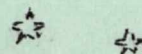
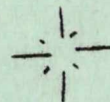


CAMPER

No. 3



UNDER NEW
MANAGEMENT



JEEVES

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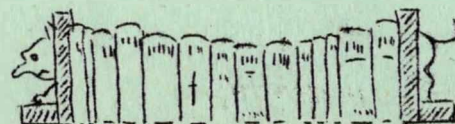
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Guest Art Editor:- Terry Jeeves.

Interior illustrations by Terry Jeeves, Bill Price, Jeeves, Dave English, T.Jeeves, Dave Barker, not forgetting Terence Jeeves & others too numerous to mention.

Production of Camber was formerly in the capable hands of Fred J.Robinson at 63, Newborough Ave., Llanishen, Cardiff, Glam., S.Wales.GB. and has now passed to the equally incapable hands of Alan Dodd at 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England.

Camber is produced with criminal irregularity and sells for 9d (15p) a copy. Exchanges with other fanzines or US promags gladly welcomed.



The Next issue of

CAMBER

will appear sometime in /
1955 and will contain
among other literary
gems Terry Jeeves'
story 'The Amiable
Alien'.



THE TOP LINE.

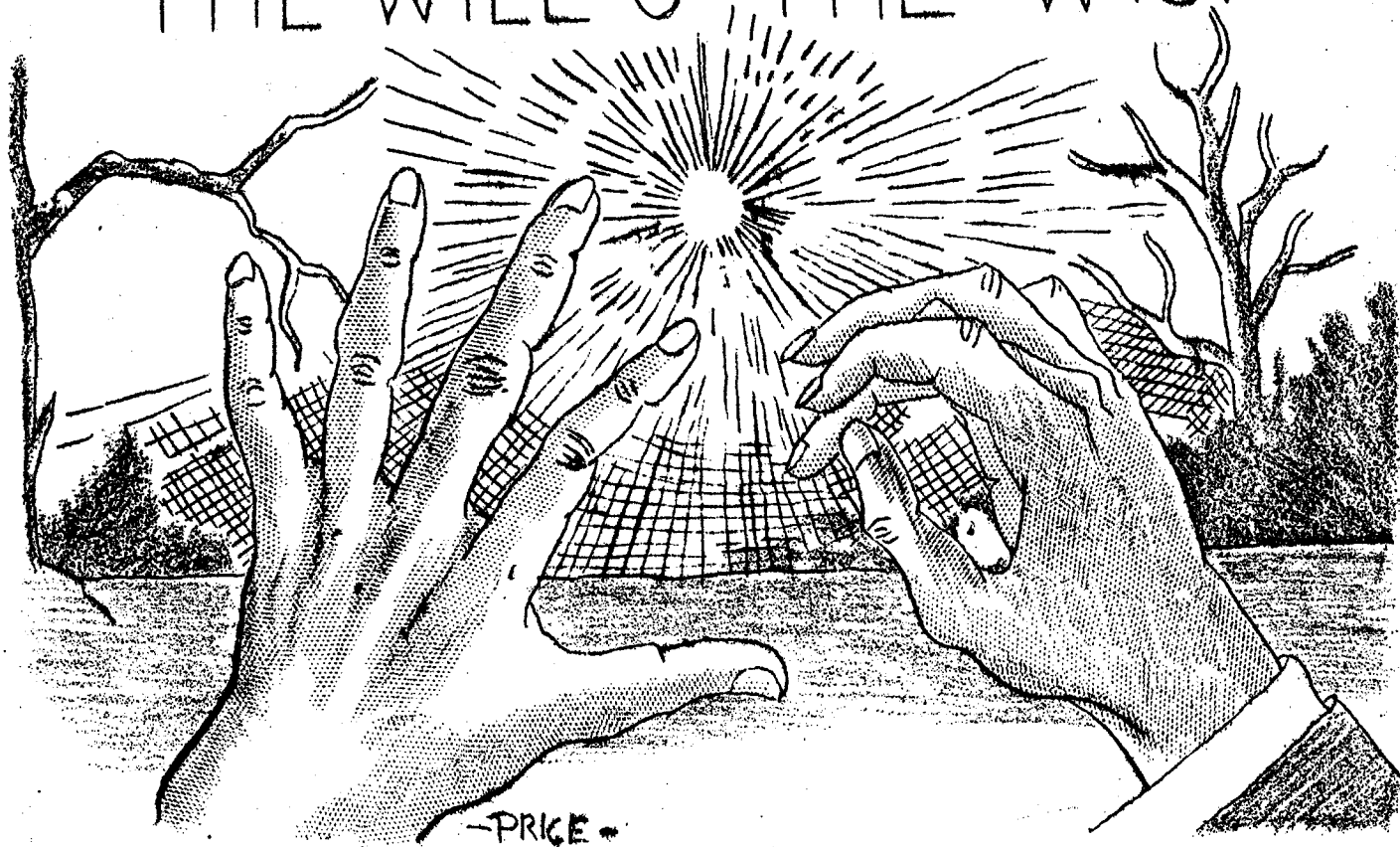
Finished drooling over the cover ? Good!

At least I hope this issue of Camber will be easily picked out of the mass of other zines with spaceship, symbolical or carbolical covers by our return to the days of Earl Bergey. The months have simply flown by since our last issue. I could'nt stop them!

I also could'nt stop Fred J. Robinson, in whose hands have rested previous production of this zine, from deciding during that period to retire from fan publishing. Other interests have drawn Fred away and the spark of enthusiasm has, for the time being, anyway, died. Reaching this critical point, Camber could either have fallen onto that ever-increasing pile of folded zines or production could have been transferred in the hope that the new editor might not mutilate it too much. Thusly, Camber passed on to me. How I managed you will see on the following pages. I hope you like it.



THE WILL-O-THE-WISP



-PRICE-

THE WILL-O-THE WISP.

by Arthur F. Hillman.

"There. Over there. The marsh!"

Alan Kearne sensed an undercurrent of excitement in his companion's voice. The tightening clutch on his arm, the trembling forefinger, as John Carey pointed to the dark expanse ahead, betrayed his agitation in no uncertain terms. Yet when his friend obediently focussed his gaze on the spot in front of them, there seemed nothing to cause alarm, to explain the mental turmoil peering out of Carey's eyes.

Over to the west, where the lights of Gravesend twinkled in the gathering dusk, the sun had set five minutes ago, and a ruddy glow still suffused the horizon. Around them was the bleak flat ground peculiar to that region of the Thames, devoid of habitation, lonely with the poignant desolation of something forgotten and neglected. But a scant four miles off were the sprawling tentacles of the biggest city on Earth, yet here one seemed a million miles away --- nay, a million years. A mournful wind souged through the rushes; a strange cry fluted the air as a passing wildfowl circled overhead. The brooding hand of Time lay heavy on this drear spot; and something else, something that caused the muscles of Carey's jaw to twitch as he turned to address his friend.

"Come. Let us go back to the cottage. And --- wait!"

Silently, the other fell into step beside him, and picking their way carefully over the soggy grass, they made their way at right angles to the mist hidden river. After some ten minutes of walking a shadowy hulk loomed up in front of them, which on their approach resolved itself into a cottage. The building, a dark stained wooden structure, was partially hidden under a mass of ivy, but near one corner a lighted window stood out in the darkness, gazing into the murk like a glaring Cyclopean eye. A shadow moved across it as they neared the door --- a monstrous flitting shadow. Kearne started, then smiled to himself as he realised it was but the aged servant of his companion moving about inside.

Carey lifted the latch, and they entered the small living room. Laying the centre table for supper was Pierre Cordin, the old man whom Carey had hired to attend the artist's needs. His grey spade beard wagged in the lamplight as his bright eyes spun round to survey them.

"Ha, m'sieu Carey ! A shaking, palsied hand waved in greeting. "You and your friend are back --- safe !" There seemed an undue emphasis on the last word.

Carey's voice took on a sharp edge. "Of course. And why not pray ?"

"No reason m'sieu !" His eyes, under their shaggy eyebrows, shifted uneasily before the challenging stare of the artist. "Sometimes there is danger. The surface of the marsh is treacherous, n'est-ce-pas ? The river is very near."

Although Carey's grunt in reply indicated scorn for the old man's reasoning, Kearne noticed that a secret message appeared to have passed between them. The air seemed electric with something quivering on the verge of utterance.

The artist broke the spell by crossing over to the window. His dark face stared moodily out into the lowering darkness. After a few moments of silent contemplation he spoke over his shoulder.

