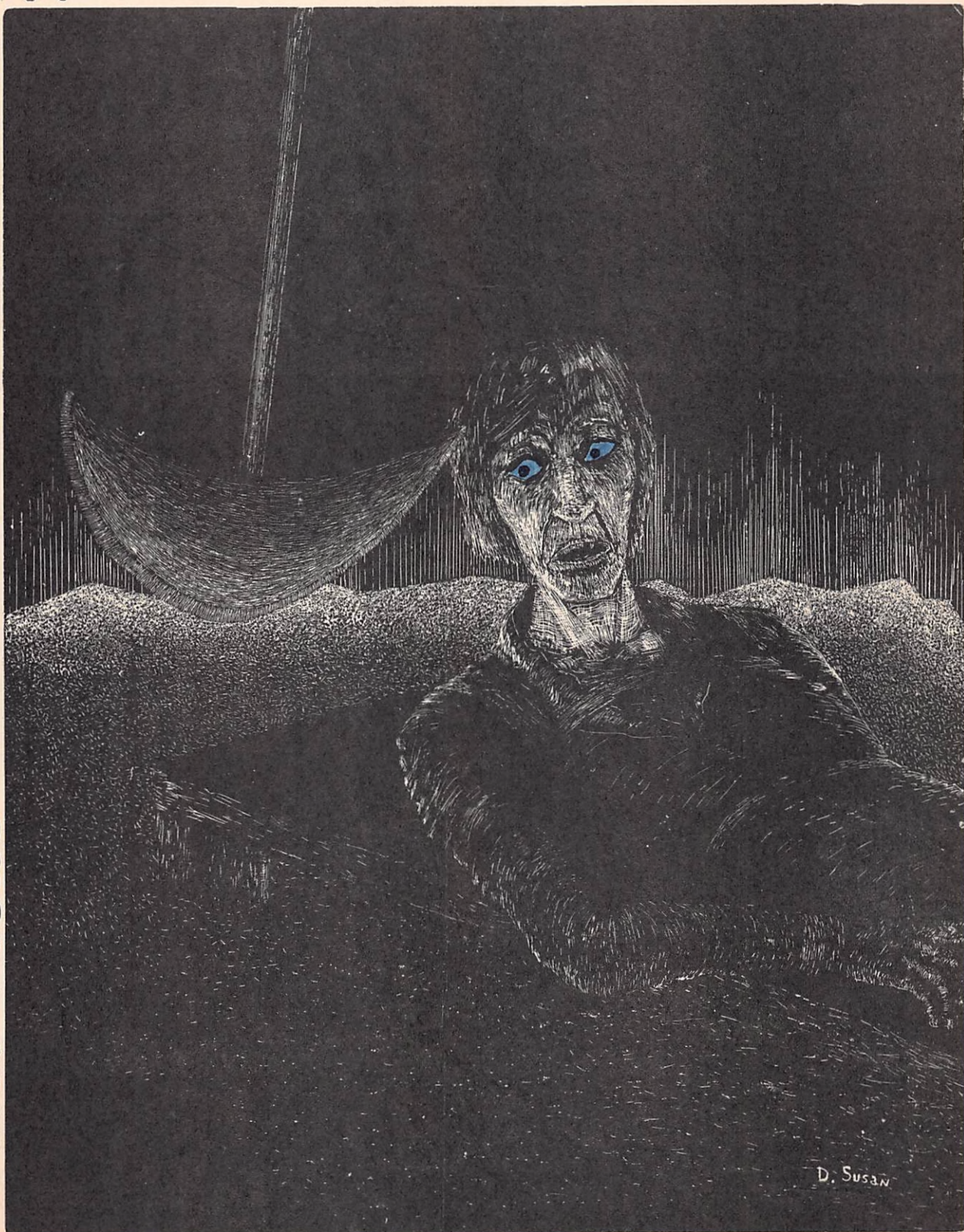


The PENDULUM

First Issue JANUARY 1952



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PRESENTS

VOL. 1 NO. 1

THE

PENDULUM

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CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL.....	2
poetry:	
LIKE A FIELD, by Raymond L. Clancy.....	4
SEA SWAY, by Philip Duke.....	23
fiction:	
HEADS OR TAILS, by Peter J. Ridley.....	5
BYLINES—	
Great Britain:	
NEWS FLASHES, by Derek Pickles.....	11
British Pubs: AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION Reviewed by Kurz, Ryan, Venable.....	12
Motion Pictures:	
WITH GUN AND CAMERA, by C. Stewart Met chette.....	1
FILM NOTES...or Something, by Walt Willis.....	17
Fandom:	
SIR HUDIBRAS IN FANDOM, by G.M. Carr.....	20
...cover by Donald Susan	

THE PENDULUM is published bi-monthly by Bill Venable, 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pennsylvania. 15¢ per copy, 2 issues for 25¢, 4 for 50¢, one year subscription for \$1.00. Articles and stories should be sent to the editor, should be typed, and should have the number of words on the title page. Poetry and artwork should be submitted to the members of the staff in charge of those fields. All rejected material will be sent to the NEFF Manuscript Bureau, unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.-454647484

Sabber

Editorial

They tell me that any self-respecting editor has to take at least two pages in his zine and kill time by sounding off appropriately. Who am I to defy the almighty Rosco's will? So be it. Let us do this thing right.

Nobody could have been more surprised that myself when Maxie decided that we were going to expand operations in this here manner. But it is not to be denied that when Max ("I've been thinkin again, so hold on to your seat") Keasler gets ideas, he gets them from the pate side of the foie gras. FANVARIETY ENTERPRISES----I dunno; has this thing ever been done before in fandom? Or do we get a fangressional medal of honor and the chrome plated loving cup? Why Hellas, this could be a BIG thing (Metchette wrote me, "Go easy on Am. Tel. & Tel, huh?")

Seriously, though, whether or not we're climbing out on a limb, we're going along for the ride, anyhow. What do you think of it? As far as I know we are trying something that has never been attempted before. We're serious about it, though, and we want to make ENTERPRISES tick.

A few words on the general idea of this thing might be in order here. It is strictly non-profit and our main idea is to form a working organization that can do things that any one fan, alone, can't. I say a working organisation to draw a line between ENTERPRISES and organizations like the NFFF, the ISFCC, etc. The ENTERPRISES is not directed at providing social intercourse between its members, such as correspondence, trading, informational leaflets and that sort of thing. Our main function will probably be publishing---OPUS and THE PENDULUM being our first babies in that line. Other fanzine publishers who wish to come in with us are of course welcome. Outside of magazines, art folios, fandirectories and fancyclopaedias, checklists, pricelists, and other manner of publications in that line. Now we think that FANVARIETY ENTERPRISES will be better able to do that sort of thing for several reasons. The first is that co-ordination will be easier. Clubs are at best, awkward vehicles for getting work done, their main function being social. ENTERPRISES will be run along strictly business lines, with as little red tape as possible. Second, we will have an experienced (in a while) staff to do this sort of thing. We won't have the problem of finding people to take on various jobs, as we will already have the people. Third, finances will be easier and more flexible. We will try to break even if possible; where we have no money we won't try to do anything. Naturally we will have to operate on a business basis, we can't give stuff away free. On the other hand, unlike a club, you only buy what you want and pay for it item by item. Through our two magazines, and any more that come into business with us, we will have a larger market than usual at our disposal, and will be able to advertise easily. Also we should be able to gauge accurately what fandom wants or needs and thus will not plunge into a venture whose success is extremely dubious.

