I say we must return to the way of previous fandoms. The days when science fiction was lost in the discussion and commentary of finer things, or items of greater interest. That time of yesteryear when the propellor beanie (A great mass making gizmo) had yet to be born, and conventions were once a year (if that) phenomenon. Those days of yore when fans were isolated and couldn't spread this deadly "sameness" over the face of fandom.

And how do we gain again this golden age? We must turn to the organisations of fandom, to the fanclubs, and national societies. The N3F is unsullied by all this conformity, and is as dynamic and progressive as ever, and... Well, there's...

No! This must be a grass-roots movement. It must be in the heart of every fan to turn back the clock. To retain the magnificence and Sense of Wonder of those fabulous, fannish foregone fortnights. We must begin anew to indulge in individuality, and broad-mindedness. A new movement must come forth. The days of BNF's and Leaders must come to an end. The fannish proletariat must come to the fore. The Group must end.



# AN ESSAY ON 'MASS-FAN'

or "Togetherness in Fandom". by JOHN G.  
TRIMBLE.

Possibly you've noticed recently as I have, the dozens of letters in all the fanzines protesting the fannish trend toward conformity. Possibly you, too, have been impressed with the thought that fandom might be loosing that sense of individuality, superior thinking, and broad mental horizon-ness that have always played a formost part in fanning. Let's examine this cry of the multitudes and determine what, if any, basis this great protest has.

Well, what about it? Has "togetherness" invaded fandom? Has mass-man become Mass-Fan? Is Fanac fandom's back-fence? How'd that last one get there? Will Bloch be pickled for posterity? All these are vital questions, and all shall be probed deeply in this searching article written by one of today's most egotistical fans.... No, the blurb's already been written, hasn't it?

Before you stop reading right here, and go off muttering something about "drunk fan", or "nut", or something equally derogatory, examine you soul and determine if you're free of karma. As I thot. Now let's peer at the modern fannish scene, shall we?

Look at the fanzines, if you will. What do you read in almost every one? SCIENCE FICTION! Nothing but stf all the way. A mass tendency. This has got to stop. We've got to regain those broad mental horizons that typified earlier fandoms, we've got to begin discussing things like jazz, and sports cars, and folk music, and all those things that have been ignored in our preoccupation with nothing but science fiction. Look beyond this limiting thing, into player pianos and liquor, and sex, and things like that.



PEARSON  
-58



Those of you who have already seen the Japanese prisoner of war film THE CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND will appreciate just how funny and how accurate is Don Allen's satire on the film in this issue, but for the benefit of those who have not seen it a little background might help. The opening sequence is set outside the main compound where the prisoners are watching one man, an escapee, digging his own grave. The Commandant watches from the verandah of his house and when the signal is given the prisoner is machine gunned backward into the grave he has dug, proving as G.M.Carr once so rightly pointed out, that the Japanese are indeed the most civilised race on this planet.

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THE BATTLE OF THE V1 is one of those films that has an explosive theme but a damp approach, but for those of you that recall suffering under the fiendish inventions of that saviour of the Western world, Dr. Wernher Von Braun it may give you a little satisfaction to see his terrifying V1 buzz bombs blasted left right and centre of the screen by anti-aircraft fire and fighter planes and to see the wreckage of one of his biggest factories at Peenemunde. For these shots alone this film is worth seeing.

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I'm pleased to have in this issue for the very first time one of English fandom's foremost artists Jim Cawthorne. This is the first time Jim has ever done work for me but I sincerely hope you'll agree that after this issue it won't be the last. Welcome back to, to Don Allen after surviving two years of the military to fandom again. We have missed you. My thanks again in this issue to the ever present Terry Jeeves (With this fanzine for FIVE years), to Eddie Jones for cutting several people's artwork while in the middle of a lot of pro covers and to Bill Harry for doing the few pieces he could under very trying circumstances.

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Which brings me back to the Zoo and a sign saying "This Way to The Small Cat House" - which I wonder what American visitors made anything of... I saw other things too - Natterer's Eagle didn't say a word and The Active Parrot just scratched its head while a pudgy Tasmanian Devil growled at me because I made remarks on its stature. While one owl I swear had human eyelids!

What were you saying about science fiction?

Dodderingly,

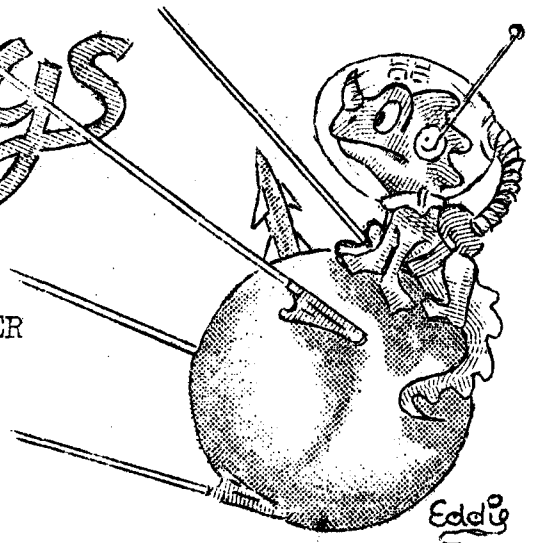
Qat



# Doddlerings

by ALAN DODD.

