

# CHAPTER 11







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CAMBER is edited, produced and directed by none other than:-

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

And sells for 1/- or 15/- and it's worth much more but I can't get it - and is traded for any other fanzines. Contributions of all kinds always welcome. Where are you?

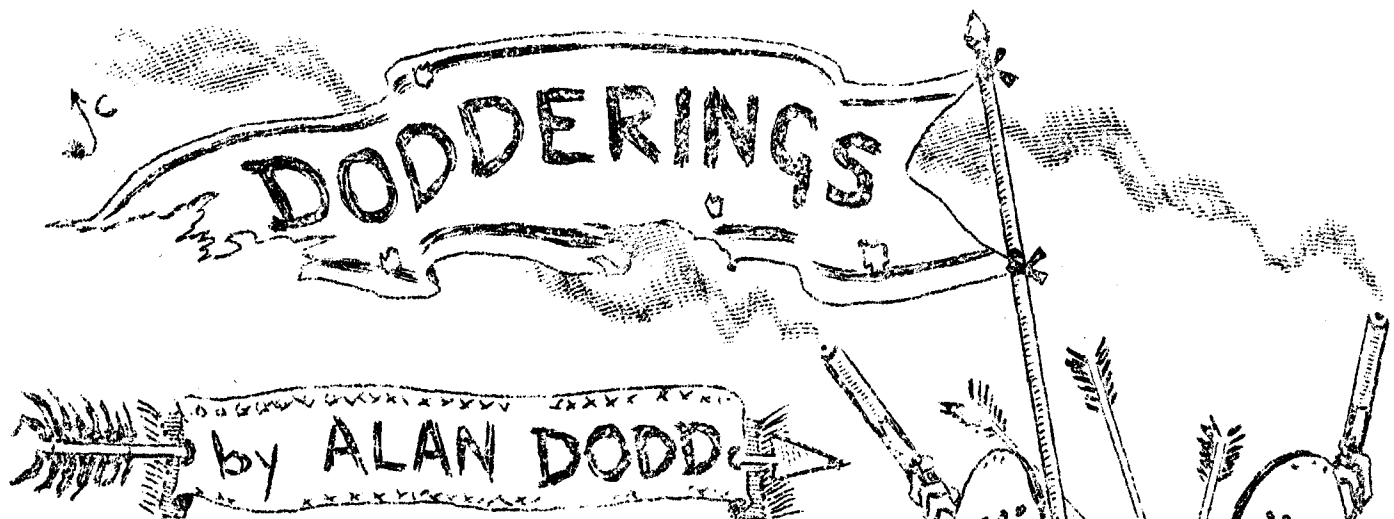
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Art Editors:- Jim Cawthorne Terry Jeeves

To whom I am deeply indebted for placing on stencil all art-work in this issue. Without their help this issue would not have been made possible.

Art Credits:- Bill Harry:- 1,3,5,7,13,20,22,25.  
Jim Cawthorne:- 2,8,9,10,11,17,23,27,28.  
Robert E.Gilbert:- 4,21,24,29,31,33.  
Roar Ringdahl:- 5. John Miles:-6. William Roteler:-7,21,34.  
Terry Jeeves:- 14,15,16,34,35,36,37. Dea:- 19,22.  
Larry S.Bourne:- 23. Eddie Jones:-26. Joe Lee Sanders:- 30.

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GOOD LUCK TO BROTHER FRANK JARES FOR TAFF.  
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Tell me, have you ever found that you had that General Custer feeling? That feeling that everything was closing in on you? Somehow that's the way it has been with CAMBER of late. True - CAMBER does have an irregular publishing schedule and it mustn't be expected to come out too often. Not that it could do anyway with all the various other fanzines I have been assisting in recently. I am the English editor of SF NYTT and that has necessitated typing my own stencils for the English section, then the one shot project of THE DYING OCEAN by Don Stuefloten has taken time to produce, I have had many more correspondents added to a very welcome list and I've been writing more for other people's fanzines too and it has all taken time. Time that I've been using for other people instead of working on CAMBER. But I assure those who have snidely remarked "Are you still publishing it?" - "Of course I am - but I can't ruddy well do everything at once!"

I think you'll find a vast accoutrement of material in this issue, culled by me from all kinds of sources ranging from my home town to Spain, Florida, Okinawa, Tennessee, Norway and a whole host of places too numerous to mention. Places that I've come to know and that I hope through the pages of this fanzine you'll get to know just a little too. Read on then; This is CAMBER No.11, a Doddering Brainchild.

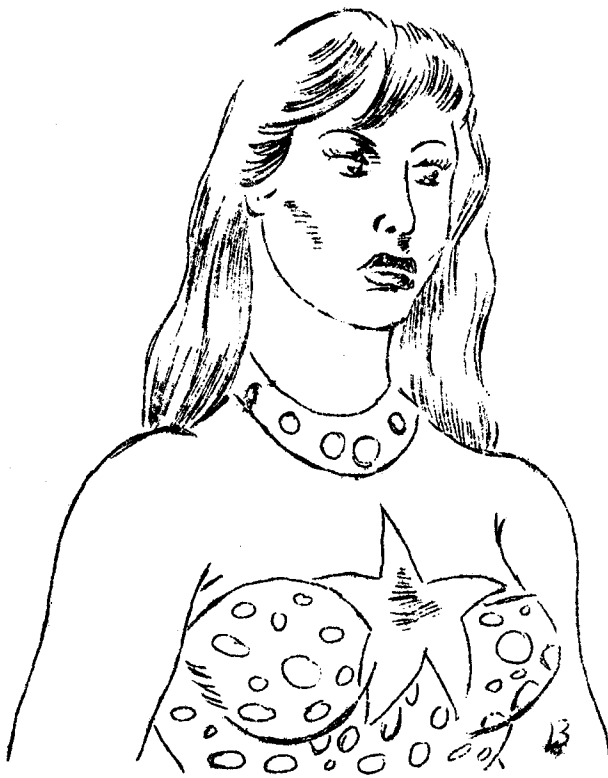
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ROBERT E. GILBERT AND THE SCIENCE FICTION NUDES. is an intriguing case presented to me by Robert recently when he pointed out to me that the girls who appear in science fiction films are often the very same nude models of the magazines Mike Deckinger refers to in his article this issue. Without a detailed study of all such magazines it's not possible to give too many names - but look at the film MYSTERIOUS INVADER which is a blonde cutie from outer space - one, Shirley Kilpatrick. A study of ADAM, EXOTIC and SIR KNIGHT will reveal the same girl in a number of nude poses. She is just one. As Gilbert so rightly pointed out - this does seem to make the girls more interesting. SCIENCE FICTION NUDE SPOTTING anyone??

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HERCULES is a mighty film in itself but behind it lies and even mightier story. It concerns one Joseph Edward Levine a New England promoter who makes his money from continental films which he buys cheaply, promotes and collects a vast profit from. This to me seems a process which unfairly treats both actor and film producer.

Take two examples of the films Levine has thus treated. In 1955 in Japan he picked up GODZILLA and then from Italy in 1957 he picked up the film Anthony Quinn made with Sophia Loren while he was there -- ATTILA THE HUN. Both made fortunes - but the people who made both films only made a modest amount.

Now comes HERCULES which Levine bought in Italy for a mere £120,000. This was the kind of epic that could be boosted to the skies and given a mass release in a thous-

-and different places at once. It simultaneously in the U.S. alone played 125 cinemas in the New York area, 80 cinemas in and around Chicago, 120 around the Boston and New England area and 95 more in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania area. The publicity campaign cost between 1 and two million dollars to saturate the nation and when the snowball started rolling it continued onto all the other countries too. The estimated profit is anywhere in the £8,000,000 line. It seems a pity the hardworking actors and directors couldn't have had just a little more from it than the vulture who came afterward.

"Mr. Universe" Steve Reeves in his first film role is HERCULES and of him Mike Thompson reports:- "What a body! He really looked the part, and any average actor would have had great difficulty in convincing people that Hercules ever did those impossible tasks. These include uprooting trees to halt charging chariots, hurling a discus out of sight, slaying marauding lions, caving in the skull of the killer Cretan bull with his massive fist, bursting down dungeon doors, tearing shackles clean out of stone walls and razing palaces to the dust. And these are just a few of Hercules' various stunts. The major drawback with this picture is the trouble the sound technicians seem to have had in dubbing an English sound-track onto the Italian original. Half the time you can't understand the dialogue, and if I hadn't been familiar with the mythical adventures of Hercules I wouldn't have had a clue as to what was going on. An unusual film, and an escape from the mundane life most of us lead."

A full review of HERCULES maybe found in a number of other fanzines including AMRA. (George H. Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, Calif., U.S.A.) of which I am the English agent.

Our congratulations go to American actor Steve Reeves and our hopes that his voice won't be dubbed in by other actors in future and that he'll continue in the "Roman" type roles and period spectacles as long as he can. At the moment he has just completed AGI-MURAD, THE WHITE DEVIL which was directed by Riccardo Freda and filmed in Yugoslavia (As was Van Heflin's TEMPEST) with Georgia Moll and Dorian Gray. Next in this line comes THE TERROR OF THE BARBARIANS. In the same vein of films also in circulation is UNDER THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE CROSS AND THE SWORD and HEROD THE GREAT. All good material that loves of the Conan type of literature will I'm sure look forward to.

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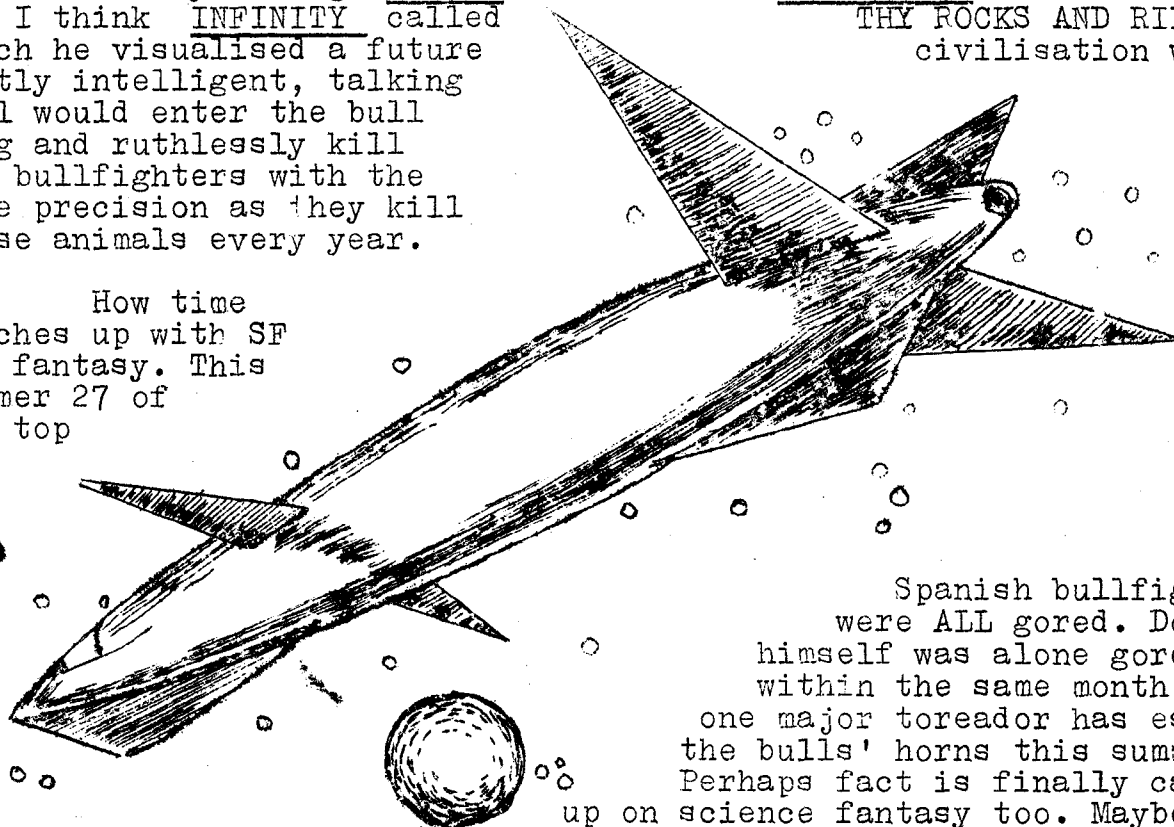
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Some years ago ROBERT for I think INFINITY called which he visualised a future vastly intelligent, talking bull would enter the bull ring and ruthlessly kill the bullfighters with the same precision as they kill these animals every year.

