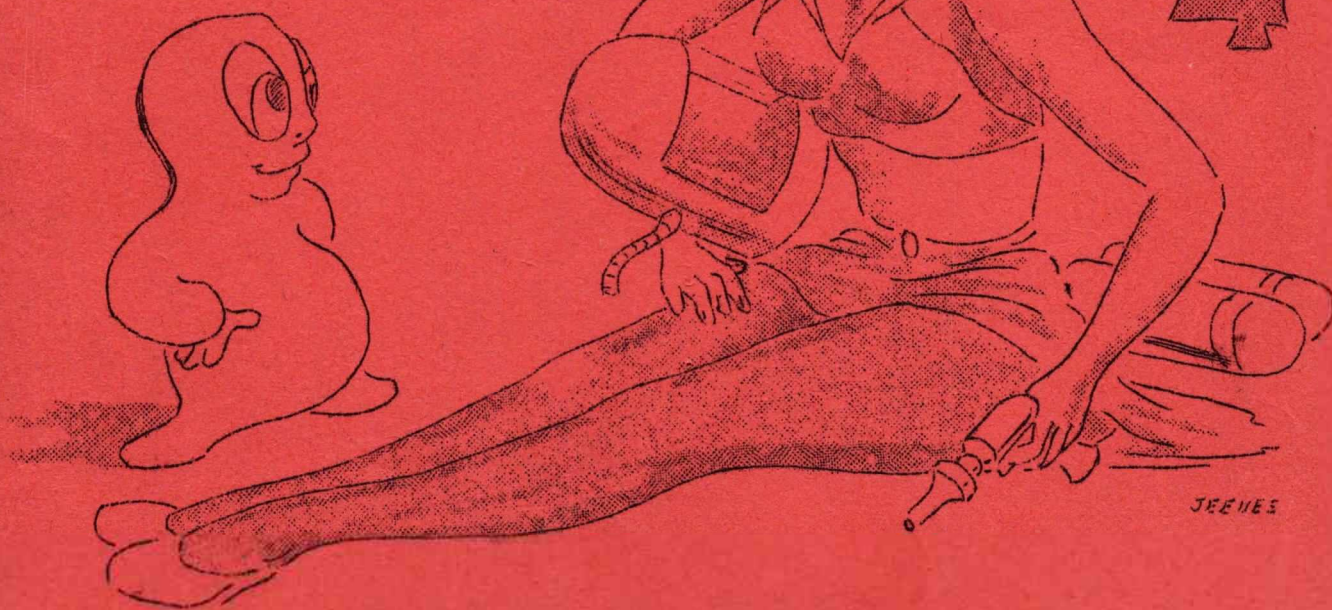


CAMBER



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Art Editor:- Terry Jeeves (To whom we raise our hats).

Assistant Art Editor:- Don Allen (Whom likewise).

Cartoons by:- Derek Pickles, Don Allen and Terry Jeeves.

Covers designed and cut by Terry Jeeves.

Interior illustrations by Terry Jeeves, Don Allen, Brian Lumley, Dave English and Charles Wells.

Interlineations by Archie Mercer, The Editor and others who didn't know they were doing it.

Camber is edited, produced and painstakingly typed with two fingers by Alan Dodd who sends it out with incredible irregularity from 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England. It sells for 9d (15~~0~~) a copy and is exchanged with all other fanzines, U.S. prozines, Ompazines, Fapazines, Sapazines and any other kind of zines or associated reading material. Material of all kinds always welcomed together with any artwork.

CONFUSED THINKING

The Editor Rambles.

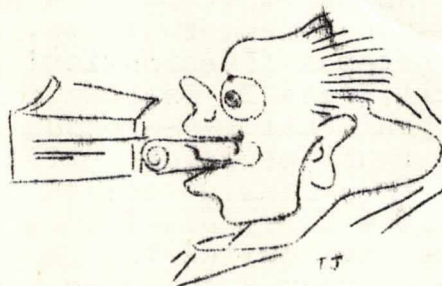
Looking through Russ Watkins' Fanzinio the other day I realised what a lot of fanzines there are we know so little about. Many are strange creations from even stranger places. Just think about a couple of them.

Take for instance 'Fascination' produced or formerly produced by Tom Piper at 6111, Vista De La Mesa in La Jolla, U.S.A. Now I always thought La Jolla was a penitentiary -- or am I thinking of Joliet ? I wonder if they do produce fanzines in any prisons ? A sort of Roneo and Joliet..

Then there is a fanzine called 'Coups' produced by the Coups Group at 14 Jones St., New York. Now I know that Dave Mason has some connections here, but why are they called the Coups Group ? Is there anyone named Coups ? Why are they in a group ? I always thought a coup was what you kept chickens in. Why are they at 14 Jones St ? Why not 15 Jones St ? Why Jones St. anyway ? Is it another of those four-dimensional streets that leads into another world ? I'd love to know.

I'd also love to know what I'm going to do for material for the next issue. Don't seem to have much in hand at the moment. Incidentally, I had to hold over "The Amiable Alien" story until next time to avoid overcrowding with fan-fiction. My thanks again for this issue go to our art stencil-cutters, to John Brunner for taking time off from his more remunerative pro-writing to let me have a column and to Brian Lumley who is not only a very competent fantasy poet but a very much up-and-coming fanartist as earlier issues of Satellite bear witness. Camber will also try and squeeze some more work out of him in the future. I think we have a more varied selection of material in this issue but I'd certainly like to hear from anyone interested in writing or drawing for us. How about something from YOU ?

Through the LETTER BOX



By Eric Bentcliffe.

Fanning reminds me often of these curious little adverts one sees tucked away inconspicuously in the last few pages of American pulp magazines. They usually read something like this: "Send 25 cents to join our correspondence club, and receive interesting mails for the next six months."

Whether hidden behind this facade there is a secret Seventh Fandom desiring only to contact those who have the essentially esoteric mind (and the 25 cents) required to answer their advertisement. Or whether it's just a league of sex in disguise, I would'nt know.

That phrase "receive interesting mails...." does tho' remind me of fanning, and the resultant communications one gets if a member.

Let's look at some of the recent stuff to thud through the Bentcliffe letter box in illustration. It's varied, it's interesting (to me at least), and although it may not all come under the official classification given by the Post Office to 'mail', I find it all most intriguing.

This morning for instance I received a publication of Project Fanclub, entitled "Building the AHMF 3.75 Mimeo". This is written by Martin Alger and details just how one can build and construct, as the title suggests,

a mimeograph for only three dollars and seventy-five cents. It's a fascinating little booklet, full of statements like, "Screws in here".... "Don't cut it out before you put the ends in".... "Get an old washer-wringer from the junk yard".... "If you wish to increase the roller pressure during a run, pull up the spring hanger bolts and snap a spring clothes peg on the bolt.."

Don't be fooled by these quotations into thinking that this is a most unserious and not-in-the-least-bit constructive publication, far from it, Martin tells you-all how to build a mimeo for under four dollars. Of course you must first have a couple of hundred dollars worth of machine tools!!!

Fascinating.

And the other day I received another questionnaire to fill out. This is from Gerald A. Steward of Ontario, who is conducting the Second Tucker Fan Survey. The Tucker in question being that well known fan of Robert Bloch.

Now I have the utmost admiration for Bob Tucker, and I have nothing against friend Steward, but I can not conceive of a more futile fannish occupation than conducting a survey for fans! There is sense in taking a survey of fandom in an attempt to discover their average tastes in literature, and then selling your resultant facts to the professional publishers. This can help both you and the publisher in question.

But, what reason or point can there be in conducting a survey of fans for fans. The only logical reason for taking a survey within fandom can be to give guidance to the fan-editors. Who don't want guidance, and would as a matter of principle ignore it! Fans don't edit and publish fanzines to cater for other fans so much as to cater for themselves. They put what they like in their magazine and not what the reader wants.

I don't think that this survey has the intention of offering advice to the fan-eds, but as no exact statements of what is to be done with the results is made I can only conjecture. I rather imagine that the

conclusions will be presented baldly in Le Zombie. And then, we will know what the average fan is like. I only hope that Bob does not glorify the qualities of this 'average' fan too much, for I would hate to see some of the 'average' fans I know, trying to become 'average' fans.

Incidentally, the questionnaire is quite good, and I thoroughly enjoyed filling it in.

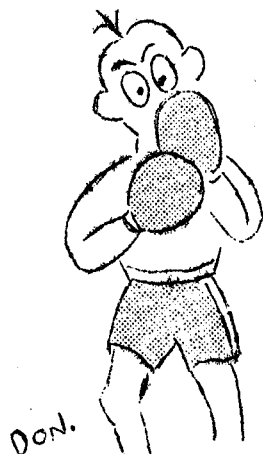
Fanzines, of course make up a large proportion of the mail I receive, thick ones, fat ones, short ones, tall ones, clean ones, grubby ones, they like women come in most shapes and states. The first Litho issue of PSYCHOTIC arrived the other day, and this deserves comment for I think it is the first American fanzine I have received which has made the transition from mimeo to litho, and retained its personality. I could be wrong but it seems to me that most of the hitherto worthwhile, and enjoyable fanzines who have changed from Gestetner or Rex-O-Graph to the Litho process have lost a lot of their fannish content and personality in the transition.

It may be that the printed and tru-magazine-like appearance of a zine when Lithoed usually inspires the fan in question to be an Editor rather than a fan-editor. Or perhaps, he cuts out his previously boyant style thinking; "I can't let the Litho people read this kind of thing".

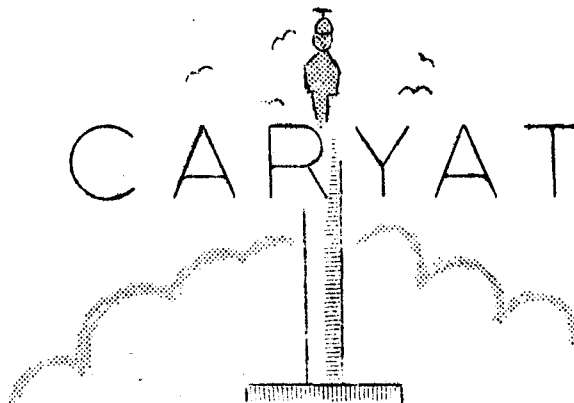
I dunno.

