

C A M B E R



A Curvilinear Fanzine.

CAMBER is a DODDERING Production:

Edited, produced and directed by:-

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

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A

DODDERING

PRODUCTION

75

Artwork by Terry Jeeves, Robert E. Gilbert, Brian Lunley, DE, & Don Allen.

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Doddering Who else ?

DODDEditorial.

With this issue Canber spreads its tentacles into even more weird and wonderful places. Why, even in the wilds of Weyauwega a certain hairy hand will grope blindly into a post box and come out with - ugh... Little does he know.....

My thanks in getting out this issue go to Art Editor Terry Jeeves without whose help I could never put out Canber and to Don Allen and all other contributors who have helped out in one way or another. My thanks also go particularly to me especially for typing all the stencils, duplicating, collating, stapling and nailing all of this giant Annish (And why not?) out singlehandedly. I don't know what I'd do without me. Letters of comment, material, artwork, columns etc. of all kinds are welcomed at 77, Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Editorial policy - fuggheaded. I REFUSE TO APOLOGISE FOR THE JOKES IN THIS ISSUE. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. ((JOKES?))



CONFUSED THINKING

I have a burning question I must ask. I must find out. What is form 3547 ? Why are U.S. fanzine editors always requesting it? They are you know. Look at the back of most U.S. fanzines. There it is! Form 3547 requested. Why?

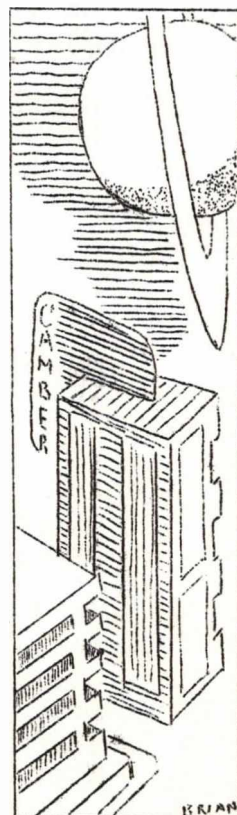
Why is everyone so mad to get form 3547? What is so special about it? Will the world fall to bits if you don't get it? I don't have form 3547. So why does everyone go around asking for form 3547 ? What are you going to do with it when you get it? Supposing they give it to you. Who are they anyway?

Maybe they won't give it to you. Have you ever thought of that? Perhaps they don't want to give it to you. They may not even like you. In fact, they may dislike you so much that you won't get form 3547? What are you going to do then eh?

You see - this mad rush for form 3547? What about your job? How can you work with the thought of form 3547 hanging over you ? Waking at nights thinking, "Will I get it - Won't I get it?" You are worrying yourself sick over form 3547. It's not worth it. Forget it. Try for some easy form like form 3548. You can easily get one of those. Everyone has got one of them. I've got one - he's got one. Everyone's got one.

But that isn't good enough is it? You've got to have form 3547. Can't you think of anything else? Your brain keeps ticking over - "I must have form 3547. I've got to have form 3547." All this fuss over one form.

Why don't you buy one. Stop requesting it and go out and buy one. What's that? Oh - you've got to have form 3546 before they'll sell you one. They would. Trust them. Whattya going to do now? Are you still going to request it? Have you thought what you'll do with it anyway?



No, I thought you hadn't.

There you are making all this fuss over form 3547 and you don't even know what you're going to do with it when you've got it? I dunno. Never met anyone like you.

Well I can only say I'm very glad I don't have to go through this mad rush of getting form 3547. I can very well do without it. I don't need it you see. No use to me at all. In fact I wouldn't have it as a gift. Not even if they went down on their knees to me and said, "Please will you have form 3547." I wouldn't have it. Catch me running after form 3547. Not likely. Wouldn't touch it.

Oh - er hullo - who are you two? Er - afternoon constable. Did you want something? What's that? No, of course not. Why should I have form 3547? Who's this other bloke anyway? Eh? F.B.I. ? What's that? No, I don't! What? Fred Blog's Institute? What does he want? Don't be silly, of course I don't have form 3547.

No! I won't come with you! Leggo! Leave me alone. I tell you I don't have to have form 3547. I don't need form 3547. Why should I ought to had it? Nothing to do with me. Go 'way.

Of course I won't have form 3547. What? you go away. I tell you I don't have to have form 3547. Not me. This is an English fanzine.

What's form 3547 got to do with me? I tell you I don't have to have it. No, I won't go with you. Go away. No I tell you. I didn't know about.. No I won't go with you. Stop draggin' me willya? Leave go of my arm you. Whatsis?

I won't go. DO YOU HEAR ME ! I WON'T GO. NO - BLAST FORM 3547 - No - I won't. No I tell you. I won't.. NOOOOOoooooooooooo..... All right. I'll go quietly.....

The letter column in this issue of CAMBER you will find has been typed strictly off the cuff with the pile of letters in front of me which I have just waded through and answered as the mood happens to reach me. Hence the various different types of answers to each letter. If I was in a good mood like I was most of the time the replies are more or less as usual, but on one or two subjects I have been rather more serious than usual. Just depends on how I happened to see things. Strictly, I hasten to add also, my own particular opinions.

This issue is the largest I have ever attempted yet so I hope all those I write to regularly will forgive my delays in correspondence, but being a two-finger typist the stencils must be finished first or I'll never get them done. Doing a few at the office rather laboriously also leads to sarky remarks such as "Are'nt you afraid you'll set that typewriter on fire?" or "Can you smell burning". I ignore these.

HOW TO LIVE ON A STAPLE DIET

A light survey into how fanzine editors send
out their products as conducted by RON

((Conducted !! Get it! Conducted! BENNETT
Hur-hur))



"Fez please!"

Let's suppose that the alarm clock has just gone off. You open one eye and in the hope that you're still asleep and dreaming, hurriedly close it again. The darned thing won't let up, though, and eventually you crawl out of bed and after a successful search for the alarm clock, which has a habit of moving about during the night. ((Time flies)) You immediately crawl back into bed. Of course you do get up ((Whadya mean of course?)) and after a quick breakfast of Bloggies rush out to rake in the shekels. You open the door at the same time as the postman is about to pitch the mail in the letter box and find yourself chewing several pieces of coloured paper. Fanzines!

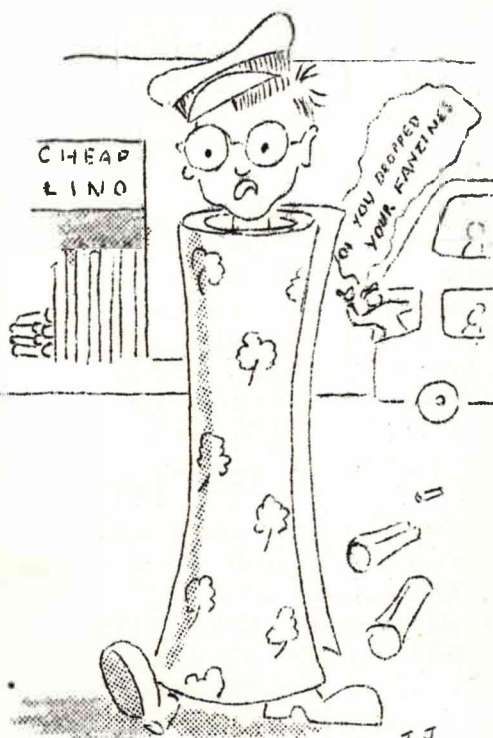
That's how they come to you. You'll find them wrapped in different manners, ((Never seen them wrapped in that, Bennett)) and of course you have your own particular preferences on how one should mail out a fanzine. How, for example would you mail out yours? This does not apply to people who already put out fanzines, from BEM to Nirvana, for each faneditor has his own individual manner of dispatching his brain-child to you.

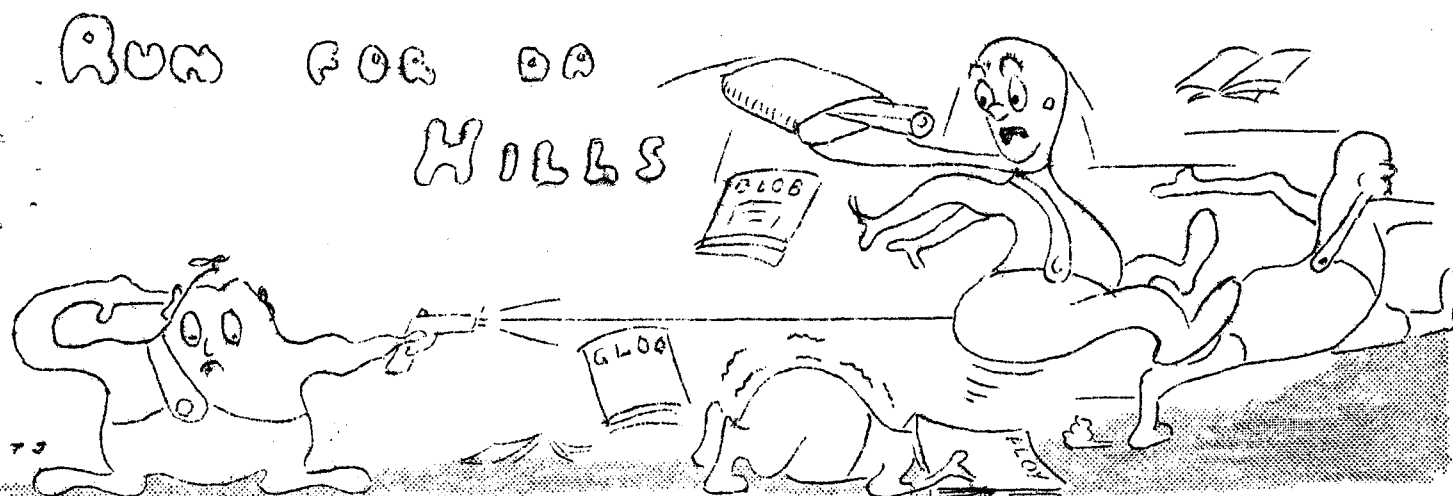
Dean Grennell in GRUE talks about buying a staple remover for the mags like HYPHEN which simply come through the mails folded over, kept together by tiny strips of steel. I take mine out with a nail file, the same one I use to open envelopes, which brings me on to the next point. ((Cunning eh?)) Would you as a fan-editor use envelopes to mail out your mag? And what size? ((That is brilliant - lessee you get PLOY into a 3" x 4" envelope eh? You can only fold any piece of paper, no matter how large, into half, eight times and no more. Try it)) I notice recent magazines like CAMBER ((I made him put this in)) and PHANTASMAGORIA have gone over to envelopes. ((Er, Ron dear - your copy of CAMBER was in an envelope - I fiendishly rolled the rest into coiled springs heh-heh-heh.)) Of course this cuts out a lot of the fun which can be had with putting out a mag which is stapled to get through the post. All that blurb about 'this mag comes to you because (1) You subbed (2) you didn't sub (3) you have a nice name' would be lost, whilst in the case of a mag like HYPHEN much of the pleasure given to people like

Ernest James would be lost. You have to consider others. Envelopes are tidiest and most professional looking, I believe. Like the strong manilla envelopes from Don Allen's SATELLITE they can be used again, to send out other fanzines, or socks home for darning. ((I wondered what that certain odour about the last Ploy was!)) Also they cost more than staples. The fanned has to weigh the points carefully before he decides. ((He also has to watch the points don't go in his fingers - especially with a spring loaded stapler!))

There are three zines which spring to my mind immediately as falling between the two stools. Let's start with the lure end of the scale with a mag which seems to be falling into decoy. ((I think he means decay)) I shouldn't talk like this ((Ahah! You admit it eh?)) about a mag I seem to be able to wangle tripe into every issue, but it is of course the Leeds SFA's esteemed Official Organ, ORBIT. ((I still don't know whether this has folded or not.)) Jack Smillie is in charge of distribution which means that in addition to mailing the mags, he has to roll them up in paper which appears to have been designed for other purposes. ((Paper serviettes Ron ??)) This is perhaps the cheapest way of getting rid of both magazines and subscribers with the same blow. ((Blow! Oh, you meant they were paper handkerchiefs!)) BEM, too, rolls up its wares, ((Whenever it comes out - hint-hint to Ashworth that he is slightly overdue)) whilst FEMIZINE does likewise (or did until the latest issue which was mailed out by Sandy in Manchester). Consider what happens when you receive these magazines. ((Ugh! Let's not think about it)) You remove the wrap-

per, invariably tearing the magazine. This especially happened with FEZ where the mag was taped scotchily (dictionaries compile while you wait). ((Who can wait THAT long?)) Remember the mag is rolled up. It has become like a spring. You try to unroll it. I recoil the last time I tried. ((I imagine the zine's reactions were much the same?)) The mag had played the part of a spring so long that it jumped out of my hand and landed in the source. ((Does he mean sauce)) This will happen every time. You try flattening out the zine by placing weights on each corner. ((Never stomp on one of these - they bite - how'dya think Cassidy became Hopalong uh?)) This works fine until you forget yourself and try and turn over. Then you tear the page again. The same happens over and over again. Each time you try to open the mag it springs back into a roll and traps your finger. ((Well, howdy Lefty)) Consider the serious consequences of this happening with a mag like the Xmas EYE ((I never got one -snif)) which happily did arrive in envelopes. I stress the plural. Anyway -which method would you choose huh?





A Frantic Fanzine review by ALAN SAN QUENTIN.
(That's my pen name.)

Nothing irks a fanzine editor more than to have his work ignored, so in the following pages I hope to place balm upon the untended wounds by reviewing those zines that have rolled into my letter box since the last issue of Camber. A greater number than ever have arrived and those for review in future issues should go to my address on page one. This is intended also as a guide for those rare creatures - the would-be subscribers to look through. Where I have not quoted English subrates a sixpenny air mail letter to the editor concerned is usually the best method of getting any of them. Most of them are only too glad to hear from someone. You will note that I have spelt everyone's name correctly - unlike certain faneditors in the Winderemere area. (DAMMITT CAMPBELL YA SPELT MY NAME WRONG) Here we go - hold onto your hat:-

ALPHA No.11. Edited and produced bi-monthly by Jan Jansen,
229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium.
60¢ or 4/- a year to Ron Bennett. ((Wot agen!))

Another fine selection of material preceeded by a remarkably clever cover caricaturing the Alpha gang and Guest of Honour Ron Bennett. Usual selection of thoroughly high grade material including Eric Bentcliffe on "Sex & SF", Vernon L. McCain in one of his rare appearances outside REVIEW telling why he reviews fanzines, John Kippax's eternity short "Marksman" and Gregg Benford's "First Funny Story" whose point is lost on me I fear. There is also Yorkshire's infamous bus conductor explaining his frustrations in lending his SF collection to a blonde on his bus and Archie Mercer, who seems to have written letters to every fanzine, with the longest erotic letter I have ever read. And whaddya know it comes now in a smart new envelope. Hoo-ray Jan.

ANDROMEDA. No.13.

Edited and published monthly by Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, West., Eng.
6d or 10~~g~~ a copy. Available by trade.

Even through these hot lethargic summer months Pete has continually kept Andro dropping through my letter box regularly on schedule which proves if nothing else that he has greater will-power than many other existing faneds. More's the pity then that this issue contains the one line editorial "Andromeda will fold after No.14 is out." I feel Andro has been much neglected of late despite its ever changing list of contents. Try and get the last.

BEM. No.5. Sept 1955. ((And about time too!)) Edited and produced irregularly by Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, Yorks, and Tom White, 3 Vine Street, Cutler Heights, Bradford 4, Yorks. Trade and they'll even take cash.

Alas - Bem too is about to close its shutters after the next issue and like so many others prepares to fold. This is summed up beautifully by quite the most talented cover BEM has ever had, this time by C.D.Wildman. It shows Tom and Mal, two crying Bems, hand in hand, with a dangling notice "Fin" and boards nailed up over the title of the mag. It is quite remarkable. This issue is crammed to overflow with comedy gems ranging from Willis and Hercule Poirot, Gregg Calkins idly dreaming to Paul Enever searching for an unknown fan. Somehow I don't think any fanzine will ever replace Bem, its style is too distinctive. I shall miss Bem a lot but let's hope some enterprising faned will make use of the clever Wildman to do art for their zine. He is too good to disappear after two issues. There will be a Bem 6 sometime, but that will be the last. We'll miss you.

BRENNSCHLUSS. No.2.

Edited and published indeterminately by Dave Wood, Irene Gore and Ken Potter at 5, Furness St., Marsh, Lancaster. Pay as you go, trade or write Ken for details.

"You're nothing today in the Army - Private!" sneers a grinning face on the cover of Brenn 2. From which you will no doubt gather that Ken is being conscripted into the Army any day now. Which is a great waste of talent since this 60 page all green ish is one of the funniest fanzines I've read this year. Dave Wood's artwork has to be seen to be believed as does most of the material from Nigel Lindsay in his very best piece giving wrong change at work to a biog of fandom's homical fan, Pennyweather. Worth waiting for.

CALIFAN. No.4. Edited and produced irregularly by Dave Rike,
Box 203, Rodeo, California, U.S.A. 15¢ a copy.
Available by trade, letter or contribution.

One of the more original characters of fandom whose work can be easily recognised at a glance is surely Dave Rike, here in his own fanzine. Typing and mimeoing is a horror owing to the respective machines Dave uses but the material is very entertaining as Dave rambles through all kinds of fannish subjects ranging from hecto pads to strip-tease dancers. Peter Carraham cleverly caricatures the after con feelings of two neo-fans in "Quis Custodiet." Letter column has original presentation with each letter prefaced by a full width humorous illo. 13 very enjoyable pages. FANDOM DISPATCH also from Dave is a good supplement idea resembling a small version of FANTASY TIMES but with the accent on news of fans and changes of address rather than news of promags. I found it very useful.

COUP No.2. Edited and produced by Dave Mason, The Coup Group, 14 Jones St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
25¢ a copy or one unused bomb. Available by limited trade.

COUP is a positive fanzine. You either like it or you hate it. There are no in betweens. It is a violently political zine full of devastating statements like "Taixas is possessed of the ugliest wimmen in the Union, "Bless your little red head," "Senator Joe, the unwashed Dervish" and "The Americans, whose vaunted knowhow has so far consisted of having enough money to pick the world's best brains, would be the first on every planet." Among its many and varied out-of-the-rut & offtrail items the finest piece of work comes from Don Chimbo who graphically depicts the happenings of the modern bloodsucker in his unpleasant "Vampire Inc." Fine writing. "I thank Ghod," said he smugly, "that such callous butchers do not exist in England", Some of the mimeoing in this issue is a bit faint and the lino-cut cover depicting the burning of the books has become blotched. You may not like Coup's anti-Americanism and its anti this and that, its gibes, its sneers or the bitterness of its editor. You may not like any of the biting jabs delivered against "dignitaries" like the brilliant attack on Bishop Fulton Sheen, but make no mistake - Coup is not a fanzine you can ignore.

Got a copy of last December's Deviant from Carol McKinney, Sta.1, Box 514, Provo, Utah, U.S.A. enclosed with which was a tiny note (Presumably from Carol) which said, "Due to a lack of time & money No.5. won't be out until sometime this summer. Have patience!" For you Carol - anything. (Er-within reason of cos')

DIASPAR. No.4. Written and published irregularly by Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, California, U.S.A. A Fapazine available by trade or write him a letter.

Terry's replacement zine for Vulcan is another amiable ramble-zine built on similar lines to Califan without the artwork. Editorial opinion sums it up nicely:- "And in conclusion, if you don't like Diaspar you can go to hell. Who's publishing it, you or me? This is a Fuggzine; Down with Grunchheads." Here, here. I think you'll like it. You only have to write Terry so what are you waiting for?

ECLIPSE. Edited and published approximately bi-monthly by Ray (Himself) Thompson, 410 South 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska, U.S.A. 10¢ a copy. Available by trade or contribution.

There are Cosmic Rays, Gamma Rays, X-Rays and Cathode Rays, but there is only one Ray Thompson. Thank Oogo. For a really funny fanzine few can top Eek with its material ranging from the saga of Frederick Anson Norris - alias Superfan, to that of Pilau in which Ray, feet stuck in the piano, lazily ambles through the fanzines that have dropped into his letterbox since the last issue. He's as happy as if he was in his right mind. Artwork seems very bare, being limited mainly to line drawings with very little use of shading plates but it does not detract from the humour of the rest of the mag, though I wish Ray would date or number the issue. An inimitable zine by a real character.

GEMZINE. April 1955. Edited and produced by G.M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington, U.S.A. Available by trade.

G.M. Carr's neat and thoughtful fanzine bows out quietly with its last issue. A pity. Gem Carr was always one of the more entertaining critics of fandom and she will be missed. Much of the theosophical material is above my head in this issue but there is a riotous skit on U.S. refrigeration taken - of all things - from a Refrigeration Engineer's Convention in Tacoma. Certainly has some unusual ideas. Good-bye Gem.

INSIDE AND SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER. No.10. Published bi-monthly By Ron Smith, 611 West 114th St., Apartment 3D - 310, New York 25, New York, U.S.A. 5 issues 1 dollar or 7/6d to Alan Hunter, 150 Tuckton Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

A somewhat pretentious photo-offset pocket sized zine containing Lin Carter's book reviews, articles by Joe Gibson & Howard Browne and the usual selection of adverts. Inside is one of those zines which always looks too professional. It's neat though and Ralph Rayburn Phillips is on top of his form illustrating Lovecraft. George Wetzel should love this.

ISFA. August 1955. Edited and published quarterly by Ed McNulty, 5645 N. Winthrop St., Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A. 15¢ a copy. Available by trade or contribution.

The Official Organ of the Indiana Science Fiction Association, as well you ought to know. If the postman staggers up the road to your house, you can bet your life he is carrying Isfa. Catch him first. If you don't he'll push it through the letterbox & with a tremendous scrunch it will tear its way through the floorboards and into the foundations. After that you will need a hydraulic jack to lift it, for Isfa is a massive great fanzine mailed out in a huge yellow envelope. It has one of the best fanzine review columns I have ever read, usually with Lew Forbes frantically trying to review zines with McNulty ruthlessly insulting Lew's car, his vocabulary and his column. Fandom's most prolific SF reader Noah McLeod taking time off from his Armament Test Station also delves into "Sex and SF" in the current promags. Bill Byrd's short story "Terminal Planet" is the very end and there are excellent columns with Robert Coulson wading his way through English SF. pocket books including Vargo Statten, Ed McNulty on SF films and a colourful art folio by Bill Nelson which comes out well on the high grade paper Ed always uses. Mimeeing is a little faded owing to a poor machine but like the Cadillac, in many ways, Isfa is a magnificent production job.