The most important thing that I want to get across, though, is this: if you like our efforts, give us support. We will need a very large staff if we are to get anywhere with these ventures---we may need financial support at first, depending on the responses we get; and we will need a lot of help on tap when those big pro-

-----pto-----

jects come up. There's egoboo in it for you, too. And there's the
that comes from doing a job well. Because we'll have
a job for you, and it must be done well. If you already publish a
fanzine, you lose nothing by bringing it into ENTERPRISES, and you
should gain much. You have free advertising space in the other
zines affiliated with ENTERPRISES; you can draw upon the artists
and authors that other ENTERPRISE magazines use; and most of all,
you will be, eventually, one of the cogs in publishing the FANCY-
LOPAEDIA, or an art folio, or any such. If you have a new idea, or
want to start up a zine, ENTERPRISES will back you; financially if
we can (you must pay back though; all income will go to our cent-
ral funds and all outgo from there must be paid back), with free
plugs in all the ENTERPRISES magazines, with any contacts we have
in the fan and pro world.

"If you're interested, let Max or I hear from you.

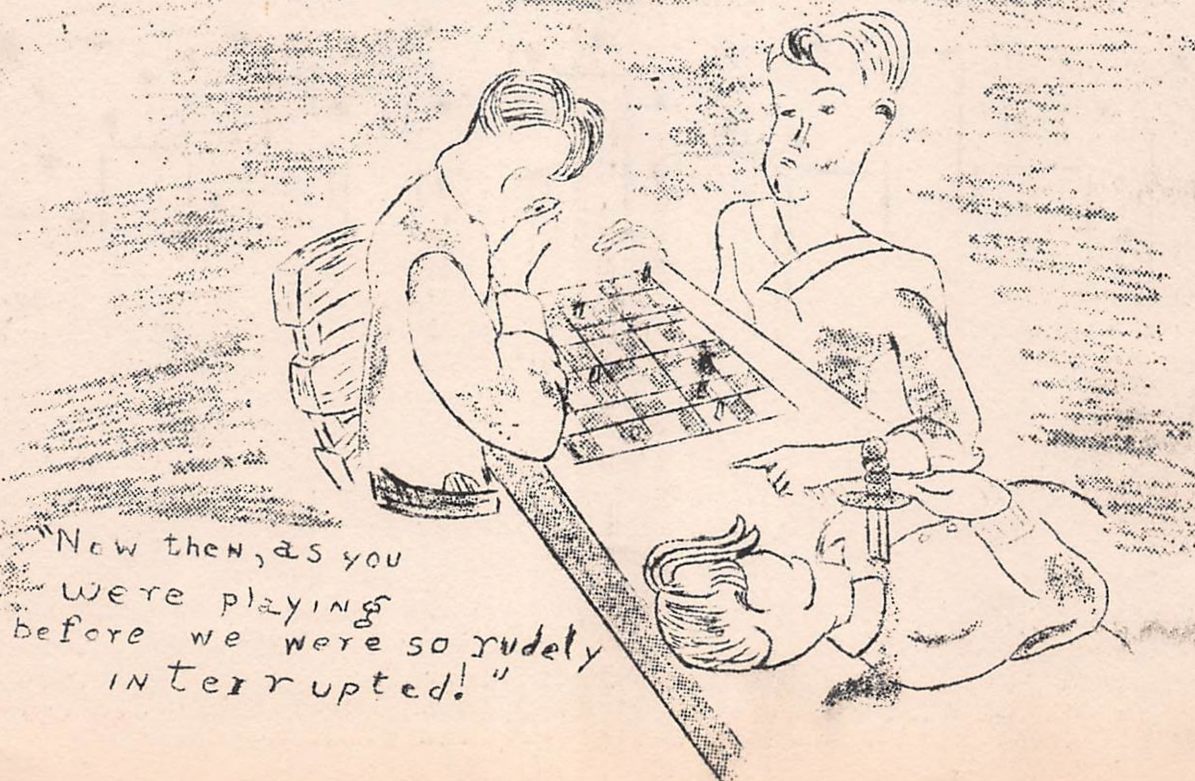
Now about THE PENDULUM:

First of all, since this is just the first issue we have as
yet no definite policies and no decided format. So tell us what
you think of this issue, and what improvements you would suggest.
Most of all here, subscribe. To state it flatly, going to college
has ye editor broke, and unless you subscribe we cut out the litho
covers. Maybe even cut the size of the mag in half. This issue
will have a circulation of 200; if only 100 of you subscribe, big-
ger things than you can dream of will be in store.

Do you want more stories per issue? More poetry? More artwork
and what kind? How did you like the cover? The columns? The gener-
al format? Let us know these things so we can fix 'em up.

Bimeby we will start letting you in on more of the activities
of ENTERPRISES. Lots of new things coming up shortly, and we'll
want to know your response to several things. We may have some ve-
ry interesting items for you.

By the way, we can use another good newsy columnist to keep
our readers abreast of current developments. Before we go solicit-
ing, is there anybody in the audience interested?



"Now then, as you
were playing
before we were so rudely
interrupted!"

Like a Field

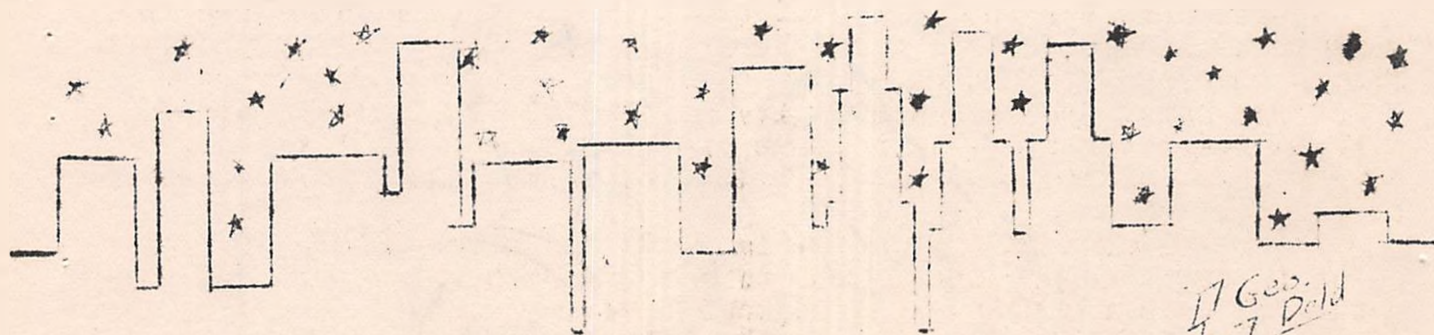
by
Raymond I. Clancy

The good black earth above me,
And never a greening sod,
But the stars in their merry millions
Like a field of goldenrod.

That is the way I see the sky
At night when the noise is low,
And over the sleeping city,
The ice-cold breezes blow.

I should like to be a farmer,
And sprinkle the seed of life
In those rich fields above me,
Not locked in childish strife.

