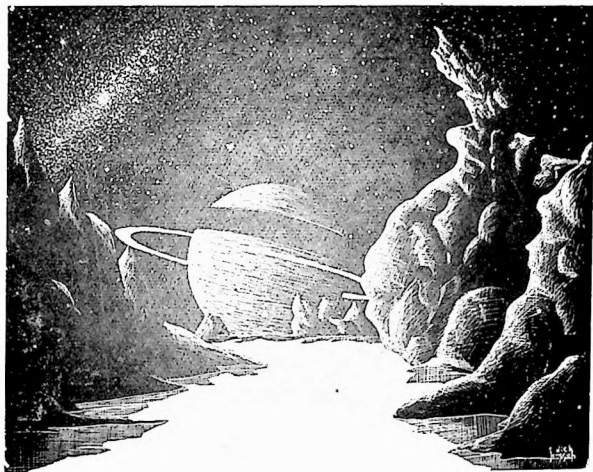


PERHAPS^{2/1}

SCIENTIFICTION REVIEW

Number 3

January, 1954



"IN DEFENCE OF THE SLUSH PILE" -- by H. J. Campbell

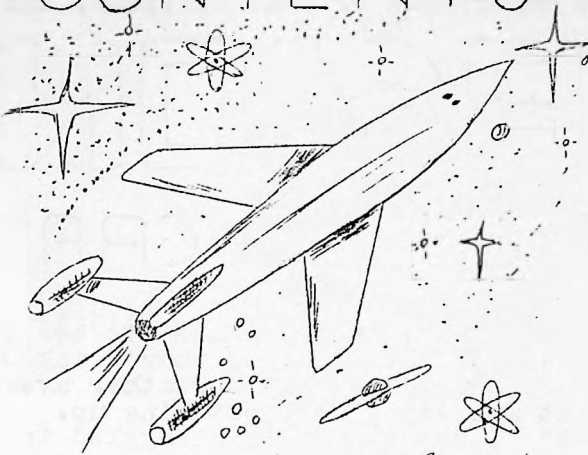
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CONTENTS

ISSUE NUMBER 3

DECEMBER 1953



Editor:

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Articles and Stories

INVERSION:	Lyell Crane	4
IN DEFENCE OF THE SLUSH PILE	H.J. Campbell	11
IT IS WRITTEN	Bruce Meron	16
THE APHRODITE PROJECT	George G. Smith	21
ORBITUARY	A. Bertram Chandler	22
ZA-AP! - MURDEROUS WEAPONS OF S-F . .	Kevin Wheelahan	23
THE WORKS OF ROBERT E. HOWARD	F.G.L. Cockcroft	28

Verse

BEAUTY IN THIS IRON AGE	Philip José Farmer	20
THE FANZINE	Bob Stewart	34

Features

THE BACK DOOR (Editorial)	L.J. Harding	35
A WORD ON THE "WITCH HUNTERS" . . .	Walter A. Willis	37
- AND A REPLY	Roger Dard	38
MINISCOULE MUMBLINGS	(The Lazy Readers)	39

Cover by : JENSEN. Interior artwork by KING, ROBERTS and Mc.Lelland.

Pertaining to the mysterious affairs of The Professor, the fabulous Baby, the strange experience of Gene Williams, and. . .

INVERSION

PART ONE LYELL CRANE

It was kind of a drak night anyway, there seemed to be about three inches of water in the dry spots. Maybe they'd taken the bottoms out of heaven to be cleaned. Sydney's weather averages out fairly well, but tonight it was doing some catching up.

"Sunny Australia be damned!" I mumbled as I struggled into my raincoat; then there came a great thumping at the door.

"So you do open doors eventually" it ruttered, clumping soggily across the threshold, dripping mess all over the carpet.

"I was just going out" I replied bluntly, because of all the people I would rather not have seen at this time, Gene Williams was all of them.

Sure, we'd got along O.K. years ago; but I'd been away a long time, and while he still did fairly well for an aging party wolf when the lights were low, he had to be watched at all times or he might louse up other peoples' affairs.

"I haven't seen you lately" he challenged, by way of getting the conversation started.

"That's correct" I replied.

"You didn't turn up at the birthday party the other Saturday" he continued, "I thought you said you were coming."

I didn't reply to this one, but buttoning up my coat, sat down to see if my worst fears were to be realised.

They were.

"I hear your car's in dock?" he questioned.

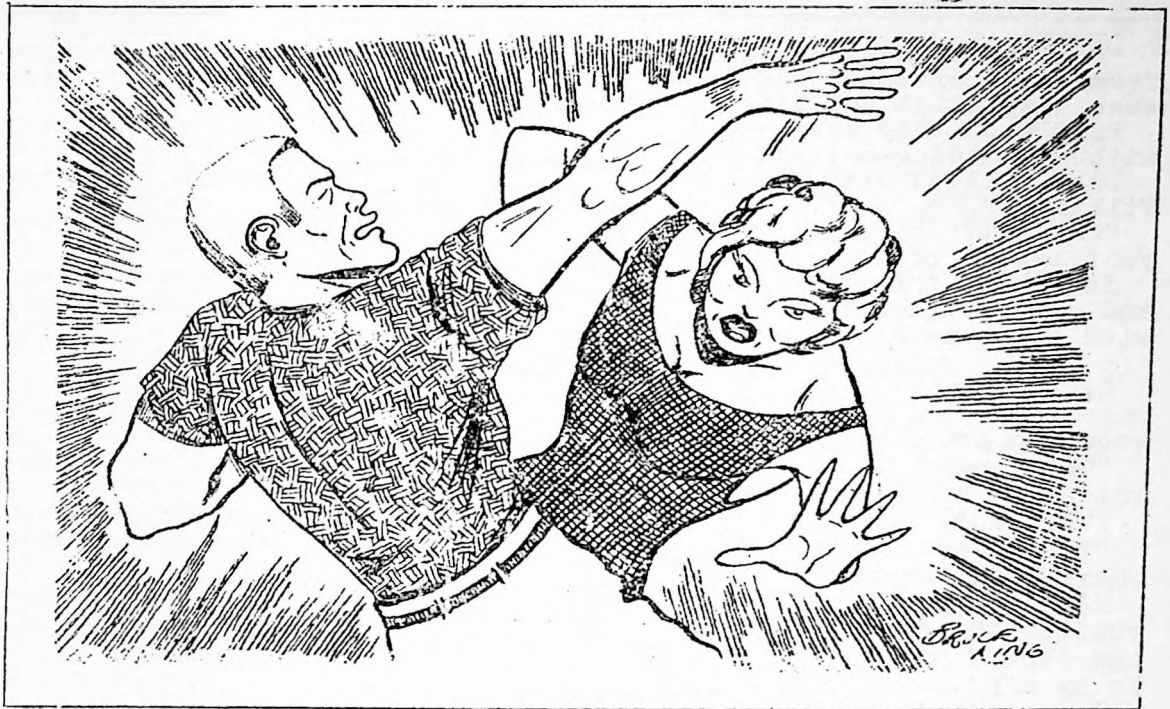
"Yeah!" I replied, "headlights on the blink."

"Too bad" he lamented.

I knew now that I'd made a fatal mistake the other week. We'd been squatting in the Arabian near my joint at the Cross, sipping at boiling coffee when Baby walked past outside. Now Baby's some dish. Looks around the 22 years she claims, with thick and spectacular blonde hair, and an hour glass figure and a way of moving it that would drag a whistle out of Father Time.

"Cawd!" he drooled. "Did you see that?" And it was here that I fox pawed. I let slip that I knew the dame.

I must have been asleep at the switch that morning, because be-



fore the session was over, he had extracted the information that she was the Professor's daughter or niece or sumpin', and that I visited the old guy several times a week.

Well, to get back to the story; it was still making with the cats and dogs when Gene and I got to the veranda, and knowing him, his kind offer to drop me off at any place came as no surprise; although I still don't know who tipped him off as to who I was visiting that evening.

I looked at him, at the sky, and at his bomb parked near by. The ploy was now in the open, and the prickly feelings of dilemma horns were becoming quite noticeable. I'm not usually suspicious but I started to wondering if the sudden failure of the headlights couldn't have been organized. But then while Gene never ceases to surprise me, I don't suppose even he could have rigged the weather too.

Just as the rambling paths and outhouses of the Professor's joint hove into hazy view, J. Pluvius turned on all taps and we dashed for the portico as water poured through the side curtains, making the front seat quite uninhabitable.

From the moment Gene laid eyes on Baby's sixty inches of whistle-baited form, I could see it was on; from Gene's side anyway; although Baby's opening remarks dampened the atmosphere a little.

"Don't look now Mr. Williams," she purred, withdrawing her paw from his extended hand shake, "but doesn't it strain your eyes when they stick out like that?"

"Not when they can rest upon such beautiful form" he replied, without missing a step.

Baby rallied with "I suppose you'd like me for a daughter Mister Williams?"

"Why not?" he replied with a flashing smile; "Then I could smack your little bottom!"

There was a slight pause for station identification after that, and conversation settled down to the usual banalities among people with a stranger present.

Gene hung around for about ten minutes, just long enough to make sufficient impression, and then had enough sense to suddenly recall a previous engagement.

"Oh, I must dash!" he exclaimed, glancing quickly at his wrist-watch, "I have an appointment in fifteen minutes."

"Too bad", answered Baby, the irony showing through faintly.

"Yes, isn't it?" he said brightly. "But even seeing you this short time has brightened my evening."

It's funny about women; even intelligent ones. No matter how obvious the flattery, it always gets them. She simpered a little and showed him to the door, but I could feel the message forming in my mind.

". . . don't bring that character here again . . ."

It's a funny thing about telepatiy. Of course Baby and the professor could communicate quite rapidly and in detail; as yet my own attempts were restricted, but according to Baby, I was learning fast. She always claimed she was 22 and the old buzzard was 75 years old - which I'll admit they looked. My hunch, however, would put them at three times that.

I remembered when we first met. I was out in the bush a ways and it was getting dark. She screamed, and I arrived on the scene in a rush. She'd marched into one of those great bush spider webs not looking where she was going. I swatted the spider, the old guy was useless when it came to that sort of thing, and drove them both back to the city.

A little later on it was really pitch black, and I attempted to read the time on my watch in the light of a passing car. I couldn't see a damn thing.

"It's eighteen past nine" she muttered impatiently after I'd had three tries.

"Huh, how can you tell?" I asked.

She paused a moment and then replied: "I have a luminous dial on my watch."