"All right Pierre, you can go. We shan't need you again tonight."

A glitter showed in the eyes of the aged domestic as he carefully finished arranging the cruet. The glance he threw at Carey's back masked a fierce emotion. His voice however, was calm. "Oui, m'sieu. Everything has been prepared." He hobbled over to a corner of the room and picked up a knotty stick Kearne had not noticed before.

Limping and supporting himself on this rough crutch, he made his way to a door that led to the single room he occupied at the rear of the cottage. He paused, with one hand on the open door. "Bon soir, m'sieu Carey. M'sieu." His beady eyes swept to Kearne.

"Goodnight Cordin." Kearne nodded to the old man, and felt an inexplicable sense of relief as the door closed and shut out the Frenchman's enigmatic face and eyes that seemed pregnant with meaning. Carey vouchsafed no reply. The harsh line of his jaw was silhouetted against the

lamplight, and his face held a strained expression Kearne had noticed more than once since he had arrived.

The meal that followed was not a success. Carey merely toyed with his food and remained silent, deep in some inner speculations. But Kearne was used to the morbid introspections of his friend, and knew that with patience he would obtain the confidence of his companion. At last, the artist pushed his plate away impatiently, and looked across at Kearne.

"Alan," he exclaimed abruptly, "you are a writer of weird fiction, a well known author of that branch of fiction that follows strange and devious paths." He traced a pattern on the tablecloth with a fork. "Do--- do you think there is any truth in the old legends, in the superstitions and weird mummary of the Middle Ages ? "

Kearne glanced sharply at him. It was a curious question, but he saw that Carey seemed to attach a momentous importance to the odd inquiry.

"Offhand, I would say no," he replied slowly, "the ignorance and credulity of those times was very great. But something, in my opinion, must exist at the core of those legends, some grain of fact that, however distorted and exaggerated, must originally have defied the ordinary laws of nature and science and started the legends. I accept Hamlet's view that there are more things in heaven and earth --- But why do you ask?"

The other arose and reaching up, extinguished the lamp.

"Come to the window," he said, and mystified, Kearne got up and joined his friend. The stood before the glass, staring out into the blackness. The murk extended away before them; it appeared to pulsate, to press against the window as if striving to get in, then to surge back in disappointed, ebon folds.

Carey tugged at one lip tensely. "Two months ago I came here," He murmured slowly, "Each evening I felt the eerie sensation of a presence wandering out there. One night I watched from this very window. I saw --- Look! There it is!" He suddenly clutched Kearne's arm.

Kearne stared in amazement. Out there in the darkness a light danced. A bright spot of luminosity. It gyrated, swirled up and down, spun nearer then danced away in fantastic, eye entrancing spirals.

"That's it!" exclaimed Carey hoarsely, "The will-o-the-wisp!"

Through Kearne's body there came a strange urge, and insidious beckoning call. He felt a tugging desire to find out what the light was. Yet his reason fought back.

"Nonsense!" he protested. "It's merely a big firefly. It's natural!" He was arguing as much with himself as with his companion.

John Carey's eyes glittered strangely. "No!" he said, fiercely, "Don't you feel the call? Can't you sense it drawing you, promising, promising an experience as intoxicating as the sight of Paradise?" His voice was heightening.

"John!" Kearne said sharply. "Stop it!" His heart was hammering in his ribs. The dancing light was coming nearer again, much nearer. It swirled and swayed in breathless, alluring motion. Its writhings took on a pattern of invitation. It pleaded. The brilliance grew. It filled the room. There was nothing but the light, pulsating light; and in the core of the light was --- something unearthly! He could not describe it - no Earthly words could picture its alien beauty; his senses reeled before a vista of ultimate perfection, an aerial form divine in conception. Dazzling beams of brilliance swirled about it, making the heart-choking glory of its utter magnificence. And still he felt that yearning, and a promise of delights immortal. Dimly, he heard a sharp exclamation at his side, the slamming of a door.

"John! John!" he screamed. He raced for the door, scrambled out into the misty night. Gliding away before him was the light, beckoning, still beckoning. In front of it, a look of ecstatic joy on his face, stumbling, gasping, was John Carey.

Even as he watched it, the light soared up, just out of reach of Carey's grasping hands. It hovered, shimmering with fire, and the dreadful lure of it tore at Kearne's heart. His very mind ached to plunge into the core, to drink in the incredible beauty of that ethereal being. He ran towards the dancing radiance.

But Carey was before him. He saw him plunging, heedless towards it. The light hesitated, and then spun away into the mist. Carey followed, gasping for breath, eyes filled with an unspeakable rapture akin to that of one deep in the visions of hashish.

Kearne followed. Ever deeper into the mist they penetrated. The cottage soon disappeared behind them. Gradually nothing but blackness enclosed their hurrying forms, save where the dancing, swaying light pirouhetted before their eyes.

Kearne suddenly stumbled over a projecting stone, and measured his length on the soggy ground. He rose quickly to his feet, but already his friend was out of sight. He hurried in the direction of the faintly flashing mote of light, deep in the heart of the mist. Swaying, stumbling, gasping, the man continued the chase, with only a gleam of light now and then flickering as a guide.

Then, gradually, he knew he was overhauling it. The sparkling mote became more brilliant, its lure grew stronger, and at last he burst upon it, the tableau before him.

Carey was on his knees, his eyes fixed on the heart of the burning splendour that surrounded him. Despite the blazing radiance that nearly blinded him, Kearne saw something moving in the core of the luminosity, something that reached out and drew Carey towards it. A look of rhapsodic happiness shone in Carey's eyes. Two beautiful arms wrapped themselves around his neck. On his lips there pressed the form of something so godlike, so beautifully exquisite, that its loveliness dazzled the watcher. He reeled back, clapping his hands over his eyes.

He removed them. Something strange had come over Carey. His face had gone blank, his body seemed to shrink. As if all the life force had been drained from his body, he slumped to the ground. Kearne suddenly felt horror, sickening horror, sweep over him in a wave. His friend was dead.

He fell to his knees before the light, but his mind was filled only with revulsion. A groping hand felt a stick nearby. With a sudden outburst of despair he lashed out at the fiery presence before him. It darted back to avoid the blow. Then it soared upwards, danced away, fled erratically into the mist.

Kearne's head dropped wearily. He felt sick, exhausted. With fumbling fingers he drew a box of matches from his pocket, and struck one. Lack-
lustrely he stared at the stick in his hand. It was long and knotty.
And then he stared at the dead body of his friend. Firmly in his right
hand were some grey hairs such as might have come from a spade beard!

THE END.

MORE SQUEEZED OUT FAN REVIEWS.

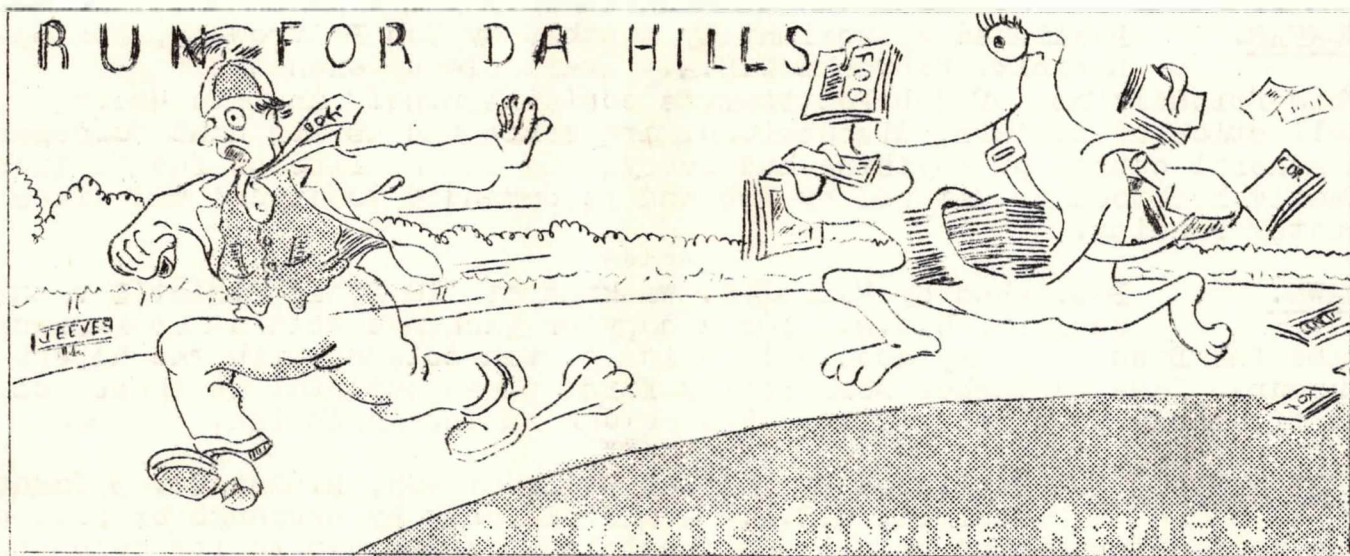
STF.TRENDS. June 1954. Published quarterly by Lynn A.Hickman, 705, W.Main
St., Napoleon, Ohio, USA.

