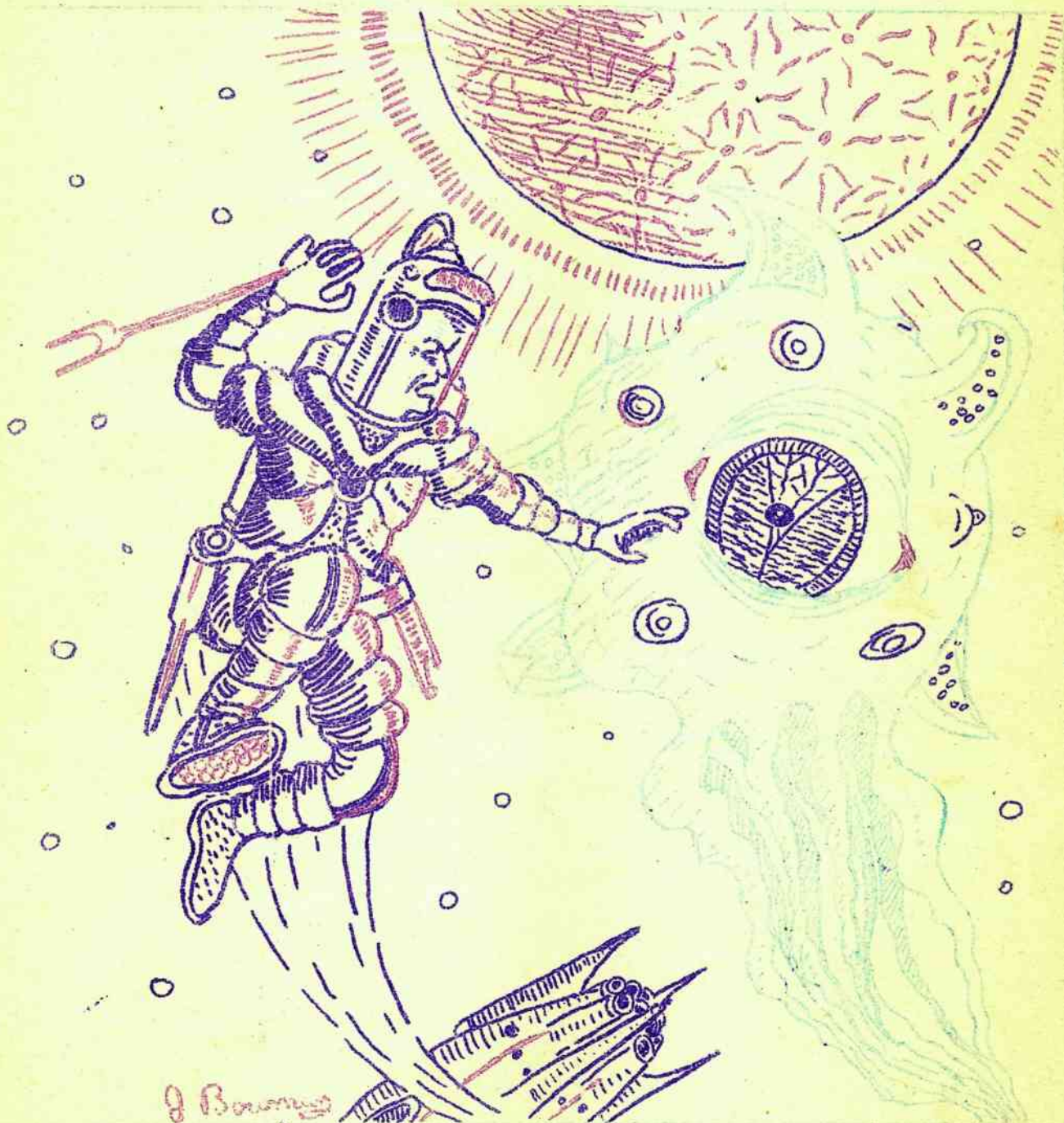
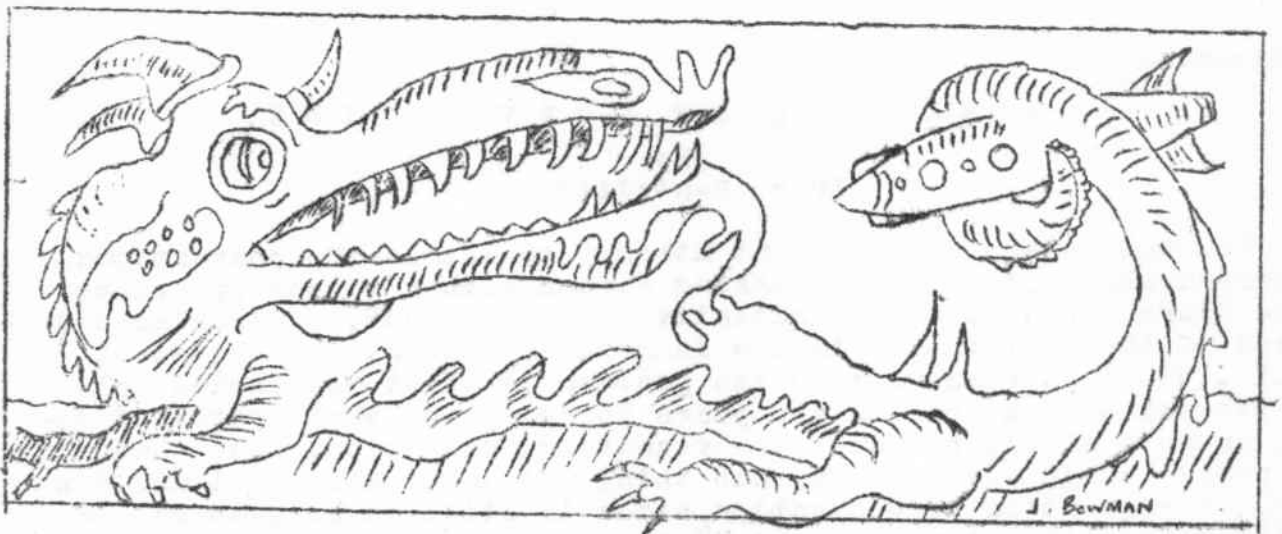


