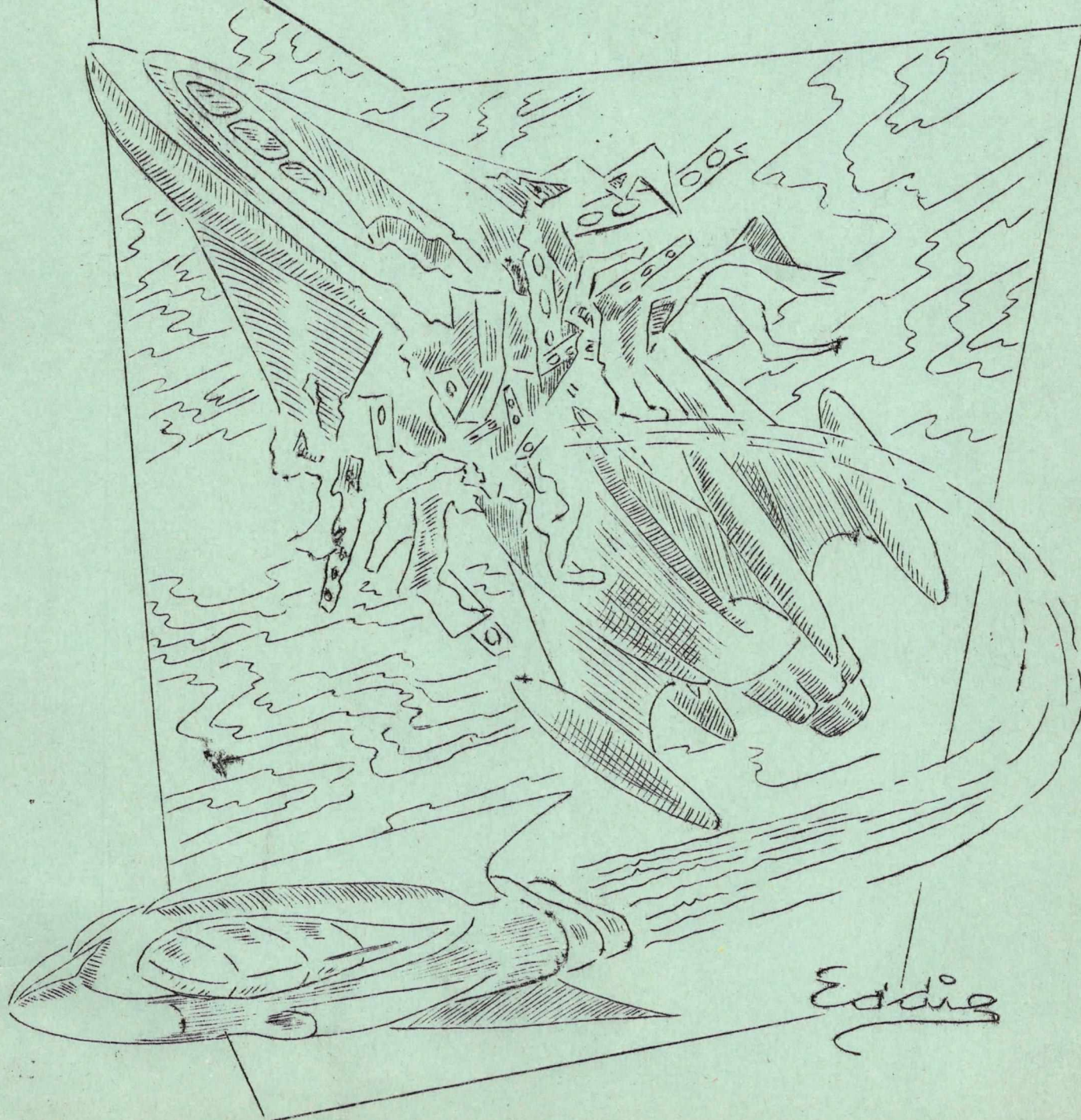
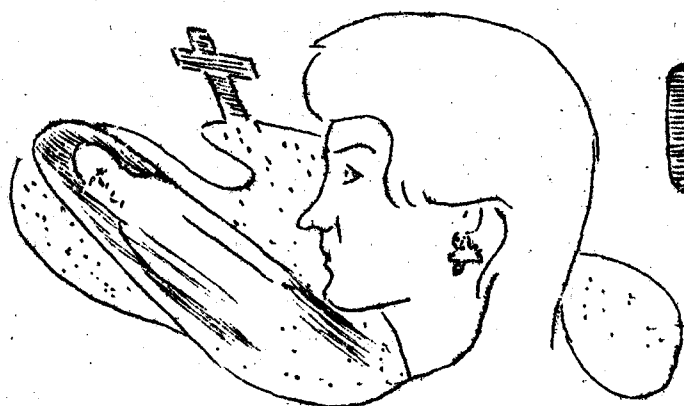


CAMBER # 7





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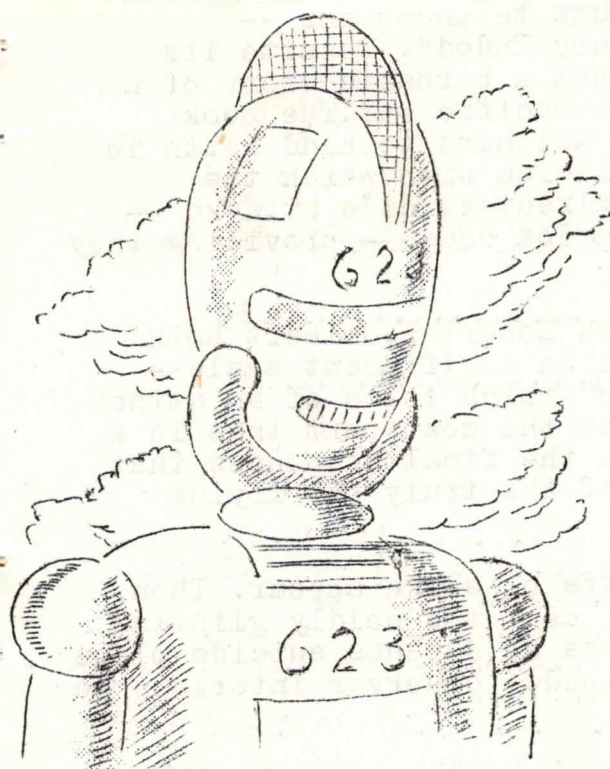
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Art Editor:- Terry Jeeves. (To whom I am once again deeply indebted for so painstakingly giving up so much of his time to cut the artwork onto the pages of this CAMBER. My thanks also to Bill Harry & Atom for cutting the artwork for their pieces too.)

CAMBER is edited, produced, directed and created by the Only True Dodd

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

President of The Society For The Protection of Anita Ekberg's Exterior.
(See ye olde Sverige Fan Lars Helander for details of the Society).
Subscription and publication details further on.....of CAMBER that is.



DODDERING

Those of you who are familiar with fanzines such as Dean Grennell's GRUE, William D. Grant's CANFAN, Robert & Juanita Coulson's YANDRO or Larry Bourne's BRILLIG will find the name of Dave Jenrette no stranger to you and in this editorial I should like to be the first to welcome both Dave and his wife Rusty to England where they have been staying since late September. This must surely be the first case ever of a well-known American fan coming to live in England for any known period of time.

When Dave was in the U.S. he was a Second Lieutenant with the U.S.A.A.F. at Mather air force base in California and here he finds himself a First Lieutenant at the U.S. Air Base at Sculthorpe in Norfolk. Having seen the aforementioned establishment I now understand the phrase - "Danger money". This might explain to the less comprehensive readers the cracks in the previous issue about - "Say Sir when you speak to an officer". Not that one should really make such cracks about First Lieutenants -- especially when they happen to be jet bomber pilots. He did say what sort of planes they were but all I remember was the "B" something bit. Well, anyway - they're the sort with a high schnozzle and a couple of things stuck to the wings which might be motors or gas tanks or bombs. You know the sort I mean!

Rather disilluisioning though -- Dave doesn't look a bit like any of the characters from STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND or any of the other fillums I've seen. He looks almost identical to one of our draftsmen at work. Still... you'll have a chance to judge for yourself when this friendly and hospitable couple attend the WorldCon this year and I hope sincerely that they'll enjoy both their first English convention and their first stay here.

Oh, and by the way....I'll give you three guesses as to who holds the keys to the base spirit duplicator these days at Sculthorpe.....

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As well as meeting the Jenrettes since last issue I also met Ron Bennett one Sunday Morning. -----However I have recovered now, thank you.

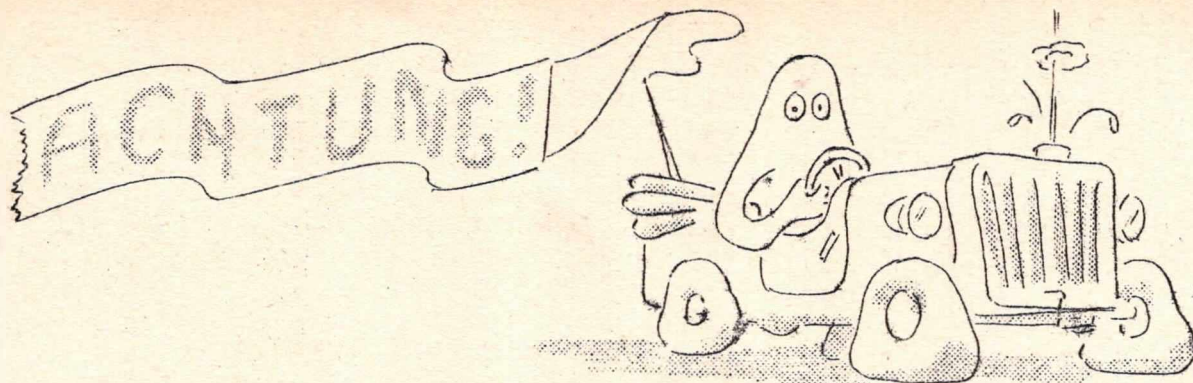
Recently I had the privilege of reading one of the finest books it has ever been my personal knowledge to encounter -- Francis Irby Gwaltney's "The Day The Century Ended". Despite its title this is not a science fiction book but a barbaric story of a combat penal squad in the U.S. Army in the Pacific war. The book illustrates with graphic clarity the personal hand to hand death in the jungle and especially the savage fanaticism with which the Japanese enemy throw away their lives in direct suicide attacks -- perfectly happy to blow themselves to kingdom come -- providing they can take their enemy with them.

On this theme I was discussing with Robert E. Gilbert both the book and a film linking the same theme on a different scale-- the Jeff Chandler war film "Away All Boats" which tells of an attack transport ship also in the Pacific war. For the most part this is a pretty mediocre war film and it is only in the final sequences that the film becomes alive to illustrate one of the truly horrifying phenomena of this particular war.

The camera pans up at the sun. Puffs of smoke appear. Then, seemingly from out of the very sun itself, come the coldly glinting bodies of a flock of kamikazes. The kamikaze or Japanese suicide plane is a section of warfare that as a cold, blooded observer interests me beyond measure.

