

CAMBER



-BILL HARRY-





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CAMBER is a Doddering Production edited, produced, directed and created by The Only True Dodd:-

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

CAMBER is produced with almost criminal irregularity and sells for 1/- (15¢) a copy. Free for contributors and traded for almost anything, other fanzines welcomed. Also from the same address TAKE-OFF with a run down on all current fanzines and covers by Eddie Jones. 9d(15¢).

### ART EDITORS:

Terry Jeeves.

Bill Harry.

Eddie Jones.

Without whose help nothing could be done.

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# DODDERINGS

(This is Brigitte Bardot--



BY ALAN DODD.

The world of fantasy is not always restricted to the printed page methinks. Now you take the evening a short while back when I was on my way back from a small town some miles out from Hoddesdon. It was a dark night as it always is unfortunately in this place in the winter. It is dark when you get up and dark when you go to bed. The nights may not be six months long in Hoddesdon but there are times when it seems that way.

I was sitting in the bus rumbling its slow way through the countless tiny stops before you get anywhere near to Hoddesdon when a little old man boarded the bus carrying a huge, rusty old hurricane lamp. The conductor looked at it suspiciously. The passengers sniffed at it distrustingly. More curious looks.

Half an hour later the old man gets up to get off the now crowded bus, pushes his way forward and the conductor remarks:-

"Make way for Aladdin please".

After which illuminating remark I'll continue with this article. Since I usually run out of space with some of the CAMBER editorial articles, this one will be a little longer in response to a number of requests from one or two people and because there is a dearth of material in British fandom at the moment. Good material anyway. Everybody in British fandom died after the Worldcon -- people just didn't seem to write to each other anymore. The only ones who continued without being tainted by this strange and mysterious disease were myself and John Berry, neither of whom attended the convention. Everybody else died. Bennett lives a little but I'm not even sure of him either. What happened to all of you, eh boys?

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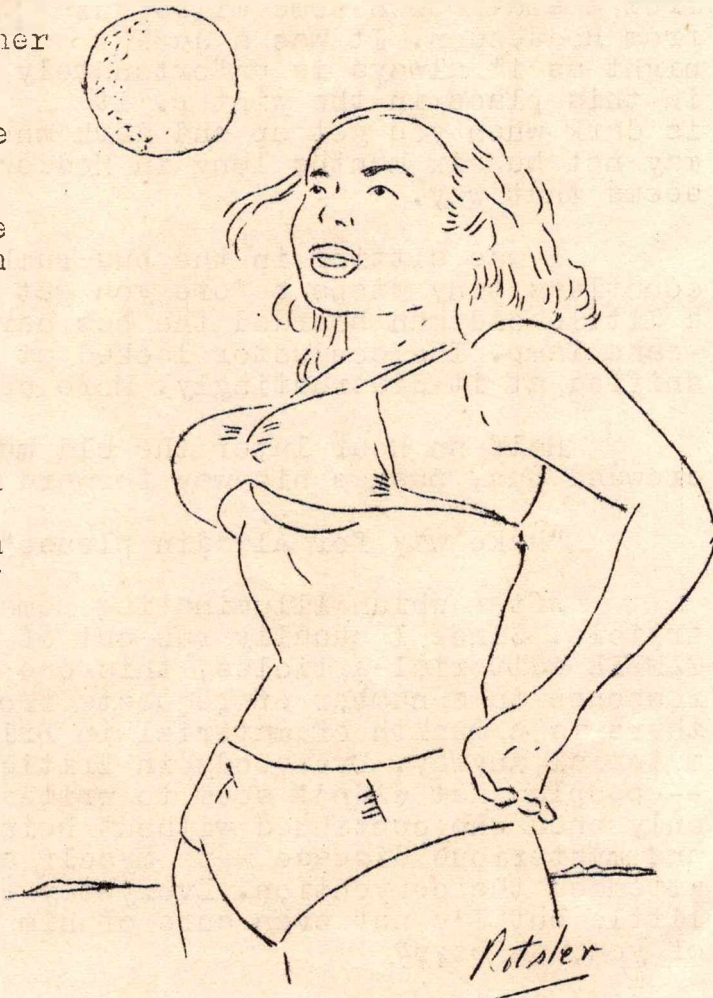
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I suspected at first the reason might be monetary and I still think so after looking at the grossly exorbitant postal rates of last October. Let us just look at a few of the vast and glaring incongruities in the new system. Previously the U.S.A. was classed as "Commonwealth" for postage rates and it cost the same to send a letter to someone in Oshkosh, Wisconsin as it did to someone in Coulsdon, Surrey - 2½d for a two ounce letter. Now a British letter costs 3d for one ounce and a letter to the U.S. surface mail costs 6d for one ounce. This means that a two ounce letter to the U.S., surface mail, now costs 10d which is four times the original amount. This is also the price for any other country excluding "Commonwealth". You can send a one ounce letter half way round the world to New Zealand for 3d or even to Canada for the same amount but if you want to send it to France a mere 20 miles across the Channel it will cost you twice that amount. Which brings us again to the interesting point of two small towns on either side of the Canadian/American border. If you live on the Canada side I can write you for 3d but if you live 200 yards down the street which is the American side, it'll cost me twice as much for those few yards. Another interesting point now is the method of mailing at the same cost. It costs 6d for a surface letter in which you can put enclosures - or you can use an air-form letter which costs the same price but must not contain any enclosures. So what to do?

Now printed matter is affected to a large degree that some people may not have realised yet. Previous rate 2d for four ounces plus ½d for each additional two ounces. Now 2d for two ounces and 1d for each consecutive ounce. Which simply means that British fanzines in the future are going to be as thin as twenty quarto pages or the editors are going to face up to a bill made up of so many dozens of copies at 3d each. What will they do? Reduce size to 20 pages? Or pay out? We'll see soon.

Of course, you could send overseas letters inside printed matter but that's illeg.....  
Ahem.





At a Xmas preceeded by threats of H-Bomb warfare it was good to see in London a film called GOOD-WILL TO ALL MEN. It isn't a big film and it only lasts for eight minutes but I think it is eight minutes you will remember for a long time. It is a cartoon film and its creators are the creators of M.G.M.'s lovable TOM AND JERRY series.

"What were men?" asks a mouse.

For mice and a few other small creatures are the only survivors in the wrecked world after the Russians and NATO and the SAC's 2700 Hydrogen bombers have completed their functions. Only the small remain to inherit the earth.

A mouse old enough to remember describes men and tells how all they ever did was to devise bigger and more expensive ways of blowing each other up.

Then the mice discover in the ruins an old book which the men left behind. It's title says THE BIBLE. An owl studies it.

"It seems a pretty good book of rules," he remarks sagely.

We look at the page he is reading. It is open at the page which reads quietly, THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

One of the few times that M.G.M.'s motto "Ars Gratia Artis" doesn't ring with that hollow, commercial sound.

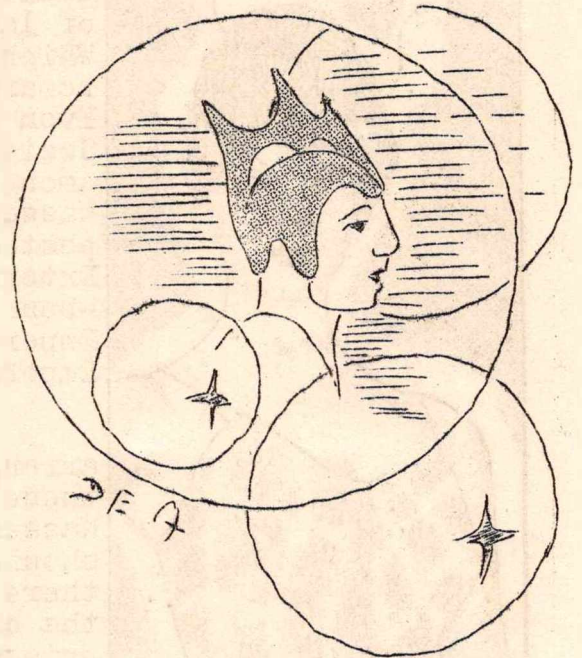
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After having seen 20th Century Fox's propaganda short THE BIG SHOW which is full of trailers I am more convinced than ever that creators should never be seen. If the people can create in the writing field, the composition field, the film field, the art field then it should only be their creations that are seen - not themselves. We see in THE BIG SHOW some such creators which should never have been seen-Darryl F.Zanuck - a broken toothed, lisping hardhead,Elia Kazan narrow and frightened and David O. Selznick the most physically repulsive slob of a man you ever saw. No -keep the creator undercover. We don't want to know about them.







Recently you may recall a group of ambitious American businessmen selling deeds of land on the Moon to unsuspecting suckers. Which is all very well, as P.T. Barnum once remarked so aptly, "Never Give A Sucker An Even Break". Now the Japanese Astronautical Society are selling deeds to land on Mars! Among the purchasers was a certain Colonel Nasser of Egypt who had a deed to 80 acres posted to him in Cairo by The Japanese External Recovery Organisation. His neighbours on Mars would be Prince Yoshi, the Emperor's son, and Prince Mikasa, the Emperor's brother.