The next car had the headlights up and I could see quite clearly. Eighteen past nine it indicated on the dial. Funny though, I was regulating my watch, and I knew it was thirty five minutes fast.

Later in the evening she asked the old guy for a cigarette. It was still pitch black, and I held out a box of matches in the darkness of the sedan. She grabbed the box and lit up without a fumble; then it suddenly dawned on her what I'd done just as the mirrored match flame from her eyes lit up the interior of the car. Like the Professor, her eyes had no distinct pupils either.

I never said anything to anyone; the pair of them always wore strongly coloured glasses in public and were careful to have the lights on at night when they had visitors, which was not that often, so I figured what was their business was their business - Anyway : back to the story.



After Gene left we had a slight snack. For an old house built in the late Colonial days, the joint was certainly water-tight. The thunder and lightning was beginning to fade into the distance when the two of us finished our coffee, and wandered downstairs to get on with the experiment.

"Are you sure it will keep going?" the old guy demanded brusquely, looking at the miniature pump suspiciously.

"Would you pay for it if it didn't?" I snapped. "And would I work for nothing if I could help it?"

He didn't say any more, but turned into the laboratory. I guess he knew that the atmosphere of some of his experiments didn't exactly sit well on my stomach, and I had a habit of getting a bit edgy at times.

The patient that night was a large dog. Baby administered the anaesthetic, and in almost no time at all the Professor had the main arteries out, adaptors fitted, and I joined them to the inlet and outlet ports and set the motor going.

I'm not the squeamish type or anything of course. Well, maybe it was something I ate, because by the time he had most of the vital organs in separate beakers, I decided that the machinery wasn't likely to quit and wandered off upstairs.

"How was it?" I asked later on when they joined me.

"Just so" the Prof replied.

"Did the pump do alright?" I queried, probably subconsciously expecting a bit of back-scratching for my work.

"Apparently it kept going" he replied ungraciously, leaving me

feel a bit flat.

The next time I turned up at the house I knew the old idiot was in one of his impossible moods even before I got inside. He'd wired the door handle - there was a spark about two inches long and I landed half way across the porch.

Baby's eyes are an attractive sight, but when I finally did get inside I seemed to detect darkish circles surrounding them, and the old guy eyed me strangely.

"If you insist on leaving the door unlocked" he remarked pleasantly, "there's no knowing what will crawl in."

"Cut out the comic dialogue", I snapped, "I'm here on business."

"Oh, so this miserable worm wants vulgar money," he sneered. "Toss him a few coins and send him away."

We said nothing till he wandered out, knowing that it was useless to press him in that sort of mood. I just forgot the folding stuff for the moment and poured myself a cup of tea.

"Say, have you seen anything of Gene lately?" I remarked casually. "He said he was coming around here last Monday."

"No." she almost whispered it, and it seemed to me she became a little paler.

"That's funny!" I pressed, "He did mention he was coming. You know he hasn't been home for nearly a week."

This time I didn't imagine it. She did turn pale, and clumsily tipped over the tea cup onto the polished floor.

"What's up?" I asked. "Have a heavy night?"

She didn't reply to that one at all, but picked herself out of the chair and tore straight out of the room. Odd, I thought. Of course Baby has her own peculiarities, but avoiding issues isn't usually one of them.

"Crazy bunch!" I muttered to myself, and when neither of them looked like returning for the moment, I wandered out the back to survey the storm damage of the previous week. The fading Autumn sunlight shone down through the trees and on the ancient stable doors. I moved closer to get some of the warmth.

Of course the stable wasn't used for its original purpose now. Last time I'd been inside it had been full of empty packing cases from the Professor's crazy machinery. A bit better preserved and it would have been quite a historical edifice; with solid stone walls, the erstwhile servants' quarters above, solid cedar doors reinforced with hammered iron, and along the bottom . . .

I suddenly noticed the marks. They weren't visible between the front gates or across the thick carpet of grass, but just where the leaky guttering had stunted the grass, were two impressions - and the Professor didn't have a car.

It was the work of a moment to pry a board loose, and in the wan light of the fading sun my worst suspicions were confirmed. There it was, Gene's jalopy, large as life. All its leaky tyres

flat, and he hadn't been seen for almost a week.

I didn't waste any time getting back to the house. Baby with her back to me was just mopping up the tea as I blundered through the French windows.

"Where's Gene?" I blurted out. "His car is in the garage, and he hasn't been seen for a week!"

Any hope I had of suprising an answer out of her faded there and then. She turned her head, and stared at me with her jet-black eyes, unblinking.

"So what?" she snarled. I'd never heard Baby talk like this before, it gave me quite a turn.

"So the police will be interested!" I replied, recovering from my momentary setback.

"So they probably will" she smirked; "and in your part of the proceedings also."

"That's a lie!" I said. "I've had nothing to do with your damned experiments!"

"Of course you haven't" she sneered, "and no: doubt you have a signed statement to that effect?"

Now this slowed me up some. I could see that the gal wasn't fooling; and if anyone thought they'd get any satisfaction out of the old goat either, then they have some learning to do.

"Remember, you brought him here in the first place" she continued.

The silence limped by on leaden crutches, while butterflies wearing hob-nailed boots beat a tattoo on my lower stomach. My vivid imagination conjured up visions of a disembered body, with beakers full of vital organs - still functioning though - and kept alive with artificial blood circulated by a very ingenious pump, the pieces of which were all bought in my name. I gradually calmed down.

"Is he still in - one piece?" I asked, at which she nodded.

"Alive?" I asked, to which she nodded again.

"Very?" I asked.

"Oh yes, quite alive" she answered, rearranging her blonde hair with a defiant flick of her head.

"But I presume something about him is changed?" I guessed out loud.

"Well, yes, he does seem to be a little different" she answered



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vaguely.

Seeing as I was in this up to the eyebrows anyway, I demanded to see him. We went downstairs, and Baby led the way around the bundles of untidy junk, packing cases, tubes, resistors, coils - the whole kaboodle; and in the corner was something which looked like an old fashioned open type of elevator cage.

"There he is" I said, and stumbled towards him, hand outstretched in greeting, stimulated more by relief than any spirit of friendship. He tried to rise, and instead of clasping my hand with his right, he made vague motions with his left, then sat back baffled on the couch.

"What's up?" I demanded abruptly. "What the hell have they done to you?"

"I don't know" he mumbled in an inarticulate sort of manner. "I feel so -funny, all over."

I did notice something strange about him but couldn't tie it down for the moment. It was his eyes. Instead of pointing in the one direction, they were roving around at random. With a shock I realised that his thick curly hair was parted on the opposite side; but the light finally dawned when I saw the scar on his right hand which was the mirror image of the one he had always carried on his left.

"He seems to have got laterally inverted" volunteered Baby to my questioning glance.

"What do you mean 'seems to have got'?" I asked, looking suspiciously at the pseudo-elevator cage. "That gadget over there looks mighty like the Prof's last attempt at a time machine. Am I right?"

"Well -er- could be . . ." she finally managed to get out.

This was a nice kettle of fish. Here we were with Gene, in fine health; living, eating, talking; in fact doing everything which one normally manages to do with both sides of the body at once. However, the moment he tried to walk, write, line up his eyes, or do any of the things which required a different voluntary action from each side of the body, he was lost.

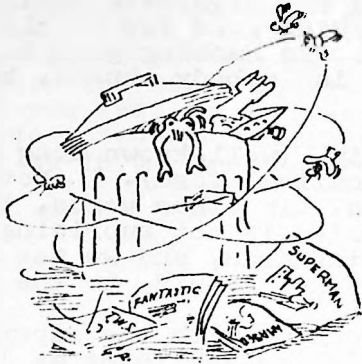
"Something seems to have gone wrong" mumbled the Professor as he entered. I didn't see him come in, because at the moment I was looking at Gene's one gold tooth. It was vaguely familiar, but at the same time very strange on the other side of his mouth; likewise the reversed mole on his chin; the wrist-watch on his right hand, the figures reversed and the hands going the other way.

I'm afraid we argued rather strongly for some time. However, much against my better judgement as I like to think, we finally moved Gene, bed and all, into the machine again. The Professor adjusted endless dials, coils and plugs, and then with hardly any warning he plunged home the starting lever.

There was a blinding flash from the back of the apparatus, the lights suddenly went out, and against the rising whine of the motor generator set out of control, we fumbled our way out of the room just in time to miss the pieces of bursting armature as it scattered itself noisily around the room, and out through the tile roof.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)

-- LYELL CRANE



In Defence of the SLUSH PILE...

H.J. CAMPBELL

Bucking myself up, I decide to give you rather more for your money than I have in the last two columns. Your editor's been at me all the time for 'at least 2000 words'. I've been consistently ignoring him because it's more trouble to write on sheets of paper than an airletter. Still, as a penance, here's the 2000. Blame Leo, not me.

They tell me, too, that PERHAPS is going to be about science-fiction and fantasy, not about fans and fandom. I didn't know they could be separated, but I stand corrected and try to talk about f & s-f without having fans peeping between the lines. (Walter Willis got firmly wedged between the last two lines and I had to kick him out.) This issue I'll talk about general standards of science fiction, going on in later columns to deal with particular facets of the genre. Okay?

There doesn't seem to be any doubt among science fiction fa - er-readers that there are two types of science fiction, good and bad, or high and low standard. That word standard is the key to the situation. As soon as you introduce the concept of standards, you get right away from the hard, clear facts and move in the realms of personal opinion. And these realms are fraught with incidental factors such as education, hereditary endowment, past experiences and all sorts of subconscious quirks and taboos and inhibitions and manias and phobias and, very often, 'isms'.

So I am going to throw away the key and concentrate on the alternative classification of good and bad. Under this scheme one can pose the question (of a particular story): "Is this good science fiction?" This tactily assumes that if the story is not good it must be bad, or at least indifferent. But, scientifically (which more or less means logically and sensibly), the above question is meaningless. Let's take an easier example for a start. I'll pose the question: "Is smoking good?"

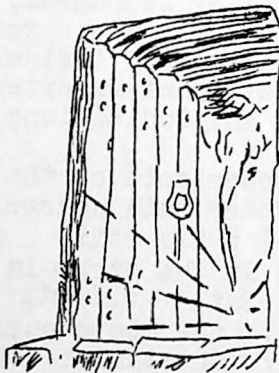
As it stands, this question cannot be answered. (because it is meaningless). It is incomplete. Many people complete it in their own minds and it becomes: "Is smoking good for cigarette manufacturers?" (The answer is yes.) Or: "Is smoking good for people with congested lungs?" (The answer is no.) Or: "Is smoking good for the ordinary man in the street?" (The answer is nobody knows, but a good many biased people think they do.)