A study of the kamikaze from films and old newsreels leaves one with still a number of questions unanswered. Was the kamikaze armed? As far as I could see they just crashed a flaming hunk of metal onto the target ships. Sure -- the fuel tanks exploded but they didn't make such an explosion as they would have had the cockpit been fitted with explosives. Or would this have made them too heavy for manoeuvrable suicide attacks? Why did they not launch aerial torpedos, thereby putting the ship on a zig zag course to avoid them, spoiling the gunners' aim and thereby giving the pilot a better chance of hitting the ship with his primary armament -- himself. Why no bombing run and then a k-attack? I never saw any machine-guns firing from the Zeros -- were their guns empty? If so wouldn't the firing of them have knocked out at least a few gunners firing at them? Why attack one at a time? Why not five kamikazes attacking a carrier from all sides at once, thereby breaking up the fire power and giving at least one of the suicide planes a chance of getting through? Why come in broadside onto the ships giving the gunners the best possible aim? Why not come in on a vertical dive or would that have been aerodynamically impossible? What must have gone on in the mind of a kamikaze pilot the second before he hit a carrier? Was it sufficient to die honorably in battle or did he perhaps think of the family and children left behind him? We'll never know now.

Nowadays the kamikaze is out of date. It is no longer necessary to have a human pilot to crash his plane into a target. You press a button and a Nike guided missile will do the job just as well. War, you see is moving into its final stages. War is becoming too--- impersonal..... *****



by Warren F.Link.

Perusing CAMBER No.6. I was violently startled at the apparent prosperity of some of these American fan personalities. I have always subconsciously defined a fan as a small, shabby obscure personage who lives in a small shabby obscure abode and drives a small shabby obscure automobile --- a type of conveyance best exemplified, I feel, by a 1950 Studebaker (Replete with heater, stick shift, and folding arm-rest)...

Therefore my shock is entirely understandable when Al relays to me that Grennell is enjoying the luxury of a sparkling new Oldsmobile whereas Calkins is tooling about in nothing short of a two-tone Pontiac (aren't all modern cars two tone?)... Tucker in a Studebaker -- Janke in a Buick -- why these things are profound revelations. Damn fans are stepping thoroughly out of character! I can not easily stomach this sort of thing...

Furthermore, Calkins has the smug complacency to switch cars in six months. Is not my jealousy justified when you realise that the periodicity of my shoe-lace changing never falls shorter than two years. My ghod, I only change shirts once per fortnight. I only take baths during full moons. I find Calkins' automotive extravagance virtually incomprehensible...

So maybe you ask why am I complaining. Maybe you fat, well-fed pampered waxing fen would like to see how the other half lives, hh? Well, you rich flourishing crumbs, the answer is: I own a Taurasimobile. Say I want to go down to the newstand and pick up the latest issue of Wwhimsey. It's really very simple. I have Taurasi trundled out onto my submissive driveway. I climb on his sweating back and he piggy-backs me down there. Jim has only one gear and he's miserable in traffic, but he gets you there...

Actually, however, I'm only spoofing. I don't really own a Taurasimobile. I possess a means of conveyance which is infinitely worse. Shall we play 20 questions??

Well, first we've got to pin down the general category. Is it animal, vegetable, or miscrable?? Well, Watson, if I eliminate "animal" and "vegetable" can you make a conclusion?? Fine! (This is an Americanisation of "elementary" or something)... Q.: Is it a motor convey-
-ance? A. Yes, but you're flattering the hell out of it. Q. Is it in the low price class? A.: It is not only in the low-price class -- it is in the low class. Q.: Is it a Chevrolet? A.: Son, you're positively frigid. Q.: Who, me?? A.: What I meant is that you're not warm. Q.: Oh. A.: Next question please. Q.: How many people does it seat? Q.: Get hold of something steady, boy -- it has an official capacity of 2.5 Q.: How many doors? A.: Rather unconventional -- no doors, but a jim-dandy removable plastic dome... Q.: Huh? A.: Rephrase that, will you. Q.: Horsepower?? A.: S.A.E. rating of 1.75. Q.: Is this a power lawn-mower? A.: No, but you're coming much closer. Q.: How about a vacuum cleaner? A.: A good guess, but you forgot about the plastic dome. Q.: Sorry, how many miles to the gallon? A.: Up to 90. You better cut the math, son -- it's getting you nowhere. Q.: What about gears? A.: 4 forward and 4 backward. I understand there are also several sideways, but I haven't been able to find them yet. Q.: Top speed? A.: Up to 62 for people with guts... Q.: Radio? A.: ...and heater. Q.: I give up -- what is it??



I know the rest of you pelf-laden fen are also dying to know what it is. Since none of you made off with the set of Brittanicas, I guess I've got to tell you::::: I own a Messerschmidt!! There -- I knew that would stop you. What's that you say?? No, you fool, not the airplane -- the car. What??... You damn neo -- of course it's not an electric train!.... It's a real honest-to-goodness 3-wheel German enclosed cruiserette... How did I get it?? I pocketed it on a radio programme. No, I'm not jesting again --- Dodd has a genuine photo of it. Affirm this, will you, Al?? ((Perfectly true - the enclosed photo shows The Missing Link either climbing into or out of a gen - wine Messerschmidt scooter)).

So, you smug imbeciles covetous of your ostentatious Detroit iron. Yes, you Grennell! And you too, SemiAnnual Calkins... You fellows caress your spoon-fed powerpacks and your neon turn-signals... Do you think I care if your trunk is upholstered?? Don't be ridiculous. you may think you are enjoying yourselves -- but I am the one with the truly unique auto. I am the only driver on the American road scene who can round a corner on 2 wheels... It is only I who cannot ride on any New York State parkways -- because all Messerschmidts are banned there due to their diminutive wheelbases. I have known my girlfriend for 3 months now, but on dates we nevertheless occupy separate seats.

You, Grennell, in your gaudy 88, can you do things like this?? And Janke ---have you ever gotten a ticket for parking on the sidewalk?

And, Tucker, has your Studebaker ever been absolutely and irrevocably refused insurance by 3 individual respected and reputable insurance companies?? You may have the solace of your power steering, power brakes, power horn, and general power, but can you savor the amusement of seeing small groups of wide-eyed children follow you everywhere you go?? Do precocious 4 year olds on your block request their fathers to "buy me one of those".

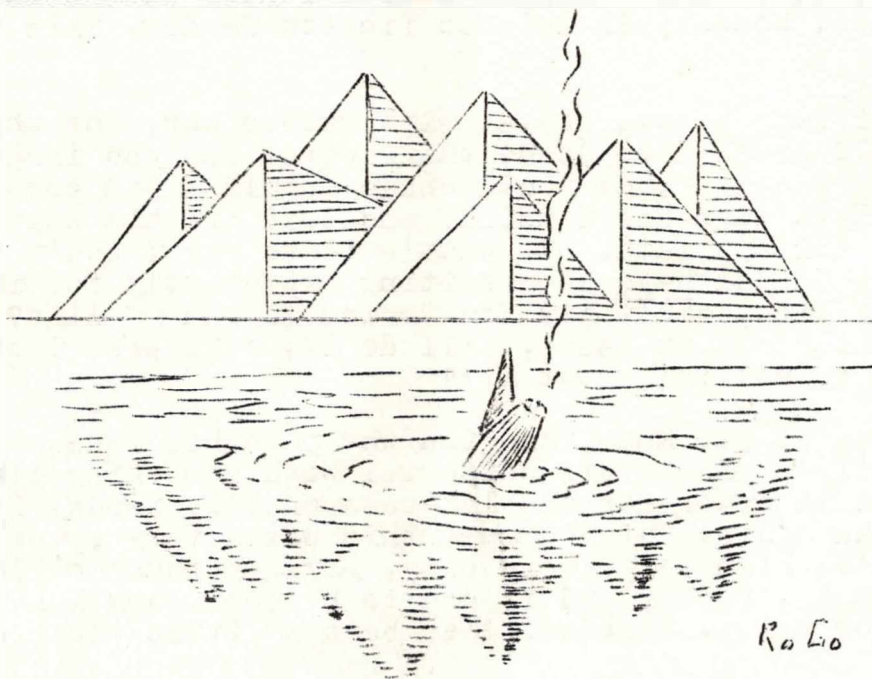
Now, you may think I'm some demented person who has concocted a scheme merely as a fat joke. You may be convinced that the foregoing is a wild figment of my distorted imagination...You're wrong, but to hold your own opinions is your privilege...

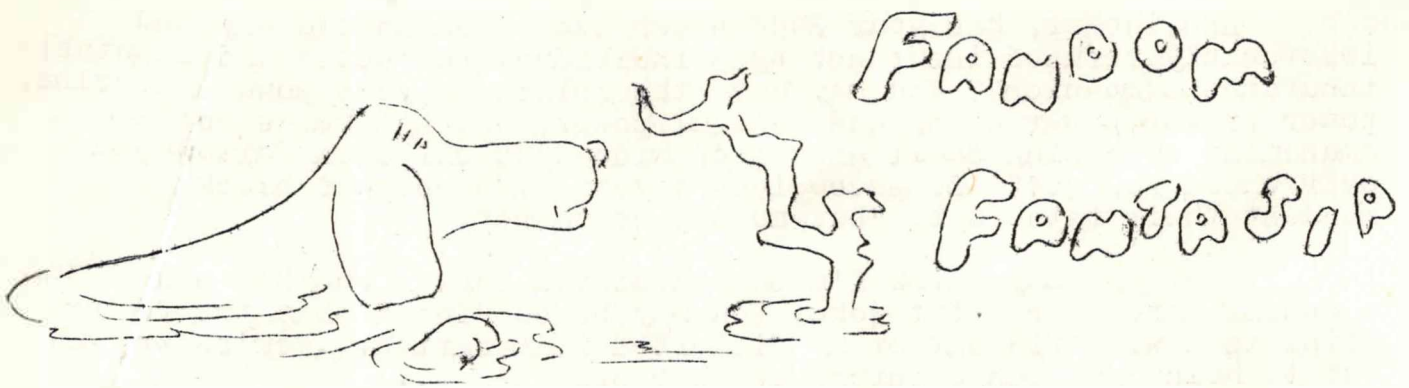
By way of closing, I implore Grennell, Calkins, and the rest of you lousy capitalists to drive your chromed contraptions extra slowly in the future.

REMEMBER: The child you kill may, in reality, be a Messerschmidt!

Doddering Footnote: The much maligned 1950 Studebaker Link refers to can be picked up in the U.S. for a mere sixty quid, here the same can costs £375 at least. A Messerschmidt scooter costs around £330 new here or just under a thousand dollars. C'est la vie non?

CAMBER ART FOLIO. - For the connoisseur of SF and Fantasy Art. 1/6d
from: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England.





by Terry Carr.

In the pages of the FANTASY ROTATOR, the O-O of the Cult, Larry Stark was recently speaking of the many times fans feel compelled to tell what they should be doing instead of writing a letter, article, column, or what have(or haven't) you. He said that this was for several purposes, such as explaining why they hadn't done said letter/article/column before, or making the recipient feel honoured to receive the fruits of the fellow's labours, since he obviously had many important things of his own to do.

Along about the time Larry made this candorous statement, I got a letter from Julian Parr, beginning something like: "I know this letter is late, but I won't make any excuses. The truth is, I've been lazy."

Now I, ever alert to spot a Trend, feel that this points to an alarming one: honesty in science fiction fandom. This is a Bad Thing.

Why, if fans became honest with each other, the whole structure would crash down about their ears. Can you imagine, for instance, the reaction that would ensue should a fan come out three months late with his fanzine, and lead off his editorial with, "I know this is late, but what's it to ya? I don't give a hoot in hell if you have been waiting expectantly for its appearance; it's my life, ain't it? You trying to run my life? If I feel like putting out an issue, I'll do it; otherwise I won't, see, and you can't do nothin' about it!"

