



A.I. DHW.



PERI Vol I NoI. The official organ of the Junior Fanatics Science-Fic-  
-tion Society. For information on the above Society please contact the  
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-lor, 42 Geneva Rd, Brixton, London, S.W.9.

# - CONTENTS -

Well here at last is the first ish of 'PERI'. Between our beau-  
-tiful cover by Wood & Thorne, and the back cover there lies a positive  
myriad of star-studded, thought-provoking, mature, intellectual (turn  
to Galaxy), articles and stories.

First in our amazing list of fantastic out of this world stories  
is : 'REVERSAL'.....by-ALAN HUNTER.

A story with a 'punch' in it's tail!

Next something for Fanartists:-

'ART ANALYSIS'.....by-GERARD QUINN.

Coming up as a close 3rd is:-

'TWELTH STORY'.....by-DAN MORGAN. PRESENTED in a style sur-  
-passing that of Galaxy, ASF, Mag of S-F & Fant, etc.....

A critic has said of this next awe-inspiring, terrific, multi-  
marvellous, stupendous, wonderful article,.....Phooey just a load of

'DRY-ROT'.....by-DAVE WOOD.

Next a treat once more for fanartists to inspire their minds on:

'HOW I PRODUCE ART FOR PRO-'ZINES'.....by-BOB CLOTHIER.

Time takes a holiday for the next glorious epic of far-reaching  
literature there-for we take pride in presenting:-

'LOST PROPERTY'.....by-TED TUBE.

Read mark, and learn and inwardly digest what you next read-IT'S:-

'THE PLAYERS OF CRAVEN-A'.....by-Walt Willis.(VAW).

'JOURNEYS END'.....by-JOE BOWMAN, is sure to impress all.

(POEM)

We're 'shaw' to have included the next peice because it's :-

'ESTIMATE!!!'.....by BOB SHAW.

Mind your fingers !? !? !.....Infact a warning to :-

'HANDLE WITH CARE'.....by-VINCE CLARKE.

Next we go round with:-

'THE POTTERS WHEEL'.....by- The 'Pot' himself.

'Con' matters are ever a matter to discuss so sit thee down to grin over

'A MATTER OF CONVENTION'.....by-E.BENTCLIFFE

..And so finally we get taken into :-

'INTER-STELLAR SPACE'.....by-TERRY LEEVES

Applause - Exeunt.....



# REVERSAL

# REVERSAL

-BY-

ALAN HUNTER.

He blinked his eyes open. Above him hung a bright light that hurt his eyes with it's intensity. He was lying on a soft surface- but where, and why? It was strange how blank his mind seemed.

He explored mentally. there was knowledge of many kinds, but in certain directions his mind was fogged. Himself for instance- his name was Manly, that he knew, but what was he doing here?

Lifting his arm to shield the light from his eyes, he turned his head. As he did so he became aware of two small, repulsive faces watching him. In sheer, shocked, amazement he raised his body to a sitting position.

The complete figures could now be seen, with thin, misshapen bodies covered with a white wrapping. They stood without moving, a look of intense, shrewed appraisal on each distorted face.

Then he became aware of his surroundings. He sat near wall of a room equiped as a combined work-shop and laboratory. Manly knew where everything would be- the chemicals in the large cupboard, the sink and adjacent work-bench with it's racks of tools. And he remembered intimately every piece of mechanical equipment, from the thought recorder to the growth accelerator. Obviously, then, this was his own laboratory, and at the back of his mind was the feeling that something of extreme importance had recently taken place. Could it be that same something which was responsible for his present position- and the presence of these two queer creatures?

At that thought, he thrust aside his repugnance and looked again the night mare beings, and then down at his own muscular, symmetrical body. The extreme contrast jerked a sudden memory into his mind.

There had been experiments-experiments in created life and controlled evolution. But more than that he could not remember. It seemed to be forgotten along with so many other things.

Abruptly he became aware that the creatures were stealthily approaching him, one of them holding an instrument that he recognised as a hypodermic syringe. He handled it clumsily, as if unfamiliar with the object.

Manly moved swiftly as a full realisation of the situation hit him. These two beings, products of experiments he could but dimly remember, were turning on their creator. His mental numbness was after effect of their attack, probably made with something that they had found in the laboratory. Now seeing that he was reviving, they were returning to render him unconscious once more while they completed their plans, whatever they might be-most probably escape. But they had underestimated his powers of recovery. With a hoarse shout, Manly swung his feet down to the floor and charged forward. The hypodermic flew

through the air as he sank one strong fist into the stomach of the nearest figure. In silence the second creature attacked him desperately, flailing ineffectually with its small arms and fists. Even as his arm sent this second figure reeling, Manly had time to wonder at the continuous silence of his attackers. They were extremely fragile, and more damage had been done than he had intended. Gazing down at the still, crumpled forms Manly did not hear the door opening behind him. The first intimation he had that someone else was in the room, was the sudden shock of searing heat striking him in the back. Then the room dissolved into fragments before his eyes.

.....

Aans thought forms were neat and precise as became the training of a Guardian. "Receiving impressions of anguish and terror from the direction of the laboratory, Iran straight there and opened the door.