MAGNITUDE NO.2. Edited and published quarterly by Ralph Stapenhorst Jnr., 409 West Lexington Drive, Glendale 3, California, U.S.A. 10¢ a copy. Available by trade.

One of the few pocket sized fanzines which tries to inject a friendly atmosphere despite the pretentious photo - offset method used. This is the Official Organ of the Chesley Donovan Science Fantasy Foundation, a small California group which seems to be having fun. Paul Arran puts forward the theme of scientists withholding the information of the end of the world from the general public. Thought provoking. Also on hand is an Ackerman column and SF columns on films with very clear shots from various pictures which come out well by this method.

MERLIN. August 1955. Edited and produced monthly by Lee Anne Tremper, 1022 N. Tuxedo Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. 10¢ a copy. Available by trade.

The only fanzine editor who can put out issues of her zine quicker than I can write letters of comment is 22 year old Lee Anne Tremper under whose magical touch Merlin has blossomed. Neat and attractive cartoon covers of Merlin conceal a wealth of material to suit all tastes. Robert Coulson on Foreign SF mags, J.T. Crackel on Pocketbooks, a first class letter column in "The Jousting Square" and Dave Jenrette casually cartooning his way through the antics of his amoeba "Meeb", plus Lee herself in ExcaLEEbur making one of the finest teams on any fanzine. Last two issues are particularly neat and colourful with Jenrette at his greatest. Merlin is something to look forward to every month. Get it.

THE NEW FUTURIAN. No.5. Edited and published roughly quarterly by J. Michael Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7. 9d or 15¢ a copy. Letters and trades welcomed.

Or "Phut" as Ron Bennett insists on calling Mike's highly literary fanzine. At least it was until this issue which has Ron himself reviewing SF in back issues of Argosy. However Mike counters this savage attack to present a further installment in "The Clamorous Dreamers" serial by Walter H. Gillings which can now in its latter stages be more fully appreciated. The remainder of this highly legible zine has John Brunner's favourite themes in SF and R.R. Johnson's "Future of Road Transport" with its typically NuFu twist at the end. Best item is probably James A. Todd's "Eggheads" letter mid a pile of browsing. A striking cover by Art Thomson (Is that with or without the 'p' he likes it?) rounds it off nicely.

OPERATION FANTAST No.18. Edited and published by Capt. K.F. Slater, 22 Broad St., Syston, Leics. 4 issues 7/6.

If O.F. was made up of "General Chuntering" all the way through instead of dry-as-dust items like Laurence Sandfield's "Spines and Sand" I might have been tempted to renew my sub this time, but as O.F. is evidently not available by trade I am letting my sub lapse and ploughing the 7/6d back into Camber. This is my last review of O.F., not that anyone will worry but I fear that O.F. like Walt Disney, has lost the common touch. It has become too commercial. I may be wrong but that's the way I feel despite what others may think. Ho. Hum.

PEON. May 1955. Edited and published irregularly by Charles Lee Riddle, Box 31, U.S. Naval Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut, U.S.A. 20¢ or 1/6d an issue to Capt. Slater. Trades welcomed.

Emshwiller's mechanical men are crawling all over the cover of the 7th Anniversary issue which contains some of the finest gems that have ever appeared in past issues of Peon plus a whole lot of new stuff. Notable among the new is Terry Carr's "Fantastuff", Dave Mason's slick story "The Death of Conan", and Jim Harmon, for the first time I can remember, in serious vein. Towering above everything though is "A Credo for Fantasy Writers" written by someone called Robert Bloch Esquire. In this Bob covers brilliantly in 33 sentences every known plot of conventional science-fiction. Definitely a must.

PHANTASMAGORIA. No.3. Edited and published irregularly by Stan Thomas and Derek Pickles, 197 Cutler Heights Lane, Bradford 4, Yorks. Available by exchange, letter or cash.

A real fannish cover shows the difference between an eccentric fan and an average fan. How true this is. Phantas is an incredibly neat, pocket-sized issue whose funniest item is Derek explaining how difficult it is to find Don Allen and Arkle St., in Gateshead. Nigel Lindsay is on hand with a suggestion for an Old Fans Home and there is Harris himself with a werewolf short story. An amusing letter column balances off this little zine very nicely. Next issue please.

PLOY. Nos. 3 & 4. Edited and produced highly irregularly by Ron Bennett, 72 Clavell Road, Allerton, Liverpool 19. Available by trade, contribution or 1/- per copy.

Well, well, well. Ron Bennett himself. A sitting target. How can I resist it. I've been looking forward to this all the hot summer days when I was turning the handle for these two issues. The previous Ploy I hasten to mention came out about a year ago. Now, I don't want anyone to think I am prejudiced in favour of Ploy - I mean I only printed most of them, wrote three odd pages, ((Very odd pages)) and half the letters and illos came from Camber - otherwise I have no connection at all with it and it is with complete impassion I tell you it is colbssal, cineramic, 4D and hypersonic. Ploy 3 has among its rabble Ron with large spoon stirring up feuds like the dickens. If you've never read Ploy you ain't lived. If you have read it.....ashes to ashes.....

REVIEW No.13.

Edited and published irregularly by Vernon
L.McCain, Box 458, Payette, Idaho, U.S.A. Trade.

An unlucky number for with this thirteenth issue Vernon L. McCain finally folds Review and retires to his Fapazine "Bird-smith" which unfortunately doesn't seem to be available to ordinary fans. Always the tops in its particular field of review it will leave a great gap in the fanzine field which will never quite be filled. The best compliment I can give to Review is to say that in future years fans will say of its successors - "They're alright - but not as good as Review". 'Bye Vernon.

SATELLITE. No.6. Summer 1955. Edited and published quarterly by Don Allen, 3 Arkle St., Gateshead 8, Co.Durham. 1/6d for two.

During the six issues that Don has published Satellite it can boast of two main things that few other fanzines could. It was always regular and it was always up to date. How many other zines could claim that. More's the pity then that this is the last issue of Sally for sometime as Don disappears behind a name and a number in the R.A.F. for the next two years. This issue is a Convention issue with a vengeance, all the items being cunningly built around Cons, with Don's Cytricon report and Warren F.Link's Fanvetcon report acting as the pivots. Jim Cawthorn has never been better with the cartoons and there are first class fanzine reviews and an excellent lettercolumn. A fitting issue indeed for Don to temporarily bow out upon. Also in from Don is LOCO his first Ompazine complete with clever Teddy Boy illos. He may still have one left if you write.

SCHNERDLITES. No.3. Edited and published quarterly by Nigel Lindsay, 311 Babbacombe Road, Torquay, Devon. Available by limited trade.

"Lindsay's Ludicrous Literature" says the subtitle and so it is. In this you will find yourself embroiled in all the weird organisations that Nigel keeps creating. The Romily Fan Dancers and the Torbay Lampshade Makers, for instance. Strictly a one-man nonsense zine produced for Ompa and available to various fan editors. Good art section and bright cover make a far greater improvement on either of the first two issues.

There are still a few copies of the infamous Cambers 3 and 4 left if anyone is interested.....

SCINTILLATION. No.4. Put out irregularly (like the cat) on a bi-monthly schedule by Mark Schultzing, 6791((It's a very long street)) Meadow Ridge Lane, Cincinnati 37, Ohio, U.S.A. 10¢ a copy, trade or letter to foreign fan.((That's us boy!))

A sparkling selection of columns certainly makes SC live up to its name. Included in is The Fiend himself, Ray Schaffer Jr, frantically trying to write a column mid interruptions - usually insulting - from editor Mark plus an old friend of Camber's, our former "Leaning Tower" columnist, Hal Shapiro. In this he initiates you into the Scientific Art of Cockroach Cracking as related in that celebrated non-existent book "The Cooley Creek Cuisine" by Calvin Crunch C.C. An original and highly amusing take-off of those so-serious book reviews we see every so often. No.4. is an all yellow issue mimeoed on Golden Rod paper, artwork could be improved in quality but for a light entertaining zine I thoroughly recommend it.

SIDEREAL No.2. Edited irregularly by Eric Jones, 44 Barbridge Road, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos. 9d or 10¢ a copy. Available by trade.

Every once in a while there comes along to fandom an artist who is an original from the word go. Such a fanartist is Sidereal's new art editor Bill Nelder, his work alone is worth the price of the mag. Particularly good are his strip cartoons and headings, which are neat, clever and detailed. On hand also with artwork is Ken McIntyre and the inimitable Dave Rike scrawling his way through all sorts of little items. Some good fiction, Stateside news, Tony Thorne on Weird films, book and fanzine reviews all balance this issue nicely. One of the neatest zines in the pile.

SPECTRUM. Edited and produced irregularly by George Jennings, 11121 ((Even the streets are longer in Texas)) Tascosa, Dallas, Texas, U.S.A. No sub rates quoted. Trade, contribution or review.

If you get Randy Brown's HANK it is only fair for you to get George's SPECTRUM or vice versa as both boys are usually feuding in a friendly sort of way. George is slightly better at typing so that the selection of columns ranging from the ever-present Noah McLeod digging into prehistoric man to Ron Ellick on his fanzines is far more readable. Inclusion of either a lettercol or fanzine reviews in future issues should help balance it more.

STARLANES. April 1955. Edited quarterly by Orma McCormick,
1558 W. Hazelhurst St., Ferndale 20,
Mich., U.S.A. 40¢ a copy. Trade with
poetry zines or English promags etc.

Surprising who is writing poetry nowadays. Here is Hannes Bok with a poem on the reflections of a man being mummified and John Brunner with a piece about a fortune teller. Best in this issue is William J. Noble's grim reminder of the men who return from space in "One Came Back." As neatly printed as usual but I wish Orma would watch the grammar of the editorial page. "Briton may subscribe to Starlanes" is not grammatical. Briton is an obsolete singular noun which is unapplicable in this sense. Gregg Calkins' 'Anglofans' is much more preferable.

STF TRENDS. No.20. Edited and published irregularly by Lynn A. Hickman, 200 N. Huron St., Albion, Mich., U.S.A. and George H. Young, 103 W. Side Dr., Cadillac, Michigan, U.S.A. A Sapszine available by trade.

Michigan - where the Hickmans run loose - according to Sam Johnson. After having been driven out of every other State in the Union, Lynn Hickman has finally set up his fiendish fan-press in Michigan and together with George Young of Cadillac has put out this weird combination of STF TRENDS No.20 and TAILGATE No.3. Jan Jansen seems to have started a turbulent letter column by accusing all Americans of being warmongers which has set Joe Gibson and Co hot on his tail. Tsk.Tsk Jan. Fandom's top cartoonist Plato Jones alias Hickman has profusely illustrated the whole issue with richly funny cartoons and clever fan portraits. He has seldom been better. The rest of the ish is composed of Bill reviewing Sapszines and Lynn rambling off in his usual manner. Irregular but original.

TRIODE. No.4. Annish. Edited and produced roughly quarterly by Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe at 47, Alldis St., Greatmoor, Stockport, Cheshire. 1/- or 15¢ a copy.

One of the largest and neatest of the few remaining English zines published with any semblance of regularity is surely Triode. This annish has over 50 neatly duplicated pages with the infamously funny Cytricon play "March of Slime" taking precedence closely followed by Mike Wallace's Con report and an absolute wealth of good material. Only the lettercol and fanzine reviews are below par because Eric skimmed them. Artwork is by everyone. Have your subs ready please.

TYPO. No.3. Edited and published irregularly by Walt Bowart, ((Boomerang Bowart)) 306 E.Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma, U.S.A. 15¢ a copy. Available by trade, contribution, letter or review.

A real rootin' tootin' Oklahomazine excellently multilithed by Walt in black, red and brown. Artwork by that talented sex-fiend Paul Blius is as bold and as brassy as a Sousa band. Paul himself seems to be a U.S. version of Chuck Harris but with artwork, and is probably the best in his particular line rivalling even Plato Jones for human and wickedly funny caricatures. WAW is shown ruthlessly as a rough Irish peasant with cloth cap beanie, monocle and check jacket. Material throughout has neat and clever presentation ranging from Kent Corey's "Alice in Fanland" to Walt clearly reporting the Oklacon, plus a good selection of other columns, fanzine reviews and a lettercol. A colourful and highly original large size zine recommended to subbers who want a little colour put into their dull lives and to would-be-contributors who will find their articles given the utmost in vivid presentation. On your list please.

UMBRA. No.7. Edited and produced monthly by John Hitchcock, 15, Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, Maryland, U.S.A. 10¢ a copy. Available by trade or contribution.

The most colourful of all the zines in the pile is undoubtedly John Hitchcock's Umbra dittoed in purples, greens, and reds. Noah McLeod whom it is virtually impossible to get away from, investigates Kornbluth's "The Syndic", Terry Carr's Face Critturs decide to put out a fanzine while Larry Stark's "Progressive Jazz" item really belongs in A BAS despite its picturesque heading, something A BAS could do with occasionally. In "Chickescratches" John reviews fanzines so slickly that it makes me realise how lacking are my own reviews. Well, well - and here is the missing Umbra No.8. finally turned up a week late. Worth waiting for though, contains McLeod again plus all bang up to date news of the Bulmer's arrival. Somehow you can't help liking Umbra - perhaps it may be because it has such a likable editor. And that's very important. Get it pliz.

WWHIMSY. July 1955. Edited and published monthly by Ronald Voigt, at 3859 Sullivan, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A. 15¢ a copy or exchange with all amateur magazines.

Deserves your support for the incredible trouble Ron goes to print it on a hand-set type press. Nice selections of SF poetry and a few pleasant selections of SF prose. Needs an editorial.

UNDERTAKINGS. 1955 Annish. Edited and published by Samuel J. Johnson, 1834 Embassy Dr., So. Jacksonville, Florida, U.S.A. 15¢ a copy. Available by trade or letter.

One of the most carefully produced fanzines in Fandom. Neatly typed, superbly layed out and assembled with religiously neat care. Artwork is etched on the stencils with all the precision of a banknote engraver. Dea, Harness, Attwood and Richard have full justice done to their artwork but it is the vista-like work of Tennessee's Robert E. Gilbert that really comes to the forefront. The material, set mid an atmosphere of gravestones, griffins, Gothic Horrors, coffins, coroners, Poe and Lovecraft, is very well presented. I found some of it a little on the heavy side but the letter column scintillates with the Undertaker himself switching his moods from righteous indignation to irate humour. Sam enjoys himself a lot getting UN out, enjoy yourself by getting hold of a copy. Stir yourself and write to him. He'll be glad to hear from you.

VIEING. August 1955. Edited and published irregularly by Wayne Strickland, Apt. C - Bldg. 113, U.S. Naval Base, New Orleans, Louisiana, U.S.A. 10¢ a copy or trade, review or contribution.

I was thinking only the other day why weren't there any fans in Louisiana and now along comes the first issue of VY to confound me. This is of particular interest to me having seen a great spate of films with New Orleans backgrounds recently and hence the aroused interest. Pro-author Daniel F. Galouye has a nice evil short story in "Fair Exchange" and there is Terry Carr Conrambling, Helen Urban with a thoroughly confusing book review and a couple of interesting Vagaries by Wayne himself. Shows promise of developing into a zine with both atmosphere and colour.

GRUE. No. 24. Edited and produced by Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond Du Lac, Wisc., U.S.A. 25¢ or 1/6d to Chuck Harris, "Carolyn", Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex. Available by trade.

Grue always reminds me of suits at Burtons - immaculately tailored. Impeccable from its neat cover to its smart envelope. It has some of the finest material to appear in any fanzine but would I be thought a heretic if I said that Grue, high on its pedestal, seems to be wavering between being a top fanzine and being merely pretentious. Perhaps.

While we're on the subject of fanzines here's the latest from Ron Ellik via air mail:-

A BRIEF INSTALLMENT OF MY COLUMN. by Ron Ellik.

ECLIPSE. No.11. Ray Thompson, 410 S 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska. Eek is revived after an attempt at something called BIBBILTY which took Eek's place for a while...the new Eek is a combination of the old Eek and Bibb. All of which is confusing to British fen, I'm sure. At any rate, Ray will send you a copy for a letter of comment, and probably keep you on the mailing list several issues after you write him. Eek is fun -- Ray complains in the editorial that someone actually took him serious last issue, which annoyed him. (('ere Ray I hope you realise you've got two reviews this time. I trust suitably flattering remarks will be made in the next Pilau about Camber eh?))

SLANDER No.1. Jan Sadler, 219 Broadmoor Drive, Jackson 6, Mississippi, U.S.A.

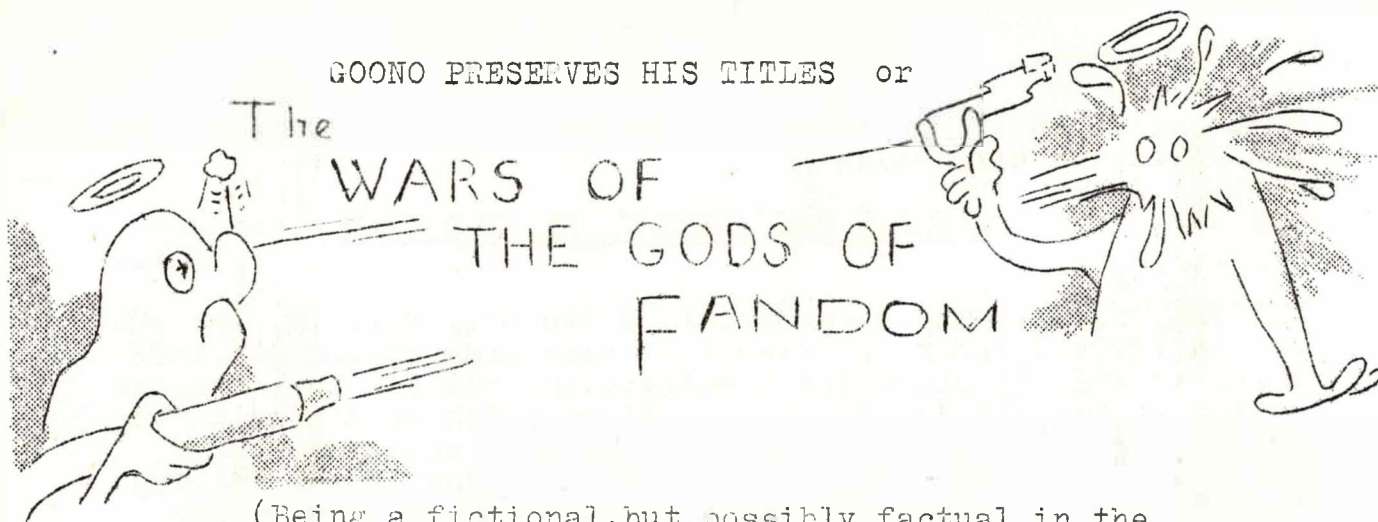
Jan is bursting into fandom now after some time indeed of writing letters and learning how to use her ditto.((Tsk.Tsk.)) Reproduction is readable all the way through, but it is rather sloppy. SLANDER is not a serious fanzine -- the editrix is determined to have fun publishing it -- but the material is not all nonsense, either. Jan says nothing about free subscriptions for letters but were you to strike up a correspondence I'm sure she could be convinced to send you copies. ((According to Boomerang Bowart it is Jan as in Janice and not Jan as in Jansen. She is a highly delectable 16 year old femme who has sections of Oklahoma fandom drooling after her. On receipt of a photo in bikini I shall be happy to confirm this.))

ROUBIDOUX, Andy and Jean Young, 12 Summer Road, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

Andy and Jean write the most interesting fanzine for its size. All the material is by the husband-and-wife team who edit it. Actually, Jean is the only one putting it out, but they are a team, and most of their work is hard to separate into two piles, one labelled Andy, the other Jean. They -- well, they mesh. They will assuredly send you copies of ROUBIDOUX, YOBBER, and anything else they publish if you just show interest in it. They publish for enjoyment, especially to receive letters of comment and correspond with everyone. Mimeography, I might add, is excellent.

Now back to me for a few final words to close. The big 25¢ ish of SCINTILLATION that Mark was selling at the Clevecon has also arrived complete with a superb photo cover of the Cincinnati skyline. Get a copy please. Half a dozen other oddments also in but no Hyphen, no Paul Enever's Orion, no Dimensions. Still, next time perhaps. Send all fmz to my address on page one. 'Bye.

GOONO PRESERVES HIS TITLES or



(Being a fictional, but possibly factual in the future account of the Wars of the Ghods in Fandom. All the names of ye Ghods are fictional, but based on some of the factual ones.)

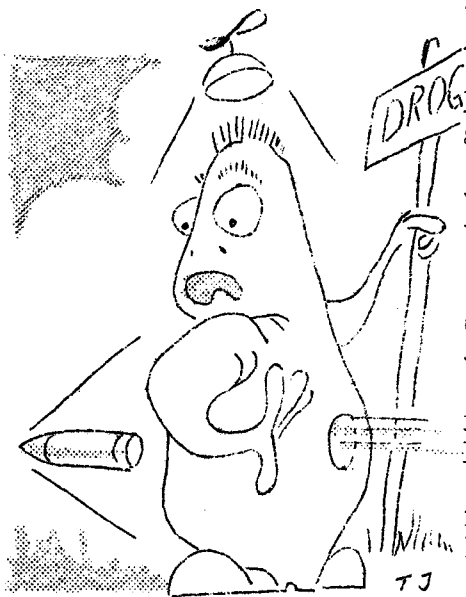
Translated from the original Bradfordian by
VERNON ASHWORTH.

In the beginning there was Goono. He was a great, omnipotent Ghod of fandom, and everyone - the two or three of them - were his followers, hangers-on, toadies, humbugs, bugbears etc. He was all powerful and held sway over fandom at large. Even in those days fandom was at large. How he originally cropped up not many seem to know. From the original Ashworth memoirs it would seem that Goono just came. He was a pagan Ghod. Many orgies were performed in his name and there were many zap-gun water carnages. Originally though, he was strictly a Ghod for fandom's nobility. This caused the ordinary truefans and neofans to revolt. They were in fact always revolting. What they were annoyed about was the fact that they alone were barred from all the ceremonies in Goono's honour. They drew up a declaration of the Rites of Fen and presented it to Ashworth, the Goono's High Priest, who promptly threw it in the fire.

