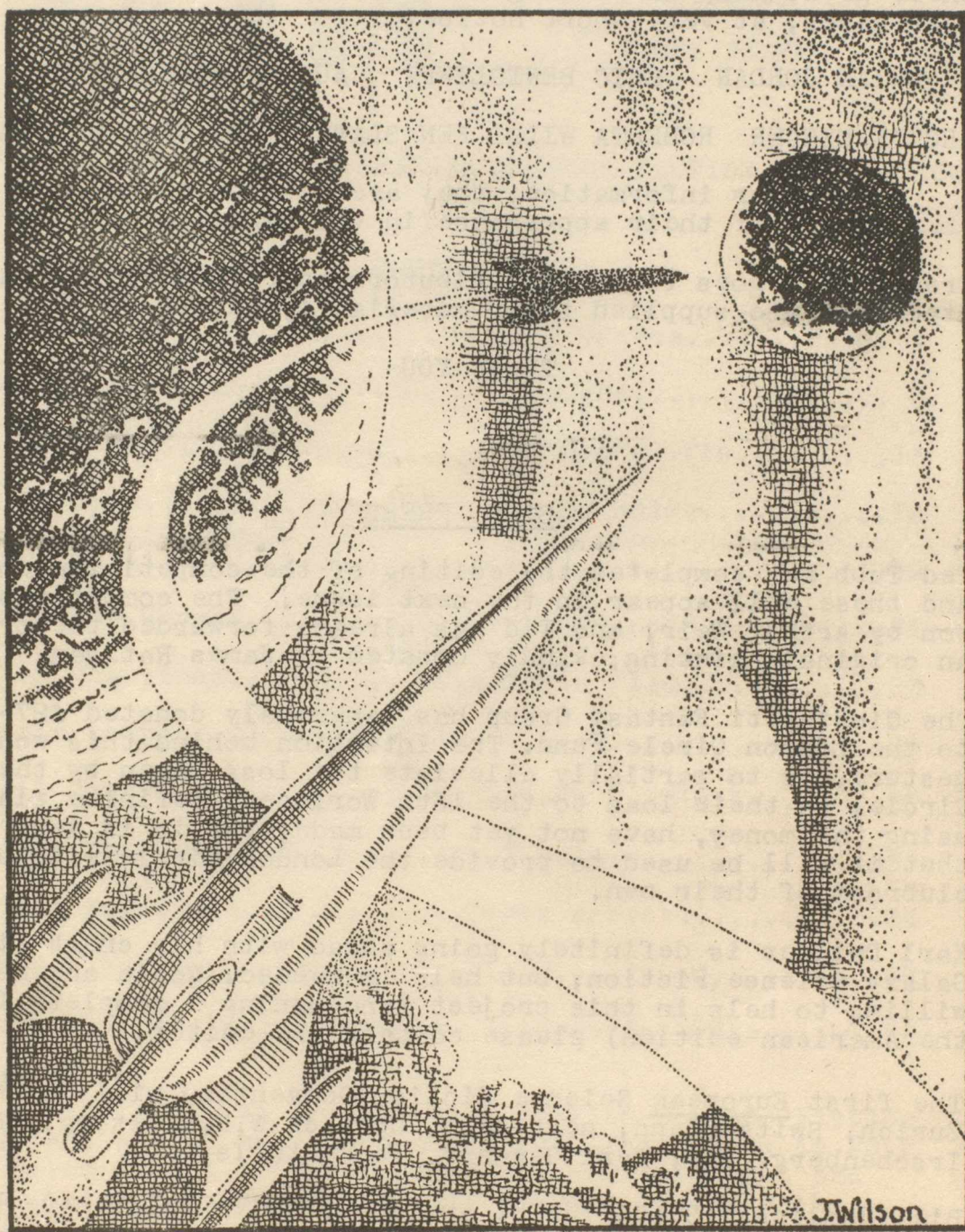


# V E C T O R





CREDIT for this issue, is due to the following people for their great help in putting material on to stencil. In most cases, at very short notice.

BRIAN JORDAN    ERIC BENTCLIFFE    AUDREY EVERSFIELD

ARCHIE MERCER    ROBERTA WILD    KEN SLATER    JOY CLARKE    B.T.J

For your information, they are listed in the order of their appearance in the magazine.

Credit also goes to our contributors, particularly to the stalwarts who supplied their material typed out on stencil.

THANK YOU

### STOP PRESS

Ted Tubb has completed the editing of the competition entries, and these will appear in the next issue. The competition was won by Arthur Weir, and Ted has already forwarded the prize, an original painting, kindly donated by James Ratigan.

The Cincinatti Fantasy Group has generously donated £27-13-0d to the London Circle Fund. The intention behind this wonderful gesture, is to partially alleviate the loss taken by the Circle, on their loan to the 15th Worldcon. Definite plans for using the money, have not yet been made, but it is very likely that it will be used to provide the London Circle with a clubroom of their own.

Karl Dollner is definitely going ahead with his check list of Galaxy Science Fiction, but help is needed. Would any member willing to help in this project (and owning a complete file of the American edition) please contact the editor.

The first European Science Fiction Convention will be held in Zurich, Switzerland, next July. Contact W.E.Ernsting, SFCE, Irschenberg/ Obb, West Germany, for details.

Bill Hamlings' SPACE TRAVEL and IMAGINATIVE TALES have both folded, while GALAXY goes bi-monthly with the next issue, and promises 196 pages, for a 50¢ price.

Our cover for this issue, is once again a hurried mock-up, owing to the fact that the intended one failed to arrive from the artist....what happened Don ? Anyway, I hope that this Jack Wilson masterpiece meets with approval. I'm rather eager to see the results of this experiment.

# VECTOR

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Edited by  
TERRY JEEVES

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION  
Autumn 1958 No.2

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# EDITORIAL

People who write for a living, haven't any spare time in which to write

for a hobby. This 'hook' may not be so effective as the example given by Ted Tubb in our first issue, but at least it has the sad merit of being relevant. Ted has been forced to relinquish the editorial chair, owing to the pressure of writing for a living. Meanwhile, although unable to work on the magazine, Ted has kindly offered to handle the competition which he organised in the first issue. When the entries have been sorted out and prepared, you'll be seeing them in Vector.

Taking over from such a stalwart as Ted, is going to be no easy job. Not only do I lack his technical skill as a writer, but I also lack his writing skill. Nevertheless, I'll do my best to produce Vector in a way that will satisfy as many members as possible. The search for a new editor is still going on, but rather than delay this issue, I volunteered (Army style) to handle the magazine until such a person could be found. Naturally, if any member feels that he can really devote himself to the job, then I'll be only too pleased to hear from him. This also brings up another point. When the B.S.F.A. was first formed, I offered to duplicate Vector, until other help can be found. Here again, my call for volunteers can be heard echoing from the housetops. Other jobs going free are on my list. I am also in need of assistance from any person willing to help type stencils for the magazine, and other projects.

This issue has been very much a shot in the dark. Unlike Ted, I couldn't write 80% of the issue, so other material had to be found. Since only five letters of comment were received after V.1., I didn't get too much help from that source, although the people who did write, will probably be surprised to find that many of their suggestions have been taken up in this issue. What I would like to see, is a good healthy mail bag following each issue of Vector. Only in this way, can I be sure that I'm on the right track. I have a few ideas of my own, one of them being the use of one amateur s-f story to an issue. You may like the idea, or you may not. To find out, I'm open for short stories of from four, to five pages. Have we any authors in our ranks? Perhaps you feel more at home with fact, than fancy. If so, how about an article on some aspect of science or science-fiction? The more material I receive, the greater the variety we can have in Vector, and of course, the higher will be the standard.

Another possibility for the magazine, is a competition in which everyone can participate. Ted has catered for the budding authors. How about our artists, mathematicians, and puzzle solvers? Suggestions would be welcome, and to keep you in trim, how about a membership badge? Such an item gives a direct lead for a design competition. If there is sufficient demand, and prices



not too exorbitant, For further details on this one, see 'File Thirteen'.

So much for Vector. Now, how about the B.S.F.A ? In one or two quarters, it has been said that a club charging 5/- an issue for the official organ, is a poor club. I full agree, if that is the only service the club provides. However, the B.S.F.A. isn't in that category. Even now, with little more than six months behind us, the Association is falling into shape in an encouraging way. This is the second issue of Vector. The library service is under way. Overseas agents have been set up, and we also have established a firm liaison with the German S.F. society. Elsewhere in this issue, you will find the first news about the B.S.F.A. Convention, and that only skims the surface.

Other projects under way, but of a more direct SF interest, as the Society publications. First of all, the Brian Burgess checklist...a mammoth production, running to around 100 pages. When completed, (and it already typed out in ms.) this will be available to members, either free, or at a greatly reduced price. Vinç Clarke, in a tape message, mentioed an idea which had been buzzing around in his head for some time. This one, is for a book index. Here again, we've asked Vinç to go ahead, and when ready, it will presented in the same way. Karl Dollner came up with the idea for a complete listing of Galaxy Science Fiction, and that too is now under preparation for the Association.

Naturally, the above projects do not constitute the entire stock-in-trade of the B.S.F.A. They merely detail what the Committee has been up to during the last few months. The next important item, was unfortunately omitted from the first issue of Vector, but here it is now.

#### THIS IS YOUR SOCIETY.....WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM IT ?

Which means what it says. The Committee have made several guesses as to what the members want. Now we ask you to let us know of any other service, ideas, or what-have-you, that may be of interest to members. Only too often, have Societies risen, only to fall when faced with the horrible problem of 'doing something'. A society of any sort cannot rest on its laurels, nor can it sustain itself for long, on the heady diet of that first enthusiasm. Something more concrete is required, and the best way to be sure of the right attractions for members, is to ask the members. If that isn't the best way, then you write and tell me what is.....I sincerely want to know, and then we can try your method. So, if you have any ideas, let's be having them.