One of the most startling things I have received in the past few days is a new book 'for favour of review' from Ward & Hendriks of London. There is nothing startling in the title FAR FLANET. Nor in the make-up and appearance of the book. What has startled me is that the book is by Charles H.R. Harris. Who I assume to be none other than the Rembrandt of Rainham!

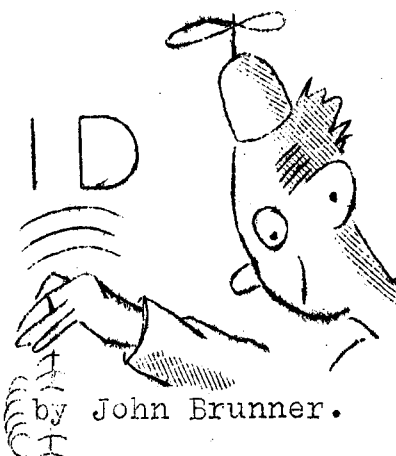
I have'nt had time to read through this novel yet, but on flicking over the pages it appears to me to be an exceedingly interesting yarn. It deals with the adventures, trials and tribulations, of a spaceship crew, who after a slight disagreement with some cosmic dust come to land on the planet 'Erin' (huh!) upon which live aboriginal humanoids. I would like to congratulate Chuck on breaking into the pro-market.



CARYATID



A sort of a column



by John Brunner.

The field of science fiction is pretty widespread in itself, but the ramifications of the field with which it is connected or connects itself through the sparking of new interests in the mind of someone who reads it are really something. I'm not going to try and analyse here and now the reasons why anyone is interested in sf - I've tried and failed many times. But I think that most people who become fans share the kind of inquiring mind which would make them interested in the same kind of things outside the field if they knew where they were looking.

This column hacked into a shape (caryatid) proposes to take a look at some of the non-sf books wandering around the shelves. Especially my shelves. Take, for example, Maurice Richardson's 'The Exploits of Englebrecht.'

Englebrecht, as you may remember from the time when these stories were being issued regularly in Lilliput, is a dwarf surrealist boxer. His achievements in the sporting world include his managing to avoid defeat in the Earth v. Mars rugger match by volunteering to get inside the ball when the score stood at 996,481 to 0; riding Medusa to victory

in the Grand Cosmological Steeplechase; and knocking out Grandfather Clock in the greatest battle of all Time.

Richardson may be a fan - I don't know. But if he isn't he is certainly the zany type who would be very happy among fans. In his stories, Time assumes a quality comparable with the personification it achieves in psychohistory. His scope is as vast as Van Vogt's - his golf course at Mooninghill has only one hole, but par is reckoned at 818181, his cricket matches last for centuries; in his game of chess (played with real pieces) there are atom bombs and tanks involved. But he presents them all with a delightful sardonic humour which makes the book a continual pleasure.

Humorous fantasy is rare. But the greatest classic of humorous fantasy is as easily available as it should be. I mean, naturally, T.H. White's 'The Sword in the Stone.' Laurence Olivier was asked by the Sunday Express a few years ago to name his favourite reading for inclusion in a series they were doing, and he selected the jousting scene from this book. If you haven't read it, you've missed one of the very great treats of modern wit. Merlin, the magician who is living backwards, and who has to depend on very insecure foresight for his memory, is a brilliant creation - the episode in which he is accidentally blown to Bermuda by Castor and Pollux and loses his hat is a perpetual joy to re-read. This hilarious mistreatment of the Arthurian legend, and to a lesser extent its successors ('The Witch in the Wood' and 'The Ill-made Knight') belong on every fan's bookshelf.

I hope I don't have to draw your attention, by the way, to Paul Jennings's consistently wacky outlook on life which he displays occasionally in The Observer. The collected 'Oddly Enough' should be in your collection, too.

I turned up a book on a second-hand shelf a few months ago which I had never heard of - '99%', by John Gloag. I have always had a certain liking for Gloag since I discovered his 'Documents Marked Secret' - an original thriller whose detective is acting the part of a fictional

private eye without knowing it. This, though, I did not expect. It's a novel about the recovery of racial memory. A number of people take pills which enable them to reach into their ancestral engrams and re-live some particularly harrowing experience. The descriptions of the travels of a sharp businessman in the time of the Crusades and of the voyage of one of the Viking longships which found Vineland are especially well done, and he tops it off by resorting - and very well, too - to the idea of collective racial consciousness which Clarke used in 'Childhood's End'. The title stems from the idea that we are ninety-nine per cent what our ancestors make us.

If you've stuck religiously to sf, you know Frederic Brown as a competent and always enjoyable writer of inconsiderable tales, with and without the assistance of Mack Reynolds, and you know his "What Mad Universe". But you've consistently dodged the books which have raised him to the status of a major writer of psychological novels.

His detective stories are a long way from being the ordinary Who-dun-it? In the best of them, in fact, you know who did the murder. Their brilliance lies in the quite terrifyingly inevitable way in which he inexorably closes the ring around the central character. Take, for example, the opening of 'Here Comes a Candle':

"And that, in a general sort of way, is everything that had happened to Joe Bailey, up to August 26, 1948. That's as good a starting place as any. It's the day Joe met the girl he was going to kill."

"Let's take it from there."

You get the idea?

His descriptions of dipsomania, and his searching analysis of insane motives, place him above any writer of psychological thrillers I have read. Simenon isn't in the same street with him.

To turn aside to another shelf for a moment, and change from the fictional to the fantastic in fact: here's the one-volume abbreviated edition of Sir James Frazer's monumental 'The Golden Bough'. It's shaped like a treasure hunt - it starts with the strange story of the

King of Nemi, who was inviolate except to a man who wished to kill him and take his crown. He was the priest of a sacred grove, as well as being a king; and in the quest for the reasons behind this strange custom, Frazer wandered all around the world in his book, finding a common denominator in religions as far apart in place as Europe and Melanesia, as far apart in concept as Christianity and the worship of Adonis and Osiris. This is a never-exhausted text-book of human behaviour and psychology.



On one of the themes treated in this great book, James Branch Cabell, a master of the off-beat fantasy, created the (mis) adventures of Jurgen. The novel of that name relates the travels of a staid and middle-aged merchant who wanders through the half-world of mythology until he is dismissed himself as a solar myth. Wise, witty, and gently satirical, I recommend this and anything else you can find of Cabell's. 'Hamlet Had an Uncle' is a salutary reminder, for example, that Hamlet was not a creation of Shakespeare's. This is a rewrite in the form of a modern novel of the Saxo Grammaticus version which the bard helped himself to so liberally in his play. 'The High Place' is full of an almost Dunnian concept of time remembered. The most striking feature of his work, I think, is the casual way he treats divinity and demonhood. Hamlet's friend and counsellor, the grey man, is the most unusual type of Satan in literature;

and Koshchei, in 'Jurgen', is God portrayed as a small man who has too much on his plate to be bothered with Earth for a long time.

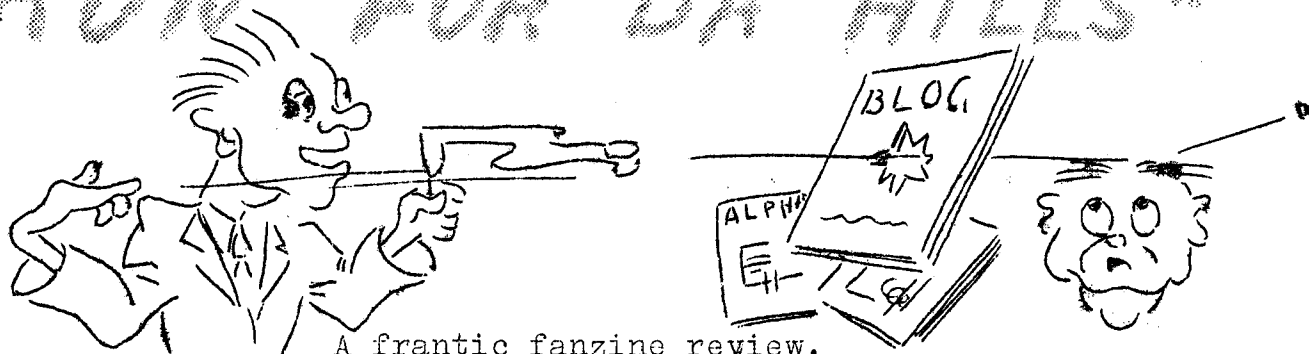
Richardson; T.H. White; Jennings; Brown; Frazer; Cabell. That's a short enough list, in all conscience. It touches the fringes, though, of the fields of literature which impinge on sf simply because they share something of the same kind of 'inquiringness' which makes a man into a fan.

SQUEEZED IN FANZINE REVIEW.

FISSION. No. 3. April. 1955. Edited and published constantly irregularly by Geoff Wingrove, 6 Tudor Close, Cheam, Surrey. (9d or 15p or exchange)

Fish like Camber is also under new management as from its third ish. Colin Parsons' erstwhile partner Geoff Wingrove has now ably taken over Fish together with Hyphen's talented cartoonist Arthur Thomson. Artwork is naturally good with a delightfully malicious sense of humour in all of Atom's fiendishly funny cartoons. In Hyphen he usually seems somewhat overwhelmed but really comes to the foreground in this smaller zine. Particularly laughable is the Atom cartoon depicting an alien pointing angrily at a spaceman who has just landed his ship nearby and saying, "I don't care if you're Arthur C. Clarke himself, get that heap of junk outta my Wpxfll patch". There is also a serious side to Atom's work as witness the remarkably symbolic illo on page 14. Beautifully ironic. Remainder of the issue contains John Christopher harking back to his schooldays, Mike Wallace's neofan days and Paul Enever on S-F swearing. "Disposal" is little more than a rehash of a very old shaggy dog story. Ron Bennett unexpectedly gets laughs with 'I am trying this'. He certainly is. A bright, spaciously laid out zine.

"RUN FOR DA HILLS"



A frantic fanzine review.

In this column we frantically try to review all the fanzines received at the editorial address since the last issue. If you would like to see your fanzine reviewed here why not send us a copy. Now a brief glimpse into the other zines received.

CONFAB. No.8. Jan 10th 1955.

Edited and produced irregularly by Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr., U.S.A.
Available by exchange.