Tom White, the representative of the ordinary fen indignantly demanded; "Are you incinerating that we've no rites?"

The trouble threatened to boil to a head but all the fen united and made it understand what would happen if it did. The real reason for the sudden unison of the erstwhile rival factions of Goonoists was the erection of a heathen idol by the primitive peoples of a fannish town named Bheef. The legends around this Ghod had been growing and he was pretty well thought of now. He was known as Great Hunc of Bheef. But, unlike Goono, he was a despotic Ghod. His people had to sacrifice one "Vargo Statten Magazine" per year in his name. The people of Bheef killed a huge animal and skinned off its flesh, leaving only its carcase. Out of this they made Hunc bone idle.

Now, Hunc was sponsored by a large family of tall, thin nobility, known as the Asters. They were known throughout fandom as the Lank Aster mob. One of them, a young heretic named Potter, supported by an old erratic named Dave Wood, contested Ashworth and White's



claim for Goono's precedence in Gafia.

Ashworth claimed that "Goono's Faust!"

Just as the Goonists and the Huncites had gotten nicely bedded down for a blood and zap-gun war, a new Ghod came on the scene. The first indication of his presence was when a small band of his followers walked along the streets of Fandom singing,

"Gory, gory, Alleluya...."

He turned out to be a downright vicious Ghod from the Bligh family. They were Bounty-ful in Fandom at this time. He was christened Cor, which startled him as shown by his famous remark after the christening ceremony "Cor Bligh - me?"

Just at this time Cor did not come much into the limelight. He circulated a few Cor lies against Goono, but apart from this didn't do much harm. Meanwhile Hunc's followers were growing. So were Goono's. After a while they

realised it was quite a natural thing to do. Potter came out with the theory that Goono was a false Ghod drummed up by Ashworth and White to sell "Bem" for them. He claimed that on the other hand Hunc, being a real, honest to Ghodness Ghod, appealed to the fen. Asworth replied that Hunc needed to appeal very widely, and anyway Potter meant appall.

Fandom was very troubled by these religious disruptions, and, as if the situation wasn't complicated enough, two more Ghods landed within a short time of each other. The first has the greatest significance for he was founded by a demi-Ghod in Ireland, named Willis. Willis, exploring remote parts of Ireland came across a very primitive Ghod who called himself Drog. He had a man as his bodyguard whose body was the colour of coal. He called the man his black guard. Willis took to this Drog and decided to sponsor him against the others. After all, Goono's power had been broken by Hunc so any Ghod powerful enough should be able to step in. And Willis himself held a pretty big sway over all fandom. But Drog wasn't sure he wanted to be a Ghod. "Even this," he said, indicating his cave, "is a Drog's life."

The other Ghod, a much lesser one was called Ghin (pronounced Gin) and was dragged out of the gutter by Brian Varley. Nobody knew his origin, and nobody much cared. Fact, nobody much cared about him at all. They said he was an inebriate, which he thought was an animal without a spine, so he hated all their very guts. But Varley made a very valiant attempt to get recognition for Ghin.

"After all," he declared, "here is a general get-in-amongst-'em-beat-'em-to-hell-scream-brawl between the Ghods."

So don't just bar Ghin."

So they didn't. Ghin got in though much Ghod it did him. There were now five rival factions, and at least two were vulgar ones. Goono was having trouble holding on to his power, Hunc and Drog were his main contestants, while Eric Bentcliffe's Cor and Varley's Ghin had a regular battle on a slightly smaller scale.

all the Ghods were at that time fighting on the body of a dead dinosaur.

Goono tried to settle things by his famous speech, often quoted in after years, always remembered for its pulsating intensity and sincerity and its exquisite eloquence. In the hearing of all the Ghods and their sponsors - Goono calmly rose (Guess they were all material at this time) (Wool - I guess so!), blew his sixteen noses, and his own five hundred and fifty three trumpets, magananimously ((You try and spell it right)) surveyed the rabble below, and launched into his brilliant scintillating speech.

"To hell, and Gawd damn the lot of yer!"

On his conclusion he was heartily applauded by the followers of Goono. Then Cor arose.

"I deplore you to hear me," he whined, obviously lacking in vocabulary, "but haven't you ever considered that I want to be Ghod."

Goono looked timidly at him, a little taken aback. In a few moments he replied.

"Well, no I hadn't really. I'm very sorry. That seems to be all there is to it then." He sadly sat down.

Hunc then rose and suggested they hold a conference and pose all their ideas at this. Goono, relishing the idea of any sort of a convention, agreed.

This didn't stop fighting in the meantime. Amongst the followers of Hunc, a brilliant general named Outh was the star figure. Hunc Outh was known throughout Fandom.

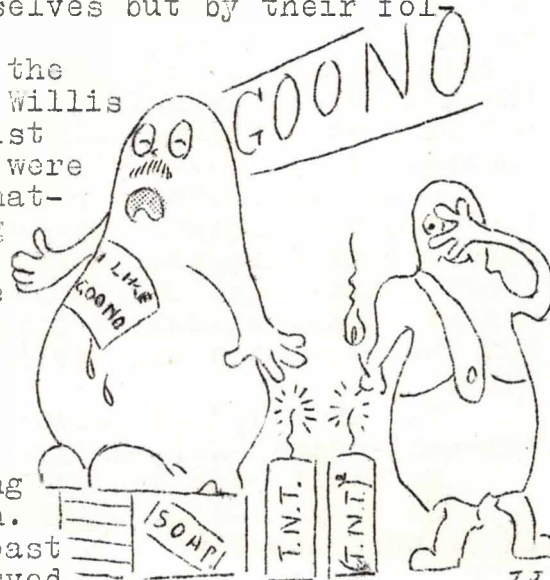
Ghin and Cor fought each other more viciously than anyone else at this time. Ghin became literally savage and never ceased hitting the bottle. Cor on the other hand was quite docile, pleased at Goono's not being hot around the collar when he asked to be Ghod. All the battles were fought - of course, not between the Ghods themselves but by their followers.

Drog kept pretty well out of the way in these early stages, advised by Willis who was the most superb fan diplomatist of the time. Drog's sole possessions were his black guard and his bloodhound. Whatever the guard thought of him, his dog heartily disliked him. It was not uncommon for it to tell him, "You make me sic!"

The time for the conference came round. Ghin and Cor were pretty worn out by this time; Hunc was the strongest of the false Ghods; Little was known of Drog, and Goono was having one helluva time keeping his position.

The conference opened by a toast from Willis for his Ghod. Tea was served around, and Willis shouted,

"Drink your tea to the last Drog!"



The other fen present,realising the pun some six hours later,hurled their cups at his head.Ashworth as the representative of the only true Ghod,got down to business. In the first half hour he sold Bentcliffe three and a half razor blades,two empty packets of "Oxydol" and a fifty three foot anaconda. This proved easier than selling them all the reasons why Goono should be Ghod unapposed. It was an eloquent address and worthy of quotation here;

"Goono should be Ghod,"

Varley asks "Why"

Ashworth (pulling wicked-looking hatchet out of his pocket); "Why not?"

Everyone saw his point.He continued.

"And,by Ghod,by Ghod,by Ghod,Goono's gonnabeGhod."

This plea for Goono was typical of his sponsor and did the Ghod no good.Bentcliffe rose next,

"I am for Cor or Coo.....," he began.(Drunk again)

Varley said,"You are Coo Coo."

A violent brawl then ensued and for tea the congress men had dripping with blood. After tea Bentcliffe began again.

"I am for Cor....."

Here,worn out by the demands made on his mental capacities he sat down and looked as proud as Cor for the rest of the day. Potter rose and said,

"I like Hunc. Hunc's good. Hunc's very good. Hunc's going to be Ghod."

A stately looking figure entered at this point.

"I am Cardinal Polish," he informed them," and I play music; what can I play for you?"

"Swing," Potter shouted,so the unfortunate Cardinal was suspended for the rest of the day.

After this interruption,Potter declared he had said enough,and everybody else agreed. Varley gave a short address about Ghin.

"Ghin is good for you. Should be Ghod for you.Haha. Took me six months to work that out."

Willis then launched into a tremendous eulogy of Drog, of what institutions he would erect,how he would even send his very best fan friends occasional postcards.

The following day a vote was taken. All told there were three hundred fen present and the Ghod who obtained a majority vote from these was to

be the legitimate Ghod. There was little doubt of the result. Drog got one hundred and fifty; the fen liked the idea of postcards from Ghod,and even,as Willis had said,

"Of being able to be Ghod when Drog goes to the Liviera for his holidays." Goono,not entirely deserted got 100; Hunc 35; Cor 10; Ghin 5.

GOONO	
HUNC	
DROG	xxx
GHIN	
COR	



Immediately after the conference closed, Hunc was back at war, but this time against Drog. Ghin, bitterly sour, against the victorious Cor, hit the bottle even harder than before. For the first time Ashworth used reasonable diplomacy and Goono discretely sidestepped and waited to step in and pick up the bits.

Potter fought valiantly in Hunc's cause. Potter was in fact Hunc Outh. He had many followers but Willis's Drogites were too strong and soon one of the contesting Ghods had been removed. Drog for the present held power.

Goono resolved to make Drog jealous and cause that Ghod to restart the war. To this end he bought a dog. It was a little husky so he gave it some cough mixture, but it served its purpose. Drog was immensely proud of his own dog because it had been a barker at a local fair. There was only one fault with it. It was a bloodhound and he had always wanted to subject the country to a reign of terrier. Goono's purchase of a dog did make him jealous and he did start the war all over again.

Meanwhile affairs were rapidly drawing to a close between Cor and Ghin. One evening Cor brought about a magnificent Cor d'etat against Ghin, who was out of the running completely after this. Willis perceiving that Cor's interest was lapsing, quickly bought him off, giving him five hundred "Pogo" comics to return home. Cor did this and Bentcliffe, disgruntled, returned home and hit the bottle with Varley; or rather hit Varley with the bottle.

This left only Goono and Drog. Willis instructed his lowly subordinate Harris to assassinate Goono. Harris inquired, "What do Goono's wear?" "Goono's!" "Goon nose, or Goo nose, or Goon hose?" asked Harris brightly.

Willis was at the end of his tether. He was feeling a little hoarse. Finally making Harris understand, he relaxed. But Harris failed miserably and was kicked out of Goono's sight.

Willis then tried, and found Goono holding a huge rifle. Willis tried crawling along the top of the barrel to get at Goono. He was kicked out of Goono's sights.

The followers of Goono, led by Ashworth and White, met the followers of Drog led by Willis, and had a pitch battle. It was a cricket pitch. The enemies hurled sods at each other. This was rather confusing because nobody knew who thought who was a sod.

Willis appealed for odour, and someone with "Macbeth" in mind asked him "He-thane?" (What fen will do for puns - and ones like that too).

The first battle was indec-
-isive and the armies retired and
dre pensions on the cricket pitch.
Willis's forces were reinforced
by a man bearing penant ink.

Goono materialised and
stood in the middle of the field.

"I will issue an automaton!"
he declared.

He then told Drog to get the
hell out of there or he wouldn't
have a second chance. After abuse
which lasted for several days the
contestants fell to again. They
would do anything for a gain. After
this they started the battle off,
and Drog's forces were forced to
retreat. Eventually they retreated
so far that they were back in their
native country.

Here the final act of the
struggle between the Ghods was
played out. Large parties of pro-
Goonists scoured the country and
one by one founf out and exter-
-minated the Drog Low Dives. The
Drogs went from Bad to Worse (Small
towns in Drogland). But they were
soon thoroughly defeated. Willis
had this time supported a lost
cause, but he stopped with it to
the end.

Goono returned to Fandom and was free from the vile
heretics and followers of utility Ghods, addle-brained Ghods,
drunken-Ghods and many others.

Despairingly however, he found that another Ghod had
come on the scene. He heard its name and the name of its
sponsor - and caught the next boat to the South Sea Islands.

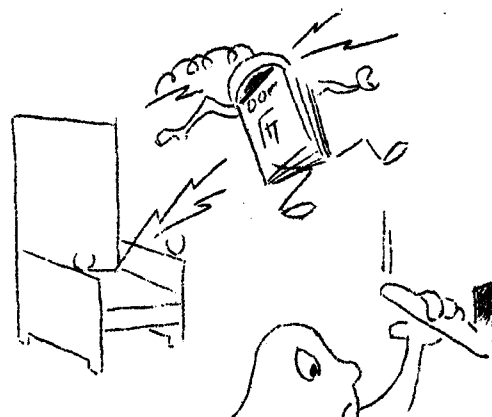
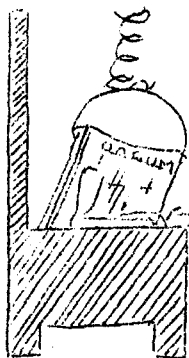
"I've saved my titles from the other Ghods," he wailed,
"but not this ; not him".

The name of the Ghod was Ixtillcanaramatersforgonicalat-
-omiumn. His sponsor was Norman G. Wansborough.



THE END.

THE ELECTRIC HAIR



Executioner:-

RON ELLIK.

((AD's note: Foreword to this column is taken from a letter to me by Ron Ellik which will give you an idea of why there are two fanzine review columns in this issue of Camber and will also give you the opportunity of comparing two methods of reviewing. Therefore I have taken care not to review those that Ron is reviewing below, in my own column.))

Y'know CAMBER 4 came at a remarkably opportune time. Just a few weeks ago I had a great idea for an "Americorrespondent" type column for some British zine, and was discussing same with Ian T. Macauley, who says in his latest letter, received the same day I received CAMBER, that he is all in favour of it, and having a lot of spare time himself will probably try the same thing. ((Don't rush boys, I saw him first!)).

Idea all started off with Walt Willis, in a recent issue of HYPHEN, giving special notice to OOPSLA! as a fanzine which has a special bargain price of a letter-of-comment for each issue to overseas fans. Idea grew upon reading OOPSLA! and GRUE and HYPHEN more carefully and finding that Anglofens and we Yanks do need a more thorough understanding of each other and happier, more personal relationships. ((Only slightly complicated by three thousand miles of ocean)). Phyllis Economou, I believe it was, said in REVIEW 13 that it was downright difficult to get to know you British fans. ((Phyllis has evidently never met Eric Bentcliffe!)) This, I deduce, is largely because British zines do not have a large enough American circulation, and vice-versa. ((Over one half of Camber's circulation is American and if other English faneds let me have their circulation figures I'd be glad to print them for purposes of comparison.))

So, anyway, my idea is this: I, being a fanzine reviewer by choice for two American fanzines, ((Randy Brown's HARK is one)) receive most of the GOOD American products coming out, and, of course, receive them weeks or maybe a whole month before anyone in England does. ((True, Vernon L. McCain posted me REVIEW on July 2nd and I received it the first week in August - slow ship)) This goes for Canadian fanzines, too.

So I'd like to begin writing another regular fanzine review column, this time for a British fanzine. I will review only American and Canadian productions, leaving Trans-Atlantic things like "-" ((I'm not sure Walt will like his fanzine referred to as 'A Trans-Atlantic thing')) and OPERATION FANTAST to you Britishers ((You Britishers!! UGH!UGH!)), if you want to run a joint column by someone over there. I will not touch upon British-and-only-British zines at all --mainly because I don't get many of them. ((Pore ole Ron))

Enclosed is a first installment of that column, untitled. Call it whatever you want, but please look it over with an "i" to incorporating it in CAMBER 5. You said yourself that you need material. ((I still say it.)) Here it is -- a regular, prompt foreign-correspondent column which can be expanded if you want, which will review the most recent possible American zines, which will enable you and all your viewing fanpubbing audience to enlarge your foreign circulations. Further, you will probably enlarge your British circulation through subscriptions from people who want topical, accurate information on current American things like OOPSLA! and CONFAB which they can get by a letter of comment.

A fanzine review column.

HARK (No.4.), Randy Brown, 6619 Anita St., Dallas 14, Texas, USA.
Letter of comment will bring this to Anglofen.

Maybe I really should be reviewing only the excellent products of American fandom, but I can't help feeling that Britishers((Ugh!)) are also interested in the run-of-the-mill pubs. So much reading of BNF names and Great Articles is fine and dandy, but you also want the low-down on the lower-down Names. HARK is a generalzine which is just starting out, a zine which isn't yet quite on its feet, but which has produced some controversial material already. HARK 3 carried a very detailed article by V. Paul Nowell on personalities in Southern California fandom and in this issue we find a letter from Peter Vorzimer denouncing Nowell for the article, all of which is bound to start violent feuding on all sides. Other material is not too good. The artwork is questionably reproduced, and the typing is extremely poor. But Randy is young, and Texas fandom is getting off to a start.

OBLIQUE (No.2), Cliff Gould, 1559 Cable Street, San Diego 7, Calif., U.S.A. Sample copies sent upon request, trades welcomed.

No, here you find no relation to O'Bleak House. Here is GOOD reproduction, with a lot of White Space, which many Americans as well as Anglans((THAT'S better)) find hard to put in. OB is published on good white stock with excellent mimeography and

a nice layout. Unlike you might think by looking at it, it is not published on a Gestetner, but (last I heard) on a Tower mimeograph. The cover is done with a photographic "reflex" process which looks an almighty lot like lithography, and besides that the picture is good. Inside we find color mimeography in one spot and at least five different lettering guides in use. Material ranges from an exceeding nice satire by the editor to some lousy columns by other people. Cliff's main trouble is getting good material -- as a matter of fact, some Britisher might take to writing something for him, ((Not if he calls then that they won't!)) with foresight as to OBLIQUE becoming a topnotch fanzine.

OOPSLA! (No.17), Gregg Calkins, 2817-11th St., Santa Monica,
Calif. U.S.A. Letter of comment.

Mimeography is impeccable, material ranges from damned good to DAMNED good. We have columns by big names, fanzine reviews by a big name, letters by big names, artwork by big names... Among the best items simply must be included Walt Willis' "The Harp That Once or Twice". Dean Grennell's column is sadly missing from this issue, but that's because of what he said in GRUE -- that he is forced away from fandom for the summer because of mundane obligations. OOPS also features a thing called the Anglofan's Almanac, of interest mainly to Anglofen ((That's better)) of course, but actually to everybody. It's letters of comment from you Britishers ((Here he goes again - that's worse than ever!)) and even from people in Norway and Belgium, published as a separate part of the letter column. OOPS is not the same mag it was before Calkins went into the Marine Corps, but it's all for the good. It might be called an American HYPHEN, especially since one-third of the circulation is outside US boundaries. ((Which covers a lotta ground))

A BAS (No.6), Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario,
Canada. 25¢ an issue, or trade, or mention of your
name somewhere in the magazine.

This time Master Editor Raeburn features a cover in far too many colours to numerate. The interior consists of slander, filth, humor and real purty nineo work by a patient-if-a-bit-sarcastic editor. People don't dare make positive statements in fandom these days -- because they know that Derelicti Derogations, a not-play by Raeburn, will feature these statements in bold black-and-white, showing how silly they look in or out of context. Raeburn is one of the most outspoken fans of this continent, and is gaining a fantastic reputation for clear thinking and unbiased criticisms. The letter column is spicy and fast-moving, with Big Names calling other Big Names dirty things, and Always a Feud. Current among the hotheads being cooled off by Raeburn are Peter Vorzimer, Harlan Ellison and Reta Grossman. He has spent time kicking Orville Mosher and myself around for practice, and is soaring to bigger and better things.

THE
BEST science fiction STORIES

4th. Series

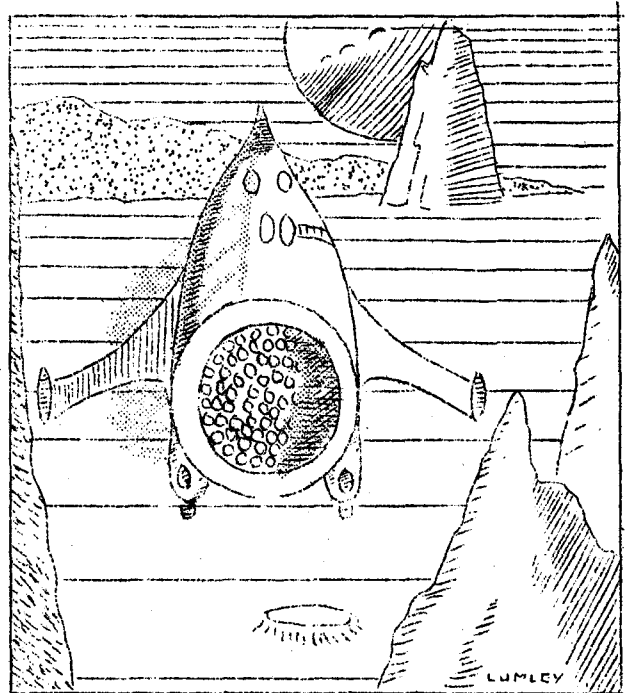
Reviewed by JACK WILLIAMS.

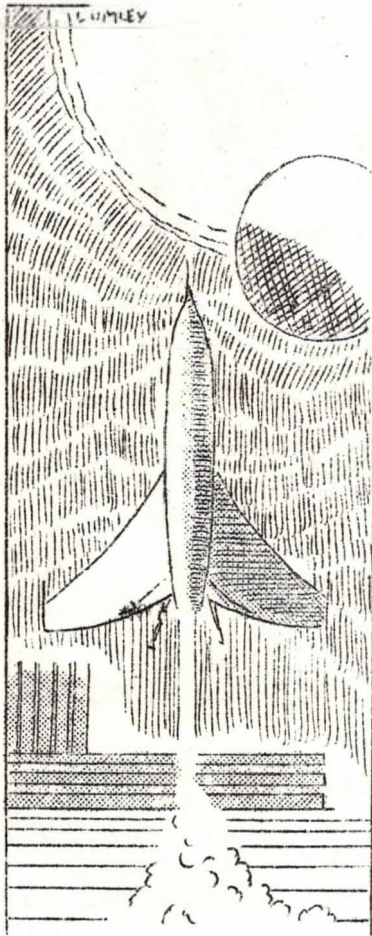
Recently adding itself to the bookshelves is the fourth in the series of best SF stories chosen for us by Everett Bleiler and Ted Dikty. The British edition comes from Grayson and Grayson at 9/6d with a dust-jacket which fails by far to do justice to this volume which is the best in the series excluding the second. This is a selection which is greatly improved on that given us last year and contains thirteen excellent stories chosen from the

American edition. This volume differs from its predecessors in three ways, that there is no preface or introduction to this volume, that one author is represented twice in the same anthology and that the twelve authors represented are featured in penpicture form at the close of the book. All the stories appeared in American Magazines dated 1952, three from the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, three from Thrilling Wonder, three from ASF and Galaxy somehow managing to squeeze in a higher rate of quantity if not quality with four.