Those of you sufficiently erudite to read the 'New Statesman', (I'm not; but Vinç Clarke tipped me off) may have shuddered at what J.B.Priestley had to say about science fiction. Personally, I nearly went through the roof. An hour later, when my vocabulary had dropped back to normal (?) English, I dashed off five pages of comment to the editorial offices. The gist

of my argument, was to the effect that Mr. Priestley should not believe one swallow is a definite harbinger of Summer. Coming into the letter fairly naturally, was the fact that what may be fantastic to-day, has an awkward habit of coming true in the not too distant future. The final conclusion being that if Mr. Priestley really wanted to meet up with some good science fiction, he should join the Association, and let the members guide him in his reading. Sad to say, the letter was acknowledged, but not printed. Apparently Mr. Priestley is the 'little tin god', and may not be attacked by any of a lesser breed.

Many such attacks have been launched, and no doubt many more will follow. Science fiction has long been a favourite target for the stray arrow, probably because of its one great weakness. Of perhaps 99% of to-days science fiction, it is true to say, "IT JUST COULDN'T HAPPEN". Unfortunately, the statement is seldom, if ever, qualified by the addition of the important word "YET". If you read a detective story, a western, a sea story, an air story or even a romance, you have several points from which you may attack. First of all, you may tackle the literary standard of the material. This is fair game with any story. Secondly, you may attack the facts in the story, and thirdly, you have the probability of the whole thing.

Science fiction is as open to the first charge, as any other form of literature, but this is seldom used. It requires a certain standard of knowledge on the part of the attacker. On the other hand, we're wide open on the other two angles. Facts? well, if your Western hero shoots his man with a Colt .45. in the year 1801, it takes a load of research to find out if such a weapon was then in existence. Why bother? Pick a science fiction magazine instead. Here, the hero plugs the nasty bad man with a ray-gun. No research needed, grab your pen, and sail to the attack. It is far easier to call 'Halt', to... "The sleek black spaceship screamed over the hill top", than to run to your Encyclopedia Britannica to see if you can allow... "The stage coach driver reigned in his six horses" Human nature being what it is, the lazy critic takes the lazy way out.

And 'Probability'? What about that? Pick up almost any love romance. The heroine invariably meets the boy friend by tripping him up with a dog lead. As an alternative, they meet because she becomes governess for his three children on the mysterious death of his first wife. The mysterious death turns out to be quite natural, but all this never seems to strain the limits of probability. In such stories, people never meet at a dance, or at the house of a mutual friend... probably because they have no friends owing to their un-natural behaviour. In S.F. however, the minute a space ship gets holed by a meteor, the critic calls 'Foul'. "That happened in Destination Moon, and it just can't happen all the time", is his cry. Or perhaps he may wonder at the facility with which the hero always manages to encounter a bug-eyed-monster, and escape with his hide. To me, this is less probability stretching than a certain gimmick used

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in at least two out of three "westerns. Just consider this fact. ....If all the heroes who have been 'creased' by bullets, just enough to render them temporarily unconscious, were laid end to end, they would make a damned untidy pile. And they say S.F. is improbable.

As a change from throwing brickbats, I would now like to take the chance to thank a few people. This issue took quite a load of hard work to prepare. A lot of that work was mine, but without the help of the contributors, many of whom cut their own material on to stencil, the magazine would never have appeared. In addition to these wonderful people, I had the assistance of a small, but gallant band of helpers, who typed out most of the rest of the issue. Their names appear elsewhere, but I'd like to devote this little bit of the editorial to them. Thanks again, all of you, and if I haven't written to thank you personally, then please accept my thanks now. I simply haven't had the time to write any extra letters.

Brickbats, bouquets, and now apologies. Scattered liberally throughout this issue, you will find various typographical errors (mainly mine). There may be some even more grievous errors (('though I hope not)). I would like to ask for your forgiveness in advance. By the next issue, I hope to have the typographical filter back in operation again --- for this issue, I just didn't have the time to get it overhauled.

Another little point here. I can't tell you anything about the cover, as at the time of writing, it hasn't arrived. So, if you have any complaint about left-handed-springtwozzles not being fitted with double-acting-veeblefeetzers, you know now, that it was only because we happened to be clean out of single-phase altercations. So sorry.

Finally, my competition entry.....THE KNIFE

Through junk-ridden drawer after junk-ridden drawer, Hiram hunted unhappily. Seven yards of string, two bottle tops and a copy of 'Boy's Own Paper' flew over his shoulder and flopped soggly into his rapidly cooling dinner.

Turning to the wardrobe, Hiram hastily hacked open the jammed door, with the aid of a fire-axe. Suits, hats, and coats flew through the air, and a red spotted tie added its slight mass to the mess on the plate. All to no avail. Hiram dragged out handful after handful of his hair, beat frantically on his breast and wailed to Allah. "Where, oh where can I find one ?"

Allah, was obviously not on watch, as Hiram received no answer. In a last spasm of anguish, Hiram caressed his wife with a coal hammer. She took no further interest in the proceedings, and poor Hiram starved slowly to death.

After all, how can you eat peas without a knife ?

And that should finish everything off.

Terry Jeeves



# SOUTH OF THE BORDER



by  
G.W. LOCKE

Though it may surprise some science-fiction enthusiasts who have been brought up on modern science-fiction, and make it almost their staple diet, there is a vast quantity of fantasy to be found dating way back to the eighteen hundreds. Collectors of such fantasy can be divided into two types: those who sit back in plush arm chairs examining the dealers' lists and sending order telegrams followed next post by cash, and those who root around all the odd corners of their home town hunting the books up. The catalogue collector has the advantage of knowing precisely what he wants, and getting only what he wants - the fabulously rare and famous 'classics'. The hunter will be out for lions, but all he may bag is the insignificant rabbit of a borderliner.

Insignificant? Uninteresting? To the catalogue collector, certainly. But to the hunter, to the person with a scholar's interest in his subject, they are more fascinating than any classic.

Time and again in the letter columns of science-fiction magazines one finds the plaintive wail: "...but the story wasn't science-fiction!" Sturgeon's fairly recent Affair with a Green Monkey is a typical example. It is possible that we are the world's most inept at disentangling the convolutions of his writings, but we couldn't see that this story was science-fiction, apart from the detail in which one of the characters observed the hero disappearing into a machine which in turn vanished. But fifty years ago?

If it had been published around the turn of the century, the first hunter who digs it up from beneath a pile of junk in a third-rate shop everybody thought was closed down years ago would proclaim it 'A terrific find' (automatically rare), and the borderline bunny thus transformed into a roaring lion.

Of course, there has been a shift of emphasis and of precise meaning. A hundred years ago the discovery of any repellingly aromatic chemical compound would be greeted with ecstatic frenzy. Today, more compounds are thrown down the sink of oblivion than there are parking meters when you haven't any change. Only the important ones raise a flicker of interest, and a hundred years ago, all were important.



Now that science-fiction is fairly well established, as a genre, a piece like Sturgeon's will be dumped in the waste bin, but fifty years ago, when scientific fantasies were scattered in similar profusion to florin watches, each item is of historical importance. Wells is said to have started the Bug-Eyed Monster obsession of the Thirties, and Haggard firmly established the rules for the Lost Race story. No is to say, for instance, that Charlie Smith, writing in 1905, did not, in assigning the winners of the 1919 F.A. Cup to Chelsea, start the parallel time tracks theme on its way?

So from this point alone we should not throw the borderliners away. Let us instead examine a few examples, and see the kind of material we are likely to meet, and some of the problems in resolving them as fantasy. Two of the most collected branches of fantasy are the Lost Race story and the super science yarn.

As we examine a number of fictional lost races, in their mountain-shrouded valleys or beneath the sea or the earth, we find that some are technologically advanced, as are the people in Ryark's A Strange Land, whilst others, more or less advanced, are descendants of Roman, Greek, Norse or Atlantean nations and colonies. This gives us two lines upon which to work in order to trace where the necessary borderline must lie.

1. From the technological view-point. Say there's a story describing the discovery of a (not too) fresh bunch of natives in Africa. Sure, they were hitherto unknown. But unless they are more advanced than their neighbours, they're not going to make much of a case for being termed a Lost Race. But a tribe with ray guns or automobiles? Nobody would oppose them.

Now take the Kuverans, in George Griffith's Mis Better Half. A people fairly thoroughly involved in the story's far East politics, their country is nevertheless only accessible through a complex system of caves. To prevent invaders from entering, the Kuverans have rigged up hydraulic contrivances with which to flood the caves. No problem, you will say. Advanced people. Lost Race. But the Kuverans have had plenty of contact, albeit subversive, with the outside world. Did their hydraulic technology stem from within their culture, or was it imported? The story doesn't say.

2. Descendants of the mighty. Some of these, like the Greeks in Johnstone's The Mountain Kingdom, Norsemen in Paradise of the North, by the same author, Incan tribes in An Inca Queen, by Evelyn, or Atlanteans (Doyle's Maracot Deep) exist on a reasonably high level of culture still. But those that have degenerated? Three examples.

A boys' adventure book, Colbeck's When the Earth Swung Over, in spite of its science-fictional title, is borderline. In South America, the heroes find a remnant who say they are the descendants of Atlanteans who fled when the Earth turned over and Atlantis was drowned. These fellows give the impression of

10 still suffering from the shock of their ancestors' near immersion, and that vestige of their bygone splendour is all that is left. Lost Race? Oddly, it's easier to resolve this problem than that of the Kuverans. Since it adds, though only in a small measure, to the fiction of Atlantis, it must be admitted to the fantastic species.

However, Havenc's The Secret of the Australian Desert, another boys' book supplies us with some aborigines who are said to be descendants of a more advanced race, but the tribe the author makes available evince no knowledge of this, and all the proof that there is is contained in a cavern - hieroglyphics on the wall and on bits of metal. A purely archaeological discovery. The people and their memories are gone. So are the Cro-Magnons and their art still survives. So the criteria of special racial memory seems to arise.

However, the third example gives us another ledge to cling to. Footman's The Mine in the Desert describes the discovery of Roman slaves living forgotten in an old Roman mine in the Sahara, somewhere. Descendants of the mighty? Admitting the slaves to the same culture of the centurions, yes. Lost? Definitely. Lost Race? Well... High culture? Highly primitive. They are, in fact, degenerated into sub-humans as a result of their subterranean environment. Physically 'statised', the professor in the book says. And Lost Race is certainly one classification. But racial memory is non-existent.