It's the old, old principle of relativity (well-known long before Einstein, who merely put it in mathematical form). Nothing is good (or bad) under all circumstances. In other words, there is no absolute good or bad. This conclusion is not surprising, it ties in with what we have said about standards, and we see that the two modes of classification lead, as they should, to the same result.

Applying this to science fiction, we come up with the superficially startling conclusion that there is no such thing as 'good' science fiction. Equally, there is no such thing as 'bad' science fiction. Try to believe this, for it is true. Once you have thought around this argument and seen the inherent logic and truth of it, you will have to recast your assessments of science fiction stories in other terms of greater extent than before.

One way of expanding the original question is to ask: "Is this good science fiction for those who have read the stuff for years?" The true answer may well be opposite to that for the question: "Is this good science fiction for newcomers to the field?" A story that is perfect for the old hands at the game will have all sorts of ideas and situations that wouldn't mean a thing to the tyro.

Maybe you think that science fiction is only good when it gives maximum entertainment to veterans and rookies alike. Alright. You are entitled to your opinion. But don't state it as fact or as a universally accepted tenet, because there are many, including myself, who disagree - and have every right to disagree without being lesser or less perceptive or less sensitive or less skilled in appreciation than you are, simply because we approach the problem with less bias and prejudice.



There is a vast mass of science fiction, productions of both Britian and America over the past few years, that is commonly referred to as 'the slush pile.' Those who refer to it in such terms differ from many hundreds of thousands of people who have paid out their money for the literature contained therein, and have been perfectly satisfied with what they got. So satisfied, indeed, that they offer a far bigger market to a publisher than the few thousand people who read the kind of science

fiction that is not destined for the slush pile.

And let's not get snooty about those people. You can't ignore them just because you went to college and read Shakespeare. You can't deride them because they haven't had a background of what you call 'good literature'. You can't, with sense, scorn them for liking Spicy Stories instead of Galaxy. You can't, if you've any human understanding and compassion and sympathy in you, try to dam up the supply of the only literature they like and understand.

Believe me, many of them are better men than you are. I've lived with them all my life and expect to go on doing so. I've known these 'ignorant' people to have a far higher sense of decency and the fitness of things and sheer intrinsic beauty than many of my dignified 'literary' acquaintances. As classes of men, the two are about equal. There are rats in every cellar, but you don't have to look far to find good wine too.



This, you may think, is strange coming from a man who has publicly stated that he is trying to raise the standard of British science fiction. Let me show you where I stand - and where I want YOU to stand too. I am trying to raise the standard of fiction I print according to MY standards. I wouldn't for one moment suggest that my standards are the only ones, or the highest or the best. If anyone else wants to start a campaign according to other standards they have my blessings and good wishes and support. This has happened, anyway, several times. There is a magazine whose standard, from my point of view, is lower than Authentic. But it publishes my stories, not because I need the money, but because I want to play my part in giving the editor a choice of stories. I think science fiction would be a happier and better thing for its readers if every author did likewise. They don't. Not British authors, anyway. Not many of them, at least.

Let's leave me out of it now. What I have been saying is that science fiction has many facets, and all these facets are capable of indefinite permutation and combination. Each perm and each com gives a different standard. Different, not better, in the absolute sense. I'd hate to see science fiction existing in any other form. We all know quite well what happens when a single standard of thought and appreciation is forced upon people. It's just as bad in literature as it is in life. The two are not essentially different.

And don't forget that science fiction in any form has its oppon-

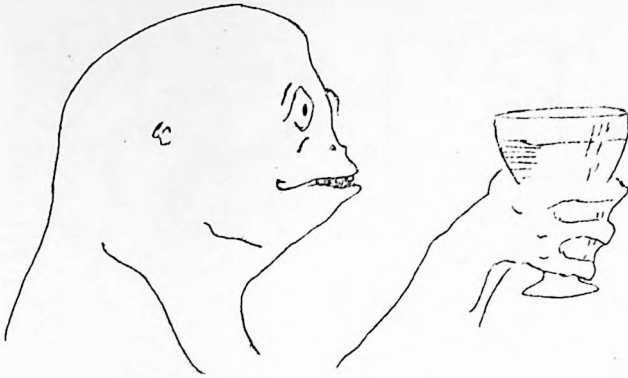
ents. There are people who think the whole field is tripe and wish to stamp it out. Well, so it is tripe - to them. But what do you say about their effrontery in trying, by ever so little, to take it away from you? What do you think of their assessment of you as ignorant, illiterate, sensual cranks?

You would, I am sure, class them as bigoted snobs. You would, I think, say that they are so befuddled by the pretty-pratty mores of their own little coterie that they have lost the common touch. They walk with kinks, cannot talk with crowds and have no virtue. Let us keep such ideas outside the ranks of those who read science fiction.

Few can doubt that one day science fiction will, probably very soon, attain the status of an accepted literary form. That means that the self-constituted authorities - reviewers, critics, pamphleteers - will begin to discuss and dissect science fiction stories as routine, not as a daring experiment. Science fiction authors will be placed in the same brackets as detective writers, historical novelists and atmosphere specialists. Laudations and belittlements will be taken from the field of the fanzines and become the raw material of literary weeklies. It may even be that censorship in places like Australia will be relaxed so much that it becomes reasonable. When all this happens, the gulf between those artificial categories 'good science fiction' and 'bad science fiction' will be appreciably - but not appreciatively-widened.

But it will not matter very much in the last analysis, as few things do, because there will always be a far greater market of the 'bad' kind than the 'good' kind. This is because the mass of people are not interested or influenced in the niceties of technique and presentation; they are sublimely indifferent to the hall marks of 'good literature'. They read not as an intellectual exercise - they get enough of that trying to live within their limited means and capabilities - but as an entertainment. For them, good science fiction is science fiction that entertains them. To hell with grammar, with culture, with depth, with form and formula! Why should they bother about the subconscious neuroses of the man marooned on Mars? Such problems are trivial compared with the ones they face a dozen times a day - and night. And who can say they are wrong, these millions of ordinary, decent citizens?

We can only say they differ. And we should agree to differ without any sneaky innuendoes about their education or ignorance, for that is the basis of democracy. Let us not turn totalitarian - or worse. Let us go on reading and loving the kind of science fiction we like, while allowing other people their intrinsic right to read and love a different standard, a different style. By all means let us act positively and try to boost our own form to the sky, by lessons and examples. But let us not act negatively and try to crush down forms that do not please us.



If any of you are of the woolly-minded kind who cannot accept coexisting contrasting goods, let me give you a basis on which you might rationalise a situation. You could arrive at a single, all embracing 'good' by defining a science fiction story as good if it fulfilled its function to the kind of reader it is aimed at. This way you can applaud the 'literary' story because it is aimed at the literary reader, and you can accept the - shall we call it - 'action story' because it is aimed at the non-literary reader. This way

you might not fall into the trap of thinking that literary readers are better people than the other type. They are simply better educated, which rarely affects the more fundamental qualities except by making them more exhibitable.

You see, there is nothing essentially peculiar about science-fiction. Though many people cherish the pathetic idea that they are disciples of a totally unique thing, they are demonstrably wrong - which makes it a fact that they are wrong. Science fiction obeys and operates under perfectly normal and ordinary 'laws' of nature and logic. The arguments I have adduced for it can be and are applied by logicians (i.e. sensible people) to all manners of phenomena - including other literary forms. That is why it is so very beneficial to the individual to approach science fiction with a logical (i.e. unbiased) attitude. It is possible then, and only then, that the individual will use the same sensible approach to the problems and decisions of life.

He will acquire a tolerance of other people's ideas - a quality that, if universally exhibited, would solve every minor and major social problem that faces the world today. It is a pity, I think, that science-fiction, with its inevitable preoccupation with alien mentalities and future social states, with its belaboured attempts to reconcile differing standards that will face mankind in its space travel age - that it should harbour within its ranks of devotees a large number of thoroughly intolerant and biggoted people. To use the forbidden word - we, the fans should be among the first to adopt the tolerant attitude that must characterise mankind if it is to survive not only its internal strife and bickering but also its extra-terrestrial problems. That means you, and you and you.

'Bye now.

Bert

"Forwarned is Forarmed" - But Not Always. Sometimes the Message
Is Forgotten, And Man Fails To See It, Until It Is . . .

IT IS WRITTEN

-By-

==BRUCE HEKON==

It is written in the Good Book. . .

"And he laid hold of the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years had been fulfilled, and after that he must be loosed a little season..... And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out and deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them to battle, the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up upon the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city : and fire came down from God out of Heaven, and devoured them. And the devil that deceived them was cast into a lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever... And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works. . . ."

REVELATION , Chapter 20, Verses 2,3,7,8,9,10,12 and 13.

-o- -o- -o- -o- -o- -o-

There has been a thousand years of peace, and now that peace is threatened by the greed of a nation - greed for the land which is ours.

Their war plans lie naked to the watching eyes of our space



Bruce King.

stations, their mechanical senses watching, recording and relaying all they see from their celestial dais far out in space.

From reports it is clear that before many days have passed war will be declared, and there can be only one irrevocable outcome of such a move - total and horrifying destruction as never before dreamed of by human beings.

Why does peace have to be threatened? Why?

For over a thousand years Earth has been a peace-loving planet, bound together by one common religion, the inevitable combination of all past branches of Christianity. Now, through one nation's insane, jealous greed it is to be wiped out.

Naturally we are going to fight back. Human nature has not changed so greatly that our survival instinct has died. At this very moment our scientists are preparing a virus so deadly that immediately its metal shell disintegrates it will spread its deadly cargo over countless miles in a few moments and kill horribly.

To think that medicine - the channel that our good scientists have worked in these many centuries - should now be turned into a remorseless murder machine is rather a sickening thought.

Only time will tell which nation will strike first, and that first strike will be the last.

The single men of our nation have been formed into one mighty army ready to advance, suppress and take over after the virus has done its horrifying work. Death to whatever human beings remain. Such is the mocking irony of the price of freedom.

I and countless others with families have been spared from this ghastly mission, the obvious reason being that in most cases single men have no dependents. It is heartless, I know, but who are we to say?

We are sitting here waiting, watching avidly the shimmering screens of our television sets, listening to the breathless commentators giving the progress of both sides.