Two of these four stories are amongst the most disappointing among the collection. This does not mean at all that they are poor stories, merely that they do not come up to the standard of their fellows. I didn't think too much of John D. MacDonald's "Game For Blondes" when I first read it in Galaxy, and I haven't changed my opinions since. A slightly different treatment on travel in time, but nothing outstanding. Frank M. Robinson's "The Girls From Earth" is also somewhat disappointing. The continual switching of scene and characters fails to produce a realistic atmosphere in the tale, even though the ideas behind it are good; both character and situation are merely symbolic and the story, one of providing wives for planetary colonists from Earth, is extremely artificial.

The other two stories from Galaxy are Walter M. Miller's "Command Performance" and Fritz Leiber's "The Moon is Green." These are vastly better stories than the other Galaxy selections, but even so these two fail to make a real impact on the reader, the impact that say "Survival" succeeds in achieving.





"The Moon is Green" depicts a world of horror after the atomic wars, a world where people live without sunlight in special radiation-proof shelters, and of the man who enters from the world outside to raise the hopes of a beauty-starved woman. "Command Performance" is a tale of loneliness, the loneliness of two telepathic mutants. Kenneth Grearly argues logically against the emotional disturbances he sets up in Lisa Waverly's mind, and loses the battle. She finds herself realising then what true loneliness is, as she has never realised before. The full impact is missing, however. A pity.

The full impact, the punch line misses completely in the very first story in the collection. "You can see it coming a mile off." There is absolutely no point in creating an atmosphere of mystery around the new teacher in Zenna Henderson's "Ararat," unless it is to provide the clues to what the authoress apparently imagines to be a surprise.

Mark Clifton's "The Conqueror" and John W. Jakes' short short, "Machine," are two stories which one finds amusing to read, but which cease to occupy the mind when the reading is through. The latter story features a strain of dahlia which revolutionises the world, whilst "Machine" tells of a man's nightmarish struggle against a

toaster. Murray Leinster is represented with "The Middle of the Week After Next" which is quite amusing in situation, a quality which more than cancels out the hackneyed qualities of the theme of time travel.

Alfred Coppel's short short, "The Dreamer" is one of the best stories in the book, if purely for its psychological approach to the conquest of space. A very good story.

Which leaves four stories by British authors, including the best story in the book. Only three authors are represented however, double value coming from the typewriter of Eric Frank Russell. It is surprising how these two stories, "I am Nothing" and "Fast Falls the Eventide," are so similar in their fade-out endings, and the fact that both are taken from a SF might or might not have a bearing on the point. "I am Nothing" is a story of a conqueror of worlds who is brought to the pangs of sympathy and understanding through the misery he has caused to a young child, really a delightful tale; - "I am nothing and nobody. My house went bang. My cat was stuck to the wall. I wanted to pull it off. They wouldn't let me. They threw it away." Russell's other story deals with the attempts, subtle and secretive, at continuing

the race of Man, even after the wheels of the world, our Earth, have ceased to function.

William F. Temple tries a punch tale with "Counter - Transference," a story which I enjoyed immensely apart for the ending, which I can only put down to personal prejudice. No fault of the author at all; it's quite well done. The same phrase, 'well done' cannot be used in excess in regards to the remaining story in the collection. This is John Wyndham's classic horror tale, "Survival" which has already been anthologised in Britain before. This is the story of the struggle, physical, and argumentative, for survival on a space-ridden ship "Falcon". A great tale.

Naturally, you'll have to get this book anyway to complete the set. You might as well read it too.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR (cont:) by RON ELLIK.

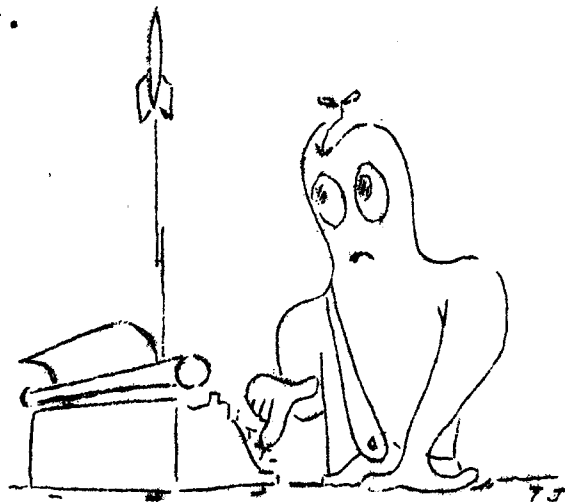
GASP! (No.5.), Gerald A. Steward, 166 McRoberts Avenue, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. Contribution, letter of comment, tr.

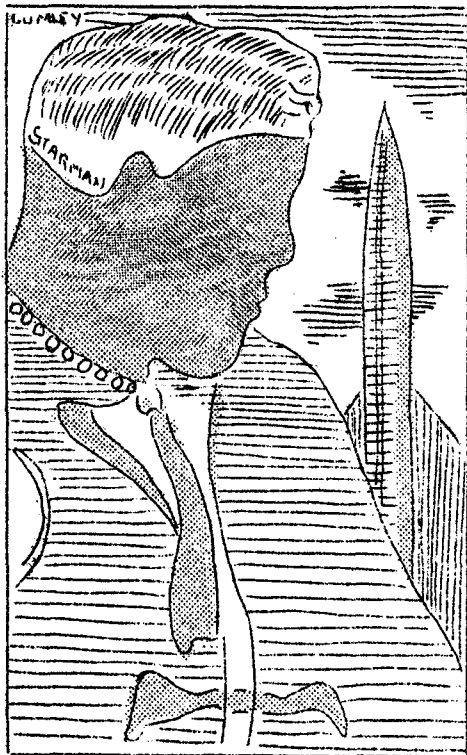
GASP! is produced for SAPS, but is circulated around general fandom on a small scale. British fan would be interested in GASP! only for the personality it exudes in tons. Gerry was one of these silent editors when he edited and published CANADIAN FANDOM, but now that he's on his own with a hash-zine he is all over the place, writes a goodly portion of the material himself, and gets some very nice contributions. He mimeographs his zine on a Gestetner, ergo it is faultlessly reproduced. It is also very neatly typed, something few fanzines on either side of the Ocean can claim these days. There are damned few illustrations herein, but a lot of Blank Space thrown around casually. It is mailed flat, in envelopes, so overseas readers get them in the same condition we do.

There are other fanzines British fan might be interested in, but they haven't had issues out recently. Some of these are:

EPITOME, c/o Mike May, 9428 Hobart St., Dallas 18, Texas. 5¢ or letter.

FAFHRD, c/o Ed Cox, 115½ -19th St., Hermosa Beach, Calif., U.S.A. Letter, trade or contribution.





The

GABERLUNZI

A column of sorts by MARK SCHULZINGER.

Some name for a column huh? It's an old Scotch word for a wandering beggarman, and while I'm not quite a beggar, my column is apt to wander all over the place until I get a subject that'll hold me for a while. At the moment I'm looking at my Daisy "Buck Rogers" ATOMIC Pistol (don't laugh, the thing actually exists. It's a formidable weapon to meet up with in a dark alley. When you squeeze the trigger the blast chamber lights up and a very realistic ZAP comes from the muzzle. It's the closest thing to a zap gun yet.) and wondering what to fill this blank space up with.

We've got a new fad in the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. ((I love that title, it takes up so much room in Camber.)) It seems that a manufacturer of paper boxes had an order from the government to make a few billion paper separators, much like those used to crate eggs, to put vacuum tubes and such in. As the minimum worker's wage is 75¢ (around 4/6d) per hour, and the laborers usually hold out for a dollar or more, they found it easier to have private persons construct these separators in their spare time and paying them a penny a piece to do so. The fast worker on these partitions makes one a minute, 60¢ the hour; everyone's happy. Lou Tabakow, Cinti's claim to literary infamy, being our only pro writer at the time, got about ten crates filled with little strips of cardboard properly cut, and set his family to work making partitions. Every spare minute they have, his wife and two sons are putting partitions together, while Lou sits in his over-stuffed armchair and gloats over how he is beating the child labor laws. Every Saturday and Sunday he sends his boys out onto the streets to gather in the children of the neighbourhood to help make these partitions. He claims that the children love it, and it keeps them off the street, giving them less time and chance to become juvenile delinquents.

With all the extra time he gets from having his family work for him, Lou should be able to read all the books and magazines he gets each month. Actually he's too lazy to do even this. He has confided to us that he is starting his eldest son reading stf and is letting him read all his old books and mags, but he is hiding the other, the real reason for this foul thing. as each book or mag comes in it is given to his son who reads it,

turning the pages with his feet as he is busy making partitions with his hands. After reading it he types out a summary of all the stories and the editorial, also with his feet, and turns it in to Lou, who is still gloating about how he is making extra money, who reads it between gloats and looks for possible story ideas, which he then goes down into his sanctum to write, also in between gloats.

This business of not being able to read all the mags is not funny. I have a huge pile of magazines in my basement which I haven't read yet, must be over a hundred there, and I have a friend who has a collection ten times larger than mine and who hasn't read a tenth of it. ((Same goes for me. AD)) -- "Jim, how's this book?" "Don't know Mark, haven't read it." I guess that's one of the troubles of being a collector, you want to read all your stuff. Right now I'm working my way through a collection of O.W.'s and DOC SAVAGE's that I just acquired, ((Rich man!)) and average about a book a day -- at least when I read continuously and untiringly for a whole day.

Here comes a plug: If any of you collectors would like to enlarge your library of science-fiction, fantasy, detective stories, or oddities, here is your man. His name is Don Ford; address; - 129 Maple, Sharonville, Ohio, U.S.A. (needlessly). He has a huge pile of duplicates, at very reasonable prices, and is anxious to get rid of the. ((Currency problems will crop up for Anglofans but something can probably be worked out with Don.)) He has supplied me with a lot of articles that I thought were lost to me forever and I feel qualified to vouch for him.

I guess that winds up what I have to say for this ish. I'll go on my wandering way, in search of bigger and better things to exaggerate, and, if you and the ed like me, be back next time around. See you then.

I have a question:

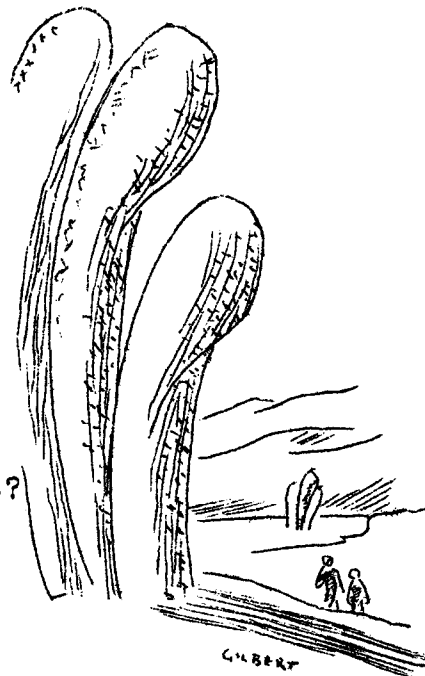
Are people who live in Wales being digested by them?

Another; I understand that Flemish people live in Wales. Are Flemish people really part Flamingo? More:

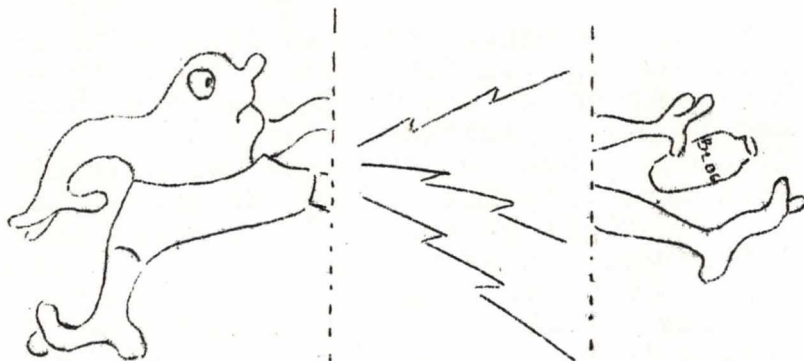
Do the Wales also digest the Flemish Flamingos?

Now what was that you were saying about "Undertaker Jokes"?

((Ed's note: This is what I get for quoting Undertaker jokes to Sam Johnson!))



The Amiable Alien



by TERRY JEEVES.

Duitt, the Martian, adjusted his matter transmitter, aimed it at the Planet Earth and stepped blithely through the portal. At that precise instant, as Duitt materialised in the focal point of three ephzootic rays, a meteorite streaked through the thin Martian atmosphere, smashed the matter transmitter to pieces, and cut Duitt off from any return to his own planet. Ignoring this minor setback, the Martian surveyed his new surroundings, particularly the peculiar life-form which stood before him.

Ron Canning, head of Earth Centrifugal, speedily adjusted himself to Duitt's sudden appearance, and having put the length of the laboratory between them, turned and bravely quavered, "Where the heck did you come from?" Looking down from his superior nine foot altitude, the alien explained in perfect English, winding up with a benevolent gesture "And now that my dinkus has gone on the blink, I figure I oughta mosey around here on Earth, and sorta give you the benefit of my science." Then he made the benevolent gesture. Ron winced as a carboy of fuming nitric crashed to the floor, but before he could move,

the alien remedied the trouble by hurling a bucket of ammonia on the mess. At last Ron gasped out, "But this isn't Earth, you're on Earth Centrifugal, the artificial satellite circling Earth at a distance of 1000 miles and held in place between the centrifugal force imparted by its spin, and a length of chicken wire." "Good", said Duitt, "Then you have the secret of space travel, and can take me back to Mars after all."

"Afraid not," Canning snapped, "I got the station out here by unreeling the chicken wire as the station floated away because of the Earth's spin. To get down, we just reel the wire back in again. To get to Mars, we'd need far more wire than the chicken farmer's union would allow us to have."

Duitt, again reconciled himself to exile and requested that he be taken to Earth to begin helping everyone. Thus it came about that at last, the winch reeled in the last few yards of cable, and the space station settled into its cradle in Ron's back garden. Ron led the way into the house, and introduced Duitt to his wife Girda (so named by her mother, after a certain

steel worker..she never caught him) and their maid, Marion.

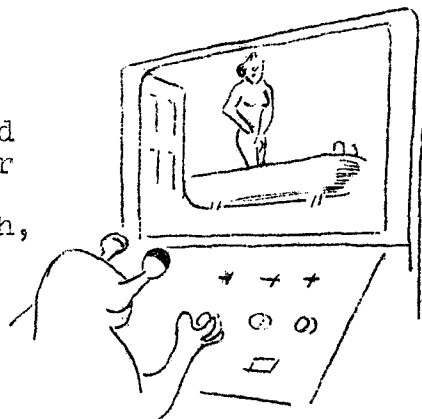
"Make yourself quite at home," said Ron after showing Duitt through the house. Duitt did so, but released Girda on seeing Ron's displeasure, "Come" said the alien, "Let me begin my good work." Ron thought he'd already done so, but merely grunted, "If you're so keen, come and help me remove the bugs from my spy ray out in the lab".

In the workshop, Ron proudly removed the covers from a torture mass of valves, wires and transformers. "Duitt, if you can get my spy ray working, you're a genius" said he. Duitt inspected the creation, then turned to Ron. "You're on the wrong track, what you need is a new slant." "Haven't seen one for years," replied Ron, "I guess he's too busy writing stuff for other fanzines to get on with his own." Duitt looked at Ron in bewilderment, as if he'd just crawled out of Belfast, then turning on the spy ray, he reversed the polarity on a non polar syntron, screened a polar bare of insulation, hooked in a couple of multiphase sine waves, and topped the whole thing off with a dash of tabasco. He plugged in the scrambler, and the screen came to life. It showed a little bit of the house, and quite a lot of Ron's wife. Ron hastily tuned the ray from the bathroom, and tried the kitchen. Marion the maid, was cooking with gas, so was the milkman, but eventually he had to release her, as his milk was boiling over. Ron snapped of the switch, repaired it with a tube of plastic wood, and turned to Duitt. "That's gratitude for you, give somebody free entry to your house, give 'em presents, invite 'em to sit in with you and watch television, and what do they do?"

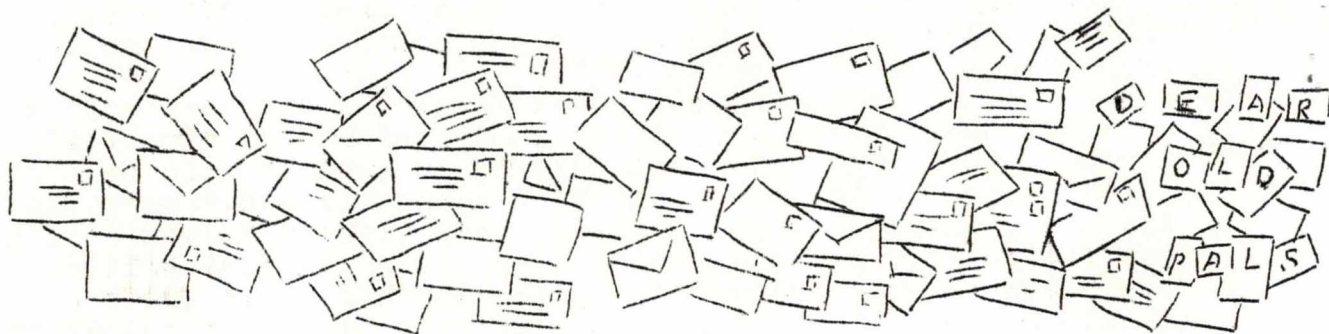
"Make love to your maid?" hazarded Duitt. "No, you clot, make love to my milkman" replied Canning. "Oh, if only I could get a real invention, say a small atomic motor, then I'd have enough money to send Girda away for a holiday, and have two maids in the house". Duitt pondered this a while, then, "I can make you one, have you any uranium?" Ron lugged a heavy box from beneath the bench, "As a matter of fact, I have a couple of thousand pounds of it right here" Duitt opened the lid, and began to remove the closely packed bars, "Good job it doesn't explode when brought together slowly" he grunted. "Yes," answered Ron, "But it started to melt, so I had to wear lead pants, and put it in the refrigerator," "I've got the lead out of my pants now though, so don't put the stuff near me." The alien began to work with the metal, then, "Do you know, I think I could make a bomb big enough to blow up the Earth with all this uranium" Ron gasped, "You can't Duitt"

"I can" replied the alien, and he did.

...Jeeves qualified?..I thought you said certified...



TERRAGRAPH



The Editor rants in double brackets (()) ((And it's not easy!))

TERRY JEEVES. Many thanks for the issue of Camber 4, which I will now proceed to comment on in a truly irregular manner.

First of all, the artwork.. I think this bloke T.J. ought to get at least twice as much money for each pic he does for you.. ((Mad dreamer that you are?)) (That would not effect your sinking fund would it?) ((Not half-man the lifeboats)). Incidentally, for the benefit of Charles Lee Riddle, my model is a school teacher, aged 25, ((I think I must have gone to the wrong school!)) and we get on very well together. Of course, if you were wanting an address.. You've had it. ((Curses - foiled again!))

I agree with E.B's remarks about lithoed mags, in fact I'd be willing to bet that he hits the nail on the head, when he takes the bull by the horns and (Unmixing metaphors) suggests that they become 'stuffy' because "I can't let the litho people see this." And as Wilfred (or Derek) Pickels said, "if you can dissolve the tin-tacks in the penicillin sentence you're a better man than Gunga Din" or something.

Brunner's style in fanzines never seems to please me for some unknown reason. If asked to say why, I just couldn't, unless it's because he uses words, references and names which I've never even heard of. Iggerent that's me. ((Wot - with all those diplomas))

.....I tell you Sheffield ISN'T in Yorkshire - it's Jeeves keeps moving it about.....

Fanzines very well reviewed, and far more interesting than the fairly common two or three lines usually offered as a review. Keep this up. ((Particularly Trifle reviews eh?))

Solar System, this at least should prove that faneds are desperately in need of good material, or why should this have got in. ((Well.. you know how it is - I have to let him write something, otherwise he won't cut the artwork on the stencils for me. Genius is very temperamental - half temper - half mental..))

I DON'T LIKE POETRY. P24 & 25. ((Well??))
Filing System Two comments, (a) I didn't write this. (b) Thank goodness. (I bet that I have hit the old ed squarely in the eye with that remark.) ((Don't look at me - I didn't write it either! And there's no need to deny it so vehemently it wasn't that bad - it was worse?))

Fantafilm review... Too scrappy to give a fair idea of the film. ((It was a scrappy film))

Terragraph. Very Good, and here are a few replies for certain correspondents, if you haven't stopped writing to 'em for insulting me. To Tom White, I love you for saying nice things about my pics. Likewise to Riddle. To Derek Pickels, on criticising Qwertyuiop.... I couldn't fail to continually disagree with you more... Anyway, Qwertyuiop is the only word I can type without looking at the keyboard after finding the first letter (The rest of the story came out while I was trying to do it backwards.)

Ethel Lindsay.. may I call you 'sister' ? ((Not if a certain femme-schoolteacher reads this you mayn't))

Bentcliffe, good old EB squeezing in another plug for Triode. ((He did it again!)) Vinz Clarke, good old Vinz, he's a pal of mine. ((Dear ole pals - jollie ole pals))

Final note, I am now going to count up the egoboo given to me in your pages.

My name appeared...22..times ((It was 25 - but who's counting)) and initials twice. For a 44 page issue including both covers((Well you did 'em)) that works out at once every two pages. Is this a record..? Or just a blame nuisance? ((Camber - or as it is sometimes known -the Jeeves Egoboozine))

.....Perusing down the river.....Guess who?.....