Now, as we all know, the fan who puts his fanzine out late, customarily prefaces his editorial with something like, "Apologies are in order for the lateness of this issue. I promise it won't happen again. But you see, this was a very special circumstance, as I've been very, very busy. Why, my stamp collection needed rearranging badly, and it had to be done. And I had to clean my room once or twice. Besides, I've been a little short on money, and..."

That, dear readers, is the way to treat your audience when you send them a fanzine three months late. If you take the first alternative up there, the temptation will be mighty great for your readers to reply just as truthfully: "Frankly, you crumb, I'd completely forgotten your rag until it fell into my goddam mailbox. The whole thing is cruddy. You're right about one thing, tho: we've got no way to regulate the frequency of the thing. Which is a pity, because I for one would like to see it fold. The only thing I can do is refuse to trade for your crud sheet."

Whereas if you use the sensible, two-faced approach, you get answers like, "Yeah, pal, I know how it is. Life sure makes demands on you, doesn't it? Well, at least you got the mag out in the face of such overwhelming odds, which says a lot for your determination. Hope to keep seeing it. And speaking of overwhelming odds, don't look for a trade from me for a while, because I too have been having my troubles, and I'm afraid..."

Fandom is a mutual-appreciation society between many people, and to be frank (which is quite acceptable in this article, since it's two-faced in relation to my suggestion of non-frankness) I don't think we'd appreciate each other much if we saw each other as we really were.

Besides, if honesty got to be the norm in fandom, where would the Goon Defective Agency get its cases?

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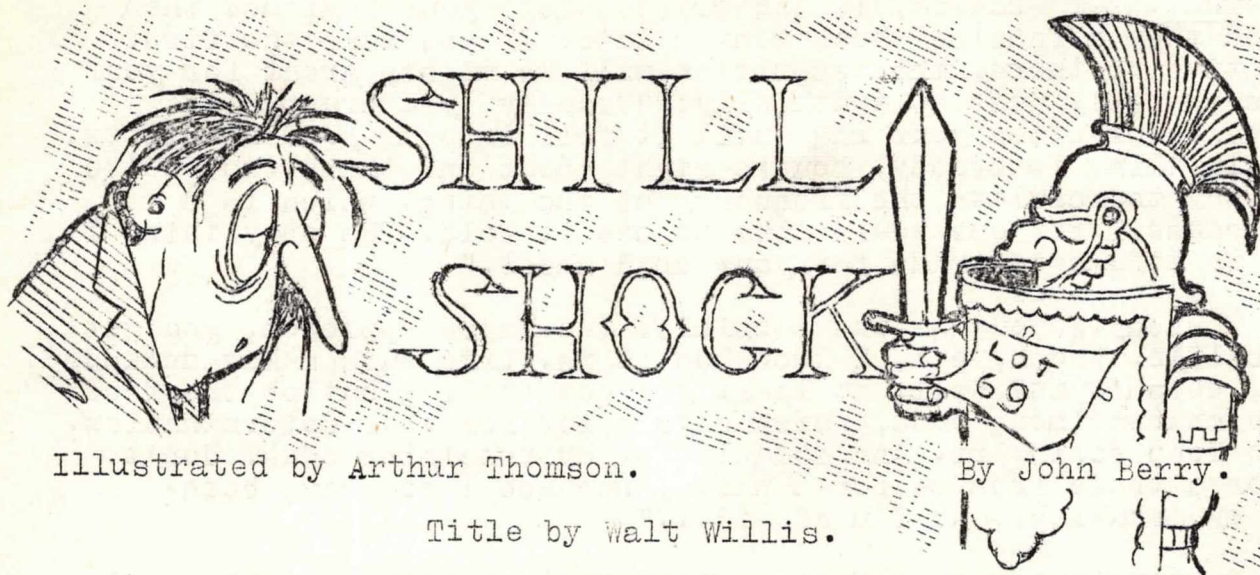
I have a feeling that this installment of "Fandom Fantasia" will not reach Alan in time for the next issue, since it's been quite some time since the first one saw print. So if I've missed an issue, please forgive me. I recently became Official Arbitor of the Cult, which has taken up quite a bit of my time, channelling my crifanac into a different stream (hey look, unixed metaphors!). I'll try to make every issue from here on in, though. And yes, I know that this installment is short, but I'm going to college this summer, and I have finals this week. I've got studying to do tonight, so I don't have time to write any more. Sorry.

-- Terry Carr.



*** *** *** ***

EDITOR'S NOTE: I had intended to print Terry's article a lot sooner but you see I don't have a typer of my own and have to use the office machine which means that the amount of time I have is strictly limited, and then there is the television you see, and I'm still trying to catch up on.....



Illustrated by Arthur Thomson.

By John Berry.

Title by Walt Willis.

Walt wasn't at home when I called at Oblique House recently. I went straight upstairs to the fan-attic, and settled down to browse awhile until his return. Madelcine came up a few minutes later, bearing the usual and much beloved tray, and drank, and chatted.

I commented on the furnishing of the attic.

"I like the look of that marble-topped writing table cum sideboard," I said. The hand carved cupboards are particularly antique looking. I wonder Leeh and Larry Shaw didn't make you an offer for it. Is it a family heirloom?"

"No," replied Madeleine, in rather a superior manner, "as a matter of fact, it cost me thirty shillings at an auction some time ago."

I whistled unbelievably.

"And that gilt-edged mirror?", I asked.

"Seven and sixpence," replied Madelcine.

"And that plush rocking chair that George sleeps in?"

"Five shillings."

"All from auction sales?"

"All from auction sales."

I pondered deeply. I had never been to an auction sale. My famed bad luck would not permit of such a luxury. I always get the worst of a bargain. The vacant expression on my face fills salespeople with optimism. Their eyes seem to light up at my innocent visage. In other words, I always get done.

"And I suppose, conversely," I continued to Madeleine, pensively, "folks who organise auction sales buy items for a cheap price off people, and sell them at the sale to the highest bidder?"

"You're too right," confirmed Madeleine, packing the cups on the tray and leaving the room to begin the looong journey down the 93 steps to the kitchen.

I lay back and pondered again. My mind raced back to several years previously...to a few days after Daine and myself were married, and had started to organise our own household, in the country.....

"Here's a letter from my Uncle Ebenezer," smiled Diane, "...says he's coming this afternoon to bring us a belated wedding present."

"Any relative of yours is welcome, Precious," I grinned, "er...is he rich?"

"Very rich," beamed Diane. "I shouldn't wonder but that he's bringing us a fabulous present. He is a farmer, is very old, and lives in a place called Ballyslapgoblin, in County Down, just a few miles from here."

Later that day, a 'clip-clop' made me look out of the window, and a bored-looking donkey, drawing a little cart, clattered to a stop outside our house. An aged gentleman, sporting a bowler hat got off the cart and staggered up our path, bearing in his arms an obviously heavy parcel.

"Afternoon," he cackled, "sorry I'm late with my present. I'm sure you'll like it".

I flashed my wife's uncle a charming grin, and bowed low at the door as he passed through and retraced his steps to the cart, and trotted away.

With feverish haste, we ripped the paper off the parcel, revealing a long wooden box. It was heavy.

"Right enough, silver is very heavy," observed Diane, "this could easily be a solid silver tea service, or a.....or.....a...."

I ripped off the wooden cover, looked agonisingly at the contents, and fetched a tumbler of water for Daine.

"After all, dear heart," I commiserated, "two Roman soldiers three feet high, and made of pig iron is certainly an original gift."

"They are absolutely useless," sobbed Diane, "it wouldn't be so bad if they weren't all covered with rust."

"Oh, I don't know," I grimaced, "one of them will definitely come in useful as a door-stop, and the other one can be used as a scarecrow in the garden."

And they were indeed so utilised.

The whole dismal scene flitted before me, until I heard Walt Willis shout in my ear, "GHOODMINTON."

But I didn't play too well, I'm afraid.

I was calculating.

Later that night, much later, when the moon popped behind a big cloud, and the streetlights were dimmed, I pulled on an old pair of ghoodminton trousers, picked up my spade, and, keeping to the shadows, trekked to the middle of my garden and dig.

Three feet down I came to the box, and eventually, blinded by perspiration, succeeded in getting the box onto the grass.

I cursed myself for not leaving them in the country when I had moved to Belfast three years previously. In the rural

countryside, it isn't too unorthodox to have a Roman soldier as a door-stop, or a scarecrow, but in the metropolis of Northern Ireland....

Back in the house, I prised the lid off again. The only change in them appeared to be the original rust was itself covered with rust. With a certain amount of morbid enthusiasm, and after several hours effort, I cleaned them up somewhat, and gazed in frustration at these erstwhile wedding gifts.

One Roman soldier, a centurian, held aloft a short sword, and sported a brief toga. The other horror stuck out its chest proudly and bore above its head a banner bearing an undecipherable inscription. Both faces bore a post-Wetzel expression.

I wrapped them carefully in brown paper, and cradled them under the stairs for the night. If my luck was good, this was the last night I would be their unhappy possessor.

I paid off the taxi, pulled up my coat collar, gripped a Roman soldier under each arm, and pushed my way through the imposing portals of :-

McDONNELL AND MURPHY.
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS.

OUR MOTTO:- IF YOU MUST GET DONE GET DONE BY US.

A ferret-faced individual approached me warily, and jabbed a nicotine-stained finger up my left nostril.

"Two shillings and sixpence, take it or leave it," he gritted absently.

"I'll take it," I yelled.

Oh, bliss. Two whole lovely big silver shillings and an itty-bitty silver sixpence for two rusted soldiers. I was in the big time.

The auctioneer winced at my uncontrolled enthusiasm, as if he had made a too extravagant offer. I suppose he was impressed by my neat and tidy appearance. (The centurion under my left arm luckily hiding the black finger marks where Willis had gripped my coat as I left Oblique House one night when I hadn't purchased any of his prozines.)

Reluctantly giving me the money, the auctioneer jerked a thumb and a juvenile delinquent appeared and ripped the paper off, revealing my treasures. The poor boy was violently sick, but the auctioneer had drifted away as more and more people started to enter.

"The great auction is going to take place in ten minutes time," I heard someone announce.

Hmmmm.

Madeleine had told me she had picked up some good bargains at auctions....my luck had been brilliant so far...there might even be a good duper going cheap....

I edged to the back of the crowd, and watched carefully, trying to acquire the correct technique.

The sale progressed for some time, and, gradually, the auctioneer got closer to my late pig iron soldiery. To bide the time, I watched pityingly as an old man hobbled in. I admired the kindness of a young girl holding his arm. As they came closer, I saw it was George Charters being assisted by Peggy White.

GEORGE CHARTERS AND PEGGY WHITE ????

Walt Willis, Madeleine and James White followed them in, chatting amicably.

Ghosh. What strange quirk of fate had brought Irish Fandom together in an auctioneers shop?

Tucking the ends of my moustache under my collar, I tiptoed behind them, where they were talking in a huddle.

".....and I am sure John will invite us up to his new house, and the least we can do is to take a house-warming present when we go to see it, what do you think...?" I heard Madeleine say. Good old Madeleine.

".....definitely get something to suit John's personality," continued Walt, "look, how about those two items the men are staggering about with now?"

I didn't need to look round. I knew what the next lot was. Even if I had been blindfolded, I would have known.

"...these superb looking statuettes," said the crook who had given me two and sixpence for them, "have a great historical background. Note the green mould in the cracks, and the deeply ingrained rust. These magnificent collector's pieces have come direct from the museum of a well known archeologist who has seen better times. Who said thirty shillings each?"