E. GILBERT. wrote a story THEY ROCKS AND RILLS in civilisation where a

How time catches up with SF and fantasy. This summer 27 of the top



Spanish bullfighters were ALL gored. Dominguin himself was alone gored twice within the same month and not one major toreador has escaped the bulls' horns this summer. Perhaps fact is finally catching up on science fantasy too. Maybe the bulls have finally got that intelligence

Gilbert said they would.

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Sydney Jordan is probably the best science fiction strip cartoonist in England was at the London Convention some while back according to the reports. He deserved a place there judging by a look at the latest episode of his character JEFF HAWKE. This time he tangles with a dangerous energy alien called THE VIRACCHAN. A BEM to go down in history. What a pity this isn't available in book form. \*\*\*\*\*

It was hot in MADRID this summer when I was there. My hotel window had a heavy venetian blind dangling outside to keep viewers out but the air in. Outside it a barrel-organ was playing "He Seems Like Such a Happy Man, the Man Who Plays the Mandolino.."



A tiny girl pushes the handle of the barrel organ round and round while her brother picks up the money thrown from the windows and acknowledges it. A tired little donkey like so many in Spain sits between the shafts of the organ. Perhaps he's happy dragging this organ through the streets of Madrid. Perhaps he is better off than his brothers in the country interminably travelling round and round the wheel that drags up the water from the bowels of the earth. We'll never know what a donkey thinks.

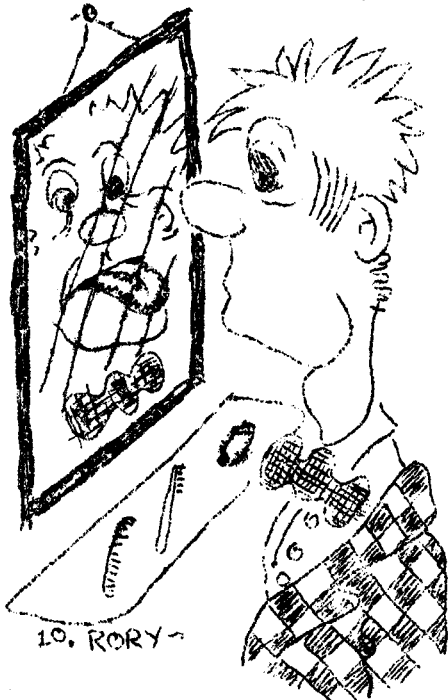
Next to him is parked a shiny black Cadillac and opposite that is a vast pink American car with a license plate which says "Texas". Automatically I start humming, "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You..."

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While in Madrid I visited the Prado which contains all the great paintings of Spain from their Golden Age included among which is the almost complete collection of works of Goya. Now Goya went insane before he died (No matter what Anthony Franciosa does in THE NAKED MAJA) and this insanity is evident in the many etchings, sketches and paintings he did before he died. Many of these works are sheer if distorted genius but twisted, ferocious and frightening. A particular example is of a giant SATAN eating his own son where the head has actually been bitten off and swallowed. Other sketches and drawings show legions of the lost, dead and tortured people - agonies of the dying and the condemned - powerful, repellent and brilliant.

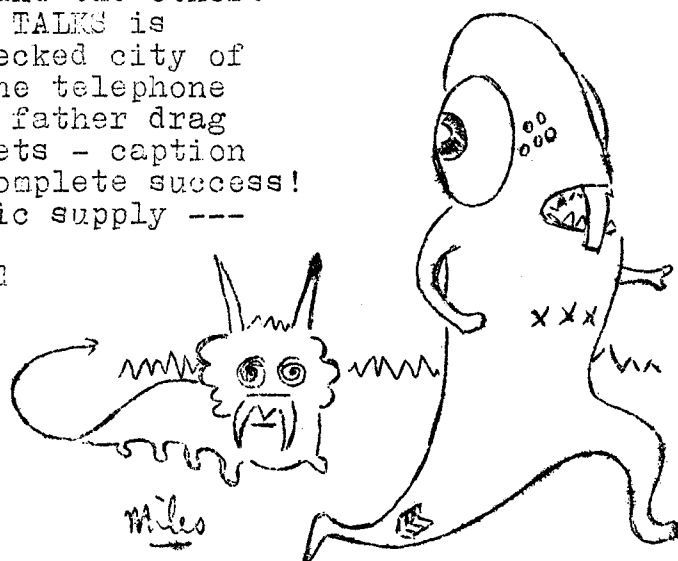


I was reminded of Goya when I first saw the artwork of Ohio fan artist Dave Prosser for their styles have so much in common but as Goya never worked with spirit duplicating stencils it's difficult to give an accurate comparison.

In MAIMON No.3 (From:- Big Jim Moran, 208 Sladen Street, Dracut, Massachusetts, USA).

we have the first folio of Dave Frosser's artwork which is spirit duplicated in several colours to give a maximum effect. The folio may be repugnant to many with its subject matter but I consider it one of the most important contributions to the fanzine art world.

The back cover is the first example that strikes the eyes. A gaunt naked body hung from the limb of a tree while the tongue lolls helplessly from the strangled neck and the birds of the air rip and tear the intestines of the corpse like red, bleeding strings. THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON is a masterpiece of shading with the Demon lurches from a fiery background while nude females cavort in the foreground and orgies take place in the centre of the picture. THE PUPPETTEER is an all purple study of a vast Golgothic Horror grasping two shrivelled witch-like cadavers in each hand. The power of evil is in every line of this picture. THE MISFORTUNES OF VIRTUE is an effectively terrifying combination of Alien v. Trapped Girl. The Aliens are giant beetle-like creatures, one of whom holds the girl while the other looks to the sky and dangles a bunch of keys temptingly as the sign of freedom. NIGHT FLIGHT is perhaps the least effective of the folio as there is too little contrast. Just the flying vampires with their female victim. One grasps the trunk, the other the kicking, outstretched legs. LET YOURSELF GO is the most human of the pictures. A butchered female body, a bloodstained carving knife and the shaking killer terrified at the realisation of what he has done. UMBILICAL MELODY is probably the most revolting of the pictures in this folio because it is too medical. A futuristic operating room, a birth, a bloody umbilical cord and baby and the dripping blood being drunken by surgeons and girls on the floor while other orgies take place in full view of the surgeon delivering the baby. You need a very strong stomach for this one. MIDNIGHT SNACK is the nearest illustration to the aforementioned Goya sketch of Satan eating his son. Here the hideous cloven-hoof monster is rending apart young girls while his minions hold prospective victims and the others scream at the horned demon. SUMMIT TALKS is superbly topical with an atomic wrecked city of rubble where a vulture poises on the telephone wires watching a hideously mutated father drag his distorted son through the streets - caption reads - "The Summit Talks were a complete success! Then everyone destroyed their atomic supply --- WE THOUGHT! LOVE ON A PEDESTAL is simple in context - a cloven-hoofed Pan on a pedestal with a frantic female trying to make love to him. BEWARE OF JEALOUSY - a quotation from "Othello" which forms a riot of colour in Hades where a serpent twines its coils around a languid nude.



This is one of the most compelling and controversial art



folios to appear in any fanzine and is the first time fans have been given the opportunity to see more of Dave Prosser than the few outstanding examples of his work in VAMPIRE TRADER. He is an artist fandom should not neglect.

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In the 1800s massed bands of the Sioux and Cheyennes swept down on General Custer and his men and slaughtered them at the Little Big Horn. No white man survived the slaughter and the only authentic narratives must come, as this book did, from Indian sources. Among the Indian warriors was a young brave by the name of Wooden Leg and WARRIOR is his story. Just as ZERO gives us the alien view of the Pacific War so Wooden Leg gives his version of what really happened to Custer and his men. It's a Corgi Western and well worth the 2/- as it contains maps of the event too and a most interesting cover showing a savage holding aloft a scalp - the artist of this cover is one - JOHN BERRY. The book is also available in the U.S. under the title of A WARRIOR WHO FOUGHT CUSTER.

What with this and ZERO one wonders - are there on other planets aliens writing their stories - about their versions on how they are attacking us?

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I've a fanzine here called THE SICK ELEPHANT purporting to come from one George H.Wells in Box 486, Riverhead, New York, U.S.A. Now, I've been receiving this spirit duplicated little fanzine for some time now and I'm rather suspicious of fans with a box address. I am ever more suspicious when that "person" has a name that is a simple anagram of H.G.WELLS. Aw, c'mon now somebody out there - who are you trying to kid? Eh? George H.Wells indeed - a likely story.

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Why not get a new record - PYE N25030 which has some wonderful piano music on it - title is ODDS 'N DODDS believe it or not. Honest!

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BROTHER FRANK JARES FOR TAFF!  
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# A MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MUMMY

Hieroglyphiced by ALAN DODD.

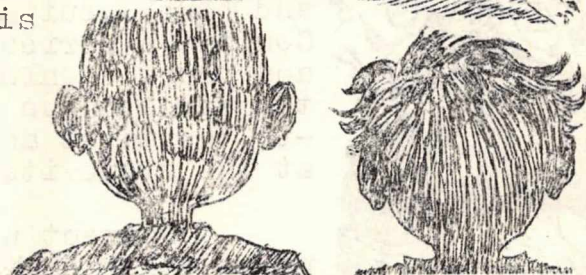
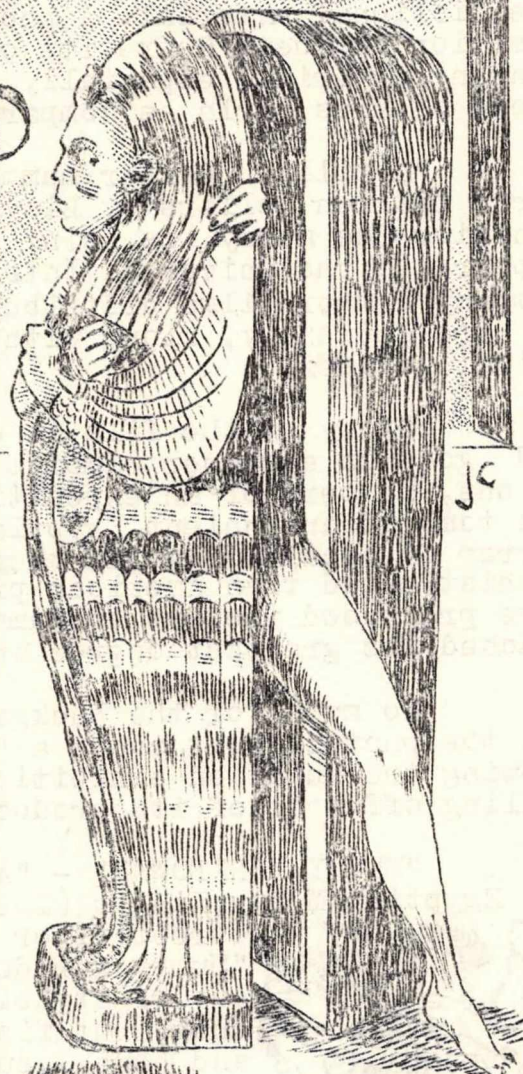
There's a great deal of truth to the old saying credited to Tutankamen of "A man's best friend is his Mummy" and Hammer Films ever on the look out for a similar theme have woven the above idea into their latest Horror film - THE MUMMY. It is not however the film itself I want to investigate but the publicity methods used on the film when shown in the U.S. as they provide an interesting insight to the methods used to promote such a film. The research has been done on material provided by Robert E. Gilbert when the MUMMY came to his part of Tennessee.