ERIC BENTCLIFFE I haven't read all through Camber yet, ((You've had it long enough!)) but what I have read (Sorry, perused) ((Still at it eh?)) I found entertaining. That animal on the cover is rather endearing. And I see that Terry still likes his females with long legs....he likes his pleasures long drawn out. ((Heaven's above!))

Filing System was quite amusing but probably the best thing in the issue was the letter column.

Do you intend to stick to the present size Alan? It does give the mag a neat appearance but it causes a heck of a lot more headaches productionwise, than quarto. I've been involved in one or two half-foolscap pubs and I don't think all the trouble is worth the effect. ((It wasn't the effect which made me use half-foolscap size but it was the most economical use of a large quantity of foolscap paper of which I still have a great wad left. However this issue is full quarto as an experiment. Tell you afterwards if it was worth it.))

.....I promise never to put my photo on the front of CAMBER.....

ERIC JONES. What has happened to Fred the Camera..has he departed from Fandom completely..was it F.A.F.I.A. or G.A.F.I.A. ((Camber's former editor has been claimed by the Glades of Gafia I fear - for the time being anyway.)) I miss Fred the Camera, especially at Conventions - not to say that he missed anything by not attending the Cytricon though... If we are to get the World Con we will just have to have a programme... as a matter of fact I got thoroughly brassed off at times during the weekend at Kettering... Ashworth was walking around like a zombie(or should it be a second Ghod?) complete with quote book to fill all the pages in BEM. Strange how such a long time lapsed between the Con and the Con-reports in fanzines even then the reports are nothing to write home about.

CAMBER. The following sentence is pure Sericon...a 1955 trufan would ignore it, still I'm putting it in because I believe in Sericon. Camber is an excellently duplicated magazine with a good format; I like the cover stock you use but it tends to fade very quickly. There, I've said it and I'm glad! ((For 16/6d a hundred sheets it had better not fade. That's authentic Roneo cover material))

John Brunner's column, CARYATID, is definitely Sericon... you had better watch your step m'boy; to these old eyes it was very pleasing..give me some more, some more, some more.((Oh, he's not well at all!)) Teajay's astronomy lesson is very edifying, but I still want to know who put the bridle round the Horse's Head... maybe it's a rather nebulous subject though.((Hur-hur)) How long did you have AVC's letter be4 you printed it in C? Dammit man 3 Sunday evenings have been spent listening avidly at 10.30. to A.F.N. for the 'Hall of Fantasy' programme..what did I get. Nuthin' sah, nuthin'.((Wal, shut mah mouth!)) Last Sunday we heard 'Orchestras of the West' at 10.30. ((That WAS nice wasn't it?)) Please elucidate. Where can one obtain the programme schedules for A.F.N. anyway??? ((I had AVC's letter about three months but the American Forces Network is liable to change any of its' programmes at a moments' notice without telling anyone. It was 10.30. P.M. incidentally. You can get all the radio programmes for A.F.N., Luxembourg and the like from an Irish owned newspaper printed in England and called 'Radio Review'. On sale every Friday price 6d(10¢). Any more questions?))

.....Mum, mum, look who the conductor is.....Come away dear....

RON (Have your fares ready pliz) BENNETT. Yep, I like Camber. Terry Jeeves art editor and Don Allen as assistant make a pretty good team, don't they? Eric was interesting. It is indeed surprising the sort of things that come thro the letter box.((Yeah, bills, bills, and more bills)) Had anything from the Keeper of the Printed Books yet? ((I don't know who he means but I better not show my ignorance. I'll keep quiet. Shush..))

Gee, Englebrecht. I remember the Mars v Earth rugger match quite well, but couldn't remember where the heck I'd read it. Seeing I've got Lilliputs which go back to No.7, I must have the other

stories lying about. Going on a slightly different track((It's buses not trains you're on Ron)) from John, the Englebrecht stories remind me very much of those delightfully horrible cartoons of Gerard Hoffnung. ((Hoffnung was on TV a short while ago and killed most of Eric Robinson's orchestra with laughter from one of his typical fantasy jokes. If you think I won't repeat it - how wrong you are. Seems Gerard couldn't sleep one of those snowy winter nights a short time ago so he went downstairs in the middle of the night, opened the back door and there buried in the snow on the doorstep short-sighted Hoffnung saw a hedgehog. Having a kind heart he went back into the kitchen, still in the middle of the night, lit the gas and heated up some soup for the poor animal. After heating it up, he poured it into a bowl, put it on the step and went back to bed. Somehow he couldn't sleep thinking about this poor animal in the cold. So he dressed and went downstairs again. Unfortunate hedgehog hadn't eaten any of the soup at all. It just lay there on the doorstep, still half buried in the snow. So he took the soup away, lit the gas again and heated up some milk. He poured this into a clean saucer, left it on the doorstep next to the hedgehog and returned once again to his warm bed. He spent the remainder of the night sleeplessly worrying about this hedgehog until next morning he awoke, sun streaming in the windows and most of the snow melted. He went downstairs, opened the back door - and there mid a pool of melted snow was a saucer of cold milk and beside it - an old lavatory brush!! That's Hoffnung for you.))

Good review of Art Thomson's work in Fission. Obviously can't refer to your review of written material in this zine as I'm pretty ((YOU'RE pretty??)) sure ((Oh, pretty sure)) it'll make me seem big-eared. ((As if we'd think that! Tsk! Tsk!)) Altogether your reviews are pretty complete and very interesting.((Flattery will get you anywhere.)) Every fanzine. Gee, what a task. ORBIT seems to be in the I-wonder-what at the moment for no one has seen or heard of or from George in months. I went down to where he works last week and found out that he's been ill for some time and off-work. ((I hope George is O.K. by the time he sees this in print)) Where does that leave ORBIT? Of course Phut is out again. Presume you've had your copy from Mike.((If you are referring to J. Michael Rosenblum's "New Futurian" I have indeed.))

Terry was great. Very good clearcut(?) satire on the S&C stuff I used to love. Note the past tense. I'm more and more of the opinion that really S&C stuff like that doesn't belong in a fanzine. If a bloke really wants to know about it he'll look it up, as I did, in Britanica.((Library copy - I take it?))

What a beautiful name for a spaceship, the "Glochenspiel". Great. A good story too. I thoroughly enjoyed it. And that comes from someone who doesn't like fanfiction. This of course was different. Who wrote it? Mercer? Morency? Jeeves? Willis? ((Yes))

Liked the film review and also the pun on Dean Martin. Saw him the other week in Three Ring Circus and it stank. ((So much for VistaVision!)) Has he really made a spaceflick? Hell. ((Not yet he hasn't. Allah be praised..))

Very interesting letter column, too. With your permission I'd like to reprint Vinç's letter, or part of it, as an introduction to the symposium I've got up for Ploy 3. ((Permission granted and all items already reprinted in the current Ploy.)) Vinç has gone into the problem at length and it was very nice of him not to repeat himself here, and also very nice of him to give me the added egoboo. ((Also very nice of me eh?)) Even if I don't agree with him. If we poor faneds ((Poor is right!)) want to faned, before we are faneds that is, why shouldn't we? Up with us! (('Ere, 'Ere)) No, I've heard Hall of Fantasy. Once! It stank. Was all about a werewolf who was raping women or eating children ((The latter sounds more probable)) or something round a small Midwestern willage. ((Do they have willages in America Won?)) The Sheriff finally caught up with it. Sort of good clean dialogue; "I think you're the werewolf who has been going around etc etc. Oh, you do do you? Yes, I do. Well, you're right and now I'm going to eat you." Screams. Gunshots. Screams. Well, that's finished him off. Dummadedumm! ((Shades of Dragnet!)) Listen again folks next week etc etc. No thanks. Not for Ron.

A very good inside bacover cartoon too. Neat twist. (Hrm!) I enjoyed it. Surely to turn out enjoyable material like this is answer enough to Vinç. What with starting OMPA he seems to be contradicting himself.

Honi-soit qui Mal-y-Ashworth.....

MAL ASHWORTH. Ta for Camber 4. Taken all round I think it was a very nice issue. And of course it was taken all around so that I could read it on buses, at the office etc. ((You can read??))

As for the Coup Group - I don't think there's actually any-one called Coup though someone may call a Coup (They're anarchists, apparently), ((D'ya mean a sorta Willis and the I.R.A.?)), or even if wind of their intentions leaks out, a cop. They publish a fanzine, called, strangely enough, COUP which I for one find very entertaining. ((It is certainly out of the rut!))



Through the Letter Box I enjoyed the first time when I read it in Eric's OMPazine but I hardly think it merited reprinting so soon. Or did Eric reprint it from CAMBER but just get around to publishing it first? ((No. Eric offered it to me as well as using it in his OMPA zine so that those of Camber's readers not belonging to OMPA could also have a chance of reading it. I hadn't read it before anyway.))

CARYATID - John Brunner seems to have an apt-
-titude for writing an interesting review column
(an apparently rare aptitude in fandom) and it
didn't let him down at all here. Most readable.



It is a long, long time since I enjoyed
any lesson as much as I did Terry Jeeves'
Astronomy Lecture. This was great, and, I think,
certainly the best thing of Terry's I've read.
Whereas before I've grimaced and groaned, with
this I chuckled and chortled. Exceeding nice
it was. The only possible criticisms I could
make of it were that in just one or two places
it could have had a full-stop instead of a
comma((Whatsis? You correcting Jeeves. Tsk!))
and the fact that a serious, instructive article
such as this should be absolutely correct and
should not contain any scientific errors what-

-ever whereas Terry's article contained just
one mistake. One must watch these points! I
quote: "Maybe Lassie lived here once and left
because it was so tiny and cold, and entirely
devoid of trees and lamp-posts." Tut tut Mr.

Jeeves! It is an established scientific fact that Lassie just has no
interest at all in trees or lamp-posts. Unless of course she wants to
pick apples or is afraid of the dark.

Along with Terry's piece I liked FILING SYSTEM the best thing
in the issue. And that ending - aaarrrrgh!((You should have seen the
original ending!!)) This was very nice too. In the letter column I
chuckled at Uncle Tom White's missive((Why no letter this ish Tom?))
and went to the cupboard to fish out the Bicarb and send a little
to Vince when I read his.((Why a little?))

All in all you might guess that I liked it; you wouldn't be
far wrong at all. And after all why souldn't you start a fanzine ?
Even if it's true that there are too many at present there's always
one somewhere folding to make room for new ones. ((Review, Gemzine
and temporarily Satellite have departed and apparently Andromeda is
following)) And you look to me as though you can do a very competent
job of place-filling. Good luck to ye. ((And to ye Mal. Where's BEM?))

.....Will you reply at your convenience...or don't you write letters
there.....

DEREK PICKLES. A very nice issue you've put out. Normally the format
you've adopted looks ugly, but you manage to make it interesting, you
don't try to crowd too much onto a page, and by breaking the mass of
type up with paragraphing, and those lines of *****'s ((Asterisks to
you Derek)) you make even a page of solid print good to look at,
your cartoons (apart from the DP ones) are good, and very nicely cut,
I must be using the wrong tackle, 'cause I can't cut a decent
drawing onto a stencil without tearing the stencil into shreds.
((Neither can I, which is why I am glad Terry and Don cut all mine

onto the stencil. Stencil cutting is an art in itself))

I enjoyed, to put it mildly, in fact I was semi-hysterical with laughter by the time I had finished THE SOLAR SYSTEM, it was the best thing in the issue, and undoubtedly the best thing Terry has written, apart from cheques, and letters to PHANTAS(advert)((Free, I hasten to mention)) honestly, it was brilliant, please get some more Jeeves LIKE THIS.

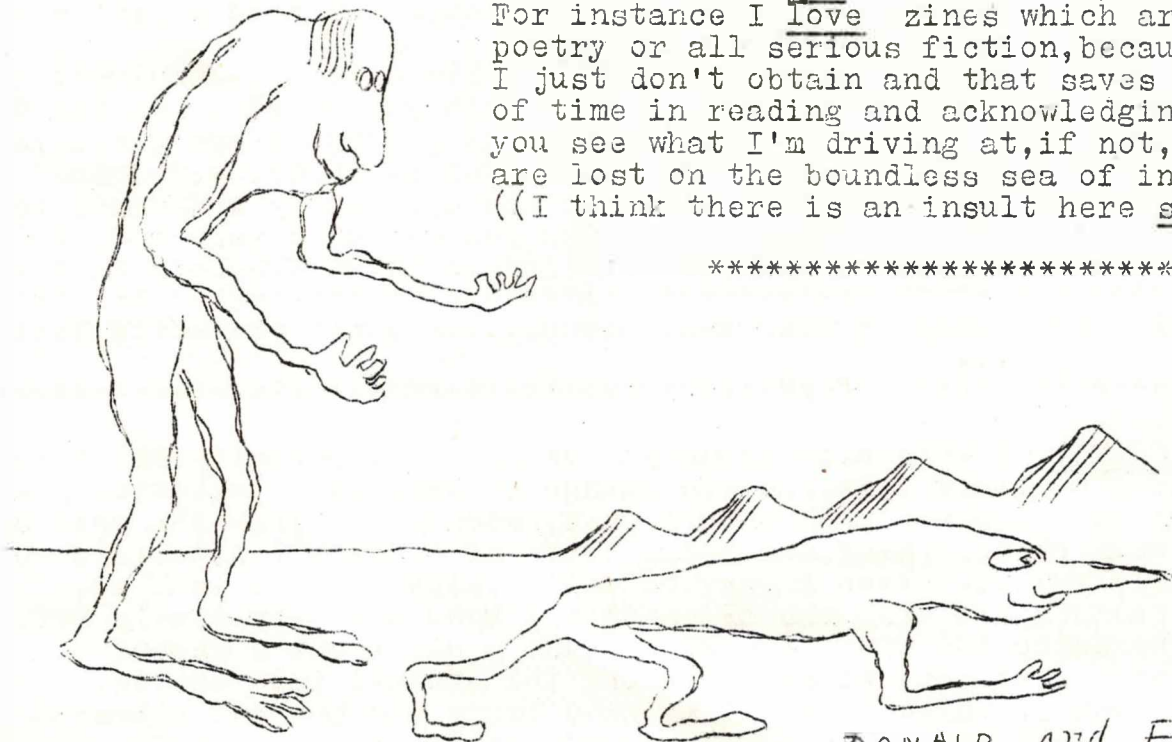
I liked the reasonable fanzine reviews, both in length and treatment, also liked CONFUSED THINKING when you speculated on the zines and people listed in Fanzinio.

I'll see if I can think of anything for you. ((This last item refers to material for Camber. I can dream can't I?))

.....I wish he wouldn't keep writing with an accent.....

NIGEL LINDSAY. Thanks for Camber and the SCHn review, but why did you have to go and say - available by exchange or write him nicely? I've had 387 requests for it now and I only run off 100 copies. Whuffo you go do dat huh? ((You should thank me. Look how popular you've become! I promise not to do it again. Happy now?)) You've got a more varied selection this time, and best thing I liked was John Brunner's column. I'm sure I've read Eric Bentcliffe's piece before somewhere. Was it in a U.S. zine? ((No. In OMPA))

About Vinz's remark re reviving Camber - well, if you are going to run a sort of general interest zine with something to please everybody, then I agree with him, the field is already overcrowded in this respect. The zines I especially welcome are those where the editor specialises in his favourite type of material. For instance I love zines which are all poetry or all serious fiction, because these I just don't obtain and that saves me a lot of time in reading and acknowledging. Hope you see what I'm driving at, if not, then you are lost on the boundless sea of indifference. ((I think there is an insult here somewhere))



DONALD and FERD

PETE CAMPBELL. ((See, I spelt your name correctly)) I won't comment on C4 in detail ((Oh, go on - enjoy yourself)) but will say that you've made a darn good job of it, especially on the clean and legible duping. ((Do I detect a slight note of envy?))

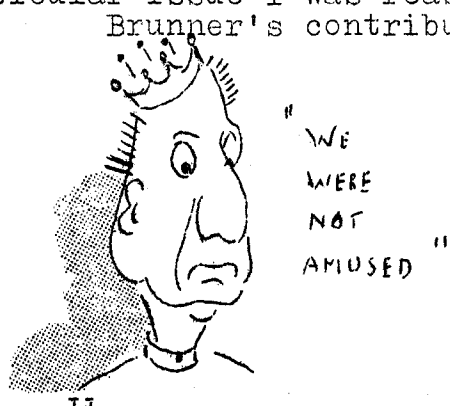
Your review of C.F.17 raised a loud guffaw; ((I'm glad it raised something)) you have put your hand into the lion's mouth, and don't be surprised if he comes all the way from Syston just to bite you! ((Perish the thought!!)) Not that you can be blamed for thinking they're pennames but... John T. Phillifent is a Londoner; ((A likely story!)) Don J. Nardizzi lives somewhere in the U.S., ((With a name like that he'd have to!)) and Barrington J. Bayley is one of my favorite people -- he goes so far as to send actual money for ANDRO. ((Silly twisted boy))

Then the warder came, and Pete was taken away..... ((Umm. I am not surprised either))

You can't insult me I'm too ignorant.....

GRAHAM B. STONE. This is just to acknowledge Camber No.4. which arrived the other day.

Most publishers of this kind of thing ((Camber is not a thing!)) can't spell, type or punctuate, much less construct a sentence. You thus have an immediate advantage which you could well follow up to produce something worth while. So far it's mostly padding and suffers from too much effort to be cute: why be cute anyway? to much of a good thing, you know. ((It was not my intention to convey the idea of being cute, Graham. Perhaps that is just the way it strikes you. As for the padding - the first few issues of any fanzine has the poor editor fumbling about in the dark trying to decide what type of zine he wants and not being able to choose because he has very little on hand to choose from. Later on he can pare and shape his zine, but for that particular issue I was reasonably satisfied. I still am.))



Brunner's contribution is the only piece of material with any guts in the issue. Though most of it is no news to me no doubt it is to the bulk of readers, and he writes intelligently about it. Reviews of other sheets and rather ordinary correspondence gets too much attention: why do the same as every other fan editor? Cutting those two features altogether would go a fair way towards giving your product individuality. ((It might - but name me one successful fanzine that has neither letter column nor fanzine reviews. As for the letters

whether they are entertaining or not depends surely on what correspondents I have))

It's quite in order to write a fair bit of the issue yourself--- ((Not if you write like I do it isn't)) after all, you know what you want if anyone does, ((The trouble is getting it)) and besides, you're paying for it. But don't be coy about it, drawing attention to the fact as if it weren't quite the thing. The humour gives the mag a general effect of forced gaiety. Better fewer and better jokes, if you insist on being funny. ((Alas, I do. I thought the jokes, while not riotously uproarious were as reasonably funny as most of those to be found in the average humour-zine. Maybe my jokes suffer mainly when stacked up against those of the funnier members of fandom, Ray Thompson, Grennell and Willis for instance. How so ever. I'll still try to be funny even if it kills you. Remember one man's meat is another man's poisson. Howzat??))

Much the same applies, I feel, to illustration as to humour. Let's face it, this process is not well adapted for artwork, and an illustration should only be used when really necessary. ((I disagree. The science of cutting artwork onto a stencil is one of the most skilled of all fanzine production work - bodged by an amateur it is terrible - cut by an expert it can be as rich as any engraving. Take a look at Sam Johnson in Undertakings one of these days. Here is but one of many of the fine stencil cutters in the world of Fandom. Nothing, in my opinion is worse than pages of unbroken print, no matter how good the material may be.))

There's one really appalling breach of etiquette and incidentally common sense: p.12, par.2. You suggest that Phillifent, Nardizzi and Bayley are pen names. On what evidence? None. If they are it's none of your business at this stage: if they are real persons, and you have no reason to suppose otherwise, you have insulted them no end. I think you will find the first two at any rate have been writing off and on for some time in other places, though I can't actually place them at the moment. But in any case, never make a wild guess like that in print. ((You are of course quite right Graham, these three writers do exist and I realised it too late after I typed the stencil, but it was too late then to alter it. My apologies to the three concerned. In future I promise to believe in everybody. I will even believe in Redd Boggs. I've made mistakes before. I shall make them again.))

.....Always nice to have someone hate your guts..Gives you that certain feeling of security. Sam Johnson.

On December 7th and 8th the 5th Australian Science Fiction Convention will be held in Melbourne. The year - 1956. So if you should happen to be in this part of the world - maybe for the Olympic Games get in touch with Ian J. Crozier, 6 Bramerton Road, Caulfield, S.E.8., Victoria, Australia. The place - Richmond Town Hall, Richmond.

MARK SCHULTZINGER. Thanks muchly for the copy of CAMBER, fanzines from across the pond are always welcomed in my files. Your way of wrapping, rather than your size, impressed me greatly. I had to sit on the durned thing for two hours till I could get it flattened out enough for reading. ((Heh-heh think of the suspense)) For a moment I thought that it was a sample of one of the new king-sized cigarettes that are flooding the market (reminds me of a joke which I won't tell because I'm not hep on the international censorship laws.) ((I got this joke in a later letter - wish I hadn't now))

I still publish a mag, SC - short for SCINTILLATION which is now entering its fourth irregular printing and its first year of life. I wanted to have it out by this month but when one types all his own stencils and does his own art-work it is a long job. ((You can say that again, I'm lucky to have Terry for the artwork))

Surprisingly enough, even though you are only half-size ((Half-size! I'll have you know I'm over six foot one!)) you resemble "-" a great deal. Do ALL British fanzines look alike? ((I hope not, but I suppose there is always a subconscious idea to copy Walt - mostly a coincidence. The same way some US. zines tend to copy Gregg Calkins.))

I usually comment on a zine but this doesn't seem to be the usual style of writing letters. To get one printed you have to start a ripsnorting argument about something or, usually some fan. ((Don't worry Mark, you're doing fine)) Here I can't really bring myself to say anything except that I enjoyed the whole issue immensely. Just chockful of everything. Made a very enjoyable hours reading.

I still can't think of anything to argue about. 'by now. (('by now Mark.))

Every man likes to see a broad smile --
 especially when she smiles at him.. Ray Thompson.