With an air of foreboding I slumped away as Madeleine held up her hand.

There was a pause. No one else had troubled to bid, in fact, at the sight of the Romans, half the crowd had evaporated.

"Forty shillings each," I heard a gruff voice shout over my shoulder. An electric atmosphere settled over the room. The auctioneer breathed harder at this unexpected competition. So did I.

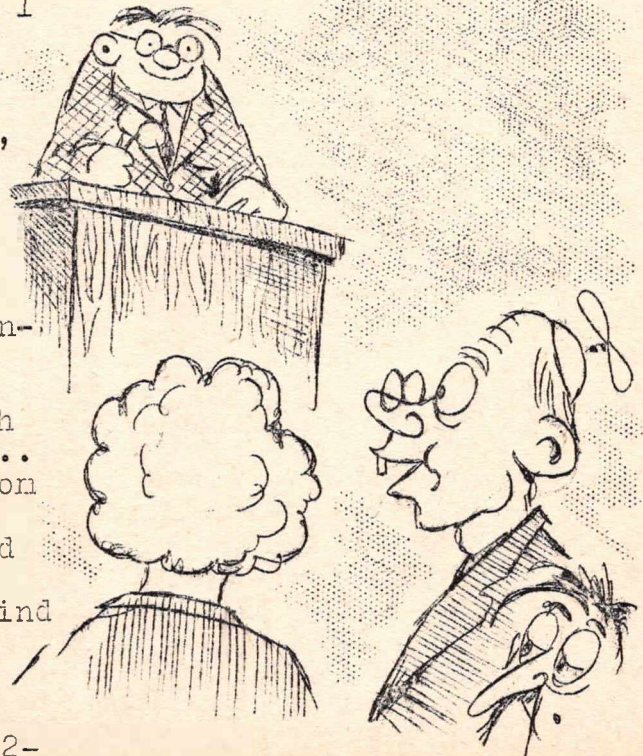
The other members of Irish Fandom had a little discussion..... I was careful to remain hidden from them.

"Fifty shillings," shouted Madeleine defiantly.

The gruff voiced chap behind me was silent.

Heck.

I tiptoed up to him.



"They're worth at least sixty shillings," I mouthed encouragingly.

He seemed to consider, fuming me with his bheer sodden breath the while.

"Sixty shillings each," he said eventually.

Irish Fandom huddled together again, and buzzed for a few seconds.

"Seventy shillings each," bleated Madeleine in a desperate sort of voice.

My man hesitated.

The auctioneer didn't.

"Who'll make it eighty shillings each?" challenged the auctioneer significantly.

I looked at my man.

He looked at me.

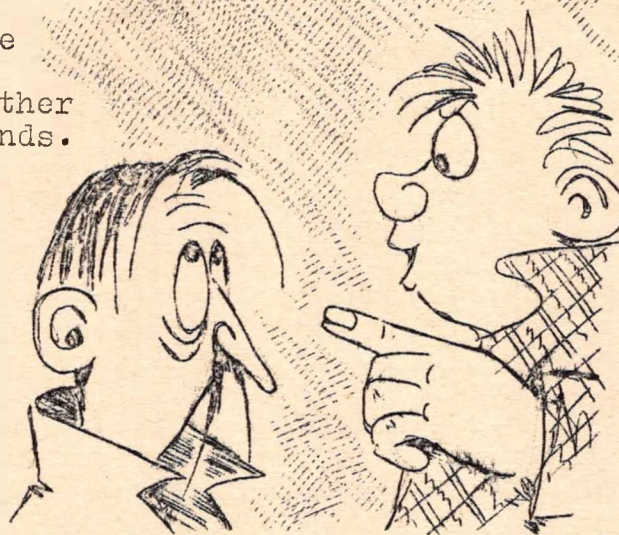
"You've got a black mark on your forehead," he breathed.

Instinctively I reached up to remove it.

"Sold to the gentleman with the bewildered expression putting his hand in the air," announced the auctioneer, banging his gavel triumphantly as I looked up at my hand waving about like a periscope.

It just couldn't be true.

But it was.



Later on, when I had supervised the reloading on to the taxi, I saw the bheer baited chap with the gruff voice go up to the auctioneer, and a few coins of the realm changed hands. Madeleine didn't mention to me that prompters were distributed in the crowd to encourage bidding. I had learned the fact the hard way.

I sat miserably in my den and surveyed my Romans.

What to do with them?

To even bury them in my garden again was still technically admitting ownership. It was difficult to know exactly what to do.

"John," whispered Diane round the door. (I specify 'whispered'. I think she was a little worried about my nervous state.) "...here's Walt and the rest of them with a present for our new home."

Friendship is the proudest of all human emotions. And the esprit de corps amongst us of Irish Fandom is a pure and precious thing. It shines triumphantly over ever other aspect of our association. And as I trod the stairs to meet my comrades, I felt a surge of sentiment overpower me.

I opened the living-room door shyly, and looked expectantly at their radiant faces. Walt looked down coyly, and George bleated happily as Madeleine unwrapped the parcel.

"I'd like to say just a few words," said Walt happily. "Madeleine has spent the last twenty four hours flitting from auction room to auction room looking for something that is YOU. A chap looking something like you, except for the gaunt expression, pipped Madeleine at the post for two beautiful statuettes. However, as you know, Madeleine, although I say it myself, is particularly unrelenting. Going without food, and making extreme physical and mental sacrifices, she...has...obtained....these....four....glorious...examples...of...the...sculptors...art....one from each of us."

Excuse me for a moment whilst I stoke up the furnace. I think three shovelfuls of coke should build up a pretty big temperature. After all, I'm a novice at this business....me and extreme forms of manual labour coming under the category of complete strangers.

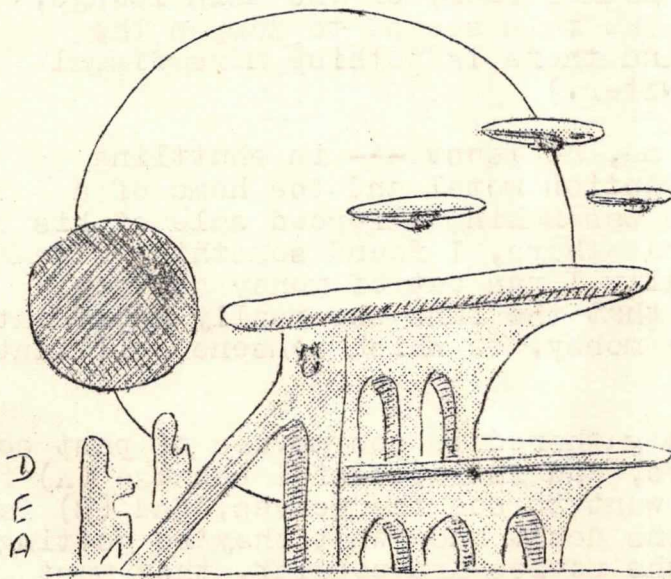
Seriously, though, I got to thinking about it. Having six rusty Roman soldiers made of pig iron is pretty frustrating. Damn it, three more of the blasted things and I'd have a platoon of them, and the way things were shaping, it was quite possible that fate would steer the remainder of the legion in my direction.

I had to make a decision.

Setting up a blast furnace in the back garden seems to be a precedent but I feel that one has to use one's initiative.

After all, trying to dispose of six pig iron militants covered in rust would seem to be an impossible task...but it should be easy to dispose of iron ingots.

Shouldn't it?



CAMBER. is produced on a criminally irregular schedule with no possible thought to time or regularity. It sells for 1/- a copy (15p), is distributed free to contributors, and is exchanged for all other fanzines and associated reading material, comic sections from U.S. newspapers (One of us in the house is in his second childhood), roadmaps, petrol coupons, bottles of petroleum lighter fuel, construction plans for converting to Calor gas or building plans for Stanley Steamers. Aythangyou.



THE — RISING OF THE MOON

by ROBERT COULSON.

The next Midwestcon will soon be upon us but before it arrives it would do well to recall the more or less pleasant memories of the last one. Con reports on Midwestcons are rather difficult; with no official program, the fun comes at the parties, and who can remember a convention party?

However, a few remarks might be interesting, and will undoubtedly help to fill up this column. To begin with, it rained. It always rains at Midwestcons, but this one was held in a motel, and to get from one's room to another room, or the main lounge, one had to brave the elements. The rain seemed to dampen the spirits of everyone present. (And there is nothing more dismal than spirits diluted with rainwater.)

Saturday was spent ---by me, at least --- in shuttling back and forth between the convention motel and the home of a Cincinnati fan, Jim Holtel, who was making a forced sale of his collection. Everytime I went out there, I found something else I just had to have, but eventually I ran out of money and could only drool. (Holtel complained that the fans who really appreciated back issue mags didn't have any money, to which someone brilliantly responded, "That's why.")

Saturday night, everyone gathered to see movies of past cons. This is a traditional procedure, and is successful because (A) fans who have been to the past cons want to see themselves, and (B) fans who haven't been to the past cons don't know what they're getting into, and assume that because the movies are popular, they must be good. Following the movies came the parties, the real heart of

any convention. I got in on the one thrown by the Detroit group. They had what someone called Blog. I don't know about the British recipe; the Detroit one called for 1 five gallon bucket half-filled with ice-cubes, 1 large can frozen orange juice, 6 fresh limes, an unidentified amount of lemonade, 1 gallon dry wine, 2 quarts sweet wine, 1 pint white gin, some maraschino cherries, and about half of a quart bottle of pure ethyl alcohol. The lime rinds floated on top of this brownish-looking mess, for all the world like small green corpses.

Sometime during these festivities, Harlan Ellison commented that he thought Mark Schulzinger was arrogant. (This is comparable with Stalin calling Krushchev overbearing.) The remark was the hit of the evening. Ellison amused the Detroit group by recounting his experiences as a pro author, complete with imitations of Larry Shaw, Irwin Stein (Publisher of INFINITY) and various fans. George Young seems to regard Ellison somewhat like a trained monkey..... "C'mon, Harlan, give us some entertainment --- do a skit!" (While all this was going on, Howard Devore was sleeping peacefully in the next room. Someone started a poker game.....at the first slap of the cards, Devore appeared, and I left.)

The banquet was held Sunday noon. Having spent all my money on old magazines, I didn't attend. Instead, our group left Cincinnati, followed the Ohio river down to Madison, Indiana, and descended on Joe L.Hensley for a free supper.

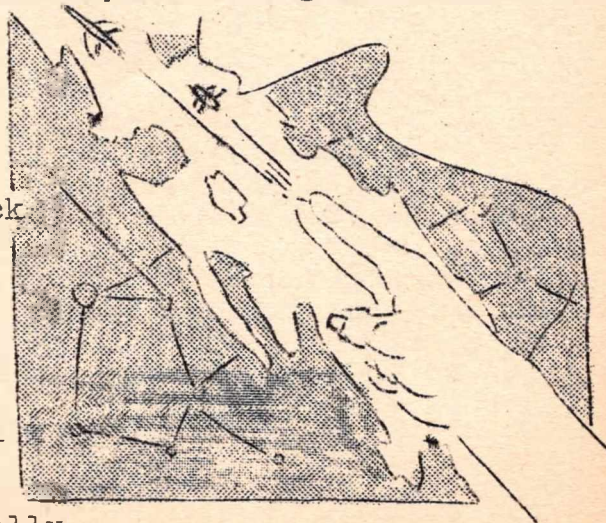
And that, kiddies, was the last Midwestcon. Our first question will be, "Why do fans attend these brawls, anyway?"