The latest issue of Bob's letterzine touches on every topic from inter-lineations and cons, to 3D and Cinemascope. George Wetzel injects a few heated words on unfriendly fans, while Dean Grennell explains how he collects quotes. Dave English appears with one of his prehistoric hedgehog illos which makes this issue one of the brightest.

No.9. Jan 31st 1955.

What's this ? Last time there was a break of four months between issues and now here are two in the same month! Topics remain much the same, Dave Mason has the most effective letter and there is a brand new Peatrowsky invention that has to be seen - The Blank Interlineation ! Still tops.

DAWN. No.24. Feb 1955.

Edited and produced irregularly by
Russell K.Watkins at 110 Brady St.,
Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A. Available by
exchange.

Seems the editor of Dawn flew half way round the world (courtesy of the USAAF) recently and into London without warning. Hearing of this terrible and unwarranted onslaught from Outer Savannah, Authentic's editor H.J. Campbell immediately withdrew his forces and left town. He was last seen disappearing down the Mile End Road propelled by a mysterious two-wheel-
-ed vehicle profusely spurting liquid smog. I am informed by reliable sources that this is the normal method of conveyance used by the afore-
-said editor. Later reports mentioned the appearance of an unidentified Black Fog that many uninitiated assumed was the end of the world, though bystanders reported on closer inspection that it was evidently the back-
-wash of an enormous mass of black hair. Thus having left London undef-
-ended, the brunt of the Alien's attack was successfully met by the forces of Ted Carnell and Stu Mackenzie who succeeded in driving the monster into the 49th State (being the Windmill Theatre). Having thus been thwarted the Invader was forced to leave defeated and was last seen gazing folornly at the sandy wastes of French Morocco. A personal account of these adventures may be found in the latest issue of Dawn together with Pete Vorzimer's column on fanzine layout, Plato Jones' cartoons and Russ' Fanzinio all colourfully hecktoed in green and purple.

FEMIZINE. No.5. Feb 1955.

Edited and produced quarterly by Sgt.
J.W.Carr, c/o RAFC Sgts' Mess, Maida Camp,
LELF 17. 4 issues for 2/6d (35p).

What have railway stations and fashion-shows got to do with sf or fan-
-dom I'd like to know but nevertheless they are both included in long
and rambling columns by Pamela Bulmer and Francezka in this issue.
However to offset this there is an original idea by Frances Evans in
"The Complete Fan", and by Joan Burns when persuading her husband to

write on sf in the bathroom. There is also a long and interesting letter column containing a riotous missive from Sally Ann Bloch giving a glimpse into the fabulous home life of her father. More colour and variation is needed in the artwork however and a coloured cover would help to relieve the monotony of the over-all monochrome effect. Apart from Fez' tendency to continue articles with nothing to do with sf this is by far one of the best issues all round.

OPERATION FANTAST. No.17. March 1955. Edited and published by Capt. K.F.Slater, 22 Broad St., Syston, Leics. 4 issues 7/6d (1 dollar).

Contributors with somewhat unusual names like John T. Phillifent, Don J. Nardizzi and Barrington J. Bayley suggest that much of this issue has been written by Capt. Slater himself which probably accounts for the good quality of the material. "Cold Death" features another end-of-the-world theme while Nardizzi explains how Frederick Brown might have written his "Knock" story of the last man on earth. L. Major Reynold is welcome with an item on "Humour in Science-Fiction" and there are the usual first-class book and film reviews of "Gog" and "Them". A neater, less ragged and much lighter issue than any of the previous.

ORBIT. No.6. Edited and produced quarterly by His Honour, George Gibson at Little London, Aberford, Nr. Leeds. 1/- an ish. I still think George's duplicating is inexcusable but there is a bright new Turner cover and something inside to please everyone. Nigel Lindsay proceeds to take off Ron Bennett's take off of his pupil's "Sf in School" with "Sf in the Reformatory School", while Ron himself strikes out with another original idea of "Jazz in Science-Fiction", craftily blending fans' names with those of well-known jazzmen. Archie Mercer pops up with a treatise on One-D Noughts and Crosses and Orbituaries is one of the best letter columns in any fanzine. A light hearted issue which will be better still when George cleans his duper and stops printing on blotting paper. Recommended.

PEON. No.34. Feb 1955.

Edited and produced irregularly by Charles Lee Riddle at 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Conn, U.S.A. 6 issues for 1 dollar or 7/- from Camber's former editor Fred J. Robinson, 63 Newborough Ave., Llanishen, Cardiff, S. Wales.

A King-Kong like creature, pushing over skyscrapers, dominates the pale blue cover of the latest Peon which contains a smooth time-travel short by Dave Mason, T.E. Watkins' reply to Asimov's article in the previous issue and Jim Harmon amiably lecturing on 'How Not To Attend Conventions'. Robert Bloch explains in detail why pornography doesn't sell and there is the customary fine fanzine review column by Ian T. MacCauley. This issue is only marred by the report of the untimely death of Dick Clark-son whose "Kumquat" column was always one of the best items of Peon. Both will be sadly missed. Fine layout and neatness are even more evident with this issue which is now entering its 8th year and any fanzine that can run that long obviously needs little recommendation.

REVIEW. No.12.

Edited and published irregularly by Vernon L. McCain, Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho, U.S.A.

Available by exchange or write for a copy.

One of the most difficult tasks in producing a fanzine must be to try and get one out while 'on the road'. A paragraph on a bus, a page on the train, a couple more pages in a hotel room and so on. A pretty thankless task but Vernon L. McCain has done precisely that with this ish of Review. It is a distinct credit to him. The letters and reviews of books and fanzines are as slickly written as ever. Robert Bloch and Redd Boggs are on top of their form in the letter column, Eric Bentcliffe reviews the latest British mags and there is a terribly rambling column by Bill Morse to wind it up. Very neat issue which ends up with 'see you next issue, if there is one'. I for one, certainly hope there is. Still the best in its particular field.

SATELLITE. No.4. Winter 1955. Edited and published by Don Allen at 3,
Arkle St., Gateshead 2, Co. Durham. 1/-

Peon will have to look to his laurels if Satellite gets any better for with the No.4 issue the Master of the Wheel Pen has really let himself go. Right from Jim Cawthorn's Planet type cover throughout, the printing and layout leave nothing to be desired. Dizzy, the all-cartoon fanzine is also incorporated in this particular issue and even if you have no sense of humour you are certain to appreciate the many pin-ups with which Dizzy is decoratively studded. French and Belgium fandom come in for full coverage by Jan Jansen and a character named Pierre. Warren F. Link's stateline column, the Nezfez Notes and a riotous Western play by Archie Mercer are also included together with one of the most comprehensive fanzine review columns to be found anywhere outside Review. A bulky, vivid and very colourful fanzine highly recommended particularly for its top line artwork.

No.5. Spring 1955.

Who are ye weird characters decorating ye cover of this just received issue? Are they ye creatures from Outer Space? What strange instrumente is ye Lindsay operating upon? Yea verily, they are indeed truly strange. Ye olde column by Warren F. Link taketh up a true nine pages of ye zine and methinks he doth write like ye ancient Hollywoode gossip writer. Peter Hamilton doth discuss Bre's and there is indeed a fine letter column and ye Dizzy supplement maketh ye ribes cracke with laughter. Ye are hearby requested to obtain a copy of ye aforesaid zine. Yea, verily I have spoken.

Next issue Camber presents:- The Wars of the Ghods of Fandom as related
by that celebrated historian Vernon Ashworth

SCHNERDLITES. No.2. Spring 1955.

An Ompazine published quarterly by Nigel Lindsay at 311 Babbacombe Rd., Torquay, Devon. Available by exchange or write him nicely.

Nigel's Ompa fun book is a modest little humourzine bubbling over with Lindsay humour in stories like 'Telepussey', the man who could read what cats thought, but the funniest item is Nigel patiently explaining to an inquiring Dean Grennell what 'snogs' are. Coloured covers would help to offset the reading matter nicely but it is still worth writing for.

STARLANES. Jan 1955.

Edited and published by Orma McCormick at 1558 W. Hazelhurst St. Ferndale 20, Mich., U.S.A. 40¢ per copy or available by exchange with prozines or poetryzines.

The International Quarterly of Science Fiction Poetry is superbly printed and although the price is high, so is the quality of material. Poetry lovers should not hesitate to get a copy. Most effective poem in this issue is Edwin F. Kluge Jr's "Baker's Dozen, England 1944". But why 1944 Mr. Kluge? I seem to remember the Luftwaffe was at its height around 1940 and dying down around '44, or were you thinking of the last frantic bombardments by V1s' and V2's?

TELLUS. No.3.

Edited and published roughly quarterly by Page Brownton, 1614 Collingwood Ave., San Jose, Calif., U.S.A. 15¢ or exchange.

Tellus has come a long way since its first tiny issue and has now blossomed out into a quarto-sized mimeographed zine very similar in colour and format to Oopsla. This issue contains "The Sea Lady" which is a pretty pointless piece of fan-fiction full of worthless descriptive prose inserted to no particular advantage, but on the other hand there is Russ Watkins' technical column "Scraps", Sam Sackett's philosophical "The Layman Looks at Sf." and a nice letter column. How Page managed to collect such an impressive battery of original artists such as Alan Hunter, Bill

Price, Dea, Terry Carr and Naaman Peterson, I'll never know. Dwight Boyce is probably the best of the artists with his excellent bacover very reminiscent of the work of Future's Peter Poulton. Jetsam is a bright fanzine review column whose criticisms are confined to Page enthusiastically encouraging every faned to 'get on the ball'. Somehow, however it seems to me there is an underlying faint trace of sadness in Page's writing, I'm probably wrong but it gives me the impression that Page himself may be quite a lonely little man. Under his direction however Tellus is bound to make great strides in the future. Why not 'get on the ball' and go with him. Definitely a promising zine.

TRIODE. No.2.

Edited and published irregularly by Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe at 47, Alldis St., Greatmoor, Stockport, Cheshire. 9d (10¢) per ish.