One last note on lost races. How about cities built by vanished peoples, presently deserted, such as those in Casey's Cambodian Quest, and Allan's Lion City of Africa? And the city or temple inhabited by the odd priest or so? The two stories above should be classified as fantasy, because they are concrete evidences on a large scale of a past civilisation. But how about Havenc's metal tablets with hieroglyphics? Equally concrete of something once great, but on the small scale. The latter very few would call a fantasy, Cambodian Quest and Lion City, most collectors. Where is the borderline? That it is a yard wide and very woolly is apparent. The same applies to temples and priests. Egbert's My Lady of the Nile has a hidden temple stuck on top of a volcano in Africa, about which, however, quite a number of tribes appear to know. Some priests run the place, and the main hall is within the mountain, protected by the inevitable labyrinth. There is a contrivance for allowing the noxious gases of the volcano to fill the hall, and the labyrinth, obliterating any life present, and, incidentally, obliterating the life of any-one who tries to abscond with King Solomon's Treasures..which are apparently in this part of Africa. My Lady of the Nile is another borderline case like His Better Half. The eyes have it, but only just, and a similar temple without these sort of trimmings would not be regarded as fantasy.

Such are some of the problems arising in the elucidation of the structure of a Lost Race story. In our opinion, the Lost Race story is one of the toughest kinds of fantasy for which to



define a borderline, and would require the kind of research undergone by Ph.D. candidates to approach such an ideal. Probably only occult fantasy would be trickier.

It comes as a breath of fresh air to deal with Super Science, with only one catch. It is so easy to define. And there are thousands of stories containing super-machines of one kind or another, or other products of "Scientific development surpassing that which had occurred at the time of publication." Yes, even in the 1890's and earlier. Mitlands By and By (Electric flying machines), Laurie's Conquest of the Moon (Giant electro-magnets), Delaire's Around a Distant Star (Super-electric forces, super-telescopes, ships faster than light) are such interesting examples. But what about the submarine of 1909? In Turner's The Submarine Girl, the Scarlet submarine is credited with a speed of forty knots, which no submarine today is capable of doing. Therefor, the boat is a technically advanced machine. Therefor, science-fiction.

But, you will say, stories in which the invention is only incidental cannot be science-fiction.

Griffith's Justice of Revenge is an irritating book to examine. George Griffith was around the turn of the century one of the more prolific of a number of writers of popular romances of the time. More than half his stories, moreover, were firmly entrenched in the field of science-fantasy. Justice of Revenge, however, is a typical novel of crime and revenge, but it mentions in passing the following devices: A machine for applying the expansive force of liquid or solid hydrogen (and air) to mechanical motors, and also, a gadget for using radio waves for guiding torpedos to their destination. If the second is not a forcast of guided missiles, we don't know what is. But they play no part in the story except that the hero got swindled out of the patents. These inventions, cursorily mentioned though they are, qualify this borderliner as science fiction.

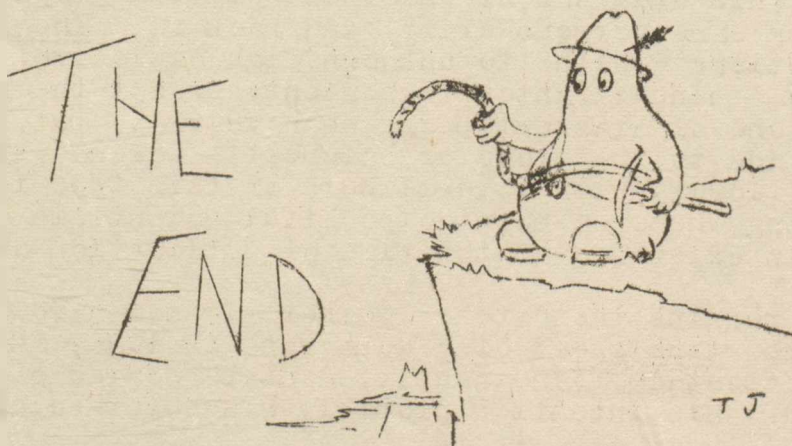
Also, although many collectors may not keep some of the titles, should all of the followings: Stock's The Recipe for Rubber (Synthetic rubber), Ted Robbins' curious Close Their Eyes Tenderly (His drug makes, unfortunately, mad people sane as well as sending sane persons crazy) and Packard's The Locked Book, which mentions a hitherto unknown high explosive. These books have only a minute fantastic content, except the Robbins title, which is one of the craziest books we have read, but in spite of it, they all add to the store of science in science-fiction. The chief difficulty with borderliners of this type is that inherent in deciding whether a not too powerful scientific marvel was actually in existence at the time of publication of the book.

There remains the catch. Turner may not have had the faintest idea of the true speed of a submarine in 1909, and thought it would be about 40. (Incidentally, don't be scared off by what we just said. His intention probably was super-scientific, and,

besides, the Submarine Girl contributes the reawakening of the Flying Dutchman in modern times to the Sleeper Awakes theme-line) And our hypothetical Charlie Smith mentioned earlier more than likely made a mistake in the cup winner.

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FILE

13

This is going to be a fairly general column in which I shall comment, or argue upon some of the varied topics which are brought to mind by the B.S.F.A. correspondence which thuds through my letter-box.

First off I have a letter here from which I intend to quote copiously. It is from a prospective member of the Association - and states rather well the attitude of a fan who has been unfortunate to be misled in his first contacts with s-f fandom. I don't intend to give his name and address for this might prove embarrassing to him; especially so since he has changed his mind on several points since the letter was written.

Quote. " When I first heard of the B.S.F.A. I was keen to join. Then I got hold of a couple of fanzines and decided I would have nothing to do with anybody who 'thought' like the editors of these magazines.

" If the journal of the B.S.F.A. turned out to be anything like these publications then it would not be for me. One of these 'fanzines' was edited by two people I know are top fans. It had forty pages. One section headed Book Reviews consisted of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pages and reviewed 'Tomorrow Revealed' in a third of a page (allowable) and a book about American advertising. There was a page of cartoon criticism of the film 'Conquest Of Space'. Just over a page was taken up by general comment on s-f occasioned by a remark of a reviewer of a non-s-f book. Three badly written stories were in the magazine: all were about fans (although one was set in the future). As for the rest of the mag it was by fans, about fans and for fans. I knew beforehand they were s-f fans - luckily.

" The point I have been trying to make is that fans seem to be fanatical about fandom and not s-f, and if your Association has any similar tendencies it holds nothing for me. " Unquote.

In other words, fandom is just too esoteric, the man says. And he has a point.

14 I can well imagine this correspondents dilemma at being confronted with material about fans rather than s-f, because for several years Terry Jeeves and myself have put out just such a magazine as the one which has incurred our friends wrath. And, from time to time, a plaintive cry of '...but what has it got to do with science-fiction' has been heard from a new subscriber.

The facts of the matter are that Science-Fiction Fandom, like any other hobby, is a vary diverse thing. Many of the fans have been around for quite a number of years, and whilst most of them still read science-fiction, they have, understandably, got a little tired of talking about it - and writing about it. Fandom, for them, is more of a 'social' organization than a media for discussing s-f. And, if you care to think about it, you will realise that this is true of any hobby.....one starts out by discovering one mutual interest and seeking other people who also have this interest, and then goes on to find out if they have other mutual interests.

You start out by wanting to talk about s-f with someone who also is fond of the genre - you go on from there by wanting to find out what this (these) other people are like, what there other interests are - wether or not they have similar tastes to yours, and so on.

That s-f fandom can provide you with an interesting and worthwhile hobby I can testify personally, and one that it is well worth the time and trouble incurred to find out more about. It is one of the truly International hobby-fields, one in which you can correspond and meet with people of most nationalities and in which race, politics, and religion are no barrier.

But to phrase a brief answer to the query posed in the letter extract on the previous page.... Science Fiction Fandom has many facets, and one can be slightly 'dazzled' at first contact, however it is well worth the trouble of examining more closely. The B.S.F.A. exists, of course, to help those of you who are new to fandom with your 'examination'.

\* \* \* \* \*

From Dennis Tucker (M.10. " Wicklow", 87, Oakridge Rd, High Wycombe, Bucks.) comes a query about tape-recording within fandom. There is considerable activity in this field within fandom, and some time ago in TRIODE (the amateur magazine which your editor and I publish) I published a list of some forty fans who were known to have tape-recorders. Since this time quite a number of other fen have invested in a taper, and sometime in the near future I intend to bring out an up to date listing of Homo Tapiens. This when published, will be available free of charge to any B.S.F.A. member who may request a copy.



As, from the hobbies listed on the B.S.F.A. Membership Forms, it would seem that there are quite a number of people in the Association who have tape-recorders I would like to propose a Tape Recording Competition.

Entries for this may be on any subject (play or documentary) that touches upon s-f or fandom. They may be recorded at either  $3\frac{3}{4}$  or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  i.p.s., but should not be more than half an hour in length. Serious or humorous.

The judges will be Terry Jeeves and myself, and the tapes will be judged on their Gestalt rather than on the quality of the recording - although a reasonably high quality of recording should be strived for obviously the owner of a Walter 303 can't expect to get the same results as the owner of a Ferrograph.

Your tapes should have an opening announcement stating the name and address of the sender, and should be sent to the secretarial address not later than January 1st.

The prizes will depend on the amount of support given to this competition, and will be announced in a future issue of VECTOR. If sufficient entries are received, and are of good entertainment value, they will be transcribed for playback at the next science-fiction Convention.

Whether this competition is a success depends on you, it could easily become an annual and highly interesting affair given sufficient support. Get cracking.

\* \* \* \* \*

If there is any B.S.F.A. Member contemplating the purchase of a tape-recorder, and who is slightly bewildered by the number of varied machines available I'll be most pleased to give advice - as will Terry Jeeves, we've both been taping now for several years..... The BIGGEST science-fiction society in the world is the German based SCIENCE FICTION CLUB EUROPA. A courtesy exchange of Journals has been arranged with the SFCE and if possible a precis of the news and views promulgated in the clubs publications will appear in future issues of VECTOR. Wanted a B.S.F.A. member who can read German fluently..... It has been suggested that a lapel badge for members should be produced; budding artists may send their designs for this to The Editor so that he may publish these in VECTOR.....