We have just learned that our scientists are in the last stage of preparing the small but deadly missile which will contain the virus, and it will not be long before it zooms at incredible velocity across the skies to land somewhere in the enemy's territory. We also learn that the enemy's scientists have likewise reached the last stage of preparation.

It is a race of time! The first hand to press the launching button will rule the world - or what will be left of it. Mankind, mine own executioner.

I feel helpless, we all feel helpless.

At any time now an atomic missile - a million times more destructive than its ancient counterpart - might explode over our heads, illuminating the heavens with a gigantic, burning light. My wife is frightened, so is my son. But who is not?

We three sit huddled together in our dwelling. Silence reigns. We are too frightened to allow mere words to form. To give us comfort we think of the teachings of our Christian religion. The Resurrection and the life and everlasting peace and happiness beyond the dreams of this world. And we are praying, too.

Time passes, and we now see the pictures relayed to us from the telescopic eyes of the space stations. We can see a huge launching tower protruding from the rugged country of the enemy. Machines are slowly hauling a huge missile up the monstrous ramp. It is now half way.

What an awe-inspiring sight!

It is even more fear-inspiring.

My wife and son come closer. My wife's mouth trembles. At any moment she will cry. And my son tries to be a brave little chap.

And now the missile has reached the top of the tower. All over the world now people are waiting, waiting. We have been told by our leaders that these missiles can travel four times the speed of sound. We shall neither see or hear it until it detonates a thousand feet overhead.

How are we progressing, we of the Good Nation?

A white faced commentator informs us that our scientists are

not far behind. Thank God.

My wife, unable to bear the mind-wrenching suspense any longer rushes over and switches the television off sharply. She comes crying into my arms. My son looks on with downcast, unknowing, uncomphreending eyes.

It is getting darker now. We are sitting quietly together in the silence of our darkened room, as perhaps countless other families are doing at this moment. The suspense is frightful. Let it come soon if it is going to come. And let it be a quick death. And may we, God, live in your life hereafter peacefully and happily. May we?

The room is nearly pitch black. We three are afraid. We are not cowards, even the bravest of the brave would weaken at the thought of what will happen to us if the enemy wins this mad race of time.

Why must peace be threatened, why?

Quite suddenly the air vibrates faintly. My wife looks fearfully into my eyes, alarmed. My son's face mirrors his mother's fear. Now I can feel the atmosphere vibrating violently. In God's name what is causing this? Has the enemy missile exploded?

With a shriek the window shatters and collapses in a thousand fragments. A gust of burning air rushes through the opening and scorches my face, my hands.

My body groans under a pressure like walls pressing in on all sides. It is becoming hotter in the room. Drops of perspiration trickle down my burning cheeks.

My wife clings to me. And my son comes fearfully over for protection.

The temperature and pressure are almost unbearable. What IS causing this? Can it be the missile? If so, it should have been all over by now. It would be the end of me, my family and all the hopes and dreams of mankind.

Perhaps it was faulty, and will not fully detonate. Perhaps.

A dazzling brilliance illuminates the heavens, setting the very sky on fire. Its searing heat singes my hair and blisters my face.

God, what is it? I must find out. I must. Before it is - too late.

I free myself from my wife and child and stagger painfully towards the shattered window. The dazzling brilliance increases.

Every step taken seems to rip and tear my body horribly. In agony I shield my eyes from the glare, and I stand before the window. Surely this is the end?

Through near blinded eyes I see a sight I never want to see ever again nor ever shall, for I am soon to die.

The whole heavens are ablaze with a burning, fiery light. Lord,

it must be the sun or another star - it must be! Certainly no human being could --- no human being could ever have devised a weapon of such magnitude.

And then, quite suddenly, I laugh. My face cracks and the skin boils up and burns away. No longer can I stand, no longer can I see. Yet I laugh. I laugh because we, the mighty Human Race, have been cheated of our suicide, our insane self destruction. What fools we were not to have known. For this can be none other than God's doing. The Good Book was right, and God is to have the last laugh on mankind. The end of the world has come, and I am shall not die of his own hand. The end of me, my family and of everything.

I can no longer see or feel pain any more. The light has blinded me. The heat is burning me up. I cannot stand it much longer and the pressure is hard against me. It hurts to move. I cannot move.

I stand now in the full glare of the fiery mass and await eagerly the end.

My wife sobs for relief.

My son cries out for salvation.

And I sink slowly to the floor to die.

BRUCE F. HERON

BEAUTY IN THIS IRON AGE

By

Philip Jose Farmer

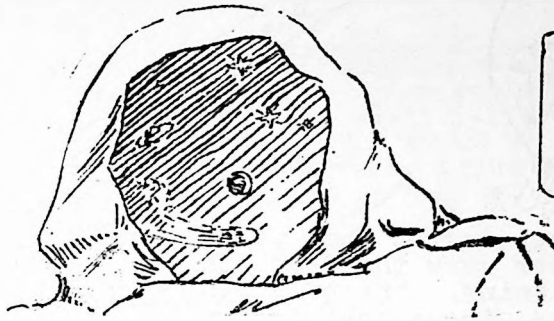
Beauty in this Iron Age must turn
 From fluid living rainbow shapes to torn
 And sootened fragments, ashes in an urn
 On whose gray surface runes are traced by a Norn
 Who hopes to wake the Future to arise
 In Phoenix-fashion, and to shine with rays
 To blast the sight of modern man whose dyes
 Of selfishness and lust have stained our days
 With acid blotches, days that should be white
 With Helen's sea-foam breasts, with wheat
 Of Deirdre's hair be rippling, days whose flight
 From Time is hand in hand with Beauty fleet.

Reader, pray that soon this Iron Age
 Will crumble, and Beauty escape the rusting cage.

- - Philip Jose Farmer

THE
APHRODITE
PROJECT

GEORGE
O.
SMITH



Gentlemen,

Herewith the final report of the Research Project TIFF which, as you know, was started twelve years ago, shortly before the Space Stations were turned over to civilian operation.

Preliminary research, carried out under the title of Techniques for the Investigation under Extra-Terrestrial Conditions of Social Problems in Free Fall, was devoted to the study of the situations to be expected in free fall and to the changes they would involve in the living habits of the personnel. The problem giving the greatest concern was that of course in all the hundred odd positions recorded by the students, the force of gravity was a common denominator. It was feared that in free fall the absence of this factor would cause the other two factors to drift apart at the least provocation, leading to a general state of dissatisfaction and frustration among the personnel, and to a high rate of employee turnover. Indeed, two of these early investigators gave considerable time and effort to devising a device in which the force of gravity was replaced by a spring. This line of investigation had to be abandoned when the investigators were trapped in one of the devices which was under-damped and went into free oscillation. The investigators were rescued only in an advanced state of debilitation.

However, subsequent experiments in field conditions showed that many of the fears expressed were groundless, and I am happy to report that the second stage of the Project, Techniques In Free Fall - popularly known as TIFF, has been an unqualified success. In fact it may be noted with emphasis that under conditions of free fall, a number of techniques are possible which cannot be duplicated under terrestrial conditions. In addition, any technique used in free fall requires a degree of co-operation that is greatly to be desired but which is seldom obtained under surface conditions.

In conclusion, this investigator wishes to take the opportunity to tender his resignation. Because of the unqualified success of the Project, and the many close friends he has formed in the course of his work, he prefers to remain on the Station.

GEORGE O. SMITH



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BERTRAM
CHANDLER

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Dr. Alcock, to whose pioneer work the Research Project TIFP owes so much. He was, in his passing, one of science's illustrious martyrs, a victim alike to the inexorable workings of Newton's Third Law of Motion and his own indefatigable zeal.

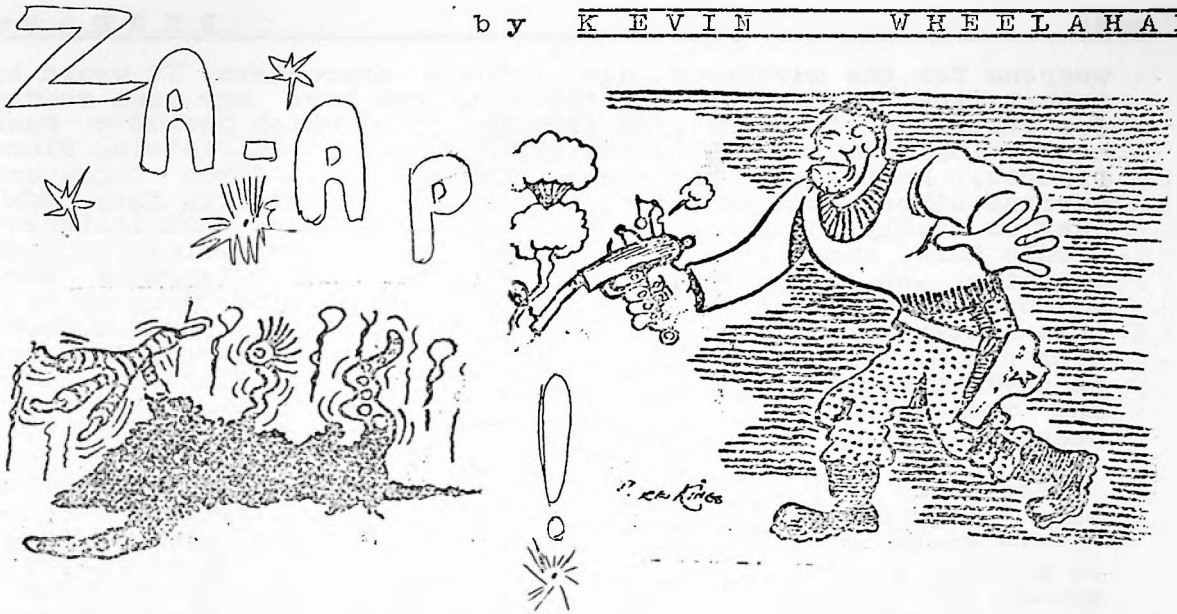
Throughout his period of service in the Research Project and, indeed, all his life, he was an enemy of mechanical appliances on every occasion that such appliances tended to come between Man and his Hate - or, in the Space Stations, when such devices enforced an unnatural and, at times, undesirable propinquity. "If that was what the Almighty had in mind" he would say, "our first ancestor would have been a rubber tree!" He did not scorn, however, the boons, blessings and resources of modern chemistry.