There is one gem of comedy in this issue that makes it imperative for you to get hold of a copy, and that is Thorne & Lewis' "Book Club", a madly funny tale of a character who joins a book club which insists on sending him books, books, and more books. Equally riotous is Willis & Co on a raft in the ocean, Mal Ashworth Ghost Hunting and "Disillusioned" by a poor frustrated sf writer. Mike Wallace effectively unearths an old comic favourite by tracking down the latest adventures of the invulnerable Iron Teacher and Mr. Sim, now battling against Neo-Nazis constructing space stations in South America. Certainly brings back memories. I hope this is only the first of a series of such articles by Mike. Photo section of various fans appears to have been forcibly removed from the criminal records of Jack Webb's Dragnet. Oriental work by Tony Glynn on the covers comes out unusually well by the brush stencil method. Cartoons are pretty gruesome and more colour is needed in the covers which otherwise give much too sombre an effect. With the addition of that much needed spot of colour Triode will be better than ever. Material has been carefully selected and is of universal good quality. Makes for fine reading throughout.

... I don't know you from Adam of course - he never goes to conventions either.....

GREY/KOBOLD.

Edited and published irregularly by Larry Anderson at 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana, U.S.A. 5 issues for 25¢ or exchange.

Having mutated from Charles Wells' Grey/Maelstrom, Kobold is an entirely different type of one-sheet newszine. Whereas Charles blended together the information with his own smooth style of writing Larry is content to print news items as a series of disjointed snippets with no linking commentary. Kobold will bring you the latest in news impeccably typed but somehow it seems remotely impersonal.

HYPHEN. No.12.

Edited and produced by Walt Willis at 170, Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N.Ireland. 1/6d or 25¢ for two issues.

This is the fifty page edition of Hyphen packed as usual with the best of numerous material including Willis & Co on fireworks night, John Berry trying to borrow Bob Shaw's pump, Shaw trying to get rid of his typer, Ashworth's convention doings and Ken Potter's 'Life with Brenn-schluss'. Usual riot of fun nicely rounded off in a vivid jaundice yellow and since most of you reading this obviously get a copy I shan't ramble on farther.

OOPSLA. No.16.

Edited and produced on an irregular bi-monthly schedule by Gregg Calkins at 2817, Eleventh St., Santa Monica, Calif., U.S.A. 15¢ per copy or exchange.

Opsla is a crazy mixed-up publication containing an excellent selection of columns including Vernon L. McCain's "The Mark of McCain", Dean Grennell feuding with his dentist, Willis' absorbing serial, "The Harp That Once or Twice", Bob Silverberg's experienced fanzine reviews and Terry Carr's Face Critturs. Layout is colourful and carefully balanced artwork is in the capable hands of Harness, Ray Capella and the talented Dea. I have yet to see a really bad review of Oops, perhaps that is

because it is one of the few fanzines it is impossible to put down once you start reading or perhaps it is because its editor is now a U.S. Marine Sergeant. NOW dare you write a bad review? Oops can generously be obtained by overseas fans simply for a letter full of comment. And that is what I call a really good bargain. Get it.

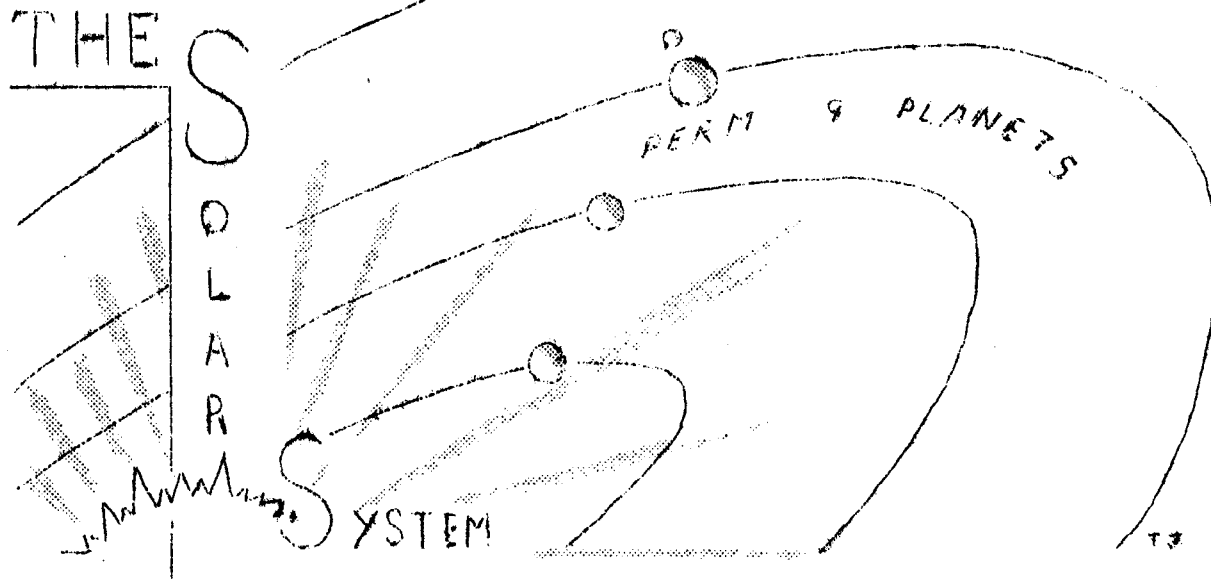
MAGAZINE REVIEWS. U.S. Editions. (Rich man!)

AMAZING STORIES. May 1955.

With this issue Amazing Stories brings back successfully all the items that were such an integral part of the old Amazing before it went dig-est. Howard Browne returns with his "Observatory" column, Villiers Gerson's "Spectroscope" admirably covers Book Reviews, and Fanzine Reviews are capably handled by the Revolving Fan, Roger De Soto (inventor of the infamous revolving car). Letter column is somewhat lukewarm at first but there is an amusing folio of fantasy cartoons. Fiction is an improvement on earlier issues ranging from P.F. Costello's spaceship triangle "The Chained Man", Milton Lesser's "King of the Black Sunrise", and Bedell Stuart's "Siren from Cnossus" who finds herself playfully in a professor's bathtub to Paul Fairman's adventure of the man who accidentally ran down an extra-terrestrial with his car. Valigursky's cover is subdued while the chief weakness throughout lies with the artwork which is not as plentiful or as varied as it should be. However the voluptuous illo on page six is undoubtedly a sign of better things to come.

STARTLING STORIES. Spring 1955.

This issue of Startling sees the death of T.W.S. and Fantastic Story Mag and the combination of all three under the 'Startling' title. Bryce Walton has the lead novel in 'Too Late for Eternity' while supporting fiction from a series of newer writers ranges from Arthur Porges' 'The Box' to Winston Marks' 'Double Date'. Artwork is lacking not so much in quantity as quality. The originality of former Weird artist Frank Kelly Freas is unhappily shackled to conventional themes whereas Orban and Emsh just seem uninspired.



or Astronomy à la Jeeves.

After reading many technical and semi-technical articles, all of which were supposed to teach me the fundamentals of astronomy, I have come to the conclusion that a new, non-mathematical approach is sorely needed. Therefore, with this in mind; and an eye to the reader slightly lacking in scientific knowledge, I have tried to simplify this fascinating subject. To follow my discourse, only the barest minimum of mathematical and technical knowledge is required.

First, take an old vacuum flask, remove the glassy inside part and tap gently with a hammer. Having broken the flask, look inside the double wall, and all you can see is nothing. Technically, this is referred to as space, and now I want you to imagine a gigantic lump of this nothing floating around all by itself. If you can do this, you have the classic conception of space. Smack in the middle of this chunk of

nothing,you must now envisage a whacking great piece of prewar coal, burning like the clappers of hell,and damned hot. This,in astronomical terms is called the SUN. It has a terrific diameter of hundreds,possibly thousands,or even more,miles. Naturally,it is very big,and we think it is very hot,though no one has actually been there to find out,so we can't be really sure. On a clear day, this Sun can be seen from the British Isles,sometimes for minutes on end; assuming of course,that you know where to look. Upwards is held to be the best way for this. If we could approach the Sun closely in some fantastic thing like a space-ship,we would find that it keeps throwing out long jets of fire for very long distances, I remember reading that in some cases they have reached as far as something or other,but I can't remember exactly where,but it just shows you how big the jets must be,doesn't it ?

Having explained all about the Sun,let us imagine we are in a jet plane flying out from the Sun at a really immense speed,to avoid any higher mathematics,I won't tell you the real speed,but you know how fast those things go anyway. Well,if we travel for a long time,hours,days,weeks,or possibly even months (I'm not quite clear on that point) we will eventually reach a thin black line which goes right around the sun in the shape of a slightly squashed circle known as the orbit of Mercury (Actually,it's one of those imaginary lines like that Equator thing people like to draw on maps) and Mercury is supposed to follow this line around the Sun. It may cheat now and then when it's round the back,by nipping over for a warm,but as no one has ever caught it doing this,I am by no means maligning the poor thing.

Mercury,by the way,is a planet,which means it is a chunk of rock or something,very like the Earth,but smaller than the Sun. Possibly it's smaller than the Earth too,unless it's larger. Anyway,it is bound to be one or the other,unless they are the same size,this possibility is known as the THEORY OF RELATIVITY. On Mercury,it is much hotter than on Earth, as it is nearer the Sun,which must be very nice in Summer. The side away from the Sun is in shadow, and is ideal for cooling off after sun-bathing. In between,is the 'Twilight Belt',which is something

like the Lonsdale Belt, only different.. I think.

We mustn't hang around this orbit too long, or Mercury will knock us for six (very simple maths) when it comes round the corner. Instead, we'll start the engines and head away from the Sun again. Sooner or later, although I'm not sure which, we'll run into another black line, which is the orbit of Venus, another planet, and as it is bigger than Mercury, it must be bigger than Earth, unless Mercury is so small that anything bigger than it can still be smaller than Earth. Not that it really matters, as nobody lives there anyway, at least I don't think so, as it is so hot, steamy, dusty and dry, not to mention dark and dismal. Something like a cross between the Sahara desert and the Amazon basin, if they could be moved to the North Pole in time for a six months night. That's how the books have it, and I wouldn't argue with them.

Wasting no time, we shoot our jet plane on again, and if we aim straight, we'll reach another orbit, this time, with another line wound round it in a spiral. This is the orbit of the Earth, and the spiral is where the moon goes round the Earth, as the Earth goes round the Sun. All very complicated, and a waste of time and energy unless you like to study heavenly bodies in motion. Living on Earth, as most of us do, we naturally know just all about it, and the moon has been fully dealt with by Mr Charles Chilton's friend 'Jet' Morgan, in fact, I understand that Mr. Morgan has really been there, and has broadcast about the craters and saucers and things, so we can miss that out too.