# SPACE-TIMES

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AN Editorial On:-

A M A T T E R O F C O N V E N T I O N .

By

Eric Bentcliffe.

Some few months ago in a valiant attempt to settle the conventional disagreements that have been making Fandom rather an unhappy place, Vince Clarke brought out, "Initiative Incorporated", a circular addressed to the folk who do things in British Fandom. The object of "I Inc.", was to air and settle the greivances about who should hold the two-day conventions in the years to come, and what system of voting or rota should be used. Unfortunately, due to the fact that no two people could agree on any one thing, "I.Inc." was a failure. However, this question of Convention sites is still to be settled, and whilst we do not intend to give ST over to comment and argument on the matter, we should like to know what you think is the answer to the following problems.

- a) The London fans, with few exceptions, are against the idea of a major convention being held outside London.
- b) Northern Fans, again with few exceptions, do not beleive that they should have to travel to London every Whitsun and think it only fair that Conventions should be held elsewhere.
- c) How should the next Con site be chosen???

There you have the three main points that must be decided upon. Let's have your opinions. As there is nearly half a page of editorial space remaining, you are now going to get ours. Let it be understood here that these are the opinions of the Editor, and not necessarily those of any other member of the Space-Times Staff.

At the Convention last year, an announcement regarding the Mancon was made, at the same time people who lived in London, but who were prepared to travel up to Manchester for the day, were asked to raise the hands. Some thirty people did so.....YET, only one person from London actually showed up that day...More aunts died that day than ever before in history. We agree that ( as several London Fans pointed out ) Manchester is a long way from London. However, we might point out that it's the same distance both ways...We know we have attended the last two London Conventions. The forst one we thoroughly enjoyed, the second tho' was not so hot, most of the visitors from abroad who helped to make the '51 show go with a swing, were absent in '52. And the organisers showed themselves to be lacking in new ideas, in fact not one new idea was instituted at this show. This is one of the reasons why we are in favour of a different Con' site each year, because this would ( or should ) mean a fresh viewpoint each convention. It has been claimed that London, because it has a large floating body of Fans (anyone got a pin ?) and SF authors, is the logical place to hold a convention. That is the place where all the big names live!! This is pure hokum. We can think of only eight people in London sufficiently well-known to deserve this tag. AMD, only because we are an inveterate fan, can we think of these. IF, as is suggested by the London circle, "It's the big names who attract the fans", then the North of England who can muster far more active fans (as has been admitted by London) and just as many name authors, is the obvious site for a convention.....