Possibly the most professional looking fanzine published anywhere in fan-
dom, superbly multilithed by Lynn. Each issue is progressively better,
owing mainly to the fine artwork of Don Duke and the brilliant cartooning
of Plato Jones. June ish has Joe Gibson and a delirious Jim Harmon conre-
-port of the Midwestcon.

...they may not give a darn for it, but they'll feel obligated to send me
their zine in exchange.....Confab.Aug.54.

VARIOSO. Aug.54. A Metro-Goldwyn-Magnus production by the Orson Welles
of Silver Spring, John Magnus Jnr, 9312 Second Avenue,
Silver Spring, Md., USA. 10¢ a copy.

At first impression the August ish appears to be a copy of the sheet mus-
of 'Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder' (Who said I could read music?),
second impressions resolve it into John Magnus Jnrs' 'Varioso' masquerad-
-ing under yet another disguise, this time a musical background. This is
a really original issue of one of the top US. humourzines.



Frantic is the word too! Struggling out from under a monster pile of fanzines Fred dumped on top of me before he left I find myself gazing at a menacing heap of unreviewed mags now reposing on the desk. These have collected in the past year or so but lack of time has prevented their inclusion as reviews in previous issues. Space allows me to only give a brief review of the general quality and contents of the particular zine of which I reviewed the latest copy on the pile. If I didn't review your fanzine then you'll know I preferred to wait until I received a really up to date copy, rather than review a dated ish. Till I get a copy of your zine then, for review in Camber 4, press on rewardless:-

CONFAB. Published approximately monthly by Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk. Nebraska U.S.A. Available by exchange
This friendly mag of Bob Peatrowsky's contains mostly an interesting collection of letters, discussions, arguments and as its name suggests, a general confab on anything and everything in the line of fan fiction. Neatly hecktoed or dittoed by Bob and recommended to anyone who likes letter reading.

DAWN. Published by Russell K. Watkins at 110 Brady Street, Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A. 10¢ a copy or exchange with other fanzines. Came the Dawn and very good collection of fan columns with the accent on humour. Russ publishes some really first class material in these columns. Particularly good being Cal Berk's column in the March ish.

GREY MAELSTROM. Published by Charles Wells at 405, E.62nd St. Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A. Available only by exchange or free copy. The most entertaining of all one sheet letterzines due to its colourful production, entertaining letters and news and to the fact that Charles Wells crams more onto two pages than any other two faneds publishing. Definitely well worth getting a copy.

THE MEDWAY JOURNAL LITERARY & NEWS SUPPLEMENT. Published by Tony Thorne and Brian Lewis at 21, Granville Rd., Gillingham, Kent. 4½d copy or 2/6 a year.

Excellent produced by multilith with first rate artwork and eight colourful pages of reviews of BRE'S, promags, books and the latest SF films. This supplement cum newspaper is a bargain at only 4½d a copy.

HAEMOGOBLIN No.1 Edited by Frederick L. Smith, 613 Great Western Road, Glasgow, W.2 and published by Alan Mackie, 80, East Road, Irvine, Ayrshire. G.B. for the Newlands SF Club 4 issues 3/6 or 6 issues one dollar - Single copies 1/-, 20¢ or one current prozine.

Thickly printed, handy sized little mag which is one of the few actually PAYING for contributions. Catering mainly to the more serious-minded aficionados there is nothing serious however about Peter Henessey's "Big Eggo Wins Through" though there is a first class article on "Writing for a Living" by J.T. MacIntosh in which he details his rewards both financial and literary during the past few years. An article by Ken Slater, magazine reviews and some unusual lino-cut artwork by Brian Miller round off this first ish of another new zine for Scotland.

THE NEW FUTURIAN No.1 Spring 54. Published quarterly by J.Michael Rosenblum at 7, Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7. 9d copy of 3/- per annum. Exchanges welcome.

The New Futurian is certain to bring back many memories of the past to old fans, particularly those who remember "The Futurian War Digest" eight years ago back in war time. Old timer Walter Gillings has an excellent serial beginning in this first issue entitled "The Glamorous Dreamers" an immensely interesting story of British Science Fiction Fandom from the beginning. That well known Bradbury fan Ron Bennett delves into the past to examine the Prehistoric Bradbury in detail and there is also an unusual article on "What has happened to Old Fans" and a "Who's Who in Fandom" feature. Unfortunately there is a complete lack of artwork throughout the first issue which I hope will be remedied in future issues. Welcome back anyway!

OPERATION FANTAST.No.16.Summer 1954. Edited by Capt.K.F.Slater,22,Broad St.,Syston, Leics. 4 issues 7/6d.

At last with issue number 16,Capt.Slater has finally abandoned the sub-microscopic print of former issues to a more legible clear type one can read without eyestrain. This is one of the best issues to date with J.T. McIntosh's "There's a Story in Anything," a report of the 3rd Australian Convention and some informative book reviews by F.G.Rayer. A little colourful artwork would help out in future issues.

ORION.

Published bi-monthly by Paul Enever at 9, Churchill Avenue,Hillingdon,Middlx. 2/6d per year.

Very neat typing and layout make this issue of Orion a real pleasure to read. Ron Bennett gives out with "Favourite Themes in SF." and Bob (Enchanted Duplicator) Shaw explains how he would like to introduce fandom to someone who has needed it all his life. Some really good illos are needed however to break up the monotony of the type and headings. This is the chief item Orion lacks throughout.

ORBIT. Sept.1954.

Published quarterly by the Leeds Science Fiction Association & edited by George Gibson, Little London,Aberford,Nr.Leeds. 1/- per ish 5/- per 6.

A really riotous ish containing some first classhumour particularly Don Allen's take off of "Dragnet" complete with background music,science fiction compositions by Ron Bennett's pupils in "SF in the Junior School" and Terry Jeeves' story "Dezbot the Oneth". There is a variety of every type of article in this number stretching from "3D Noughts & Crosses" to a "Viewpoint on Adamski." Uneven duplicating leaves much to be desired but with such good material it's hardly noticeable.

• PEON. Nov. 1954.

Published by Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Connecticut, USA. 10¢ per issue or 7/- for 12 issues. U.K. subs to Fred J. Robinson whose address appears elsewhere in this magazine. 4 issues yearly.

Now in its Seventh Year of publication "Peon" is a first class example of how a fanzine should be turned out, finely mimeoed with always an excellent cover and some of the best fan columns and material printed. The Nov. ish contains the usual regulars, Dick Clarkson's 'Kumquat', T.E. Watkins' 'Kan Kan Kabitzer', Terry Carr's 'Fantastuff' and an entertaining Fan Press review by Ian T. Macauley, but the high spot of Peon for me is always Jim Harmon's riotous column "Harmony". Isaac Asimov also has an article on "Why Can't an Author Meet his Critics". Recommended to all.

PHANTASMAGORIA. No. 1. (New Series).

Edited and produced by Derek Pickles at 197, Cutler Heights Lane, Bradford 4, Yorks. & Stan Thomas, 22 Marshfield Place, Bradford 5, Yorks. Exchanges with other zines welcome. Free for contribution or letter of comment.

Derek and Stan have turned out another fine humour mag here which 'prints anything the Post Office won't object to' in this case another conreport. Good material throughout but dull presentation on foolscap paper which has always been an unmanageable size for a fanzine. Printing on different coloured paper would certainly put in Phan that amount of colour that future issues certainly need.

REVIEW.

Published by Vernon L. McCain, R.F.D. 3., Nampa, Idaho. No sub rates quoted.

Attractively printed review and letterzine reviewing the latest U.S. promags and fanzines - just the thing for the collector. Unpretentious and well worth having.

PLOY. Autumn.1954.