"For the first time ever in Johnson City.... an honest-to-goodness

**AUTHENTIC MUMMY!**

This Egyptian sarcophagus containing a mummy is insured by LLOYDS OF LONDON FOR 1 MILLION DOLLARS! Accompanying the mummy will be lovely Norma Marla, whose ancestry goes back to an Egyptian Princess of 1300 B.C., and Andrew Low, one of England's leading Egyptologists... who acted as technical advisor for the film, THE MUMMY.

We invite you to come thrill to an experience you'll never forget! Bring the whole family! Miss Marla and Mr. Low will be most happy to answer any questions. -8-





We then switch from the standard advertising to the "background material" which cleverly brings in a few authentic facts to add to the fictional material. A photo of Norma Marla posed in the same position as Queen Nefretiti of Egypt adds to the interest of the reading material, especially as a photo of the Queen is added to the photo of Miss Marla as comparison.

"A million dollar mummy is on display in Johnson City. Insured for 1 million dollars by Lloyds of England, an Egyptian sarcophagus containing the mummy, is being shipped here by train. Norma Marla, who appears in the Universal International film release, (This is the company Hammer Films distributes in the U.S. via) THE MUMMY will also be here Wednesday, along with Andrew Low, British historian and technical adviser.

Story of the film is of an Egyptian mummy who comes to life and goes on a murder rampage in Victorian England and kills off, one by one, members of an expedition which discovered and desecrated the tomb of an ancient Egyptian princess. Filmed in England, the horror or occult film, as they call them promises to be a little more sophisticated than American productions. Many nations and peoples have practised the art of mummification for centuries but the art reached its greatest degree and highest perfection in Egypt."

So much for the background of the story, the historical facts and the photos. Next comes a "tie-in" which is of the store that is showing the mummy on exhibition and also taking the opportunity of selling off some of its products at the same time.

"MUMMY MARKDOWNS" - "Along with the exciting exhibition of the Egyptian Mummy, King's (The Store concerned) will have on the street floor Wednesday, King's also bring you "Mummy Markdowns"! Not century old merchandise that's out of style...falling apart... and buckling at the ends, but fine quality, seasonable items for family and home...suitable use now and for seasons to come." Combine a series of adverts of the material concerned and plunk a galmour photo of Norma appearing from the sarcophagus and there you have the suggestion -to the males anyway - that such a sight may be seen at the store itself.

Connect up to this the news item that the plane on which Norma Marla and Andrew Low are on has an emergency landing and you have yet another free publicity item to add to the list.

When Norma finally arrives you can then get the local paper to give her a long write up from autobiographical material of the other films she has appeared in, head the column with a gorgeous pin-up (But discreet) of her and you have a whole strip of material on the film for everyone to read.

In between all this though the normal advertisements for the picture are being shown too - coupled with a chiller called CURSE OF THE UNDEAD.

Everything is going fine -except for one thing. One of the readers just happens to be an Egyptologist himself Dr. William Ward of a local college - he investigates the various claims and writes to the paper:---

After the advance notices on television and in your paper concerning "an honest-to-goodness authentic mummy" in an "Egyptian sarcophagus" (The exact words of your Sunday advertisement), I was quite interested in the appearance of this unique phenomenon.



After my own examination of this reputed artifact from the ancient past I must, unhappily, report the following:

1. The sarcophagus was made of plywood and fiber glass, two material completely unknown to any ancient Egyptians who wouldn't have used them anyhow.

2. The inscriptions on their fiber glass object said nothing at all, a rather interesting fact in the light of the statements that this was the body and sarcophagus of an Egyptian princess. The inscription was made up of Egyptian hieroglyphic signs chosen at random from the ancient Egyptian script.

3. Lloyds of London were taken - that is, if they really insured this rather bad imitation. No decent Egyptian princess would have been caught dead in the thing. I am beginning to have serious doubts as to the sanity of Lloyds.

4. Mr. Low is not "one of England's leading Egyptologists" as your advertisement stated, but rather a very talented technical advisor for an English film company. To his credit, Mr. Low did not pose as an authority on the Egyptian language.

Unfortunately, it appears that East Tennessee is not considered intelligent enough to see through this kind of showmanship which, I thought, went out with the medicine hawkers of the old Wild West. I would like to rise in lonely protest over the naive assumption on the part of businessmen in this city that a gullible public will accept anything if it is proclaimed loudly enough. As a professional



Egyptologist, I represent a colossal minority. But I would like to stand in defence of the native intelligence of my new home. I am sorry that there are still those who feel they can "put one over" on me and my neighbours. It is my hope that the leaders of our community will be more careful in the future and see to it that they offer the good people of this community the genuine article and not a cheap - and very badly done - imitation." DR. WILLIAM A. WARD.

Robert E. Gilbert remarks sagely that "He shouldn't worry. Even little children could see it wasn't genuine."

The newspaper of course replies to the letter:- In our Mailbag column today Dr. William A. Ward of Milligan College protests what he considers misleading advertising preceding the display and the promotion of an "Egyptian mummy".

The Press-Chronicle will not undertake to pass judgement on the authenticity of the display. Dr. Ward is an Egyptologist; we are not. He speaks with an authority we do not possess.

The Press-Chronicle, as do all good newspapers makes a special point of the integrity of its columns, advertising and otherwise. Every reasonable safeguard is used to assure the truth; every reasonable restraint is employed to prevent deception.

But our advertising comes from a great many sources and a great many people. These number in the hundreds. Obviously, we can not question or challenge every piece of copy that is presented. This is especially true in matters of a specialised or technical nature. We can not, for example, employ an Egyptologist to pass on material in that realm. We might have use for him once in 10 years, then again we might not.

The Press-Chronicle rejects, outright, advertising that obviously is fraudulent or in poor taste, or both -- does it all the time--but it can not set itself up as a full-time censor, challenging every line in every paragraph of every ad. To do so would not be fair to the person doing the advertising who, in the vast majority of cases, is strictly ethical and high principled. It would be similar to telling him, "You are guilty until you can prove yourself innocent."

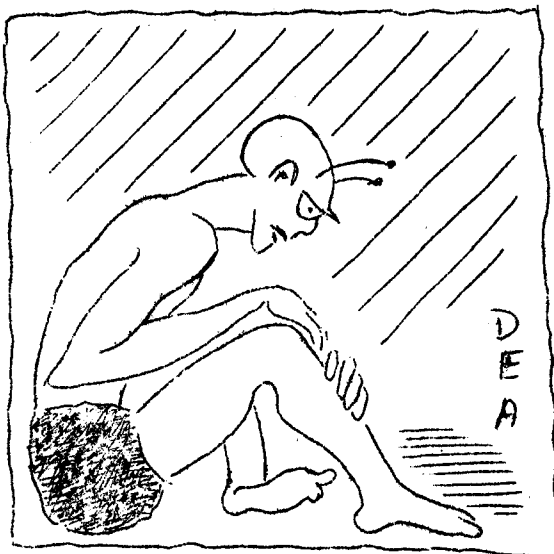
We thank Dr. Ward for his observations. We are always glad to know when people are not satisfied with something that has been advertised in our columns. We are directing Dr. Ward's comments to the attention of those who advertised THE MUMMY."

Like I said - even after all these years, "A Man's Best Friend is his Mummy" - even for the newspapers.. -ll-

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In a recent fanzine Bob Tucker I think was mentioning the appearance of science fiction magazines in the far East a fact that came home to me the other day with the addition to my collection of several vintage ASTOUNDINGS which go back to the 1939 and 1941 years and contains among other stories Isaac Asimov's NIGHTFALL, Nat Schachner's COLD, Clifford D. Simak's HERMIT OF MARS, Heinlein's UNIVERSE and THE ROADS MUST ROLL etc. My copies are stamped The World News Co., 56 Nathan Road, Kowloon, HONG KONG if anyone wants to try their luck!



My copies came via Art Wilson "Le Chevalier du Ciel" of the Orient who has better access to such things but as Tucker pointed out who knows what uncovered stocks of science fiction lie in bookstalls stretched from Honolulu to Okinawa??

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While on the subject of Okinawa - how the place has changed. Once upon a time it was a fantastically armed installation containing thousands of Japanese troops. Nowadays things are different - it is a fantastically armed installation containing thousands of American troops. The incredible battery of armament this unfortunate island in the Rykyku group bears is terrifying in its potential. It is merely incidental that a couple of strategically placed rockets could wipe the whole exorbitantly costing bases from the face of the Earth. I'm thankful I don't have to pay for it though.

My main interest in present day Okinawa is in a periodical called THIS MONTH ON OKINAWA which reads much like a fanzine one wonders if some old time fan may not be editing it:- Take a letter from a reader...



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"I am going to steal next month so that you will be forced to discontinue your nowhere rag. I can hardly wait to see your faces when you finish preparing your next issue because you'll try to distribute on the first day of the month and it won't be there. What do you think of that? If you think this is just an idle boast go ahead and print your crummy book. You'll lose your shirt. I already lost mine last night: the one with the straps around it."

Of the island itself which contains the town of Naha and various other small towns it says:--

"There may be 700 or so "Class A" bars and restaurants but finding a qualified bartender is still an impossibility. There's still no hotel on the island, properly speaking. (Improperly speaking there are hundreds of them). From banking to resort facilities, quality and customer service is lacking in every field except one. If the anti-prostitution bill is ever passed, this too shall pass away."

Okinawa has indeed fallen.

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...Smart man is he who thinks twice before saying nothing... THIS  
MONTH ON OKINAWA.  
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If they ever do decide to sell acres on the Moon as was once prophesied I wonder if the adverts will ever read anything like the one I came across recently in the MIAMI HERALD.

FAT DEER KEY. PLATTED COCO PLUM BEACH. COMPLETE FLORIDA KEY. 325 acre island, mostly high and dry. (I like this bit - mostly) Island partially developed with causeway to U.S.Highway 1. Oceanfront acres with natural sand beach.

Sacrifice - 1,500,000 dollars. F.P.Sadowski, Box 305, Marathon Shores, Florida.

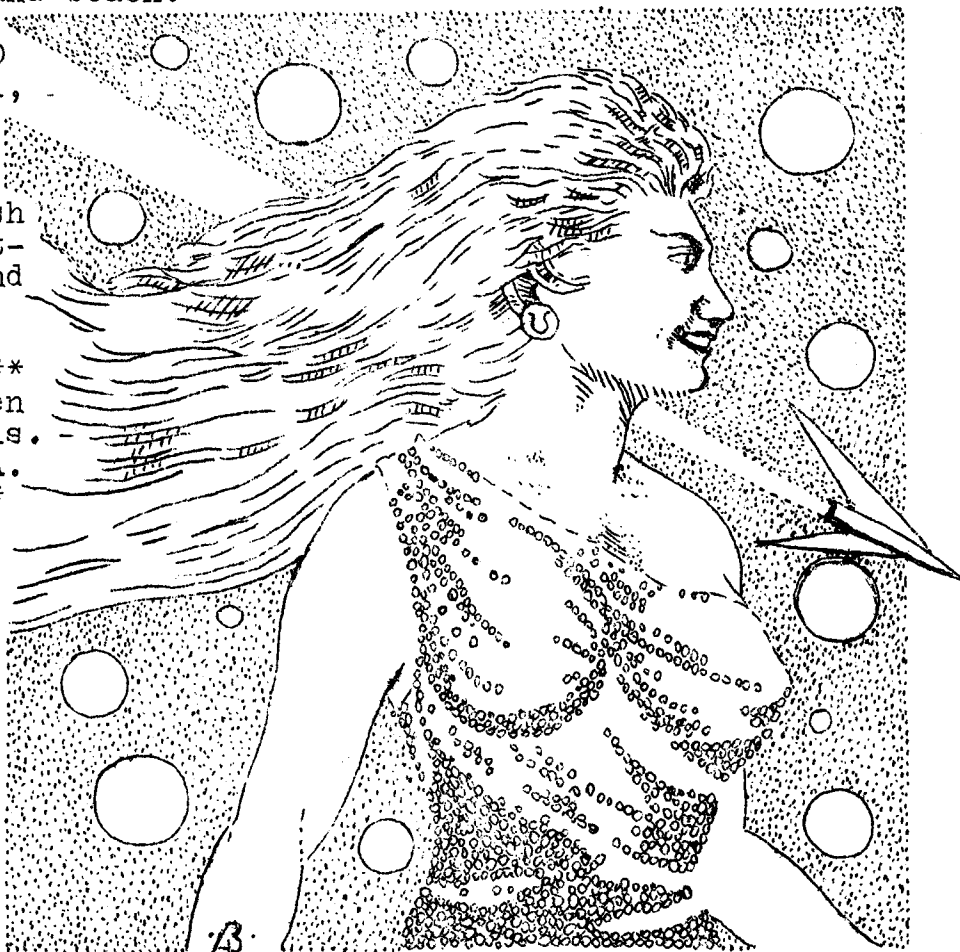
Y'know - I wish I could be in a position to make that kind of a sacrifice!!