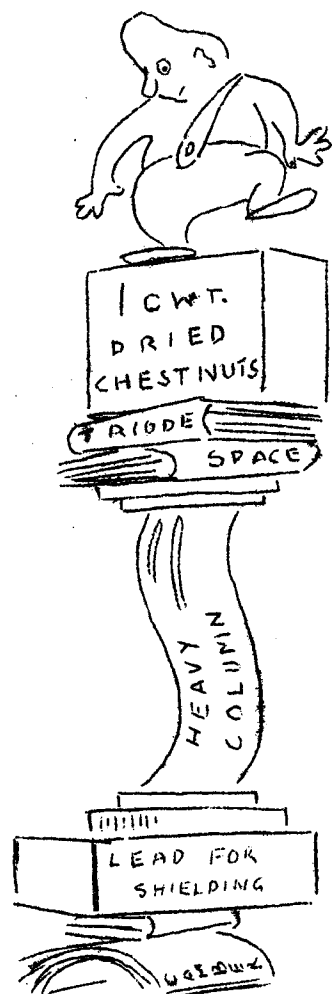
Here's an anonymous letter:-

Dear Sir,

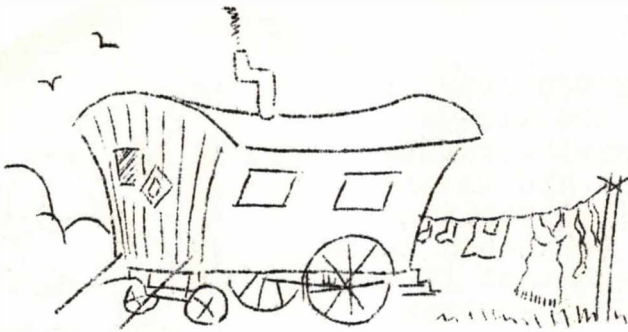
I wish your fanzine was down a well.

Signed,

A Well Wisher.



PRESS FOR FLATTENING
 ISSUES OF
 CAMBER.
 (PATENT
 PENDING)



A few disgruntled words from the
Lincoln Inconvertible:-

ARCHIE MERCER. "Interlineations by
Archie Mercer ---" in the zine, and
in the accompanying letter (for both
of which, thanks, I'd better say!)
"I used practically half the things
from your letters as interlineations".
When in a keen and exhaustive perusal
of the zine, I can find exactly TWO
Mercatorial interlineations, one on

P.37 and one on P.16. You seem to be determined to do my name dirt,
don't you. ((Not really Archie - it just seems to come out that way!))
I suggest that in the next issue you print some such notice as this:
Archie Mercer is positively not responsible for Editorial interlin-
-eations. Something of that nature. Otherwise they'll be blaming all
the Doddering masterpieces on me too. ((So be it.))

To the zine itself. The name for a start. Not a particularly
enlightening Name as names go, but of course it's not your choice, I
know. ((Camber was originally a Welsh fanzine emanating from the Cam-
-brian mountains in Wales. Hence its title.)) Still - a name like
that, surely the Buckmaster family ought to be responsible for it.
The front cover looks like Triode and the bacover like BEM. No wonder-
look who did 'em. OK though, for coverage.

On P.1, what on earth's a "fanbubber" ? Or is that meant to
be the joke? ((Humpph!!)) Page 2 - the contents look strangely fam-
-iliar. No wonder - it's taken verbatim from PLATFORM No.3, the
Bentcliffe OMPazine. Which looks to me suspiciously like cheating
on somebody's part. Reprinting's OK, ((I didn't reprint it - dammit))
when the item's worthy (and I'm not saying this isn't), but this looks
to me more like using the same piece of toilet-paper twice.

As for Caryatid, in so far as my reading overlaps with the
examples John cites, I can't say my tastes coincide with his. Which
doesn't make his column any the worse, admittedly. It's even useful if
it tells me (indirectly) what books to avoid.

Fanzine reviews done your way take up a lotta space, but I
can't say it's wasted. ((There's a backhanded compliment if I ever
heard one !)) Then Jeeves on Planets. He tells us absolutely nothing
we don't know already, in a very palatable way. Can't somebody put
him on to HJC? He might, if turned loose in the Authentic dept,
make the mag SELL. (Or smell.)

"Filing System" is really quite good in a confused sort of
way, probably the best item in the issue. It's not exactly wonderful,
of course, ((Why of course?)) in fact it contains nothing that I
couldn't have written myself had I tried ((Well, why didden chew?))
- but the shift of emphasis towards the end's quite effective, and
the end itself particularly so. ALMOST justifies the three-and-a-
half pages of tedium that leads up to it.

Lettercol-interesting, as lettercols usually are. In fact,
there'd definitely be something seriously wrong if it wasn't. As for
Ving's "too many fanzines" cry, well, in a way there are, I know, but
whether there are or not, surely the perfect answer to his point is
"Well if you think that, why did you help launch OMPA then?" ((True))

MAN GERDING. I was afraid you couldn't read the enclosed note; so decided I'd better type it. CAMBER is a very nice pub, most notable this time were Brunner, Bentcliffe, and Byron (the 3 B's?) -- ((They certainly are!)) not to mention your fanzine reviews, the excellent legibility and fine artwork. Enclosed is a rhymed comment on CAMBER 4. I'd advise you to continue CAMBER because at this rate it will easily hold its own in the jungle. ((The poem is sheer flattery but here goes))

CAMBER No.4.

The cover's symbolic;
The size, auspicious.
A pub I can handle -
Mighod how delicious!

Sir Eric the Bentcliffe
With keen conception
Rehearses the dangers
Of Postal subscription.

A shapely columnar
Is CARYATID.
J. Brunner the sculptor
A homer has battled.

And RUN FOR DA HILLS, boys
Is poor dissuasion,
For Alan the fanned
Reviews with persuasion.

Migosh Jeeves the Byron
Has proved the dictum:
When throwing the bull-O
Be careful who's victim!

The rest I won't tally;
It passed inspection.
A word to V. Clarke though
Of CAMBER's rejection...

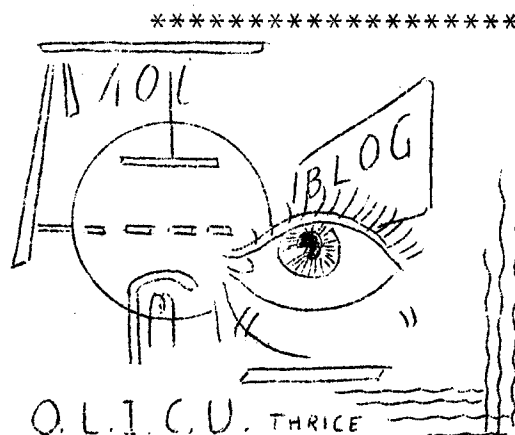
...That fanzines are many
Muh boy we're knowing.
But bad ones go blooey
While good ones keep growing.

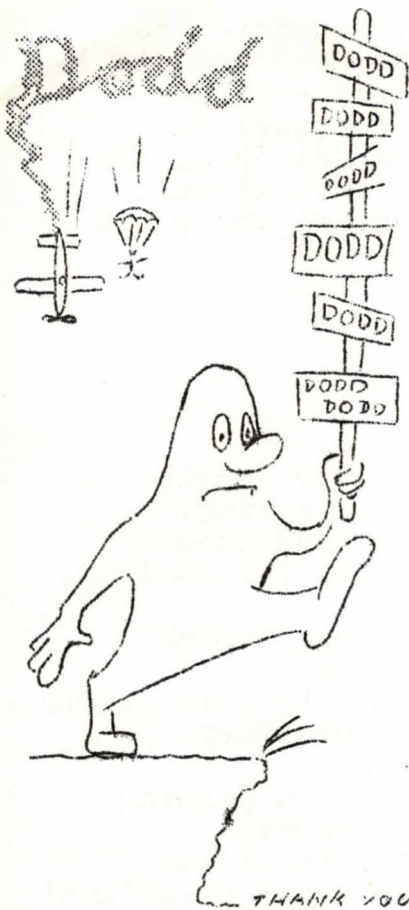
The law of the jungle
Will set the ruling.
Give CAMBER and others
Their license for dueling.

And so to the closing
Of commentary
Which thanks to this CAMBER
Was quite voluntary.

Must mention in passing
A subtile format,
The artwork ingenious
And - er - here I fall flat!

Sincerely,
nangee.





RON ELLIK. I like the covers... Jeeves is certainly a good artist, much better than most of the now-popular artists in America. There are darned few over here who can do anything more complicated than cartooning. Please, isn't there some more convenient way of mailing CAMBER than rolled up like that? ((There is, but I'm always afraid they might fall out of an envelope which is the method I shall use in future)) I set it under a book for twenty-four hours, and it's still rolled up. ((Frustrating ain't it?)) Makes it almost impossible to read, you know. Put more Dodd into the zine. Your name isn't mentioned once past the contents page that I noticed. ((Can I help it if I am a small, shrinking violet?)) Stop referring to yourself in the third person ("The Editor") ((Well, I yam aren't I?)) and start using the perpendicular pronoun more. ((The what?))

I imagine this half-foolscap business would be nice if the zine was sent flat. I don't like it. TRIODE was enough trouble, ((Good ole Terry)) and that's full-foolscap if I looked rightly, or 8½x11 or something. ((You didn't look rightly, the size Terry uses is 8x10 called quarto. Foolscap is 13x10. Gottit?)) Building the AMF Mineo was absolutely impossible.

CAMBER is just downright difficult. ((Yer, I guess so.)) Jeeves is a great artist, ((Why do I let egoboo like this slip through?)) but I don't like his astronomy thing. He tries mighty hard to be funny, but keeps repeating himself, thus deadening the effect ("I think so, but I'm not quite sure", etc.).

All in all, the material is not too distinguished. I think the fanzine reviews and the letter column to be the best part of the mag.

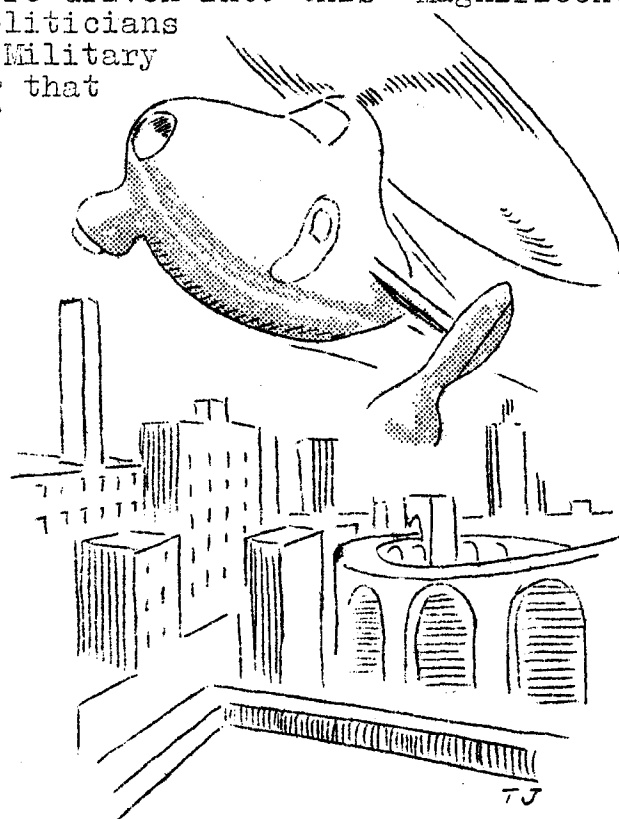
a sleepy lagoon, a satellite moon...and yewwww.....

PAUL MITTELBUSCHER. I may seem hyper-critical but I just don't dig British stf. ((You'd need a pretty big hole to bury some of it)) Not that America boasts anything of unusual merit (except perhaps ASF). ((What about the Sage of Weyauwega?)) The brilliantly advanced technological information contained in a typical Vargo Statten epic rather escapes a crudely unenlightened Yank like me. ((Vargo Statten should never be regarded as typical. He is a sausage machine writer churning his stuff out much the same way in which Universal International makes films. Better examples of English writers would be Eric Frank Russell, Brian Berry and John Wyndham, all of which have written at one time or another for the higher rates that an American magazine will pay them)) Frankly the average American stf writer's grasp of human emotions, needs and desires may be grade school level but most of yours is kindergarten material. I find it well nigh

impossible to believe that such shallow, one dimensional Englishmen exist. Admittedly I'm a cynic, perhaps every third Britisher is a monocled old gentleman who spends his waking hours sipping tea and saying "pip, pip" at random moments but I rather doubt it. ((Frankly, so do I. I have yet to see anyone wearing a monocle here, Englishman or otherwise. These went out in the Victorian days. If a person has one eye weaker than the other he does not wear a monocle but an ordinary pair of spectacles with plain glass in one eyepiece. Or alternatively - the American invention of Contact lenses. As for tea, I don't suppose we drink more tea than you drink coffee. Personally, I dislike both, being an avid soft-drink fiend. The only people I have ever heard say "pip-pip" are English character actors in Hollywood films and Ray Noble in "The Edgar Bergen Show" over A.F.N. I remember Keenan Wynn as the worst example of the former in the film "Royal Wedding" where he went around the streets of London saying "pip-pip" and "bai-jove" to everyone he met. It could only happen at M.G.M. Probably such people may exist but I have yet to meet them. doubtless most other English fans agree with me. I'll look forward to their views next issue. Nor do I believe that all you people are so frigidly adverse to sex as most of your literature would indicate ((Ever read George Orwell or Hank Janson, Paul?)) (there must be someone other than Harris aware of that most opposite of genders). ((I feel you're stirring a hornet's nest up here Paul - don't get bit)) Which is why, tho I might punch holes in the big gasbag labelled "Magnificently Noble England", I can retain a real admiration for Bertram Russell. ((Eighty-four holes were driven into this "Magnificent Gasbag" as you call it Paul, when our politicians sold us down the river to the American Military High Command. Any holes that come after that can be ignored as the mere pinpricks of another outsider. This is just my own opinion though. But I certainly don't envy Eric Jones living so near to Fairford and Brize Norton as he does. But who cares about my opinion. I'm just a rose in the compost heap of life. Ho.humm...))

Just a fag-end in the gutter of
 life I guess.....

KEN MARGOLIS. I received my copy of CAMBER with a great deal of pleasure. ((I'm glad somebody's pleased. It makes a change now and then.)) I read it with even more of the same. CAMBER is certainly on par with the best American fanzines (Well....almost). ((Do I detect a slightly guarded note there. Um..I thought so))



The artwork is outstanding, as is most of the material. Is Jeeves any relation to Mel Hunter? His work is nearly as good. ((Ain't you lucky this issue eh Terry?))

My 'zine ORION was very different from Camber, being, more or less a serious 'zine. I had planned to put out a last issue, but instead, I now plan to publish a zine which will be known as TALENT. This will be a one-shot, or, if I don't lose too much on it I might put it out once or twice a year. I would very much appreciate some good material for this brain child. It is not going to consist of only science-fiction, (although it will include it. I am accepting only the best for this. The standards of TALENT are much higher than those of ORION were. ((Having seen Orion I can recommend TALENT to all the fiction boys who might be interested in seeing their work in print. You can send your material either to me and I'll pass it onto Ken or you can send it direct to Ken at 5786 Valley Oak Dr., Hollywood 28, California, U.S.A. Either way it will be sure of a warm welcome))

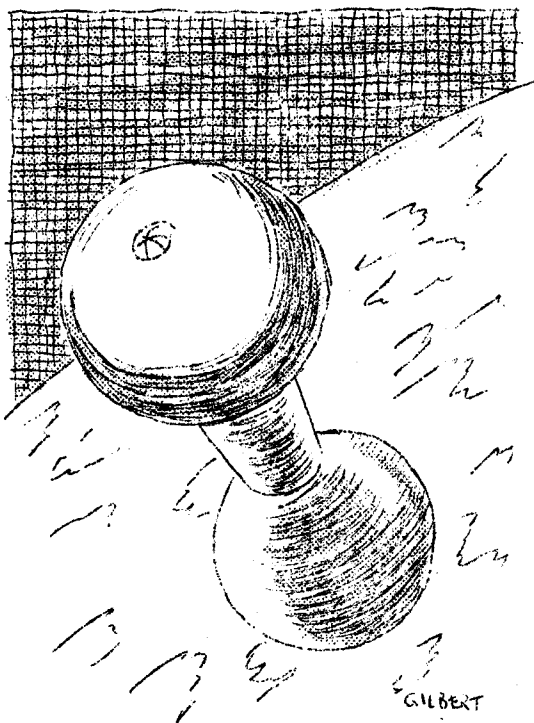
.....No bleeding allowed unless special price arrangement is made... Magnitude No.2.....

DON ALLEN. Sorry that I didn't get around to writing you a letter of comment on Camber, instead I hope that the flimsy review I gave in Satellite will keep you from baying at my door....((Woof, woof)) methinks though that in the future, when I'm sitting in some lousy barracks I should, I hope, have plenty of time for writing letters of comment. Last week I passed my medical for the RAF so anytime now and I'll be away to play at Airmen, wish it was spacemen, so until you hear further notice keep on sending any letters, Camber, to 3 Arkle St., and when I get permanently settled in the RAF I'll let you know what my address is.

It is going to be a problem as to how I'm going to put Satellite out once I get called-up but there's no use making any plans just yet, better wait and see how much free time I'm going to get in the RAF first. Ghod it's lousy, I just get Satellite known and up to a fairly good standard when I have to go and do National Service, and me wanting to be a BNF..... ah well, I can start burning the candle at both ends in two years time! ((Is that how you produce Satellite - with burning candles? I always thought it was a duper you used? Huh?)) I hope that I'll also have time to contribute material to fanzines, I think I will, I mean if John Brunner could write stories for the prozines when he was in, then surely little me can write fannish stuff and do illos for the fanzines?? ((The only difference being that John Brunner was an officer when he was in the RAF and thereby enjoyed certain privileges that other less fortunates do not. How about the question of finance for Satellite. You can't buy much duplicating paper or ink out of a weekly wage of about 22/- (Roughly 3 dollars a week, the usual wage of an English conscript airman for the info of U.S. fans) and out of this you have to pay for all fares home plus cleaning materials, soap, toothpaste and cigarettes at the full retail price. It doesn't leave much for putting out a fanzine.))

PAUL MITTELBUSCHER. (In a later letter) Ploy came this morn. After dewrinkling it and your letter((Huh?)) I read each with appreciation. Including of course, your enlightened commentary on two sad products of the American film industry.((We make 'em too. Ever see "Devil Girl From Mars" ?)) Cat Women of the Moon I successfully avoided when it was playing nearby: Robot Monster I'd frankly never heard of. ((Lucky you)) I wasn't so blissfully fortunate as to miss a double feature called CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN and IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA the other night tho. They really must be seen to be depreciated. Both emanated from Sam Katzman and Columbia. I think it was Page Brownton who so appropriately described CREATURE as almost an autobiog of the infamous Katzman. IT, on the other hand, is almost a remake of BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. Even employed the same special effects man... who incidentally might have done a reasonably good job if he hadn't taken the same liberty with the body formation of a squid that Disney did in "20,000 LEAGUES Etc". Giant squids (or any other kind) do NOT travel tentacles first. CWTAB is so utterly fouled with whopping scientific errors and so immersed in feeble characterisations that it might have been lifted from one of the issues of the short lived FANTASTIC SF (in case you aren't familiar with it PsF, which saw a two issue run in 1952, was unquestionably the worst American SF mag ever pubbed).

Don Allen conscripted. Quel dommage. Quel dommage is not a request for a definition of conscripted... it means "what a pity" (or words to that effect). Drafted... conscripted... what the Hell; it still means involuntary servitude to the fuggheaded military which ain't good in any language methinks. ((Agreed)) Jeeves and I were once discussing the apparent hostility between you Kats((Kats? Vot is Kats?)) and the Yanks stationed on U.K. soil. I say "Apparent" since our newspapers (this local anyway) are totably unreliable in reporting things dealing with "National Pride" (National Egotism is closer to it) Of course our newspapers are generally unreliable in reporting anything of a controversial nature... ((Reliability has never been an important part of any newspaper as far I can see. English or American. In this case however there is something to it. There is definite hostility to the G.I. in England, there always has been and there always will be. No one likes foreign troops in their country whether they be Arabian, German, American, Afghan or double Dutch, particularly when the country concerned is itself conscripting 70,000 of its own young men every few months.))



Jeeves felt that much difficulty arose from the difference in pay scale of our military personnel as against yours. For example in our Air Force an Airman 3rd class (lowest rank) receives nearly 22 dollars((about £7)) a week.((An English Airman in the same position gets 3 dollars a week out of which he has to pay for all his cleaning materials, polish, toothpaste, soap and cigarettes at the full retail price from the NAAFI. which has a monopoly and always charges tip-top prices. Unlike I believe the American PX which has cheaper prices. He also gets 16 days leave in two years and any weekends he can scrounge. He gets two free travel warrants and pays the rest out of his own pocket. On one side of the street you will see the English Airman with not enough money in his pocket to pay even the cheapest third class fare home, vainly thumbing a lift to try and get home to see his people for a few hours while on the other side of the road is his American counterpart pleasure bent to the nearest big town driving a 32 horse-power Chrysler consuming a 4/7¹/₂d(about 65 cents) gallon of petrol every 15 miles. What do you think the English airman feels when he sees this. You tell me. More unfortunate still are those who find themselves stationed on a base manned by G.I.'s. Ever wonder what it feels like to be the poor relation through no fault of your own)).

Americans like women((Er-so we've noticed!)), women like money,((You can say that again!)) and that means trouble with the moralists who now have an excellent scapegoat("Corrupting our innocent youth" etc) ((This is not such an empty phrase as you might think Paul. You may have never seen the heavily made-up 13 and 14 year old girls and American Negro airmen in places like Nottingham station. Perhaps you've never seen them in doorways, benches and parks around the infamous Burtonwood camp. Picture this. Into a small town - you name it - Braintree, Bishops Stortford, Whimpole Park, Ipswich etc drives a large American car. At the wheel lolls a big black negro Master Sergeant. Next to him is a thickly made-up 16 year old local girl. She is no better than she should be, but what do you think the people of the town think when they see this. Remember this is not a town in Kansas or Missouri or Alabama. This is just a small English town and the people don't like what they see. They don't like it one little bit. And it is only then that you can appreciate a little of what the I.R.A. feel towards the British troops in Northern Ireland and what the Mau-Mau feel towards the Europeans in Kenya)).