After some more time, (I'm unsure as to how much, but very likely quite a lot) we reach Mars. This is called the RED PLANET, for some reason, possibly because of its colour. It must be very wet here, as it has ice-caps and canals and things. The orbit is really balled up, with two lines twisted around it. This is because Mars has two moons, the are called Damon and Pythias, or Abbott and Costello, or something like that, and are too small to be of any use for any purpose at all.

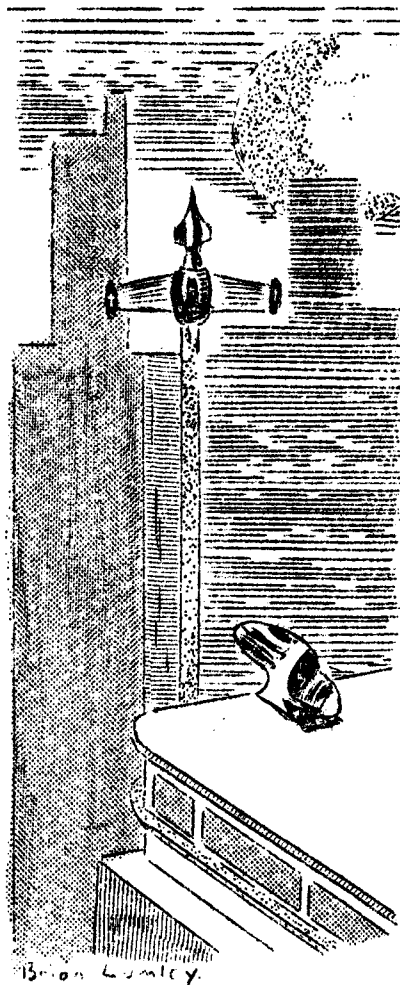
Our next trip must be made carefully, for on the way, we have to pass what are called the asteroids. These are bits of brick, rocks and such-

-like junk left around by the builders when they were making the Solar System, and will no doubt cause Mr. Morgan a lot of bother when he gets around this way. These asteroids are a great menace to any future spacenavigator, as they could quite easily knock his silly head off if he stuck it out of the ship.

Next we come to a very thick black line, with simply oodles of other lines twisted around it, so that it looks like some very intricate electrical gadget. We have now reached the orbit of Jupiter which has ever so many moons, maybe half a dozen (more easy maths or perhaps even more than that. That is only right, because Jupiter is ever so many miles around the waist line and certainly too big for anyone to argue with, not even another planet. According to the books Jupiter has lots of methane, which I'm sure must be very nice for Jupiter. I'm not certain what methane is, but no doubt Mr. Morgan will be getting here soon, so we'll all be able to find out then.

Saturn is our next stop, and this planet is engaged, as I remember reading that it has a ring. I think it is very big, and is probably a very nice place for Saturnians to live, that is if there are any Saturnians, but as the books didn't mention this, it might be that there aren't any (Unless they're all engaged too). It must be a happy place with all that sort of thing going on.

Uranus comes next, but by this time, most writers have got fed up with the whole business. Very little is known about Uranus, but I suppose it will have some moons, or it would feel very lonely, and it probably has quite a lot of methane, though not as much as Jupiter of course. No doubt it is either very hot, or



Brian Lumley.

very cold, and it may have Uranians or Urinals living on it. I expect they live in Uraniums, and the place must suit them, or they wouldn't live there.

After another trip, we will reach Neptune, which is a planet with plenty of water, and if memory serves me true, Neptune has trident which is probably very much like methane, only not as good, or Jupiter would have got it instead. I can't tell you very much about Neptune, as all the books seem to leave this planet to the end, and the skimp it. They spend far more time on this silly old moon of ours, which is so much nearer that we can see it for ourselves anyway without reading their stupid old books.

The last planet we shall visit, is called Pluto, which means 'Lord of the Something or Other', I'm a bit uncertain about the last part, but I expect it has something to do with dogs and stars and things like that. Maybe Lassie lived here once, and left because it was so tiny and cold, and entirely devoid of trees and lamp-posts. In any case, letters from Earth would take a very long time to get here, and Pluto's year is so long, that no one would ever live long enough to have a birthday party, not even their first one. It must be a miserable place.

That is a simple description of the Solar System, all these planets wander round the sun, pretty much in the same plane, which is called the plane of the epileptic, because everything fits so nicely into place. Sometimes, comets and meteors come whizzing through on short trips, and these are very pretty unless you happen to stand in the way. A comet is just a lot of gas, and meteors are used for making craters. There is also a theory about 'Continuous Creation', but I refuse to discuss sex in a purely educational work.

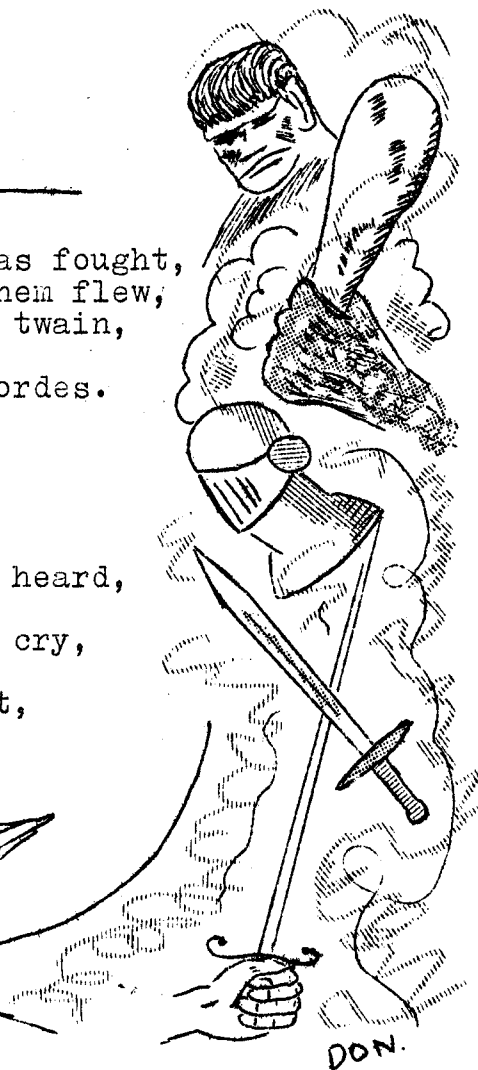
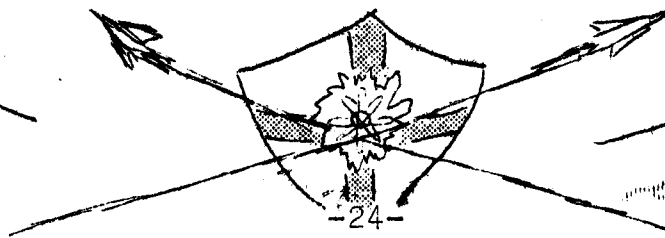
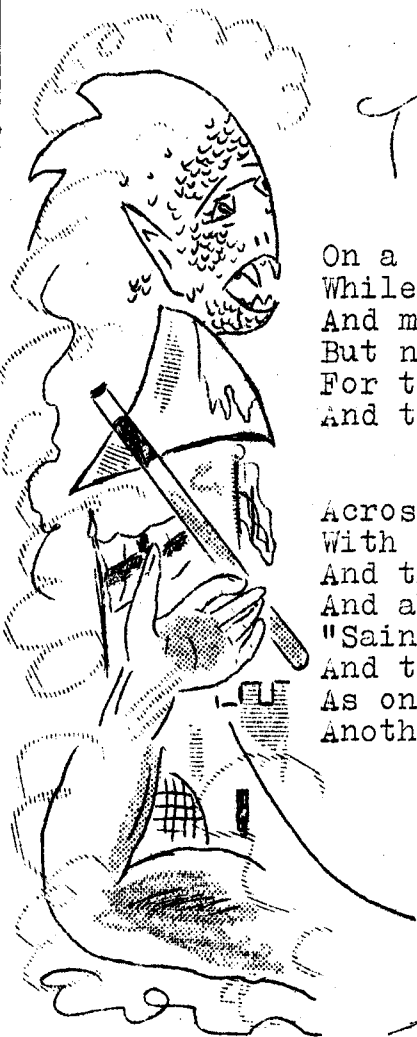
Now that you know all about astronomy, I trust that you will realise that knowledge can be gained without any of those square pies and disintegrated callouses so beloved by the mathematician. Be brave ! You too can have knowledge if you refuse to be baffled by bull.