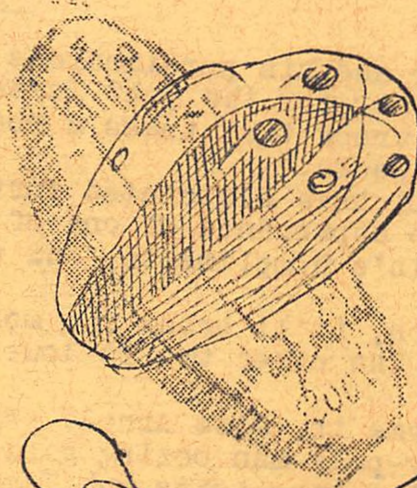
Men bow to a feeble planet,
Reddened and rusted Mars,
While out in space for the asking
Are the vigorous, youthful stars.



*17 Geo.
L. I. D. 11*

HEADS OR TAILS

by PETER J. RIDLEY



VENABLE

"We'll soon be home Allah be praised."

"Why Joseph, surely you enjoyed your sojourn among the famed Asteroids?"

"Hells Bells, no bar within twenty million miles, the only woman as cold as ice and you ask if I enjoyed it."

"But Joseph, think of the experience, think of the thrill of being able to tell your children that you saw the sun rise over Ceres."

"Don't call me Joseph and go to Hell."

The speaker, a large sullenly handsome man glared at the balding fellow sitting at the table idly sketching on the white cloth.

"I supposed you loved every minute of it, revelled in the crazy light effects and the stark nakedness of the rocks. You would. No doubt you saw soul in it."

"Come come Joseph, you must admit that to an artist even the bare rocks have a certain atmosphere when lighted by the reflections from a thousand tiny moons."

"The names Joe, and don't give me that stuff about atmosphere. A scenario-writer of fifteen years standing doesn't fall for it."

"Why so cynical Joe?" a tall dark woman who had just stepped into the cabin spoke.

"Three months on that dead planetoid and a month each way cooped up in the tin-can tramp just to get the background for some boy-gets-girl telefilm that might as well have been set in suburbia. Three of us stuck together for five months with hardly another human to talk to and you wonder why I get touchy Pat."

"Joseph is right, Patricia," supported David. "We had our work to do, your photography and my sketching, but poor Joseph had nothing to occupy him after the first few days."

"I suppose that's true," acknowledged Pat. "The manuscript didn't require much modification. It was a pity the 'Hyperion' couldn't get back sooner."

Mention of the spaceship touched Joe on a raw spot; he broke out again.

"Kaspar and his parsimonious penny-paring. Why couldn't we have hired a cruiser for the job? Instead he books us a passage on this broken down wreck that takes a month for a journey that a decent ship does in two weeks."

He would have elaborated further his contention but was interrupted by the appearance of one of the crew.

"Captain's compliments, and would you like to come up to the bridge?"

"Come on, it'll break the monotony," David dropped his pencil and got up. The other two followed him.

"Ah, come in, Miss Arnold and gentlemen," The captain was a jovial, roly-poly man oozing geniality. "It is seldom that the 'Hyperion' carries passengers but I make a practise of bringing them up to the bridge to see the finest sight in the universe."

The three trooped after the strutting rotund figure onto the bridge. David was the only one not dazed by the bank of instruments which faced the curved walls; an old Navy man, he had often seen this sight.

Pat's cool assured mask dropped for a second and she exclaimed, "Captain Howard, so many dials and gauges. How do you ever read them all?"

The Captain smiled. "Why, we don't read them all, Miss Arnold. If a danger level is reached by any dial a warning light shows above it and we are enabled to locate the trouble without difficulty."

"Oh." David noticed that she sounded disappointed, as if the Captain had not lived up to her picture of him.

"Now." The Captain waved a fat hand. "I'll show you the most awe-inspiring view in the galaxy."

He muttered a command to the First Officer and the dull metal shutters which covered the observation ports slid back.

Even David who was prepared for the sight failed to restrain a gasp of admiration. The Earth posed, soft green and brown, speckled with the white of clouds, while her vast seas reflected bright sparks of the sun's light, a misty pastel jewel shown off to advantage by the black velvet of space in which it hung.

Now, to whom the universe held nothing more beautiful than the curve of a woman's breast or the transparent gold of a bottle of whisky, forgot his loves.

"By God there's something to write about, something the habakuked author never saw, something I can add to his piffling manuscript." He turned to David. "There's something to challenge your paint box, Dave. Can you make Kaspar see that?"

The Captain slid a yellow filter across the scene.

Pat sighed.

"I'm sorry, Miss Arnold, but the filter is necessary. The light would soon begin to hurt your eyes."

"I think it's a---"

Pat's remark was cut short by a grinding metallic crash which mounted to a roar. The room became hot. Numerous red lights spotted the banks of instruments. The five people on the bridge found themselves floating in wild confusion.

Captain Howard's squeaky voice, suddenly become authoritative and without a tremor of the fear the others felt, cut through the chaos.

"Mr. Carran, get to the drive controls."

The first officer managed a shaky "Yes, sir," and struggled to the instruments, where the Captain already clung.

The two officers floated in aimless silence, while the three passengers floated aimlessly, first in one direction, then in another. David worked his way down to the two at the controls.

"Can I help?" he asked. "I was in the navy."

"Not at the moment, Mr. Allard," the Captain lifted a strained face to reply. "Perhaps, however, you could tell your colleagues to get hold of something. We'll be blasting soon."

David kicked off gently, his muscles responding to an old established habit. He manoeuvred near to Joe and Pat, who were holding hands as they floated.

"Captain says to grab hold of something, they'll be blasting at anytime now."

"Why are we floating about like this, David?" said Pat anxiously.

"It's just that the grav plates are out of action. Don't worry Pat, it'll be okay," David said with forced assurance.

The Captain called out, "Everyone ready? We're going to fire!"

David knew then that the rest of the crew were dead. A Captain never blasted without warning his crew and Captain Howard had only cautioned those actually on the bridge.

When the kick of acceleration came it was weak. Mr. Carran swore in a high pitched voice. David heard the Captain mutter, "Tube lining gone."

Even the weak acceleration caused the five on the bridge to float towards the bulkhead which separated the rest of the ship from the bridge. The three passengers hung there close together, deriving a curious consolation from the warmth of their bodies. The Captain and the First officer dropped slowly toward them.

"We're done for," gabbled the First Officer. "As good as dead now."

"That'll be enough, Mr. Carran." The Captain used his incongruously authoritative voice.

Carran regained his poise. "Sorry, sir."

"Well, there's little use in deluding you. What Mr. Carran said does appear to be in effect true."

David felt, rather than heard Pat gasp. He slipped an arm around her.

The Captain continued. "You have no doubt realized that the ship was hit by a meteor, which struck below the aft propulsion tubes, passing almost the whole length of the hull before carrying away the forward tubes. The bridge is, by virtue of its raised position, the only compartment of the ship untouched. The rest of the crew must have been wiped out in a matter of seconds."

Captain Howard paused to pass a hand over his fat face.

"The impact of the meteor pushed us off course into a kind of somersaulting motion with a slight velocity away from the earth. With only two serviceable tubes, we waited for the moment when we would be facing earth, and blasted. The lining of one of the remaining tubes was badly worn and as we fired it blew out. We now have a slight velocity toward the earth's Antarctic regions, but are unable to turn the ship to cushion our fall with the one remaining tube."