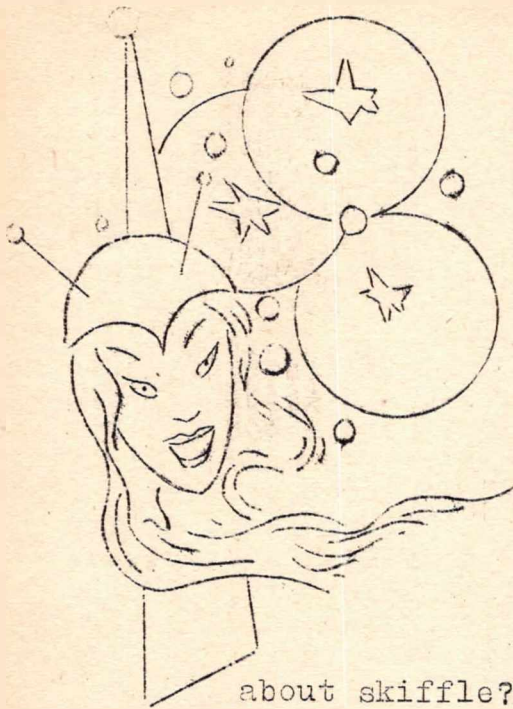
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I see several well-known U.S. fans, who certainly have been around long enough to know better, are pursuing the indoor sport of "Showing Ray Palmer The Error Of His Ways". This game does have the advantage of simplicity; the only equipment necessary being a typewriter, paper, and the editorial from the latest OTHER WORLDS. A knowledge of good stf is helpful, but need not be extensive. However, the sport does have one major drawback ----you can't win. People seem to think that because Palmer says that he is printing great stories, that he actually wants to publish good stf. The absurdity of this is apparent; Ray knows what he is doing. An editor simply does not tell his readers that he is publishing material for juvenile tastes; nobody likes to be thought juvenile, especially those who are juvenile.





URBANIA

by HELEN M. URBAN.

Los Angeles fandom is hi-fi mad, and our asylum is now a hi-fi coffee shop. ((I wonder what hi-fi coffee does taste like)) The place stays open till two in the morning, playing requests from all comers for progressive jazz or classics -- NO rock and roll. ((How about skiffle?)) The progressive jazz and classics groups don't integrate too well; there is a strong tendency for one group to get up and walk out while the other's passion is in the assendency, but so far it has not come to openly expressed sneers or blows.

About the hottest fervour among L.A. Fandom is currently expressed for the harpsichord sonatas of D. Scarlatti, played by Fernando Valenti. These are pure fun, exciting, brilliant and motion-stimulating.

Another sort of sound that we also favour is the sound track from FORBIDDEN PLANET. The electronic tonalities, done for the film by Louis and Bebe Barron, go into an entirely new realm of sound; they imitate no musical instruments, but create new tonal conditions. Many Los Angeles area fans have gone as many as six times to see the film for the purpose of again hearing the Barrons' work. With considerable assurance we predict that the tonalities from FORBIDDEN PLANET will be the most widely imitated creation in the coming year. It gives a really fine boost to sf, for people who would not ordinarily go to see a sf film have gone to see FORBIDDEN PLANET after hearing about the Barrons's work, and have come away from the theatre intrigued not only with the new sounds but also with the visual excitement and the imaginative scope of sf. We hope that FORBIDDEN PLANET will be financially successful and encourage other producers to get sf films off the ground and out into the galaxy. I, for one, believe we've had entirely too many monsters and too much timid earth-bound sf in the films.

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The Luncon



THE FIRST SWEDISH SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION IN LUND...

A rather Sercon con-report by

ALVAR APPELTOFFT, Sweden.

A Swedish SF-convention had been predicted in Hapna, our promag, a long time ago by S. Ostlund in his fan news column - I'll now overtake that article, as you'll find further on in this report. But we Swedish fans - Sverifans - never thought that it would become a reality.

However it was on August 18-19. In number four this year of club Utopias monthly zine UT it's editor had suggested a Swedish con and written that Swedish fans must keep together, that the clubs must help "single" fans and that some registration is needed and so on. At that time also one of the leading clubs, Cosmos in Gothenburg, had been broken and Meteor in Malmö divided into two parts. (The new club is called Chaos and publishes a fanzine more fannish than some U.S. zines...) Utopia itself was founded and broken in 1954 and re-organised last year, when it started a fanzine and expanded like a nova.

In 1954 many clubs were founded and were active for some time, and a Swedish SF-union was planned, but in Spring 55 I think, fandom slowly began to die here and there. Shavering started. A convention was needed to help fandom.

At the end of May I first heard that a convention would no longer become a Utopian idea. Number six of UT contained an appendix with some points, the contents of which I here try to mention, as they are very valuable: LUNCON's meaning is to found a unity in the SF-branch, to prevent fans from harassing each other, as has been done, and to do that without encroaching on the independence of the clubs.

As the name tells you, the convention was to be held in Lund, one of the old university cities in Sweden. It's also a centre in Swedish fandom - there is the very attractive Utopia and not far

from Lund, Malmoe with Club Meteor (which makes amateurish SF-films like Klaus Unbehaun) and Club Chaos. Those three clubs had worked together with the project and had deliberations with the publishers of Hapna, since Project Luncon came up in May 1956.

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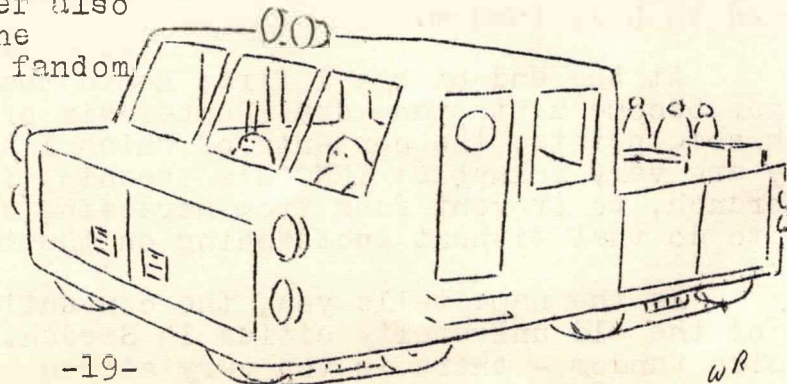
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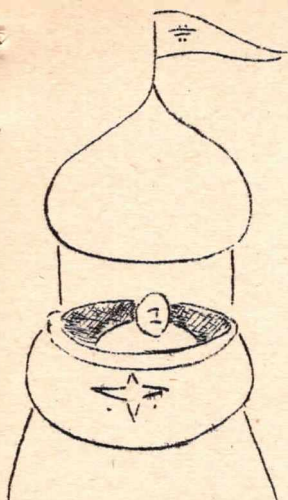
I had come down from Halmstad to Lund in the morning of the 18th August, and at first I helped the Utopia guys with some arrangements. Then I had one hour's deliberations with two other fans from places around in Sweden about our fanzine Komet.

About three o'clock we began to meet, and when the chairman of the arranging club Utopia (Kjell Petterson, who's also editor of UT) made a somewhat jerky speech we were only just over thirty fans altogether. Representatives for seven of our nine fanzines and for six of the nine Swedish clubs had come. We were in a public meeting place that had been rented by the con-committee. One large hall, one room for films etc. and a small room for a SF-exhibition with a complete file of all Swedish fmz.

At the convention, number 7 of UT was distributed gratis together with number one of the new Chaos, published by the Malmoe club with the same name, and another programme. The excellent UT No. 7, which was distributed during the convention, contained among others a large story written by a Danish pro-author, part one of a story about the first trip to the moon, an article on some new theories made by a Swedish scientist, reviews etc. and a really sensational note by the editor. If he's right, there was an unofficial SF magazine named "Hugin" in Sweden already in 1910! It was published by Otto Witt who in the beginning of this century wrote a number of items that can be classified as SF. "Hugin" contained such stories.

Around four o'clock Lars Helander gave an address on fandom and SF on the continent. (LH had just returned from a journey to the continent and Israel, a country which also has U.S. magazines sold there. A devout audience was listening to his chat, and we were informed about the German Utopia magazines, fmz Fantum with its translations from foreign fanzines, other German fmz and that THIS ISLAND EARTH had come to Germany as well as Sweden. Lars Helander also told us that some time ago he wrote an article on Swedish fandom for Andro, and WE thought that nine fanzines and as many clubs were too much.. (Why there can't be too many fanzines as Enever wrote somewhere.....)





Lars has also visited France, where he found some pro-mags - the American Galaxy and F&SF appear in French editions. Later somebody mentioned that Astounding and Galaxy have contracted a great Swedish publishing firm and asked it to print Swedish issues, but...) There has been a fanzine too, that was called Uranus or so - which has stopped however. In the Netherlands two prozines seem to have been published some time ago, and there is a fanzine. And then we mustn't forget Alpha in Belgium. Italy (Helander had been there too) has several promags, and SF books have also been translated, among others Galaxy SF Novels. There has been SF in Spanish too. After that we heard a little about Israel. Lars mentioned he liked the Israelites very much, but much more if they published SF..Finally, he mentioned something about U.S. fandom.

After some pause K.G.Kindberg, publisher of Hapna, started with a speech on anti-gravity. After this came a break for refreshments and after a while Denis Lindbohm of Meteor came masked entirely with insect eyes and brain as a mutant you'll see in his planned amateur film STORY OF DUODOX... Some attentive paper sellers came up with the latest issues, which of course had some lines about us. At half past seven the Swedish Broadcasting system had a transmission. Two things must be said, however. Only Swedes visited Luncon, though it had been first agreed that Danes and Norwegians would come, since there is a small SF-circle in Copenhagen and a number of fans in Norway too. The con-committee had wanted the world famous Swedish astronomer Professor Lundmark to talk about his subject, but he wasn't able to come.

In the evening at eight club Meteor showed their SF-film "DEN STORA NATTENS VALNAD", in English "THE PHANTOM FROM THE DARK NIGHT". They had also hoped to come up with their "VARIDSFLYKTINGEN" - "FUGITIVE OF WORLDS", but it seems as if the developing had gone wrong. Utopia had worked many months with "Mutant", based on a fan-fiction story by the editor of UT, but it wasn't ready. However, THE PHANTOM is about a Martian with four arms (one fan behind another), who makes a forced landing in a forest in the South of Sweden with his space-sphere. One person managed to get telepathic contact with the entity. Those who go too near his sphere are killed by the Phantom with his unavoidable ray gun. After some time the damaged spaceship explodes like a little atomic bomb, and the surviving Martian grows desperate. After 35 minutes film, when he's shot a lot of men, the confused space-man meets a woman with her son (Dennis' family, I think). The Martian happens to drop his weapon, and the kid picks it up and fingers it.... For an amateurish film, this one is excellent. It's in black and white silent 8mm of course, but sometimes texts come in. (Club Meteor is also working with films in colour. The trick photography scenes are very well done such as the disintegrator rays touching but has one or two exceptions 1) The four arms didn't

convince. 2) Nor the exploding space-ship.

" And then we digressed some time and discussed the quality of Hapna . Kjell Pettersson wanted it on a higher plane -it's usually very good, but ever story isn't excellent and though I haven't seen much of foreign promags I've a feeling that it's not in the same class as for example Astounding. (It seems as if Hapna has a down-period now.) We wanted space-opera away... One girl (there are some fans of that sort in Sweden) ((Are there any like Anita Ekberg eh Alvar???) said something about that SF must be thought provoking (elementary of course!)