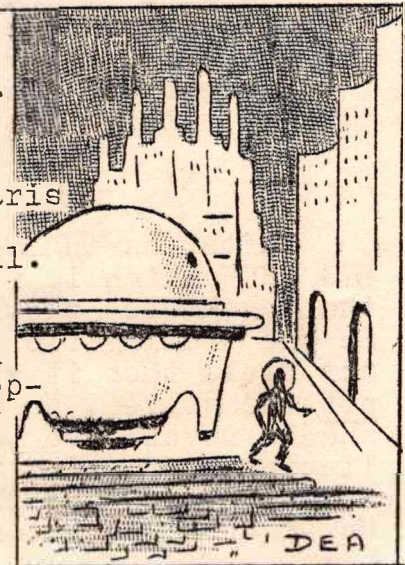
I can think of no more suitable arrangement than the grouping together of these past masters in the art of treachery Nasser and the Japanese. I trust that should there be Martians, as indeed I hope there are, they will treat both with all the courtesy that the latter treated their prisoners of war from Burma to Okinawa. For Martians' reference I would strongly recommend studying Lord Russell's KNIGHTS OF THE BUSHIDO or another author's BAMBOO AND BUSHIDO. If after that your new found neighbours stay very long I shall be most

surprised..

Science fiction would appear to be going down well in Japan - I don't know about the written kind but the filmic kind is doing tremendous business. The British film THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, unnotable save for its gore, grossed £90,000 alone in this country and specially bloody version of Dracula is already being prepared for their sadistical oriental appetites by the same studio. We others will receive the milder versions. Then again Japan makes a number of her own science fiction films HALF-HUMAN, GODZILLA, RODEN (Shown in America's Mid-West) and a sequel to Godzilla already shown in Paris under the title of RETOUR DE GODZILLA (THE RETURN OF GODZILLA) - He didn't die after all.

Why, for all we know - there might be a dozen Japanese fanzines being published in that vertical language. They may have developed as much as Swedish fandom has and nobody knows anything about it.

How do you find out such things when you start from nowhere?





Stonehenge is terribly commercialised nowadays. I visited this national monument of the oldest stones in England last summer and I was more than disappointed with them. After travelling 130 odd miles one doesn't like to be greeted with half a dozen uniformed attendants with price lists of admission and programmes and notices beginning "Thou shalt not..." Not step this side of the fence, not step over there, not go here, go through this gate. Oh yes, you can't just walk into Stonehenge because it is fenced around with wire and you have to pay admission and to me the magic of a thing no longer exists when you have to pay to see it. You could lean over the fence and see it I suppose but the fence is at least 200 yards from the actual stones. Nor do I like being told to move along if I happen to step on one of the horizontal stones on the ground.

This was the first time I had ever seen the Druid Stones and believe me it will be the last!

Take no notice of Dana Andrews in the witch cult British film NIGHT OF THE DEMON where he walks from his car up to the stones and studies them. You can't do that not without agreeing to the attendants song of "Pay Me Mah Money Down". Besides the stones aren't much to see anyway and in the daytime they are almost totally obscured by British student types looking like Ron Bennett when hiking or American tourists taking photos of other American tourists taking photos.

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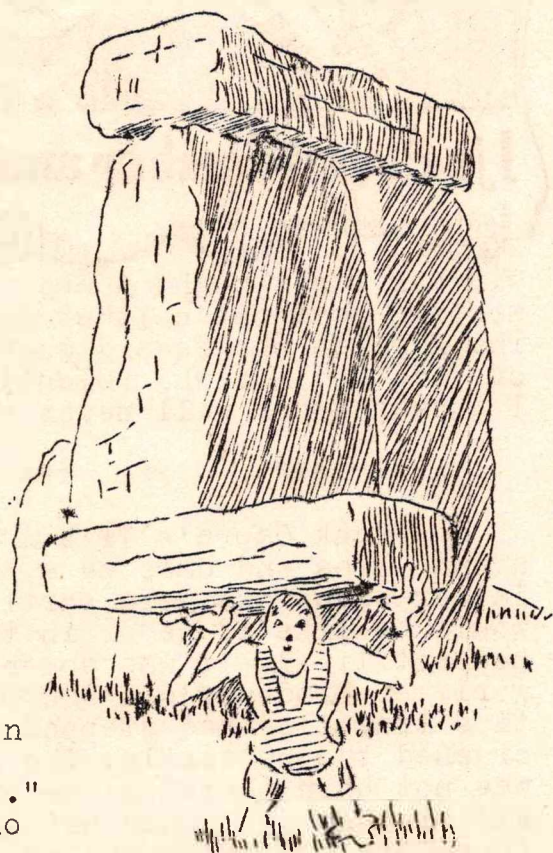
The other week I was more than surprised to find a fanzine (Bo Stenfors' SEXY VENUS) reach me from Sweden Sweden with the address "Mr. Alan Dodd, Camber Editor, Hoddesdon, Hearts, England." It seems unusual to me because there is no street or house number on that address and in a town of about 14,000 people it would have made it a bit difficult to find me. So--I'm left with one conclusion or two I should say a) The Post Office recognises me. b) I am the only Dodd in Hoddesdon. Who will ever know? On the other hand it could be I get all the strange foreign mail that the post office isn't sure where it goes. They are pretty wonderful at times even though their accountancy department stinks.

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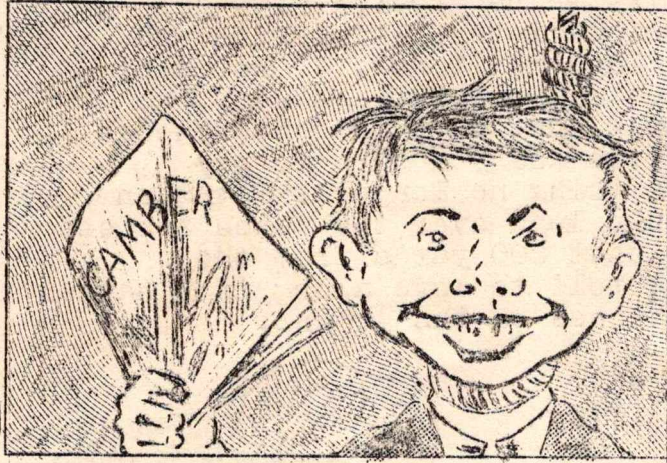
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# Idon't want to be King Kong



I jus' read Camber and forget!

Eddie Lickert  
MAD

CAMBER

Windsor was thought to be funnier. Which brings us to the East meeting West and neither understanding each other's humour. The English who regard such Royal subjects as taboo for any kind of joke and MAD who relentlessly parodies anyone and everyone. I guess humour will never be quite international.

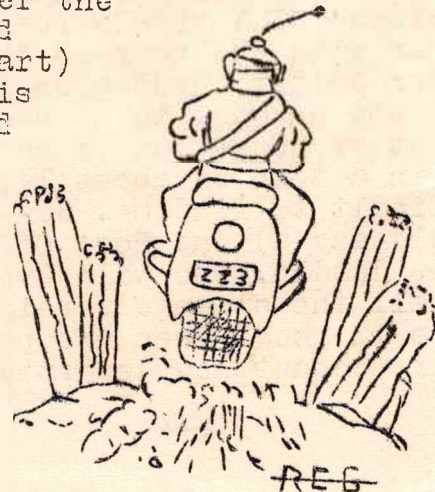
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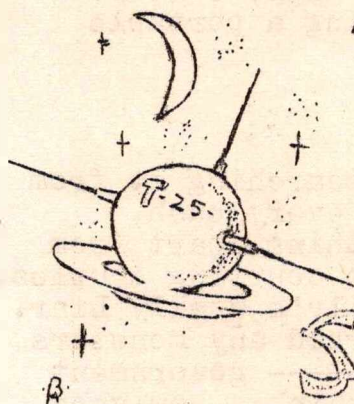
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Frank Capra's IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE was shown on television around Xmas and came as a breath of magic from the past: It's latter sequences were particularly good showing what the world would be like if we or in this case the hero of the film had not lived. It was somehow like watching the world of Bradbury's A SOUND OF THUNDER after the time traveller had stepped off the path and crushed the butterfly. The hero (James Stewart) was not born therefore he could not save his kid brother who could not grow up and could therefore not pilot the warplane that shot down a kamikaze about to dive on a troop transport. Therefore the men on board were all killed, so... A wonderful life yes, and a wonderful film. Along with the Alexander Korda films also showing on television THE JUNGLE BOOK, THE DRUM etc. it would appear the magic of films is coming back. Not to the cinema again - but to television.. And so I finish again for another issue and ride off into the West.....







# THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST SATELLITE MOON



Title by Alan Dodd: Story by Bill Harry.  
♠ (Translated from the Russian)

April 39th. 1985. 73.4 hours L.M.T.

The bomb was tested today, exactly 1.34 hours L.M.T. to the decimal point. We who saw it cannot describe such a sight. We will wait till morning and read the papers.

April 40. 1985. 29.5 hours L.M.T.

The Liverpool Evening Post describes it as "... a huge coconut shaped firecracker thing, which upon being exploded set fire to two billion acres of forest on the Hillabillong Islands, thus ruining their matchstick industry. The Hillabillong Islanders are suing the B----- government." The Mudcaster Chronicle " a huge toadstool shaped conical, which is the shape of doom for this world. It is the beginning of the end, my friends, the end of civilisation. There is no hope, no possible salvation. The bomb will bring you a horrible, painful death --- kill yourselves before it is too late!" The Children's Newspaper ".....ooooohh, gluggggg, Maaa, oooohhh!" .... But the newspapers all agreed on one thing, the life insurance policy industry was doomed.

April 50. 1985. 57.6 hours. L.M.T.

An expedition was sent out to the Hillabillong Islands today, to explore the bombed area in search of ..... yes, that's right. Who knows what creatures from below the Earth have been awakened from centuries of rest by the noise of, the dreaded Tittinabolomonic 24701.3? I was the leader of the expedition (of course) and the others in the party were Professor Chalmer-Smurd-Schnuck, and his beautiful daughter Mamie Van Pog, Reggie Popples (Whom I did not trust), Bobbie the walking robot brain, and four hundred and eleven native guides, a beauty queen from Pudwalla, a cycle touring team, three charwomen from Bermondsey, and Robin Hood.