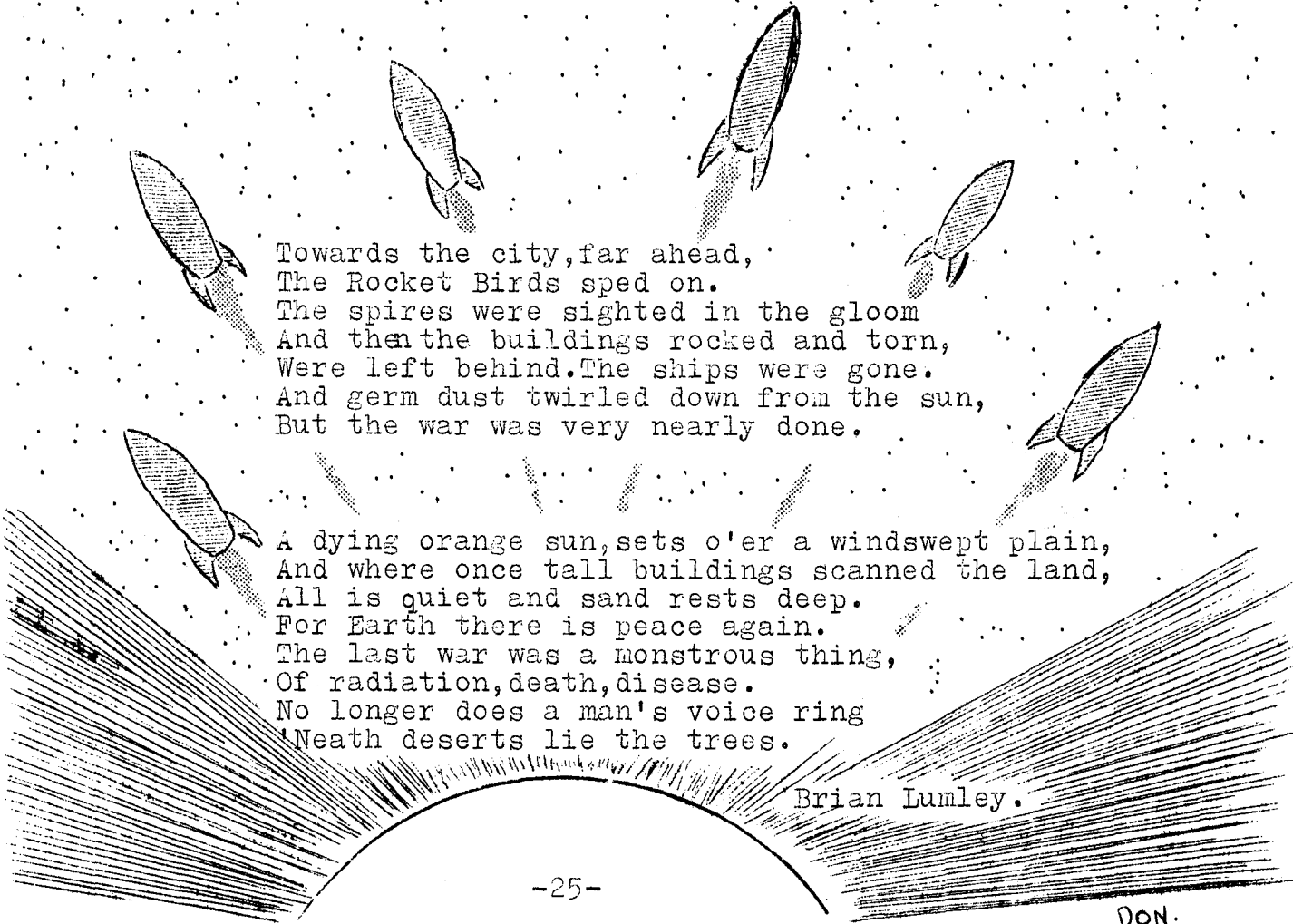
Byron T. Jeeves.
Conservatoire de Triode, Paris.

Through Time

On a young, green plain the fight was fought,
While the swamp mists all around them flew,
And men were hacked and slashed in twain,
But not for nought,
For the victors were the cavemen hordes.
And the Lizard men were few.

Across the moat they stormed,
With bowstrings twanging loud,
And the clash of axe on shield was heard,
And above it all a shout.
"Saint George and England", was the cry,
And the shouting man was felled.
As on the ground his blood was lost,
Another took his place and yelled.





Towards the city, far ahead,
The Rocket Birds sped on.
The spires were sighted in the gloom
And then the buildings rocked and torn,
Were left behind. The ships were gone.
And germ dust twirled down from the sun,
But the war was very nearly done.

A dying orange sun, sets o'er a windswept plain,
And where once tall buildings scanned the land,
All is quiet and sand rests deep.
For Earth there is peace again.
The last war was a monstrous thing,
Of radiation, death, disease.
No longer does a man's voice ring
Neath deserts lie the trees.

Brian Lumley.



FILING SYSTEM



DON.

by Arch Trufan.

(Who refuses to be even remotely connected with this.)

The starship came down out of the clouds to make a perfect landing on the alien planet - the planet that looked so like Mother Earth, but wasn't. All around stretched the scrubby heath - a duplicate of ten thousand such heaths on their earthly home so far behind them. Beyond a low rise could be discerned the roofs of the town - a town whose architecture seemed no more strange to the crew than did the architecture of the more exotic parts of their own planet. Overhead, white clouds floated against a backcloth of clear blue. In short, a cosmic miracle had taken place - and the crew of the "Glockenspiel" were the prime witnesses to the fact.

Weapons at instant readiness in case the inhabitants proved as hostile as their terrestrial counterparts could be on occasion, the crew surveyed their astonishing port of call with eager, wild-eyed anticipation. And of them all, perhaps none was so eager as was Spacehand Second Class Hector Balance. For Hector Balance was a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool Trufan. Many was the time he had sat with his fellows and, over the frothing glasses of Fandom's sacred Bheverage, shared in the common yearning for the day of mankind's true and inevitable heritage - the conquest of interplanetary and interstellar space. And when he had found himself with the opportunity to help translate those yearnings into reality, he..

had signed on like a shot. And here he was, sitting at the controls of an atomic cannon that he - like all aboard - hoped fervently he'd never have need to use, waiting for his first sight of an intelligent being from a planet other than his own.

They came - six of them, over the heath from the town. And Hector gasped as he saw them. For they looked so utterly - not even merely humanoid, but positively HUMAN. Two legs, two arms, head, hair, clothing, ears, noses, eyebrows - veritable Earthmen to the life! They came slowly, stood below the ship with hands - HUMAN hands - held open before them as evidence of peaceful intent. The chemists and bacteriologists aboard had already pronounced the atmosphere safe before the ship landed, so the captain lost no time in letting down the drop-ladder and descending, three of his officers following. Standing below on the alien soil, he ceremonically shook the hand of the leading alien, a cherubic beam all over his ruddy face.

The Earthmen had arrived.

Within a matter of hours, the ship's ethnologist had established an excellent understanding with an indigenous counterpart of his, who professed his calling at the local university. And shortly afterwards the captain made a special announcement over the loud speaker - for a couple of weeks the entire crew was to be treated to a concentrated course of the aliens' language. Then, being prepared after a fashion, they could go out amongst the aliens. Until then they would be confined to an area of heath that was already being wired off for that purpose.

So the crew of the "Glockenspiel," captain and all, set to to learn the language - under the joint tutelage of the two anthropologists. And of them all, none was keener in his studies than was Hector Balance. For the moment, he put aside all thoughts of the articles he'd write for the fanzines when he got back - of the gallons and gallons of the sacred Beverage that he'd drink in the long days to come, as he lived it all over once again amongst his friends - while he put his heart and soul into learning the language. So outstanding a pupil did he prove that the professor forewent much of his own leisure-time to give him extra coaching. And when, two weeks later, Hector strode proudly through the wire into the domain of the so very human alien, he felt thoroughly

confident that he could hold his own in a fairly involved conversation

Quite a good proportion of the townsfolk had turned out to watch the "invasion," to see these Earthmen at close quarters for the first time. Hector's keenly roving eyes alighted on a group of about a dozen or so standing by the entrance. A couple were women, the remainder men and boys, but each one of them, irrespective of age or sex, wore a peculiar and distinctive form of headgear that set them apart from all the rest - a sort of flat sailor-hat with ear-flaps and a little revolving searchlight-affair stuck on top. Hector somehow knew instinctively that they too were Fans, and his heart leaped within his breast. Here he was, light-years from his native Earth, face to face with the ultimate vindication of all his most cherished Trufannish beliefs and aspirations!

"Hello," he said - it was all he could think of, in this moment of moments.

"Hello" - "Hello, spaceman" - came the ragged chorus from the group. One girl timidly followed up with - "Where are you going?"

"To see your town."

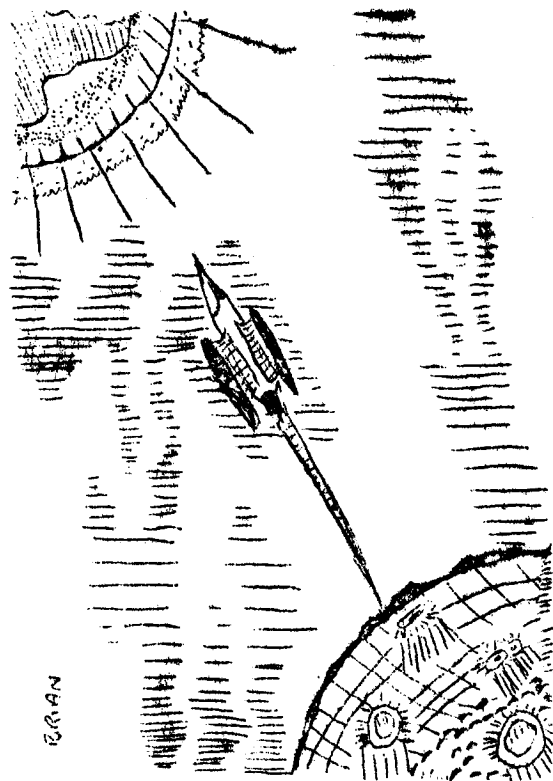
One of the men spoke up now. "We should be honoured if we could act as your guides, spaceman."

Hector, of course, had no idea of the local wording for "science-fiction," but Fandom, like love, has no need for words, and the idea did not take long to put across. And then, of course, the projected Cook's tour of the town inevitably metamorphosed into an immediate adjournment to the group's clubroom. As soon as he stepped across the threshold of the attic chamber, Hector felt at home. The rocket pictures on the walls, the battered duplicator in the corner, the piles of prozines and fanzines - they were his world, be he at the furthest corner of the galaxy. The prozines were square-shaped, and organised from right to left throughout - and of course the letters were different - otherwise they were near enough identical with their terrestrial counterparts. The fanzines, coming as they did in all shapes and sizes, were even more familiar of aspect. Avidly he scanned through the piles. One of his hosts impulsively took off his headgear and offered it to Hector. Touched almost to the point of tears by this spontaneous gesture of interstellar Trufannish goodfellowship, Hector sent his uniform cap

sailing saucerwise towards the duplicator, and inclined his head to receive the offering thereon. Then, the glorious light of Trufandom shining from his eyes, he reached into his inside pocket, pulled forth his beanie from its resting-place next his heart, and clapped it forthwith upon the head of the other. A ringing shout went up from the fans assembled. It was indeed a solemn moment, one that would form an eternal landmark in the history of Trufandom throughout the cosmos. Glasses were handed out, and one of the girls went round with a bottle.

Hector drained his glass, and then lowered it with a profound sigh of satisfaction. "What," he asked, "is the name of this divine Dhrink?" "We call it 'Bheer'," said his beanieed host. "Bheer!" croaked Hector. The very name was the same! But before he could recover from this most bewildering developement, there was a sudden whoosh and Bheer Himself stood amongst them.