The humancoid stood with its back to me, looking at the two Scientists lying dead on the floor. My instructions, where murder is concerned, are quite definite. I disintegrated him!"

The Controller shrugged his narrow shoulders. "Very well, you may go." Then he closed his mind and pondered. The creature had been given a mental store sufficient for it to reason out its surrounding and history

Where, then, had the experiment gone wrong? "The fault must lie," the Controller later reported, "in our attempting to duplicate a pre-atomic type. We were warned of their inherent mental instabilities and pugnacious tendencies, but we valued their physical co-ordination sufficiently to risk that. In view of the present result, I suggest that future researches into the production of Workers, must be confined to post-atomic types."

-THE END-



THIS IS P

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# ART ANALYSIS

A series by Gerard Quinn.

In this series of articles on famous fantasy artists, I would like to point out that I'm not setting myself up as a "Gavdaminity" critic who knows all the answers and anybody who says no "nay" gets a fat lip! No, I'm merely examining my own reactions to their work with the eye of a fellow artist. What I would "stick my neck out" on, is in closing each article with my opinion of what each artist is aiming at, with this intention to give embreave illustrators a pointer on what makes successful illustrations and perhaps get them setting up targets of their own.

EDD CARTIER.

Here, we have an artist who has equipped himself with a fresh and breezy technique. Clever use of Calligraphy (accented line) and dry-brush work (or possibly this is Embossed-Beard work).

At first sight it might appear easy, simple, not much to it! - but look again. Although it appears effortless it is only apparently so. Examine his figure work. Caricatured? yes! but underneath there lies good, sound, knowledge of the human form. Construction, Action, and Repose at the hands of this artist are convincing only because of that Knowledge! Look again at all his work, figures, animals, Aliens, buildings, ships etc. They are only in line and a minimum of shading, yet look at the solidity and apparent depth he obtains.

Here his control of Calligraphy is apparent, his lines don't just outline the forms; he depicts but models them by accentuation of strokes.

Look once more. This time at the ornament and decoration. Here we see Cartier as a first-rate designer. His superb invention, his sense of the Weird and the beautiful in form, make him an asset to our kind of fiction. An artist needs to go after something! A painter is a Realist, an Impressionist, a Surrealist, a Modernist-etc. An Illustrator must find some path also! A method of attack, in order to find himself.

Cartier's target, I believe to be, is Conviction with freedom of form, without going to extremes and executed in the simplest way.

---

'PERI'LOUS PRATTLE.....

"I've just written a story about a bloke who builds a time-machine and....."

"Oh! I've read it."

"He bragged modestly....." (FIDO)

".....Arthur Clarke then received the science prize, for good work....." (Report in local paper on a speech day)

"Can I have an atomically excited canine quadruped, please?"

What happened to Schnabel? If you've been reading Science-Fiction for any length of time you must remember his "Venusian Archives" Series that were published in IMPOSSIBLE way back in the thirties. There were eleven published and they caused a bigger stir amongst the fans of that time than the more recent Shaver Mystery. Schnabel was heralded as the genius of Scienti-fiction, as it was called then.

I'D almost forgotten him myself, until the other day when I met Joe Marshall, who used to be the editor of IMPOSSIBLE. We got to talking about the old 'zine, and I told him that I'd always had the feeling that the "Venusian Archives" Series was incomplete. I asked him if he had ever heard from Schnabel after the eleventh story was published in the last issue of IMPOSSIBLE.

Joe then told me the plot of the unpublished twelfth story in the "Venusian Archives" Series, which as far as he could remember went something like this:

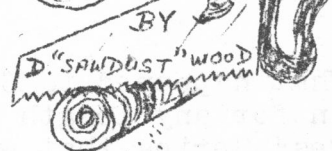
(Continued on page 14)



# DAY ROT



DEATH-WATCH BEETLE (MARTIAN HYBRID).



What a predicament!- Here I am, a bod who used to lash off columns, stories, and what have you, by the dozen, for one copy of 'Centaurus', and now I find I have a column in a printed 'zine8 and not a thing to say or rave about. Or isn't there?...What about Walt Willis? WAW poor chap is dead. In fact he died before he attended the Luncheon that is the answer to the smell in the Con Hall. I pity the Chicon. A three-month old body doesn't smell very nice if it is an Irish one. This news which comes via 'SPACE DIVERSIONS' (Liverpool fan-mag) via DAVID GARDENER via San Francisco via Walt is true (or so it says..). Now to my story interlude. this time a Ve-ird Ghost story.

"I saw Smith the other day walking out with his 'Widow'... As old as the Hills, ain't it? (You)- "Older"!.. Aw, shut up! As I was saying "...as I have nothing to blather about I had better get on with it. What you may be saying to yourself is.. 'What is a Peri?' Well I'll tell you...

A 'Peri' is a mythical fairy from Persian Folk Lore. Their history is a long one, for in 1777 a certain character known as Richardson discovered manuscripts refering to Peris. They were supposed to have inhabited the globe when it was first formed; being formed of the element of fire. They are regarded as both evil and yet at times benevolent, they were the original fallen angels and were at first excluded from Paridise, but later were admitted. They live off an exceedingly strange and dear substance - perfume!