Eric Bentcliffe.....

# BOOKS

reviewed by  
*John D. Roles*

DOUBLE STAR by Robert A. Heinlein (Michael Joseph - 13/6d.)

As you may or may not know, this was serialised in *Astounding*; and to me at any rate it still bears the signs of unrevised serial publication. I had not read it in this form, but I think I could point out where the joins come.

It is sad to have to say this, but if this is typical of Heinlein's current output then he must be on the decline. This is not to say that it is a bad book. It is clever, well-written and enjoyable. Why then?

To begin with it is barely science-fiction. The story tells of an actor who is hired under pressure by one political group to double for their leader, who has been kidnapped by another. One thing leads to another and he finds himself living and loving in the great man's place, fooling everybody successfully, but wanting desperately to finish the job and get out, while the going is good. The blow comes when he finds that the man he is impersonating has died and he, unwillingly at first, agrees to carry on. That is the whole thing. The scenes are spaceships, the moon and Mars, but it could just as well have been a purely mundane story; even placed in today.

There is no sparkle in the style, no imaginative use is made of the background (the description of a Martian ritual is very crudely skirted round by means of a row of asterisks), next to nothing in the way of climaxes, hardly any plot to speak of, and the whole thing strolls along at a most casual pace. A slim theme for a book-length novel. It is only that the author is such a practised writer and probably can't write anything too badly, that the book gets off the ground at all. One is irritated at the erratic choices made by the British book publishers. There, over the Atlantic, red-hot, first-class S.F. has been pouring from the presses for ten years: the choice is wide. Here, with the field to all intents and purposes barely touched, and with many of the greatest still unpublished, the publication of the mediocre is infuriating.

THE DREAMERS by Roger Manvell (Victor Gollancz - 12/6d.)

For the weird fan, I can heartily recommend 'The Dreamers', by the man who wrote the Penguin books on the film. This is a creepy, "by Wheatley out of Freud". The story is such that it would spoil one's pleasure to know even the gist in advance, the plot taking some unusual twists. A word of warning: should you come across the book in shop or library carrying its dust jacket, forbear reading it as it definitely gives a substantial part of the game away. Gollancz's weakness for giving away his books on his yellow jackets is nothing short of criminal. I will tell you only that a small English village is the



scene, and starts apparently with an invasion by Dreams which seem infectious. More, I cannot say.

I can, however, register my appreciation of the technique of the tale which is told with delicacy and power. The author conveys terror and tension very well; and though he is a practised writer, the novelist's pen lies fresh in his hand. This is a good combination as, equipped with imagination, a literary mind and maturity, a fresh approach to fiction is ensured. Do read this book.

TIMELINER by Charles Eric Maine (Corgi Books - 2/6d.)

This is by the fan turned pro who has crashed into radio, film and fame, whose books are published by one of the biggest firms and who is snapped up by Corgi Books after the decent interval.

With this in mind I came to the book with certain reservations: having read nothing else by the author before, and wondering what it was that had made him a Popular Author.

If you are well-read in S.F., or even if you have been reading it for, say, four or five years, you will probably groan like I did over the first few chapters. You'll have read it all before. Just another Time Experiment with Accident where Man Finds Himself in Another's Body (variations: several different bodies, in different times). You think. That is just what I thought, and I hardly had the patience to finish it and move on to something a little more original. BUT ...

After dragging in many red herrings, he finally lets you in on his Concept: the reason for the hero's being shot from body to body down the line of time and the seeming presence of his wife in each age he finds himself. Towards the end of the book the pace grows quicker and quicker and the final denouement is as startling as it is just; and shockingly amusing. A clever ending, but does it justify the length of the book's many side-tracks?

NO MAN FRIDAY by Rex Gordon (Corgi Books)

This simple tale of the solitary survivor (Manchester born and bred) of the first rocket to Mars (from Woomera, Australia), and his struggle to survive is most convincing and plausible. How he works out methods to make air and water from the remains of the wrecked equipment; how he searches for and finds a food source, his mistakes and successes; how he discovers the "natives" and his association with them, are detailed with a tense sense of immediacy.

The description of his eventual discovery by an American rocket fifteen years later is dovetailed into the end very neatly. This part of the book seems to have been written on a different level, and the author with a candid pen shows how the "rescuers" behave towards the marooned. They are more than

a little soured at discovering they have been beaten to Mars by the British - and fifteen years before! - and one of the first questions they ask is "How much of this planet are you claiming to put under the Union Jack?". They show no signs of wonder at his marvellous survival, instead they ply him with questions as to how they might best go about dealing with the Martians, with a view to the conquest of the planet.

What could have been a dull subject for a novel is high-lighted by his periodical joyous discoveries and his fears, his moments of elation and depression. Another important aspect of the book is the introduction of some philosophical dissertations on the hero's part, and discussions between him and the Martians on the nature and direction of their respective life forms. This theorizing is not irrelevant because it ties in with the expressed aims and ambitions of the American conquistadors. An entertaining and thought-provoking book.

John D. Roles.

## DID YOU KNOW THAT.....

....American postal rates go up on Jan. 1st., which will probably curtail quite a few fanzine schedules.

....the first atomic rocket is nearing its test firing. Reactor system is to be tested, late '58. System involves heating the working fluid (helium) or gas in a special pile, and exhausting it through a nozzle.

....The British, 2,500 mile I.R.B.M. 'Black Knight', is likely to have additional stages added for the launching of heavyweight satellites.

....the editor would like to get hold of copies of Astounding published before 1932.

....the Sputnik monument to be erected in Moscow, is to be built of aluminium, and covered with semi-transparent smoky glass. It takes the form of a 50 metre obelisk.

....the third Vanguard satellite launching turned out a flop. So far, only a test launch has orbited a 6" test sphere. Of the seven full-scale attempts, not one has paid off. Only four left now.

....there is a suggestion form waiting for you on the back page. If you are interested in a B.S.F.A. convention, send it off right away.

....the editor

?

# MEMBERS

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- M.1. D.J. Newman:
- M.2. E. Dentcliffe: 47 Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches
- M.3. A.H. Mercer: 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln
- M.4. B.T. Jeeves: 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield 12
- M.5. E.C. Tubb: 67 Houston Rd, Forest Hill, London SE.23
- M.6. K.F. Slater: Leach's Farm, Lynn Rd, Walsoken, Wisbech, Cambs
- M.7. I. Shorrocks (Mrs): 2 Arnot Way, Hr Bebington, Wirral, Ches
- M.8. N. Shorrocks: 2 Arnot Way, Hr Bebington, Wirral, Ches /Glos
- M.9. R.H. Richardson: 19 Courtiers Drive, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham,
- M.10. D. Tucker: "Wicklow", 87 Oakridge Rd, High Wycombe, Bucks
  
- A.11. B. Jordan: 86 Piccadilly Rd, Burnley, Lancs
- M.12. G.T. Adams (Mrs): 138 Collier Row Rd, Romford, Essex
- M.13. P.N. Weedall: 20 Palmerston Drive, Liverpool 2
- M.14. P.A. West: 27 Alfreda Rd, Whitchurch, Cardiff, Glam,(Wales)
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- M.16. J. Parr: 26 Castlefield St, Shelton, Stoke on Trent /many)  
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- M.17. E.A. Parker (Miss): 151 Canterbury Rd, West Kilburn, London NW.6
- M.18. P.H. Mabey: 10 Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Glos /land)
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Rd, Walsoken, Wisbech, Cambs
- M.23. S.L. Birchby: 1 Gloucester Av, Levenshulme, Manchester 19
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- M.27. M. Chatterton: 63 Pentire Rd, Walthamstow, London E.17 /E.11
- M.28. K.H. Freeman: 183 Crayford Rd, Crayford, Kent
- M.29. F.E. Simpson: 21 Greenway, Alkington, Middleton, Lancs
- M.30. J.D. Roles: 26 Pine Grove, Waterloo, Liverpool 22
  
- M.31. N.G. Wansborough: 84 Wyke Rd, Trowbridge, Wilts
- M.32. J. Groves: 29 Lathom Rd, East Ham, London E.6
- M.33. K. Dollner: 19 Palmeira Sq, Hove, Sussex
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- O.37. W.J. Jenkins: 5557 Pemberton St, Philadelphia 43, Penna (USA)
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- O.40. J. Koning: 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio (USA)



- M.41. J.M. Rosenblum: 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7  
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 M.43. A.B. Eversfield (Miss): 55 Langdale Rd, Cheltenham, Glos  
 M.44. J.R. Humphries: 19 Bishop Rd, Shurdington, Cheltenham, Glos  
 M.45. J.H. Challoner: 20 Windermere Rd, Hatherley, Cheltenham, Glos  
 M.46. E. Jones: 44 Barbridge Rd, Hesters Way, Cheltenham, Glos  
 M.47. C.R.F. Herbert: 51 Scott House, Arle, Cheltenham, Glos  
 M.48. D.C. Jones: 12 Beeches Rd, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos  
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 M.52. D.C.D. Potter (Flying Officer): "Bryn Annas", Barmouth, Merioneth (Wales)  
 A.53. J.G. Linwood: 10 Meadow Cotts, Netherfield, Notts  
 M.54. H.K. Dulmer: "Tresco", 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford, London SE.6  
 A.55. M.R. Wigan: "Kerry", Barnham, Bognor Regis, Sussex  
 E.56. President, Science-Fiction Club Europa (W. Ernsting): Irschenberg/Obb (Germany)  
 E.57. Foreign Correspondent, Science-Fiction Club Europa (R. Eisfeld): Bonn, Effertstrasse 56 (Germany)  
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 M.59. A.H. Tavinder: 10 Osborne St, Leek, Staffs (USA)  
 O.60. C.L. Barrett, M.D.: 119 South Madriver St, Bellefontaine, Ohio  
 M.61. P.M. Organ: 49 Stalmine Rd, Fazakerley, Liverpool 9, Lancs  
 O.62. R.G. Brown (Mrs): 7449 Hampson St, New Orleans 18, La, (USA)  
 A.63. G.J. Mansell: 27 Trinity Rd, Wimbledon, London SW.19  
 M.64. D.K. Fawcett: 125 Showell Green Lane, Birmingham 11  
 O.65. G.M. Carr (Mrs): 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Wash, (USA)  
 O.66. R.A. Madle: 3608 Caroline Av, Indianapolis 18, Ind (USA)