Fortunately, the partner in his last experiment, a Miss Ophelia Knultz, survived the disaster that carried the great scientist to that bourne from which no traveller returns - she having the presence of mind to snatch an article of bedroom furniture, ornamental rather than useful on a space station, and use it as a makeshift space helmet until the arrival of help.

Dr. Alcock, she tells us, had declared that his own strong right arm, aided and abetted by his strong left arm, was far superior to any contraption of gutta percha and steel springs. From past experience she had no reason to doubt his assertion. On this occasion, however, he achieved a paradox of no mean order, this being no less than simultaneously in his coming and going. His line of flight with reference to the longitudinal axis of the Station was outwards, and, avers Miss Knultz, he must have been accelerating at least six gravities when he hit the outer wall. His last desperate words, carried back on the tenuous shreds of atmosphere accompanying him through the ragged gap created by his egress into infinity were - "I've reversed Newton! I've messed our masses!"

Lunar Radio reports that the corpse of Dr. Alcock, before it finally faded from the screens, was following a trajectory that must ultimately culminate, after a lapse of 93.65875432 years, in the Centaurian System.

Proud Terra could hope for no better ambassador.



MURDEROUS WEAPONS OF SCIENCE FICTION (hand variety)

"Smith drew his blaster, aimed quickly and fired. The ravening bolt of energy struck his enemy amidships. He buckled and slid slowly to the floor. The room was full of the stench of freshly roasted flesh"

"Smith drew his automatic, aimed quickly and fired. The bullet struck his enemy amidships. He buckled and slid slowly to the floor"

Which of the above would you prefer? Either one could be part of a science fiction epic (or opera), but there is a noticeable difference between them. The use of a "blaster" in the first paragraph makes possible the addition of an extra line describing the condition of the corpse after the affray, and the state of the room afterwards. The second paragraph, while less graphic still adequately describes the scene. There is no "sickening stench of freshly roasted flesh", but the author could have said, instead, "the room was full of the atmosphere and contortion of sudden, violent death."

Why is it, then, that some people prefer the first to the second version? Is it because of the author's use of the weapon known to them as the "blaster"? Perhaps these wise and knowledgeable people think that an s-f story would not have the right atmosphere if such a weapon were not used at least once during the course of the narrative. Certainly, most s-f authors choose such

weapons for the murderous use of their characters. It would be interesting to know whether these authors have any real reason for selecting their weapons from the range which includes such horrifying items as : Blasters, Proton or Neutron Pistols, Flame Pistols, Heat Rays, Para-Guns, Hypno Beams, Gamma Guns, and various other assorted lethal companions of that ilk. They could, just as easily, have made a choice from the range that includes: Needle Guns, Automatics which fire extremely small slugs at high velocity, .45 Automatics, and improved model machineguns. Some authors, though noticeably few in number, do use weapons from this latter range. For example : H. Beam Piper, A. Bertram Chandler and L. Ron Hubbard. The majority, however, have a tendency to dwell among the first range. Do those - or would those - beam and radiation weapons have any real advantage over projectile weapons, and, if they did, would their operation be practical?

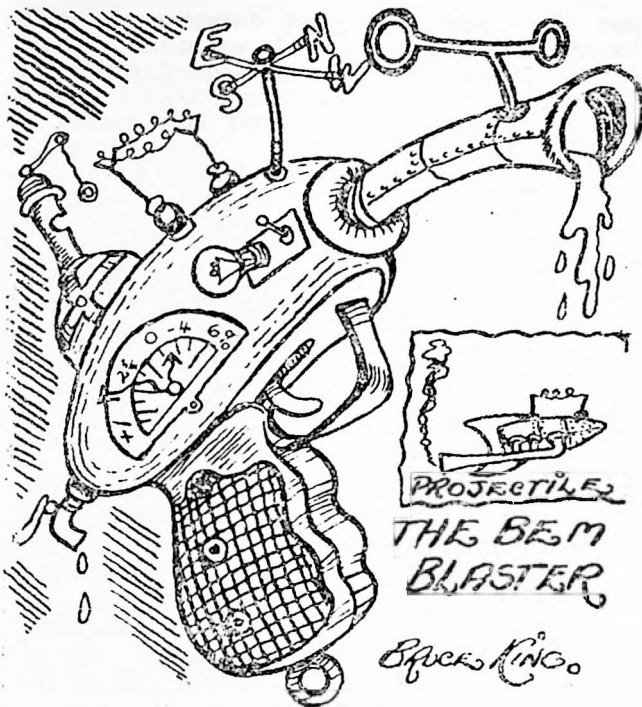
People who work in the radio and electronics field know that a very large amount of power must be used up to produce a relatively small amount of energy suitable for either communications or heating purposes. Now, if a heat ray could, say, produce enough heat to crisp your foeman's body at fifteen feet, wouldn't your hand become just a little charred? Remember, if enough heat were produced at that distance, the heat generated at the barrel of the weapon would be so many times greater. Any other result would be in direct contravention of the known laws of physics. Subsequently, the heat ray would be a danger to killed and killer alike!

Another point. Authors have claimed silent operation of heat and flame guns used in their epics. How could they possibly have 'silent operation'? If a body can be heated to darn near incandescence in a split second, surely the air around it will expand and move away, making way for a violent inrush of cold air? The result would be a miniature typhoon swirling around the charred corpse of the hapless victim. Similar remarks also apply to the companions in the heat ray range.

Even a blaster or paralysis gun would have a demoralising effect on the user. And how is it, that, sometimes, spaceship crews are armed with such advanced weapons and yet do not have inter-stellar drive? The latter would present an equally comparable problem. Let us then assume that all these objections will be overcome in the dim, and very distant future.

Used as described in our s-f, just how effective would these weapons be?

If hit in a vital spot by a beam, bolt or flame, a man would most certainly acheive his quietus. But, if he were hit elsewhere, what then? Would he be killed, stunned, knocked over or just plain stupified? Or would the wild ravening bolt of energy



simply burn out and destroy the victim's nervous system network in that particular area, leaving him still on two feet but incapable of receiving any further impulses from the effected non-vital area? Would he then be incapable of returning his assailant's fire, and perhaps killing him? What would be the penetrating capabilities of weapons in the beam and radiation range? Would they have instantaneous penetration of $\frac{1}{4}$ " steel? Once again, if they did have, they would be extremely dangerous to all concerned, unless they were fortunate enough to be clothed in asbestos.

What defence could be used against them?

Well, it is possible, that if they were countered with a similar beam of 180' phase difference, they could be neutralised. Ray screens or barriers might possibly be developed along these lines, meaning that a battle fought with such weapons would go in favour of the side capable of developing the greater power, a concept expounded greatly in the works of E.E. Smith.

How would projectile weapons compare with those in the beam and ray range?

According to certain military authorities, a man hit anywhere with a .45 automatic pistol bullet will go down and stay down. He would not be capable of returning the fire. And it is well to remember that we have probably not yet fully realised the possibilities of the projectile weapons. In one of his paratime stories, author Piper equipped his characters with automatic pistols which fired 10 grain bullets at extremely high velocity. These bullets, although disintegrating on contact, caused instant death on striking any part of the body. The theory was that the impact caused instant and violent compression of the blood in the impacted area, which, in turn, brought about burst blood vessels and heart seizure. The idea behind the weapon appears

to be feasible. It could also be used without danger to the user and without harm to innocent bystanders. Such weapons, when actually developed, should prove, in fact, horribly effective. Any sane person should acknowledge that such a gun would prove the equal, in killing terms, of any of the so-called ray guns.

In "Ullr Uprising", Piper again equipped his characters with projectile weapons. This time the guns fired explosive bullets, an equally and horribly effective idea.

If you have read Chandler's "Frontier Of The Dark", you may have noticed that towards the end certain characters did not use ray guns to shoot down an opposing helicopter. They used a machinegun. It seems apparent that this author does not favour the use of ray guns in his stories. For example, the ray guns quoted in the above story had a very poor range indeed. A good, present day automatic would have been far more effective.

Let us hope that others will profit by the example given by the above authors, and produce more credible fiction by doing so.

As to penetrating power, a brick wall is no protection from a modern rifle, nor is sheet steel, excluding various types of armour plate. Possibly the penetrating power of future automatic pistols will be brought up to this level. A significant increase in accuracy will probably be coincident with this development.

At this juncture, it should be pointed out that the object of this article is not to make or set out rules for authors to follow, but rather to suggest that they climb up out of their respective ruts. Do they use blasters because their predecessors always used them, or have they thought about the matter and honestly decided on the weapon of their choice? Why not examine the possibilities of other weapons? The field is still wide.

No one will deny that blasters will eventually be developed, but aren't they just a little out of place in stories dealing with the colonization of planets in this or any other system? This is especially true when the characters in these stories are continually beset by grave power situations that continually endanger their planetary footholds. If those same characters had blasters, it then follows that they would have super-efficient power-supplies and could not possibly have any fuel or other power-difficulties. Remember, even a hand blaster would need killowatts, and, subsequently, the universe would be theirs for a few pounds of fuel.

So come on men, pound the keys, but let's have some originality, eh?

KEVIN WHEELAHAN



(With Additional Notes.)

This bibliography includes, apart from any inadvertant omissions, all of Howard's fantasy stories and verse, save that such fragments of verse as he put at the beginnings of certain chapters of his stories are not included. Numerous 'western' and 'adventure' stories were written by Howard, of course, but these are not listed, save for those tales which appeared in Oriental Stories, Magic Carpet and Golden Fleece.

I have not compiled separate lists of the Solomon Kane, Bran Mok Marn, and King Kull series, as I am not sure off all the titles of which these were made up.

THOMAS G.L. COCKROFT, May 30th; 1953

ARTICLES AND ETC. ABOUT HOWARD

A brief obituary by Farnsworth Wright appeared in The Eyrie, Weird Tales, Aug.-Sept; 1936. The local paper of Cross Plains, Texas (where Howard had his home), published an obituary, apparently on the day of Howard's death, June 11th; 1936.

Appreciations of Howard by H.P. Lovecraft, Otis A.Kline, E. Hoffman Price and Jack Byrne (then editor of Argosy) appeared in Fantasy Magazine for September 1936. The Lovecraft essay was reprinted in "SKULL FACE AND OTHERS".