Published irregularly by Ron Bennett at 'Ronhill', Little Preston Hall Rd., Swillington, Nr. Leeds. 1/- per copy or exchange with current promags.

This issue of Ploy is one of the most messily duplicated zines I've seen for a long time and while some of the pages are'n't too bad the rest looks as if a berserk duplicator had run amok feeding itself with anything it could lay its hands on, dripping ink and oil everywhere at the same time. Apart from this production point it contains really good material including a checklist of the works of David H. Keller, an hilarious take-off of the Goon Show entitled "Destination Goon" and a reprint of Terry Jeeves minor fan-classic "The Journey of the Vacuum Beetle." Once again there is a complete lack of interior artwork which is all too necessary to break up the dullness of the type and headings. Hope this will be taken care of in future issues.

SIDEREAL. No.1. 1954.

Edited and produced irregularly by Eric Jones at 'Xanadu', 44, Barbridge Rd, Hester's Way, Cheltenham, Glos. for the West Country SF Group. 9d (15¢) per issue. Exchanges with other zines welcome.

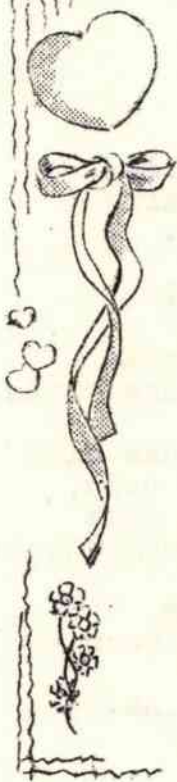
a promising new mag, similar in format to Orion. First ish contains a very large proportion of fanzine and promag reviews but there is also an amusing report of the Supermancon by Joy Goodwin, Pete Mabey's electric story "Feast Day" and some nice little patches of artwork by the editor himself. Being the first issue material is of course somewhat scarce and a lot of filler material has had to be used. Future issues will I hope contain a more varied assortment.

SCINTILLA.

Edited by Larry Anderson & Published by Robot Press 2716, Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana, USA. 10¢. a copy.

Neatly printed little zine with first class fiction, original artwork and some riotously phoney adverts. Really good ish.

IT SPOKE



The Saucer, hovering high and bright,
Shone like a beacon in the night,
And filled the crowd with soundless fright.

It spoke,
"Ask twenty questions, that is all,
If I can't answer then I fall,
If I succeed, this Earth I'll see a fiery ball."

Great mathematicians gathered there,
The questions used were very rare,
It answered all without a care,
And Spoke.

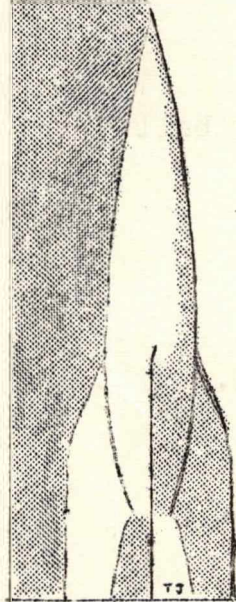
"One more question, then you die."
"Well what is Love ?" a weak voice cried.
And lo, it trembled in the sky,
But did not speak.

"Well, answer him," the crowd then roared,
As higher still the Disc-shape soared,
Then crashed to Earth without a word,
And did not speak.

* * * * *

Brian Lumley.

LUNAR ROCKET

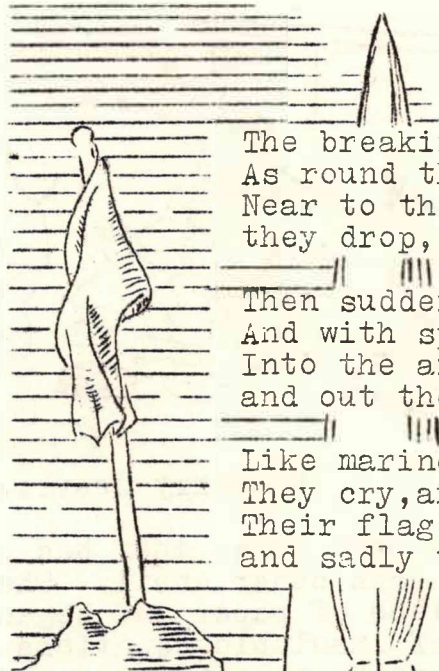


All is ready and last adjustments made,
The murmur of the watching crowd is stilled.
Then with white blast from the rocket tail
The air-field lights and arc lamps fade.

Then swiftly on her roaring tail she lifts,
A flaming monster, comet, tiny speck
As through the chains of gravity she breaks
And out into the frozen night of space she rifts.

The crowd disperse, their feeble cheer has died
A breath of fear within their hearts is cold,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons are gone
Where no man has trod, and hope their only guide.

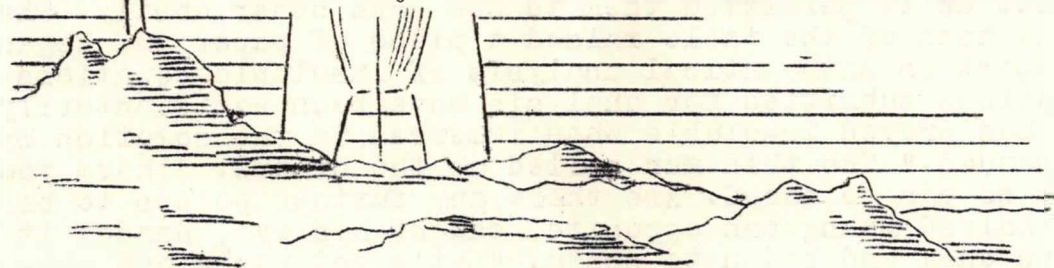
Cut in space as pioneers they journey on
Toward their goal, Earth's satellite the Moon
And as the lunar disc draws near
All thoughts but those of victory are gone.



The breaking rockets from the nose spurt out
As round the cold, hard, friendless globe they roar
Near to the end of flight through space
they drop, success is still in doubt.

Then suddenly with jarring force they land
And with space suits donned and wonder in their eyes
Into the air-lock climb, the outer door slides back
and out they step, a small intrepid band.

Like mariners of old on new discovered shore
They cry, and give their thanks and plant
Their flag upon the cold and silent rock
and sadly think of those who tried before.





QWERTYUIOP.

by Terry Jeeves.

There were four men at the table, one at each side; they had chosen this arrangement as it permitted them to see each other easily. The tall thin man at the head of the table raised a piece of paper and began to read. "Test report on mathematical analysis of insoluble equations. All insoluble equations submitted for analysis have been satisfactorily dealt with, nothing has proved insoluble when immersed in the solution whose formula is appended." The thin man smiled at the others. "There you are gentlemen, now we can go ahead. Are there any further points to be settled?" A red haired young man opposite, caught his eye, handed it back (it was a glass one) and began to speak. "Let's not waste any more time, we ought to start building the machine immediately, if not sooner." This speech was greeted by applause, and without further ado, they all rose to their feet and hastened to the laboratory.

When they were all in the lab, Tom Phule their leader locked the door and placed the key safely in a beaker of Sulphuric acid. He threw a quick glance around, fortunately doing little damage and said, "Now men, we all know our jobs. Let's get to work." Donning a lab smock he crossed to a bench labelled 'Electronics', plugged in a soldering iron and began to work. Ben Tover, the red head reached into a cupboard, withdrew a reel of wire and a dinner plate. Multiplying the latter by two gave him two d-plates, and with the wire he began to wind a midget cyclotron. The third man, though very small had the large name of Otfrid von Serket, though he was usually referred to as either 'Short' or 'Ot'. He began to assemble the cabinet and chassis racks of the machine soon to take place. Over in the other corner of the room, Rick O'Shea the Irish mathematician had taken a razor blade and was quietly splitting atoms for the power supply. He already had quite a pile at his feet. His real work would come later when the machine was ready for testing.

The scene was one of frenzied activity, rods and cones of force shone from the electronic bench. The mighty forces of the cyclotron warped the very fabric of space for yards around. In the centre of this activity, sat 'Short' striking great blows at the metal which he was even then welding into a shape hitherto deemed impossible even to his hardy thews. On he pounded, oblivious to all else, pounded while the rods and cones of force flew around him, pounded while the cyclotron warped the space above his head, pounded while it warped the space inside his head, and at last even his mighty sinews felt as if they would crack, but still he pounded, while in the far corner Rick was crooning a soft Irish lullaby as he split the atoms.