We also brought along a pig called Porky, in case the food supply ran out. Most of the party were armed with elephant guns, Colt revolvers, Davy Crockett pistols --- and I was carrying a portable Tittinabolomobomic 24701.3 in a sleeping bag.

May 1. 1985. 79.3 hours L.M.T.

For thirty days we have scoured the island, searching it from end to end. We've looked under every stone, prodded every bush, damned every stream -----and have found nothing. Nothing apart from three dozen rusty threepenny bits, a pogo stick, two courting couples, a toothpick, a ball of chewing gum and a copy of Billy's Weekly Liar. I do not think the Tittinabolomonomic 24701.3 disturbed any monsters from their centuries of rest at all, I think the B----- government have been seeing too many science fiction films; I think....omighod what's that noise, that horrible, bestial, unutterable, unearthly shriek!

May 1. 1985. 32.7 hours L.M.T.

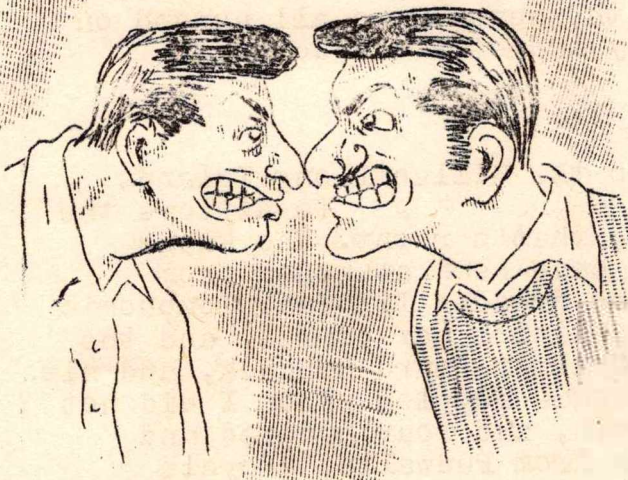
It was only Mrs. Scroggins -- one of the charwomen from Bermondsey, being accosted by Bobbie, the walking robot brain.

May 2. 1985. 6.79 hours L.M.T.

There is definitely no sign of a beast on the surface of the island. I have sent a cable to the F.M. requesting that a boat of navvies be sent across on the 6.5 special ferry. They will dig the island up. If they do not find anything besides worms, I will order the expedition back. In the meantime I must see to the welfare of my party --- a leader must mix with the men, and, er.... the women. Mamie Van Pog, a beautiful, Hollywood type blonde, is very lonely, I imagine. Perhaps she would like some masculine company.

May 3. 1985. 4.189 hours L.M.T.

The dastard! I didn't trust Popples from the start, I should have known he'd make a play for that cute trick. The cad! But I soon put it to an end, I speared the black-guard through the heart with my rapier-cum-walking-stick. That'll teach him not to go after the women in future. The navvies had no luck, I ordered them back. I ordered everyone back, with the exception of Mamie Van Pog and myself.





Some last minute calculations have to be made before I leave the island, and I needed a female Professor's daughter to help me out (I don't mean the daughter of a female professor, I mean a female daughter of a Professor.) We are alone in the tent. Mamie is figuring the calculations, I am figuring my chances. I turn on the radio. It is the Third Programme.. "And now ladies and gentlemen, before we continue with the Elwood Pretzel half-hour-----the commercials." And a horrid rhyme....

"Peter Pepper picked  
A Davy Crockett lemon-coloured  
cement-mixer(sports model)....."

...began to come on, sung by The Four Things. I turned it off. I turned on the Fourth Programme, I wanted romantic music. The Test Match was on the Fourth. I turned to the Fifth ---a pitchfork padding contest. The Sixth ----- The Blubbers' Opera: Seventh, theme song of the Gingleham Girl Pipers--"The Muckshifters March to Mindinoa." The Eighth programme held my interest.

"...the phantom was seventy four feet tall, and is believed to have been disturbed from its centuries long slumber by the sound of a falling feather dropped from the top of The Empire State Building. It was immediately surrounded by men of the United States Marines, who bombarded it with neuro-comic-rays... which had no effect. The thing then gobbled up everything in sight, and dived into the Atlantic Ocean, heading for London Bridge. Halfway across the Ocean it changed course, and is now heading for the Hillabillong Islands." Mamie had heard it too, she panicked, shrieked with fright, cringed, cried, hollered, and then made a dive for the one-seater, atomic-powered bob-sleigh on the jetty. She didn't make it. I got there first.

May 4. 1985. 45.222 hours. L.M.T.

I had been too late, the ----- caught me and gobbled me up. It did not gobble Mamie Van Pog up. It fell in love with her, married her, and took her to his home 20,000 fathoms below the Earth, for a centuries long sleep-cum-honeymoon. And I am alone in the belly of this thingummybob, alone with the United States Marines, the top three stories of the Empire State Building, three lawnmowers, and fifty gallons of seawater.

I still do not trust Reggie Popples.

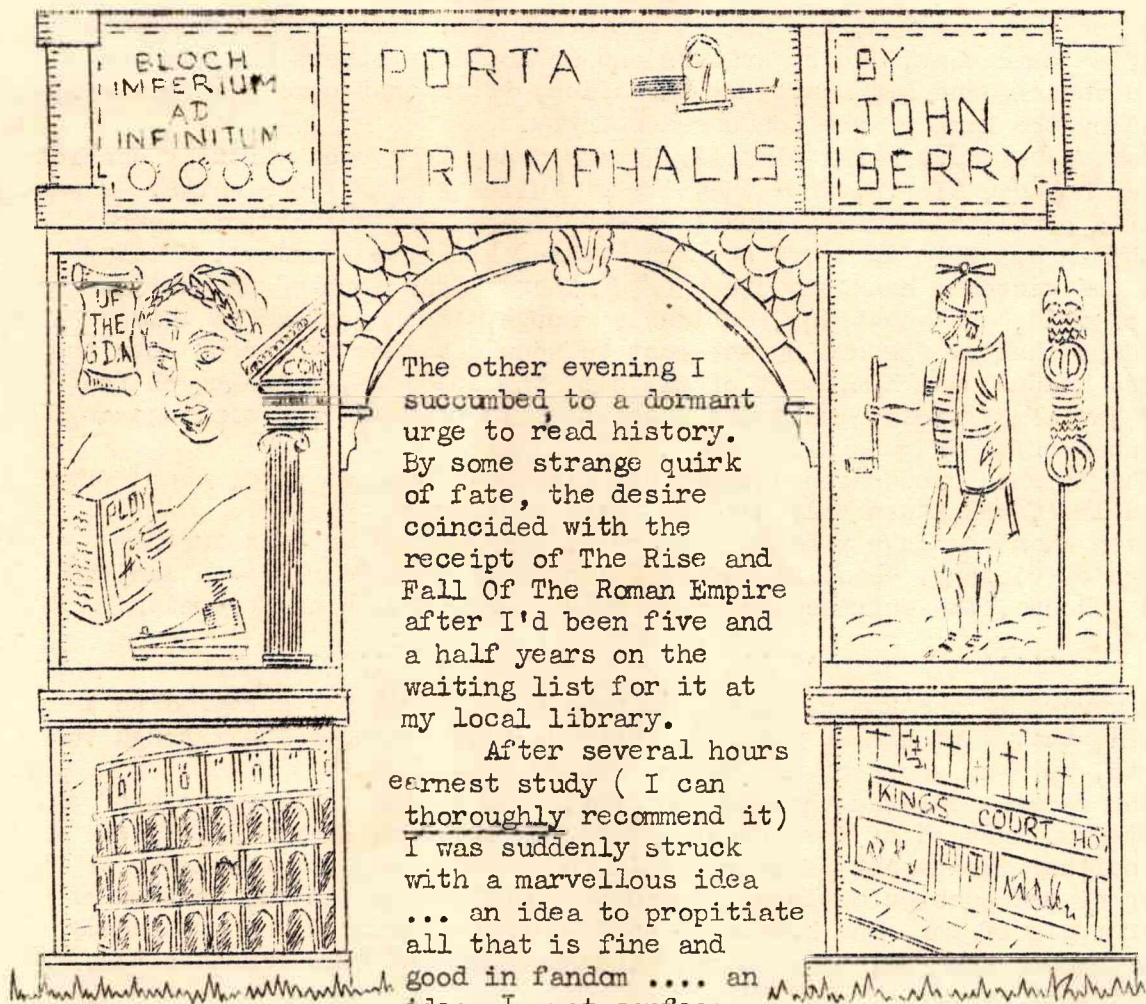
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stolen from the Romans. I'd like to go into detail about it.

You see, the Romans had a superb ego-boosting plan, and my theory is that an adaption of it could, nay, should be incorporated into fannish ritual as a means of giving egoboo in full measure when it is due.

If the intellectuals amongst you will bear with me for a few paragraphs, I'd like to give the provincials the lowdown on the Roman Egoboo Plan.

You see, every Roman General wanted to be granted the honour of a TRIUMPH. The conditions for this were so strict, however, that only rarely was a TRIUMPH obtained. There were several necessary conditions ....the victorious general must either be a Dictator, Consul or Prætor ....the victories must have been gained in person....5,000 of the enemy must have fallen in battle....a definite tract of new territory must be brought under Roman rule.

A TRIUMPH was a magnificent spectacle. On the day it was held, the whole population made holiday ....the streets were flower-strewn, statues were adorned with garlands....fires were at every altar. The triumphal procession entered the city from the Campus Martius, where the victorious general camped on the preceding night. No effort was spared to glorify the event. First in a long procession came the city magistrates. Then followed the trumpeters, sounding as for a charge. Next came the spoils taken from the enemy, drawn on chariot or by hand, together with representations of the



events of the campaign, the places captured, etc. White oxen intended for sacrifice came next, led by priests and followed by others bearing the sacred vessels and implements of sacrifice. After that came the captives, headed by the king of the conquered country.