((Continued on Page 10 ))

..5..

NOW IS THE TIME.....

By  
Eric Jones.

A Strong protest against the showing of films which portray the typical scientist as an eccentric or as a madman out to destroy the world has been sent to the T.U.C. by the Association of Scientific Workers.

It calls on the T.U.C. to press for legislation prohibiting the import of U.S. films of this type. The scientists also protest against the import of Science-fiction from America, and also against its reproduction here in Great Britain on the grounds that the public is being misled as to the true purposes of science. "They show all science as secret, and pay little or no attention to its great achievements", the protest states. "The scientist is usually portrayed as an eccentric, though sometimes as a gentle eccentric, but frequently insane and often with the extraordinary ambition to destroy the world. Atom bombs, bacteriological warfare, and 'death-rays' abound."...  
..... The Association of Scientific Workers is a trade union with 12,000 scientist and technician members. The question now is, fen, how strong are we??? From a perusal of this protest it would appear that the A.S.W. have been buying "Amazing Stories", and also basing their objections on some of the latest Curtis-Warren epics, for where else do we find that "eccentric and insane" scientist abounding? Certainly not in SF or Galaxy, or in any of the better publications.

If anything comes of this protest it will mean that our reading material is at stake....Are we prepared to fight back???? Now is the time for all good fen to come to the aid of S-F!!!!

-----  
"the ego spot"

Turns its lecherous eye onto.....

Frances Evans, the club's pin-up girl who came along to see what SF fans were like, and stayed. Frances walked in on an early meeting of the club to find the members discussing when they could expect a female fan to appear on the n.s.f.c. horizon. It is noticeable that since she joined the club, certain male members have attended far more frequently than before. Frances, alack, is married, but she is steadily converting her husband into a fan so we forgive her for this.

Vital statistics. Age??(no, we are not feeling caddish tonite) Height. Around five feet five. Hair. Brown..and of a photogenic build. As was agreed by a Manchester Evening News photographer who, at the trade show of "The Day The Earth Stood Still", posed her with 'Gort', the Robot.

One of her favourite stories is "Mr Zytz Goes to Mars", Favourite drink, gin, favourite drunk, Sandy.....Frances advocates: More "Beefcake" on magazine covers.....



# fantasy archives

Curator.....

Jack Doggett.

a series of re-  
views of the ol-  
der SF books.

THE GREEN RAY, by William Le Queue. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1916).

Written during the first World War, this is one of the secret weapon spy stories that always appears at such times. I found this book when its title caught my eye on a shelf in a second-hand bookshop, but since the author is a well-known thriller writer, you may find a copy in your local public library. For the information of those who just can't stand IT, this story is written in the 'first person'. It is told by a young man who, when war is declared, decides to spend a few days in Scotland saying goodbye to his fiancée before volunteering. A not-too happy holiday becomes tragic when the girl is struck blind by a vivid green flash whilst trout fishing from a large rock. That this is more than a problem for an eye specialist is obvious when her father admits that, when approaching the rock on a previous occasion, suddenly "the rock came to me"....

The discovery that the girl's dog has also gone blind a few days later, is almost a knockout blow....but the author brings the mystery to a close with a solution satisfactory to both the characters and to all but the most exacting of science-fiction readers. Competently written, this book is a pleasant change from the slightly overpowering current stories of Galactic Empires.

PLANET PLANE, by John Beynon (Harris), (Newnes, 1936)

When reviewing, or merely reading a scientific book written in the period before the war, it is scarcely possible to avoid comparing it with present day books. Indeed, this comparison is not unfair, since intelligent SF is, after all, a form of prophesy, and if an author dares to set a story in the immediate future, he must be prepared to have his story (prophesy) compared with reality.

Planet Plane, then, can be said to pass such a test very successfully, and in fact, could be offered to the science-fiction readers of today with more justification than some of the so-called "new stories" that are finding their way into hard covers. Most British scientific fiction of this period was satirical and/or moralistic in theme, and this story is no exception although it does not suffer thereby.