"Somebody called?" he inquired genially.



"Er - yes," Hector decided. "I did. I'm afraid I don't understand - why is it that this world, and the world I come from, are so almost exactly similar to each other?"

This question brought Bheer up with a start. He peered keenly at Hector for a few moments, then turned to survey the others. "Do you mean to tell me," He demanded, turning back to Hector, "that you come from a DIFFERENT planet to the rest of them?"

"That's right." Hector nodded.

"I smell a rat somewhere," said Bheer. "Offhand, all I can think of is that maybe Roscoe's been playing around with The Enchanted Duplicator again. But last time he did that he got a month of Con-days in the Whaterworks, and he's hardly recovered from the radiations as yet. I'll have to consult Oogo about this. Stick around, Fans - I'll be right back. And he vanished to the accompaniment of the whoosh with which He came.

Three bottles later he suddenly reappeared. "It's all right, Fans," He announced cheerfully as ever - and don't you DARE stop drinking," He added as several of the younger element doubtfully lowered their glasses. "The mystery is solved. Everything's quite in order - it's all due to Ullr."

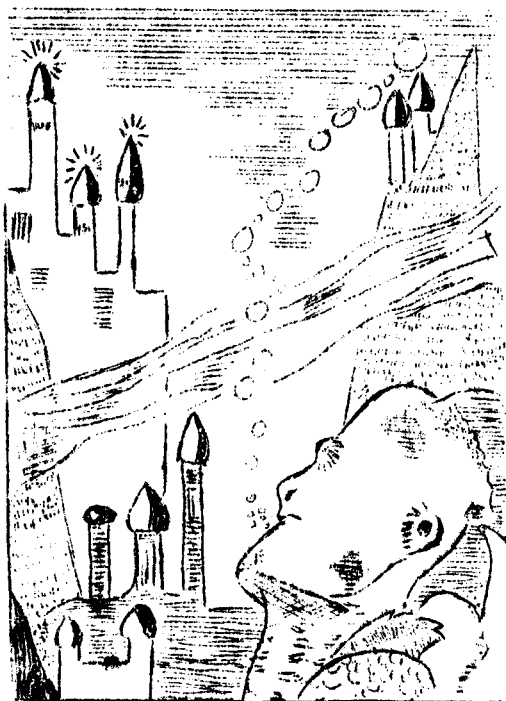
"You mean there's a Moslem branch of Fandom as well?" Hector demanded.

"No, not Allah, fugghead - Ullr. It's a planet. The planetary ecology happens to be based on the element Silicon."

"So what?" somebody interjected into the silence.

"Well - your two planets are simply Carbon copies."

... I woke up the other night with a gaping hole in my head - and then I closed my mouth - and it went away...



Brian Lumley

WORLDS of TOMORROW

A book review by JACK WILLIAMS.

Compiled by August Derleth, this anthology of fifteen stories was first published in England in 1954 by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at 9/6d. The reason for publishing such an anthology is difficult to find; while these are all enjoyable stories, they cannot be classed as being the representative best of any of the authors chosen, nor of any particular magazine, or even the best stories of any period of time, for these are tales chosen from a whole galaxy of sources, and ranging in age from the recent tales of 1952 with "The Smile" by Ray Bradbury, and the Editor's own story selection, "McIlvaine's Star," down the years to Frank Belknap Long's 1935 story, "The Great Cold." Nor is there any one particular theme running throughout this anth-

-ology, on the lines of "The Robot and the Man" or even Derleth's companion, "Beachheads In Space." No, there is no particular reason for choosing these stories except that one man liked them. They are one man's choice, and isn't that enough?

The one British selection makes a double appearance here with typical little-dialogue pieces. Arthur C. Clarke with tales of the dangers which lie inside the earth's crust in "The Fires Within," and a hypothetical instance of when the side with the best weapons does not win, and because of those very weapons in "Superiority."

The thirteen American stories kick-off with the recent Bradbury

story "The Smile," first published in this country in the "Sunday Chronicle" last Autumn. Apart from the subsequent idea of the destruction of the Arts and occasional poetic meanderings, this is not Bradbury at his best. Some should like it.

The Editor's own story, "McIlvaine's Star," appears to be one of those stories which should make you realise the loneliness of man and the infinite sadness there is in the world. It should. But somewhere along the way there is a wrong turning and the point never reaches home. Sad in itself, really.

Paul W. Fairman pulls out quite an enjoyable short with a surprise-end tale about the 'milk of human kindness' treatment to be found on other worlds. But was the two-and-a-half page build up really necessary?

Edmond Hamilton's "The Dead Planet" does get home the punch and because of it is the best story in the book. How Rigel, Dril and Tharn would know what were bird-men is only a minor point which hardly detracts from the enjoyment of the story.

Hickey's "Like a Bird, Like a Fish," is based in character, I am sure on the Don Camillo stories. I prefer Don Camillo. This is a story which Ray Bradbury could handle much better with its South-of-the-Border setting.

The Fall of a God is never a thing to dwell upon and Fritz Leiber's godlike Elven certainly does fall in "The Enchanted Forest," meeting up with parallel worlds of less than a mile apart.

Long's "The Great Cold," Lovecraft's "From Beyond," and Wandrei's "Strange Harvest," are from the older school of science-fiction where the term was synonymous with nightmarish fantasy. Never could see why people read the stuff. Unhealthily feverish.

Henry Kuttner appears with a typical and delightful story ... until the end when the hero, and the reader, feel "the walls close in", with "Line To Tomorrow."

Margaret St. Clair has written few more bad stories than "The Garden-er" I feel sure. A nightmarish account of how the guardian of a magic tree chases a man around the Universe until he himself replaces the tree he cut down on page two. All very sad. Really humorous. Or could it have

been meant to be so?

Sturgeon crops up with a representative tale of style but certainly not quality. The characterisation is here, from the go-for-broke father, through the love sick son down to the empty headed Martian receiver, the girl friend. Name of the story is "The Martian and the Moron."

William Tenn's "Null-P" still has me wondering. Here is a story of Man's final disappearance from the surface of the Earth. Sardonicly told until the very end when the author really cuts loose and finishes off the story and Man in a matter of lines. Twelve pages of introduction and one of story.

As has been said these are one man's choice. Not mine certainly, but the anthology was none-the-less entertaining.

FANTAFILM REVIEW

INVADERS FROM MARS. Starring Arthur Franz and Helena Carter.

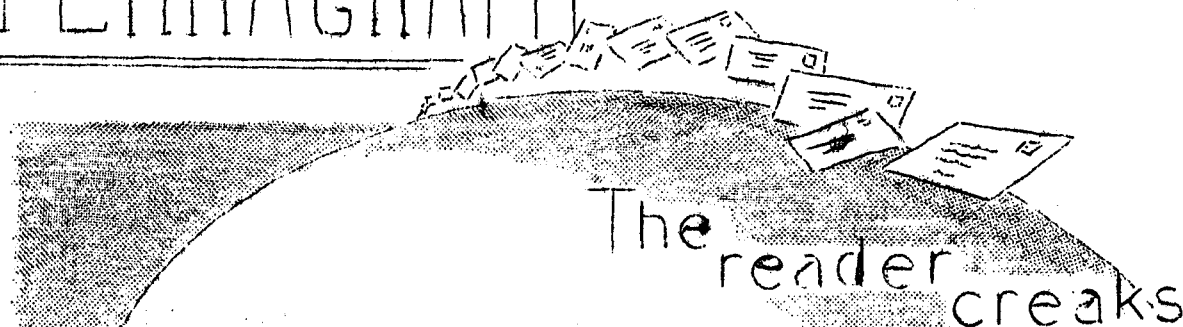
"A spaceship! From where?", says one scientist. From Outer space," says the other scientist. And that will give you a pretty good idea of the type of dialogue to be found in this film when Martians in a flying saucer land in a U.S.A. sandpit and manage to control the local citizenry by embedding telepathic darts in their necks until they are finally wiped out by the military and a small boy whose father was the first of the victims. Juvenile, but sometimes quite terrifying. Ludicrous dialogue though.

Next week: - "Space Invaders" with Martian & Lewis.



Wow! Just the type for assistant editor.....!

TERRAGRAPH



Editor's inane remarks in (())).

TOM WHITE. Thanks for Camber, I admire the cover stock, I sprained my wrist just now holding it open at the first page. (This joke used by permission of Dean A. Grennell).

....What college is Grennell Dean of anyway ?

Let's presume that this is the first fmz you've published, ((Yes, let's)) shall we ? It gives me a foundation to base my comments on (or to found my base comments on, if you like).

If so, then I must congratulate you on your mimeography - or duplication, if you are against England becoming amalgamated with Robert Bloch - which is too good to be true. ((Who is ? Bloch ?))

.....Is a mimeograph an American duplicator or is a duplicator an English mimeograph.....

Apart from which it is not playing the game. First issues are supposed to be badly duplicated and almost completely illegible, it gives us the chance not to read the material; vastly simplifying the task of writing letters of comment. I should have written weeks ago, using the time honoured formula of 'I'm sure it was good but I can't read it'.

I am not at all pleased with the fmz review column. I see that you review PLOY and PHANTASLAGORIA, and not BEM (maybe this is because we didn't send you one??). ((You're so right.)) Nevertheless, you can't realise what harm you are doing to your future circulation by this single act. To review these two local crudzines whilst not mentioning BEM could put some fans off you for ever. Mal and me for instance. It wouldn't have been so bad if you'd stuck at NEW FUTURIAN which is at least amalgamated, but those two THINGS - one illegible and the other illegitimate (Phantas was rushed out in less than an hour before Derek's birthday party; thus being born on the wrong side of the banquet). ((This gross effrontery to Bem editors will be remedied with the appearance of the next ish.))

Best thing was Fanradio Reports, which I found interesting. Especially as I could find only small reference to Jet Morgan, or The Flying Cowboy, which horrendous programme my wife has insisted on inflicting upon me since the first installment - long before you were born, of course.

I'd personally prefer less poetry, though it doesn't keep me awake at nights; though the illos were excellent ((Take a bow Mr. Jeeves)).

By the way I notice that you fail to daub on your front cover, PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROVAL OF CHUCK HARRIS - I feel sure that this is just an oversight and you actually have the blessing of Rainham's answer to the Lord Jehovah's wrath, but if not, write at once for his blessing... ((Blessing wrote for. See below.))