The result of the Union-deliberations was that a committee with contacts to clubs around in the country was founded and was to work for one year. A report of that was written. After collecting money to the con - Sw.Cr. 1:75 per fan - we departed after some chat.

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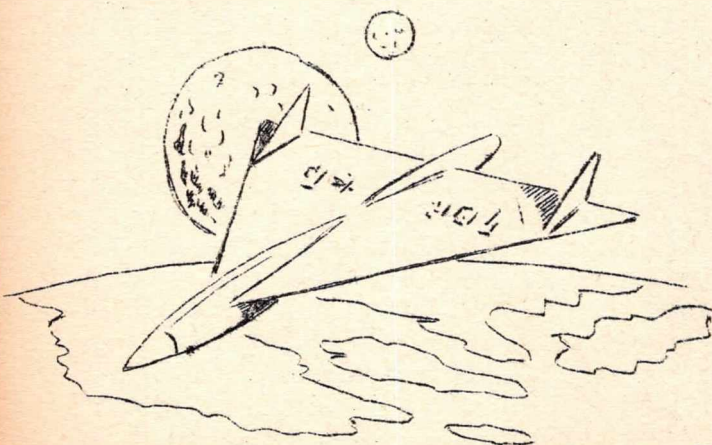
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The following morning we met again and UFO and Atlantis expert Lars Persson gave a lecture on UFO's after which at noon Dr. Arne Lindqvist talked about mutations for nearly an hour while his lecture was illustrated with film pictures. Many of these were rather nauseating -- men with only pins instead of arms and bones as examples of what defect turns can lead to...)

In the afternoon Lieuten Bjorn Nyberg of the Swedish air force spoke about modern SF. It was of course not meant to be a real lecture - as he said it was equal to speaking about airplanes in a mess room. He spoke about SF, fantasy, science-fantasy, weird tales, imaginative fiction and so on. (Bjorn Nyberg has just written a continuation on Howard's Conan-cycle which is called "The Return of Conan" and will be published in the U.S.A.)

During the pause that followed two mutants from Club Meteor came - now with the rocket model which figures in their films.

Then a sale took place in which the auctioneer "Inca" managed to raise up the prices although most books except classics went for less than their original prices.



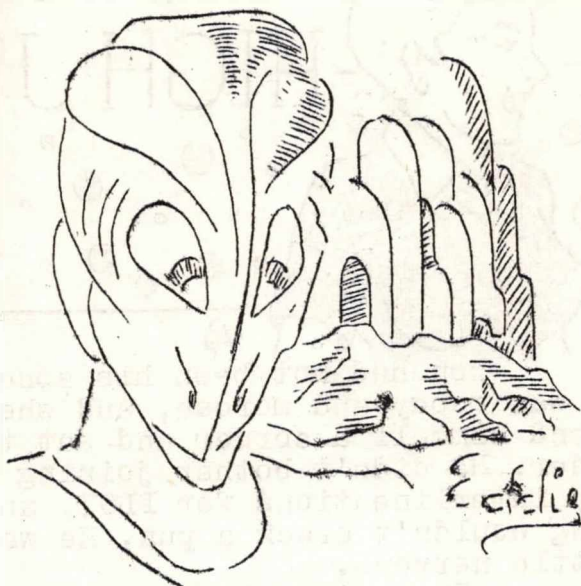
Kjell Pettersson and Lars Persson wanted better SF in Hapna and I suggested a magazine for serials in Sweden and also protested against Hapna's cover illos - this Spring they had pictures of rocket giants (with

Lumbering atomic power???) down on earth.

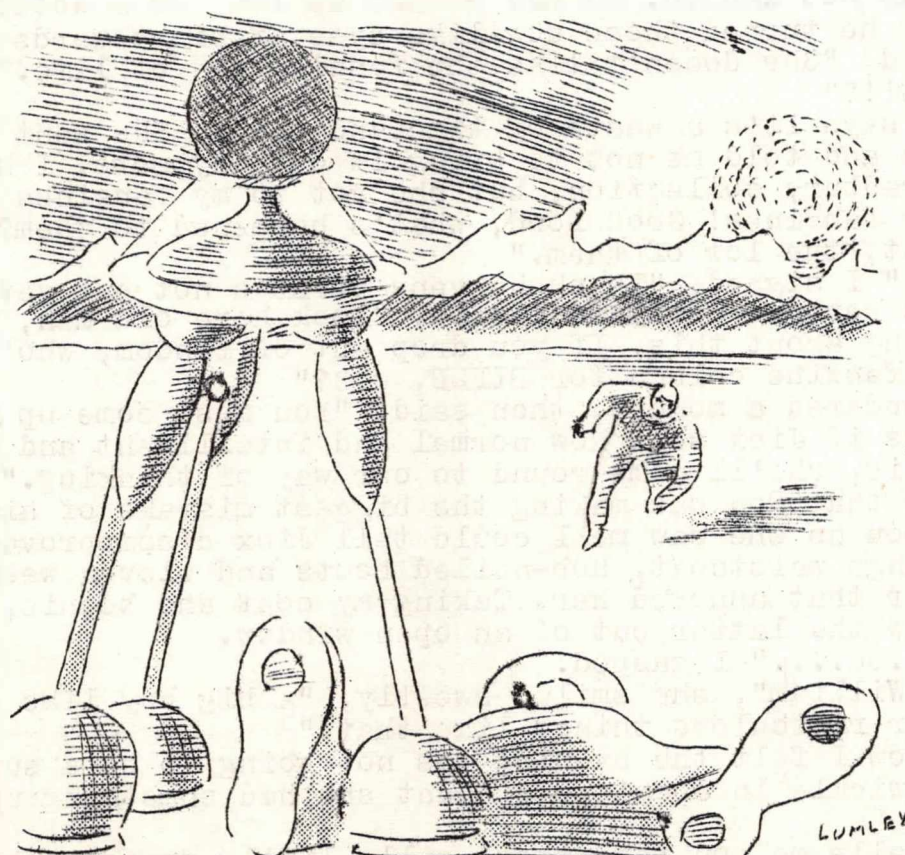
Offically that first SF convention in Sweden ended at five o'clock, but most of us stayed a further few hours.

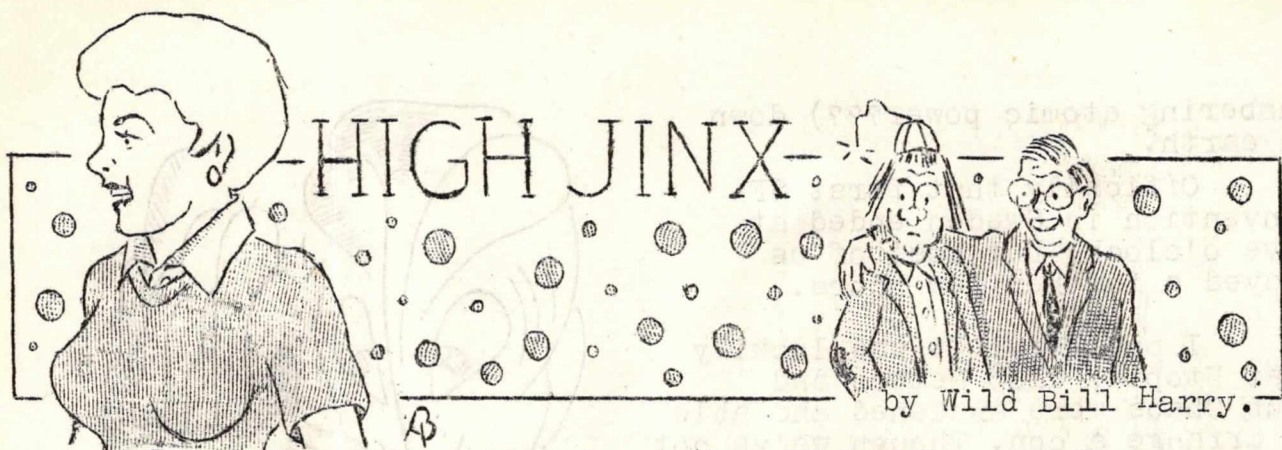
I must say: It was luckily that Utopia, club Meteor and Club Chaos were awakened and able to arrange a con. Though we've not totally reached what we wanted, we've won a lot. Thanks to Luncon the relations and contacts between fans will be much nbetter, and

SWEDISH FANDOM HAS TAKEN A GREAT STEP FORWARD...



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Ron had not been his abnormal self lately, and I was worried. He was moody and morose, and when he came to the meetings he just found himself a corner and sat there, drinking - of all things - cider. He didn't bother joining in the conversation, didn't take down any interlineations for FLOY, and throughout the course of the evening wouldn't crack a pun. He was on edge and seemed more than a little nervous.

The matter came to a head when he spilled cider over me.

"Ghod man, your hands are shaking. What's up with you, no sleep? Married life not agreeing with you? Why not try a cup of hot Horlicks..."

He was not amused. He had a face as long as a wooden plank.

Sadly he turned those dog-like eyes of his towards me. "It's Jinx", he said, "She doesn't like the fannish way of life."

"What!!?"

"She says it's a waste of time and money. She sent back all the PLOY subs and told me not to bring it out any more. I had to lock up my Bradbury collection, but she got to my fanzines instead."

"Your fanzines! Good Lord, what's happened to them?"

"Burnt, the lot of them."

"God!" I sighed, "Thank heavens BIPED's not out yet." Then, taking a more serious attitude I said, "Look here old man, we'll have to do something about this. If you drop out of fandom, who'll I get to write the fanzine column for BIPED, huh?"

He pondered a moment, then said, "You must come up to the house. Perhaps if Jinx sees how normal and intelligent and healthy a fan really is, she'll come round to our way of thinking." I couldn't help thinking that Ron was making the biggest mistake of his life.

As soon as she saw me I could tell Jinx dissapproved. Maybe it was my orange waistcoat, hob-nailed boots and eleven weeks' growth of hair that annoyed her. Taking my coat and beanie, she promptly threw the latter out of an open window.

"Bu...bu...." I gasped.

"Now William", she smiled sweetly, "A big boy like you shouldn't wear ridiculous things like that."

Somehow I felt the evening was not going to be a success -- for us. The twinkle in Joan's eye meant she had something up her sleeve.

Ron tells me you read those silly little space books too."

I spluttered in my cocoa, "Silly little space books! Evidently you haven't come across "Earth Abides". Now there's an intelligent, well-written novel. It's all about..."

"That's the one about the man running round America with a hammer isn't it? I remember struggling through it, so long and boring. I made Ron exchange it for a WOMAN'S WEEKLY. By the way, dear," she said, turning to the genius, "How do you like my new hat? To think I made enough money to buy such a lovely thing from selling those books in the cupb..."

"Not my BRADBURY'S ????" expostulated Ron.

"No dear, all those old....er - Astoundings. They couldn't have been of much value, they were almost twenty years old."

A waxen look polished Ron's face, and he didn't speak for another hour.

"Science - Fiction," continued Jinx, "is so.... so Fantastic! Have you read those awful things by Vargo Statten and that Gridban fellow?"

"Very Fearny," I muttered under my breath, but said aloud, "Don't you read any GOOD s-f?"

"But there isn't any good science-fiction, it's all so mundane and silly."

"What about, "The War of the Worlds?"

"That wasn't science-fiction, H.G.Wells wrote that, and you don't think an author of his calibre would write the silly stuff Ron reads."