"Which means," said David calmly, "that we'll fry as we go through the atmosphere."

"And pulp when we hit," added Carran.

Funny, thought David, I'm going to die, but I don't feel any different. Kaspar will be niggled, no background for his new masterpiece.

Joe wasn't going to leave life so easily.

"Surely there's something we can do, we can't just sit here and wait to die."

"He's right," trumpeted the Captain. "We mustn't give in."

"But what can we do?" queried Pat.

"S.O.S.?" suggested David.

"What, with no radio-op and most probably no radio either?" interjected the Mate pessimistically.

"There's a chance that the radio's undamaged, and I was a radio officer in the Navy," returned David.

Captain Howard worked his way clumsily across the room, opened a cupboard and drew out two space suits.

"Get into this, Mr. Alland," he ordered. "We'll have a look at the radio."

David clambered into the light rubberized fabric suit and Pat helped him with the helmet. The Captain had already got his suit on. He led the way to the door. For a moment David was afraid he was going to open it and let all the air out of the control room, but he reached up and let down what appeared to be a rubber blanket which cut them off from the rest.

The Captain bent closer and shouted; the sound came faintly to David.

"Turn on your intercom!"

He gestured toward the top of his helmet. David felt around and found a switch. The Captain's voice jumped at him.

"...air pressure seals the blanket against the door."

He opened the door a crack and suddenly the blanket pushed at them, forcing them out the door. Captain Howard closed it after them.

Though a state of free fall is a rare contingency, even for a space man, both David and the Captain had had some experience and consequently they didn't waste time in getting used to the sensation. Beyond the spiral stairs which led to the control room the ship was a wilderness of twisted metal. David found himself comparing the scene to that of a suddenly frozen jungle.

The Captain's voice boomed in his ears. "Looks like the radio room may have survived. Worst damage is on the other side."

They made their way towards the rear of the ship, gliding clumsily between fantastic amorphous stalactites of still warm metal. Soon they found themselves in a comparatively undamaged part of the ship.

"No bodies?" mused David aloud.

"Went out with the air," answered Captain Howard tensely.

"Here's the radio room. Doesn't look too bad."

David eyed the warped walls and marked the Captain as an optimist. They entered. Broken glass floated like a mist in the room.

The Captain shrugged, or at least David so construed the convulsive movements of his suit, and began to leave.

"Hang on, Captain." David was inspecting the wreckage more closely. "I might be able to do something, not all the valves are broken and I can do some swapping."

It was difficult work, made nearly impossible by the weightlessness, but David finally managed to find enough valves, by cannibalizing the receiver and using all the spares, to put the transmitter in working order.

Meanwhile, the Captain had been exploring. His weary voice came to David as he fixed the last valve in place.

"Wasted work, I'm afraid, Mr. Alland. The beaming apparatus is beyond repair."

David felt his tense muscles go limp. He meticulously finished his work before replying.

"Let's get back to the others."

They'd reached the door of the room when a thought occurred to David. "What about the receiving aerial? We're near enough to Earth to stand a chance of being heard on a broadcast."

"It's a chance!" The Captain sounded excited.

David worked furiously tracing the wires. Finally he found the ones he wanted, and connected them up.

"What kind of power have we got left in the batteries?" he asked.

"Use maximum power," replied the Captain. "The batteries are still being charged, the emergency power station must have escaped damage."

"How about the aerial?"

"The usual receiving type, coiled about the ship just below the skin."

David threw the energizing switch, praying that the power lines were intact. They were. He started tapping out an S.O.S.

"What shall I give as our position?"

"Never mind that, any ship that picks up the call will put a tracer on us."

He got about ten minutes airtime before the batteries died.

"We'll let them charge up and try again later."

"This won't relieve the tension much," remarked David as they wended their way through the torn metal of the ship's center. "We shan't know if anyone's heard our S.O.S."

The Captain grunted in reply.

They closed the door and pushed aside the now flaccid blanket, walking into a wall of questions.

Captain Howard took his helmet off slowly.

"I don't want to raise any wild hopes. We did manage to get off an S.O.S., but without the beaming apparatus and with the added disadvantage of our proximity to the Heaviside-Kennelly layer...well, just don't expect too much."

He glided over to the observation ports and slid back the filter.

"Shut them over, please, Captain," pleaded Pat. "My standards of beauty have changed."

The little fat fellow gave a harsh laugh and closed the ports. The vision plates which had dimmed to indistinct blurs when the batteries had drained brightened.

Mr. Carran made a move to turn them off, but the Captain stopped him. "We shall want to know if a rescue ship turns up."

David couldn't take his eyes from the imperceptibly swelling globe that he had admired so recently. Now he could see nothing but a death's head with pieces of white hair and discoloured flesh adhering to it, set off by the darkness of the grave. The skull moved, nodded at him as he watched.

Involuntarily he cried out. "It moved, it moved."

The image in the visi-screens was indeed oscillating slightly. Captain Howard jumped to the ports and flung them open. The globe towards which they plunging suddenly became a broad tube of light and jumped out of view, the pinpoint stars became lines of brilliant light. The people on the bridge found themselves banging hard against the side of the ship. The lines of light became pinpoints once more, but the menacing sphere of earth was gone.

"We've turned, the ship's turned!" bellowed Captain Howard.

"It's impossible, it can't be..." David protested against the irrationality of it, then accepted the visual evidence.

"There must be a ship helping us," the First Officer spoke.

"Nothing on the screens," jerked out the captain. "It's a miracle"

"Does it mean we'll be alright now?" asked Pat in a dazed voice.

"Yes," David answered for the Captain who was busy at the control board. "We've one good tube left. It'll be enough to set us down gently."

"It worked, it worked," gabbled Joe

"What the blazes are you talking about?" David lost his usual urbanity.

"My charm, my lucky piece!" Joe fumbled in a pocket and displayed a tiny horseshoe magnet polished to brilliance. "It saved us, nothing else could have."

David sneered. "You superstitious fool---" The words came automatically but the sentence flickered out before its completion. The answer came in a soundless mental explosion. David caressed his receding hair line as the idea developed. He laughed.

"You're right, Joe," he said between gusts of laughter. "A magnet did save our hides. The Captain and I poured about a million amps into the coil aerial around the ship and made it one big magnet."

"But David," Pat was puzzled, "how could that turn the ship?"

"Easy, my sweet." David sobered down. "We made a south pole at the nose of the ship, and the 'Hyperion' was heading for the earth's south magnetic pole; once we entered the earth's magnetic field our nose was repelled and our rear attracted and we turned." He chanted in a sing-song voice, "Like poles repel and unlike poles attract---" dropped back to his normal voice and added, "---first year physics!"

—PETER J. RIDLEY

SMALL ADVERTS

BOB TROETSCHER, 1201 CARSON ST., PITTSBURGH 3, PA., wants to hear from collectors of pocket-book editions of s-f and fantasy, particularly old and rare p-bs. He's compiling a checklist of p-b fantasy editions, now has about 1000 p-bs listed. 'Twill be published and on sale shortly.

DEREK PICKLES, 22 MARSHFIELD PLACE, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, offers a free copy of his fanzine, PHANTASMAGORIA, to all who send him either a cutting or a legible copy of any review of PHANTAS, either in prozines or in fanzines, since Dec. 1950 to date, and for the future.