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Teenage is age between pigtails and cocktails. --  
THIS MONTH ON OKINAWA.  
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B R O T H E R  
F R A N K  
J A R E S  
F O R  
T A F F.

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# TOP OF THE DECK

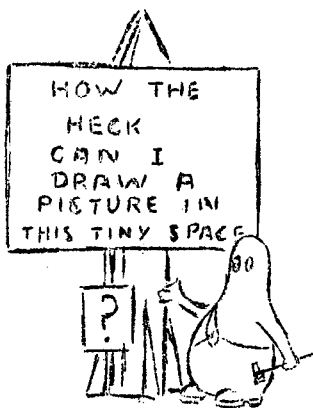
by Mike Deckinger.

One of the things that I consider to be the best form of recreation while at the same time being an easy and cheap(sometimes) way to add to one's collection of science fiction is to be permitted to roam free and uninterrupted through a large and spacious back issue store which carries enough items of interest to justify a fan's journey to this particular spot. I've made it a habit to visit these places when I've had both the time and the money, which has not been too often, though there have been several occasions when both these factors were present.

There are several such stores in Newark, New Jersey, as one would imagine, with three fair sized places all on one block, and since they're easily accesible to me by bus, I've been to "visit" these shops frequently, and have cleaned them out of all S.F. mags and pulps which I did not formerly possess. I've also become quite acquainted with a few owners, which no doubt is good for public relations.

The general opinion that these owners share is that anyone willing to spend five bucks for a stack of ragged, torn pulps from the forties and fifties with gaudy covers is slightly out of his head, and they will invariably go pawing through any merchandise I present to be paid for, hoping to find the spots where I've not doubt secreted several men's magazines, or magazines of a more limited interest, usually featuring the female of the species. They just can't believe I'm serious about purchasing the pile of pulps, and thus I never try to convince anyone how serious I am, but slip out of the store and let the bewildered owner think his own thoughts as I go. I've often wondered what these characters are thinking, but since I'm not that far advanced with mental telepathy to deduce the thoughts, I don't even try to receive them. Occasionally I will find someone else hunting through the stack of S.F. but 9 times out of 10 he will be doing this only on the hope of coming up with some copy of PLAYBOY or NUS which he hasn't seen before, and might be hidden beneath this pile of worthless waste-paper, the 10th time he'll be a youngster who'll confuse the pulps with the S.F. comics, and be drawn in by the cover, till he happens to glance inside the zine. Then he'll quickly make an exit till he finds a more appealing set of literature.

Tough luck, I guess. I've never found a hitherto undiscovered fan looking through the mags, but I might, someday....



New York is of course noted for these stores. However, before one tries his luck at these places, one thing should be taken into consideration. It's always wise to go to a store that does NOT specialise in S.F. (As most do), rather than one that does. The reasons for this are apparent. Certain stores that do specialise in just back issues of S.F. mags know that this is what the customer wants, and hence they have a habit of raising the prices accordingly, till AMAZINGS and FANTASTIC from the early fifties are going at 60¢ apiece, more than twice the face value. While these stores are in the minority and

are not too widespread throughout the city, unless one is a millionaire eager to lose a large percentage of his fortune, it's wise to stay away from these places, and instead patronise, the smaller, less specialised places.

Unfortunately, most of these "less specialised" places are specialising in one item, the men's mags. Not just TRUE and PLAYBOY but French nudist mags and filthy pictures and erotic books etc.etc. You don't have to look far to find pornography at every bookstore, just by the sign that says: WE DO NOT SELL TO MINORS UNDER 21. Most of the places do the most business with small packets of 12 4X5 photos selling at anywhere from 85¢ to 2 dollars apiece. Anyone with a little imagination can figure out what these photos are of, and what they show, and I often wonder why the cops don't come in and confiscate them as obscene material, because 90% of them are just that. Then there are also the 8mm stag films and the Wolf decks, on which the owner generally makes up to a 300% profit. Of course these do not go to minors too.

One store on 42nd. Street just off Times Square in New York I can remember quite fondly, since it seemed to be the biggest on the block (There were 9 other stores just on this block) and had quite an assortment.

When one first enters, there are the tables of 45 RPM records which are intended strictly as a front, since it gives the place a decent air. On the sides are three large cases of pbs (It's interesting to note that one whole case of pbs is devoted to just SF). This again is intended to make one feel as if he's in a respectable place now -- if that's what he's looking for. The courageous souls pass by these shams to several tables with copies of JESTER, VUE etc. - slightly naughtier in respect, but not what one would say is really obscene or in bad taste. Advancing further one sees the short, bald headed man sitting behind a cash register smoking a cigar and looking extremely bored while clustered around him are the packets of 4X5 pictures of which there must be nearly 300, each going at 1.50 apiece, which is quite good considering that the dealer only pays around 40¢ for them.

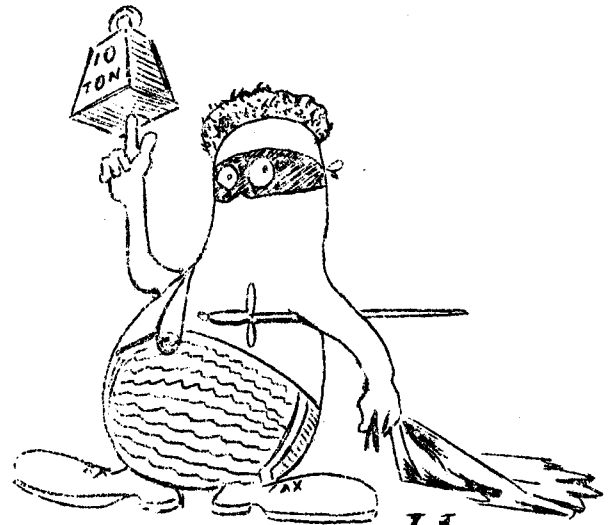
Behind him is a huge table just littered with French nudist magazines, old copies of GEM, GAY, ROGUE etc. and a standing library of nearly 20 people (Always) interestedly peering through these publications. Off to one side is a large book case, with half of it devoted to old NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICS and POPULAR MECHANICS, and the other half devoted to S.F. Most of the digest SF mags are ones recently returned by the newsdealer, with just a portion of the cover missing, but once in a while a treasure like an ASTOUNDING from '36 or a copy of UNKNOWN can be unearthed. But it's an odd, strangely invigorating feeling to run your hands through these publications, operating on the prospects of coming up with a real find. Yessir, it's a real funny sensation.

But wait till I get to the 4X5 pictures next week.

\*\*\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*\*\*

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 ...Wise man he know everything -- smart man, he know everybody...  
 THIS MONTH ON OKINAWA.  
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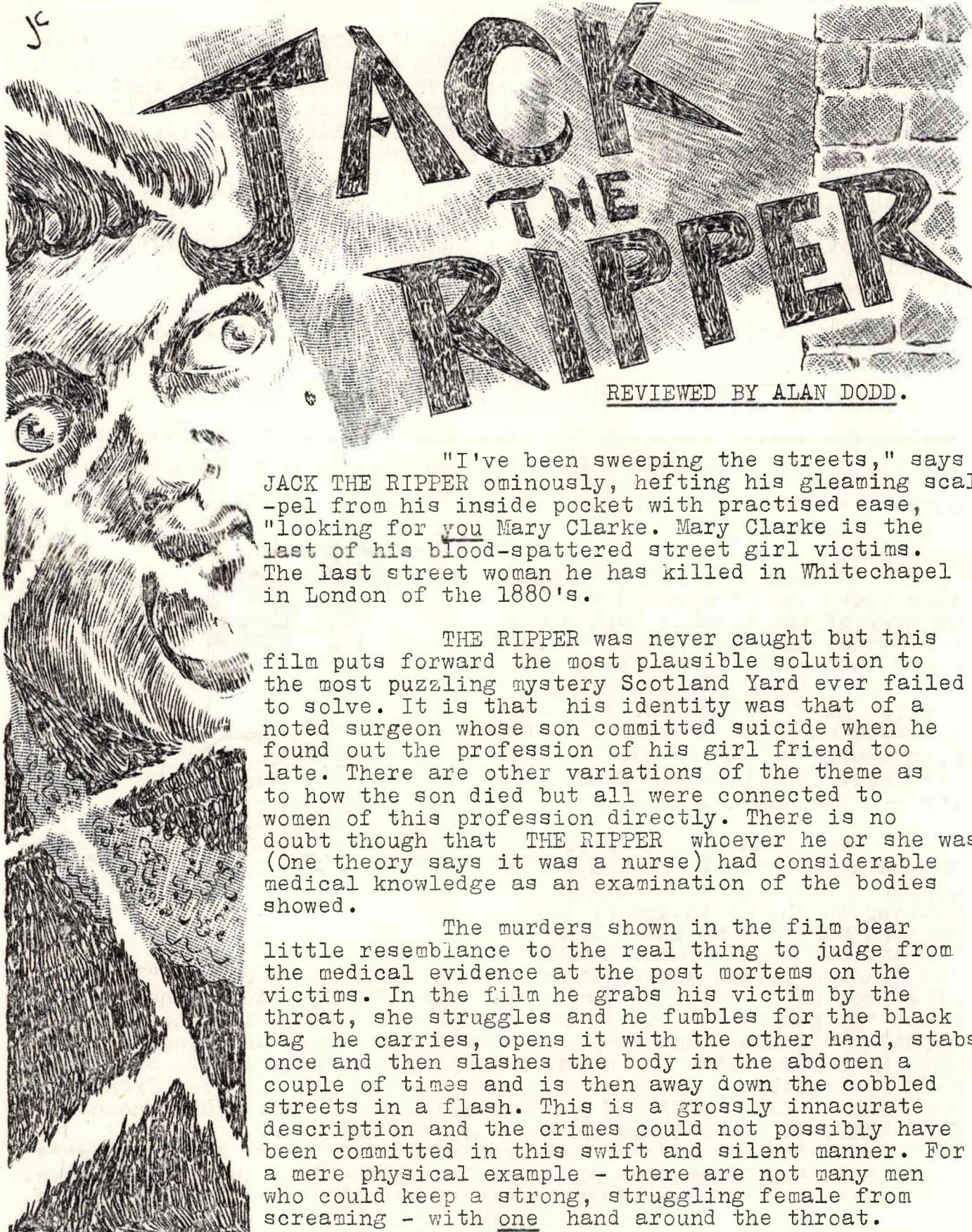
During my visit to SPAIN this year I was surprised to find at many of the leading bull rings there that the most popular second sport was wrestling presided over by a menacingly masked figure called EL SOMBRE NEGRE. His face followed me right around the country from Madrid to Barcelona. I found out later his title was Spanish for -- THE BLACK SHADOW.