Next came the general himself. He was drawn in a rich circular chariot by four horses, always, from the time of Julius Cæsar, pure white. He was robed in purple and wore a laurel crown. In his hand he carried a laurel branch, in his left an ivory sceptre. Behind him stood a slave, holding above the victor's head the crown of Jupiter in the form of an oak-leaf made of gold, and sometimes, curiously enough, another slave to whisper reminders that he was but human, lest he should become too proud with the honours heaped upon him. Last of all came the soldiers, marching on foot, their javelins twined with laurel, shouting 'To triumphe' and singing songs in honour of their general.

The immense procession entered the city by a special gate, the 'Porta Triumphalis', which was only used on these occasions.

Even when the days' pageants were over, the general enjoyed further honours of victory. He still wore his laurel wreath. He received land to build a house, the entrance to which was decorated with his trophies.

.....

However, if the Romans wished to honour a general not entitled to a TRIUMPH, they gave him an OVATION. This was also a procession through the streets, but was shorn of the splendours of a TRIUMPH.

The general entered the city on foot, clad in the ordinary toga of a magistrate. Instead of the laurel wreath, he wore one of myrtle. There were neither troops nor magistrates in the procession, but usually a throng of the humbler citizens. Music was provided by flutes, instead of the trumpets of war. The honour of an OVATION was granted when the enemy was not too dangerous, or when the bloodshed had not been considerable.

.....

Weeell, that didn't take too long, did it ? Now you all understand the main essentials of a TRIUMPH and an OVATION in Roman times, and so you will appreciate the details of my new plan to grant deserving fen a similar accolade .

Of course, you must understand that I wouldn't have gone to all this brain-work if I didn't think that there were fen, active fen, who would come under the different categories.

As to the former category, I think the only fan who springs to mind, even after a long bout of deep thinking, is Mr. Robert Bloch. I have detailed on later pages my suggested achievements for a TRIUMPH, and insofar as I am aware, Mr. Bloch is the only one open for consideration. I would ask you all, therefore, when considering my FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO on the next page, and when following the point-by-point details of the suggested ritual, that you all keep Mr. Robert Bloch in mind. Imagine that he is undergoing all the marvellous things I've devised.

It is easier to think of applicants for a fannish OVATION. Several spring to mind. The conditions are not too difficult, the main one being length of fannish service, in other words, actifandom. I have decided also, for reasons which will become obvious, that the glories of a TRIUMPH shall only be accorded to a vile pro who still has a connection with fandom. An OVATION will only be offered to a BNF who is purely a faaan, having no connection with dreaded vile pro's. And now to my interesting and instructive:-



THE FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO.

( Berry, the instigator of this Charter, wishes it to be known that some of the credit for its inception must be given to the Holy Roman Empire. )

WHEREAS it is a fact that several sf fen, with many years of active service behind them, reached the BNF status many years ago, and it further appears that nothing tangible has ever been done to demonstrate to them the acclaim in which we lowly fen behold them.

IT seems fitting that some new system should be introduced whereby a FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO can be granted to the deserving fen.

HOWEVER, such must be the high standard of BNFship that the said CHARTER shall be performed in all its complicated ritual on extremely rare occasions, and then only by decree of the members of the FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO.

THE standard of reward for BNFship shall be divided into two categories :-

1. For the vile-pro BNF, the full glory of a

TRIUMPHAL BNFship.  
.....

2. For any other type of BNF, the slightly lesser delights of an

OVATIONA BNFship.  
.....

THE FOLLOWING STAGES CONSTITUTE THE SUGGESTED RITUAL FOR  
EACH DISTINCT CATEGORY.

---

TRIUMPHAL BNFship.  
.....

- 1 . To obtain this most magnificent of all fannish ceremonies, the BNF concerned shall have been :-
  - a. Active in fandom for 15 years at least ;
  - b. had over 25 sf short stories published, or 5 full length novels ;
  - c. had his works translated into at least three different languages ;
  - d. always retained a connection with amateur sf publications;
  - e. has plenty of money.
2. The ritual for a TRIUMPHAL BNFship can only be held at a World Convention. Providing he has been duly nominated by a TRIUMPHAL BNFship COMMITTEE of the FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO, ( as set out in Appendix ), the following is the correct procedure for the ceremony.

a) When a date has been fixed, the Convention Hall shall be decorated in fitting tradition. It is suggested that large photographs of the



TRIUMPHAL BNF be festooned over the walls. A male virgin neofan should be placed on a rostrum in a corner of the hall, dressed in pure white, and he should read out aloud at frequent intervals into a microphone the titles of all the TRIUMPHAL BNF's professional works. A tape-recording of sorting day at the Royal Mint ( or Fort Knox, which ever is applicable ) shall be played continually, so that the steady chink of cold hard cash can add reality to the atmosphere, and make the TRIUMPHAL BNF feel even happier.

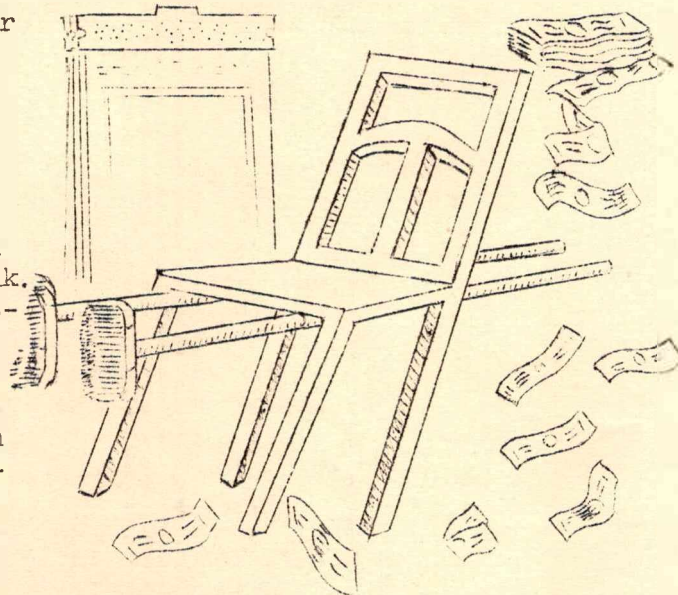
b) A suitable Campus Martius should be found, and the TRIUMPHAL BNF should spend the night there, and on the morning, the procession shall proceed from there. It is suggested that a fully flushing toilet be used as a Campus Martius. In there, in a meditative solitude, he can reflect on the former glories which have resulted in the ultimate fannish token of appreciation being proffered to him.

c) At an appointed hour, the procession will start from the toilet, and tour the Con-site and immediate surrounds. No effort should be spared to glorify the event. First in the long procession come several senior BNF's, vile pro's and otherwise, and a smattering of publishers. ((NOTE. RAP comes into this latter category. )) Following these should come a choir of neofen, both male and female, waving aloft mimeo cranks and other items of the apprenticeship to BNFdom. ( It is requested that tubes of duplicating ink be kept down to the minimum ). Next is an important part of the occasion....the many representations of the TRIUMPHAL BNF's literary career. The titles of his books should be painted on large placards, carried by adulating but frustrated fen who haven't sold professionally. If the TRIUMPHAL BNF has ever feuded, the opponents name should have been duplicated many thousands of times on dun brown semi-absorbent paper, the paper torn into shreds, and the shreds strewn right and left in the path of the procession by Rev. Morehead. At this stage should come the TRIUMPHAL BNF himself.

He should be carried on a litter shouldered by Pete Reaney, Jean Bogard, NGW and George Wetzel.

( A suitable litter can be very quickly constructed by pushing two brooms under the seat of a chair, as per the accompanying illo.) The TRIUMPHAL BNF should be dressed in a snow-white cloak.

( Con hotel sheets are not recommended.) In his right hand he should carry a wad of dollar bills. Occasionally, he should peel several off and throw them nonchalantly at the awed sight-seer's. In his left hand he should hold aloft a few blank stencils. Behind him, slightly to his left, comes Guy Terwilliger, holding above the TRIUMPHAL BNF's head the Crown of Roscoe in the form of a laurel wreath constructed from the front covers of QUANDRY. Sometimes, it is a sensible idea to have a representative of the Income Tax Authorities to whisper in the TRIUMPHAL BNF's ear that he is taking notes of the proceeding, lest the TRIUMPHAL BNF become





too confident in his omnipotence. Finally should come the common fen, marching on foot, their favourite prozines and fanzines waving above their heads, shouting out blasts of egoboo to their hero.

d) After the procession is over, the complete gathering retire to the dining hall, where a sumptuous feast is served, to be paid for afterwards by the TRIUMPHAL BNF. He sits at the head of the table and nods sagely to left and right as different fen stand up and say flattering things about him and his works.

e) After everyone has eaten thier fill, the TRIUMPHAL BNF pays for copious quantities of liquid refreshment, both alcoholic and ( to accord to the express wish of Rory Faulkner ) non-aboholic. At this stage, the young neofen are ushered out of the room, after the TRIUMPHAL BNF has signed autographs

f) Close to midnight, everyone else is ushered out of the room except for senior BNF's, who congregate round the TRIUMPHAL BNF's feet, and he regales them with such knowledgeable gems as how to increase the word-rate price, or scandal relating to publishers and their wives.

g) In the early hours of the morning, every single person bows his way out of the room, and Dave Jenrette enters with several young female neofen, who have been under his charge, and who ( presumably ) are only too pleased to acquiesce to every whim of the TRIUMPHAL BNF.

h) So conoludes the most monumental 24 hours in the life of the TRIUMPHAL BNF. The greatest honour fandom can bestow has been paid to him, his name and literary works have been exaulted to the skies. It is truly a fine and wonderful thing to be a TRIUMPHAL BNF.