In the 1980's, Dale Curtance, millionaire son of a multi-millionaire father, aircraft manufacturer, is secretly (so he believes) building a spaceship for the first voyage to Mars. His wife makes a logical though irritating intrusion into the story before take-off, to prove that wives of men of destiny, are not always encouraging and helpful. When acceleration is over, an instrument check reveals a weight of approximately 130 lbs. unaccounted for, and sure enough a stowaway is discovered---female of course. So many spaceships have left this planet burdened with stowaways that it would be very satisfying to have one ejected through the airlock forthwith and then forgotten. However, Joan does prove to be useful since she is essential to the story and happens to know the Martian written language. Her sex does cause trouble, both during the voyage and on Mars, but no more than is to be expected when one woman is shut up for several weeks with five men. During these long weeks, Beynon takes opportunity to fill in

Skillfully the final details of his characters and to discuss the effect of the machine on a civilisation which may, or may not, be ready for its benefits.

The landing on Mars is successful, but the expedition itself can scarcely be so regarded, in fact, the men get no further than the bank of the nearest canal. It is left to Joan to learn of the Martians, and why their machines will not allow the Terrans to remain on Mars. So the British and the Russians (who arrived shortly after the American vessel, much to the chagrin of Dale Curtance) are quickly sent packing by the machines of Mars. Beynon is not as sour as Bradbury however, and the reader is left with the feeling that there is some hope for us yet.

Joan does not marry, or even fall in love with Curtance, or reciprocate the affection of the young assistant pilot (neither is good enough for her anyway) but she does surprise us in the last chapter.....

Opportunities to read this story are few and far between nowadays, and on no account should be missed. A sequel to Planet Plane, entitled "Sleepers of Mars", appeared in "Tales of Wonder" Number two.

(It is interesting to note that this latter story has been chosen by Nova as their first publication in a new series of pocket-book novels))  
./ ./ ./ ./ ./ ./ ./

#### .....F I L M      R E V I E W.....

## "the magnetic monster"

by  
Terry Jeeves.

The title is the worst part of a really good film, better than "When Worlds Collide" in my opinion. Naturally, it outshines R.X.M. and T.T.M. Scenery and props are realistic, photography and dub-ins fit the story. Dialogue and acting are good too. Only snag is our hero who, after being told that Canada has a deltatron, then being told its output, proceeds to Canada where he is able to operate the thing without any driving test or instruction. I should say this film had an "A" budget, and I detected a hint of more to follow. The credits at the end of this film said "An A-Men Production". Seeing that this film introduced these A-men as semi-super scientists, it looks as if this is a trial balloon with more to follow a good reception.

The "Monster" is the element selenium, artificially radioactivated, to such an extent that greater and greater charges of electricity are needed to prevent it stretching out 'magnetic arms' and imploding nearby metal to it, with resultant doubling in mass in either case. Problem is to overfeed it, reproduction time being 11 hours, it is carried to the Canadian "Deltatron" by jet plane (re-fuelling in mid air).

900,000,000 volts are required to kill the thing - according to Maniac. The deltatron gives a mere 600,000,000....To complicate the issue, here enters a scientist who loves his deltatron, and doesn't want to see it get bent, the result is a very entertaining film....

E N D

MANCHESTER FOR WHITSUN '54, THE SUPERMAN CON. MANCHESTER FOR '54!!!

F A N C L A S S I C  
No. 2 .

THE BRITISH FAN IN HIS SUPERNATURAL "HAUNT"

By

William F. Temple....

(Reprinted from "GARGOYLE", Dec 1940)

The editor has asked me to write a fictional account of a Ghost Hunt with Harold Chibbett, SFA's spook-tamer, and Secretary of "The Probe". But there is no need for it to be fictional. I once did a ghost hunt with Harold. This happened some time ago, and I rely upon an unreliable memory, but I seem to remember it went something like this:-

Harold had asked Arthur and I to tea. We went. We found that Harold's house in Bowes Park stood facing a railway cutting, and away to the right was Alexandra Palace, a grey-brown bulk on the dusky horizon, with its television tower pointing up at the early stars as if trying to place among them its own red star of warning light, which...Oi! I forgot I wasn't going to be paid a cent a word for this...

Mrs Chibbett was away. Harold was alone in the house. At tea (which I dimly remember was bloater-and-crab paste, bloater-and-ham paste, bloater paste and bloaters), we were talking about spooks. Harold said: "This old place is simply thick with them. Such a nuisance. They sometimes get sucked up in the vacuum cleaner. And come out all dirty, and wander about the place making it dusty again."