They were created by the Devil- with whom they are in eternal conflict. They are ruled by EBLIS, Master of Evil. ..Greatest Evil Spirit. They are supposed to bring comets, eclipses, prevent rain, cause failure to crops.

.....

Well, that concludes todays Lecture folks, so let me sign off with : MARCH-ESTER FOR THE 1954 INTERNATIONAL CON....

THE SUPERMAN CON !

"Sawdust".

# -HOW I PRODUCE ART FOR PRO-ZINES

-BOB CLOTHIER



very first thing I do is to try and imagine what the title of the story conveys to me, making one or two rough sketches. This sometimes helps to make a better impression than you obtain after reading the story. Then I run through the story making notes of suitable subjects for illustration, either interior or cover work. Checking for detail is another important item the artist must consider. Very often the description leaves a very vague picture for the artist to build upon.

This brings me to a very important point; so many readers write and ask-'why does the artist always draw space ships, space suits, and men in the already antiquated cumbersome styles well known to you all? Well, the usual answer to this is, the authors very seldom alter their descriptions even though the general plots and space destinations may vary.

Now we come to the technical snags that have to be accounted for. Firstly, most covers to our S.F. Prozines are done in three colours, this being to cut down the cost of reproduction. It may seem simple enough but careful study will show that a lot of work is entailed in arranging the shades etc. On top of this the composition for background, foreground is worked out in conjunction with the title and other headings. After the roughs are sorted out the editor and publisher consider the selling value and draw for the public. Then the artist gets the O.K. to go ahead with the finished proof. You might think that this would finish here, but far from it. Sometimes the block makers can improve an illustration or as in some cases ruin what might have been a good cover. So when the readers are satisfied with a good cover, the credit is shared by many.

R. Clothier.

.....OR DID HE MEAN "WIZARD".....

.....sex barriers are a very powerful part of our culture and therefore the breaking of them is weird."

GALAXY (fan mag April 1973)





FULL LENGTH  
NOVELLETTE.

# LOST PROPE

Ted Tubb, well known writer for "New Worlds", gives us something being "Lost Property", when, to all intents and purposes, it wouldn't be lost for quite a long time yet!

## LOST PROPERTY

=====

by Ted Tubb.

The doors hissed open. For a few seconds there was confusion as those within the carriage tried to get out, and those on the platform tried to get in. Fennal grunted as an elbow jammed into his ribs, with the skill of long practice he wriggled between a stout woman and her friends, bumped into a man reading an evening paper, tripped over an umbrella, slid into a vacant seat.

A woman glared at him, stonily he looked at her, reached for his cigarettes - and touched the briefcase. It rested beside him on the seat, an expensive looking case, rich leather shone with polish metal fittings gleamed in the light.

Fennal glanced at the people either side of him a girl deep in a paper backed novel, a matron busy with her knitting, neither of them appeared to be the owner of the case. For a moment he hesitated, then his arm slipped down hiding the briefcase from the casual view.

When the train halted he rose, smiled at the irate woman, dodged between closing doors, the case went with him.

Fennal wasn't really a criminal, he did not have the nerve to be, but he did not believe in wasting opportunities. Lost property, as the briefcase obviously was, was such an opportunity. Minor again, quickly and easily obtained, and without the slightest risk. He smiled.

Deliberately he waited before examining his find. If anyone had noticed him pick it up, followed him, he could always say he intended handing it in the next day. Once in the safety of his room however, impatience mastered him. Locking the door, he rested the bag on the table, pulled up a chair, and looked more closely at what he had.

A normal briefcase, two clips, a lock, a handle for carrying. The lock claimed immediate attention. It wasn't an ordinary lock, there was no keyhole, only a series of knurled rings. A combination lock. He grunted in disappointment.

To open the bag he would have to ruin it. He didn't want to, the bag would be far more valuable than the contents could possible be, but there was no help for it. He consoled himself with the thought that a clever leather worker could sew on a new flap.

Fennal slid a sharp knife beneath the leather, and tried to cut around the lock. For some reason the knife wouldn't cut the material. Closer examination showed why, the case was not made of leather. Thinly coated by some form of plastic was a layer of fine metal mesh. It blunted the knife, but remained unmarked by it.

He frowned, while excitement mounted within him. The contents must be valuable indeed to warrant such protection. He had to open the bag?

The man on the floor below grunted as Fennal asked his request. "Tools? What 'd yer want tools for?"



patiently. "If you could lend me a hacksaw, file, something like that"

"Want any hold?" the man asked curiously.

"No thank you." Fennal smiled. "You know me. I live above you. I'll fetch them straight back."

"See that you do." grunted the man suspiciously, but he fetched the tools.

It was slow work, by wedging the flap open with a book he managed to get a steady surface, but even then it took over two hours and three fresh blades before he finally cut through the mesh. Arm muscles aching with the effort, he lit a cigarette and eagerly tipped out the contents.