Prefixes: M = full member  
 A = associate member (under 18)  
 O = overseas member  
 E = exchange member

All addresses given are in England unless shown otherwise in brackets at the end

#### ADDENDA:

- M.67. N.C. Gourlay: 54 Grosvenor Drive, Whitley Bay, Northumberland  
 M.68. L. Tapper: 102 St Michael's Rd, Salisbury, Wilts  
 O.69. G.N. Raybin: 1326 Grand Concourse, Bronx 56, NY (USA)

(4 October 1958)

# TREASURER'S

# REPORT<sup>21</sup>

INTERIM ACCOUNTS COVERING PERIOD FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE ASSOCIATION TO THE 1ST OF OCTOBER 1958

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## 1. FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

<u>Receipts</u>	£	s	d	<u>Outgoings etc</u>	£	s	d
Membership subscriptions	55	16	10	Payments as analysed below	24	10	10
Library charges	7	6		Reserve for library	8	9	
				Reserve for petty expenditure by Committee <b>not</b> yet claimed (say)	8	0	0
				Held on a/c of overseas members (overpayments)	6	10	
				Balance in hand	28	17	11
	£ 56	4	4		£ 56	4	4

(NOTE: the reserves are on account of officers not having submitted details of their expenditure right up to closing-off date.)

## 2. ANALYSIS OF EXPENDITURE (EXCLUDING RESERVES)

	U S A G E							
	VECTOR	LIB	LISTS	ADVERT'G	GENERAL	TOTALS		
Stationery	7 16 3	12	0	1 3 9	6 10 4	16	2	4
Postage	1 8 3	8	8	2 4 1	(2 5 0 internal)	7	13	2
					(1 7 8 external)			
Sundries	3			10 6	4 7	15		4
	9 4 9	1	0 8	3 18 4	10 7 1	24	10	10

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NOTES: VECTOR These figures cannot be taken as representing the cost of VECTOR No 1. On the one hand, they include most of the stationery that will be required for No 2 as well, on the other hand there are still some 15-20 copies of No 1 in hand that will ultimately, of course, incur postage. Where VECTOR has been mailed with other things (library lists, membership cards etc) the postage has normally been allocated to VECTOR as the biggest single enclosure. The "Sundries" represents poundage on one postal order.

LIBRARY LISTS Postage includes bulk mailing to Treasurer for distribution to new members.

ADVERTISING The Postage and Stationery headings here refer exclusively to the preliminary circular. The "Sundries" represents the cost of advertising in NEW WORLDS for two issues. In this connection, it would seem to be in order to extend the Association's thanks to the editors of sundry publications, both professional and amateur, for free advertising space in their columns.

GENERAL The Stationery includes initial orders of various printed items. The Postage has been analysed for convenience into "internal" and "external". "Internal" refers to postage between the officers of the Association, including the mailing of bulk stationery; "external" refers to postage incurred in dealing with all other persons - whether members, potential members, or non-members - apart from where the postage has been allocated to VECTOR or the library lists etc. The "Sundries" under General comprises stamp duties on cheques and postal order poundage.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES There has been no attempt to analyse the expenditure as between the various officers, because owing to their starting from scratch and working for convenience in close postal collaboration, helping each other out where necessary, such an analysis would be more misleading than otherwise. It is intended that a similar quarterly interim account, with or without expenditure analyses and the like, shall appear from now on in every issue of VECTOR, with an annual account in the issue immediately following the 1st of July.

*A.H. Mercer*  
(A.H. Mercer) Hon. Treasurer, BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION



# The BRITISH MAGAZINES

23

reviewed by

ROBERTA WILDE

## NEBULA 31.

THE FIRES DIE DOWN. Robert Silverberg. Colonisation of Earth by aliens, but this time the Earthmen don't mind - they know what will eventually happen. Rating "B".  
NINIAN'S EXPERIENCES. Brian Aldiss. This author can always be relied upon to come up with a new idea - this time a mental art form. He also writes extremely well. Rating "B" plus.

THE BEATIFIC SMILE. E.C. Tubb. Oh dear! Ted Tubb in a rare off-moment. Two men in a space lifeboat and a good idea gone awry. Rating "C" plus.

WISH UPON A STAR. Peter J. Ridley. A story which postulates that when we have everything we want we will run away from it. The author is probably right. "B" minus.

WAR AGAINST DARKNESS. William F. Temple. Always a name to welcome and this story, with its leavening of humour, was quite enjoyable. Unfortunately, it suffers a little from being the middle of a series of novelettes and a new reader is left to grope a little, but it is worth asking, if some of you have not read the first of the series, whether a copy of Nebula 23 is available. Rating "B" plus.

## NEBULA 32

WISDOM OF THE GODS. Kenneth Bulmer. This serial will be reviewed when complete.

SENSE OF PROPORTION. E.C. Tubb. Another story concerning the stranglehold that advertising, T.V., etc., will have on the public in the not so distant future. It terrifying in its implications and should be required reading for all advertisers and T.V. personnel, although I have read better by this author. Rating "B"

CARRIAGE PAID. William Aitken. Short and a little pedestrian, but it does contain the nucleus of an idea that many writers would have enlarged to a novel. In fact, some of them have done so. A writer worth watching. Rating "C".

BIGHEAD. W.T. Webb. A tongue in cheek esper story. Slight but amusing. Rating "C" plus.

NO TIME AT ALL. Mark Patrick. The author seems to have read Donnelly and Bellamy on Atlantis. The theme is a warping of time and space and the lone survivor. The author does not seem to have any great trust that we would be any more sensible with weapons deadlier than those we already have. Rating "B" minus.

THEY SHALL INHERIT. Brian W. Aldiss. This author faces the fact that man may have to mutate if he wants the stars, and perhaps mutate by artificial means. This is the tale of one the possibilities of artificial mutation. Rating "B" plus.

24 WORDS AND MUSIC. Bertram Chandler. Michener gave us "Tales from the South Pacific" and Chandler is giving us "Tales from the Galaxy." This concerns the tale of an agent who discovers there are good reasons for his position as Trader on a certain planet. Rating "B" minus.

#### NEBULA 33

TALK NOT AT ALL. E.C. Tubb. The man into monster theme has been around for more than three thousand years and had seemed to be written out in prewar s.f. Ted Tubb has given it a new twist and this story is the result. Rating "B".

WAY OUT. Robert Lloyd. Here is an author honest enough to admit that surrender will not be from moral pretensions, but most definitely a way - any sort of a way - out from total destructions. Rating "B" plus.

MUTE WITNESS Clifford C. Reed. The other worlders could not have chosen a better animal to study than an alley cat, for which we should be grateful. The author's plots are improving. Rating "B" minus.

DEBT OF LIASSOR. N.K. Hemming. An object lesson for present day would-be rulers and would-be slaves, particularly the latter. Rating "B".

CONFLA GRATION. Stuart Allen. A run-of-the-mill time travel story in which the reader knows the ending before he arrives there. Rating "C" Minus.

#### NEW WORLDS 73

SEGREGATION. Brian Aldiss. This writer is now well established among S.F. readers and deserves his place. Again he has maintained a high standard and although this novelette of the impact a man who plays God has on his own race and the extra-terrestrials who worship him is not one of his best, it is not far behind. Rating "B" plus.

OUTSIDE. Sydney J. Bounds. This concerns what is going to be a very real problem when spaceflight becomes a reality. A well thought out plot of men who have to do outside repairs on a ship in space. Rating "B"

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE. Lester del Ray. This story is reprinted from an American magazine, but is well worth the reprinting as it is one of science fiction's minor classics. The story of a dog hunting for man in a ruined world. Rating "A".

TOWER FOR ONE. John Kippax. This is about a man trying to retreat from himself and who finds he can't do it by running and eventually realises he will be happier if he faces facts. Rating "B"

THE THIN GNLT VOICES. John Wyndham. The third of the four Troon stories and the pause before the climax. The northern hemisphere has blown itself up and the Troons are now respected citizens of Brazil, the leading world power. In this Geoffrey Trunho has reached Mars - the last survivor of the spaceship "Figuraro". Up to the standard of the previous novelettes. Rating "B" plus.

THE SHADOW PEOPLE. Arthur Sellings. A touching story of visitors from the future and a new twist on the "you can't take it with you" theme. Rating "B".

THE IDEAL CAPTAIN. James White. This writer is now well in the vanguard of British S.F. writers. This tale of a captain who is all things to all men has an ingenious plot and suggests that when man is finally in space he will realise the "littleness" of leaders and nations and do something about it. Rating "B" plus.

STABILITY. Lester del Rey. A story of three men on a world of limited polymorphs and what happens when an unstable life form tries to imitate a stable one. Well up to this writer's usual standard. Rating "B" plus.

THE MULES Sydney J. Bounds. A short-short which admits that future big-business will still run on cut-throat competition. Light hearted. Rating "C".

SLICE OF LIFE. Calvin M. Knox. This pseudonym hides one of America's most prolific writers - and just as well because he has written better stories than this. It concerns a parapsychologist's efforts to cure a crippled boy. Rating "D" plus.

SPACE COMMAND. Kenneth Bulmer. The story of a man whose whole life was bound up in the Space Navy, but who never quite achieved his aims, and his last defiant gesture. Quietly and effectively told. Rating "B".

DEATH ON THE WHEEL. Clive Jackson. A science fiction "whodunit" and an ironical comment on the fact that Man will carry his prejudices into space. Not an out of the way story, but a new writer to be encouraged. Rating "B" minus.

#### NEW WORLDS 75

EQUATOR. Brian Aldiss. A serial which will be reviewed when complete.

MORGAN'S GALLEY. Clifford C. Reed. The story of a misogynistic robot designer who creates the perfect woman. Characterisation very good. Another author who should do well in the future. Rating "B"

TRAINEE FOR MARS. Harry Harrison. This writer has used a rather obvious theme that unfortunately remains obvious all the time. It does, however, point out the tremendous strain men will have to endure even in Inner Space. Rating "C".