Now comes a new French masked wrestler called THE WHITE ANGEL, a fabulous character who follows in the footsteps of the English masked man THE GHOUL, The American MASKED MARVEL and the Spanish fellow who followed me all around on posters. "I have risen out of an abyss in the Earth" the WHITE ANGEL was heard to say once, "My purpose on Earth is to punish all fakes and cheats who go around pretending that they are wrestlers. I will disintegrate into the abyss from which I came when there are no more cheats or fakes left in wrestling. For a start he pulverised the two top French villains - THE DRAGON and a murderous looking individual known as IRON HEAD. He seems to be making a good start.....

\*\*\*\*\*  
 .....Vote for Brother Frank Jares for TAFF - Keep out the wetbacks.  
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REVIEWED BY ALAN DODD.

"I've been sweeping the streets," says JACK THE RIPPER ominously, hefting his gleaming scalpel from his inside pocket with practised ease, "looking for you Mary Clarke. Mary Clarke is the last of his blood-spattered street girl victims. The last street woman he has killed in Whitechapel in London of the 1880's.

THE RIPPER was never caught but this film puts forward the most plausible solution to the most puzzling mystery Scotland Yard ever failed to solve. It is that his identity was that of a noted surgeon whose son committed suicide when he found out the profession of his girl friend too late. There are other variations of the theme as to how the son died but all were connected to women of this profession directly. There is no doubt though that THE RIPPER whoever he or she was (One theory says it was a nurse) had considerable medical knowledge as an examination of the bodies showed.

The murders shown in the film bear little resemblance to the real thing to judge from the medical evidence at the post mortems on the victims. In the film he grabs his victim by the throat, she struggles and he fumbles for the black bag he carries, opens it with the other hand, stabs once and then slashes the body in the abdomen a couple of times and is then away down the cobbled streets in a flash. This is a grossly inaccurate description and the crimes could not possibly have been committed in this swift and silent manner. For a mere physical example - there are not many men who could keep a strong, struggling female from screaming - with one hand around the throat.

The real killer of Whitechapel could not have killed as rapidly as the filmic killer with a couple of thrusts. The real killer was a systematical butcher who cut his victims' throats or slashed and stabbed them scientifically in the places a surgeon would know. In addition he wasn't called THE RIPPER for nothing because in many occasions he frequently performed certain gruesome operations on the spot laying various assorted organs in a pattern around the body on the pavement. This all took time. None of this is seen in this version and just a swift stabbing is made of most of the crimes except the last one where the RIPPER actually finds the one girl he has been looking for all the time. He killed the others in the process of looking for her.

The foggy London of the 1880's is admirably captured in the film with the women with their feather boas, the street organs and monkeys, the high hatted policemen and respected surgeons of the neighbourhood and although in real life most of the RIPPER's victims were not young or good looking it is possible to feel sorry for the way in which they died even though all the time one can equally appreciate why JACK THE RIPPER is trying to clear up the streets. Cynics might say he was a Sir John Wolfenden of his day - his methods were different but the results the same.

A dumb and crippled medical assistant at the local hospital is arrested when the crowd mistakes his carrying of surgical instruments as proof that he is the RIPPER. The Chief Surgeon of the Hospital - a part superbly played with sardonic relish by Ewen Solon - indignantly demands to know why his assistant is in jail and when told of his carrying surgical instruments of the type used by JACK THE RIPPER, slips out his own pocket case of instruments and roars- "What do you think THESE are?? TOOTHPICKS?? If you're going to arrest everyone carrying these you might as well arrest my whole staff. There isn't one JACK THE RIPPER - there are half a dozen of us. We take it in turns!!"

Throughout the picture the evidence points to one surgeon as JACK THE RIPPER and when the police come near each time we know he must be caught, but the plot twists - and it is not he that is JACK THE RIPPER - who is I never guessed till the last moment when the true RIPPER is revealed.

The story of JACK THE RIPPER is by no means as horrifying as the late Laird Cregar's THE LODGER, more does it have the remoteness of Valentine Dyall's RIPPER OF ROOM TO LET or the precision of Jack Palance as the gaunt RIPPER of THE MAN IN THE ATTIC but it has many eerie moments and some sardonic twists of wit. The suspect surgeon says to the unlikely visiting American cop when he protests he is not a colonial and that they have had war is told sharply - "You had no war - that was a revolution!" and when the same cop remarks disparagingly on the Head Surgeon's diagnosis is told - "An American? That explains it". This isn't the most terrifying RIPPER film made but it gives the best explanation and the most ironically justifiable ending as the heavy wooden hospital elevator descends creakingly, hideously as the desperate figure that is JACK THE RIPPER cowers below...THE END.





DEA

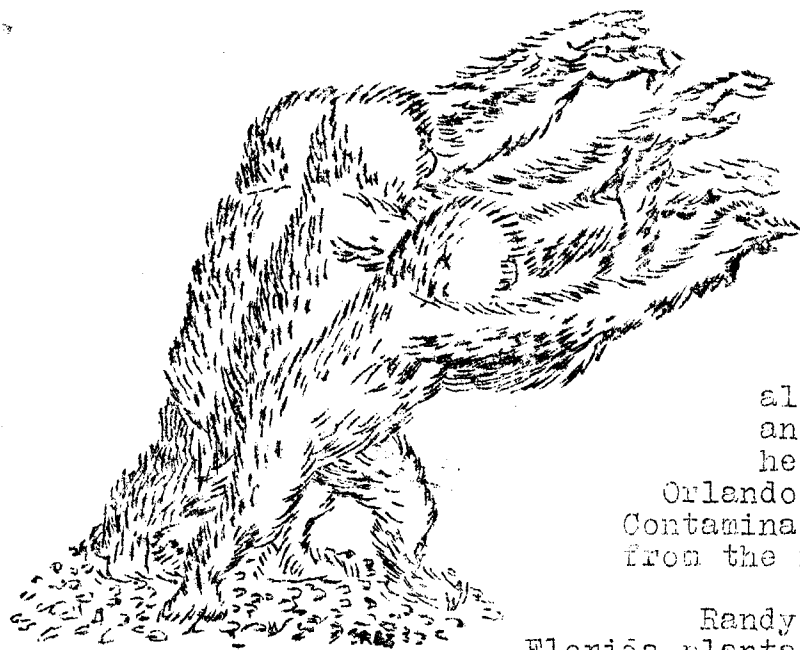


FLEETWAY PUBLICATIONS & THE AMALGAMATED PRESS LTD. both of Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4 produce two magazines both of which have much in common to the outside viewer. Both have a dull, uninteresting digest sized format and both have equally uninspired covers. They are the kind of magazines I look at on a magazine stall, shudder and pass by happily at the thought that I've not got to pay out 2/6d a copy for such stodgy looking things. The other week though I bought a copy of each magazine for a friend in Canada and before I sent them off I chanced to read both and got quite a surprise at the high quality of the contents.

Magazine (A) by the first publisher has first an ingenious poison thriller by the French master Georges Simenon LE CHATEAU DE L'ARSENIC, cleverly contrived like all Simenon but never the grasp of characters that he has of the story, then Jack (Invasion of the Body-snatchers) Finney in a death house drama SEVEN DAYS TO LIVE of the prisoner who paints a door in the cell in the death house - a door to escape, John Randolph Phillips' SHE RODE WITH DANGER has a maniac killer loose after the sheriff of a small American community - his wife gets the trouble though - the sheriff just gets the road blocks - finely descriptive piece. Then Douglas Railton's THE BIG BLOW shows how an old time deep sea diver crippled by the "bends" can still be of use to the new fellows, THE PRINCE OF CHERKESSIA has Leslie Charteris and his inimitable Saint in a complex insurance swindle which never worked through to me till the last paragraph, Geoffrey A.Kino's RETURN JOURNEY of the condemned killer in the West riding back with the sheriff would make an excellent Western film, SENTRY on an alien planet has Fredric Brown in fine one page mood in a familiar story of his to SF fans, MARION COME BACK by Roy Vickers has a cunning wife killer sticking his body in one of the most obvious and yet unlikely places in his house - beautifully written suburban murder case, murder too is in the heart of thief Len Martin in John Bingham's A SMILE FOR A KILLER while the serial DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN is very much like THE DECKS RAN RED except insurance and concealment rather than salvage are at the minds of the mutineers.



Magazine (B) has even more varied material Robert Holmes' HUBBUB BUBBLES are those thoughts that become visible to an advertising executive who draws the "Thinks" adverts all day, Pat Highsmith's MAN'S BEST FRIEND has a witheringly funny dog, Jacques Perret's NYMPH OVERBOARD has a ship's female figurehead coming alive in delightful fantasy and Youngman Carter's GRAND SEIGNEUR has a splendid plot for a horrorfilm of the disturbed body from the past killing it's disturber, NIGHT ON VENOTENE gives a new wartime light on Steinbeck and MOTIVE FOR MURDER will take you across the Mexico-American car race circuit, R.Theakston's SILVER LINING shows balloonists finding angels directing clouds and PETRELLA'S HOLIDAY has an ambush in central London. MAGAZINE (A) is SUSPENSE ! MAGAZINE (B) is ARGOSY! And we nearly missed them!!



In ALAS, BABYLON we have a splendid example of the "local" science fiction writer writing about the locale in which he lives and knows. Such a writer is Pat Frank, a University of Florida graduate who lives near Mount Dora, Florida. In this first book of his the entire setting almost is in Florida itself and in and around the cities and towns he knows - Miami, Tampa, Jacksonville Orlando etc after Florida has become a Contaminated Area, completely quarantined from the rest of the country.

Randy Bragg lives comfortably on his Florida plantation drawing a steady income from his citrus crops while his brother Mark is a colonel in the Strategic Air Command. Marks says of current American civilisation :- "Bread and circuses should have warned us we were going the way of the Roman Empire" and of the position of imminent war, "If I can feel the Russians are about to attack us - I can't tell you over the wire, but if I say 'Alas, Babylon', you'll know"

When the message does come through Randy purchases food, oil, candles and supplies none of which are much use after the great nuclear pillar rises south of him indicating Miami, Palm Beach, Homestead and Key West have been wiped off the map. Jacksonville vanishes soon afterward.

The rest of the United States fares no better. The President and his Cabinet and golf course have all been liquidated naturally by the first rocket. Mrs. Brown, a minor cabinet official is the sole survivor and being out of town she is left in control. The capitol is moved to Denver as each day new crises arise.

As Pat Frank watches his own Florida disintegrate beneath him we see civilisation itself crumble and mankind revert to the survival of the fittest. Children are born but few survive while people with weak hearts brought on by civilisation itself succumb immediately. Financiers and bankers shoot themselves when it becomes clear that money, their chief object in life, is worthless. The old die from the blast effects or from the primitive life they must now lead. The doctors now unable to charge fantastic fees for their services run out of supplies and go back to the knife.



A black and white caricature of a man's face and upper torso. The man has a large, ornate, crown-like headpiece with multiple pointed, leaf-like elements. His face is highly expressive, with a wide, open mouth showing teeth, and a large, dark, textured mustache that curves upwards and then downwards. The drawing style is sketchy and expressive, with heavy black lines and cross-hatching for shading. In the bottom right corner, the letters 'DEA' are written in a simple, bold, sans-serif font.

DEA

Randy? How long will it take the U.S. to get back to normal inquiries

randy?

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Hong Kong is a free country where a man can do as  
his wife please....."This Month on Okinawa".  
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One periodical that should be added to your weekly list is TOP SPOT published every Thursday by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4 which contains some of the best fiction in any weekly magazine, the best comic strips and what's more a delightful selection of girls in the pages including stills of LIANE, GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE among others.