Considering the amount of men,((There are so many, that at times I wonder if any at all are left in the States)) their position and their temperament, there are naturally going to be crimes ranging from pilfering silverware from restaurants to murder. ((Rape, manslaughter by fast car and intimidation of witnesses would be a more popular selection and for five years under a Visiting Forces act our police haven't been able to touch them. This was tantamount to a free licence for the G.I. to rape and murder in his own sweet way. A few court martials were held

but most of them seem to have been conveniently hushed up, that ubiquitous character the "military spokesman" revealing only that which was suitable "good" propaganda. The number of men convicted of crimes which they committed is infinitesimal. An Englishman runs down a man with his car. 5 years in gaol for manslaughter. A G.I. driving his two-ton vehicle kills another man in exactly the same circumstances. He is given 60 days confined to barracks during which time he does a few dirty jobs all the time on full pay. I should be so lucky. Now they can be tried by English judges. So what happens. Attempted rape, and an Englishman gets 3 years. A G.I. under the same conditions gets fined £30)).

Each time the fuggheads (who comprise the greater portion of any population) are going to personally hold every American citizen responsible for what Sgt. Brittelfinger, who was drunk, did on week-end leave. ((Unfortunately you are right, but there are far more Sgt. Brettelfingers than there are of any other kind and they are not always drunk. Take a recent instance. The last two weeks in August have rolled around and I am taking my holiday as usual on the beach. I am just sitting in my deck-chair reading that copy of Planet you sent me, when a loudspeaker booms into my ear to kindly clear the beach as it is an emergency. I start to move wonderingly when I hear some mention of an American airman with a gun. An American airman with a gun? I think immediately. Russ Watkins! He didn't like that last issue of Camber. So I go with the rest of the crowd. I don't see any Airman though. What I do see is a running negro in green denims carrying a carbine and some sorta automatic. He is closely followed by about four unarmed Kent police and half a dozen other negroes and white men carrying guns and wearing armbands. The first negro ducks down near some rocks. There is some shouting and then some shooting and he falls down. Shortly afterwards a stretcher comes up and he is carried away. I think to myself I shall have to see this film when it is finished and all the crowd of women, children, husbands and young babies return to the beach after watching with interest the removal of the body. Later I pick up an evening paper and find to my horror that the negro is multiple killer Napoleon Green who a few minutes previously at the American air base at Manston, seven miles away, has calmly walked from hut to hut, shooting down everyone in his way. He has killed three men and shot down another eight people including two women. An English airman would never have had access to the weapons or the car that Green used to get down to a crowded English beach. This time we were lucky. The next Napoleon Green may decide as a farewell gesture to empty his carbine into the crowd of children or lob a couple of grenades into them. Then after that, the American charge d'affaires will express his "Profound regret", a couple of thousand dollars will be paid to the relatives and the matter is conveniently hushed up - till the next time. English life is cheap to the G.I. How's the shooting at Brize Norton this season eh Eric??))

This is no slap at the British; undoubtedly if the situation were reversed... British types being stationed in America making more money and making more women the American press and public (being run by and composed principally of fuggheads) would be howling. ((I'll say they would. Watch how overnight you little town changes. Everything becomes more expensive, except the women. They become disgustingly cheap. Watch the prostitutes move in from the neighbouring towns to be near their prey and watch those amateurs everyone knows about come out into the open. Supposing you are a young married couple. You want a house, which are very scarce these days. You offer more than you can really afford for the rent and hear the landlord tell you pityingly that he has already let it to a Sergeant at four times your amount. You tell me what their feelings are)).

What's the solution... that Dad is the question ... it isn't possible to cut pay rates to your standards (Americans.. most of them... dislike military service enough as it is) and it's inconceivable to expect Americans to leave all habits (sexual and otherwise) at home. ((80,000 illegitimate G.I. babies in England prove they haven't left their sexual habits behind at least. Hence the old joke. Careful how you drive that jeep it might be your own child you run over. A wider use of sex repressives as used on our own troops might be advocated)).

Only thing I can come up with is for cutting pay rates to average British standards - or rather establishing a system of partial pay... keeping a reserve in the Serviceman's account the balance of his normal salary allotting he/she only a fixed amount. Thus all this will be accumulating Stateside, and tendency to showboat, flashing bill, rolls etc ((I gotta pocketful o' cash is the usual phrase as used)) won't be possible.

Officers and NCO's won't appreciate being on the same status as the lower grades though. Furthermore how does one fix the 'average'... will this be so low that to any American it will seem a pauper's wage? ((Three dollars a week is a pauper's wage in any language but there is a system of "scrip" payment of part of the salary being paid in money only valid in the base itself. This doesn't work either since via the black-market it can be exchanged for ordinary cash. The G.I. can also import into England all kinds of tobacco and luxuries free of all customs duty and taxes. This can also be suitably disposed of for cash whereas an English airman sending a tiny birthday present home to his mother from abroad finds she has to return it to him because she cannot afford the customs and excise at fantastically high rates. Think of her feelings when she returns this knowing that a few miles down the road all kinds of luxuries are coming in to the U.S. camp tax free. Having a larger quantity of money at their disposal the U.S. camp can afford regular dances and hire the top English bands as against the English camp which might get one third rate band for a dance every other month. The G.I. can also afford to hire the top variety artists for regular shows, so unlike the English airmen who probably doesn't see one

Decent show in the whole of his two years. Picture the English Airman stationed at Padgate one wet day with no amusement other than cleaning his boots and the knowledge that down the road at Burtonwood a few miles away the G.I.'s are enjoying a highly paid variety. The G.I. has also enjoyed certain other types of shows which don't come to the attention of the general public since they take place on "American soil". I would not pollute the pages of this zine by speaking about them further. Let me pick another isolated item. Braintree a smallish town in Essex has 80 taxis which is quite a lot for such a town. Suppose your wife is sick one night. Try and get a taxi to take her to the doctor. You won't GET one. Why? Because everyone of them is down the road at Wethersfield USAF base nearby since they know they can get more money from the staff there. Tell me what the husband with the sick wife or baby thinks when he finds this out ? Solution? I've mentioned just a few of the fuggheaded reasons that I know of but I think the matter and solution was summed up neatly by Congressman Frank J. Becker who after talking to people around these bases said "These people in England told me they don't want our troops there. They want our troops out". Could anything be simpler. Or would you like to swing on a star ?))

I've finally gotten around to reading CAMBER Nos. 3 & 4. I won't go to lengths on 3 realizing that material-wise you were forced to use up whatever Fred had left in the coffer. I did like the cover stock better than that used on 4. ((The only trouble productionwise is that it is more expensive to buy and it takes ages for the ink to dry)) Question: Where did you get the English drawings? ((Which ones did you mean ? It was either Jeeves, Brian Lumley or Don Allen responsible, though in no. three there was one illo by Bill Price. Reviews and the radio article were about the only worthwhile items in the ish. Jeeves' satire read, unfortunately like one of my attempts (which isn't good). Somehow it seems to lack the cheerful spontaneity of a WAW, Harris, Ashworth, White, Shaw effort (just as mine do)).

In No.4. I just don't dig this Bentcliffe... "The only logical reason for taking a survey within fandom can be to give guidance to the fan-editors"... not so, most of us have a certain amount of curiosity and just might be interested in knowing exactly how many books an average phan really does read during a year, or whether he/she/it favors subscription T-V, drives a blue convertible, ((Ah, that'll be the day!!!)) approves of sex etc. I've always scoffed at the absurd reports of 'what movie stars eat for breakfast'... this kind of thing can be carried to ridiculous lengths of course and I don't mean to suggest that every trivial thing under the sun should be contained in a questionnaire, but I see nothing wrong about making such a survey without lofty purposes.

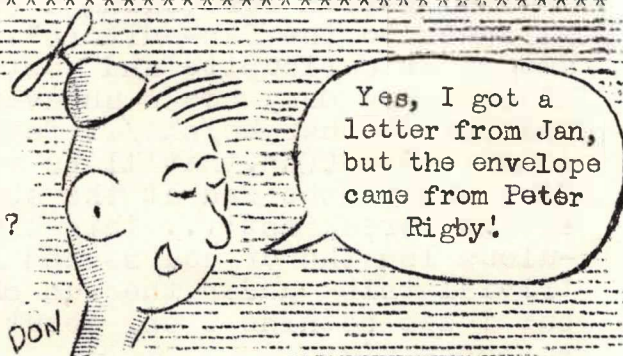
Brunner's column is the best thing in this issue as you must know. ((Didn't Graham B. Stone say that?)) Jeeves' "Solar System" big improvement over his humour piece in C3, very readable. You may tell Arch Trufan that I don't think it was worth it, even for the punch line. The review of WORLDS OF TOMORROW was too short to be completely effective, good stuff nevertheless. I will mention liking the American mag reviews (keep this up); in fact all reviews. Real crazy letter column... ((What about this one?)) what, if anything, is the THINKERS DIGEST? ((Ving must have meant Reader's Digest, if there isn't an American mag called the former))

My chief criticism is the size. ((Camber 4 was half-fool-scrap)) I know it's an oft heard lament but you simply can't DO anything in your present format. Drop ten pages and go full size if at all possible. ((I have gone full size as you will notice)) It's a pet phobia with me but can't u get colored paper? ((Yes-but it costs more!)) My idea of the ONLY paper for a mimeoed zine is that used by COFSLA. If I remember correctly it is called Masterweave. ((Archie Mercer calls it blotting paper but you can't get it over here and I wouldn't want people to think I was copying Gregg. Masterweave is essentially his paper. Like his style of writing))

Evil, if less expensive days are upon us. PLANET is gone. The only thing worth reading left is ASF (tho I still get STARTLING...foo knows why...and the Lowndes mags for the Damon Knight book reviews and Bob's editorials.) I was reading a copy of a 1928 Amazing Quarterly not too long ago which seemed to point up what stf has lost. A piece called "The Second Swarm" set me off on this train of thought...it had more of...well call it (very unoriginally) "sense of wonder" for want of a better phrase. The characterisation, what little there was of it, was lousy. Humans faded into the background against the titanic play of great forces. But somehow the chill of the unknown... the alien...got through to you much better than in the feeble slick magazine type epics of today. The sheer bigness and strangeness held you, where a typical Galaxy effort, more smoothly written tho it might be, doesn't.

How long has the Continent meant Jan Jansen.....

JAN JANSEN Re reproduction and so on, I think this is really good, and free from the blemishes which still attend fanzines that have been around much longer. Perhaps the two finger typing helps in this respect? ((Perhaps Jan, but it takes so long to get anything done this way. Ages and ages it takes. Really.))



I said, have you got an
Original Vargo Statten.?

LIBRARY



Through the Letter Box by Eric Bentcliffe was very disappointing in that I had already read the lot in Ompa. ((This was mainly for those who don't belong to Ompa.)) Makes one wonder whether correspondence could really have been that slack... Strange that things like this can be interesting.

I have previously expressed my liking of the book reviews in NuFu treating lesser known novels and more off-trail items. John Brunner does it well here, and the only thing wrong with the column is that he has chosen books which are not available at the library here. But then, he can hardly help that! Some of the "thrillers" of Frederick Brown have been translated in Flemish, but since the disappointment suffered

reading the Dutch edition of The Man Who Sold the Moon (Heinlein of course) I'm not too keen on getting translations, when there is always a remote chance of getting the original stories.

Your fanzine reviews were well done. Some of them I had not seen, and meant all the more interest to me. ((One of the chief reasons I do such a column is to bring lesser known zines to the notice of as many as possible.))

The other items, by Arch Trufan and Terry for instance, made for good reading, whilst practically any letter column is excellent. Artwork throughout is very good too. In general I was very pleased to receive Camber and only refrain from going to greater lengths of praise because I feel like typing a couple more stencils to get another OMPA mag out. Having failed to make the last mailing, I'm beginning to feel worried as to people thinking I've gone dead on them.

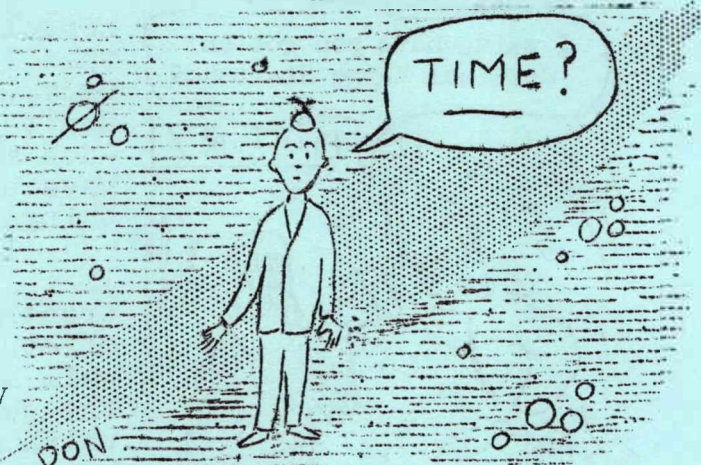
Excuse the delay in writing you, it will happen again. ((Happens to everyone I guess. Jan))

....The Man Who Sent Envelopes To Jansen.....

PETE RIGBY. For a fanzine having rather less fame and notoriety than such as "i", "Hyphen", "Orion", "Satellite" etc. "Camber" surprised me. ((It surprised me too !!!)) It makes a nice change from the usual run of zines. If you keep Camber as it is (apart from size) I'll be happy. ((If you're happy Pete, so am I))

Now the departments in detail:- Eric Bentcliffe's piece I liked. ((How did SHE get in here ??)) It made nice reading without rising to great heights. Something like this in every ish will suit me okay. ((It'll suit me okay too, especially when Eric stops fiddling about installing T.V.'s and settles back to writing.))

John Brunner's column was quite interesting, tho' I'll probably just read it and forget it. This kind of article will either interest you or it won't. Thumbs down for me I'm afraid; I don't even get enough time to read all the SF I want to, so I hardly read stuff from other fields, not even allied fan-tasy. ((I guess all too many of us don't get as much time as we'd like for SF.)) That doesn't mean that you shouldn't have something like that column in. It was quite readable, and perhaps some people will like it a lot(?) ((???)



I don't think you should have spent a whole eight pages on fanzine reviews. ((What - and deprive faneds of egeboo?? Tsk! Tsk!)) However, as they stood they were informative. Please keep giving full details of the ones you do review. It's far better to do that than to do as some zines do: review a fanzine then not give any proper info on how to get it; or conversely, to give the address and nothing else.

Y'know, Terry Jeeves has made Astronomy a darn sight more clear to me than most other professors have managed to. Now I know it ALL ! Seriously, this was a pretty good piece. ((Back to her again eh ?)) I shouldn't try anything similar to it again tho'. It's a "Once only" kind of idea.

The poetry you published was rather better than that contained in most fanzines. But I don't go for fan poetry at any time.

I don't quite see the point of having a review of a book most of us will have read through libraries etc. ((I haven't read it yet!)) Those who wanted to buy it will have done so long ago. ((IF they had the money of course)) If you don't want to review the latest books, but want to go into the past, why not go much further back, and review some Stapledon or Wells. Yes, the more common books of these two will have been read by most of us ; but certainly not all of the Stapledon's are easily obtainable. The fact that I have read two of his is due to the Science-Fiction Book Club. ((Free plug)) Thanks to them I read what I would call the best book I have ever read, namely: "Last and First Men." There are other Stapledons of course, and I would like to see a review of books like these if the reviewer wishes to go back into the past. But a review of a book published 2 years ago is neither here nor there. ((There it was gone!))

Regarding what Vinç Clarke said about reviving "Camber" it strikes me that if Vinç's attitude is taken and no new people were starting fanzines; the world of fanzine-pubbing would be a closed shop. Why should latecomers to

fandom have to suffer. I doubt if a decrease in the number of fanzines published would lead to a marked increase in the quality of the remainder. No, I side against Vinç here. Please keep on with Camber.

Y'know, I was surprised that Jansen made the fuss he did over the question of envelopes. All I wanted was an "Alpha" that didn't look as though its edges had been rubbed up against a wall. ((Well, you finally got your wish didn't you? I got my Alpha in a smart new envelope this time. Pete also tells me in a later letter of his new projected fanzine ARCTURUS which should see its first issue any time now. Write to Pete at 131 Kensington Road, Southport, Lancs. for full details. He'll be glad to hear from you.))

....How could anybody be named Redd Boggs.....

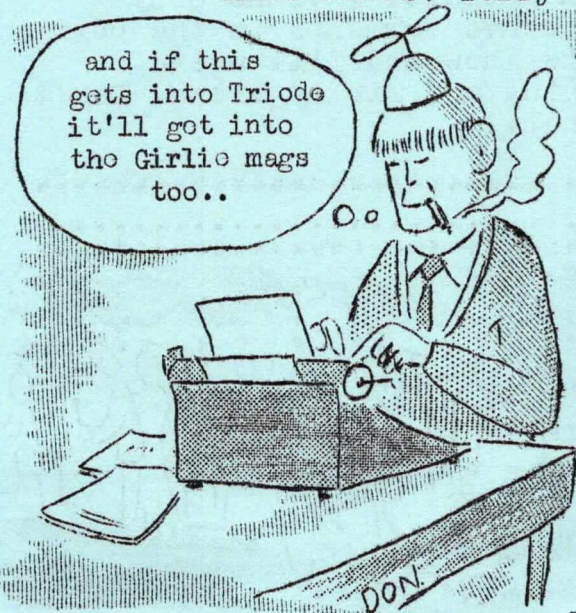
TONY THORNE. Firstly, millions of apologies. U No Y! ((Yes, I know why. No fanzine, no letter, no sub, no reply, no nuffink. Not a sausage.)) I've been going through an enforced absence from fandom due to greatly increased work and I like it not! ((A likely story. Do you expect the jury to believe that??)) From time to time I manage a few hours to fan and such is this. As things get easier (and time passes by I hope to have more and more time now and even more hope to be able to turn out the occasional fannish epic (in between all the crud that is).

Many thanks for CAMBER, it gets better and better. I like the size, layout, the lot. Very nice and quite attractive. A good solid look about it. This is what I think! I make that clear in view of the dark words being flung about lately re-garding false praise and the like.

Main likes? Terry's cover on No.4. About the best

thing he's done I think. ((I personally prefer the cover on No.3. myself. That was good)) Like the Brunner column, he always has something interesting to say even if (a) I don't agree with him and (b) I don't know what the hell he is on about!

Fanzine reviews - well - always interesting if they're reviews of your own mag or article, rather I should say useful. I know my own writing has improved a great deal over the last year or two, thanks a lot to fanzine apprenticeship and criticism.



Only thing is I've deserted SF for light humour general and have been getting a bit in here and there.

F'rinstance, SPICK took that Bookworm thing of mine that was in TRIODE. ((Cor, the money must be rolling in))

One thing you can't go wrong with of course is a letter column. Trouble is you are entirely in the hands of your correspondents. If they shine then so does your letter section. Yours seem to be fairly well polished. ((Rough ole lot this time though))

Incidentally the two Nos. for the quiz are 39 and 93. Good old Charlie, only one I know who got it right (or perhaps even did it). ((Er-Good old Charlie refers to Charles Wells in Savannah)) Actually, it can be done in a few lines if you see the short cut. I'll spare you the gory formula tho'. I see Ethel accuses me of always trying to make fans think. Never! I know when I'm licked! Don't you realise that all ex-fans are those that think! I don't want to be branded a saboteur, a dastardly blackguard, a sticker in of daggers in fandom's back! ((You are in there somewhere Thorne!))

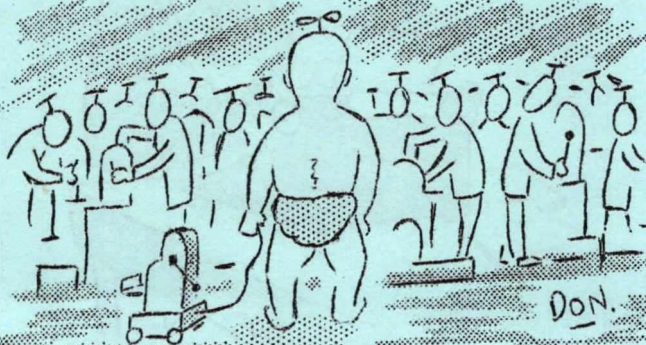
In case you're wondering, I too have THOUGHT. ((Don't strain anything will ya)) But I soon stopped doing that! ((Strain too much for you?)) Oh yes, besides I have a morbid interest in where it's going, I want to be in on the death throes, the bitter end.

As to Vinø's comments. Nuts to him. Tripe in my opinion. I am one who contributed a lot to other zines before starting mine own, but I fail to see that it is an essential requirement. Who says so, who made the rule? ((The Beast of Welling as Jansen calls him!)) A fanzine is strictly for entertainment (never to make you think) I don't see that it matters a damn who puts one out so long as it is entertaining. If it ain't it won't last long. Sure there are a lot of them about now, but I think that is a good healthy sign. The defence rests.

This has become almost an article. I've no copy either. If you don't use any of the above comments in the next Camber Alan, be a good chap and let me know and I'll write something similar for OMPA or something and air my views. Don't want to do it twice. Shocking sin that.

.....Here endeth the lesson.....

BRIAN LUMLEY. Take no notice of A.V. Clarke's letter, he must be nuts. If Camber is a mushroom growth, I'm changing my diet to mushrooms. ((There speaks a true supporter of Camber. Not only do I get a letter of comment but also a selection of artwork AND a cash sub. All in the same envelope.))



Not mushroom here for me, is there?
-60-

JOHN HITCHCOCK.

Dear Alan(or Fred)

The confused salutation is due to my getting Cam with Fred Robinson on the contents page. But I see through your little scheme. It's you!