COSMAG/SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, the best since THE FANSCIENT, only 25¢ a copy from IAN MACAULEY, 57 E. PARK LANE, ATLANTA, GA.

Have a wood-burning fireplace? RAINBOW FLAMES, sprinkled on the fire, gives blue, green, red, all colors, really beautiful. Harmless--safe--novel. Big bag for only \$1.50, lasts a long time. Sent prepaid. Send your \$1.50 to Box 1 c/o this magazine.

This column is for small ads only. All offers made in this column are approved by the publisher of this magazine, and are backed by THE PENDULUM. Money refunded of any offer is not as advertised herein. You can place an ad in this column for a mere 10¢, not over 50 words. You must be able to prove your reliability, however, or I'm liable to go broke. Readers please note that you can rely on offers advertised in THE PENDULUM. Advertisers who wish can use a box with this magazine ---answers to the ads will be forwarded from editor to advertiser.

The Pendulum NEWS FLASHES

--HOST OF NEW FILMS, PUBLICATIONS & FAN EVENTS IN BRITAIN--

--BY DEREK PICKLES

New British reprint prozine due out Jan. 1952 by Thorpe & Porter called SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, sells at 2/-...British weekly magazine TIT-BITS has commenced a new serial this week called Dr. Manzi's Venus, about a scientist who is building a mechanical beauty---(first installment he is messing about wiring up a wax dressmaker dummy--- seems to be an excuse to show a rather Junoesque female in black bra and panties) (not my type)...New fanclubs springing up all over England---new one in Liverpool formed recently---also one in Bradford as a result of the recent highly successful one-day Con which was attended by over 50 fen from all over the North of England---plans for 1952 that should be musts for British fen are Cons in Manchester (one day meeting in August) and an even bigger con in London (over Whitweekend) ...Rumours of two new British prozines, one from one of the biggest firms in the country and another edited by H.J. Campbell of AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION--(latter mag has published another story by Campbell recently and one by London fan George Hay, as well as releasing another by George--both quite good)---A new film has had its premiere recently, starring Tyrone Power and called THE HOUSE ON THE SQUARE--- story is of an atomic scientist who, sickened by the 20th Century, wants to return to his grandfather's days of the 18th Century.... and does so...finds though it is not quite as pleasant as the romantics say---Joy Batchelor is making a full-length technicolor cartoon at the moment, title ANIMAL FARM, by George Orwell--release date next year.----British edition of THE CONQUEST OF SPACE by Ley & Bonestell now going into third edition,--price 1st edition was 18/-...2nd edition 21/-...new edition 25/-...publishers say costs are outstripping production.----British government is conducting, very quietly, VERY interesting research on guided missiles on the Woomera Rocket Range in Central Australia...scope of project can be seen when the size of the range is noted...3000 miles...target area somewhere in the middle of the pacific.---BBC's television Service is auditioning ghosts for a Christmas Programme, asked for 50 reports on authenticated manifestations...received 1500 replies, including literally every kind of psychic phenomena...Programme Director hopes that ghosts not chosen to appear won't take it too badly.
---Seems to be all for now so until next issue...

Derek

...in the limelight-----

Hamilton & Co. (Stafford) Ltd.
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London, W. 12

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION

This British pub is fast becoming one of the best s-f magazines in existence, and we don't mean maybe. On these pages a few of their latest issues are reviewed. Interested fans should write to the publishers to obtain back copies or new subscriptions...nice cover art is the keynote with Hamilton, as well as novels like

REPORT FROM MANDAZO

by Lee Stanton

One might picture how a visiting group of aliens from a remote planet would react to a dose of human nature. In 1965 an investigation party from the planet Mandazo reaches the Earth in order to compile a complete report on the only other known intelligence in existence. Immediately after landing the visitors are shown the glories of human culture, including crime, warfare, and man's inhumanity to man. Naturally the investigating committee decides to take matters into its own hands and educate the human race.

By 1965 our world is divided into two opposing factions: the Atlantians and the Mongolasiens. The Mandozans promptly become, through their extraordinary physical prowess and superior technical knowledge, a dominant force on earth; as such they proceed to help the faltering human race by forcing the two Earth factions to live in harmony and view life as a Mandazan does.

The reaction to this helping hand, along with the discovery of a ray to which the Mandazons are vulnerable, provides interesting reading. Everything adds up to a good tale.

---F. MERK RYAN

Latest issue of AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION features COMING OF THE DARAKUA, by F.G. Rayer---this issue is so new we haven't read it yet, ourselves. It has a very nicely done cover tho---in fact, they all do. Here is a magazine that goes in for excellent cover art, no Babe, BEM and Bum covers on these.

The issue before DARAKUA is of particular note, for the title of the novel was---you'll never guess---THE MOON IS HEAVEN, by---what do you know, H.J. Campbell! Those of u who have read anything by this H. J. Campbell before know he has a most interesting style...the entire novel is written in the second person, present. Lots of readers write in to ASF complaining about "that awful style". We personally like it. It's new, and very well done too. The story, incidentally, is no bad novel either. Nothing at all like the John W. Campbell novel, it tells of the first expedition to the moon, told from the vantage-point of a journalist who goes along as official observer. When they get to the moon they run into trouble---but not the kind of trouble you're thinking. It's not the erudite, ultra-technical Astounding-type fiction; on the other hand it's just as far from hackneyed space opera. Mainly its plain good reading.

Now from the point of view of the human-value, semi-sociological, interplanetary type of novel, turn to the next page for

George
Hay's--

MAN, WOMAN^{AND} ANDROID

British SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY (now AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION)

---reviewed by KAREN KURZ

Number Ten

The ship on the screen grew larger. Presently one of the watchers spoke, "You are certain the man is aboard?"

"Certain? My friend, you should know better than to speak of uncertainties. Still---yes, he is aboard. And the girl is already here, so you won't have to worry about that."

With that mysterious send-off, Man, Woman--- and Android gets more fascinating as it progresses. It is a story of the time in the very near future when the world will have developed Androids just as powerful or more so than the ordinary run of mankind.

Paradise...Planet of Pleasure....lying midway between Earth and Mars...a glittering monument of man's skill and folly. What was its real purpose? For what reason was it built? Why was the management and ownership kept such a secret? All these things Flane asked himself as he rocketted toward it.

Flane, representative of Terra, his personal android, Andrew, and Lady Sandra of Venus, were all heading toward Paradise for the same reason--- to engage the help of Paradise in the war between the planets. Terra had come to the end of her long duel with the League of the Three Planets, a duel no less deadly because it was still officially unacknowledged. Terran ships were disappearing from the skies, as were the ships of Jupiter, Mars, and Venus. The attacks were described as the work of "unidentified pirates". All of the planets were trying to get Paradise as an ally, because although little was known about Paradise, from earlier experiences, the defenses were known to be fabulously effective.

During their lengthy stay at Paradise, Flane and Sandra accidentally fell in love, but Sandra had too much of the Venusian Amazon feelings in her to let her feeling run riot within her.

Flane's stay on Paradise was ended abruptly with the news that a mass revolt of the androids of Terra had taken over seven major cities.

The way that the revolt ties in with Sandra and Flane and th means that Flane uses to calm down the revolt and how Paradise is mixed in with everything makes for very engrossing reading if you like this sort of space-opera with hero and heroine and surprise endings.