The fiction ranges from classic crimes to light Thorne Smith fantasy and the strips from THE TOWN THAT DIED OF A CURSE to THE DEVILISH COMPUSSION and true life strips. Even further jammed into this wealth of material are articles on collecting, jazz, book reviews, competitions, film reviews, cartoons and science fiction. Truly a magazine to please everybody with at least something they like. A real bargain at a mere 4½d a week. Well worth getting, whatever your tastes.



THE MAN YOU LOVE TO HATE used to be a title applied to the late and great actor Erich Von Stroheim who used so effectively to play the part of arrogant Prussian brutes on the screen - but today the title has moved to a man who deserves it so much more, a man whose crimes exist in reality and not on celluloid though soon both are to be combined. The man, if indeed he is one, is Wernher Von Braun whose main claim to fame is the fact ~~that~~ he is probably the world's most successful mass-murder and certainly the most white-washed. No man in past or present history has received such a successful job of white-washing as has Wernher Von Braun. The brush has been applied by the American State Propaganda Department whose members were never as fortunate enough as we here were to be on the receiving end of Von Braun's missiles. Much has been said about him in the past and much more will be said about him in the future but at present a film is being made of his life story - which after all is quite natural for Hollywood to make - after all they have given us the life stories of Jack-the-Ripper, Attila the Hun, Baby Face Nelson and John Dillinger - it is only quite right and correct that they should continue the series with that of Von Braun. The only difference is - Von Braun is alive to enjoy the profits the film will make. Who says crime doesn't pay?

Thomas Wiseman in THE EVENING STANDARD was the first to delve



into the subject when he interviewed the producer of this forthcoming film:---

MR. VON BRAUN - A Chance to Know Him Better.

(Of course we know him pretty well already)

"Londoners are already intimately acquainted with the work of Professor Wernher Von Braun. He was the man who made the V.2's for Hitler. Now Hollywood is to give us the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the man himself. He will be played by Curt Jurgens in a film to be made later this year by Producer Charles Schneer.

Schneer of Columbia Pictures made his reputation with a film called THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD you'll recall - Dynamation etc."

It is of Schneer himself that Wiseman first records his impressions:-

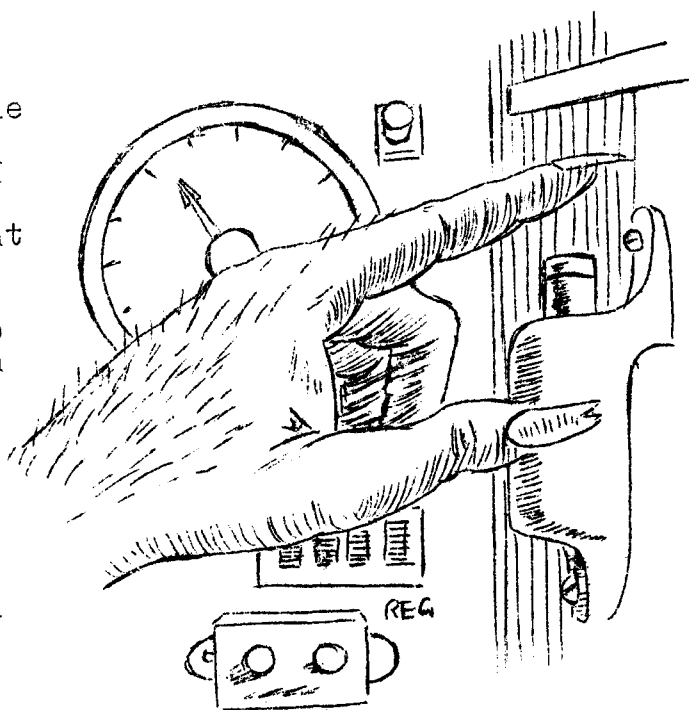
"He said he understood quite a lot of people in London had been killed by Professor Von Braun's rockets - he wasn't aware of exactly how many but he would check all that because his film was going to be absolutely accurate.

In the circumstances, he quite understood that some of us might be prejudiced against Von Braun ((Hell no - we aren't prejudiced against him - we just want to mount his head on the Tower of London spikes)), well, it was only natural, but he wanted me to know that Wernher was a good guy ((Himmler was kind to dogs - so was Kramer of Belsen)) - and an honorable man ((Like Hideki Tojo perhaps?))

"In America," said Mr. Schneer, " he is considered a hero --

(( Now here we have an interesting phenomenon for to all intents and purposes all the people seem to have been fooled all the time. The main reason is the one I mentioned at the beginning of this article - the Propaganda Department and you must admit they've done a good white-wash job on Von Braun all right. No doubt the same group could also convince us that Belsen was a holiday camp and that Jack the Ripper was a social worker.

For the second reason look to American writer Lloyd Shearer the West Coast correspondent of PARADE who says:- "America is a nation of emotional hero-worshippers. Let a wildcatter strike oil or an actress win an Oscar or a ball player hit 50 home runs , and





almost immediately we turn these people into celebrities. Our devotion to them approaches idolatry, and we attribute to them indiscriminately the virtues of wisdom, patriotism, gratitude, kindness, talent and erudition".

Perhaps this applies to Nazi butchers too - providing suitable propaganda is laid in front to red-herring the trail.

But back to Schneer:-

"President Eisenhower conferred upon him the highest award that can be conferred on a civilian - (( A suitably engraved Iron Cross we trust?)) - for his work on American rockets.

((American rockets? Are there such things? The only thing that surprises me about these American rockets is the fact that they don't play a chorus of "Deutschland Uber Alles" everytime one is launched))

"You see," said Mr. Schneer "Wernher was a guy who just wanted to make rockets - ((Like Jack the Ripper wanted to cut throats and mutilate people?)) - that was his dream. ((His dream - our nightmare)). The fact that they

put explosives in the rockets and shot them at London, well, that wasn't his idea.

((No, we bet he never even thought of it))

"Look, if he hadn't made those rockets the Nazis would have killed him. What could he do?

"He could have died," I suggested.

Mr. Schneer thought that was a somewhat unreasonable suggestion though he conceded it was what film heroes usually do in such similar circumstances. But that was just in films. (( Pity))

"My attitude" said Mr. Schneer, " is that this man had a most unusual career - ((So did Dr. Crippen.)) - one worthy of dramatisat-

the girl nearer his own age.

Mr. Schneer said that the title of his film was going to be I AIM AT THE STARS, because that's what Von Braun did.

I said that if he was aiming at the stars then his aim hadn't been all that accurate in the case of those rockets that landed on London, but then maybe he was just getting into practice.

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The WOMAN'S SUNDAY MIRROR was a little more explicit on its opinions toward the projected film:-

A Film NOT to see.

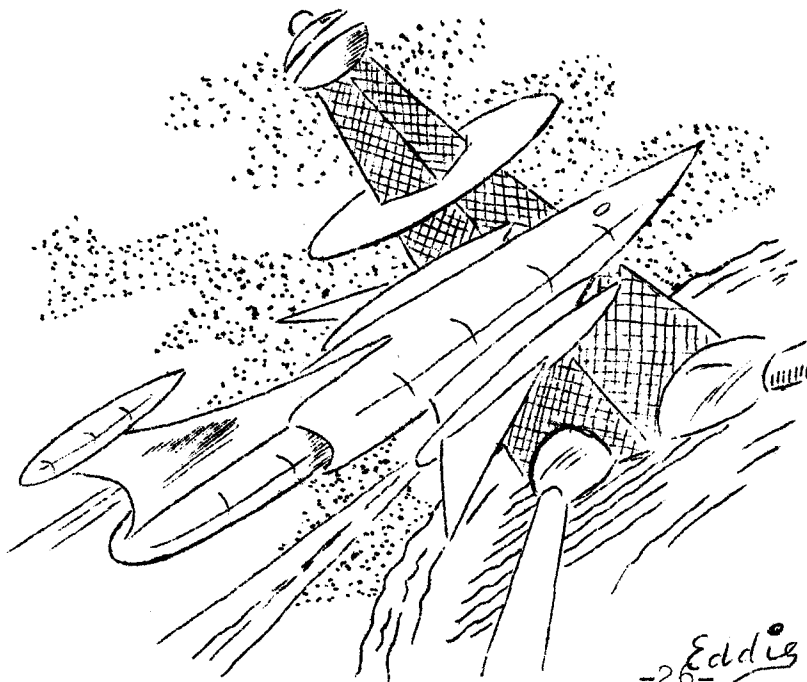
Hollywood is making a film about Wernher Von Braun the German who dreamed up the V2 rockets which fell on Britain in World War II.

He is now in America and he is chiefly responsible for the bigger, faster and more terrifying atomic missiles that are now being produced.

Curt Jurgens is to play the lead part and the film producer says that Von Braun will be shown as a sympathetic character.

Not to us he won't !

We feel that there is nothing sympathetic about a man whose devilish inventions caused so much death and disaster among our women and children; the man whose latest creations might destroy us all.



Woman to woman, we shall stay away from this film. And we hope you will, too!

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To add insult to injuries Von Braun himself made an appearance in the very city he tried so hard to destroy --at the most expensive hotel in London of course, the Dorchester and among the things he said was this Quote of the Week:-

"It is not exactly fun to work on weapons of war or see them used to kill people."

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-ion. We are going to tell the whole story ((I'll BET you do to!)). Oh yes, we are certainly going to include the V2 period. (( Will you also include the sequence at New Cross, during the war where a crowd of women, children and babies in arms were queuing for food when one of his missiles hit the street? Will you show the mutilated, the blinded, the crippled? I think not!))

"Professor Von Braun had been paid a substantial sum of money for his co-operation -- (Capone had many highly paid professional killers - but none so highly paid as Von Braun.) --said Mr. Schneer but he would rather not say how much.

He told me there was going to be a character ((Only ONE??)) in the film who would express the views of those people who thought rather harshly of Von Braun's war-time activities. (( A masterpiece of understatement this - "thought harshly" - it makes the whole business sound like a schoolboy who has misbehaved himself in class. How thick can the whitewash go?))

"Wernher doesn't mind this -- ((Damned forgiving of him - the killer pardons his victims and wishes no ill-will to the survivors)) -- Oh sure, he objects to the point of view -- (( I imagine a lot of people objected to losing arms, legs, eyes and their families from his missiles)) but he is, you know, like Voltaire, he respects the fact that other people have the right to say what they think. ((How very magnanimous of him))

Mr. Schneer said that in dealing with certain aspects of Von Braun's private life they were going to allow themselves some artistic license.

"It's nothing anyone will get upset about", he said. "Act-ually Wernher is married to a girl who is 18 years younger than him. We're changing that because in America a fellow who's married to a girl 18 years younger than him --well, he isn't very sympathetically regarded for some reason. (( We understand - in America mass murder is acceptable -lechery isn't.)) So we'll make





John Gordon in the SUNDAY EXPRESS followed Von Braun's unwelcome visit in more detail:-

"Dr. Wernher Von Braun who invented the V.2. rocket for Hitler, comes over weeping crocodile tears for the damage and loss of life his invention caused in London. He is now by the twist of FATE a much-applauded citizen of the U.S., heading the army's ballistic missiles outfit.

So eminent a figure indeed that President Eisenhower recently awarded him the gold medal of the year for distinguished service with the cynical citation that "he enhanced the security of the free world by his extra-ordinary achievements."

I say cynical because Hitler gave him a medal for doing more than any man to destroy the free world.

Von Braun comes to London to help in the making of a film of his life. Most people here would have been better pleased to be spared his visit, his sympathy and his film."

A sentiment I heartily endorse.

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Peter Evans of the DAILY EXPRESS investigated the actual making of the film itself when Von Braun met the director, the fine British director J. Lee Thompson - a man who rises in my estimation each time I hear of him:-

"Here is the full, fantastic story of an 18 hour, non-stop row between rocket scientist Wernher Von Braun and top British film maker J. Lee Thompson.

A row which threatened the big scale Hollywood film on the man whose V2 inventions blasted Britain during the war.

A marathon row which began when Von Braun, the German missile



genius turned American space-hero, said that the proposed film made him appear "weak" and a "traitor."