Papers, Something that seemed to be a passport. A thin sheaf of brightly coloured slips of paper. A gayly printed booklet. A small flat box, Several books, Money. Lots of Money? Bundles of notes each with a fresh band. All brand new?

Fennal wiped sweat from his face with a trembling hand. Something seemed to grip at the bottom of his stomach. Suddenly he felt afraid. This was too big. No one would lose this amount of money and not try everything to get it back. He had an irrational desire to get rid of it.

Suspiciously he glanced at the door. It was locked, the key still in the keyhole. He forced himself to be calm. Getting rid of the case and contents would do no good. He had taken it. He might as well have the benefit of his theft. Idly he began to rifle through the rest of the contents.

The books were ordinary guide books. The small flat box was locked, he put it to one side with the money. The booklet seemed to be from a travel agency. The passport held his attention. Black, with gold lettering.

"Terrestrial Passport - Temporal Travel Division."

Fennal frowned and opened the cover. A photograph of a man in his mid thirties. Two whorls that looked like thumbprints. A signature. Dates.

Dates? "Issued in the year 3,546. Valid for ten years. Jarl Gedge Harsun. Born 3,390. White. 70 Kilos. Rocket pilot....."

Fennal stared in amazement. Mechanically one part of his mind began to do little sums. 3,390 from 3,546 left 156. One hundred and fifty six years old? His eye fell on the booklet.

"Vacations in time? Visit historical scenes of the past? Ten day tour 2,000 credits. All comfort. Local currency supplied?

The colourful slips of paper twinkled at him.

"Temporal travel agency. First class. Western Hemisphere shuttle. Mid-20th Century."

Someone rattled the door handle.

Fennal jerked to his feet, almost wild with terror. With desperate haste he swept the case and its scattered contents into .

a drawer. Picking up the tools he moved across to the door.

"Sorry" he called, twisting the key. I've just finished. Here are your tools".

The door swung open. The words died on his lips. Facing him stood two men. Both were dressed in dark suits. One looked like an official, the other seemed vaguely familiar.

Fennal began to sweat. "What do you want? Who are you?"

They ignored him. The official looking one, cocked his head, glanced at his wrist, nodded to the other.

"This is it Harsun"

Fennal gulped. He knew why the man looked so familiar. It was the man who's photograph appeared in the passport. The owner of the briefcase.

Casually they brushed him aside. Entered the room. Closed the door behind them.

"Where is it?"

"Where's what? What are you talking about?"

The official looked contemptuously at Fennal.

"The briefcase. Where is it?"

"I don't know what you are talking about" said Fennal sickly.

the case I went to a local branch of the agency. There is an electronic instrument printed on the inside of the case. It enables us to locate it wherever it may be. We know it's here. Where is it?"

The official looking man had rapidly glanced around the room. Now he jerked open the drawer, glanced inside, whistled.

"He opened it. That's bad"

"Give me a chance." whimpered Fennal. "I was curious I was going to hand it in tomorrow. I swear I was."

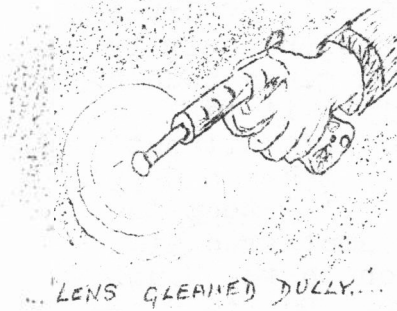
They ignored him. Harsun picked up the case, checked the contents, replaced them. Holding the bag beneath his arm he stared pityingly at Fennal.

"Must we?" he asked the official looking man. "Of course suppose he talks?" He unclipped what seemed to be a fountain pen from an inside pocket. Levelled it at Fennal. A lens gleamed dully. "He has no evidence." urged Harsun. "We were in time". The official frowned doubtfully. "It would save trouble." he agreed. "But you know the regulations. If he should talk.

Harsun caught his arm, pulled him towards the door.

"Who would believe him?" he smiled.

The door closed behind them.....

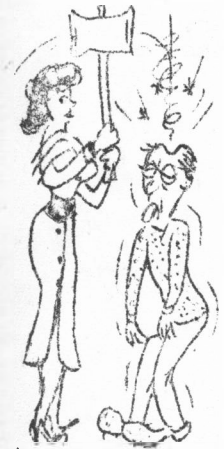




# THE PLAYERS OF CRAVEN-AL

Reviewed by Walt Willis, fandom's leading expert and critic.