.....  
OVATIONAL BNFship  
.....

1. To obtain this somewhat lesser symbol of fandom's gratitude, the OVATIONAL BNF should have made the following gifts to fandom :-
  - a. been an active faaan for at least 10 years ;
  - b. published at least 50 fanzine ( this total to include one-shots, or OMPA, FAPA or SAPSazines.)
  - c. has rec'd a letter or postcard within the preceding six months from DAG.
2. An OVATIONAL BNFship can be accorded at an ordinary convention, provided he has been duly nominated by an OVATIONAL BNFship COMMITTEE of the FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO ( as set out in Appendix) The following is the correct proceedure for the ceremony.
  - a) The Convention Hall should be undecorated, although it is permissible to have a current fugghead standing on a chair in a corner, waving a flag on which is depicted the name of the OVATIONAL BNF's fanzine.
  - b) A suitable Campus Martius must be found so that the OVATIONAL BNF can spend the night in solitude. A suitable suggestion, which shows the clear distinction between a TRIUMPHAL BNF and an OVATIONAL BNF, is that the latter should be locked in a urinal.
  - c) At an appointed time, the procession forms outside the Campus Martius, and proceeds to tour the Consite. The OVATIONAL BNF should be attired in a Con-hotel bath towel, swung round his girth toga-fashion, stapled at the shoulder. ((NOTE. Not to the bare skin.)) On his head should be a paper hat cut out of an early edition of STAR-ROCKETS. The throng following him should be composed of lesser faneds, faaans, and neofans.



d) The procession finishes at the dining room, where the youngest neofan should make a silver collection to pay for the OVATIONAL BNF's meal.

e) After the frugal repast, the OVATIONAL BNF makes a short speech of thanks, reminding his audience that if they work as hard as he has, these honours can be theirs within a decade.

f) Following the speech, various BNF's, vile pro's and senior faneds say a few choice words, telling what they personally think of the Chosen One. It is suggested that , as far as possible, the speakers are selected with care . It is undesirable to produce anyone whom the OVATIONAL BNF might have trampled on in the distant past.

g) The OVATIONAL BNF retires to his private chambers with all the current fuggheads and hangers-on, and until the early hours of the morning, regales them with his philosophy, and attempts to show them the True Path. ((NOTE. This part of the ritual is designed to show how proud and noble the OVATIONAL BNF really is., actually entertaining the fuggheads whilst everyone else enjoys themselves at the Convention, completely unfugged.))

h) Promptly at 2 am, F.T.Laney should clear the OVATIONAL BNF's chambers, and leave him to meditate, perchance asking himself if he was really worthy of such a profound ceremony.

.....

#### APPENDIX.

##### TRIUMPHAL BNFship SELECTION COMMITTEE OF THE FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO.

The committee, under the chairmanship of Forry Ackerman, shall include five permanent members selected by common vote from publishers and vile pro's.

The committee shall meet one month after the advent of the latest SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY., to consider likely applicants.

.....

##### OVATIONAL BNFship SELECTION COMMITTEE OF THE FANNISH CHARTER OF EGOBOO.

The committee, under the chairmanship of Richard Eney, shall include five permanent members who volunteer to serve, without any coercion whatsoever. The one stipulation is that the members, if in OMPA, FAPA or SAPS, shall be fully paid up.

The committee will meet fourteen days after the publication of GRUE, or, failing that contingency, every second anniversary of the resignation of NGW from FAPA.

The name of the chosen OVATIONAL BNF shall be announced as soon as possible before the first day of the Convention concerned.

.....

Well, folks, that, roughly, is my suggestion. How does the idea strike you ?

However, I don't want you to think that I'm finished with the Romans, after stealing TRIUMPHS and OVATIONS from them. Oh no.

These bhoys had several more brilliant ideas I'm interested in and provided Dodd can get permission from the G.P.O.Censorship Dept. you'll be reading all the details in a future CAMBER. That's a promise.

John Berry.



# TERRAGRAPH

And now to the letter column to which all contributions are gratefully received. Some even get printed as you'll see:-

WALT WILLIS. Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Now, this is more like a fanzine. Quite a girl, that. Very nice, yes sir. I don't say I would have noticed it if it hadn't been where it was, but isn't her hand a bit big? Is this the original of the saying "Give this little girl a great big hand?"

Yes, Stufloten can write. This is more than can be said for Reaney, whose piece was stupid and obnoxious in a peculiarly perverted sort of way. Who would have expected such a thing from a fine intelligent, likeable fellow?

The letters were interesting but I think I enjoyed best the two bits on suicide pilots. ordinarily the type of thing I skip in a fanzine. One thing I can't understand about John's piece is his surprise at the attitude of mind of these people. Why, his own behaviour while playing ghoddminton is practically the same thing.

Altogether it was a good issue, the best thing I've seen produced by a non-existent fan since the last A Bas. I was sorry to see from Quelles Horreurs that you don't exist. There are other people I'd have been happier to hear such news about. Actually, you know, I'd suspected that it was Ron Bennett that didn't exist -- that the Bennett figure was actually Cecil and another small elephant in a human skin.

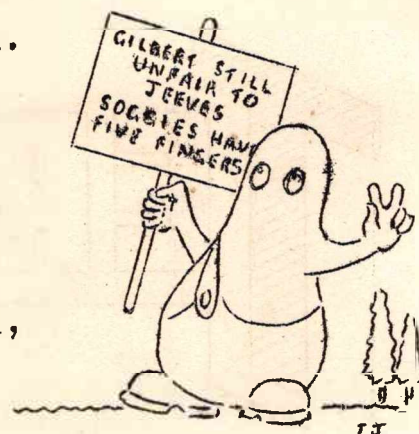
((Hmm. Yes, Quelles Horreurs did say I don't exist didn't it. However, being of sane mind and sound in wind and limb I, Alan Dodd, spinster of the parish of Hoddesdon do hereby claim existence for myself. Hear ye, hear ye - The Only True Dodd is one of the solidest objects you are likely to find in Hoddesdon save the Town Clock and the Esdale Hall (Spiritual Meetings every other Wednesday.))  
\*\*\*\*\*  
...You never had it so good.....H. MacMillan.  
\*\*\*\*\*

In the previous CAMBER you'll recall Robert E. Gilbert's criticism of the way Bill Harry draws hands and Walt above has again mentioned it, which brought Jeeves last issue to a Soggie bearing a placard labelled "Gilbert is unfair to Jeeves - Soggies have hands!" Now read on..



ROBERT E. GILBERT. Jonesboro, Tennessee, U.S.A.  
 Don't I have enough troubles? Now I'm being  
 picketed by soggies. Up and down they march,  
 waving their four fingered hands.

I prepared this page((With drawings  
 of all kinds of hands over it)) for saying  
 sarcastic things about Bill Harry's cover  
 on 8 REBMAC, but evidently Willis has beaten  
 me to it. It does seem a pity, though, that  
 Harry would draw an excellent, even beautiful,  
 cover and then attach those horrid hands like  
 cotton work gloves stuffed with Jello. I'm  
 no expert on hands, but I'll make a few  
 suggestions anyhow. The hand is probably the  
 most difficult part of the human body to draw.  
 Constant practice for several years may enable  
 the artist to draw hands from memory in any  
 position. However, to be absolutely certain that his drawing is  
 correct, the artist should use a model or a photograph of a hand  
 in the position he requires. He can use his own free hand for a  
 model, or he can look at his hand in a mirror and draw both lefts  
 and rights in numerous poses.



(count 'em)  
 (see !)

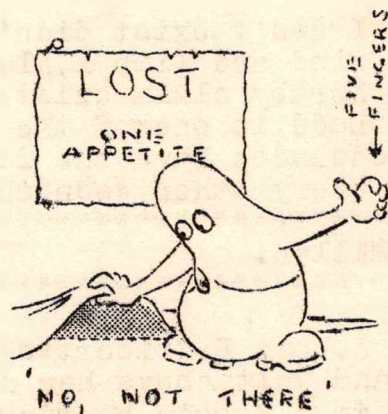
Hillbillies? Raymond Rosson, the country farm agent here,  
 and his wife were entertaining some Northern visitors who asked,  
 "Where can we go to see the hillbillies?"

The only logical reply that the Rossons could make was,  
 "We are the hillbillies."

Occasionally, I see ads from British firms in magazines,  
 and many also advertise through American agents. I've been wonder-  
 ing if I should order one of those "Lovely Girls from England,"  
 but I suppose postage, import duties, and so on would be high on  
 a shipment like that.

((I suppose it might at that - but then, you'd never get  
 any sent from Hoddesdon. We only stock export rejects.))

\*\*\*\*\*  
 PATRON S ARE REQUESTED NOT TO BRING UNSHELLED NUTS INTO THE STADIUM.  
 \*\*\*\*\*



ROAR RINGDAHL. DRAMMEN, Norway.

I don't like to agree with fanzine editors,  
 it makes them so damned proud, anyway, this  
 time I'll do it. Stuefloten is great.  
 Funny name; translated to Norwegian, that  
 is; cottage-river, indeed....

But wow, what a cover - I must rem-  
 -mber to make one like it myself.

LUNCH HOUR by Peter Reaney. Unfort-  
 -unately I was dining when reading this  
 piece, and all of a sudden I lost the  
 appetite.((I believe Pete's work does have  
 that effect sometimes...)) Funny thing, we  
 were having neat too...



Very well, let's call CAMBER a fanzine. The only thing I must complain about is that this - as well as mostly other British fanzines - contains too little science fiction, which, after all, was the grand idea, wasn't it?