A long article by E. Hoffman Price appeared in The Ghost No.3 May, 1945: "Robert Ervin Howard", Chapter 2 of The Book Of The Dead (a series of articles by Price on departed friends). This is substantially the same as Price's essay in "SKULL FACE AND OTHERS", but some additional material is appended, including an autobiographical note by Howard, written by Howard in 1931. A

brief essay (1,200 words) by Price appeared in Diablerie, c. 1944 (Definate date and title unknown to me...TC.). Two other pieces by Price are Reminiscences of Robert E. Howard, from a letter to H.P. Lovecraft, une 25th; 1936, and Furthur Reminiscences of Robert E. Howard, from a letter to Francis T. Laney, July 22nd; 1944 --- these were published together in The Acolyte Winter, 1945. A letter from Price, referring mainly to Howard, was published in The Acolyte, Fall, 1945.

B O O K S B Y R O B E R T E. H O W A R D ;

SKULL FACE AND OTHERS. Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1946. 475 : xxvi p.p. Black cloth, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. CONTENTS : Foreward, by August Derleth; Which Will Scarcely Be Understood, Robert E. Howard; A Memoriam, H.P. Lovecraft; A Memory Of Robert E. Howard, E. Hoffman Price; Wolfshead, The Black Stone, The Horror From The Mound, The Cairn On The Headland, Black Canaan, The Fire Of Asshurbanipal, A Man Eating Jeopard, Skull-face, The Hyborian Age, Worms Of The Earth, The Valley Of The Worm, Skulls In The Stars, Rattle Of Bones, The Hills Of The Dead, Wings In The Night, The Shadow Kingdom, The Mirrors Of Tuzan Thune, Kings Of The Night, The Phoenix On The Sword, The Scarlet Citadel, The Tower Of The Elephant, Rogues In The House, Shadows in Zamboula, Lines Written In The Realization That I Must Die.

(Note : A Man Eating Jeopard, which appeared originally in Cowboy Stories, June 1936, is a "western", so does not appear in the alphabetical listing of stories.)

CONAN THE CONQUEROR. Gnome Press, New York, 1950 255 p.p. Red cloth, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. CONTENTS : Introduction, by John D. Clark, Ph. D; and the novel The Hour Of The Dragon, retitled as Conan The Conqueror.

THE SWORD OF CONAN. Gnome Press, New York, 1952. 251 p.p. Red cloth, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. CONTENTS : The People Of The Black Circle, The Slithering Shadow, The Pool Of The Black One, Red Nails.

KING CONAN. Gnome Press, New York, 1953. 255 p.p. Red cloth, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. CONTENTS : Introduction, by L. Sprague de Camp; Jewels Of The Gwahlur, Beyond The Black River, The Treasure Of Trancos, The Phoenix On The Sword, The Scarlet Citadel.

CONAN THE WARRIOR. Gnome Press, New York. (EDITOR'S NOTE... As this issue goes to press we receive news of a forthcoming book from Gnome Press, titled either CONAN THE WARRIOR or THE

COMING OF CONAN; a bit of confusion seems to have arisen. The details of this book, together with another recently discovered work "In The Forest Of Villefere", and any other new data that may have turned up in the meantime, will be given in the next issue of PERIAPS.....The Editor.)

The last three books are in the "Conan The Barbarian" series, which include the following as yet unpublished-in-book-form stories in the following sequence :

The Tower Of The Elephant, Regues In The House, Queen On The Black Coast, Black Colossus, Shadows In The Moonlight, A Witch Shall Be Born, Shadows In Zamboula, The Devil In Iron, (The God In The Bowl and The Frost Giant's Daughter fit in among these eight, but their exact positions are not known to me, though I fancy that The God In The Bowl should come first T.C.), then follow the stories included in THE SWORD OF CONAN, KING CONAN, and CONAN THE CONQUEROR. Present plans indicate that Gnome Press will publish the remaining Conan tales in one volume (See NOTE.. The Editor.), and that this will be followed by another book, or books, of stories by Howard, including the fictional history, THE HYBOREAN AGE.

The cyclostyled booklet, The Hyborean Age, 22 plus xii pages, published in 1938 as a memorial to Howard by LANY (Los Angeles-New York) Co-operative Publications, contains the title essay, dedication, introduction, A Probable Outline Of Conan's Career, by P. Schuyler Miller and John D. Clark, Ph.D., and a map of the world of Conan's time. A similar map appears on the end papers of the four Gnome Press volumes.

FANTASY TALES OF ROBERT E .
 --oCo- -oCo- HOWARD

ALMURIC	Weird Tales, May, June- July and August 1939. (5 part serial)
BEYOND THE BLACK RIVER	Weird Tales, May and June 1935 (2 part serial.)
BLACK CANAAN	Weird Tales, June 1936.
BLACK COLOSSUS	Weird Tales, June 1933.
BLACK HOUND OF DEATH	Weird Tales, November 1936.
THE BLACK STONE	Weird Tales, November 1931.
	"GREN DEATH", anthology, n.d.
	"SLEEP NO MORE", anthology, 1944

THE BLACK STRANGER

BLACK VULMBA'S DAUGHTER
 THE BLONDE GODDESS OF BAL-SAGOTH
 THE BLOOD OF BELSHAZZAR
 THE CAIRN ON THE HEADLAND

THE CHALLENGE FROM BEYOND (In
 A. Merritt, H. P. Lovecraft,

THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT
 CONAN THE CONQUEROR
 THE DARK MAN
 THE DEVIL IN IRON
 DIG ME NO GRAVE
 THE DREAM SNAKE
 THE FEARSOME TOUCH OF DEATH
 THE FIRE OF ASSHURBANIPAL
 THE FOOTFALLS WITHIN
 THE FROST GIANT'S DAUGHTER
 THE GARDEN OF FEAR

GATES OF EMPIRE
 THE GOD ON THE BOWL

THE GODS OF BAL-SAGOTH

GODS OF THE NORTH
 THE GRISLY HORROR
 THE HAUNTER OF THE RING
 LAWKS OF OUTREMMER

THE HILLS OF THE DEAD
 THE HORROR FROM THE MOUND
 THE HOUR OF THE DRAGON

THE HYBOREAN AGE

Fantasy, February 1953. (The
 Treasure Of Trancos in "King
 Conan".

Golden Fleece, November 1938.
 (see THE GODS OF BAL-SAGOTH.)
 Oriental Stories, August 1931.
 Strange Tales, January 1933.
 Avon Fantasy Reader, No. 7, 1948.
 (collaboration with C.L. Moore,
 and Frank Belknap Long, Jnr;)
 Fantasy Magazine, September 1935
 "BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP" by
 H.P. Lovecraft, Arkham House,
 1943.

Weird Tales, April 1931.
 (see THE HOUR OF THE DRAGON.)
 Weird Tales, December 1931.
 Weird Tales, August 1934.
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Marvel Tales, July-August 1934
 "THE GARDEN OF FEAR", booklet,
 1945.

Golden Fleece, January 1939.
 Space Science Fiction, Septem-
 ber 1952. (B.R.E. No.1)
 Weird Tales, October 1931.
 Avon F.R. No.12, 1950. (as The
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 The Fantasy Fan, March 1934.
 Weird Tales, February 1934.
 Weird Tales, June 1934.
 Oriental Stories, April- May ,
 June 1931.

Weird Tales, August 1930.
 Weird Tales, May 1932.
 Weird Tales, December 1935
 January, February, March, Ap-
 ril 1936. (5 part serial.)
 Published in book form 1950 by
 Gnome Press under the title
 "CONAN THE CONQUEROR."

Serialization begun, but not
 completed, in The Pantograph,
 c. 1937. Published in booklet
 form, 1938, by LANY Co-operat-
 ive Publishers.

- THE HYZENA
 JEWELS OF THE GWAHLUR
 KINGS OF THE NIGHT
 THE LION OF TIBERIAS
 LORD OF SAMARCAND
 THE LOST RACE
 THE MAN ON THE GROUND
 THE MIRRORS OF TUZAN THUNE

 THE MOON OF SKULLS

 OLD GARFEILD'S HEART
 THE PEOPLE OF THE BLACK CIRCLE

 PEOPLE OF THE DARK
 PHOENIX ON THE SWORD
 PIGEONS FROM HELL
 THE POOL OF THE BLACK ONE
 QUEEN OF THE BLACK COAST

 RATTLE OF BONES
 RED BLADES OF BLACK CATHAY (in collaboration with T. C. Smith.)

 RED NAILS

 RED SHADOWS
 ROGUES IN THE HOUSE
 SEA CURSE
 THE SCARLET CITADEL
 SHADOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT
 SHADOWS IN ZAMBOULA
 THE SHADOW KINGDOM
 THE SHADOW OF THE VULTURE
 SKULL-FACE

 SKULLS IN THE STARS
 THE SLITHERING SHADOW
 THE SOWERS OF THUNDER
 SPEAR AND FANG
 TEMPTRESS OF THE TOWER OF TORTURE AND SIN (see THE VOICE OF ELLIL)

 THE THING ON THE ROOF
 A THUNDER OF TRUMPETS (in collaboration with F. Temple Torbett)
- Weird Tales, March 1928.
 Weird Tales, March 1935.
 Weird Tales, November 1930.
 Magic Carpet, July 1933.
 Oriental Stories, Spring 1932.
 Weird Tales, January 1927.
 Weird Tales, July 1933.
 Weird Tales, September 1929.
 Avon F-R, No.2, 1947.
 Weird Tales, June and July, 1930. (2-Part serial.)
 Weird Tales, December 1933.
 Weird Tales, September, October and November 1934. (3-Pt. serial.)
 Strange Tales, June 1932.
 Weird Tales, December 1932.
 Weird Tales, May 1938.
 Weird Tales, October 1933.
 Weird Tales, May 1934.
 Avon F-R, No.8, 1948.
 Weird Tales, June 1929.
 Oriental Stories, February and March 1931.
 Weird Tales, July, August-September and October 1936. (3 part serial.)
 Weird Tales, August 1928.
 Weird Tales, January 1934.
 Weird Tales, May 1928.
 Weird Tales, January 1933.
 Weird Tales, April 1934.
 Weird Tales, November 1935.
 Weird Tales, August 1929.
 Magic Carpet, January 1934.
 Weird Tales, October, November and December 1929. (3-Part serial.)
 Famous Fantastic Mysteries, December 1952.
 Weird Tales, January 1929.
 Weird Tales, September 1933.
 Oriental Stories, Winter 1932.
 Weird Tales, July 1925.
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 Weird Tales, September 1938.