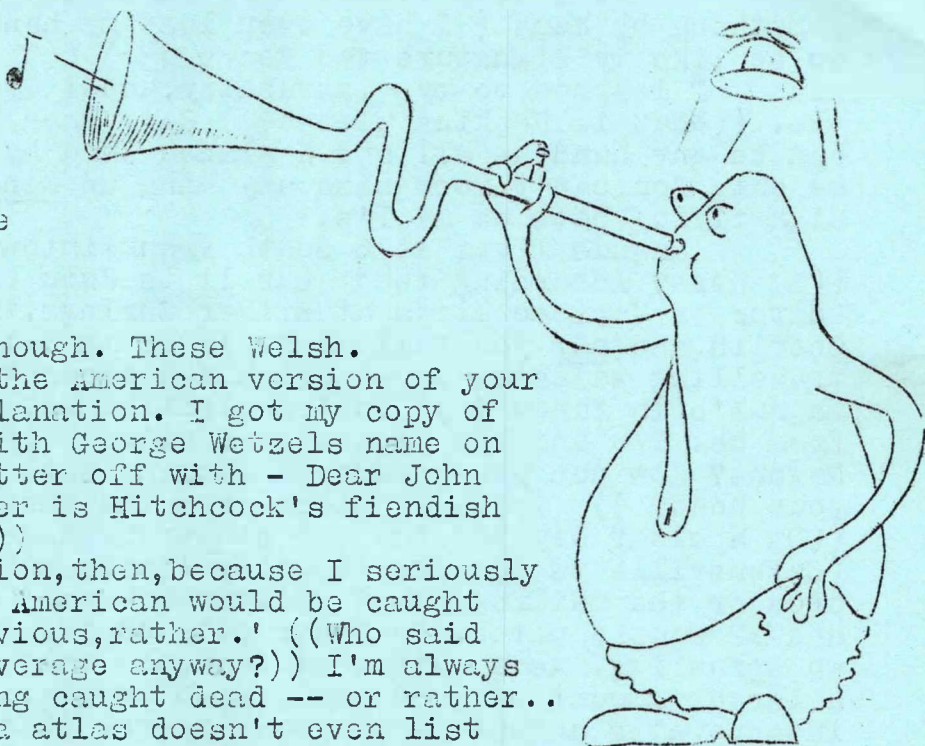
(Well,that's obvious, rather...) I thot so.

Nearly wrote to Fred though. These Welsh.

And that is the American version of your first paragraph. ((Explanation. I got my copy of UMBRA in an envelope with George Wetzels name on it. So I started my letter off with - Dear John (or George). This letter is Hitchcock's fiendish revenge. Now read on:-))

Well,my version,then,because I seriously doubt that the average American would be caught dead saying 'That's obvious,rather.' ((Who said fanzine editors were average anyway?)) I'm always doing it,though. Getting caught dead -- or rather..

My Britannica atlas doesn't even list Hoddesdon. ((Well,if you WILL get these cheap atlases??)) A city of 15,000 getting crowded out of a map; ((A city? Hur-hur-hur. I've lived here all my life and I've never heard it called that before. 15,000 eh? and everyone of 'em gets on the bus when I do)) It could only happen in England. ((You are so right.)) Which is one of the reasons why I'm always confusing you Englishmen. ((That's much politer - Ellik insists on calling us 'you Britishers'. Which I think is 'orrible)) You have the same names,you live in the same towns,etc.etc. ((We don't yer know. It only seems that way when looking at our comparatively crowded map)) Everything is all smashed together. ((That's no way to speak of Archie Mercer's caravan)) Now here, it's 40 milcs of wide open space on the freeway to Washington. ((Don't fence me in...)) And all the fans in this area are quite distinguishable: my name is English((I thought it was Hitchcock?)) Magnus's Norwegian,Wetzel's Low German,((Pore ole George)) White's English,Stark is sort of German,Favlat is Czech. ((Whatsamarrer - ain't there any Americans in Maryland?)) And where in England would you find the names Los Angeles,Chicago,Milwaukee,Weyauwega, ((Raise yer hat when you say that!)) Fond du Lac,Norwich(with the W pronounced !), ((Ah,you know about that eh?)), Washington, Kansas City,San Antonio,and the States Connecticut,Massachusetts, Wisconsin,Minnesota,North Dakota,Ohio,Illinois,Tennessee,Wyoming, California...((You left out Sheboygan,Tacoma,Cincinatti and Indianapolis)) for that,where in the United States would you find California? ((You mean you've lost it AGAIN?) It has lost contact with everything else,living a fabulous life of its own. It can go foop,for all I care,but that's a different matter.



I think at a typewriter. It's very hard for me to write something by hand (I have even lost my handwriting, which used to be like my signature two years ago) ((What a horrible thought)) since I learned to type, naturally, and I type my work at Hopkins, too. ((What is Hopkins please?)) Gad. When I start to write, it can be any hand at all, and a glance thru my notebooks will bear me out. You can't recognise anything as mine except maybe for high flying dots on my I's.

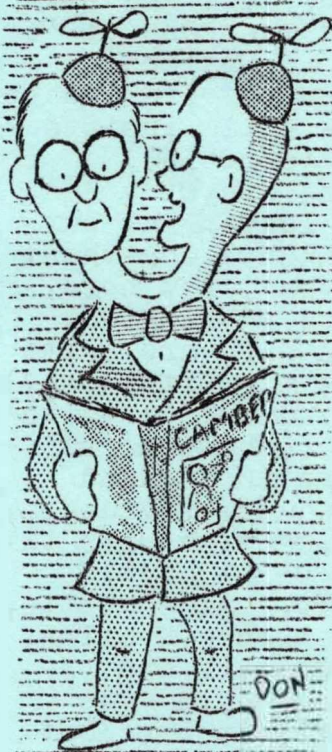
Magnus lives at 6 South Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23. ((He does? According to my sub lists John L. Magnus Jnr. revered editor of Varioso lives at Silver Springs, then he lives at Oberlin and now you tell me he lives in Baltimore. Is he a travelling salesman or - perish the thought - are there two Magnus's in fandom?)) You're right, he lives miles and miles from me. Two and two miles. Four miles. ((Four miles from Magnus? How can you produce a fanzine with that hanging over your head?)) I live 7 miles from the centre of Baltimore ((On a clear day you can see Alcatraz/Sing-Sing/Leavenworth?)) (Catonsville is outside the city limits but not outside the area or the mailing zone). Baltimore has a million inhabitants and 92 square miles. No other city on the Eastern Seaboard is so sprawling. As a matter of fact, the only city that possesses a larger amount of land per person population is LA, which incorporates an entire mountain range. ((Home on the range?)) And Baltimore's suburbs, out in the county, take up the area of another Balto. City, with only half that population.

((Friends, your guide on this conducted tour was John National Geographic Hitchcock.))

I'll have to ask Larry just how they closed Storeyville. Probably the Navy got tough with the police, and they had all the brothels closed up. ((Ron Bennett says in his last letter:- Got UMBRA this am. Yes, the Navy did close Storeyville. This was the shantytown district of New Orleans where the brothels and the vice and dope boys played. Also where the jazz men hung out. As a sore spot of vice etc. the Navy closed up all the shanties, cafes, 'halls', etc with the result that many musicians went to the West Coast (Ory still is playing there), New York (Morton - but this flopped) or Chicago (where the white boys took over and from where swing really began). OK? See Rex Harris's JAZZ in Pelican Books.

Now what I want TO KNOW is how Ron knew I was asking you about Storeyville? Unless the UMBRA Ron got was No. 8. In which case why haven't I got it eh? It's sabotage. After all he doesn't live any nearer to Balto. than I do. What's happened to my UMBRA eh? eh?))

"John, according to this here letter you an' me is leading a double life!"





Rear Window got in the last Umbra because Larry decided to talk about it. However Alfred Hitchcock is a relative of mine. Distant, but a relative. The guy that read SF in one hand and fired off guided missiles with the other was Bob "Mack" MacArthur, a fan who saw duty at white Sands, N.M., on the clean-up crew that went around and picked up what was left of guided missiles after they were shot. ((You, too, can produce a one-shot))

Don. Umbra is monthly. ((There it is - in black-and-white!!!)) Last ish (7) was mailed out 18th July, and 8 will come out as soon as I can get my artists to cough up material. They all live within 50 miles of here, and I've sent out masters to be decorated. ((If you'd seen Jeeves and Bennett at the Con you'd have seen masters that were plastered !!!)) Don't you have any dittos in England? ((I've never seen a dittoed English fanzine and I honestly don't know what a ditto looks like. I wouldn't recognise one if it walked up to me in the street.)) I know it's more expensive than mimeo, but it's a lot easier, since if you're good, you can do wonders with it. ((I agree with you there.)) And everything goes on one master. That's what sold me on it, and I'm still sold. Besides you don't have such a horrible time reading stencils. The thing that sets most people against ditto is that you can never master it. Look at Umbra 6. ((I will if you send me it!)) Um 5 was just like Um 7, but that ghodawful thing in between! Luckily, I found out what it was. But now I'm contending with streaks down the page that don't take. There seems to be no rhyme or reason to them.

..... I wanna be a Florida bonefish guide.....

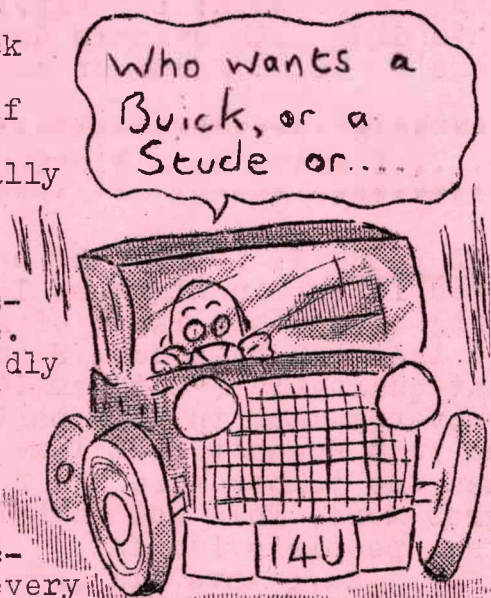
BOYD RAEBURN. Today I am dashing off short notes to every unanswered letter in sight, so I will have no excuse much for not starting on another issue of A BAS. My Ghod, almost 5 months since the last ish came out. Soon I will be getting like Dimensions, that quarterly ("But dammit, it is quarterly" - Ellison) mag. However, summer in this part of the world is a fierce thing, and one just doesn't feel like sitting inside pounding a typewriter when the temperature and humidity is all tropical. ((I couldn't agree more. This hot lethargic weather is only good for reading other people's fanzines))

So, I have slapped a fresh reel of sounds on the tape recorder, and off we go. (Ron is outside putting a new bracket on the tailpipe of my car... first you take off the bracket at

the rear and then you work the new bracket over miles of pipe to up by the muffler and ghu, the thought gives me a sore back) The annish of A BAS " a much richer issue than ever before"? You mean you have seen other issues? Where? ((You have caught me out Boyd. One of the ploys I use in writing letters of comment is to say - "I think this was a better ish than before" when actually I've never seen any others. It gives the impression that I have been avidly following their fanpubbing career. You are the first editor it has not worked on. I bow to you, though actually I could probably have seen earlier issues by borrowing from Mal Ashworth if he happened to have them.)) Apparently my mag is getting some circulation or mention or something in England ? ((I refuse to believe there are any English fans who have not heard of A BAS. Doubtless you will be deluged with all sorts of weird requests for your mag now as your address appears in this ish. Look out for 'em.)) Just got a copy of Ploy from Ron Bennett asking that I trade. Now how in hell did he hear of the mag? Mystery. ((I suspect that Mal Ashworth mentioned to Ron about the jazz items that appear in A BAS and that of course set Ron hot on your tail.))

Judging by the Boyd Raeburn programme on the BBC one foot in the grave? Oh COME now. The mid-forties were not that long ago. ((Er- yes perhaps that was a slight exaggeration - but from the BBC I couldn't be blamed for thinking you were leading a band in the days of Jelly-Roll Morton. Velly con-fusing.))

Hey, what are you doing getting frustrated by the thought of American autos? ((Umm - not only is he a master editor but a mind reader as well. Well, if you WILL print those American auto items in A BAS !)) My boy, you know not what you say! Do not be misled by a few acres of chrome and tin. Who WANTS to run an Olds or a Studebaker? Who wants to get a Buick down any road? I am not subject to seasickness, but still.... Of course, if your choice is confined to Prefects and similar putt-putt jobs, ((Financially it is, alas.)) I can imagine your faunching, but with Jags and Healeys and TR2's and similar goodies being made your way, why faunch for the nauseous Detroit jelly molds? ((Jags etc. are expensive goodies though. I was idly musing along the lines of a big roomy car fitted with the kind of extras that only an American auto could give me - hydramatic gears, power operated steering and brakes, autronic eye, sonamatic radio, folding beds, electric-ally operated windows and seats and every thing else to suit a lazy man.



Unfortunately I know that the rear entrance to where I live is far too small to allow the passage of the average Detroit battle wagon. Apart from the fact that in these enlightened days I couldn't afford to either buy one or run one. In one of my wilder flights of fantasy I drive to the office one morning in an orange red Hudson Hornet with a pennant reading "CAMBER" fluttering from the bonnet. That'd shake 'em. It'd shake me too. I can't drive. I don't even have a license. My dog has a license. But I won't let him drive. He drinks. Do know one English fan though who drives a Rolls Canardly. It Rolls down one hill and Canardly get up the other))

There will be less Erotica, if any, from Kirs in future issues of A BAS, the post office didn't seem to think too highly of his last effort. ((You mean even the post office reads A BAS ?)) As far as I can figure out, a Florida bonefish guide is a guide who dashes about in Florida showing people where to catch bonefish, or something like that, and I have no idea what a bonefish is. ((Neither have I. Wonder if the Undertaker knows, he's living in Florida these days.))

....Why does a Florida bonefish need a guide anyway?.....

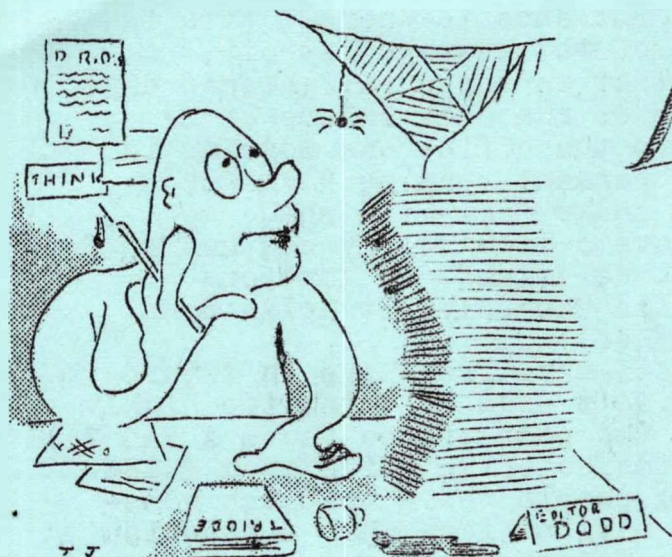
ARTHUR J. BURKS. I trust my English readers may be interested in my MONITORS (my name for what The Church calls "Guardian Angels") which begins serially in October in ORION MAGAZINE, Ural R. Murphy, Editor, 521 Central Avenue, Charlotte 4, North Carolina. I want the world to know for two reasons: MONITORS will be reassuring, and proceeds go to a Foundation for research into what lies behind disease, especially the so-called "incurable diseases."

MONITORS also shows why I seldom write science fiction any more, a matter in which oldsters in the field might be interested. ((Always nice to hear how old friends are getting on and I'm sure all CAMBER readers wish you the best of luck in any future projects and hope that you will still come back to the SF field from time to time.))

....Can you direct me to the nearest Florida Bonefish.....

Here is a letter of comment on this issue you are now reading by:-

TERRY JEEVES. You have some good material in this issue, but there are two stinkers. The first item to assail my nostrils is my own 'Amiable Alien'. Ye Gods, I shudder to think what will happen when Camber appears with that inside. Clarke will be happily saying "See I told you", and I'll be frantically hunting for a non-fannish sanctuary. ((Sanctuary much)) The other corny item was the "The Wars of the Ghods of Fandom. The rest was very good. ((And so ends one of the longest lettercols to appear in any zine. How about a letter from you for the next ish All subjects open))



Doodering

I had a horrible escape from a fate worse than death the other week. Ron Bennett nearly visited me. Yes, indeed. Marauding his way back from the Twerpcon through the once peaceful countryside he came.

He rang me up first. Which is strange. I don't have a phone. Forewarned is forearmed. So I rang up my duplicator supplier, the Roneo people. They neatly

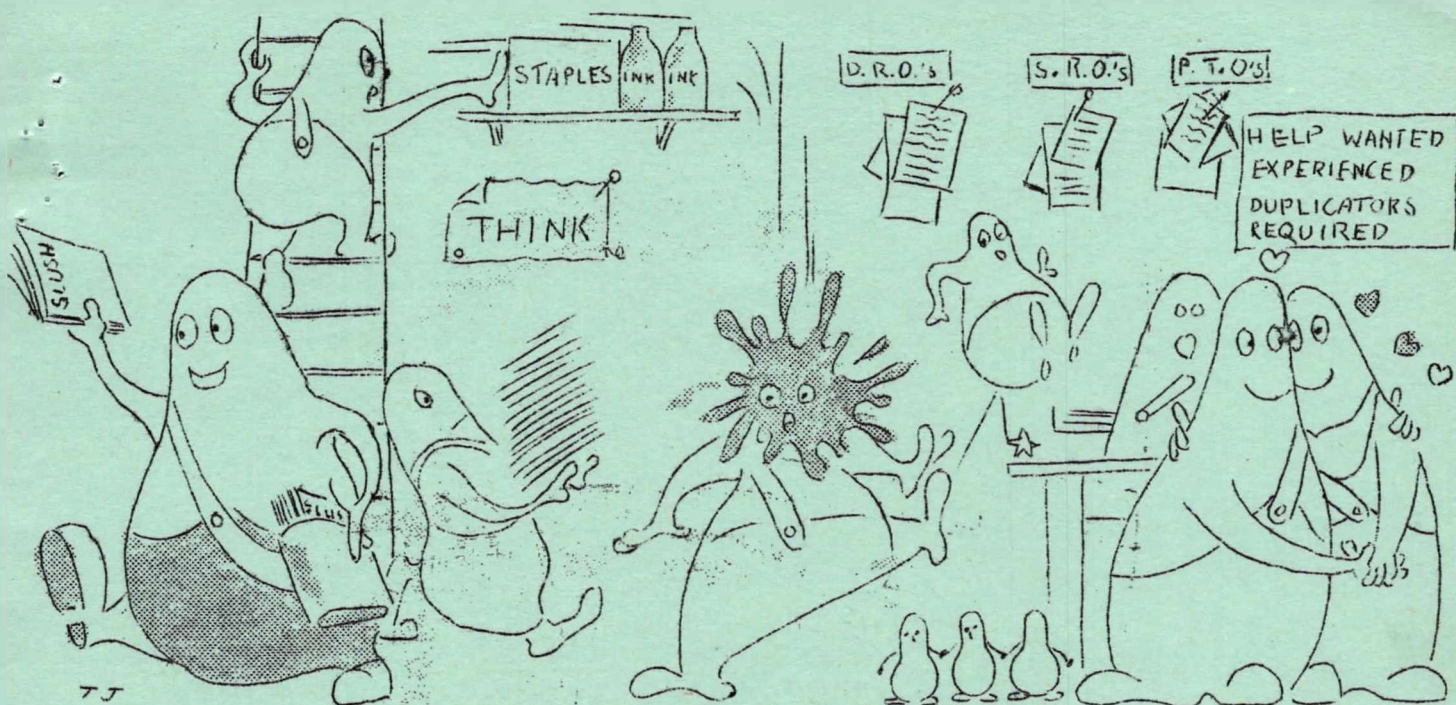
intercepted him and carried him off in a Roneo wagon. Screaming and shrieking he was. He was shown no mercy.

Phew! What a near thing. Such a narrow escape. Tony Thorne in Gillingham was however not so fortunate. Little did he dream when he went to bed that previous night what was about to befall him the following day. An ominous knock on the door. Tony, unsuspectingly answers the door. And there - hovering on the doorstep is - aaargghh! Thorne staggers back, ashen faced. Bennett has arrived.

But it is only after Ron has departed that he feels the true terror of this invasion. It is the aftermath of Bennett that is worse. The people of Gillingham point the finger of scorn at Tony. "There," they say, "goes a man who was visited by someone whose biography appeared in the Vargo Statten Mag." After this - Thorne knows he is finished. There is but one answer. He must leave town. He does.

To think I just missed such ignominy. Next time I have Dean Grennell's .357 Magnum waiting. For fugitives from Vargo Statten there is but one answer. We must band together to meet such a menace. Who will be next? You never know. It might be your best friend.

While I'm speaking of Ron I might mention a few words about the last Ploy. I would like to point out that my biog in this issue is not strictly true in a few items. Not that Ron can be blamed since I gave him the information in one of my - ahem - more facetious moods not realising he might believe all of it. So I don't want anyone to think that the sole functions I perform for a living are those described in Ploy. These functions are but a small part of my highly skilled and exclusive line of work. Ahem - at least that's my story and don't believe anything Ron tells you. He doesn't know what I'm talking about. Neither do I come to think of it....



Eric Jones mentioned in a recent issue of Sidereal of the sudden dearth of Science-Fiction in the Cheltenham area. Unfortunately it seems to be a pretty widespread dearth all round, judging from the five or six mags left in the field. Occasionally a U.S. pro-mag drifts over here but otherwise science-fiction as far as quantity is concerned seems to have reached its lowest ebb for over five years. Let's hope it picks up some day.

Camber has taken me far longer this time for a number of reasons. This hot, lethargic summer weather has been useless to fanzine editors in this neck of the woods, having sapped all energy and will power to type or mineo anything. This issue mushroomed far beyond its customary 20 odd pages into three times its normal size as I frantically crammed in letter after letter and fanzine review after fanzine review. Now look at the size of it. Not to mention the cost. Then I ran off a coupla Ploys, went on two weeks holiday, nearly got shot and have now got a dozen unfinished letters beginning Dear Sam and Dear Ron to do. So now you know.

Speaking of Eric Jones and Cheltenhamas I was reminds me of that drunken gent on the train the other night. It stops at a station and he looks out of the window and sees a sign marked "Gentleman". He turns round to the other passengers in the carriage and says confidently, "Ah, thash where I get off - Cheltenham." And out he gets.

So before Graham B. Stone beats my door down with his boomerang I leave you with this thought:- When the Miss Universe Bathing Beauty Competition comes around to Long Beach every year - What is Ron Ellik doing??? Eh?

Alan

CAMBER

#5