After cocoa I looked at the television. I could still hear Ron's heavy breathing, he must have been under some sort of strain.

"Oh dear", said Jinx, "I forgot to tell you, the man who comes round for rags and bottles took that old flatbed thing of yours away for those books in the bookcase."

"What!!!"

"Very good of him really, it was cluttering up the place."

"You gave him the rest of my collection too??"

"Well I had to give him something for taking away that thing didn't I ?"

On a sudden inclination, Ron went into another room, and there was the sound of keys fumbling for a cupboard door. Later I heard a horrible, nerve-racking scream. I jumped.

"Don't bother to get up William, Ron's frequently like this."

I was tense, nervous, hunched up in my chair, the sweat dripping down my face. Five horrible minutes walked by.

I heard a noise and looked up. He was standing, or rather sagging in the doorway. His hair drooped down around his ears, and his hands were twitching, twitching.

... ..

Ron's back with us once more, filling the Liverpool clubrooms with his lousy puns, but he is outpunned by our newest member Joan Bennett, PLOY's associate editor. Joan has a fabulous collection of Bradbury which she said she bought at the church jumble sale, and she has a magnificent mint collection of Astoundings, which she said she got off the ragman.

A strange world isn't it?



STRANGE ADVENTURES

in

SCIENCE FICTION



Reviewed by Jack Williams.

There are nine stories in this Groff Conklin anthology published by Grayson and Grayson at 9/6d, each greatly different from the rest in style, theme and length. Three of the stories are taken from *Astounding*, two from *Thrilling Wonder*, and one each from *Galaxy*, *If*, *Wonder Stories* and of all sources, *Punch*.

The book starts off with a pleasant enough tale, *THE BOX* by James Blish. New York is completely besieged, completely surrounded -- by an almost invisible dome. You can't get through the barrier. "You stick your hand in, you draw back a bloody stump." Oxygen is running short within the city. And it's up to resonance engineer, Jake Meister and the Screen Team to break the blockade. If you like scientific science fiction you'll like this story and its ultimate solution. I could kick myself for not seeing through the red herrings.

If *THE BOX* is scientific, then *CATCH THAT MARTIAN* by Damon Knight is fantastic. The setting is again New York. An alien entity who can pitch people into another dimension is loose in the city. Human trivialities, like crumpling paper in a theatre, annoy him. There is the discrepancy that if the other dimension is, as is suggested, moving slowly away from its Earthly parallel, it does not stand to reason that "All I've got to do is wait." I can't give more away than that; you'll have to read it yourself.

David H. Keller's *THE DOORBELL* is the best story in the collection, and is also the best I've yet read by Keller. It's fantastic, certainly, but on the whole it is made up from ingredients one expects to find in *ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE*. Here we have cold and calculated murder connected with a doorbell and an electro-magnet. And a very ably constructed story.



If THE DOORBELL is the best in the book, then Theodore Sturgeon's NEVER UNDERESTIMATE...is not far behind. A lot has been written about sex in science fiction and how it is permissible if it is an integral part of the story. Here Sturgeon analyses woman's mastery, through desirability, over man, and how such desirability can be controlled. A very interesting item.

The contribution from PUNCH is a vignette by W. Hilton-Young, which is described in the book's 'Blurb' as a "chiller". This is THE CHOICE which half appears to be of the tongue-in-cheek genre we expect from PUNCH. I suppose if you've spilled tea at breakfast, missed the 8.15 to town by the skin of your teeth and have had the quarterly electricity bill, you might well be in the frame of mind to see the fatality of this theme.

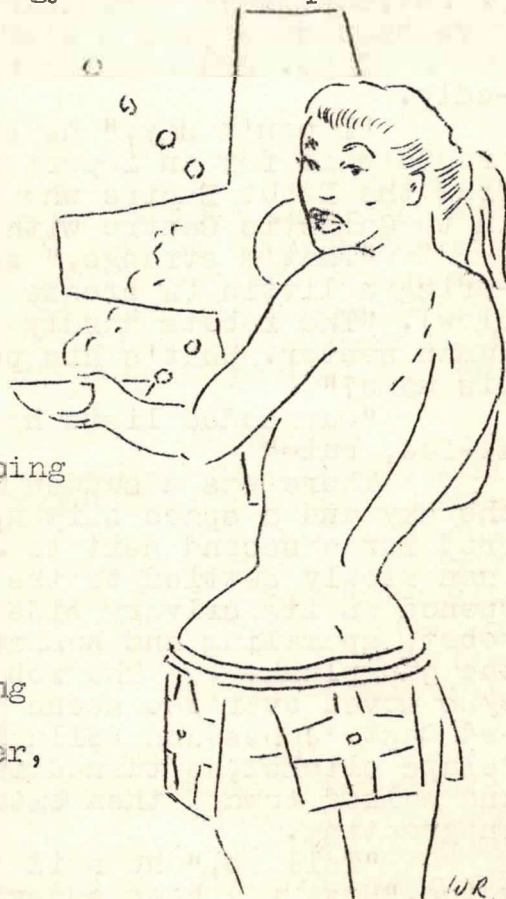
ENVIRONMENT by Chester S. Geier is a story written in a poetic style. It promises a lot in its opening pages. But we've read this sort of thing before. A pity. It prejudices one so.

I've always liked John D. MacDonald's stories, since I read RING AROUND THE REDHEAD. In SPECTATOR SPORT he is again in a watered-down-Frederick Brown mood showing what happens when Dr. Rufus Maddon travels through time to a world very reminiscent of LIMBO 90.

The next ninety pages of the anthology are taken up with A.E. Van Vogt's RECRUITING STATION which runs out of interest after twenty sides. It is typical of the author that he casts out, like a ticker tape machine working overtime, enough detailed ideas to supply many an author with full length stories for months. But the overall feeling is that Van Vogt can do better. This one is too ordinary, too pulpish.

As is the remaining story, a disappointing ending to a delicious beginning and complicated setting. Murray Leinster's PLAGUE shows how outlawed spaceman Ben Sholto discovers, while escaping from the Galactic Commission, how to cure a plague which is killing millions. The subplot setting of appeal against brass hats and red tape is rather overdone and lacks sincerity.

Apart from the stories by Sturgeon and Keller this is in no way an outstanding collection and I can't recommend it as such. It is certainly worth reading however, on a long train journey or during a wet winter evening.



Nocturne on Dehlevi

by Dave Jenrette.

Capt. Uranus Jones strode out of the spaceship and into the night of the planet Dehlevi. The stars were gorgeously arranged and the air was balmy.

He felt a touch on his arm and saw that it was Miss Bella Donna, one of the women passengers.

She was somewhat inadequately dressed, but hardly anyone objected, and it was rather warm.

"When are we leaving this damned planet, Captain?" she asked sweetly. "We have been here over a week now."

Capt. Jones shook his head dejectedly.

"I can't say," he said. "Our orders are to wait for an important delegate from the Robot Empire who wants to ride in to Galactic Centre with us."

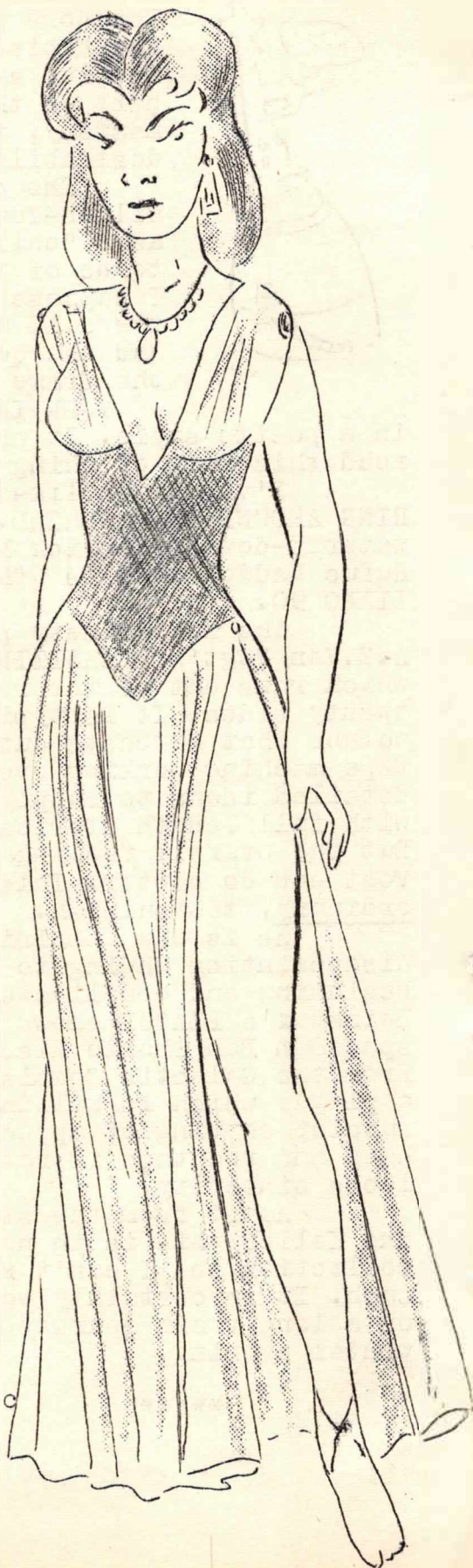
"That's strange," she said, shivering a little (A breeze had begun to blow). "The robots hardly ever visit the human sector. What's his purpose? What's his name?"

"Our coded lists have his name as Ee-Lee, but--"

There was a sudden flash across the sky and a space ship appeared. It hovered for a second next to Jones' ship and then slowly settled to the sward. A door opened on its silvery side and a huge robot, sparkling and humming, strode down the gangplank. The robot's faceted eyes moved over the scene and then detected Capt. Jones and Bella Donna. Several relays clicked, he turned in their direction, and walked toward them extending his hand in greeting.

"Tell me," he said in his low metallic voice, "Have you been enjoying yourselves while waiting on Dehlevi for the Robot Ee-Lee?"

Bella smiled a sweet smile.



TERRAGRAPH



The lettercolumn - conducted by the Doddering Maestro himself.

JOY CLARKE. Catford, London. S.E.6. Who is this Jack Michael in the last Camber? What might I ask was wrong with "You've heard of coal barges, now look at Don's feet"? It seems to me a comment on size, nothing else... what's dirty about that? Furthermore, there is a definite and enormous difference between snogging, necking, lovemaking, and whatever Jack Michael seems to have in his dirty mind. If he can't bear to see a couple kiss each other, he'd better go into a monastery... which is more or less all that that the first three (When used in this context) mean.

Secondly my report is not only misquoted but misinterpreted. Because he wasn't there he could hardly know that the snogging in the first sentence quoted regarding the coat was merely kissing and that there were about a dozen or more people in the room. Secondly, as to losing one of my nylons, I was playing strip poker in a room with approximately 50 other people in it and the remark "I had lost -oh well never mind" referred to the items, such as a belt, handkerchief, a pair of shoes and two nylons. The mere fact that one nylon disappeared from the floor where it was placed is hardly sufficient to give rise to the idea that I was being promiscuous in such publicity. Jack's friend who made the comments strikes me as one who would not be averse to an ordinary petting-party (of the minor variety as one read of before the war) and yet he thinks that we carry things farther? Hasn't it occurred to Michael that all this happens with at least a dozen people in one room, and the mere fact that it might be a bedroom is not sufficient reason to damn the occurrence. After all a bedroom is more comfortable to sit and drink and spiel and SNOG (Yes, I said snog so be damned to you Michael) in than a public bar with hard chairs. So foosh to him! as LeeH would say.