"Stown coled edd inde ma-ket, Ike ild nobe oddy butmy usban," he wound up on a high note as he tossed the last pieces of atom onto the pile. Then, remembering how his mother made tea, he thoughtfully added 'one for the pot'. Too late he realised the pile had reached critical mass. The atoms could no longer remain stable, now that the final one had raised the pile's centre of gravity above its moment of inertia. Even piles have their moments....

With a noise like a deflated baseball bat, the atoms subsided and rolled in all directions. One, more errant than the rest, rolled between the feet of the pounding 'Short'. The atom stopped 'Short', at least it

stopped him pounding, instead he described a beautiful parabola in the air, and descended upon Rick's neck as he was busy noting the elements of the parabola. As both had completed their present jobs, they crossed over to see how Tom Phule was making out with the wiring. They paused on the way to unwind the last thirty turns on the cyclotron and set free Ben Tover who had become too wrapped up in his work. They clustered around Tom like fans round a fan dancer. "How's it going Tom?", asked Rick. "Fine," answered that individual, "I only have to hook this tube into the multistage cascade inverted diode, and the protons will be attracted by the cathode, the electrons attracted by the anode, and we four attracted by this picture of Gypsy Rose Lee. Pass me the fish hooks, that tube of glue, and Smith's annual on 'Haywire Hookups'," he concluded.

Five and a half minutes later the wiring was complete, and the four carried the bits over and began to install them in 'Short's' cabinet. After a while Rick grabbed his slide rule and began to calculate the first problem to be fed to the machine. Ben Tover bent over and replaced the scattered atoms in their pile, carefully omitting the last one. At last Tom Phule stood back, Rick stood to his right, and Ben to his left.

Tom grinned at them and then said, "This is a great moment, we have completed the first dozitronic brain ever to exist, switch on the power and let's feed the first question." Rick threw a switch, there was a low hum followed by a blinding flash, and the machine went dead. Tom glanced around, noticed that one of their quartet was missing, removed an inspection panel and glanced inside. Turning, he picked up a dustpan and broom and removed 'Short' Serket from the inside. Emptying the remains reverently into the ash can, he replaced the fuses and switched on again. Everything was on the green. Tom turned to Rick. "Feed in our first question, we'll soon have all the knowledge at our fingertips, our visualisation of the Cosmic All will be complete..... come on, what is it?" Rick smiled, "First we'll run a test question." He bent over and said into the microphone, "Produce the integral of $1/x$." There was a rendering crash, and a huge tree trunk, shorn of branches, shot from the ejector slot and crashed upon the three killing them instantly. Rick had time for only one thought before he died. "It worked. It produced the integral of $1/x$, any fool knows that is $\log x$." QWERTYUIOP was also wrecked, which is why there are no more dozitronic brains in the world."

CAMBER INK. PRESENTS.

PROJECTIONS

PRODUCER

Alan Dodd

A Review of the latest Science Fiction Films

THE BOWERY BOYS MEET THE MONSTERS.

with Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, John Dehner, Lloyd Corrigan and the boys.


Slip and Sach find themselves suddenly in great demand at Gravesend Manor where they go one dismal night to persuade the owner to let them have a plot of land for a childrens' playground. The owner, Dr. Gravesend is anxious to insert Mahoney's brain into the head of Cosmos his giant gorilla while his brother is after Sach's head to fit onto his immense biscuit-tin robot Gorog. Their sister needs human food for her Man-eating Plant and the shapely niece in a low cut evening gown is also interested in the boys - purely for vampirical reasons! The butler manages periodically to also change into a Jekyll & Hyde monster.

With this hilairious set-up the fun is fast and furious. Sach opens his bedroom door in the middle of the night expecting Slip to enter when a monstrous metal man enters to be greeted by "Gee chief, where'd you get those crazy pyjamas?" Captured by both experimenters who want the same head, the problem is solved by the butler who picks up a handy meat axe and suggests "Tell you what gentlemen - fifty-fifty! Escaping from these two Sach ends with a riotous chase through the manor hungrily pursued by the two madmen, a rampaging robot, an escaped gorilla, and a head-hunting butler complete with cleaver and hat-box.

INVISIBLE WEAPON

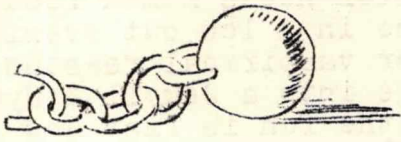
by Orma McCormick.

from...."Challenge."



The monster gloated. Earth had fallen prey
To Jupiter's enslavement plan. Now he
Was God of Terra, humans must obey
His slightest whim. Experiments would see
What death they feared the most, then all his race
Could join the sport of torture. Men were frail,
Not armor-clad like Jovians, could not face
Ammonian liquid flames or lava scale.

First victim of this weakling horde was brought
Before the fiend with heavy plated chest,
Then, suddenly, the loathsome Lord was caught,
And paralysed by means he never guessed.
The secret this young man of earth had found,
One thing no Jovian could withstand....was sound!



A SMOKE, A PUFF, AND A WHIFF.

by Orma McCormick

from..."ORB".

"Come smoke my pipe," the alien begged,
"And tell me what you see,
for ordinary things are not
produced, I guarantee."

I saw a gate of beaten gold
swing open to unscreen
a garden drenched in rainbow hues,
with variegated green.
I gasped with incredulity,-
such beauty was unknown!

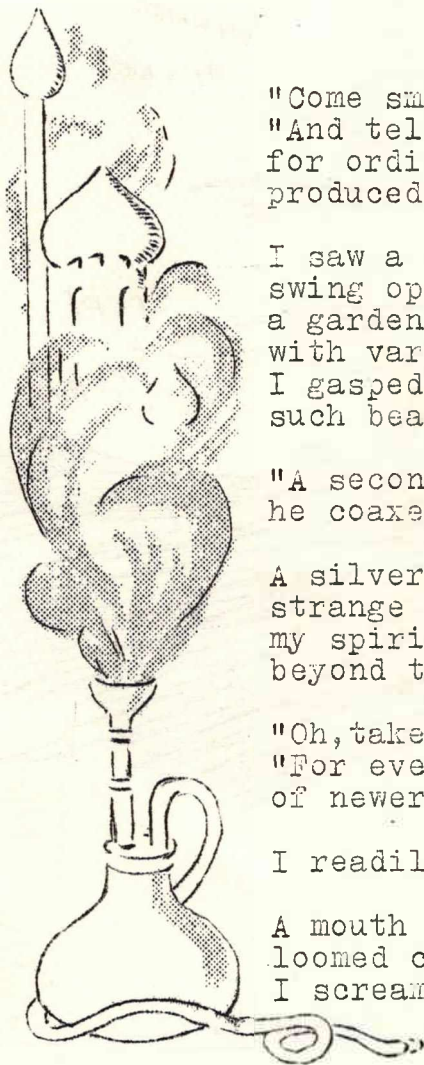
"A second puff can do no harm,"
he coaxed with silky tone.