An incredible day-and-night row during which Thompson, who is to direct the film, was accused of acting under orders from the British Government "to make a hostile film on Von Braun."

Last night Thompson told me:- "Von Braun was very angry with a couple of scenes which he said made him look 'weak' and a 'traitor'. Well, I saw no point in pulling any punches. So I told him that in my eyes he was a traitor. I said that when the end of the war was in sight, he packed up his equipment at Peenemunde and made for the American side pretty damn quick."

"Well, Von Braun took it pretty well. He said: 'Listen my friend. We were under orders to stay put and, if necessary, destroy equipment.

We disobeyed that order. We could have been caught and shot down by the S.S. guards. I simply surrendered. I owed no loyalties to anyone. How could I? My country was smashed and being carved into little pieces.'"

The straight choice was: who were to have the Peenemunde secrets ?? The Americans or the Russians? Von Braun went West. Von Braun pointed out that he had an invention in the V2 which could be harnessed for humanity and peaceful purposes, "I acted to save that invention," he said.

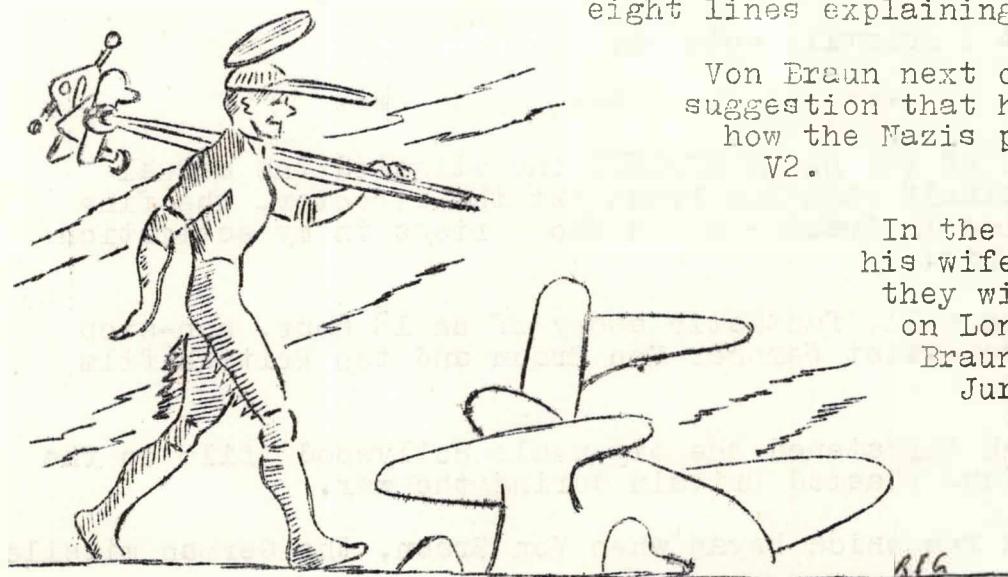
"You acted to save your own skin," Lee Thompson told him. "That, too," admitted Von Braun with a small smile. "I certainly didn't want to die."

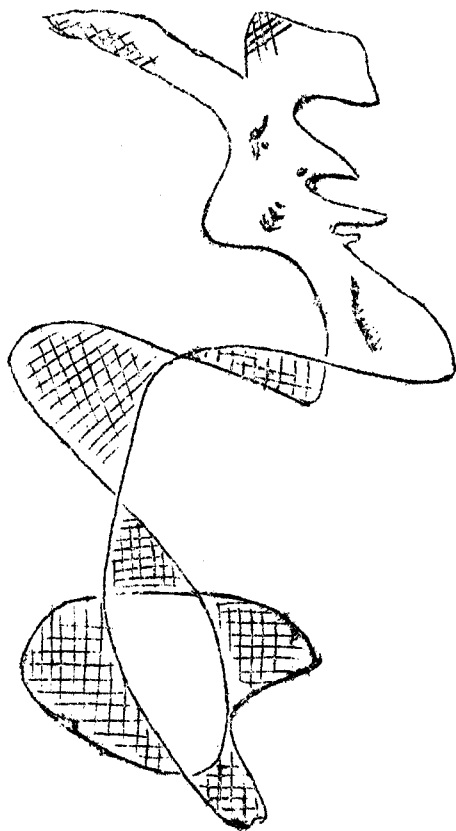
Finally Von Braun said he would permit the reference to him as a traitor, provided he could insert eight lines explaining his viewpoint.

Von Braun next objected to a suggestion that he did not know how the Nazis planned to use the V2.

In the original script, his wife said: "I suppose they will use the rocket on London?" And Von Braun (Played by Curt Jurgens) answered: "I suppose they will."

Said Von Braun: "This makes me sound like a





theatrical scientist. Of course I knew they would be aimed at London. Who do you think was making the calculations?

"You must change that line. I would have answered: 'Yes, of course we will use them on London. That's what I'm making them for.'"

One of Von Braun's aides then warned Thompson: "You are under instruction from the British Government. And that explains your hostile attitude towards Von Braun. I would advise you to act more considerately if you wish this film to be made.

The talks resumed. So did the film-making.

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Now let us draw a parallel. From this story to a science fiction story by Avram Davidson which appeared in both ARGOSY and PLAYBOY. A story called RAPID ORBIT. In this an American scientist in the missile field decides that the Russians are so far ahead of his own people that he will go over to the winning side and be in at the kill. He shoots

his lab partner and dumps his car and body into the lake and deserts to Russia. He works for the Russians until they have picked his brains and are ready to send up a man in the first manned satellite--- The Russian in charge of the project sums it up masterly:- "You joined us from opportunism only. Yesterday you betrayed your own country. Tomorrow they will very probably catch up with us; if not tomorrow, then the day after - in which case you will betray us for the same reason. So you are not trusted. You have no say in the matter. The man stays up. YOU."

"Randal Wilcox speeds around the Earth faster than any human has ever sped before. It is very cramped in the satellite he helped build, but it is dangerous for him to move anyway. But very often he can make out clearly the country he betrayed. Whenever he passes over it he sends out a signal of his own, over and over, until the turning planet tilts. Everyone hears it. BLIP BLIP BLIP -BEEP BEEP BEEP - BLIP BLIP BLIP. Everyone knows it is Randal Wilcox sending out his SOS. But, of course, no one can help him at all.

Even if anyone wanted to."

Would that such a fate could overtake Wernher Von Braun.

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To the future of the film on Von Braun's life - let me trace the history of a film almost a decade ago - one produced by Universal International and starring Jeff Chandler and Marta Toren in almost their first roles. The film was called SWORD IN THE DESERT and it painted in a very unfavourable and grotesque light the activities of the British soldier in Palestine at the time of so much trouble there. The film was shown for one week at the New Gallery Cinema in Regent Street, London all this time ago.

THE FILM WAS NEVER RELEASED.

It still lays mouldering in its dusty cans in some forgotten vault in Wardour Street. It will probably never be seen again.

I hope the same fate will overtake the film of Wernher Von Braun's life.

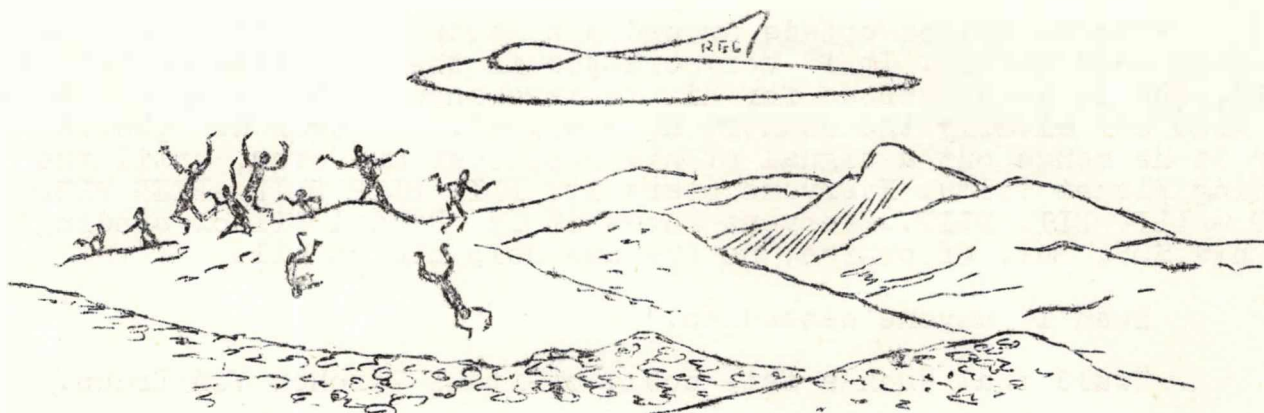
Let us hope that in England at least, this Nazi butcher will not be able to collect any royalties on this film - even though it may make a fortune in countries who never knew what it was like to be under guided missile attack.

To Wernher Von Braun's employers both present and future it would do well to point out to them the truth in an old saying credited to Confucious. It says simply:-

HE WHO LIES WITH THE DOGS - OFTEN GETS UP WITH FLEAS.

It would do well to remember that.

\*\*\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*\*\*





Further information on Wernher Von Braun makes it's appearance as indeed I suspected. THE STAR has the following letter from Dore Silverman, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1. :-

A FILM HE DOESN'T WANT IN LONDON.

Hollywood announces that it is to make a biographical film of Wernher Von Braun, originator of the wartime V-2 rockets, who was captured by the Americans before the Russians could seize him.

No doubt the film will mention the 1050 Von Braun V2s which fell on Southern England in 1944-5 and killed 2,754 people, including 160 shoppers (Nearly all women) in a store at New Cross one Saturday morning.

Perhaps the premiere of the film will be a charity performance for their dependents?

The USA was spared any form of enemy bombing in the last war; it would be tactful of Hollywood at least to keep a tribute to this man out of British cinemas.

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From a later issue of the same paper comes:-

BAN THIS FILM.

Wernher Von Braun offered his considerable talents knowingly to further the Nazi dream of World Domination, which his V2s would have brought more than a step nearer but for the attention of our bomber chiefs.

Straining tolerance a little, he could, as a reader points out, be compared with Sir Arthur ("Bomber") Harris as merely doing the best for his side.

But Von Braun apparently was able to exchange Nazi ideals for American ones with ease.

The idolising Hollywood film of his life should be banned here if only to confirm that our own ideals are not so lightly discarded. Mrs. J. Harrison, Pulman Court, Streatham.

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J. Lee Thompson the British director of the Wernher Von Braun film is a great director and he goes up in my estimation even further by having a clause inserted into his contract for this film.

This clause gives him the right to have his name taken off the credit titles if he is not satisfied with the finished film.

He said "It is a safety precaution since, when I have finished making the picture, it will go to Hollywood to be edited. I'm afraid that perhaps, in the editing, the balance of the story will be upset.

If, for example, certain scenes are cut and Von Braun is shown as a hero, I shall most certainly want my name removed from the picture".

A sentiment which I heartily endorse.

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Arthur Sarsfield Ward died a mysterious death. He died from a little known form of nervous exhaustion and the doctors said he was just "burned out". His nervous system was too strong for his body. He was 73 years old but no one really knew for sure as he claimed his birth records had been lost.

It was in 1913 that he first came to fame when he created a pen name for his books - he took it from the old Saxon language with two words -- SAX ROHMER - Sax meaning "Sharp Blade" and Rohmer (A Wanderer) a name he considered suited his personality. Born in England he always said, "I hate America - but my home and my friends are all there."

In 1913 he created one of the most sinister and lucrative Chinese fiends in literature - DR. FU MANCHU and his enemy secret service agent Sir Denis Nayland Smith. This evil genius was based, so he once said, on a real life Limehouse gangster who lived luxuriously on the proceeds from opium dens and smuggling. Rohmer was genuinely interested in Chinese writings and sayings and once in a Chinese text he claimed he had found an unbeatable system for roulette. At Monte Carlo he won £80 every day for ten days using the minimum stake of only half a crown.