WITH GUN AND CAMERA

G. Stewart Metchette



I came out of the Fox Theatre in Detroit and stood silent as the other fans exchanged comments about the film we had just witnessed: THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. Many of them had seen it at the Molacon, and I noticed that their discussion hinged around two comparisons: this film with DESTINATION MOON, and with the other half dozen which comprise the sun total of contemporary science fiction movies. DAY rated favorably in their consensus, above the others, but still far below MOON (altho there was a minority opinion of one on this point.)

My own opinions coincided to some degree with theirs. I ranked Pal's production of Heinlein's novel as the best science fiction movie of contemporary times. I had a personal scale onto which each of the other films fitted. I will discuss the matter now.

I went through the advance publicity of D-M in San Francisco, and listened to the reports that filtered out of LA about it, and of another film which was in production at the same time. Lippert's ROCKETSHIP X-M played to a full house weeks before MOON came to the city, and for months afterwards, it was a feature billing in the second- and third-run houses.

Without a doubt, RXM was a "quickie": shot in little less than a month, with a cost of \$80,000. RXM grossed over a million, and this figure should expand to a much larger sum when the final returns are tabulated. RXM hitched onto MOON's publicity; many who entered the theatre thought they were seeing the Pal production. Commercially, there is no quarrel with Lippert's procedure. But, ethically, both in the interests of science fiction films and its printed page counterpart, Lippert did more to discourage the lay reader than has Shaverism Flying Saucers and certain pulp mags. RXM was a technical miss-mash; it earned the scourging of many an article. In spite of myself, although I do not like the film as an example of s f, I have to grant that it did have a plot, and from what I gather, some characterization.

DESTINATION MOON was a technical wonder. The care taken to minimize errors and reproduce as faithful a scene of interplanetary flight as possible was described in an article by Heinlein in Astounding. This film was a science fiction movie: it brought to the layman an imposing view of the future, giving him adventure as well as facts, but it did lack forceful plotting and characterization. However, and this is my main contention as regards stf films, I believe it is better to sacrifice such characteristics so well founded in printed stf, than to include them at the cost of the sad blunderings which RXM exhibited.

The lay public must have some mundane reference point from which to view a stf film. In D-M it was most likely the novelty, which the pre-release of RXM had not dispelled, thank god! and it did have color to further enhance it. But the lay public did have the rough plot of RXM, one that they could easily translate from westerns and Indians to spaceships and Martians; and they had their Brooklyn character and their beloved Texan. This superiority of RXM over D-M was put to me many a time, but I still stand on preserving the technical aspects at the expense of craftsmanship. It is not necessary to give the public false science, and if it is necessary, then why discuss the question any further!

However, later films have shown that technicality and craft can be wedded, so that the layman is not overwhelmed with science and is still held by a plot structure he can assimilate. My comments on RXM hold for the MAN FROM PLANET X, with the exception that I think this latter held a slight improvement over the former. Neither of them were fair examples of stf movies.

THE THING followed upon the heels of the first trio. I did not appreciate the deviations it took from the original WHO GOES THERE? but then the public could appreciate the film version with less difficulty. (By no means do I suggest that they could not be conditioned to a direct version of Stuart's story! It merely exists that the change was more familiar, and less drastic than the original would have been.) Again, this film was below D-M, but considerably higher than its other two contemporaries. The therein effects were a marvelous means to transmit the alien atmosphere of the Thing itself, as well as provide an undercurrent of horror, which fitted the billing widely distributed by its producers. THE THING did not completely fill the bill of a good layman's picture, but it came the closest, if one excuses D-M from the consideration.

FIVE came to the local scene without advance publicity; it took second billing to a dramatic film called A FAMILY AFFAIR. The guiding genius behind FIVE was Arch Oboler: producer, scripter, director and scenic designer. In contrast to any forerunner FIVE studiously avoided open scientific discussion, relying not upon information by inference, and through character reaction. The atomic cloud was blared for all; suitable reasons for the survival of the four adults were found; and the film proceeded to unroll its message to the audience.

FIVE had not the blunders of RXM, nor the precision of D-M. I think it is due to the careful skirting of scientific folderol: the absence of science preferable to the inclusion of pseudo-science. I dislike this alternative to the sometimes ponderous

aspects of D-M, but it is better than the tomfoolery of RXM and MAN FROM P-X. I would place FIVE as slightly above THE THING much more preferable than those blow it.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL and WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE are our best examples to date of the compromise in favor of the layman. The former had the same distressing facet of the THING, in that the original source was deserted for a substitution. But here is even better reason: the lay public could not be expected to grasp the sophistication of Harry Bates' pinch-line ending as would the jaded fan! It is a shame that it is; perhaps we will be able to see a remake of DAY and listen to the concluding worlds and soothe our missings.

WORLDS seems to have received the lavish care that made D-II a first rate film. Pal once more produced; Bonestell again painted the scenery; and on the whole one could see the touch of painstaking craftsmanship. In both of these last films, the public had its plot: in one a flying saucerish device and the presence of a robot, familiar to some degree to all; in the other, a cataclysm that could not fail to entrance the most avid reader of TRUE CONFESSIONS. Personally, I see no great quarrell with either. They are far better examples of sf movies than RXI and PLANET-X. I would say that a simple upward tendency in technicality, with the maintenance of plot structure would shortly arrive us at or near the lofty peak of DESTINATION MOON.

Out of seven films, it is possible to select one masterpiece, two considerably less than passible examples, and four remaining as typical fare for an uninitiated public. I wish to heaven that it were possible to bring to the public the same skilled craftsmanship and entertainment that is available in magazine and book science fiction. But barring that, I, for one, am well content with the final score of 70% favorable examples with which to bring to the screens, and to invite into the growing readership.. even fandom, of science fiction.

In passing, I must state that I forewent the pleasure of adding my comments to the those expressed by the San Francisco Chronicle on a feature called PREHISTORIC WOMEN: "an anthropology lesson with laughs..." Mine would scarcely qualify as even snickers.

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Film Notes

... or something

by Walt Willis

I'd like to enter a provisional claim to be the last fan to have seen ROCKETSHIP XM. I saw it for the first---and last---time the other day. If there are any fans who haven't seen it yet I say to them, "Go and see this film if you're down in the dumps---that's where its showing." At least that's where its showing in Belfast. It went to one of the first run houses, and then to the suburban chains, and now it has ended up in what a kindhearted person might call our local repertory theatres. It might give you a rough idea of what these places are like ---and the rougher the idea you have the better---if I say that one of them has a notice outside "100 PERCENT ALL TALKING". And they don't mean the lady behind you who has seen the film before. Everybody there has seen the film before anyway, but they don't care. Half the audience are hiding from the police and the rest are in the impenetrable darkness of the back rows, known locally as the fingerstalls.

I deliberately stayed away from RXM before not because I am an intellectual snob---though of course I am---but because I didn't want to encourage the producer Robert Lippert to pull any more dirty tricks. I always act on high ethical principles like this, providing of course they don't cause me any personal inconvenience. But by the time the film had reached the fleapits I figured that my jam-pot would hardly stand between Lippert and bankruptcy. (There not, I've run up against one of the things I don't know about America. When you were a kid could you get into the really cheap cinemas for empty jam-jars?) I visualized Lippert sitting in his office while the filing clerks manicure his nails. The balance sheet for RXM is brought in. Lippert's face drops. He picks it up hastily---it never does to lose face in the movie industry---but his knees start to tremble, throwing a couple of blonde secretaries against the walls.