Arthur said: "Let's hunt some." We agreed. Harold turned out all the lights, and we crept up the stairs which were most unusually placed in the centre of the house, between two narrow walls. Suddenly we heard soft steps going up the stairs in front of us. We stepped with bated breath. Harold switched on his torch. He was trembling so much that the beam wavered all over the place, shone into a place the door of which should really have been shut, and then all over the ceiling. I grasped his wrist firmly (I remember that part clearly) and focussed the light on that which was before us.

It was only Arthur's Ego, which had gone on ahead impatiently. I told Arthur to call it back; it was spoiling our sport. Arthur whistled it. It turned, and regarded him with outraged dignity. "Don't whistle at me, you sap. What are you hanging back for? I'm not scared. Come on up here. Show the others that you're a man."

It turned and tried to march into the table-tennis room. But its chest was so puffed with pride that it got wedged in the doorway. It had to deflate itself to get through. We followed. This room contained only the table-tennis table and nothing else. But....a strange, fetid odour suddenly spread in it. We choked. I took the torch and shone it around..

Something was materialising under the table. A large grey thing. I caught a glimpse of a scaly skin and great curved talons that contracted and reached again like eager fingers. And then....the face of a devil: A reptilian head with horns and glowing red, intelligently evil eyes--horrible--staring at me; and a snarling open mouth with long sharp fangs from which saliva dripped. The Ego gave a shriek and vanished up the chimney. Arthur looked like following it. Harold, strangely enough, looked quite composed.

Then a strange thing happened. The long sharp fangs of the beast fell out of its mouth and clattered on the floor. Instantly it was covered with confusion.

"Cursh it!" it said, fumbling for them with its talons. "Cahn't get a shingle upper plate that'll shtay there theshe daysh. All dentishtsh are shwindlersh." When it had replaced them, Harold introduced us - to the beast, not the teeth - . "Arthur-Bill-meet the Thing. You must have read about him quite a lot. Especially in WEIRD TALES....He's a friend of Lovecraft's."

"How do?" we chorussed. "Not bad", said the Thing modestly. "I still get around quite a bit. Mostly in amateur author's stories now, admittedly. But the professionals still use me for a stand-by quite a bit. Nothing like the old Thing for sure-fire horror, they say. But they sometimes put me in supporting roles now - I'm getting on in years for star roles."

"Yes, I remember when I was a boy", I said. "I always wondered how you produced the 'fetid odour'".

"Well, it's a professional secret really. But as Harold is my host for a week and you're his friends, I'll let you in on it." It came closer and whispered confidentially to us: "I don't use Lifebouy Soap!"

At this moment the Ego emerged from the grate, rather sooty. "You've got a dickens of an up-draught up that chimney," it said to Harold reproachfully. And then, with all the calmness in the world, it challenged the Thing to a game of table-tennis. So we left them playing and went into Harold's little den.

But enough of this weak humour, the symptom of the Facetious Fan. Let me tell you what actually happened when we went into the den that night. And please note that this is a truthful record, without any embroidery of exaggeration.

The little room was in a part of the house which jutted out from the rest of it, like a peninsula. There were two desks, a typewriter, a telephone, and a bookcase. On the walls hung, like grey old bats, stencils of the "Probe's" Bulletin. Also a calendar from Mr & Mrs Dennis Wheatley, for they are old acquaintances of Harold. The books were almost all about psychic research, and there was one big red tome (exceedingly rare and valuable) by a Modern Master Adept of Black Magic, containing Fearful Secrets and Potent Spells. Unfortunately it was couched in extremely obscure metaphor: deliberately disguised meaning. Harold translated some, and it was pretty grim.

Then Harold began to tell us of his recent experiences, and they made us feel uneasy. Now Harold believes, as we believe, and as any unprejudiced person with any knowledge believes, that undoubtedly super-normal and inexplicable phenomena do occur. Harold can tell us the most fantastic inventions when he's feeling humorous, but he wasn't feeling humorous at this particular time, and we knew he was speaking the truth.

After a most bloodcurdling affair of a rectory haunted by the malicious spirit of a murderer, and sounds of digging in the night, and of an eye appearing in the haunted bedroom and frightening the occupant and of mysterious thumps around the walls, he went on to vampires. He was investigating the case of a woman who said she was being visited by a vampire which came through the window at night. She lived quite near in London. He had actually seen and examined the toothmarks on her neck. She was scared to death, and nearly scared Harold to death.