This surprisingly enough marks the FIFTH successive year in which CAMBER has been published by me, although I'll admit that it doesn't seem like that by any means. Many of the people in those original days I never hear from any more - only a few remain - but I have added more new friends and readers every year to make up for those lost. I hope it'll continue that way for a long time yet.



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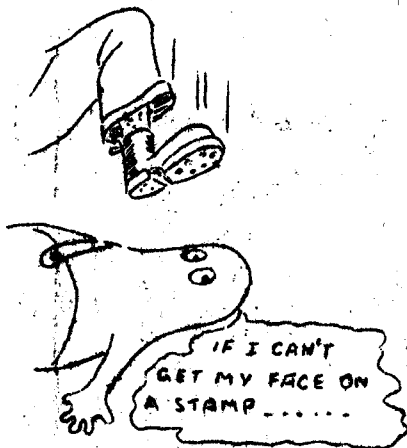
On the spur of the moment recently I decided to visit Regent's Park Zoo in London, a place I hadn't been to in years. I seemed to recall it was a much larger place before - but this time I managed to not only see everything almost twice but still had room to spare.

On visiting the Insect House it was possible I found, to see in miniature, every science fiction film monster that has ever been produced and it is more than easy to see where the average producer gets his creations from. I saw the ants (THEM), scorpions (THE BLACK SCORPION), poisonous spiders, (TARANTULA), large sea snails (THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD) and a host of others. Only one creature it seemed to me hadn't been enlarged for a horror film - the MILLIPEDE. How about THAT Hiram? How about that? There's this giant millipede you see - radioactive of course - and enlarged to the size of a locomotive. Well, he comes up from the Los Angeles storm drains and starts trampling down the city. He starts with all the well known landmarks like The Hollywood Bowl and The Brown Derby and The Capital Record Building - this is where we get a chance to cut in a few of those insert shots of the San Francisco earthquake from a film we made twenty years ago - yeah, I know it's a different city but these hicks won't know the difference ya know. Then of course we gotta have a story too - there's this Navy Doctor and this lady mathematician, and she gets carried off by the creature....

What's that Hiram? It's been done before??

I KNOW.

But not with a MILLIPEDE!!!



In a recent discussion with PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS, Inlay City, Michigan, U.S.A. I happened to remark that if I as an Englishman were the first on the moon I should not get my face on a stamp simply because the British Post Office prefers to stick to Queen's heads all the time and doesn't believe in commemorating the achievements of ordinary people who become famous. "But", as I pointed out, "had I been an American. I would get my face on a stamp. But it isn't as simple as this it appears.

As Peter sez:- "If you were First Man on the Moon and your face was on a U.S. stamp I'd sorta feel sorry for you. Why? Because U.S. law forbids the use of pictures of living persons on stamps, coins or paper money (about the only limitation though). To get your pic on the stamp would mean that you got to the moon but didn't make it back.

((So it looks like you can't win can you?))

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Every Cadillac in every window is safety plate glass.....  
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MICHEL BOULET. Paris XIV<sup>e</sup>, France. ((I happened to remark to Michel that he was the only Frenchman I knew that hadn't been President? What did he feel about it?)) He says:- "Well, I am ashamed yes, I have not been President. Everybody points at me in the street - what a life!"

((I should jolly well think so - not President yet. Why, I'm coming over next month for my turn and then Archie Mercer will take over from me. I can't understand why you've not had your turn yet.))

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Every safety plate in a window is a Cadillac.....  
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ROBERT COULSON, Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A. CAMBER covers were nice, had Bill Harry recently seen a movie called THE VIKING WOMEN AND THE SEA SERPENT when he drew the front cover? (If he had, extend my sympathies.) Or was his inspiration from "Love Slaves of the Amazons" (Which I missed --fortunately, I'm told). Very nice job anyway...Juanita comments that CAMBER is one of the few fanzines she enjoys sending artwork to, since she has assurance that it will be well reproduced. (Said that she doesn't even mind the fact that all her girls come out looking vaguely like Mamie Van Doren, as long as they look like girls -- with some fanzines, it's hard to tell.) ((Which brings me to the end of this letter column contributions to which are gratefully accepted. See you next time...))





GALLERIES

# AMBER