((It was 'an all Roar - what we have to try and do is to strike that happy medium between fandom and SF itself - sometimes the finished pot-pourri that is a fanzine doesn't always accomplish that. But we keep trying. As someone remarked to me the other day, "you are the most trying person I know" - what more can be done?))

\*\*\*\*\*  
 ..I WAS A TEENAGE CHIMPANZEE starring KING KONG.....  
 \*\*\*\*\*

There's an old song which goes:- "Oh, the Moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash, from the fields there comes the smell of... Which brings us to..

ROBERT COULSON, Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A. (Where the moonlight's fair tonight along) Can't say I've ever been disillusioned by anyone I've met at a convention.....at least, not with any fan that I actually knew through correspondence. Lester Del Rey was a bit of a disappointment, being about five feet tall or so.....Most U.S. pros match their writing very well..... DeCamp is capable and sardonic, Bloch is leering and sophisticated, Tucker is the All-American boy, and John W. Campbell is 9 feet tall. (Well, not quite, but when he leans casually on a lectern, you wonder why he doesn't go on over, in a shower of broken wood.) August Derleth should be playing tackle for Notre Dame, and Bob Silverberg looks like a cross between a Chicago gangster and a small version of King Kong.

Juanita wants to know why Bill Harry females always look like Mamie Van Doren?

((Can I help it if he has a crush on her? I keep telling him she's a married woman with a baby but he still takes no notice of me.))

\*\*\*\*\*  
 .....I WAS A TEENAGE LIZARD starring GODZILLA.....  
 \*\*\*\*\*



READER'S IMPRESSION  
 OF ALAN DODD



SPARE STAPLES  
 CUT OUT AND USE

WITTY WHITMARSH, Coulsdon, Surrey.

As per usual. ((I didn't like the way you said that!)) dear CAMBER parted company with its staples as soon as I opened it...it's those hard covers. Someone said in the letter col. that the staples didn't come off...do you "fix" mine or am I just unlucky or is the



fan who got acamberthatholdstogether just lucky or what?

((Your copy is fixed. Fitted to the £3 chromium stapler I use is an adjustable sprongleshot -- when this is flicked on and the stapler fired, it loosens the staples sufficiently so that when you open the fanzine.....))

For Ghod's sake tell Rotsler to stick to BEMS and suchlike .....those nudes of his on the inside bacover were SHOCKING -- his women always are.....they've got TOOOOO much shape to them. The only people who can draw nudes well are Bill Harry and Jim Cawthorn.. ((Ever seen the work of Swedish fanartist Bo Stenfors?)) please pass on my sentiments, those girls on the said page have got mouths like fishes. Why are there so many yankfans in CAMBER and so few brefans? Are you afraid of being hooked by the Committee for Un-American Activeries? ((No, I am afraid of the Daughters of the Revolution and suchlike - the males I can handle, but the American winmen, The Dominant Species - these no one can handle - or don't you read Cassandra in The Daily Mirror?))

\*\*\*\*\*  
.....YA SUPPOSED TA BE ENGLISHMEN - THEN WHY ARE YOU ACTING LIKE SAVAGES....."Texas" Jack Bence. (Watford Town Hall)  
\*\*\*\*\*



I WAS A TEENAGE  
GRANDPA'

TS

DAN LESCO, Maple Heights, Ohio, U.S.A.  
Now that they've used Praying Mantises, Atomic Men, Crabs, Mole Men,, pods and Spiders as the monsters in movies, what's left for the next cheap horror film? Maybe an enlarged tse-tse fly, or a silk worm, or maybe even a pair of twin radioactive tadpoles?

((I doubt it somehow Dan - after I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF I reckon we'll have another similar run though like I WAS A TEENAGE KING KONG, I WAS A TEENAGE PRAYIS MANTIS, I WAS A TEENAGE ATOMIC MAN and I WAS A TEEN-AGE CRAB. After all I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN has also just been finished hasn't it? and then again to spite THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN there's Colonel Chaos in THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN. Eventually we might get THE NONDESCRIPT AVERAGE MAN - who'd play him?))

\*\*\*\*\*  
....I WAS A TEENAGE IDIOT starring --er, starring??.....  
\*\*\*\*\*

JOHN BERRY, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

This latest CAMBER a pip. Front cover lovely, as is all Bill's stuff. Y'know, this bhoy Stuefloten is in a category all to himself. I think he is the pen name for some really big name WEIRD TALES



writer. Listen, his stories put the wind up me good and proper. By the time I've finished reading one of his stories, I'm a nervous wreck....I glance over my shoulders in an agony of suspense, and suddenly begin to hear all sorts of strange noises...the sort of thing you hear in the middle of the night in an old house...etc. Most unnerving. Undoubtedly he has a rare gift of description and a unique style of literary brushwork(as you so aptly put it)... and I would say that in the not too distant future, you have that story pubbed in some anthology or other, with the mystic words, "First pubbed in CAMBER" under the heading. Definitely odd, different, full of atmosphere and very depressing. But good.

\*\*\*\*\*

...Hypnotism lessons -- ten cents a trance.

\*\*\*\*\*

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, Austin, TEXAS, U.S.A.

Your artwork was professional--beyond mere words. How in hell did you manage to cut the stencils so cleanly? ((Ahem - I got Bill Harry to do them. You wouldn't think it possible to get such magnificent results with a couple of wheel-pens, a stylo and a sheet of glass would you?)) Bill Harry may contribute illos like his REBMAC 8 cover to MUZZY anytime, though I expect he would hesitate to degrade himself thusly. But the guy is terrific.

If I get a chance, I'll take Jack Williams' review of "Another Kind" over to Chad Oliver. As yet, I haven't shown him a copy of MUZZY 17 with my interview with him. I'm just a natural-born coward, I guess. And, frankly, he's a pretty busy character and I haven't the energy to chase around trying to catch up with him. LUNCH HOUR I have read four cotton-picking times and still do not comprehend.

Rick Sneary made a should be classical comment in the letter section. "Oh, I tell you them flying saucer men will never figgure os out."

Classically stated, classically spelled.

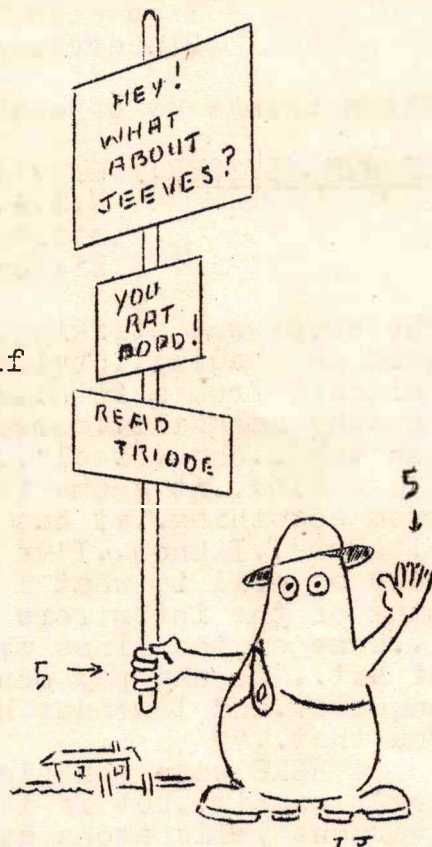
\*\*\*\*\*

....Indian Fakir supper -- snake and chips.....

\*\*\*\*\*

Pray silence for his Imperial Excellency, the Official Editor of the British Edition of Tarzan comics - the Honorable:-

MICHAEL J. MOORCOCK. (Well, they don't call Chaplin-Charlie anymore) Norbury, London.S.W.16. ((The uncivilised part)) Was duly shocked at the Rotsler nudes, which are as usual, entirely





out of proportion - apart from the fact that they have nippleless breasts... MY covers don't fall off, either....and as for tearing them apart - that is hooliganism and I shall add it to Rotsler's list of misdeam -er-wrongs.. along with his nudes.

Look at Jim Cawthorn's nudes and see what I mean - they're a tribute to womanhood - Rotsler's are, if anything, sordid.

\*\*\*\*\*  
.....I WAS A TEENAGE VEGETARIAN starring Ed Gein.....  
\*\*\*\*\*

Robert Mitchum: "You ever seen a boom town?"

Guinn "Big Boy" Williams: "Yeah, I've seen 'em all -- Placerville, Oroville..."

Which brings us of course to:-

GEORGE METZGER. Oroville, California, U.S.A. (Whose letter started of on the right:- his own heading...)



The cover was striking..Harry is quite good on shading..obviously the dame was snatched from a foto..calendar..photo-graphy magazine..someone's camera..It has that..ohh.."feel"..is the only word I can find..it seems that it was copied from something..it has that.."theatricalness" of cheesecake pitchurs..I know..I've done it too..But that it managed to reproduce so well is what I liked. The solid cover helped..but even many of the interiors came thru beautifully..I think..Ah Haaah ...some of the lines were faded..on observation Camber is a work of art.. so why pay money for it?? quote: "ART IS BEYOND GUINEAS!!" unquote..and I wonder how many other pipple have already told you that...??

HERE when you plug in your electric razor the street lights don't go dim..but if it causes the TV picture to flutter then everyone yells atcha and you slit your throat....

((Which is by way of being just a short excerpt from one of George's letters which is liberally illustrated throughout with such detailed illos one can never hope to reproduce them. Which brings me to the end of the lettercol for this time. More next time if you write.