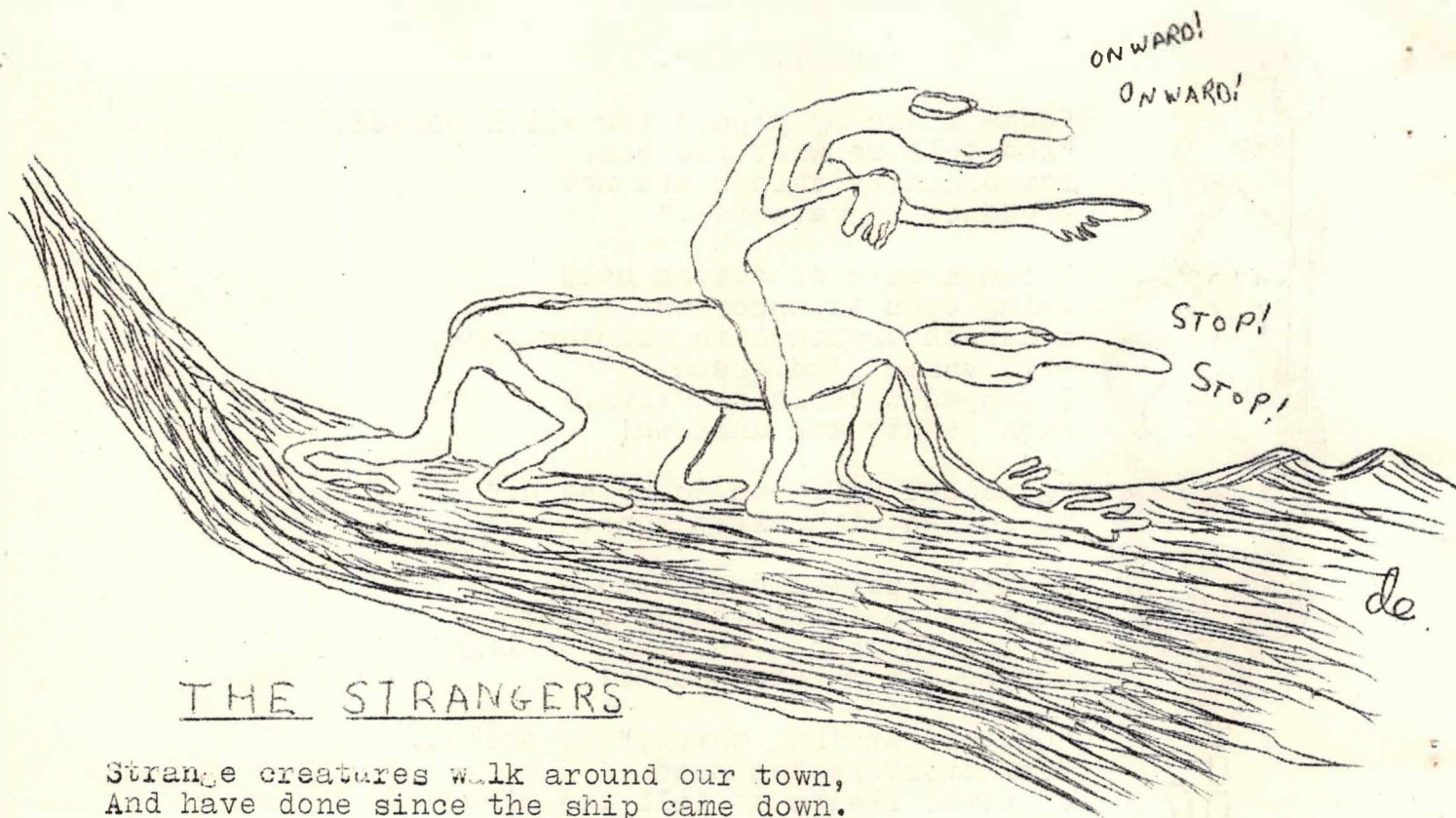
A silver portal coalesced,-
strange music filled my ears;
my spirit soared on wings of light
beyond the stratospheres!

"Oh, take another whiff," he smiled,
"For everyone has need
of newer realms to fill the mind."

I readily agreed.

A mouth appeared! the gaping jaws
loomed cruelly black and wide;
I screamed in fear and sought escape,
But I was locked inside!



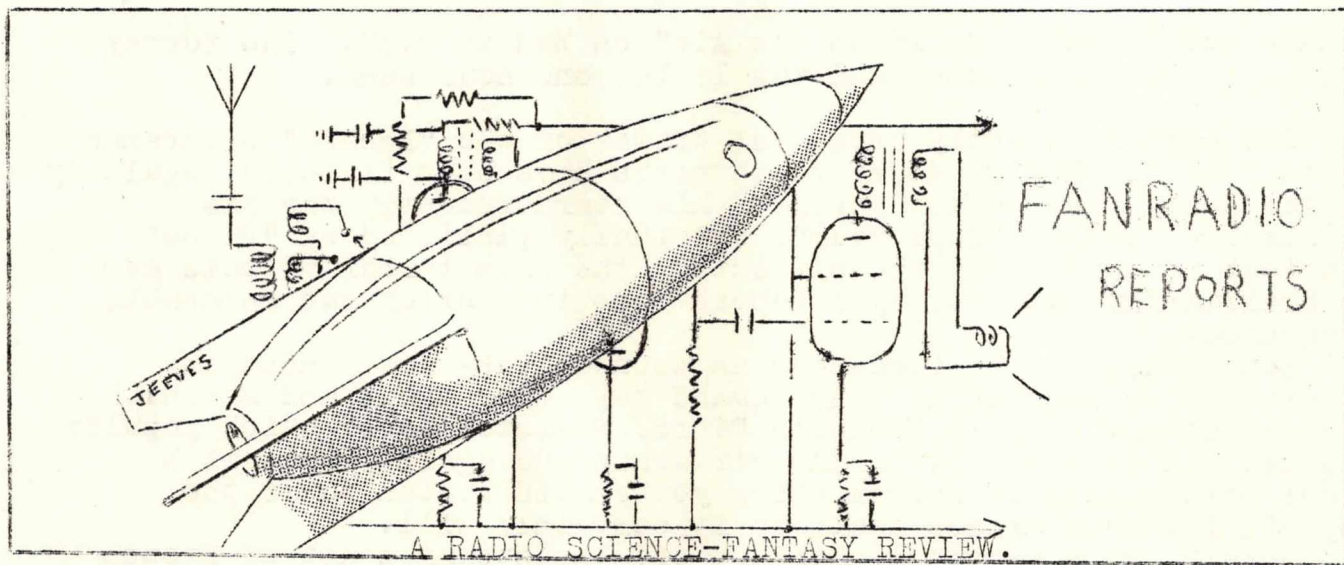


THE STRANGERS

Strange creatures walk around our town,
And have done since the ship came down.

On long, black legs they stalk around
With feelers trailing o'er the ground.

And men they catch and kill, and maim,
There's no peace since the Martians came.



by Archainbaud Smith.

Next to the written word possibly the most effective method of presenting science-fiction has always been via the etherline of radio. Orson Welles proved that back in 1938 with his scarifying "Invasion from Mars." broadcast which many assumed was an actual newscast when tuning in to the middle of the programme. Things have comparatively quietened down a little since then and some of the finest of all science fantasy has been presented in this medium recently.

For British fans there are three stations broadcasting fantasy from time to time -- the B.B.C, Radio Luxembourg and the American Forces Network. Reception of A.F.N. is not all it might be, but it features four programmes that spasmodically broadcast stf. The "Escape" programme Thurs. at 9. o'clock, "Suspense" Tuesday at 9, "Hollywood Radio Theatre" at 8.30

Sunday and "Theatre Guild on the Air" on Wed at 8.30. The former are half hour programmes and the latter one hour each.

The most frequently broadcast writer of the "Escape" programme is undoubtedly Ray Bradbury whose works have been featured regularly in the past. The latest story of his heard recently was his terrifying classic "Zero Hour", originally published by "Planet Stories" in 1947. Faultlessly acted, the calm terror of this gem is brilliantly put over by a superb cast in a brief but memorable programme.

Some plays may be forgotten as soon as they have ended and others are so successful they demand repeating again and again. Such a fantasy play is Escape's "Three Skeleton Keys" which popular request has forced back on the air again and again. This is a minor masterpiece of horror which you should listen to if the opportunity ever arises again as it certainly will.

Working on a remote lighthouse off the steamy coast of French Guiana are three human derelicts. There is Big Louis, a giant of a man, Gaston a hunchbacked ex-actor, and the man who is narrator of the story. They live in isolation and have no communication with land save a few signal rockets buried in their storeroom.

One day is much the same as any other day to the three men thus isolated until one day a brig is seen sailing erratically towards them on what appears to be a direct collision course. They fear that whoever is at the helm will pile the ship up on the jagged reefs that surround the lighthouse quay. Waveringly, the ship comes on.

Big Louis fetches his binoculars and trains them on the ship to see who the crazy fool is, steering his ship so suicidally onwards. He catches his breath sharply as he sees for the first time the horror of the unknown crew.

From stem to stern, from hull to masthead and rigging the entire craft is covered with a living, brown carpet that sways and undulates unceasingly. The ship is manned with a million monster rats!

Horrificed, the three watch, powerless to interfere, as the vessel crashes on the quay and discharges its nightmare crew. The ravenous creatures head in thousands to the only place where there is food... human food.

The main door, brass bound and solid, jams! The horde sweeps on. the door refuses to budge. They are on them! Then with a last desperate heave the door is slammed shut. Not however before one of the rodent army has entered the room.

The slaving beast, not waiting for the men to find him first, attacks the author who smashes his snarling carcass to the ground with a marlin spike.

The hunchback frantically fastens the remaining windows and locks the door. The army of rats climbing over each other form a network of bodies which then cover the lighthouse from end to end trapping the men in a living cage.