THE TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT
THE TREASURE OF TRANICOS

THE VALLEY OF THE LOST
THE VALLEY OF THE WORM
THE VOICE OF EL-LIL

WINGS IN THE NIGHT
THE WITCH FROM HELL'S KITCHEN

A WITCH SHALL BE BORN

WITH A SET OF RATTLESNAKE RATTLES
WOLFSHEAD
WORMS OF THE EARTH

Weird Tales, March 1933.
Fantasy, February 1953. (As
THE BLACK STRANGER.)
Unpublished.

Weird Tales, February 1934.
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Avon F-R; No.14, 1950. (As TEM-
TRESS OF THE TOWER OF TORTURE
AND S.C.F.)

Weird Tales, July 1932.
Avon F-R; No.18. (Original tit-
le was THE HOUSE OF ARABU.)

Weird Tales, December 1934.
Avon F-R; No.10, 1949.

(Prose-poem?) Leaves 1, 1937.

Weird Tales, April 1926.

Weird Tales, November 1932.

Weird Tales, October 1939.
"KEEP ON THE LIGHTS", anthology
n.d.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Jun. '5

V E R S E B Y R O B E R T E. H O W A R D :

(The parenthesized symbol DM after the title of the poem indicates that it appears in the anthology DARK OF THE MOON : POEMS OF FANTASY AND THE MACABRE, edited by August Derleth, and published by Arkham House, 1947.)

ALWAYS COMES EVENING

ARKHAM

(DM)

AUTUMN

BABEL (VOICES OF THE NIGHT)

BLACK CHANT IMPERIAL

CRETE

DEAD MAN'S HATE

DESERT DAWN

THE DREAM AND THE SHADOW

EASTER ISLAND

FORBIDDEN MAGIC

FRAGMENT

FUTILITY

(DM)

THE GATES OF NINEVAH

THE GHOST KINGS

(DM)

THE HARP OF ALFRED

(DM)

HAUNTING COLUMNS

THE KING AND THE OAK

(DM)

Stirring Science Stories, Feb-
ruary 1941.

Weird Tales, August 1932.

Weird Tales, April 1933.

The Fantasy Fan, January 1935.

Weird Tales, September 1930.

Weird Tales, February 1929.

Weird Tales, January 1930.

Weird Tales, March 1939.

Weird Tales, September 1937.

Weird Tales, December 1938.

Weird Tales, July 1929.

Weird Tales, December 1937.

Weird Tales, November 1937.

Weird Tales, July 1938.

Weird Tales, December 1938.

Weird Tales, September 1928.

Weird Tales, February 1938.

Weird Tales, February 1939.

THE LAST DAY		Weird Tales, March 1932.
THE LAST HOUR	(DM)	Weird Tales, June 1938.
LINES WRITTEN IN THE REALIZATION		
(DM) THAT I MUST DIE		Weird Tales, August 1938.
MOONLIGHT ON A SKULL		Weird Tales, May 1933.
MOON MOCKERY	(DM)	Weird Tales, April 1929.
THE OPEN WINDOW		Weird Tales, September 1932.
THE POETS		Weird Tales, March 1938.
RECOMPENSE	(DM)	Weird Tales, November 1938.
REMEMBREANCE		Weird Tales, April 1928.
THE RIDE OF FALUME		Weird Tales, October 1927.
THEVRIDERS OF BABYLON		Weird Tales, January 1928.
SHADOWS ON THE ROAD		Weird Tales, May 1930.
SHIPS		Weird Tales, July 1938.
THE SINGER IN THE MIST	(DM)	Weird Tales, April 1938.
SOLOMON KANE'S HOMECOMING	(DM)	Fanciful Tales, Fall 1936.
THE SONG OF THE BATS		Weird Tales, May 1927.
THE SONG OF THE MAD MINSTRIL		Weird Tales, February-March 1931
A SONG OUT OF MIDIAN		Weird Tales, April 1930.
THE SOUL-EATER		Weird Tales, August 1937.
VOICES OF THE NIGHT	(see THE VOICES WAKEN MEMORY and BABEL.)	
THE VOICES WAKEN MEMORY	(VOICES OF THE NIGHT - 1)	The Fantasy Fan, September 1934.
WHICH WILL SCARCELY BE UNDERSTOOD		Weird Tales, October 1937.

A D V E R T I S M E N T :

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The

FANZINE

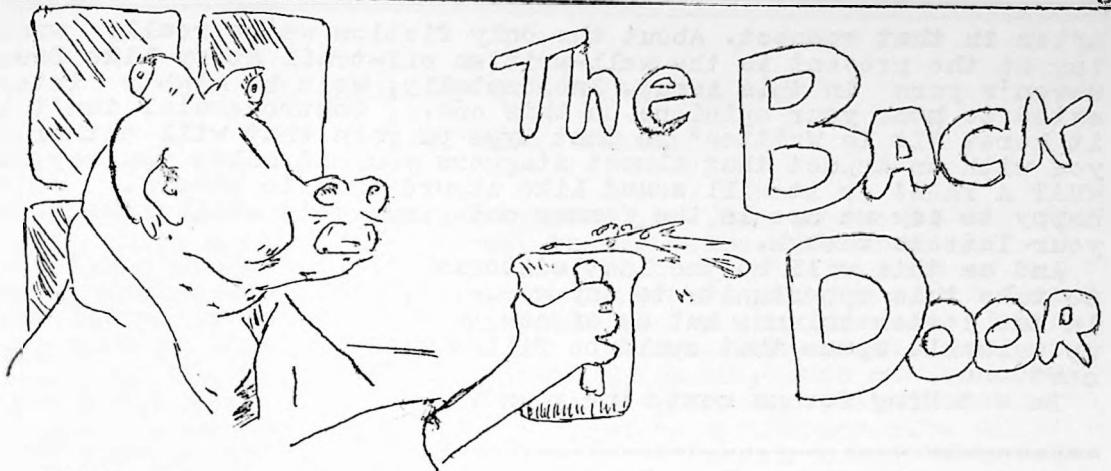
To put it out or not, - that is the question ---
Whether 'tis better for the ego to suffer
The pangs and torment of being an LNF,
Or to take the mimeo against a host of troubles,
And by printing a fanzine, end them?
To print....to pub....
No more, or to pub to say we end
This suffering ego and a thousand natural ills
It is heir to. 'Tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wished!
To print, to pub, to turn the handle,
Perchance to foul! Aye, there's the rub,
For in that dark moment what agonies may come
When we have half-printed the fanzine,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes a fanzine such a cruddy thing.
For who would bear the looks of disgust from
The BNF at our side, or the reviewing pro;
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay;
The insolence of pity, and the spurns,
The patient fan-ed makes while turning the handle
When he himself his quietus make
For one thin dime - or two? Who would fardels bear
To croon the music of the fast mimeo?
But that the dread of something lodged within
The paper-catch of the trusty ABDick,
From whose pangs no mind at ease returns,
Puzzles the will, and makes it rather bear
The ills it has, than fly to others that it knows not of.
Thus fanzines do make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a fan, whose courage seeks the mimeo,
With this regard his footsteps turn away,
Scared at the name of FANZINE!

By

BOB

("AFTER SHAKESPEARE!")

STEWART



Editing a fanzine is much like taking a ticket in the local lottery or putting your shirt on The Tip on Saturday - at least from our point of view. The odds are just as good - or bad - and the rewards just as appealing. The difference is that placing a bet requires just that much work - editing and putting together a fanzine is another matter entirely. It is great fun, it is - at times - damned frustrating, and at times it is disheartening. Launching a new magazine into the whirling cesspool of some hundred-odd titles is a hazard comparable to launching a new program into the swelling tide, but - alas - not so profitable.

The fan editors have become accustomed to their losses over the past years, being mostly willing to dismiss them with a shrug as part of their hobby. Far be it then for us to go contrary to the rule - unless, that is, the losses per issue run up into the two figure mark again. And we don't mean pence!

("cents" to our cousins across the water.)

It is, then, with a mixture of regret and maybe just a little disappointment that we announce that in future - for the time being, at least - the printed covers will be discontinued. The reason for this step is mainly to cut down the losses to a reasonable level (contrary to an idea popular among some Aussie amateurs that amateur publishing is a "business" and should be treated as such) and to be able to afford a little more finance for other needy items. First on this list is paper. Future issues will see the introduction of a far heavier paper and will improve greatly the reproduction of both artwork and printing.

We've got other problems - we admit them - but we're trying to lick the lot so stick with us.

As it is, PERHAPS is now back on a steady schedule again after an unfortunate setback, and we trust you will lend your support and encouragement as you have in the past.

One thing has not changed, and that is our policy. We still want only the best amateur fiction and intelligent - or humorous - articles. A look over this issue should give you an idea what we

after in that respect. About the only fiction we're really wanting at the present is the well-written off-trail story like Bruce Heron's yarn in this issue. Incidentally, we'd be mighty interested to hear your opinions on this one. Controversial isn't in it here! "It Is Written" is that type of yarn that will either hit you with an impact that almost staggers you, and makes you say, WOW WHAT A YARN! or it will sound like absurd crud to others. We're happy to say we are in the former category. We'd still like to see your letters though.

And as this will be the last editorial to be featured, we'd like to take this opportunity to say good-bye. We'll still hang around in the letter column, but as of now this so-called editorial takes up valuable space that could be filled with a story or even some cartoons.

Be watching for us next time round.

L.J.H.

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A WORD ON THE "WITCH HUNTERS"

Walter A. Willis

PERHAPS arrived today, postmarked 6th. May, arrived the 31st July; they must have just cast it adrift in a bottle.

I hope no one will be offended if I say it's a hell of a lot better than I expected. For this long time past I've been inclined to write off Australian fandom, partly because keeping abreast of two fandoms is quite enough for anyone, partly because of the stultifying delay in the mails, but mainly because I'd never seen anything really worth while come out of Antipodes. Stone's newsletters (even though he doesn't appreciate HYPHEN!) and now PERHAPS makes me hope I've been wrong. I specially liked the portrait of Sydney, I WENT TO DESERT ROCK, and practically all the non-fiction.