In this astounding tale of intergalactic intrigue the hero, FILBERT BOSSEYN, is employed to track down ELDRED PRANG, scientific wizard and inventor of the fission-powered WEAPON SHIPS OF OSHER, and leader of a secret conspiracy to overthrow the cold but beautiful EMPRESS ANAETHESIA of Venus. The secret of the fission drive is covered by HERRIN THE RED, null-Marxist ruler of the Red Planet, and his ambiguous ally THE FELLOW TRAVELLOR, a mysterious entity who is invisible, intangible, and practically inaudible. They employ Bosseyyn because he has several extrabrain, extratoes, extralivers and other extraorgans, and is in such a state of perpetual confusion that he doesn't know his extrabrain from his extraelbow and fails miserably in his quest. This is to Herrin's advantage, because when Prang overthrows Anaesthesia he captures her throne and hides it in the Castle of Crystal on Mars. However the throne is immediately stolen again by Prang, thereby proving that people who live in glass houses shouldn't stow thrones, and he refuses to return it to Anaesthesia unless she promises to marry him. Left without support, Anaesthesia falls back on Bosseyyn and makes a deep impression on him as a cold stern woman who will stoop to do anything to secure her base ends. Having smothered his protests she sends him on a desperate mission to the House of Osher to capture some of the fission ships. Due to a semantic confussion, Bosseyyn returns with a small parcel wrapped in greaseproof paper, and in a fit of petulance Anaesthesia sends him back to his own planet through a spacewoof. (This is much the same as a spacewarp, but it makes a better yarn.) Arriving on Earth, Bosseyyn finds that misfortune continues to dog his footsteps. The spacewoof was actually a timewoof and he has been sent back to five different points in time. He discovers that he is really not only Herrin the Red, The Fellow Traveller, Eldred Prang and even Anaesthesia, but also the mastermind behind the cosmic chess game-----PAWN W. CAMPBELL JR!



MAKES A DEEP IMPRESSION ON HIM

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GILLINGHAM, KENT.

Joe Bowman.

Out On the desert sand he lies,  
 Out on the lonely, crimson plain.  
 Sleeping the great Eternal Sleep  
 Free from the storm, the sleet and rain  
 While high in the sky the stars gleam down,  
 Majestic in their eternal span,  
 With never the sound of beast or bird,  
 And never the voice of man.  
 High in the spangled purple sky,  
 Shining, the planet that gave his birth.  
 Lighting his pale and peaceful face  
 That never again shall see the Earth.  
 While all around him silence reigns  
 Over the deserts lilting swell.  
 As he sleeps the great Eternal Sleep  
 Under the stars that he loved so well.

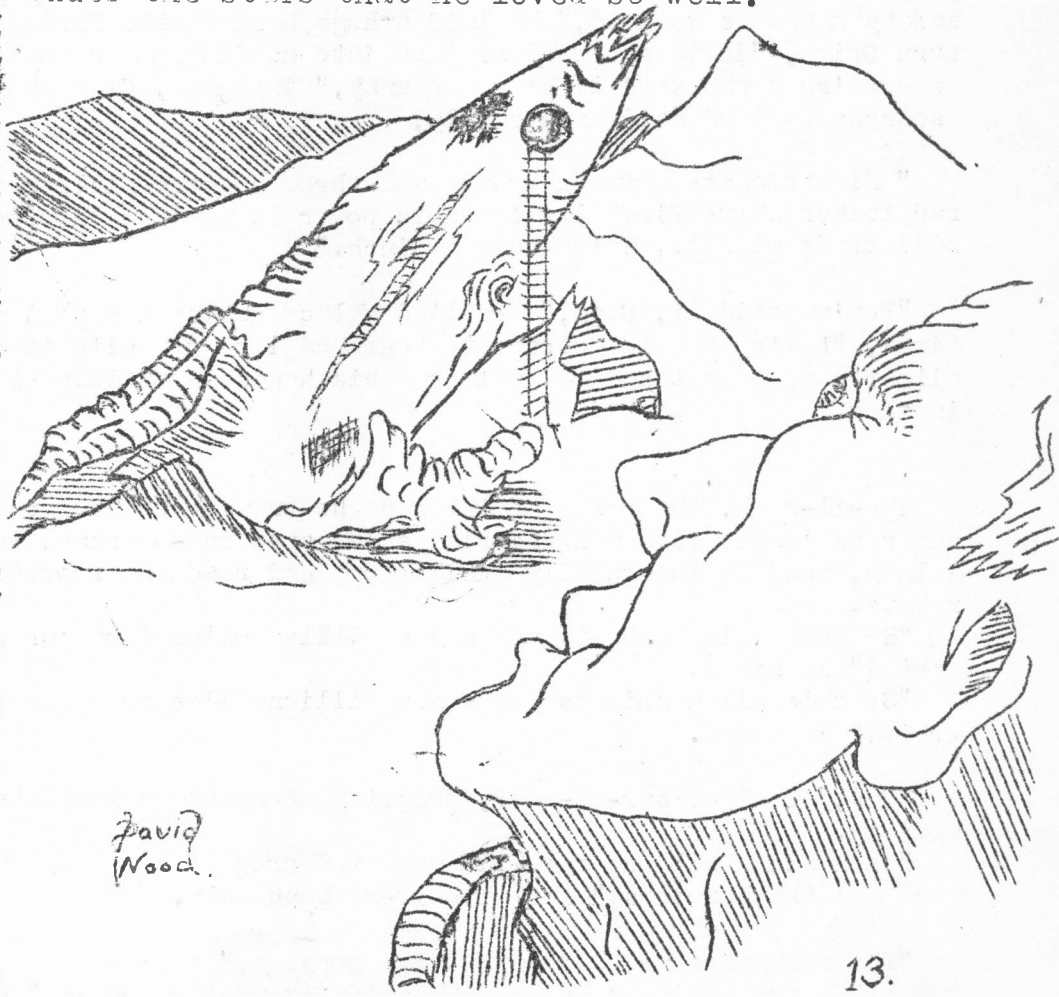
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NEBULA

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conceded.