Pressed against the glass of the windows the thousands of tiny red eyes wink at the men, and hungry mouths twitch noisily. There is silence. A faint whispering is heard as though the wind were calling softly. A thousand starving jaws are gnawing at the woodwork of the window. Gradually the tough framework is shredded...until..

The storeroom window bursts in discharging a lava stream of vicious hate at the three men. They run frantically to the next floor, crashing the trapdoor down behind them. Louis is savagely bitten by one animal as he fastens it in position.

The rats below strip the room of everything edible and then attack the wooden trapdoor leading to the room above. They pile furniture on the trapdoor hopelessly, but within a matter of a few hours their continuous chewing demolishes even this formidable barrier. This sinister game of hide and seek continues through the night as the frantic men are driven farther and farther to the top of the lighthouse.

Finally they are trapped in the glass tower at the top where the beacon sends out its message each night. Here the trapdoor is steel and the rats can pursue no further.

The glass cage is now covered with a million furry bodies, each pair of red little eyes glowing against the background of their numerous yellow undersides pressed suffocatingly against the walls. Big Louis is helpless in pain with his wound and fear has driven the hunchback insane. He presses against the glass causing the rats to cluster madly near him. Their concentrated weight in one spot is too much for the group and hundreds go hurtling over the rim into the shark infested sea below.

It is impossible for them to signal to the shore to get help as the signal rockets are three floors below, surrounded by the rats. The food has been swallowed up in the maw of the invaders and all that is left in the room is the lamp and a few tools.

The time passes ominously and the lamp wick, splutters, flickers exhaustedly, and finally dies out. The room is left in darkness. Outside the sentinels are watching. The rats are waiting.....

Hours and days seem to pass, and the hunchback who is found tapping the glass with a heavy wrench to irritate the rats further has to be subdued and tied down. Then, from nowhere, a small cargo boat is seen approaching the now unguarded reefs. On board a man can be heard playing a concertina. The ship's lights can be seen faintly through the mass of rats as she grounds silently near the quay. The man still continues to play.

Without warning, the rats suddenly are gone from the lighthouse. The crew on board, unprepared for such a nightmare attack, are helpless to repel them. In one minute the horde has covered the grounded vessel and the next minute the entirety is swept back out into the sea from where it came. So, my friends, somewhere...somewhere on the high seas still there's a little banana boat that hasn't a crew - leastways - not a HUMAN crew....

Turning to "The Hollywood Radio Theatre" brings us once again to the familiar theme of an alien invasion of earth. This time the story is

Daphne Du Maurier's "The Birds". The invaders who intend to destroy all human life this time are the millions of birds and fowls of the air whom someone almighty has chosen to wipe man from the face of the earth because of his fiendish wars and experiments. It is the time of another Great Flood.



Herbert Marshall is one of the many who is trapped by the uncountable destroyers. Living in a remote cottage on the Cornish coast with his wife, two children and a nurse, Marshall is horrified one morning to find that outside his home, a white blanket of countless millions of seabirds is resting on the waters of the Channel.

It is not until each flood tide however that he realises too late the ominous purpose of their presence. As each flood tide arrives the birds become insane and attack any human life on hand. Marshall's attempts to protect his family against their murderous onslaught as enraged birds rip and tear at his barricaded home provide some of the finest moments of suspense you are ever likely to hear.

Large and small, each attack is more concentrated than the previous, and throughout the world communications are cut, millions being pecked and slashed to death by the multitudinous

hordes of invaders. Many birds are killed but there are always more to replace those destroyed. Bombers sent to annihilate them crash abruptly as crowds of feathered demons fly into the intakes and propellers.

Whether Herbert Marshall escapes from his cottage alive, we never hear...his narrative ends suddenly....

Suspense recently featured Academy Award winner William Holden in a familiar theme of a high altitude jet pilot captured by a Flying Saucer. This is manned by an alien who informs him coldly that Earth has been quarantined by the other planets within a gigantic atmosphere shield. This shield prevents radiation of H-bombs from escaping into space so that each future explosion will poison the air just a little more, until it is so saturated with radiation that all life will cease to exist..

Armed with this warning, Holden returns to order his superiors to cease experiments but his story is not believed and he is handed over to the care of doctors for treatment. He is assumed to be suffering from flying fatigue and is forcibly rested, but this explanation unfortunately failed to explain to one doctor how Holden managed to stay in the air for over two hours - with only ten minutes fuel in the jet's tanks.

Escape has repeated another play at least twice on AFN which concerned the strange adventures of a small group of U.S. airmen who crash on a tiny isle in the Pacific, only to find it populated by a race of underground supermen whose secret agents and super science can make them masters of Earth. They are humane creatures who can walk through walls or solid matter and intend not to wipe out Man but to make him their harmless pet and servant. One man, not pleased at the idea of being pet to a super-being, tricks one into letting him escape from the underground city and sails off into the Pacific on a hastily constructed raft to warn the world.

The world does not want to be warned and no one believes his incredible story not even the military psychiatrist who listens patiently to his narrative. Then, having put in a report of shock fatigue to his superiors who naturally believe his report rather than that of the sole survivor, the doctor leaves. Since however he is in rather a hurry he

makes sure first no one is watching and then rapidly walks .. through the wall.

A few months ago the B.B.C. broadcast a number of unusual fantasy plays on Sunday afternoons including "The Doomsday Book". The fear and excitement really built up in this play as the world's scientists debate whether or not to explode a super H-bomb that is believed to be capable of poisoning the entire earth in a ten mile high radiation cloud. Riots occur, politicians debate, suicides are committed, but all in vain. At the appointed hour the bomb is detonated at Woomera rocket range.

Does it destroy the earth? We don't know, the announcer's voice describing the holocaust was suddenly cut off..

Another fantasy in this series I remember particularly with affection was of a little prince who lived alone on a tiny planet with only a most unusual flower to rule over. Very pleasant listening to, even if somewhat juvenile.

Four stories from Bradbury's "The Golden Apples of the Sun" were also broadcast back in August and more recently an adaptation of his chilling story "The Wind" made its debut on the "Saturday Matinee" programme.

Despite its juvenile title of "Jet Morgan and the Red Planet", Charles Chilton's new B.B.C. serial at 7.30. every Monday seems to be quite a promising science fiction thriller with some remarkably macabre touches from time to time.

Practically all broadcast on Radio Luxembourg in the way of fantasy are the very juvenile adventures of Dan Dare and the Pilots of Outer Space inevitably and eternally battling against the invincible forces of the Mekon and his evil Treens.

That is virtually everything in the way of science fiction coming over the etherline to British fandom at the moment, but richer fields are beginning to open up. Fan radio future looks brighter every day.

SCIENCE-FICTION BATTLE.

Taking a look at the heap of clippings collected from the National Daily and Sunday papers & mags, who normally have little to do with science fiction, makes one realise the large percentage of SF material they have indeed printed in the past year.

Under the heading "Science Fiction is sweeping the book markets of the World", The Reynolds News took the opportunity of publishing Charles Carr's serial "Colonists of Space." The Evening News ran a series entitled "The World's Strangest Stories" which proved so successful that it is to be continued indefinitely and has already topped the one hundred mark. True stories featured in this collection have included The Monster of Glamis Castle, The Sinister End of Captain Mantell (Who died chasing a Saucer), Norwood's Faceless Phantom, One Night That Shook America (The Orson Welles Broadcast), Curse of the Pharaohs, Island of Mummies & a variety of subjects stretching from Burke & Hare the Body Snatchers to the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. The same paper previously published Robert Chapman's authoritative series of space flight articles entitled "Into Space" and his later serial "Prisoner on the Moon".

The Sunday Chronicle printed four stories by top writers including John Wyndham's robot story "Compassion Circuit", Arthur C. Clarke's picture of the future Utopia, "The Awakening", Ray Bradbury's significant "The Smile" and Charles Chilton's "Girdle Round the Earth". Reveille and Week-end Mail ran H.G. Wells' "The Stolen Bacillus", and C.E. Herring's "Mind Over Matter" while Tit-Bits magazine retaliated with Brent Lawson's "Daughter of the Sea" which they illustrated with pictures of Silvana (Bitter Rice) Mangano's sister Patrizia and then followed it up with others like "Kiss of Death" & "Cannibal Caravan".

Anyone who hasn't read any of the above and may be interested, I would like to trade the lot including a wad of Flying Saucer material for any US. promags which never seem to penetrate down to what Paul Ennever might call my rural slum.