LIFE HUTCH. Harlan Ellison. A first appearance in New Worlds of a promising American writer, but Mr. Ellison must think up a new plot - his tale of a stranded spaceman wears a little thin when only slight variations of it are read under different titles. Rating "D"

SPACE IS A PROVINCE OF BRAZIL. John Wyndham. The last of the four Troon stories and one that has a slight edge on the other three. Man has lost most of his interest in space and this story is about the Troon family's efforts to prove that space is not a province of Brazil, its setbacks and its final triumph. Rating "B" plus.

Lack of space prevents full reviews of Science Fantasy, but specially recommended are "Destiny Incorporated" (John Kippax) in No. 30 and "The Bones of Shosun" (Kenneth Bulmer) in No. 31. In fact, John Carnell has excelled himself on No. 31 - it is a fine issue throughout.





# LETTERS

In the editorial, I asked what members would like the BSFA to provide. One of the first letters to arrive gives some idea.

JAMES GROVES, 29 Latham Road, East Ham, London. E.6.

"Why not have an 'information wanted' column in Vector ? Anyone wanting information about authors, stories, or characters, could get it either from yourself or from any fan who knows. As a sample of what I mean, the following items represent information I would like to have :-

1. I have heard that the final story in C.L. Moore's stories of Jirel of Joiry, and Northwest Smith, only appeared in an American fanzine. Which issue of which fanzine is this, and can anyone tell me where I can get a copy of the story ?

2. I have read that Henry Kuttner only wrote four stories about the mutant hillbillies, the Hogbens. I have come across three; 'Pile of Trouble', 'Cold War', and 'Exit the Professor'. Is there only one more, and if so, what is it called and where can it be found ? "

Well, there's a good suggestion. Can anyone help Arthur, and have we a volunteer, who will organise and run such a service? Another suggestion comes from :-

ARTHUR WEIR, Primrose Cottage, Westonbirt Village, Nr. Tetbury.

"BOOK REVIEWS certainly of English (of U.S. might be too difficult to manage, though Fantest (Medway) would probably help). If possible, use several different reviewers, no one person has wide enough interests to do justice to all the field - yes, I know that P. Schuyler Miller has almost accomplished this, but he's a rare exception ; on the other hand Les Flood has conspicuously flopped a few times. "

We believe in service, elsewhere in this issue will be found a crop of book reviews. Whether or not we have several reviewers, will depend on volunteers, space available, not to mention supply (of books) and demand (from readers).

Still in search of satisfaction for members, here is another suggestion to be thought over. Naturally, if any member feels he would like to tackle any part of it.....volunteer.

DENNIS TUCKER, 87 Oakridge Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks.

"I'd like to hear more of the various films in course of production, perhaps an article on the shooting and other technical aspects - which gauge of film is being used - whether they will eventually be available for hire, etc. (I have a 9.5 mm. camera and projector, and I'm thinking of getting an 8mm rig) Also any tape recording news.... I hope the lengthy reviews of magazines, section will not be a regular feature. My angle on this is simply that I get the magazines I'm interested in, - so

don't want reviews, - and am not particularly interested in the magazines I don't get, (or I'd get them) (((But how do you know they're worth getting, if you don't get them?...Ed.))) so don't want reviews. I hope you can work out that masterpiece of grammar.

With reference to Sandy's article, I agree that a large number of the attempts of mainstream authors to invade the s-f medium have been pathetic, but there are notable exceptions, one of which, I consider, is Nevil Shute's "On the Beach". P. Schuyler Miller, in Asf Feb. 58, made a very lucid comment when he said that this story deals with people and contains no melodrama. One might, I suppose, ask if the end of the human race can possibly be undramatic, but Shute's artistry with words is such that he made it so. Miller comments that there is an 'air of unreality' about the book, and in a further comment in Asf. Aug. 58, says the novel is unbelievable. Why so? Simply, I suspect, because Miller - and the rest of us - has been brought up on a diet of 'ends of the world' accompanied by rioting, hysteria and panic. Taking a dispassionate view, who can say how the human race would react to ultimate disaster? Why should Shute's fascinating word-picture be considered unbelievable simply because it is diametrically opposed to practically everything else we have ever read? -- In passing, wouldn't it be rather nice to think that if it ever has to come, the last remnants of the human race could make their exit with calmness and dignity? "

Personally, I feel that if the human race can't live with dignity, it is asking a lot, to expect them to die with it.

Several people raised similar point in their letters, and rather than print all of each letter, it struck me that it might be interesting to collect relevant points under a common heading - therefore, may I present :-

"ONE MAN'S MEAT ....."

- Excerpt.1. "Received Vector last week. Frankly I was a little disappointed."....Cpl. Freeman.
- Excerpt.2. "I have just been reading the first issue of Vector and I feel I must dash off a few lines of congratulation now.".....D. Tucker.
- Excerpt.3. "I must thank your combined efforts and talents in the production of this fine workmanlike magazine" .....K.T. McIntyre.

OR, if you got around to looking at the cover (which was a hurried lash-up, owing to a promised cover not turning up) the following may be of interest ....

- Excerpt.1. "What the hell is a corny damn aeroplane doing on the cover? I'm not sure what a vector is, but I'm quite sure it's not a swept back jet+"...L. Sandfield.
- Excerpt.2. "A fine striking design and beautifully technically executed...congratulations."....A.R. Weir.
- Excerpt.3. "One glaring error....your frontcover shows a rocket ship with no control surfaces on the wing, thus it will be uncontrollable"....Cpl. Freeman.

((In my own defence, I'd like to point out in answer to Exc.1., that a vector (speaking loosely) has both magnitude and direction.

28 I feel that both my rocket, and Vector have these in common....In any case, what would you have drawn Sandy ? (Sorry, Satyr) To Cpl. Freeman, I would like to point out that many high speed air craft have the aileron gaps covered with flexible material, to preserve the airflow over the wing, and prevent boundary layer eddies....my rocket was one of this type.....Terry))

That concludes the letters (as such) for this issue. I have to hand only six letters of comment (you'll have to do better than that) from the following members :- A.R.Weir, (who sent the most detailed commentary) L.Sandfield (runner-up), D.Tucker, J.Groves, Cpl. Freeman, and K.T.McIntyre.

In addition to the letters, the following details from the London Planetarium, (have been received.)

THE LONDON PLANETARIUM...Marylebone Rd. N.W.1.  
nearest stn. Baker St. Tel. Hunter 1121-5

Presentations :- (both lasting 40 minutes)

- (1) THE EARTH IS OUR SPACESHIP.  
(Monday to Friday...11am, 12-15, 5-30, and 8-0pm)  
(Saturdays...11am, 12-15, 4-15, 5-30 and 8-0 pm)  
(Sundays... 5-30, and 8-0 pm)

- (2) UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES WITH FUCHS AND HILLARY+  
(Daily, including Saturdays and Sundays, at  
3-00, and 6-45 pm.)

Admission, 3/- and 4/-, except for the 11am show, when the price is 2/- (to encourage school bookings)

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

Adverts

WANTED Asimov's "Second Foundation", and "Foundation & Empire", for cash, or would exchange for Stapledon's "Sirius" and "Darkness & the Light"...both first edns. with dust covers.  
A.R.Weir, Westonbirt School, nr. Tetbury, Glos.

WANTED+ 'The Sword of Conan', 'King Conan', 'The Coming of Conan'  
E.C.Tubb, 67 Houston Rd., London S.E.23

WANTED Issues of 'Astounding Stories' prior to 1932, and certain war-time issues. Must be in good condition, with covers. Sale or trade...Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield.12.

Advertisements in this section are free to members, but please keep them fairly brief (or offer a postal list). It would also help, if you put them at the end of a letter, so they can be clipped and filed.

WANTED Letters of comment, articles, help with stencils, and suggestions for the BSFA.....The Editor.



GENERAL

# CHUNTERING

by KENNETH F. SLATER

29

The title of this column derives from my "personal" column in the old "Operation Fantast", and in due course the style of writing and the type of content will be similiar. For the benefit of fan-historians I "stole" the general idea from Walter Gilling's "Fantasia" column in his long-lamented "Fantasy Review"; in each case the problem was similiar - snippets of news, both profession-al and personal, of interest to some if not all readers, which I or Walter thought should be included in our respective magazines, but which were not big enough or important enough to receive separate headings or paragraphs could be strung together into a fast running column.

In this issue I'm starting cold, and it will probably take an issue or so to warm up to running speed. For one thing, I do not today have the wide net-work of contacts to supply the "news" and other data from which the column compiled - and your co-operation is requested. Anything you think note-worthy pass along to me, or to the editor, lacking my address or other reason for writing to me in preference to the editor. The sort of stuff wanted? Well it is not easy to say - almost anything is welcomed; even though it may not be used at the time it may be useful later to tie up a series of similiar items. Personal notes - if you thought you, or someone you know, saw a ghost or a flying saucer....an article on s-f in the local paper...or in a national magazine...a big display at a local theatre on an s-f film....anything like that. It is not possible for me to read all the national dailies or even all the "big" weekly papers and periodicals, so I often miss some item of interest in the field...and so do other people...a word to me...the note in this column....and everyone in the BSFA knows about it and can look it up.