"But the worst thing about this vampire ---" began Harold, and then we nearly jumped out of our skins....

For: Thump. Thump. Thump.

Three heavy, deliberate thumps came on the glass window of the den. Right beside us. The window which was on the first floor, and away from the rest of the house. And the house was empty.

For a moment we stood paralysed. I thought it might be a joke of Harold's, but at one glance, he was standing there with an open mouth and startled eyes, I was convinced that it wasn't.

Arthur, the scientist investigating, drew back the curtains. No, there was no horrible face peering at us through the glass. He threw up the window and leaned out into the dark night. We looked out after him. Not a thing moving in the little suburban garden as far as we could see. Not even the cat.

What had it been ? Something had caused those loud, purposeful thumps.

"Well - " I began, and then something seemed to occur to Harold. He opened the door of the den, and there in the table-tennis room was his brother-in-law, laughing very heartily. He had a key to the house. He had come in and found the rooms empty downstairs. But, on coming upstairs, and looking through the table-tennis room window, he had seen the light in the den window. He guessed we were in there talking about psychic research. And grabbing a common or garden broom he had leaned out of the window and poked hard with the broomhead on the window, eight or nine feet away.

Harold has never been the same man since. Every time I see him at the "Red Bull" I have to buy him several drinks 'for his nerves'. I have observed that he keeps his nerves in his stomach.....

END.

[illegible]

guess

who?

By  
Geoffrey R. Lewis.

1) Maybe I am not so bright as  
you'd like,  
But then, to me, neither are  
you,  
And tho' my poor ego has lately  
been squashed,  
I refuse to be saddened and blue.  
I'm svelte, dontcherknow, and not  
overtally,  
I'm darkhaired, handsome and sweet.  
Simply do not believe that pride  
goes before fall  
And my shoes are full only of feet.

DON'T FORGET TO SEND IN YOUR SOLUTIONS...THERE IS A PRIZE!

us to hear., "Our sel's as ithers see us.....

Just now I am trying amongst  
other things  
To stabilise my ultimate stn.  
Ambition is great and I'm  
now in the throes,  
Of proving myself to the natn.  
One last clue I'll give -  
you'll see it at once,  
I'm author, producer & fan.  
And when work I have done  
returns on the bounce,  
I leave others to 'carry the can!  
I'd always believed in the  
virtue I have,  
And not in the "pow'r giftie  
gie us",  
'Till science, intruding allowed

# the moon ship

By  
Brian Lewis.

"Brenschluss", remarked Stanning absently. He propelled himself from bulkhead to bulkhead with an easy flick of the wrist. "Well", said Wilson the astronomer, "take off is over, nothing startling was it? No spaceship disintegrating into a cloud of glowing fragments---no stark tragedy dogging man's conquest of space, in fact a perfect take-off. People will now be wondering what all the fuss was about."

"It's a pity that they don't wonder at the years of laborious research which preceeded this effort", said Jenkins the Engineer and the individualist of the crew. "In ten years time", he went on bitterly, "The human race will regard space travel as a rather boring means of reaching the planets, once the original novelty has worn off they will be screaming for matter transmitters".

"Let them scream", I grinned. "Who's for a bulb of coffee?"....Whilst this intriguing form of imbibing was in progress, I floated over to the port. Personal navigation in a state of free-fall is no simple thing, but we had all by now become accustomed to it. My meditations on the universe were rudely interrupted by an impatient voice. It was Wilson, who asked in a tense voice; "Can we get this settled now? Who will be first off the ship?" "Jenkins", I answered promptly. "Nonsense!" snorted the engineer, "I suggest Smithson". Smithson the pilot looked up and smiled. "Look chaps", he said. "I'm not the honour and glory type. Frankly, it could not matter less to me who goes first. After all, we will all have to go out eventually." "Toss for it", I suggested. "To hell with you and your double-headed penny Bernard", smiled Stanning. "I suggest we throw dice".