The balance sheet looks something like this:

EXPENDITURE

Shooting the film.....	\$3000.00
" three directors with scruples....	\$3000.00
" them again with bullets.....	\$3000.00
Bribe to IMAGINATION.....	\$1000.00
Technical advice, research, special effects, one Mars, one Moon, scotch tape & mousetraps.....	\$0000.25
TOTAL	\$10000.25
Less Income	\$10000.00
DEFICIT	\$.25

Ruin stares Lippert in the face, because he can expect no quarter (from his enemies). He buries his face in his hands, then hastily digs it up again as a thought strikes him. He reaches for the transatlantic phone---he has very long arms---and calls his European agent. "There is only one hope for Lippert Productions," he says. "What about that fan who hasn't seen RXM yet? Is there any word from Willis?" "Yes Boss," says the agent, "He went to see it last night." "Thank, Ghu," says Lippert (he is of course a Ghuist). He weeps with joy. His seventeen blonde secretaries---he's afraid of the dark---won't have to be turned out without a roof to their mouths. "Well," he says, "Don't just stand there, send over what he paid for his seat!" "Must I, Boss?" says the agent. "I'm keeping my petunias in it."

This is the end. No use any longer keeping a stiff upper Lippert. He takes a revolver out of the desk drawer and puts it in his mouth. "Cancel my engagements," he says. "And if any calls tell them that I have a Colt in the head." So he shoots himself both quicker and deader than his films.

Now I'm not going to review RXM. I know there was a glorious time when all you needed for a headline was an article on dianetics and a comparison of RXM with DESTINATION MOON, but I bravely recognise that those days are gone. We must march with the times. Progress...science...fearlessly forward...new dawn...way of life.....outworn shibboleths...etc. etc. (Sorry, I've been listening to too many election speeches.) So I steadfastly resisted the temptation to write a brilliantly witty critique of RXM. One thing which made this a bit easier for me was that I couldn't think of anything witty to say. And besides it wasn't really such a bad film. Old Father Lippert, the movie industry's original Pop Corn, made quite a good job of the early scenes, and it only got really annoying when the ship started to slow down in space. Pardon me, Mr. Lippert, but your ship is slowing.

I'll bet no one before ever took so much time not to review a film. I hope it won't come as too much of a shock to you to know that I started out to review another film altogether and thought it would be a good idea to lead up to it by a few remarks about RXM. After I saw it, you see, I was discussing it with James White and Bob Shaw and we decided that given half a million dollars and a movie studio we could make a really good sf film. So if any of my readers happen to have half a million dollars or a film studio we'd be glad if you'd send them along. We'll pay postage, of course. In the meantime we thought we'd better start on the scenario and decided on a van Vogt novel. Or at least I did, because I think there is no one to touch van Vogt at his prime, or at least there wasn't until he got himself cleared of all those things that distinguished him from Hubbard---little odds and ends like engrams and ideas and ability and inspiration. James doesn't mind what sort of a film we make as long as it has a high moral tone and possibly Doris Day, and Bob couldn't object because he still owes me for all that space he bought in the last SLANT. So van Vogt it had to be, and of all his stories I think the most photogenic would be THE SEARCH, if only because of the Palace of Immortality, the building with the endless corridors and the flight of steps that ended in space.

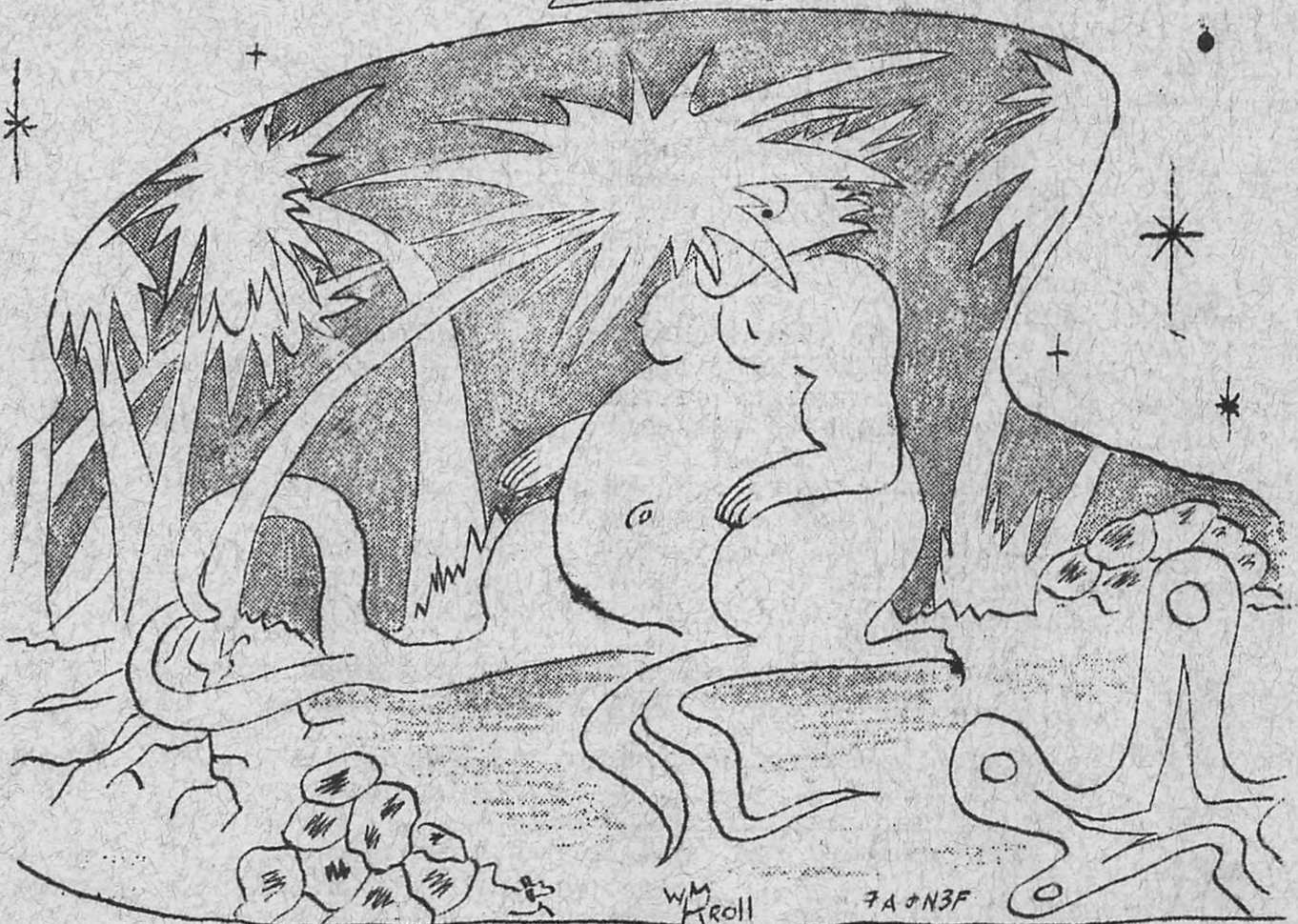
Now, after agreeing with Bob and James that the commercial movie industry would never make a fantasy movie ambitious enough to please fans I went to the cinema again next night and was proven absolutely wrong. In a half-empty theatre I saw the most remarkable film I have ever seen. Not perhaps the best, but definitely the most extraordinary. It's that lavish, magnificent and incredible production THE TALES OF HOFFMAN. I have never seen a film, not even CITIZEN KANE or SPECTRE OF