For instance, I've just been reading Schy Miller's book review column in the October issue of ASF (USA), and he comments there on an article in the March 'American Journal of Sociology' where Walter Hirsch reports a doctoral study on "The Image of the Scientist in Science Fiction". Quite a few enthusiasts would never learn of an item like this if some one didn't draw it to their attention. In this case a note strikes me of particular interest, as I've already seen Santesson's review column in FUSF (october) where he comments on what, from certain references, I conclude is the same item. Now something struck me as conflicting when I read Miller's review, so I looked up the Santesson article again. Santesson says the report indicates "scientists are more and more often the villians of the plot". In Miller's text indicates that a comparison between the period 1926-29 and 1946-50 gives a falling off - "scientists as

villains from thirty-nine to thirty per cent".....as I said, other references indicate that Miller and Santesson are reporting the same paper.....well, these things can happen...more than once I've read a book, closed the covers...and then found I couldn't remember a word of it when I sat at the typer.....from the Antipodes I have a letter from Mervyn Binns in which he mentions that the 100th issue of "Etherline" will appear shortly....this Australian fortnightly news-zine, although not the equal of Science-Fantasy Times, has performed an excellent service for the Australian sphere of sf-influence, and it is to be regretted that it is being suspended, even though the suspension is but temporary (we hope !)...particularly note-worthy have been the Don Tuck "author" checklists....speaking of which, I understand a revised issue of the SF HANDBOOK, compiled by Donald H. Tuck, will be available shortly.....also for the checklist fanatic Donald B. Day of Perri Press has stated that "An Index to the Science-Fiction Magazines, 1951 - 1957" should be out soon...a companion volume to his "Index...1926-1950".....last I heard of Bradford M. Day's "Sax Rohmer Biblio" it was still in the file-card stage....Mrs. A.G. (Dirce) Archer is plugging onwards with the fully comprehensive index, source-guide, and checklist of Famous Fantastic Mysteries...in case any folk who have heard of this work and are wondering what has happened to it are wondering, I can tell them that it has proved far more of a job than was originally expected...it is suprising just how difficult it can be to trace down an author, or a story, to his (it's) original point of existence after twenty or more years....especially when half the publishers in London can only advise that their records were destroyed in the war... !

Digit Books are releasing on 20th October a pb edition of SECOND FOUNDATION, 16Opp....it seems unfortunate for British readers that no edition of "Foundation & Empire" is available in UK....Weidenfeld & Nicolson printed a hard cover of FOUNDATION (which finished up as a "cheap edition" at 5/-, I think) and it might be as well if a few of the BSFA membership dropped a line to Digit pointing out that this was the first of a tri-ology, that what they are publishing is the last...and could they do something about the middle ? .... but at 16Opp it looks like some drastic cutting has taken place....the USA Avon title WALDO: GENIUS IN ORBIT also contains the other Heinlein yarn from the hardcover, MAGIC, INC., although this has been dropped from the titling of the book, presumably because of the unpopularity of "pure" fantasy .... at least in the eyes of the publishers....on atomic fall-out, an article in the October (British) edition of READ-ER'S DIGEST informs us that although strontium is easily "mistaken" by the body for calcium, the body rejects half the strontium it takes in provided plenty of calcium is available....so, friends, you are only half as radio-active as you thought you were....consoling, that.

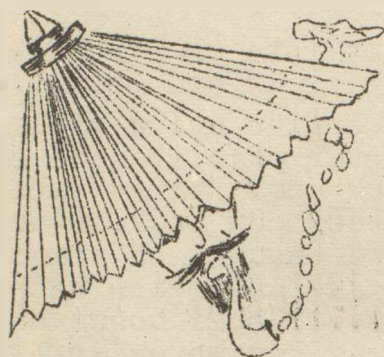
Latest effort by Ray Palmer to reach me, dated October 1958, is now titled "FLYING SAUCERS", and sub-titled "The Magazine of Space Conquest"....particularly noteworthy is the "Positive Photographic Proof" that UFO or Flying Saucers do exist....presumably due to reproductive difficulties (dero ?) the photos are proof of nothing but either bad photography or bad reproduction...take your choice....the

snag with "photographic" proof of anything is that photos - and particularly reproductions of photos - prove nothing (except perhaps that there is no end to what you can do with trick photography)....I admire the persistence of folk who keep producing these kinds of "proof" and deplore the fact that only too many other people are willing to accept them....I don't want to get into any arguments on UFO subjects, but I think most readers will agree that today photos don't "prove" anything....

Those last few lines were an attempt to get into the "run"...not too successful, but I'm out of practise as well as information....! "SUNDAY TIMES" October 5th carries a report of an interview with Dr. Wernher Von Braun by Henry Brandon...three-quarter page item of some interest...even if only the fact of the military uses "slant" which is heavily stressed...peaceful uses of satellites/moon rockets are totally ignored....we were just dreaming when we thought of the conquest of space as the great adventure....it is just a region to be brought under control before the enemy gets it.....Corgi books have Richard Matheson's THE SHORES OF SPACE scheduled for November 1st publication, 2/6....and weird yarn MY BONES AND MY FLUTE by Edgar Mittelholzer, due same day same publisher same price, is worth attention...I had reliable information a few days back that the rumour about William Hanling's IMAGINATION and SPACE TRAVEL is true...the rumour was that both mags were to be suspended....frankly, I do not consider this any loss to the field.....FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is switching to a bi-monthly schedule...."temporarily" it says here.....on the credit side (if it can be called that) SATELLITE is changing to a monthly schedule and an 8½x11 format....but as the largest part of SATELLITE's contents recently has consisted of watered-down reprint material from bound books, it may be that this is just a final sortie against a non-SATELLITE-buying public....and if previous experiments of s-f mags in that format (post-war) are anything to go by, it will not help....FANTASY BOOK tried it, FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION tried it, and there was the glorious failure of the Gernsback/Paul SF PLUS .....not forgetting the one-shot experimental FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS... ..the 40¢ pricing of F&SF in the USA recently seems to have been a very haphazard business....I gather from many scattered correspondents that the issue in question was not on sale at either price in many places where it is normally sold....how one can get an estimate of reader-reaction to an increased price like that is beyond me.... and 40¢ is a funny price, at that....almost akin to lifting a magazine selling in Britain at 2/- to 2/3½....you'd lose quite a lot of "casual" sales because the price just doesn't fit the conditioned-consumer-reflex.....I've experimented with that...marked a pile of "remaindered" comics (6d cover price) at 3½d one week, and sold only a dozen or so.....took them out of view for a couple of weeks, and then put them back at 4d each....and sold the lot promptly..... ..stupid, ain't it ?.....THE DAY IT RAINED FOR EVER is the latest Ray Bradbury collection to appear in this country, from Rupert Hart-Davis at 16/-, who have also scheduled a John Collier collection of stories not previously published (in book form) in this country, at 13/6 under the title PICTURES IN THE FIRE... K.F.S.



With each issue of Vector, I hope to present a short article or story reprinted from a 'fanzine'. Not only for your entertainment, but also to show that fanning can be fun. If this helps you to get more enjoyment from science fiction, then it will have served its purpose. For our first reprint, I asked Joy Clarke if she would unearth (and type) something both short, and amusing. Here then, is Joy's choice :-



## I FOUGHT THE DEADLY SHADE

A HEROIC ACCOUNT OF A SINGLE-HANDED  
ENCOUNTER WITH ONE OF THE GREATEST  
PERILS IN THE WORLD

I lay helplessly entangled in the crushing and treacherous grip of the deadly shade. Its pulsating folds covered my strangling body. I knew that nearly every bone in my body was almost broken. As sparks of livid fire blazed in my eyes I knew with a sickening certainty that this was the end.

It seemed only years ago that Pamela and I had agreed that our current shade should be altered, that we would invest in a new and super-modern clam-type shade. Laughingly, we entered the shop and cheerfully made our purchase. Poor fools! Little did we know that only years later would I be struggling grimly for my life with that self-same placid, flaccid, clam shade we bore home in triumph.

Man was not meant to pry past the limits of the normal! We should have been content with a naked bulb on the end of a wire. But I recked little of that as I unwrapped the shade and fixed the electrical connections. I whistled through my teeth, a stopped little obligato where the fillings had shaken loose, as I screwed the connections tight. I should have been warned then. The complicated electronic circuits printed themselves on my mind with clarity; it was easy to set both bulbs burning. The deadly clam had set its traps! Then I warmed the shade as directed and slid it out of the polythene wrapper.

In appearance it was a tube of pleats, with a tendency to flop about limply. That graceful movement masked the rippling action of incredibly powerful muscles that were to pinion me with all the remorseless fury of a demented cyclone.

The instructions said merely, "Insert wooden block in end, open out shade by pressing down on smooth surface such as a table. Shade will click when firmly in position."

The shade didn't click. I did.

Still - poor fool - whistling cheerfully, I placed the wooden cone in the end, arranged the pleats around it, and began to open the shade.

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One side rolled round in a leering ripple after my hand. I jerked my hand away fast. Still unconcerned, I upended the shade, spread it a little and began to press down. The next moment I was on the floor, the shade was crawling all over me and I had had my first taste of its enormous power potential. I wriggled. The shade reacted with lightning rapidity. It flipped up, shuddered like jelly in June, and sucked my head into its gaping orifice.

This was like a mindless beast, an animal-eating plant. My head was trapped in the folds, heat beat at me, miasmic vapours that made me cough and choke. It was useless to scream for help, marooned as I was alone miles up the swampy unknown fastnesses of the Upper Orinoco. I struggled frenziedly. I put both my hands on the edge of the clam and heaved. My neck stretched. I put one leg over the clam and pulled with the other, got the shade in a scissor grip and panted with the effort. I cursed the obscene monster as I fought. My sweat made my hands slippery. The shade was devouring me now; it was creeping with horrible malevolence down my body, digesting my clothes, my flesh, my bones. I gave a superhuman plunge and managed to free my head. The undulating folds of the shade, like an army of loathsome snakes, pulsed dully, breathing heavily from the exertions, waiting.... waiting to spring.

It knew it had my measure. It knew it could render me defenceless whenever it chose. I began to back away, trembling, scared, horrible visions floating before my eyes. My back struck the table, I teetered, slipped, and fell. Straight down into the hungry, gaping, waiting maw of the clam. It snapped shut like an Underground train door.

I beat frenziedly on the imprisoning walls. I kicked and thrashed and yelled. The rippling walls around me tightened, contracting, irresistible mountains of mindless madness. This, I knew with fearful clarity, was the end. I was balled up like a fish in another fish's stomach. Maybe I did distend the clam a little - digestive acids would soon take care of that.

And it was then that a cool, scientific, detached and absolutely fearless brain took over.

Blessed daylight penetrated the inky darkness of the tomb. Fresh, sweet air billowed in, filling my starved lungs. I drank in the nectar, gasping, shuddering with remembered horror. I took the shade with rough, merciless hands, thumped it into shape, hoisted it on its copper wire, thrust it firmly into position. I gave a final triumphant twist to the copper wire, pushed my hair out of my eyes, stroked my beard and stood back, feeling powerful and masterful and completely in control of the situation.