Surprisingly for all his fantasy and Chinese stories, Sax Rohmer had never visited China. He checked all his information on the Far East from maps and books. Fu Manchu and Rohmer's books were published in 25 languages for 46 years and read by over 500 million people. A few years ago the rights of the Fu Manchu series were sold to an American T.V. company for £1,428,000 and an inferior series not shown on British television was made of it.

Even in prewar days Sax Rohmer was earning the incredible amount of £20,000 a year from his books although he said of them - "There is nothing so boring and dull in the world as writing them." and of Fu Manchu - "He bores me. I never read my own books."



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New book on American gangsters recommended - title is  
DIE NOW -- BLEED LATER.....

Should you have 3/6d to spare sometime do please get hold of a copy of ZERO by Masatake Okumiya, Jiro Horikishi with Martin Caidin which illustrates factually and graphically the use of aerial power in the Pacific World War II. Pearl Harbour, Wake Island, Singapore, the Kamikaze and Midway are all there - seen through the eyes of the Japanese. You begin to wonder that with the comparative ease which the Japanese went through the Pacific - couldn't invaders from space maybe go through the whole planet here in the same way? Would not the invader from space find the weapons used against him out-of-date? Would he not find the methods of fighting against him obsolete? The Western method of fighting is of little use against a Bushido code of fighting. Would the invader find his weapons and vehicles out-pacing the enemy vehicles just as the Zeros found the Chinese planes at Chungking? In this episode the Japanese author records the three Chinese pilots who afraid of the incredibly fast new Zeros bailed out of their undamaged planes. In such a detailed report it seems careless of Okumiya to forget to mention they were machine gunned as they drifted down in their parachutes....

An absorbing book, difficult to put down and an interesting insight to the alien mind of the enemy. Try and get it if you can.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE  
DEVIL which is Harry Bellafonte's new  
semi-science fiction film is not as one  
or two readers have asked me from EARTH  
ABIDES but is from the pen of old time  
writer M.P. Shiel whose original story was  
called THE PURPLE CLOUD. It was needless  
to say written long before the Hydrogen  
Bomb.

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The lettercolumn again - contributions to which are gladly welcomed. Firstly a rather sad letter because one of English fandom's top artists says farewell to fandom. A pity - he was one of the greats in the fanzine art world. He explains how this has happened:-

BILL HARRY 69 Parliament Street, Liverpool 8.  
Actually these days I feel too old and tired for fandom. I've got rid of most of my fanzines and others I receive I just burn, mostly without bothering to read them. There are only a couple of fanzines I find readable - CAMBER, PLOY, SATELLITE, TRIODE - and maybe one or two others. I pick up an American fanzine and all I can find is a corny article about Boyd Raeburn, Rich Eney or someone else I don't care a bar of soap for, reviews which are a pain to read, amateurish fiction (These days I don't even like the professional stuff) and a load of other corn. In fact, most fanzines depress me these days.

Eddie, Harry Turner and myself are gone from the fanzine field for good. Have any others appeared in the field to take our places? ((Not in England - in the U.S. there are several new and promising names though) Jim and Atom can't manage the lot themselves, they wouldn't be able to sleep nights. I've a lot of ideas on design and layout for fanzines which would really make a magazine an eye opener, but I'll never try them out unless it's on BIPED.

Honestly, fandom sickens me, I'd sooner write about other things and just hear occasional news about friends in the field. The fannish flame within me has well and truly died.

((And so has a tiny part of English fandom too Bill. We shall miss you. No fan could have a better epitaph when he gafiates.))

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ROAR RINGDAHL. Drammen, Norway. "It is a mystery to me too how people in other countries can tell you are a foreigner. When Cato Lindberg and I were in England we must have looked very foreign indeed. Cato had a shirt, lots of different colours on it and he had it hanging outside his trousers. The way they are meant to be worn, but did the people stare! Even in London where blue and black people went in the streets with bed curtains and flower pots on them, well I don't understand the phenomenon." ((ME neither - but that's London all right!))



PETE MABEY. 10 Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Gloucs.

Congratulations on getting Jim Cawthorne to do illos -if you go on at this rate you'll have all the best fan-artists in! Peter Skeberdis says in the last issue that U.S. law does not allow the representation of living people on stamps - I agree this is true, but it doesn't seem to mean that they don't actually get on them: for instance, in the series they did honouring the various services the pictures of sailors etc were mostly taken from photos and some of the faces have been identified as living persons. There are other countries though, so don't give up!! Nicaragua has already put out a stamp showing a chap, Capt D.L.Ray, with the proud inscription above his portrait "NICARAGUA FAN". He seems to have something to do with their Air Force - but he is the BNF of Nicaragua obviously. We ought to organise the next World Con in such a country then everybody ought to get their faces on, ranging from us on 1c or 2c values up to Willis on the 10 dollar and Reaney etc on the Postage Dues! ... and the feuds started would probably last out the century!



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John Koning is in the midst of a fan feud -- you see, it seems that he broke his mother's fan and... COLIN CAMERON.  
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SAM J. LUNDWALL. Hagersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden. "I did send a letter to Ray Bradbury a week ago (after asking the whole of fandom Harry Warner of Hagerstown, USA told me the address) and yesterday I got the answer. This was really the fastest answering I ever got in fandom - 4 days after I sent the letter, the answer is back to me. And in U.S.A. too. Wow! He was very kindly, and said that he's mother was born in Stockholm in 1888 - her name was Moberg. There you see -- all brave guys have connections with Sweden. Heh. ((How about the brave women like Anita Ekberg?? I rather liked printing this little piece of information as an illustration of what a nice fellow Ray Bradbury must really be to go out of his way to make a lone Swedish fan feel at home. Truly the hallmark of a great science fiction writer.))

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"Dodd's Pills have been taken with good results for over 50 years? Of course, what they're really saying is that you have to have taken them for over 50 years before you get good results. COLIN CAMERON.  
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ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln.  
Let's get straight to your SF film millipede. The obvious title suggests itself -- THE MILLIPEDE FROM ONE THOUSAND FEET.

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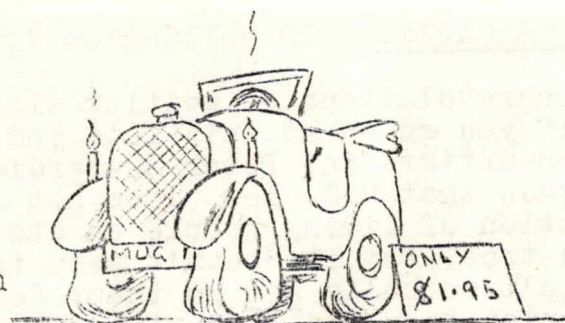
BROTHER FRANK FOR TAFF.

-36-

VOTE FOR FRANK JARES FOR TAFF.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY. Rochester,  
Texas, U.S.A.

"My fanzine review fanzine has :  
folded because I was in the  
middle of rewriting a novel...I  
sold it, too, and bought a car with  
the cheque. No, they don't pay that  
much for science fiction novels, the  
car is a ten year old Jalopy but it  
runs like a dream, purrs like a kitten  
and all the other cliches and now I  
can haul the clothes to the laundry  
and the groceries to the front door  
on my own. It's a blue 1950 Chrysler, rather battered but very servic-  
-eable and of course I love it dearly, even though it eats up all  
the spare change I used to spend on magazines and records. The  
novel was called SEVEN FROM THE STARS and will appear in AMAZING  
STORIES one of these months.



\*\*\*\*\*  
Brother Frank Jares for Governor of California and for TAFF !!  
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GEORGE E. METZGER. Oroville, California, USA.  
Cawthorne's style is a rich, well executed  
one. Sheer poetry of pen and stylo. The  
arrangement of that back cover is even  
more than I could do to say the least. The  
panorama of the March of the Hordes of the  
Legion of Death on page 6 is fabulous. I'd  
like to do that in oils, about 2½ times  
that size.....

\*\*\*\*\*  
Brother Frank Jares is a popular man....  
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MIKE DECKINGER. The Sage of Millburn, New Jersey finishes this rather  
brier letter column with an interesting report on two new science  
fiction films not yet released in England:- "The films were THE  
KILLER SHREWS and THE GIANT GILA MONSTER both low budget Horror films  
with a large amount of bad acting in each. THE KILLER SHREWS is about  
a scientist working on an island who causes mutations in shrews,  
making them the size of wolves and three times as deadly. This was  
handled as a suspense story, but could have been much better under  
better direction. Anyway it's a routine plot, with the man eating  
shrews as the protagonists. The make up of the "mutated shrews" wasn't  
really too bad. They were probably dogs, and had artificial fangs,  
wild hair and long snouts. They didn't look much like shrews; but then  
they were supposed to have been mutated ones. THE GIANT GILA MONSTER  
is slightly worse and concerns a ...giant gila monster --((No!!)) -  
this lizard lives out west, and goes around causing a lot of trouble.  
Anyway, the special effects in it are nothing to speak of, since the  
"giant" gila monster is actually a regular sized lizard but is used  
with backdrops, mock-ups, and mostly miniatures, to get across the  
effect of it's height. About all it does is walk around knocking over  
things, but then of course it must be destroyed, and you know the rest.



ROBERT E. GILBERT reports further on THE MUMMY publicity in this issue "Yes, I saw Norma Marla in person. She passed within a foot of me. Four or five men carried a wooden packing case from a truck into King's department store. They opened the case and took out the sarcophagus, stood it up in the floor, and opened it to reveal the mummy. A few minutes later, Norma Marla, the technical advisor on "The Mummy", and the manager of the Majestic Theatre entered the store. Norma and the adviser stationed themselves near the mummy case to answer questions. She opened a basket she was carrying and took out a puppy, perhaps a collie, which she fondled lovingly. Her hair was so black it looked died. Her teeth, if those were her teeth, were the most perfect I've seen. She wore a short, tight, thin, purple dress. I didn't ask her any questions. I just stared at her. Somehow, I was not impressed. She looked artificial, like a dummy in a store window. Besides, I think several of the girls who work in King's are prettier. ((Yes, but maybe they don't have 2000 year old mummies?))

This nude-model-horror-movie-actress thing is developing into a phobia. Now every film I see, I wonder if I haven't seen the heroine somewhere undressed. I think I've found another one, but maybe I should check some more. Perhaps nude modelling is a standard part of their training. ((The phobia has affected me too - Ingrid Goude in THE KILLER SHREWS and half the cast of QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE is added - you don't suppose Ackerman keeps a list do you??))

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Ken Cheslin:- "Ron Bennett draws lines on toilet paper" - which on the face of it seems a rather unusual occupation don't you think??  
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That mythical character GEORGE H. WELLS reports on the Jack-the-Ripper film:- "When Jack said sweeping the streets, he was talking about how he and I used to sweep the streets together in the Sahara Desert. We kept sweeping but we never did get down to the street level since the sand blew back. In fact, while we were there we never swept enough off to see the pavement. In fact, Jack used to get so discouraged he'd rip his hair out. Hence the name JACK THE RIPPER. ...

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"What you publish now is CAMBER YEARBOOK isn't it? ROBERT E. GILBERT.  
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The difference between the film THE MAN WHO CHEATED DEATH and the original THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET is the fact that in the latter the man gained long life from the organs taken from ex-convicts while in the film for more commercial reasons he steals the organs from young girls. I remarked on this fact to GEORGE H. WELLS who explained thus:- "I don't know what's wrong with getting organs from girls instead of men. I do it all the time. Of course the last organ I stole was from the Methodist Church. Was an awful big one, with big pipes sticking out the top. I have this body into which I'm putting stolen organs in the hope to actually build a human being but where this organ can fit I don't know. Killing these girls though has left me with problems. For instance among the left over organs I have 37 mouths. You wouldn't be needing a mouth organ now would you??

\*\*\*\*\*  
I can afford to buy anything I want, only I'm not going to c'os I'd sooner have the money....Tony Hancock.