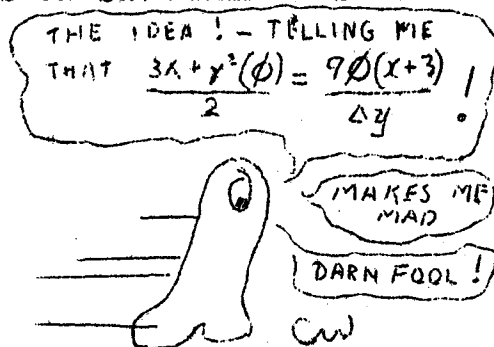
CHUCK HARRIS. There are a lot of things to be pondered on before granting blessings and approvals. ((I meant the cover Chuck, not the whole mag!)). After all, supposing I approved it officially and then you ran "An Appreciation of Volsted Gridban," "Flying Saucers I have seen", and a Check

list of the Works of James White in the very next issue? ((I might do that if material gets scarce..hint..hint..)).

But I did think "Camber" was well up to the standard of a good first issue. I know that Fred put out two issues long long ago, but, apart from the title, that was a different fanzine than the one you are now publishing. ((That's strange because much of the material in the last issue was going to be used by Fred for Camber 3 himself.)) Camber will be what you make it, not what you inherited from Fred. Enough. Am looking forward to seeing the next.

CHARLES WELLS took time off from his studies in Savannah to solve the quiz we had in the last issue. He sent me a great mass of math formula and we finally ended up with the two numbers being 39 and 93. That is right isn't it Thorne? ISN'T IT?

Most apt comment on the quiz however was by the two well known characters on the right. And there for the time being we'll finish with quizzes. The characters are of course, those fugitives from Fiendetta - The Foofs.



THE IDEA! - TELLING ME
THAT $\frac{3A + Y^2(\phi)}{2} = \frac{9\phi(X+3)}{\Delta Y}$!

MAKES ME
MAD

DARN FOOL!

CW

DEREK PICKLES. I liked the cardy cover, which overcomes the difficulty that would have arisen with anything less strong. A beautiful buckling of the covers to fit the smaller inside pages. (I hope you can figure out the twisted syntax of the penultimate sentence.) ((Can anyone?)) Thanks for the nice review of the first issue of the new PHANTAS, hope you got the second issue, you did have a copy sent, if my card index is to be trusted. ((It isn't))

I've the feeling that you put a lot of padding into the issue to make up to what you thought was a respectable size. It's not that the material is bad ((It just stinks?)) but it is undistinguished. I know

how hard it is to get hold of material, and I write half the stuff in PHANTAS, but I do feel that it is better to publish undistinguished material you have written yourself than someone else's.

I honestly do not like quizzes in fanzines. I don't like them in prozines either. Anything beyond a crossword and I pass it over. ((No more quizzes we promise.))

I liked the fanzine reviews and Jeeves turns out some very competent stencil work. I don't care too much for some of his fiction, the offering he makes in Qwertyuiop does not have me falling writhing to the floor in ecstasy, he has done some good fiction, but Terry's trouble is the same as Fearn's - he gets a good idea, and then proceeds to flog it to death. ((Your sjambok, Mr. Jeeves!))

...anyway, I'm not the Vargo Statten of North Hykeham. VS is a TRUFEARN.

ETHEL LINDSAY. I liked those hard covers (('Fraid I've gone soft again this issue.)) such a change not to have the back cover fall off at the first touch; ((Our covers NEVER fall off!)) and I never can get the energy to restaple it. I didn't much fancy "Will-O-the-Wisp", liked your fanzine reviews though. I see Terry is at his double-talk again. ((Are you referring to that delicate and artistic piece of Jeeves prose ??)) I passed over the puzzles hastily, Ghu save us, that Tony is forever trying to make us think - anyway all puzzles and quizzes are too reminiscent of the many exam papers I had to belabour my head over. ((no more))

ERIC BENTCLIFFE. The artwork was pretty good, and I've told Terry to save his best stuff for Triode in future... ((Oh, you 'ave 'ave you Bentcliffe)) Wonder how many people noticed his plug for Triode on page 26.. or understand it if they did notice it. ((Yes, how about that ??)) There is a nice light-hearted air about the whole mag which I liked - thanks for sending it, I enjoyed perusing it.

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE. Thanks very much for sending me a copy of Camber. I have been always very sorry that Fred folded it up, but in the years of correspondence I have had with him, I've been detecting in the past year or so a tendency to get away from Fandom. All too often this happens with the best of us. How I've managed to stay interested in fanning and publishing for lo these past 8 years is a complete mystery not only to myself but to my wife.

Incidentally, let me assure you that I did like this issue of Camber under your new management from the beautiful front cover (Is she interested in fanning?) ((Jeeves refuses to tell me who his models are - can't blame him I suppose.)) to the cartoon on the back cover. Mimeo-graphing was excellent as was the choice of material. ((Egoboo for me.))

.....have you ever seen Bentcliffe perusing anything.....

A VINCENT CLARKE. I was interested to see Camber again; Fred with STRAIGHT UP and CAMBER showed a lot of talent and a nice sense of humour, and I missed the friendly rivalry we had conducted when he slipped out of active fandom. However to be brutally frank, the purpose of CAMBER's revival escapes me; Fred tried to use his 'zines to form the nucleus of a Welsh or West Country club, but the new CALBER, whatever its merits, seems to be just another 'zine in a field which is already overcrowded. Like the boom in the prozines, it leads to a lot of dispersion of talent and extra work all round for everybody. Neither does it seem quite right to me that in a field of reciprocating interests like ours someone should publish a 'zine without at first contributing to other 'zines and corresponding with other publishers. This is not meant to be over-personal or over-bearing ... you may quite well be one of the nicest blokes I've never met... but I am slightly disturbed at the mushroom-like appearance of new zines popping up all over, ((This is more of a toadstool fanzine))

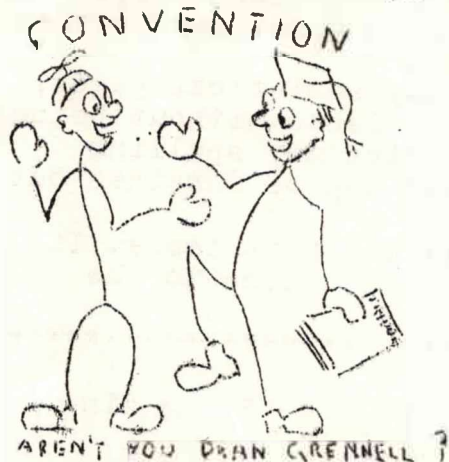
and am therefore slightly biased against the new CAMBER. (See PLOY 2 and the forthcoming 3 on a longer exposition of this). I've reviewed CAMBER in the Xmas 'i' (am trying to get hold of a list of the people to whom it was sent to see if you had a copy), ((I didn't)) and if not will try and get hold of one to send you.

((I'd like to hear from other readers what they feel about this subject of reviving Camber and whether I should have or not, I consider Vinç has some legitimate grumbles here but I don't really think that the infrequent appearance of a small zine like Camber is going to overcrowd the field and what does Vinç think of Capt. Slater's new idea of supplying stencils and printing them for anyone who feels like putting out a fanzine in the future. If this idea of Ken's comes off, surely there will be even more fanzines in the field now for anyone with the typewriter and enough money for paying Ken for running off their stencils.))

Now for a fuller exposition;

Cover; one of the best Jeeves drawings I've seen. Will-O-the-Wisp: Sorry, I just don't read serious fan-fiction. Bill Price's illo. Well done if not exactly exciting... could have done with AH's name along the bottom. Fanzine reviews suffered from some out-of-dateness and lack of current comment (several of those reviewed have folded), ((So I found out- afterwards)) but your comments were excellent. Was pleased to see your concern on interior layout and artwork. Hope you continue to publish news of US fanzines. ((By all means)). The layout and illustrating of the poetry was somewhat better than the poems themselves, but they made a nice change; sentiment was rather mawkish.

Qwertyuiop; Terry irritatingly mixes reasonably good satire and puns with some horribly childish ("Ben Tover") stuff. I'm afraid that I don't care for punning for the sake of punning in print unless it seems spontaneous. Liked the illo on page 25 very much.. Thurberish. Fanradio: a slight technical point -- the name of the programme e.g. ('Escape') should have



been distinguished better from the rest of the text. The writing and general information was OK, but some details of times ((Which I gave!)) and wavelengths should have been included and the theme could have included more criticism and information of a general nature. An item which should interest you -- I notice AFN has a Hall of Fantasy programme on Sunday evenings. (10-30) Haven't listened to it myself yet, but presume it's the usual adaptation of s-f stories, original and from the prozines.

S-F Battle. Ummm...dabblings, you mean. Tit-bits now has an extremely well-drawn strip, and you don't mention the DAILY EXPRESS strip, ((Well - if you're going to include COMICS !)) or the EVERYBODY's serial, or the JUNIOR EXPRESS stuff, or COLLIER's stuff, or LIFE, ((Who can afford subs to THEM?)) or such oddments as the NEW STATESMAN and NATION's critique of s-f and their recent small excursions into the field in semi-article form, or the THINKERS DIGEST review of an s-f novel --- "blasphemous" -- etc. If you're going to have news, it should be up-to-date and comprehensive. ((It was as comprehensive as I could get it, seeing that I don't receive half of the magazines you mentioned)) This wasn't bad tho' far from it. How about dates of items. The odd film reviews weren't at all bad, but they might have easily been published in a local newspaper.. ((But they weren't!)) there was no fannish angle to them, nothing in the way of an expert examination from the s-f viewpoint.

Congratulations on the general reproduction (why semi-f'cap pages, tho?), ((Why not?)) and for getting through an entire issue without being noticeably in need of lettering guides. I didn't notice any spelling mistakes which is something I wish I could say about 99% of fanzines but can't.

((And there we'll end the letter column until the next issue. If you'd like to see your letter in print why not drop us a line to the address on page one. Till then....))

NEWS ITEMS.

Our Art Editor Terry Jeeves recently had his photo in the VS magazine.

Bert Campbell reports mysterious rise in Authentic's sales..



"YOU SPUN IT THE WRONG WAY"



JEEVES