Furthermore I might point out that Tedd Tubb never accused fandom of being perverts and sex maniacs. He was on about jazz maniacs, which he lumped together with perverts and sex maniacs. It's about time Michael boiled his head - if he added some detergent he might remove some of the filth from it that he tries to wipe off on other people's writings. He who would evil think.....or.....Evil be to him who evil thinks. ((Or hell hath no fury like a woman scorned??))



Letters - ah I love letters. Any fanzine that contains letters and especially one that is all letters, fills my heart with glee. I love to read other people's mail.but with one exception.....Jack Mi...oh, you know?

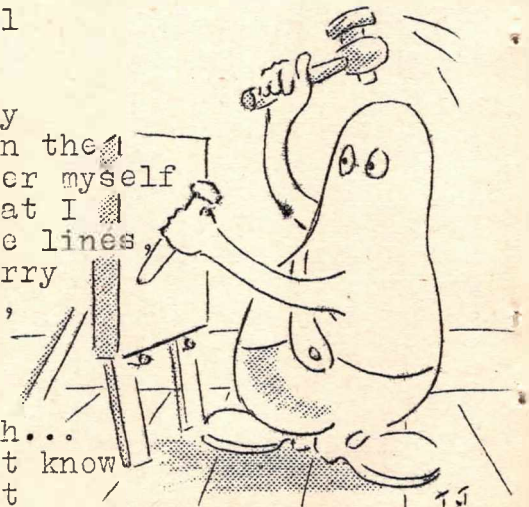
Bill Harry is good isn't he? He reminds me vaguely of Harry Turner's work and possibly with a lot of practise he'll be as good as Harry one day.... which of course Jack M. couldn't possibly be with his mind. ((Strange you should mention about the similarity between Bill and Harry Turner because Dean Grennell asked a while back whether the bacover of the last Camber was done by Harry Turner or not - but it was Bill Harry)).

I'm quite a relic: I was filling up paper when Harlan Ellison was still filling up diapers, and to much the same effect. Robert Bloch.....

JOHN BERRY. Belfast, Northern Ireland. Camber received, read and very much digested. Truth to tell, I liked it a lot, as far as appearance is concerned, the semi stiff covers are a great innovation. It is a mystery to me how you try. to get them through your duper. (I let 'em run through like ordinary paper or if that fails I take the feed mechanism out and push 'em in by hand. The Roneo 500 is pretty adaptable)) I use the machine in the office, flogging myself to death during my dinner hour, ((Shake hands with another member of the club)), and once I tired to get some thick card through the machine with a view to putting hard covers in RETRIBUTION. In the exhuberance of the moment, I switched the machine on, instead of using my limited intelligence and running off a few by hand first to see if it worked. The mechanic was very kind about it, and said he was due to examine the machine within the month anyway, so I was lucky that time... and Ret had soft covers.

Arthur illoed my thing with his usual brilliance, I told you he would be able to follow my queer looking directions and I must add a word of praise about the bacover illo by Bill Harry. I also complimented Ron Bennett on the Harry illos in PLOY. I am something of a drawer myself --more of a mechanical drawer, if you know what I mean, and it pleases me to see such deft, sure lines, drawn with undoubted skill and imagination. Terry Jeeves draws with a much more sensitive stylo, nevertheless a pleasing one.

It is refreshing to know that you CORRESPOND WITH BLOCH. I am envious. Tell you the truth, Alan, I am afraid to write to Bloch... to even send him a copy of my fanzine. I don't know why. He seems such an imposing figure, I can't think why anyone should want to pickle him. In my humble way of thinking, to even get on the bottom step of the long, loong BNF ladder, one must have at least had a postcard from Bloch.



ROBERT BLOCH, Weyauwega, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

The Berry item was fine. Have just finished my umpteenth column for IMAGINATION and am surprised at all the times I've had occasion to mention Berry. Tell him for me that BNF-dom is not attained through name-dropping or contacts with the so-called inner circle: it is reached through creative achievement. And if such is the case, then he's surely a BNF, because for the past year he has consistently turned out a high quality of entertaining material in a volume unexceeded by even the 1952-4 Willis. As for corresponding with me -- hah! You know what nonsense that is. Truth to tell, I'm a fake BNF. Just a pro who likes fans, rather than "fanning".

Grennell's home town, Fond Du Lac by the way, derives from a French expression, and means "Up the creek". Hoping you are the same..

.....Only Ellis, Woody, Jim and I, you, Ron and Jansen know the real facts on this thing and I'm hoping it won't leak out: GREG BENFORD.

ARCHIE MERCER. North Hykeham, Lincoln. I'm sorry to say the last Camber wasn't a patch on its immediate predecessor. This issue seems like an exceedingly truncated corpse. Talking of corpses, I have no objection to either of those displayed on the exterior. That Bill Harry can compete on even terms with such a practised drawer of the female form as Terry Jeeves says a lot for Bill Harry. Highly commended.

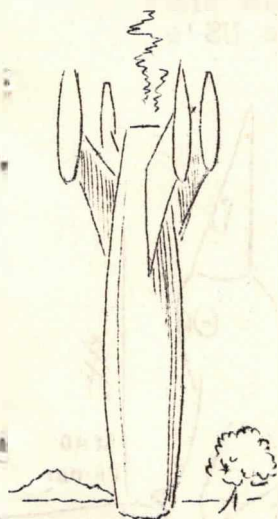
The pages you perversely term "one" and "two" respectively are really pretty good. This business of you being the only true Dodd *****
.....A Dodd among Dodds.....

intrigues me no end. Where does one find the thereby deduced False Dodds? False Bennetts I have heard of, but not Dodds. ((That's just it - I am not a Dodds I am a Dodd -- the only true one.))

Then to Robert Coulson. Some relation to Juanita of that ilk, one would suppose. Husband maybe, brother possibly, son not very likely, grandson even less so. Or nephew, uncle, cousin or what have you. ((He happens to be Juanita's ever loving spouse.)) Anyway I like his snippets but I wish they were fewer but longer.

.....Cliff Gould owns almost nothing.....Ron Ellik.

CON TURNER. Waldrige Fell, Chester Le Street, Co. Durham. Many thanx for thish of CAMBER, which true to tradition, immediately shed all its staples as soon as I opened it. ((Why don't you read it without opening it - then it wouldn't fall to pieces)) Maybe this is a crafty ploy



AUSTRALIA
IN '58

designed by you to confuse reviewers and rival eds? You highly cunning devil Dodd.

The cover, I must be honest, I thought stank. It was so very much the same as the last one. The bacover I liked a great deal more, and think it would be better on the front, so as the pages were all loose, I swapped covers. O.k.? The cartoons and artwork in general were pretty good, I like this Eddie Jones lad. Brian Lumley? Tell me, what part of the country is he from?((Co. Durham same as you!)) Seems I have heard the name before.

.....I don't make a habit of writing insulting letters -- except to you.....BOYD RAEBURN.

GEORGE LYE. Elvet Bridge, Durham City, Co. Durham. Re your editorial remarks in CAMBER No.6. You state that the Gestalters will roll up on a No. 10. bus, This statement is incorrect.

The Gestalters will roll up on a No. 11. bus.
((Ahem..))

.....Boulder City is not a small town - it is microscopic -Jerry Merrill.....

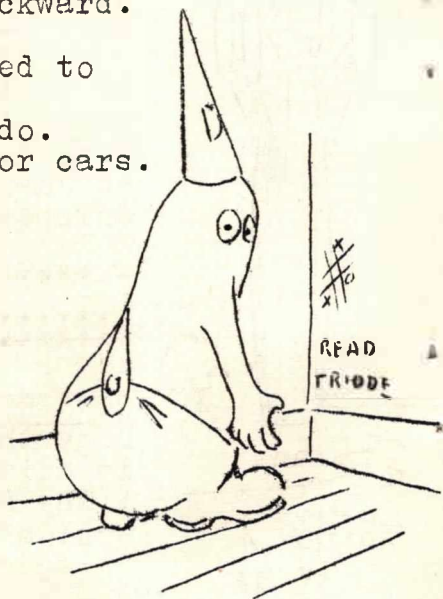
I make no apologies for any spelling mistakes in the next letter, it is exactly as written by our old friend:-

RICK SNEARY. SOUTH GATE, California, U.S.A.

Your editorial points up another fact supporting the case that English fandom is now at a simular level to what was the US's Third or Fourth Fandom. Let me quickly say that I do not think or mean to imply that you are backward. Just that your cycle development is later than ours. Personally, I, and other fans I have talked to over here, only wish we could join you, as you chaps seem to have a much better times than we do.

But, the point in question was about motor cars. Now, nearly all the fans around here own cars. Even I have a 1950 Cheve'((This I have to see)) But when I was first becoming active in 1946-48 when fan production and activity were very high here -- almost no one had cars... So, as things follow their course, English fandom will have cars intime....((I doubt it somehow with the current price of petrol)) But, chances are you will be an ex-fan then..

This Berry has gone far enough.. It was funny when he pictured BoSh as a gluten. Or told of Whites lowness. Or even pictured Harris's depravity. That he pictures all the



female members of the Wheels of IF as dumb stooges..But now he has suggested that Willis is cheep..This cuts to the very heart of fandom.. Willis is my friend.. He is famous. Burbee has said he was a good man. And Burbee has impeccable taste. Someone should warn Thomson to cut himself loose. Berry is sealing his own doom.. Some day we may import him half way to America..

((Y'know Rick. If I were Walt Willis -- I'd feel rather proud of having you as my friend.))

.....VOTE FOR boyd raeburn -- AND KEEP IT IN THE EMPIRE

WARREN F. LINK. Abington, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Camber arrived a few days back in a rather polite looking envelope. I removed it from same and found that the staples disintegrated promptly on cue. Let me tell you that there was no compunction whatsoever about the way those staples disintegrated and detached themselves from the magazine proper. It was truly a sight to behold. After much meditation I have decided that Camber is a basically insecure zine, and the staple antics are merely a frustrated process whereby your publication reproduces itself. Yes, I rather think it is trying to produce loads and loads of little Cambers which will shortly run rampant in number -- having a distinct advantage over stable and more sterile fanzines. Son, you're a genius.
((Thank you dad - I wonder when someone would realise it)).

Liberace was born in Milwaukee, yes. I am more interested in where he's going to die. ROBERT BLOCH.

BILL HARRY. Parliament Street, Liverpool 8.

I didn't think Camber 6 was as good as Camber 5, just as I thought the latest Ploy wasn't as good as Ploy 5. But that doesn't mean I didn't enjoy it. The first thing that struck me was the American atmosphere. About 75% of the material was shipped from Stateside. Not that I particularly object to such material but because I think a British zine should be mainly British, simply because there are already about four times as many American 'zines being produced as there are British ones. Camber is like a B.R.E. Another thing that comes under the heading of "Too much" are the columns. Because there are so many of them the zine lacks variety. Hope you keep that in mind for the next ish.

((I don't really think you can call Camber a British Reprint Edition of any American fanzine because all the material I use is original and not from some other fanzine. The plain truth of the matter is that apart from John Berry and Ron Bennett there aren't really many British fans writing for other people's fanzines nowadays. They mostly write for their own fanzines if they write at all. I get my material from the best possible sources available to me regardless of what country it emanates from. Another point too is that a larger amount of people in the U.S. than here get Camber and the material should really be something that appeals to them as well. If I can get good British material I'll use it. Now for the fmz reviews and letters see TAKE-OFF..

CAMBER