THE ROSE or WINTERSET, which makes so few concessions to commercial ideas of what the public likes. It is just unbelievable that people would have had the nerve to sink so much money into such an uncompromising gamble. There's not a single word of spoken dialogue in it, just music and singing and dancing and trick photography and fantastically beautiful sets. It's true there are some nice girls in it, including one redhead who looks a bit like Lee Hoffman (surprisingly enough) and another who looks very like Moire Shearer (which is less surprising since that's who it is) and a very convincing orgy that will undoubtedly be cut by the Hays office, but what you should go and see it for are those wonderful sets. They're all in colour of course, and it's the best fantasy artwork I have ever seen. If I was a prozine editor I should buy a few thousand stills from this film and sack all my cover artists. And if I couldn't get the stills honestly I would steal them. If my covers had punch like that I wouldn't mind if it came from illicit stills.

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OPUS

...our sister magazine



sketch by Bill Kroll

Sir Hudibras

in Fandom



by
G.M. Corr



HEN AYJAY FANZINES LATE GREW HOT
WITH LURID ILLOS AND SEX SPICED PLOT
When beer was praised but Ghod was not
And such was hailed as "brave new thought"---

Then hard words, ego cracks and smears
Set fans together by the ears
And made them fight, with rage and quip
On sex
Religion
Censorship!
Those fans free speech they all did swear for
Though not a fan of them knew wherefore...

When wire-recording insurgent, surrounded
with long-hair poets, to battle sounded
And mimeo drum and hekto pale
Grew smuttier and smuttier with every mail,

(if you want to find out what happened go on to next page. if not,...)

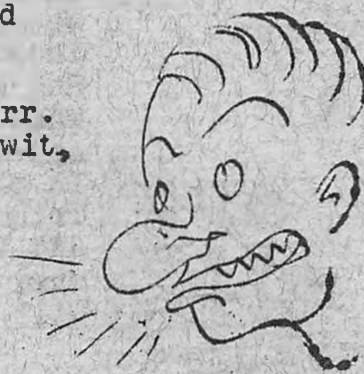
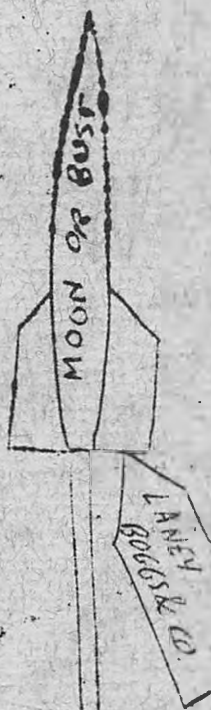
this is it....

Then did Bradley abandon mystic Yoga
And don for FAPA purity's toga--
(For though she claims that 'companionate' glee
Were better than unwished maternity,
She never bowed a stubborn typer
For anything less than language proper).

And put up blows that almost laid poor
Laney on his shoulderblade.
"Call in U.S.P.S." she said,
"Unless all FAPans bow their heads:
And choose but words that please the taste
of Government censors, notably chaste.
Regard defunct INCINERATIONS
Resulting from their examinations!"
WASTEBASKET trembled, but remained
with but one article restrained.
And elsewhere, 'Gross'ly in the breech
FANVARIETY roused a screech
Of Anguish From The N3F
Who'd staidly sponsored NULL, ALEPH;
Krueger, McNeil and Watkins polish
Their

Pens, all sex from fandom to abolish
(Which fen in QUANDRY failed to see
Thet e'en Liddle Monsters are 'he' and 'she')
Redd Boggs defended the fanzines freedom
(..although he didn't bother to read 'em)
Then, to the fray thus nobly coined
the COLES in their ORGASMS joined;
New arguments to start a war
With Bradley's friend, one G.M. Carr.
We grant, although Coles had much wit,
They were very slow of using it;
As being loath to wear it out;
And, therefore wore it not about
unless on Holidays, or so
As men their best apparel do.

Such was the case when FAPA voted
to elect new officers (the old had been demoted).
"Bradley for President," some cried.
"Give us Art Rapp," others replied.
The vote was tied, the issue fogs
In Laney's Ire; until Redd Boggs
Smooths down the censored subjects 'till
Bradley's objections he could still.
And Save the FAPA from such fate
as government censorship might create.
And even so among the pro Amazings editors did know
A moments anger, and did slash
From Club-House Comments future trash....
Stating, with blunt veracity
They did not like Keasler's FV-----





But still the Coles did war on Carr
Who snickered at them from afar,
And oft as they did pause for breath
Did egg them on to froth afresh;
With comments Snide and Virtue Prudish
And puns appealingly Gertrudish.

Both SAPS and FAPA with delight
Beheld the progress of this fight
Adding their comments and their glee
To swell GEM TONES publicity;
(Which Carr cashed in on quick, of course,
by trading zines, for better or worse,
and even across each neighboring ocean
Extended to UK her fannish devotion.)
At last the tide of battle turned,
Less flashing grew the fires that burned
FV respectfully aired all views
While Laney shrank to old MEZRAB reviews;
Bradley resigned from FAPA as prexy
Leaving Rapp and Pavlat neck-and-necksy.
SAPS-FAPA found to their dismay
There was no 'O' on mailing day
Whether there'll be an 'O' again
When Lse tames the chowder-headed Little Men
(Hard pressed to publish his fanzine
Without Lee Jacobs or mimeo machine)
We wait to see, but then again maybe
They'll have to wait until Es has her baby.
But so clean are the pages of fanzines and apas
That sex is confined just to mamas and papas.
And Venable starts up a new zine, you see,
In place of that once-of-so-naughty- FV***.
Triumphant, Carr Bradley shake hands and relax
And turn back again to their Yoga-based facts.
What new feuds may turn up in fanzines to view
Will now have to wait until year '52****.

—G.M. CARR

***I object to this assumption about my motivation. We gave up FV because ENTERPRISES seemed more potentially interesting, not because the skeletons rattling bothered us. We got publicity, too. However, I did not want to take too much editorial license and so edited this piece very little. I am not responsible for anything said in it, and all law-suits should be directed to the author. I will print any irate letters, however.... [bv]

****It Is Now 1952. Let's get an early start, fellows. Who's going to attack who?... [bv]

By the way, I'm interested in knowing what you readers think of this type of thing, this epic-poem, like, you know what I mean? Want more? Let me know how you feel... [bv]

Seasway

by Philip Duke

For the days when the wind blows quiet
Far quiet, unto the sea
Where it blows forever, forever to be
Long, for eternity.

The waves blow, soft quiet
Sea-green as only the sea may be
With a seaweed sway, and an endless play
Long, for eternity.

And the sky grows bold,
And beats upon the sea,
With lashings of grey against the gold,
Long, for eternity.

So the sea plays, with its endless sway,
Long, for eternity,
And so it has been and so it is
And shall be, long, for an eternity.



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