Wilson, who had been patrolling the cabin in low ungainly loops, made a quick dive for the recreation box. "All right you perishing heroes", he sneered. "Watch this for a six." So saying, he flicked the dice at the engineer's head, who ducked casually causing the small ivory cube to rebound from the instrument panel, finally coming to rest near Stanning. "You're wasting your time", stated Smithson evenly. "For a start, which way is up?" That had us all beaten for a while, but after much consideration it was decided that 'up' must be towards the center of the cabin. This gave Wilson a score of one, and provoked jeers from the rest of us. Jenkins, being nearest the dice, took the next throw, after elaborate preparations he threw. Smithson squinted at it. "Four". he decided, after much deliberation. Stanning scored five, Smithson three. "Come on Bernard, your go", smiled Stanning. I was not hopeful, if there is one thing I haven't got it's gambling luck. The spotted cube seemed to gyrate for an irritating long time until at last it became still. Both Jenkins and Smithson stared unbelievably at it---. "There's no doubt about it, it's a six", said the pilot. Wilson laughed and tried not to look disappointed. "Lucky devil", smiled Stanning.

+++++

Smithson tightened his webbing strap with a jerk. "All check please", he said. The rest of us from our acceleration couches gave the okay, one by one. "Right", said Smithson. "In we go". The pressure of the forward jets invaded the cabin. Unable to move I could see the figure of our pilot from the corner of my eye, he was breathing heavily and fingering the cut-off switch on the arm of his couch. "We are nearly there", he said tensely. At long last came the shock of impact... After a long moment of silence, Wilson uttered a sigh of relief and said quietly. "After you Bernard". My heart in my mouth, I walked to the airlock and started to turn the release wheel. As the outer door opened, I caught a glimpse of a

massed cheering crowd, a flash bulb nearly blinded me as I stepped into the portal. Well, this is it, I thought. It's just beginning---interviews, parties, celebrations, ticker-tape rides down Broadway.....We're back to EARTH.....

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"A MATTER OF CONVENTION" (continued from Page 2.)

We might mention here that we believe that fans do not go to a conventions just to see the 'high mukka-muks', but rather to meet the people with whom they correspond and to find out what's new and what can be bought in the publishing world. The science-fiction reading public ( as distinct from rabid fans ) might well attend a convention to hear the mighty words from the big man's lips, BUT to the British reading public the Big Names are King Lang, Gill Hunt et al. At what convention do you find these names mentioned ?????? Lack of space, rather than investive must now bring this diatribe to a close. If it has provoked you in any way, I am pleased, because if you are a Fan who lives in the North, it is as much in your interest as ours that these matters be decided upon. Or would you rather sit in a chair and just read about conventional doings.??????????

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NEW MEMBER:- Johnny Gott, 4, Broadmoss Drive, Victoria Ave E., Blackely,  
Manchester 9.

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### R O C K E T

By  
Peter Baillie

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1) Slim and erect the rocket stands,<br>Built with care by skilful hands,<br>Poised like a bird, ready for flight<br>To probe the secrets of Eternal night. | 3) On a living sheet of atom fire<br>Like an upright figure on a funeral pyre<br>The rocket leaps from its concrete base,<br>Starting the Journey to outer space. |
| 2) The ages have held their secret fast,<br>But now within man's reach at last,<br>To see the stars and planets clear<br>Free from Earth's dull atmosphere. | 4) Millions gaze with wondering eyes,<br>The slim steel shell claws the skies<br>A speck of fire in space so vast,<br>Free from Mother Earth at last...           |

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# animal, vegetable, or alien?

By

Eric Bentcliffe.