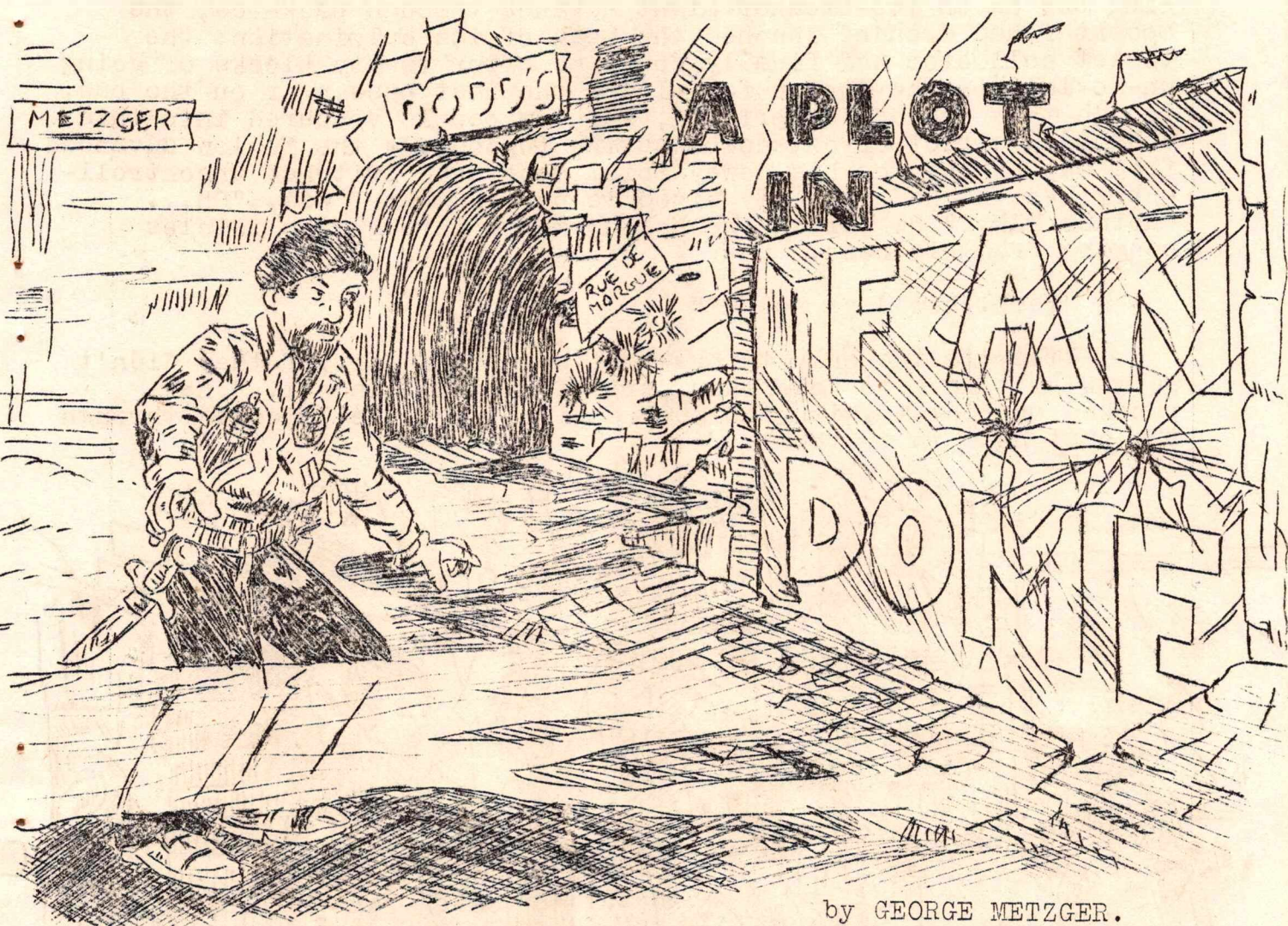
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WANTED: For no extra terrestrial purpose clippings, photos etc. on professional wrestlers in any part of the world.





by GEORGE METZGER.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 EDITOR'S FOREWORD:- One often wonders what happens to fanzine editors who disappear. So recently, when Sylvia Dees, Florida's answer to Brigitte Bardot vanished into the swamps of Gainesville it was found that the poor gal who edited FLAFAN had been imprisoned in Fort Yewniversityoff(Florida). All readers who have been fortunate enough to see a picture of the beauteous Sylvia will I am sure be interested in the below mentioned attempt to rescue her from the clutches of The Dreaded Florida Skin Divers and Bonefish Guides. I hand you over to the originator of this daring attempt, the most dangerous since Gary Cooper last ventured into the Florida swamps in DISTANT DRUMS. Here then - the only story to ever equal it...  
 \*\*\*\*\*

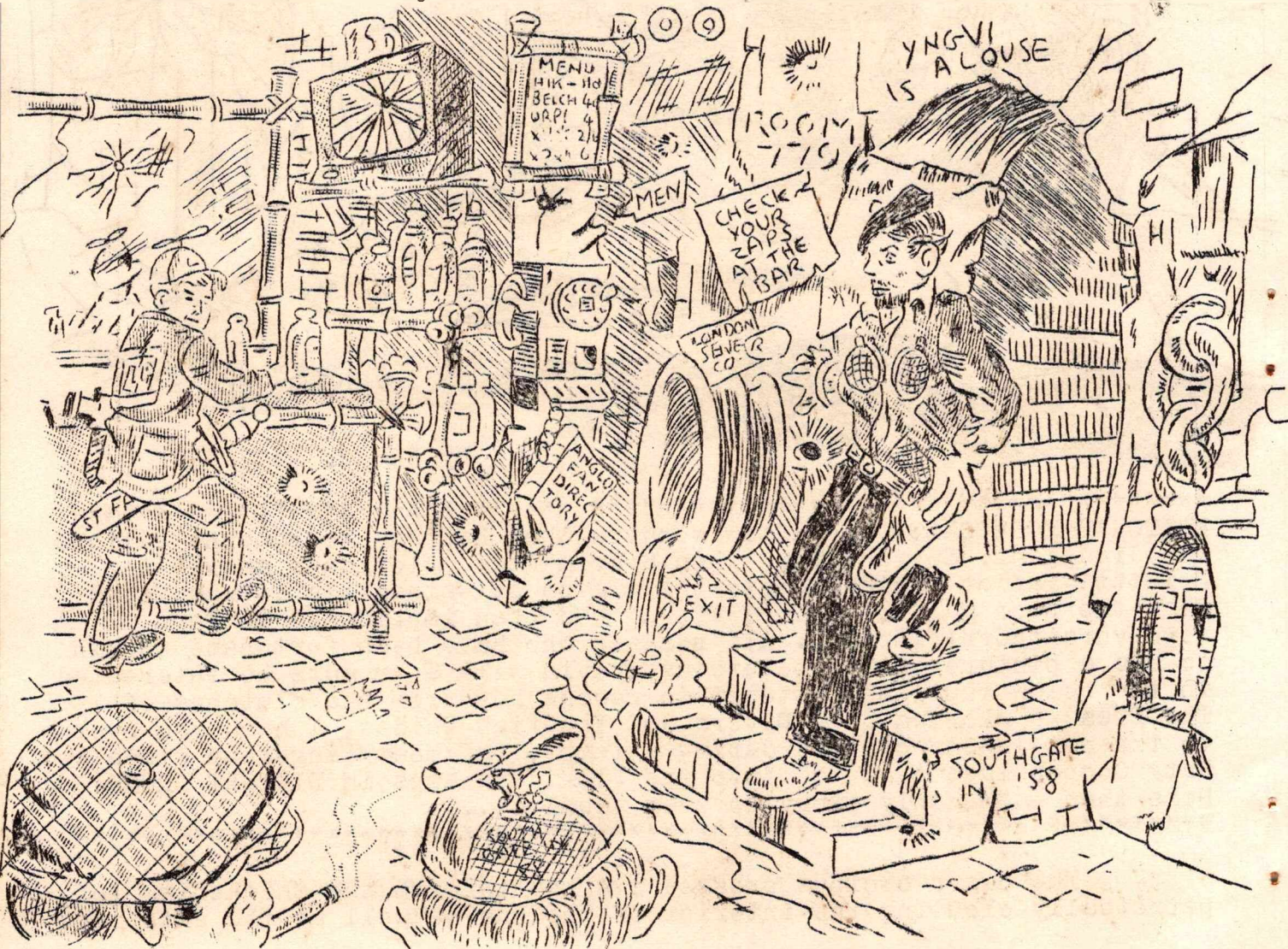
The heavy omnibus pressed its way through the thickening fog, perpetually clouding the interior of the bus as well as the exterior.



As the bus's headlights groped their way ahead of the foraging bus as an ice-breaker might advance through pack-ice, the moment I had dreaded reached the peak of its culmination: the ticket collector had finally found me after twenty blocks of going un-noticed in the London fog. I was the last passenger on the bus, though this was not surprising, for few people ventured into this shunned district of catacomb-weaving London..As the fellow advanced from out of the fog his dewey moist moustache twitched uncontrollably, for he had suddenly sized me up for what I was. "Oh... another FAN..." he thrust the hollow words through the icicles hanging from his nose.

"Yeah...how'd ya guess?"

"They're the only things that come this far..if they didn't we wouldn't have to make this part of the run..damn'm.." He punched my ticket..with a bit of sadism I felt as I looked through the neat hole in my thumb.





"H'i thinks the same whay," wheezed the driver from somewhere in the fog, presumably the front of the bus. "Th'fog's h'extra thick ta'noit h'an fa whot I know we could be lost..heh heh, now whouldn't h'it be a shame iffen we got lost and couldn't foind yer street?" Somehow I got the feeling that this district was treated like a plague..Funny how fans tend to do that sometimes..

"'Ere, h'i thinks this's h'it..the bus was stopped, for it no longer swayed...In the fog, with no objects to go by, the feeling of motion was determined only by the catapulting omnibus under the passenger's feet..

Even if the bus men were in a hurry to leave I didn't think it was necesary to forgo proper procedure in dispatching this passenger. It wouldn't have been too much trouble to have opened the door first.