As soon as the translator had analysed and translated the Kerran language from their shortwave radio Malace went on the air.

"Hello, you of planet IV. This is Gregg Malace, official representative of the Empire of Man, which consists of over seven thousand solar systems. But do not fear, we only desire to promulgate honest trading and freindship between our planets and yours." The fact that he had begun his "honest trading" with what was probably one of the biggest lies ever told bothered him not at all.

"If you have any trade materials we will load our ship with them and return to our base where they can be...." Malace continued for some ten minutes more in the same vein.

The-il-roeb was beside himself in amazement at his luck, "Why are the fools broadcasting this meaningless non-sense instead of bombing us? How long until the computaters finish?"

"Ten minutes," replied Sar-ul-noer, "perhaps you should talk to them. Let them think we are taken in."

"Perhaps so. Make the necessary connections." He held the microphone in his work tentacle and listened as the voice of Gregg Malace issued from the speaker.

"We can see from our breif study of planets that you are but a small race, yet we of Earth do not wish to crush you." The-il-roeb omitted the equivalent of a snort- small race indeed!

"How many Earthmen are ther on your ship and how many at your base?" he asked with an amused look in all his eyes.

"Seven in our ship, three billion around Sol, Four billions on various other planers. That does not include nearhumans." Malace chuckled deeply as he reeled off the figures making them sound impressive, because after all, his life depended on them.

"What us to stop us of Kerran from burning your ship out of existence?" the speaker said.

"Because," replied Malace succinctly, "our drive engines always emit a sub-ethreal energy pulse when they are destroyed and inside a few hours there would be enough Earth ships here xnd to melt every planet in your system. Not that we want that to happen," he added hastily.

"That is our safeguard when we enter a new system. If any race destroyed our ship they would be committing suicide. No single race could stand up to the might of our Empire. You see that don't you?" Malace knew he was right. Absolutely. He flashed a confident grin at his men; soon they, or rather- he, would be rich because they were of course, absolutely untouchable. Two seconds later twelve converging rays of highly lethal energy vapourized him and his whole crew and ship. The sharp click of indicator needles fething up against their limiting rings foretold Malace of his fate half a second in advance. He had barely time to wonder why.....

That night there was atremendous feast among the members of the great and glorius Kerranite race- the whole ton of them! The-il-roeb leaned further out of his support brackets and waved his signal tentacle for silence at the table.

"Imagine then putting their whole race - just seven of them, onto a ship and trying to bluff us like that. As ifa any race could have more members than we ton! Three billions on Sol," he said,

"The-il-roeb gestured weakly, "They'd have been telling us next that they intended to colonise the whole Galaxy!" They all wrinkled up in paroxysms of mirth - it was really very funny.



Once again I will attempt to place my name amongst fandom's greatest columnists by entertaining you with my sparkling wit. Only, you can't be witty about nothing.

At the present, gentle reader, the future seems black. Sure, I had ideas for this column, but they have vanished into the forgotten past, and now my mind is a blank. It is not easy to write when one's mind is a blank, so if this column is not quite what you would expect from a master pen-weilder, bear with me till I manage to fill my mind again.

This, I assure you, will take a lot of doing, such a vast mind as mine often takes a steam shovel to fill it. Please do not mistake my meaning, I do not mean that steam shovels are my ruling passion in life, not at all, in fact I read fanzines because I like 'em, and not to take my mind off steam shovels. Anybody could write a column better than THIS. There are surely some interesting topics connected with S.F. about which I could ramble.

Ah! while I remember, Mike Crewdson might appreciate some publicity; he is a Junior Fanatic, who produces Britain's only handwritten fanzine, SOLAR. Since competition in the way of Stellar and Centurus has been removed Mike now has a clear path, and he is making good use of it. If you write to, 5 Stansey Avenue, Morecombe, Lancs., you will see SOLAR sometime. Ghu knows when.

THIS IS A PERI!!

How too too bad of me! I have referred above to SOLAR as the only one copy fanzine, which brings me to a very interesting point. There is, I hope, believe it or not, a 'zine in existence, handwritten, devoted to S.F. which is not put out by a fan. Is this a fanzine?

Maybe the ed. of "Space" would be angry if he knew that I was calling him a non-fan, but I doubt it. The amount of S.F. he has read is, three poor class British pocket books. He was induced to produce "Space" by Mike Crewdson to prove that he WAS a fan. I am not convinced. I don't have the first issue here right now, but mainly in order to fill space, I will review it from memory.

The cover, I remember, is by Mike Crewson. Mike is pretty keen, and becoming increasingly keener, but the plain unvarnished truth is that he is not artistically bent. If my artistic talents were raised to that of Ed Cartier, and his raised in proportion, he'd be around as good as I am now,

WHAT IS A PERI?---

to do a better review 17th ... you could ...