Expected at the Coronvention is Bea Mahaffey, co-editor of Other Worlds and pin-up girl of American fandom. If you wish to submit to her, you had better join the queue now. She sails from America on May 13th.....In Italy, Galaxy S-F has been titled "Urania"; Galaxy novels becomes "I Romanzi di Urania", and is published twice a month!!! I Romanzi di Urania, tho', is not confined to stories already published in the U.S. Edition, but is reprinting from other magazines as well. Number eight contained Vogt's "Slan". Artwork in these two Italian reprint mags is by Italian artists, and is not a reprint of the American...As the artwork in Galaxy seems to be steadily deteriorating, the Italians have done the right thing.....Corgi Books have reprinted Fred Brown's "Space on my Hands" at two shillings. This is a good buy, and is the second SF reprint by this firm; some time ago they reprinted "Donovan's Brain". "Space on my Hands" has 239 pages, the complete book edition.....The fourth mag in the Del Rey chain, ROCKET STORIES, is now out...as a rough classification, we would put it midway between Planet and Startling...To feature space opera is its aim and it attains this goal....Also out is the digest, revamped, AMAZING....In our opinion, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet..The first issue of the digest size contains stories by Heinlein, Gold and Sturgeon at their worst, plus a puerile and pointless tour of the cesspools of Mars by Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, two fugitives from SatEpost, entitled "Mars Confidential"..the artwork - as in Fantastic - is terrible. Astounding S-F, which at the time of the appearance of Galaxy was thought to be slipping, is now, in our opinion, way up top again. There is a certain quality in the stories that appear in this mag that we find very hard to define, they leave us with a feeling of awe at what the future of mankind can be....A serial coming up in a SF which we are looking forward to is Hal Clements "A Mission of Gravity"....It has been claimed for Hal Clements that he is the only true SF writer, and this we are inclined to agree with, certainly his portrayals of aliens in "Needle" and "Iceworld" were SF plus.....Coming in for praise in the field of Fan-publishing is Pete Campbell's new mag ANDROMEDA. This is a 52 page fanzine of fair to good quality fiction and articles. Pete promises that each issue will be bigger, only thing we can see against this is the fact that the postal folk will only carry up to a certain weight (15.lbs), and if Pete has to resort to British Railways he will have to make the mag an annual...ANDRO is 1/9 per issue, subs to the editor at, 60, Calgarth Rd, Windermere, Westmorland.....Peri, the fanzine of the Junior Fanatics, has after many alarms and excursions, arrived. Rather poorly produced but good in content, available from:- Ken Potter and Dave Wood, 5, Furness St, Marsh, Lancaster...ASTRONEER, the second Manchester zine will soon appear, this will feature longer stuff than has been possible in Space-Times, and we hope with this mag to make most other fan-ed's look to their laurels. Edited by Harry Turner and Paul Sowerby, this mag will be available to N.S.F.C. members at a 20% discount.....The February U.S. Edition of Mechanix Illustrations

100, features an interesting article by Frank Tinsley, "How to get 25,000,000, 000. miles Away From It All", he depicts an enormous globe of ten miles in diameter which would be built on the Moon for travel to the stars. The trip to take thirty generations....Look out for this appearing in the British Edition.

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dale's

diary

By  
Dale R. Smith.....

Strange or exotic foods hold a certain fascination for me and I usually take advantage of an opportunity to sample something new. I have eaten rattlesnake meat, which reminds me of sweet chicken, and baked snails, as an illustration of my point. I hasten to add that neither of these items are considered palatable by 98% of the U.S. census figures. But what I have been working up to is that we had whale steak (product of Norway) recently and considered it quite good even though we probably won't go out of our way to have it again. Since the only prior references I have seen concerning whale steak had been in connection with reports on British eating habits I promptly checked with Bill Hague, your former colleague, and asked him how he liked whale steak. He laughed and told me that he had never eaten any because it hadn't been necessary. But I think Bill is slightly off his rocker anyway - the guy won't let us fix tea for him - he drinks coffee. He is shattering my conceptions of British tradition.

At the present time I have a package of frozen squid in the refrigerator. After a little asking we think we know how it should be prepared. I'm glad I don't have any chinese friends I can call after it is eaten to ask their opinion.....

Minneapolis, with a population of approximately 500,000 humans, is at 45° latitude which puts us geographically a little south of London, but nowhere SF wise. For a sprawling community such as this one would assume that it would support at least one active fan group. There was a Minneapolis Fantasy Society, of few members, as late as August last year. If it has moved in its grave since then I haven't heard.

And, Horrible as the fact may be, there is no fan publication originating from this City of Lakes. There can be no valid excuse for this indifferent attitude. To our credit there is a good amount of individual effort which results in a fairly impressive total of published wordage. Dean 'Red' Boggs and acid-penned Richard Elsberry are major contributors to fan presses, while Poul Anderson, Ted Cogswell, Gordon Dickson, Noel Loomis and Clifford D. Simak have stories appearing regularly in the pro-magazines. Anderson and Simak also have a number of hard cover books to their credit.....

LATE NEWS FLASH..The Minnesota Section of the N.S.F.C. is about to receive a severe setback. 50% of the membership is leaving..Bill Hague is returning to England.....

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Announcing a boon to the followers of Scotch, the prophet of HIC! (advert) Anelephant gun, for the pink type is in the process of being built. The bullets will be a mixture of Aspirin & bromo-seltzer propelled by the explosion of bicarbonate of soda. (patent app. for). Those interested contact H.P. Sanderson.