The bus turned and quickly disappeared, as I began climbing down the only ladder that hung down out of the fog. Pushing a few bodies aside I followed on up, and as I raised the rusty manhole I speculated on the happiness of the bus driver when he found himself lost in the London sewer system as he has wished. I like to know that people are happy.

Cutting through the fog with my Ellik bayonet I soon reached my destination. A feeble light seeping though unwashed glass revealed a window, sunken partly below the street level: a window whose bullet-shattered front bore the legend FAN DOME. I turned and felt for the entrance, marvelling at the way the dirt on the back of the window acted as an adhesive to hold the bullet shattered window together..Now I saw why the zaps were confiscated at the bar: if the protective dirt were washed away the whole panel would would fall in...

By Verey light I read the address etched by stylo in the wall.."Rue de Morgue"..I pressed on..A black,stygian depression suddenly yawned out before me. Devoid of fog, it beckoned eärily to the fogged senses. A light cried out to me. Giving my beret a final tug I stepped in.

Out among the tables , where I searched for my contact man Dodd, rose a sea of bottles, rising in a wave as one, the liquid roaring down gulleets like Victoria Falls in Picadilly, and as one the drinkers collapsed to the floor like the silt in the bottom of an Espresso machine. Wonderful co-operation in these tea-drinking contests among the contestants , I said to myself as the passed out in neat order.

I spotted Dodd talking to a bespectacled, moustachioed chap who was drinking bheers with an elephant to one far side. I patted my maps of the invasion plans comfortingly. Things were





"On this intrusion, but we had a report that someone was running an illegal Bingo game in here!"



CAPTION:-

"Pardon this intrusion, but we had a report  
that someone was running an illegal Bingo  
Game in here!"



going o.k. so far and a few minutes would make no difference now, so while Dodd was preoccupied I navigated my way to the bar, where an oldster in a cowboy hat was mixing drinks with an acetylene torch in a bent ear trumpet. "Heh heh, what'll be yers podnur?" I ordered my usual: a bheer with half a bulb of garlic floating in it. He enjoyed working behind the bar it seemed. He probably thought it was a Max Brand saloon.

Turning around I attracted Al's attention. Rubbing his head where the brick had landed, he clubbed his way through towards the most secluded empty table. I reached it myself, and sweeping aside the winkle crumbs sat down. Sheathing his club, after removing the clinging hairs Dodd seated himself, placing a fresh basket of winkles before us. "Is this safe?" I asked.

"Safe enough," he shrugged, "No one'll hear us. We'll even have trouble in hearing ourselves."

"Good," I said, more relaxed; but I tensed up again as I pulled forth the maps and papers from under my scarf and ceremoniously placed them on the table top. "Here are the completed plans for the invasion of Florida!"

We quickly spread the map of Florida out, placing the winkles on top, but we quickly moved them when we saw they were resting on the lower Okefenokee. Dodd ran through it.

"We've recruited a host of new fen by telling them we're off to rescue Pogo from the Russians; the Teddy Boys who make up the forces to be sent in the suicidal rush at the military posts have been told that a group of rock 'n roll idols have become exiled to the swamps by the Parent Teachers Association. These military depots," he pointed at the marks on the maps "have been identified by Ellik and their full strength and defences have been supplied by him and another service fan named Arnold -B. Arnold, that'd be. As the military posts fall, submarines will converge on Miami to cause a diversion tactic while the saucers converge on our main objective: Gainesville Swamps!!

I took a quick swallow of bheer, exhaled on the winkles and watched them curl and curl till they curled into themselves and into Infinity((Free plug)). This was the place for the damned best bheer and garlies yet. Then: "Does she know we're coming?"

"Not yet, but I intend to smuggle her a telegram prior to the thrust so she'll be ready for the rescue force!"

That was the rough of it. I was to lead a small task force through the swamps to attack at the same time as the saucer advance and wipe out any resistance on the ground.



I thought of the group we were about to wipe off the map.

What could attract all these men to join The Dreaded Florida Skin Divers and Bonefish Guides. The answer was obvious. Sylvia was the only prisoner.

"Horrible," I breathed at Dodd, as we talked of this matter and Al looked out at me from his gasmask. "It might not be so bad if one of them wasn't a refugee from the Ellington New York mob..."

I collected my copies of the plans while Dodd consealed his copies to a can marked "Aid for Wetzel" as it was obvious no one would go near that. Again I found my footsteps echoing against the blanketing pall of possessing fog and soon it possedsed the last traces of Dodd's Fan Dome and I was alone in a whispery dark world where nothing was to be seen. Someone had pinched my beret and my hair had fallen down in my eyes again. Looking like a sheep dog I prodded on into the invasion.

\*\*\*\*\*

Three weeks of pure hell later I clutched at the seat of an omnibus hurtling towards the Rue de Morgue district. From somewhere far away a voice pleaded.. "Oh no, not you again? Please, little fan, won't you get off and walk? We don't want to go there again..."

I felt no pity. I revelled in his suffering. I clutched my beret between teeth, chewing haltingly, between spurges of livid torture from my fever-racked frame. After trodding thru the Florida swamps fighting off billions of bugs, shooing 'gaters, and eluding Walt Disney talent scouts who refused to believe we were not Walt Kelly Incorp. I was on the verge of gafia when





we reached the convergence point at Gainesville..We waited,zaps and staple guns ready..and the..nothing happened!!! It was a crushing blow to the ego of the Task Forces. We waited for three days in the swamp, and when no sign of the saucers appeared we considered them property of the U.S. gov. or worse in the hands of Gray Barker and his Flying Saucer Fanatics..We attacked!! The first wave was a flop. There was no need to prepare a defence.. the attacking fen just lost heart and..flopped down in the Bog. Then came an attack. The Walt Disney men looking for new animals for Disney money-makers. The fenforce took off into the swamp again. Some may still be there..others..look for the Youngs in Disney's POGO POSSUM AND FRIENDS GO TO DISNEYLAND soon...Meanwhile I retreated from the gates of Fort Yewniversityoff(Florida) toward Fort Mudge..I was the only one to escape..At the fort I freshened up on chewing gum.. and as the first attack of fever came I realised that I had to return to The Fan Dome..perhaps..

The bus screeched to a halt..and unfeeling I flew through the bus door once more. I had but one dominating thought..to get to the Fan Dome. Automatically I crawled at the ladder and pulled myself up thru the manhole..Sadistically I wished the busmen to stay lorst in the fog shrouded Londcnsewers for good this time..

The light..the light,ebbing thru the holes in the Fan Dome's punctured window..I could barely see it..no..I had on a beret this time.. the fever was getting worse..I had to get into the bar.. find..seek out the attack force.. or what was left of it, if it had been repulsed..if any were left..Why had things fallen flat? What had happened to Sylvia? What was happening to her?

Vaguely I recall rolling down the spiral steps..I could not hear the din of the pitched haranging fen. I looked. Dodd was sitting across from me. It looked like Dodd. He was as pale as Chuck Harris' past life isn't. In his quivering hand was a piece of paper....

"Good Ghu, what happened to the attack force..??"

"It was an attack f-f-farce..we..we didn't attack at all.

"I was stunned..\"Why?\"

"You remember that I was to send Sylvia a telegram informing here of the rescue mission? Well, just before we started to debark, we got th.this..\" he shoved the crumpled paper in his hand across to me. It was a telegram..I read it....

WHO WANTS TO BE RESCUED? Signed, Sylvia Dees..

I took the bheer and looked at the whole bulb of garlic float-ing there. I took it at one go. Somewhere a clattering bus rumbled past.

\*\*\*\*\*the end\*\*\*\*\*



And so we come to the end of another issue and a little time now to give credit where credit is due, mainly to the artists concerned who have put not only their time and energy into placing their own work on stencil but have also cut other artist's work too, a task that I have never done for this magazine since it's conception. This must of necessity be a rather thankless task as the credit goes only to the artist who drew the original whereas the artist who has placed it on stencil deserves every bit as much credit too. Credit for his patience, his skill and the time he has taken to copy the final work which you see reproduced on these pages.

Terry Jeeves, Bill Harry and Eddie Jones have been responsible for the artwork in this issue and I'd like to mention just what actually they have done. Jeeves has illustrated not only the letter column but has copied much of the artist's work onto the stencil which was not his own, not only with CAMBER but with the additional magazine of fanzine reviews TAKE-OFF, Eddie Jones has copied the Dea back cover and illustrated his own work plus various little odd items dotted around the magazine as fillers by other artists. The cover of this magazine alone took Bill Harry over a week to place on stencil and I'm sure you'll agree the final result was well worth all the time he put into it.

At the rear of the magazine are a number of complex George Metzger illustrations that George suggested I send to Bill to see if he could copy them at all, in the unlikely event of his being able to do them at all I intended to run George's story in the same issue. As you will see from the incredible detail in George's drawings this was a task that even an electronic stencil would have found difficult to copy - but over a period of six weeks Bill managed to place them on stencil. A quite outstanding feat in itself. Which brings us to the little fannish political point that either I or every other editor always seems to send Bill stencils at the same time - which in this case has rather sadly put Bill in the middle of an argument with another editor, which I'm afraid is just one of those things. Artists just can't be put on a schedule in the fanzine world, it would be too hard on them with publications as spasmodic as they are.

Which brings us to Metzger's illos in detail. Those of you who have seen pictures of various fans concerned may recognise their faces appearing in the background or foreground somewhere and should be able to recognise who they are, but for those who don't --- the bearded, grenade carrying character is George himself - an identical picture, Ron Bennett is there somewhere and isn't that cynical head on the wall Robert Bloch's? I refuse to say who the shotgun toting character is.. Which brings me to the final note that all interlineations are by the editor unless otherwise stated and he will be glad to explain any to those who don't understand. So there.







# Cumber