Aw, do I hafta review it? If I could remember the editor's address I'd tell you and you could see for yourselves. But I CAN'T remember the editor's address - you lucky people.

Now let me be utterly and completely stonily serious for a moment. Elsewhere in this 'zine Eric Bentcliffe has presented a good case for the International Con. in Manchester with which I heartily concur. Yet it appears that we are doomed to travel to London again Next\*year, as the motion to remove the Con. was defeated by an overwhelming majority at this year's Con. It is pretty obvious that this was unfair. Practically the entire fan population of London was at the Con., and Northerners were staggeringly outnumbered by Southerners. The people who would be benifited by a move North had no say. Surely, a postal vote would not be amiss?

I am not alone in this belief. If you won't listen to me, then Mike Rosenblum can convince you. A postal vote is the only fair way.

#### POSTAL SERVICES AND SCIENCE FICTION.

So far as I can see, the only reasonable argument against the foregoing is that it would unduly tax the strength of that truly public body of men, the Postmen.

Acti-Fans are invairiably prolific in their mail but who spares a thought for the poor servant of the public as he staggers, bent double, down the garden path?

Postmen are not automotors. Believe it or not, they think! And they talk. Their minds are often warped and bitter, the result of long years of carting fans letters, and as a result fans are regarded by them as cranks, idiots, and irksome raving lunaties.

It is not good, brothers to get on the wrong side of men in uniform. A uniform is the mark of authority, and if the postman says we're barmy, WE'RE BARMY!

The public can, and will, be turned dead against us by this means. I know it is impossible to cut down on your mail, so beware the revolution. We may as well enjoy the short time of happiness and freedom that will be allowed to us. Then Fandom will be banned.

...A PERSIAN FAIRY.

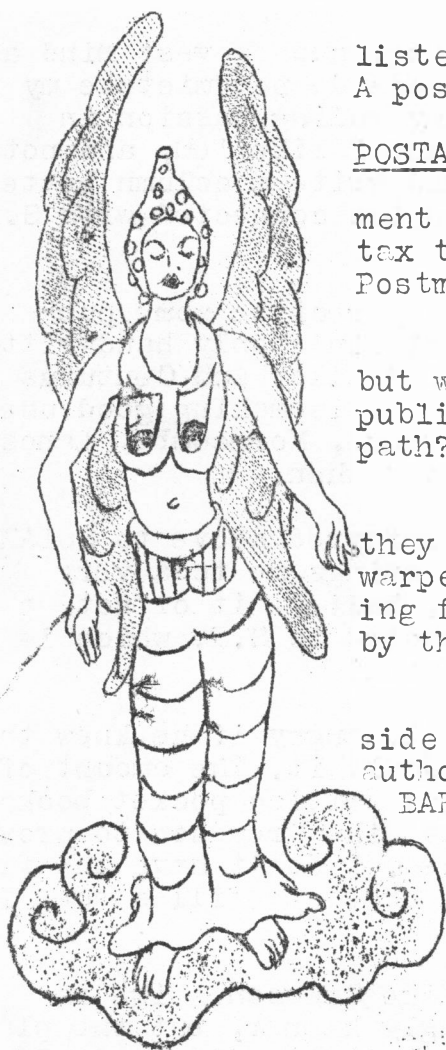
- by Alan Hunter.

The thought of fandom becoming a sort of Underground movement may be thrilling to some.

\* This year!.....

18.

(cont on page 22)





10

FROM FILMS

Also Lead —

- Dave Wood.

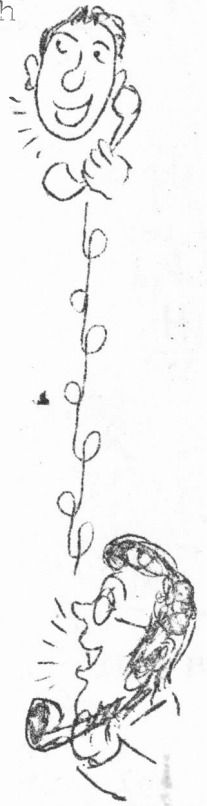
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# Interstellar SPACE

by T Jeeves.

How Conventions can muck up schedules, after recovering from the International in London, I thought that I was well in hand with my mail. Oh yeah ? On casting a perfunctory butchers through a few old letters just now, I found a letter from Ken Potter reminding me that the deadline for my column was xxxxx. No, I'll not give away how long Peri has been in preparation, suffice to say that this column is due to arrive tomorrow. I've had to dig out the coggage basher, find a roll of paper (Hope no one goes therebefore the shops open) and I hav to rack my brains. Contrary to general opinion, I have some to back.