And the brain? Well - whose do you think it was?

Anjou - my imaginary diplodocus - of course.

H. KEN BULMER.

---oOo---

(Reprinted from "STEAM" Volume 3,  
No. 2. Dated Winter 1956. An  
OMPA magazine published by H.Ken  
Bulmer for the tenth mailing of OMA)

# 34 The AMERICAN MAGAZINES

reviewed by  
TERRY JEEVES

rating A to F

Maybe I'm losing my sense of wonder. On the other hand, it could be that I'm just hard to please. Whatever the reason, the current crop of S.F. doesn't exactly have me shouting for joy. There are a few good items, one or two real stinkers, but most of the stories take a good line, and then bore you to tears by dragging it out. The result is a heavy C-D weighting. Rather like potatoes, they neither make, nor break, but a diet of them can be awfully dull. Bearing this in mind, let's take a look at

## ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....Sep.1958

FOGHEAD, by Christopher Anvil, deals with the perils facing a spaceman who volunteers to set up the receiving station for a matter transmitter, deep in the heart of enemy held space. His troubles include a hostile environment, and an enemy expedition on a similar mission. He also has troubles with his own unusual crew, but finally solves his main problem, after some typically Anvil action. Rating B, and I still think Anvil is Russell.

HARVEST TIME, a piece by James H Schmitz, deals with a power grabbing beurocrat on a world undergoing a Colonial Survey. His actions are foiled in a manner usually shunned by heroes, and this presumably acts as a warning to the rest of his department to stay in line. Rating C

THE QUARRY, by Gordon Dickson, is a perfectly horrible piece of fascination concerning two children and a broken toy. It gets broken fairly often, and so needs frequent repair work. What makes interesting reading, is the nature of the toy. Rating B

INTERVIEW, by D.L.Morris, brings together Merlin, and a modern reporter. Merlin has updated his equipment to include, among other things, a 'Mixmaster', even so, the story would make a good fanzine reject. Being kind hearted, I give it F

BASIC AGREEMENT, by Avis Pabel, is the kind of story I don't like to read. It makes me feel sorrow, pity, and a lump in the throat. Concerning a frightened little girl, and a 'something', and taking only a few short pages, I venture to rate it A.

WE HAVE FED OUR SEAS, concludes the Poul Anderson serial. This has turned out to be a long winded piece concerning an interstellar flight. The ship gets marooned in space, and a complicated gadget has to be built if they are to get home. It gets built, but instead of home, they contact aliens. Before the journey, and after the return, the yarn is ruined by the usual long-winded philosophical run around about 'Why Go', and 'What About The People At Home' The space section rates B, but the padding drops this to a bare C, and its lucky to get that.



## GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION.....Oct. 1958

THE WIZARDS OF PUNG'S CORNERS, is a Pohl yarn concerning an attempt to infiltrate a radiation isolated American town. A gadget laden wizard representing a surplus-production-ridden America is frustrated by an overcomplex chain of command. Rating D

LISBON CUBED, handles an alien spy theme. William Tenn has the spider-like aliens disguised in human bodies. The hero has quite a time fooling them, until he gets cashiered. Definitely B

PARAMOUNT ULJ, is Avram Davidson's version of the Galactic test routine. This time, the testing twins flunk us because we fail to treat dead bodies properly. Obviously inspired by Knight's famous 'To Serve Man', it earns a C rating.

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR, is a Bloch yarn about an alien robot envoy. In addition to treating every wish as a literal want, the robot can read sub-vocal speech. This produces confusion when he rewards his host in a spine chilling manner. Another B

## VENTURE SCIENCE FICTION.....July. 1958

TWO DOOMS, by Kornbluth, transports an atomic scientist to a world in which America lost World War 2. Transport is via mushrooms and hot air. A lot more hot air pads the story, as the scientist finds the atom bomb is wanted back home. Give it C

CONTACT BETWEEN EQUALS, by A. Stroud, concerns a blind man who regains his sight, to find his wife conspiring with the surgeon. Mind transference, and a hostile alien round off the yarn. C.

THE BIGGEST DAMNED MARTINI IN THE UNIVERSE, by Novotny has the biggest title, and the smallest plot. If you can accept the moon having a liquid atmosphere, then you won't mind it being gin. Naturally enough, the first explorers corner the market. E.

THE MONEY TREE, is a Simak offering. In addition to the tree, we have some delightful (if improbable) aliens, who are being exploited by a racketeer. Sad to say, they get disgusted, and buzz off leaving the ending flat. Bottom of the B bucket.

LADY OF SPACE, is Lester del Rey advocating call girls in space. Once again, we are asked to believe that a Lunar station could only be established by a lady of joy keeping the men happy. The first Martian trip flops because she isn't there, so she stows away on trip 2, and the happy (though tired) crew, succeed. No mention of what happens to the Lunar station....Call it D.

## ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....OCT. 1958

THE BIG FRONT YARD. (Simak) mysterious mice build a portal to another world. Trader steps in, and swaps cans of paint for the secret of anti-gravity. Comfortably average. C

BIG SWORD (Paul Ash) an alien tries to ward off a survey party. A telepathic adolescent smoothes the troubled waters, and gets his dad a girl. Could have been good, but drags. Rating D

AND CHECK THE OIL (Randall Garret) has a crash landing alien ship investigated by scientists. A woman scientist does a strip tease and solves the problem. Ugh. Give it E.

YELLOW PILL (Phillips) a psychologist cures a 'patient', who cures him. Complicated, but pleasing. Rating C

FALSE IMAGE (Williams) is another alien contact. A mistaken bit of help nearly causes disaster, but contact telepathy brings sweetness and light. Worth every bit of an E rating. (I think)

.end.

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Leach's Farm, Lynn Road,  
Walsoken, WISBECH, Cambs.

## BOOKS:

- KRAKATIT: Karel Capek (Geoffrey Bles, London, 1925, 416pp) very fine copy, 1st edition, advance review copy., no dust wrapper 10/-
- PORTALS OF TOMORROW: edited August Derleth (Cassell, London, 1956, 214pp) Fine copy in dust wrapper 8/6
- THE LAST REVOLUTION: Lord Dunsany (Jarrolds, London, 1951, 192pp) Near mint copy first edition, signed by author. 5/-
- THE SUN QUEEN: H. Kaner (Kaner Pub. Co. Llandudno, 1946, 204pp) near mint copy in dust wrapper 3/6
- THE REFUGEE CENTAUR: Antoniorrobes (Twayne Publishers, New York, 3.00, 1952, 245pp) near mint copy in dust wrapper 17/-
- SATELLITE ! Erik Bergaust & William Beller (Doubleday Book Club edition, 240pp) mint in dust wrapper 10/6
- THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT: Mark Clifton & Frank Riley (Gnome Press, New York, 3.00, 1957, 189pp) mint copy in d/w 16/-
- ACROSS TIME: David Grimell (Avalon Books, N.Y., 2.75, 1957, 223pp) new copy 17/6
- DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE: A. Merritt (Grandon Co., Rhode Island, 295pp, frontis. by Finlay). Fine copy in d/w 15/-
- AMERICAN POCKET BOOKS MAD STRIKES BACK (Mad Comics anthol) EARTHMAN, COME HOME: James Blish (Avon T225); MAN OF EARTH: Algis Budrys (Ballentine 243); DEADLY IMAGE: Edmund Cooper (Ballentine 260); ACROSS TIME: David Grimell with INVADERS FROM EARTH: Robert Silverberg (ACE Double D-286): new & mint copies 3/6 each, good used copies 5/3 each.
- BRITISH POCKET BOOKS THE SUPERNATURAL READER: Groff and Lucy Conklin (WDL Books) 2/6; THE CAVES OF STEEL: Isaac Asinov (Panther) 2/6; THE PEBBLE IN THE SKY: Isaac Asinov (Corgi) 2/6; THE CHRYSALIDS: John Wyndham (Penguin) 2/6; PROJECT JUPITER: F. Brown (Digit) 2/-
- MAGAZINES Astounding Science Fiction USA 1948 Nov. Dec. 3/- each.. 1949 Feb. Mar. Apr. May. Jul. Aug. Sep. Oct. Nov. Dec. 3/- NEW WORLDS Nos. 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, vg 1/6

The above items are extracted from Vol. IV, No. 9 of our monthly catalogue; issued free to all regular customers or at 4d per issue to "casual" purchasers. In addition to the lengthy lists of books, pbs and magazines available, each issue of the catalogue contains a report on "THE AMERICAN SCENE" by Edward Wood.

The first B.S.F.A. Convention is scheduled for Easter weekend, 1959. To help us put on a programme which will be worthy of this auspicious occasion, you are asked to fill in this form and return it to :-

Bob Richardson,  
19, Courtier's Drive,  
Bishop's Cleeve,  
Glos.

It would be a great help, if you would write CONVENTION PROGRAMME on the envelope.

Here is a list of the items found to be the most popular at previous Conventions. Will you mark those you would like to see on our programme, and as we want the most popular items on the Saturday and Sunday (When most members will be present), please put a number alongside each item, to indicate your order of preference. i.e. 1 for first choice, 2 for second choice, etc.

FANCY DRESS MASQUE BALL  
FILM SHOW (Including films made by S.F.  
HYPNOTISM DEMONSTRATION                      groups)  
AUCTION OF BOOKS, MAGS, AND ARTWORK  
SCIENCE FICTION QUIZ OR BRAINS TRUST  
(You ask the questions, THEY answer 'em)

The remaining space is for you to add any suggestion you may have. i.e., any items not listed above, which you would like to see included in our programme. All suggestions, advice, and constructive criticism will be of help to us, and besides, we'd like you to feel you had a hand in organising this....

'CON TO BEAT ALL CONS'

The results of this 'poll' (for want of a better name) will be in the next issue of VECTOR.

Don't forget to sign your name, because :

THIS IS FOR BSFA MEMBERS ONLY.

Signed ..... No....

The back of this sheet has been left blank, in case you wish to make any extensive suggestions...or offers of help.