About Dard's article. I'd appreciate it if you'd give me the space to point out that I didn't say what Dard says I did. In fact I don't think I was even reported in FANTASY TIMES as saying it, though the FT account was inaccurate enough. Dard's misquotation of a misquotation wouldn't have really annoyed me except that he implies I am in favour of censorship, which I consider a deadly insult. I am in favour of censorship as much as Dard is in favour of the Australian Customs Authorities. What happened was that in Los Angeles I held a sort of Press Conference at which I answered several dozen questions on subjects ranging from the British National Health Service to Lee Hoffman's physiognomy. (Incidentally I was in favour of both) Two of them involved L. Ron Hubbard and the answers seem to have got mixed up. I said (1) in answer to a question about differences in reading tastes on opposite sides of the atlantic, that British fans were more left-wing in outlook and preferred the liberal Eric Frank Russell humanistic type story than that written by authors like Hubbard, Fyfe and Piper and that (2) British fans did not fall for dianetics partly because of a distrust of L. Ron Hubbard and all his works. I still think both statements were quite true. If some English fan now writes to complain that everyone he knows in English fandom is a staunch Conservative I'd like to anticipate him by pointing out that this was a year ago and at that time four out of five British fan editors were tony knowledge adherents to the Labour Party. (I don't know about the newer faneds yet.)

I needn't flog the dead horse of dianetics at this stage. As for the literary question, of course I never implied that an author's work should be judged by his political opinions. Howev-

er it is legitimate to take the political opinions into account if they are injected into the story. Hubbard's earlier work was readable, if not distinguished. In fact he wrote at least two stories I occasionally re-read with pleasure. But his later work is not only poorly written, but nauseatingly tinged with the parancia, sadism, worship of violence, racial intolerance, and all the other symptoms of the disease of the mind known as facism. I don't think it is unreasonable to object to a story on these grounds. If Hubbard starts writing good stories again I shall read them with pleasure. If he doesn't I still won't be in favour of censoring them, though I hope to be allowed to continue to criticise them without being accused from Western Australia as helping to push the world into a "dark age of Censorship and suppression."

W.A.W

- - - AND A REPLY

Roger Dard

As assistant editor to PERHAPS, it was my privilege to read, prior to publication, the above letter from Mr. Willis of Northern Ireland. I am a little suprised to find that Mr. Willis takes exception to a comment of mine concerning him in my article in the previous issue of PERHAPS.

Let me assure Mr. Willis here and now, that I have never believed, nor do so now, that Mr. Willis favours censorship; and if my remarks in my article tended to give the impression that he does, then it was purely unintentional on my part, and I can only hope that Mr. Willis has suffered no embarrassment as a result. If this were the only issue at stake, I presume that this assurance on my part, that no malice was intended towards Mr. Willis, would be sufficient answer to his letter. However, Mr. Willis raises a number of contentious points, which, I think require a rebuttal from me.

To his complaint of being misquoted by FANTASY TIMES, I can only make the obvious reply that this is no fault of mine. To his complaint, however, that I misquoted him, upon checking my article, I see that my quote attributed to Mr. Willis the statement that as a left-winger he "heartily disliked writers like Hubbard" Now it is rather interesting to note, that in his letter Mr. Willis takes great care to inform us that he is a left-winger and dislikes Ron Hubbard; hence it appears that even if I "misquoted a misquotation" as Mr. Willis alleges, the facts were correct, nevertheless! Thus I fail to see the cause for Mr. Willis's anger. I would like to emphasize that neither the politics of Mr. Willis, nor any other fan are my concern. (Indeed, the bone of

contention in my article was my objection to Hubbard's alleged political views being used as a reason for attacking his literary works.) Party politics have no bearing on censorship. People of all shades of political beliefs approve of censorship; conversely, peoples of all shades of political beliefs disapprove of censorship. As an example: when the Perth fans met in June of this year, and unanimously passed a vote of confidence in me for my fight to gain intellectual freedom for Australian fans, the fans voting for this resolution ranged from a wealthy and much-travelled businessman who is an ultra-conservative, to a postal clerk who is much more left-wing than Mr. Willis! If Hubbard is "a sadistic fascist" I will hold no brief for this writer, for I can assure Mr. Willis that I loathe facism just as much as he. However, I am not convinced that Mr. Willis's views on L. Ron Hubbard are correct.

Contrary to what Mr. Willis seems to believe, my article was NOT aimed at him. It was an attack on censorship in general, not an attack on Mr. Willis. I cannot believe that any intelligent person reading "Witch Hunters Of The Atomic Age" could possibly misconstrue it as an attack on Mr. Willis. In developing my theme, I simply found it convenient to quote a number of prominent people: Walter A. Willis, Horace Gold, John Metcalfe, Ben Ray Redman, Howard Haycraft etc. etc. Let us examine this statement in the third paragraph of my article: "Willis's comparatively mild criticism.....is not important in itself....." Here I quite clearly stated that I was not treating Mr. Willis's remarks too seriously, and, after writing this, I promptly forgot Mr. Willis and went on to develop my article into an exposure of all forms of censorship.

I do not object to Mr. Willis defending himself, if he feels that my article treated him badly, but I feel he is being a little melodramatic when he wildly terms my very mild remarks anent him, "a deadly insult."

In conclusion, I agree emphatically with Mr. Willis that he should be free to criticise L. Ron Hubbard or anybody else without fear of being denounced from Western Australia. May I claim the like privilege of being allowed to criticise Mr. Willis without Northern Ireland regarding it as "a deadly insult."

R.N.D

M I N I S C U L E N U M B L I N G S

DON TUCK (Tasmania)... General make-up - not bad, except for line spacing in a few spots, and the trimming was a bit close. Allen's factual article was not my meat, whereas I thought Roger was right to some extent. I've had my own troubles (Customs - Ed...) and still look at every parcel with fingers crossed (I could

write a good article myself!).....The balance the issue was quite good - but Ian, was page 3 necessary?....Glad to see a good space given for book reviews. One point - could the year of the edition be given also? ASF and GSF are the only journals that do this, and also list the publisher, pages, and cost. All these factors are necessary for book buyers like myself.

(Ed speaking : book reviews have been dropped for this time Don, but will be back next issue under a new set-up.)

BILL VEREY (Brisbane, Q.) General comments : You seem to have mastered the duplicator 'cause the second issue is uniformly good. The black & red pages came out quite well...Both covers were good, (But - oh, the expense!) as were the interior illustrations... About the best of the issue was "I Went To Desert Rock". Very interesting reading. "Witch Hunters Of The Atomic Age" also good, but I cannot altogether agree with Roger's pessimism about the future. As Roger has pointed out, our censorship policy makes us look like idiots to more tolerant countries, but I also think that the government is relaxing many of its old regulations, particularly with regard to science fiction....."The Ghoulax" also appealed....Don't like fan-fiction as a rule, but you seem to be setting a standard well above average, so I'll reserve my opinions for a few issues.Both "Growing Pains" and "Homecoming" were quite good.... Oh, yes! Full marks to Ian Crozier for his "Viewpoint." As a Sydney-sider, though now living in the wilds of Queensland!, I found it funny and look forward to a reply in similar style from the Sydney fans.

(Ed again : That reply didn't eventuate Bill, but we're waiting for it. Any comers?)

DAVID COHEE (Sydney, N.S.W.) Very glad to see that you have improved PERHAPS so much. Covers good. Keep them at this standard and you won't go wrong. Interior illos : some good, some poor, bad and so-so. Improvement called for. Best was on the contents page. Watch the typing and duplicating; too many missed letters scattered throughout the 'zine....Personally, I liked Roger's article best, then "Desert Rock"....Your stories : poor. Much better needed....Also liked the reviews.....Can't you find a way to compress the readers' letters into a smaller space, so that there will be more letters printed?

(I.T.M.A. : The fact is Dave, that we get about eight letters of comment per issue! So it isn't advisable to compress them, especially if they've got something interesting to say. But more letters though, please.)

LYELL CRANE (Sydney, N.S.W.) Now for a few words on PERHAPS, I've just finished reading it. To begin with, the cover - both back and front; each illustration, title, sub-title etc, - was excellent. Likewise the inside illo on the contents page and several others. Hang onto your artists pal, keep them happy at all

ent. Likewise the inside illo on the contents page and several others. Hang onto your artists pal, keep them happy at all costs!....Your editorial is good. (!!!! Ed.) "I Went To Desert Rock" was good reading, was it first release or reprint? The atomic explosion illo was a god idea.....The other material was well-balanced.....The letter column is a good idea, likewise the extracting from letters. A good selection. The stencilling and lineo work were vastly improved over the first issue.

(Harding again: "Desert Rock" was first release to PERIAPS, and I must thank both Rog Dard and Hal Shapiro for supplying this really astounding piece of fan writing. It must be true. Graham Stone Said So.)

And that tears it for this issue.....Bye.

E D I T O R I A L I N F O :

PERIAPS is an amateur magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, and any allied subjects. It is a non-profit making venture, mainly running at a loss, and that's why we charge for this issue rather than hand it out free. It is published in the cause of furthuring the bonds between Australian, British and American science fiction fandon, if one is needed, and is perpetrated by Leo J. Harding, at 510 Drummond St; Carlton, N.3, Victoria, AUSTRALIA, at intervals of about every two months or thereabouts.

Contributions in the form of fiction or critical essays are invited, and need not necessarily be typewritten. We would like, however, to see written lines double spaced on the paper, for easier reading. Contributions should be sent to the above address. The only payment made is in the form of a free copy of the issue in which your contribution appears. All copyright remains with the respective writer, however. In other words, if you think your story is good enough to appear in ASTOUNDING, and worth the 3ca word paid, then by all means sell it to Campbell. PERIAPS will have no claim on any sale of material that originally appear within its pages.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS :

The poems by Bob Stewart and Philip José Farmer appeared originally in STAR LANES No.11, and are here reprinted with thanks to the editress/editrix Orna Mac.Cornick. The "article" by George O. Smith appeared a while back in SLANT, under a different by-line, & thanks to A. Bertram (Jack) Chandler for supplying it, along with his witty follow-up, appearing here for the first time.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY

....."let us weep bitter tears for the untimely fall of SLANT. It is a death blow to British fan publishing. Thus how the mighty doth fall. With the exception of NEBULA, that makes SPACE DIVERSIONS the only decent fan-mag appearing over here now. . ."

John Ditmar.

"Galaxy and Astounding? My opinion is that they have both reached a very high standard of mediocrity . . ."

A. Bertram Chandler

SPEAKING ON THE LONDON CONVENTION IN "HYPHEN" No.4, Walt Willis says

"...Mrs. Sollieback from Seattle was, Carnell revealed, a member of N3F. Suitably impressed, we applauded warmly. However, I am sorry to say that Mrs. S. seems to have detected a note of insincerity in our tribute, for in a letter published in GMCarr's

GEMTONES she reports that "N3F is not popular among the fans here." Presumably we should have bowed our heads and stood in silent tribute to the noble organisation, firing the British representative over its grave." (---we think Ken would object.)



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