Now is the time to look at the Con in retrospect, for those who played hockey that day, I mean look back. I found my hotel without any effort; as soon as the Black Maria left I was conducted to a palatial one-room suite on the ground floor. In- & c, bed lamp ( and bed) and joy of joys, a telephone . I immediately planned morning tea, and lay in bed while ringing up one or two of the London bōds for a natter. It probably meant them getting up bleary eyed on Sunday morning and staggering to their phones, but what the hell. They should get up in the morning. Anyway that was my plan. After a slap-up feed, lunch to the mor gen- teel, I sallied forth, found the Con hall by circumnavigating a pseudo Bonestell executed by Ratican, failed to circumnavigate Chas Drcombe at the pay desk, where it was found that my 2/6 entry fee had not been entered (I wonder who pocketed it ?) but Chas had only to look at my face to realise that I told the truth. Anyway after one look, he closed his eyes while I walked in . Scattered around were numerous displays of books, mags, artwork etc. I made a swift tour in search of a familiar face. Who should I meet but myself in a mirror. Then I ran into Mike Rosenblum, after I had apologised, we had a short natter and Mike asked me to visit him in Leeds. We agreed to meet later and have a natter, but for some reason we never did. Are you listening Mike? Then I ran into Colin Boll of Wombwell, complete



..a pseudo Bone-  
stell by Ratican..

with poppy, for some reason, he never let me out of his sight. Some people don't trust anyone. After that I met our noble editors Ken and Dave, who kindly allowed me a few square inches off the edge of their table for the display of Slater's art cards. They even sold a set for me. The only set bought at the Con, wake up you clots, send your 2/6 to me P.D Q. Ten beautiful art cards, use them and astonish your friends. People arrived thick and fast after that, Alan Hunter had a stall complete with pictures, calendars, and a smashing wife. Walt Willis suggested the slogan "Gay Parrot in 53", for next year's Con, and I still have the terrible feeling that due to several people speaking at once, I failed to catch a certain character's name on introduction, and made the horrible blunder of saying "I'm afraid I can't place the name" when I should really have asked for it to be repeated. I think it was of the Belfast contingent, though I'm not sure. Whoever it was, please accept my sincere apologies. I really didn't catch the name. Various events followed including a raffle to be forgotten auction by Ted Tubb. It was worth a guinea a box. Ted Arnoll introduced various celebrities one by one, cunningly ignoring me, right Arnoll, I'm going to buy every copy of New Worlds and then burn them so that no one else will buy it. That'll fix him.

After a full evening, full details of which are available elsewhere, I retired to my suite put in a call for early morning tea as part of my plan, and then went to sleep. Next morning, the tea arrived, I took a swig, lit a fag, and reached for the phone. Now to shake the London Circle one by one. Then DAMN it, I realised that I didn't know the telephone number of one of em, not a blinking one. I had to chew lumps out of the carpet instead.

Snuff about the Con, lots have some thing more worthy of my new bottle of vitriol pens for the use of). (no day, some editor is going to put out a magazine that doesn't have even a teeny weeny little story about SECURITY, atoms, 4Rods, or barbarians....maybe.

You've all heard of how the epicentre ceiling fell on Vince Clarke, well I can now reveal that when Professor Caver discovered that anti-gra material Caverito, he accidentally stepped on a piece, and he fell on the ceiling. Could it be the case of "The Ceilings Revenge"? That title is copyright (or left) I'm not sure which it ought to be.

Anyway, as this is zero hour, I'll bung this off to K.P. (10 days) before he disinherits me.

Yours fanatically,  
Terry



.....By the use of mass telepathy they contacted a human author and gave him a detailed account of their race. They then persuaded the author to write this history in his own words as a series of Science-Fiction stories which were published in a magazine called IMPOSSIBLE.

At least the first eleven were- then the magazine folded.....

[illegible]

FAN TYPE.

A Lincolnshire Mutant named Ted,  
Had one extra, superfluous head.

"I may be no lover,  
But I'll get on the cover,  
Of Astounding Science Fiction," he said.

(MORGAN-BLA THIER.)

'HANDLE WITH CARE' ..cont from page 16.

It's a nice gesture of A.E. Van Vogt to include that 'E'...it stands for the help of his wife, E. Mayne Hull, but wartime stories published under her own name show very strong traces of VV's style. On the other hand, when C.L. MOORE collaborates with husband Kuttner, the resultant 'Lewis Padgett' story is usually far better than Hank can turn out alone.

Usually, a similarity of style can be detected.... if Charles Harness isn't Van Vogt, the latter ought to sue, but in the most famous pseudonym in s-f... 'Don Stuart', J.W. Campbell utterly divorced his super scientific space-opera self from his alter-ego. Now wife Dona Stuart has left him we can't see that name coming up again... nor that of 'Athur McGann, in whose name Campbell wrote articles/letters to himself.

Ron Layfayette Hubbard found 'Rene Luyfayette' easily enough for a convenient name, but where did he get 'Kurt Von Rachen' for the 'Kilkenny Cats' stories? And back again to Fearn. In his early days, he attempted to prove that 'Thornton Ayre' was another Blackpool writer, and even 'Polton Gross' was slightly authenticated. Now-a-days, it's Vargo Statton and Astron Del Martia and other obvious phonies... as if Fearn doesn't want to use his real name, but doesn't want anybody else to get the...or...credit.

I shall now whip off my whiskers and reveal myself to be Walter.A. Willis.

~~THE POTTERS WHEEL~~....cont from page 18.

....Imagine 4J smuggling 40 copies of ASF and GALAXY through the customs  
disguised as the square root of 0. Till the next time .....

Ken.