SON OF FANKERS CORNER?

CHUCKED IN FOR



THIS GUY
THORNE AINT
'UMAN



Tony Thorne

MB

For those of you who can remember as far back as the quiz in Camber One here are the answers and a sequel to it, or in case you don't remember, here the questions again:-

1. A number of space-stations are in the same orbit about the earth. An observer on one of them turns to his mate and remarks that one third of the artifical satelllites in front of them plus three quarters of those behind them, gives the total number of satelllites in the orbit! Can you see how many there must have been?
2. You have two identical bars of steel. You are told that one of them only is a magnet! How would you determine which was which? Again I must stipulate that no apparatus is necessary. No suspending them in the earth's magnetic field either!!

Congratulations to the last quiz winner Terry Jeeves! For those of you who may still be struggling, the answers are as follows:-

1. Satellites in front = satellites behind = total number + 1
Thus:- $\frac{3}{2}x + \text{one third } x = x + 1$ or clearing fractions
 $9x + 4x = 12x + 12$ or $x = 12$
Therefore total number of satellites = 13! Easy eh?
2. Take up say magnet A and touch it to the middle of the other. If it attracts then A is the magnet. If not, then the other one is! As you'll realise, the field strength of a bar magnet is negligible in its centre.

-----ooooo-----

The first teaser this issue is again for the maths fans.

1. Two numbers consist of the same two digits but reversed, (e.g. 12 and 21) If you subtract the sum of the digits from the smaller number, you get the value of the digits multiplied together. Also if you subtract the smaller number from the larger you get twice the value of the digits multiplied together! Having digested that little lot, now tell me, what are the two numbers?

....Have you ever had the feeling you've been here before....

2. This time I thought that a few word puzzles might meet approval. For you fans who just love to spot author's pen-names, see how many of these are familiar. I've taken a few known names, jumbled up the letters, extracted a few to make a different name and then reformed the rest to make something intelligible. So, can you spot the author?

RONALD SNOUPE
WALLER TIMLER

LAKER THRURAC
BARRY BYRE

B.T.DEBUT
DAVE CHORIL

Now finally let me emphasise that you all stand a chance with this competition. As before, a promag will go to the sender of the first correct solution received but in addition, special prizes will go to the senders of the first correct solutions to either of the two problems alone. The promag winner will of course not be eligible for this.

Right then, get going and let's have those solutions to:-
Tony Thorne; 21 Granville Rd., Gillingham, Kent, England.....

FANTAFILM REVIEWS.

THEM. with James Whitmore, James (The Thing) Arness, Edmund Gwenn, and Joan Weldon. A Warner Bros. Production. Cert. X. Much has already been said of this excellent science-fiction film in which an F.B.I. agent, two scientists and a cop track down a series of brutal murders in the New Mexico desert only to find the killers are a nest of terrifyingly monster ants. They succeed in destroying the majority by cyanide gas and machine-gun but a female and two males escape. They finally take refuge in the 700 miles of storm drains under Los Angeles before dying frantically beneath the most spectacular Tommy-gun and flamethrower battle ever filmed on the screen. Magnificent-ly photographed and acted, the Warner Brother's special effects men deserve Academy Awards for their horrifying creations against which few screen monsters save King Kong could ever have battled successfully.

STRANGER FROM VENUS. with Helmut Dantine, Patricia Neal. British.

The usual cheap British quota quickie made by the two stars concerned while making U.S. tv. films. Venusian sacrifices life that Earth may live.

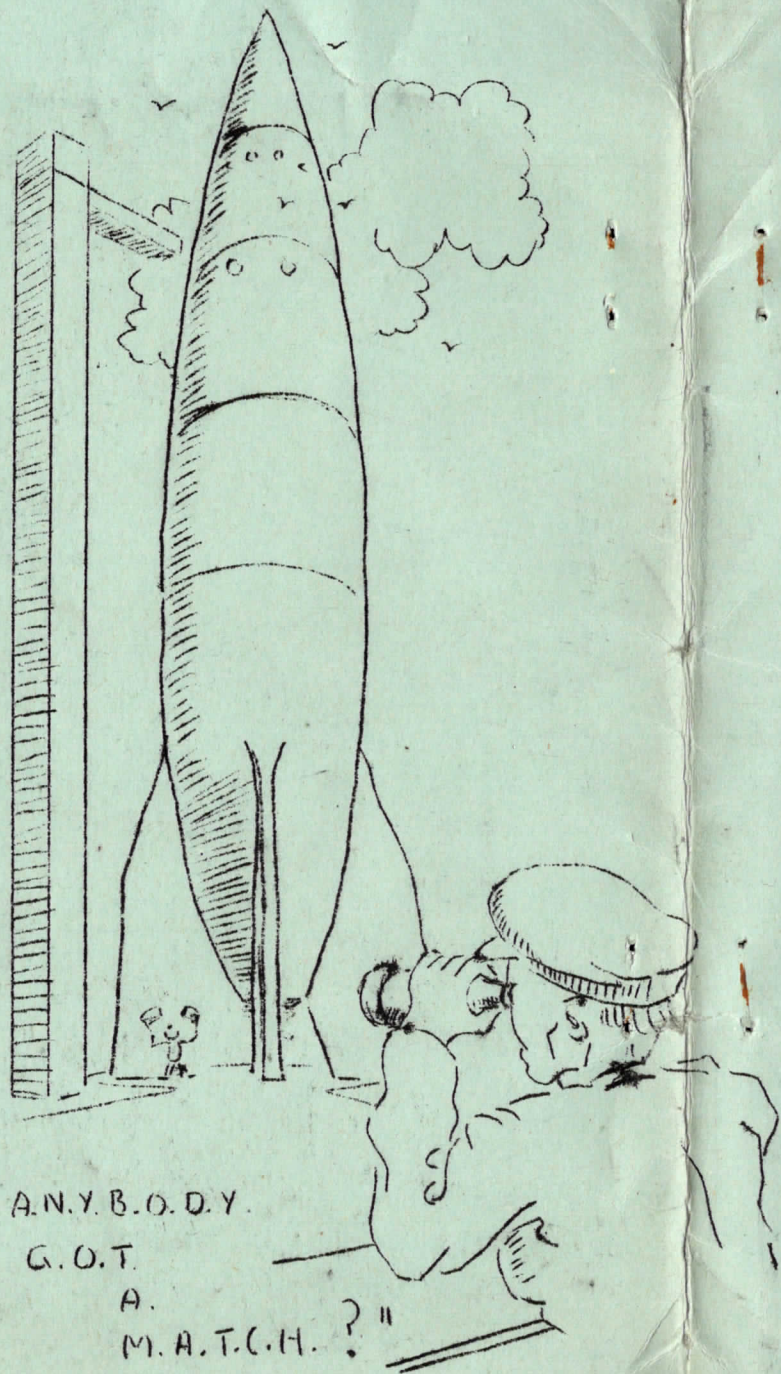
THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

Being something of a first issue material has naturally been a little scarce but I hope we've included something to suit everyone. All prior Camber arrangements made with Fred for subscriptions etc. will continue as before and I hope that all other faneds will continue to send their zines in exchange, but to my address on page one instead of to Fred, which is how he would like it in future.

Keeping Camber to its usual layout has been pretty difficult with this issue owing to the apparent retirement from fandom of Dennis Gifford and our former art editor Bill Price whose last distinctive illo appears on page three. Much of the material was collected by Fred and handed over to me in October 1954. Credit for this ish however goes mainly to Terry Jeeves whose generous help in cutting artwork on the stencils for me, while in the middle of working on illos for two other faneds, made it possible for me to print this in such a reasonable time.

From a technical point however Camber 3 is also different from the previous two issues which were printed on a flat bed duplicator. This issue is printed on a Roneo 500 rotary duplicator which enables me to churn out a hundred copies a minute, or alternatively 50 copies you can read. Any fan editor who finds himself stuck with a broken down duplicator or may want to get out a rush job or a one sheet zine I'll always be glad to help out. It isn't my machine anyway.

The next issue of Camber will appear in 1955 whenever enough material appears and I hope anyone who has supported or written to Fred in the past or contributed in any way will continue to do the same for me in the future. Till I hear from you then (With I hope, a contribution or a sub) and until the next issue.... Adios.. (4)



" A.N.Y.B.O.D.Y.

G.O.T.

A.

M.A.T.C.H. ? "