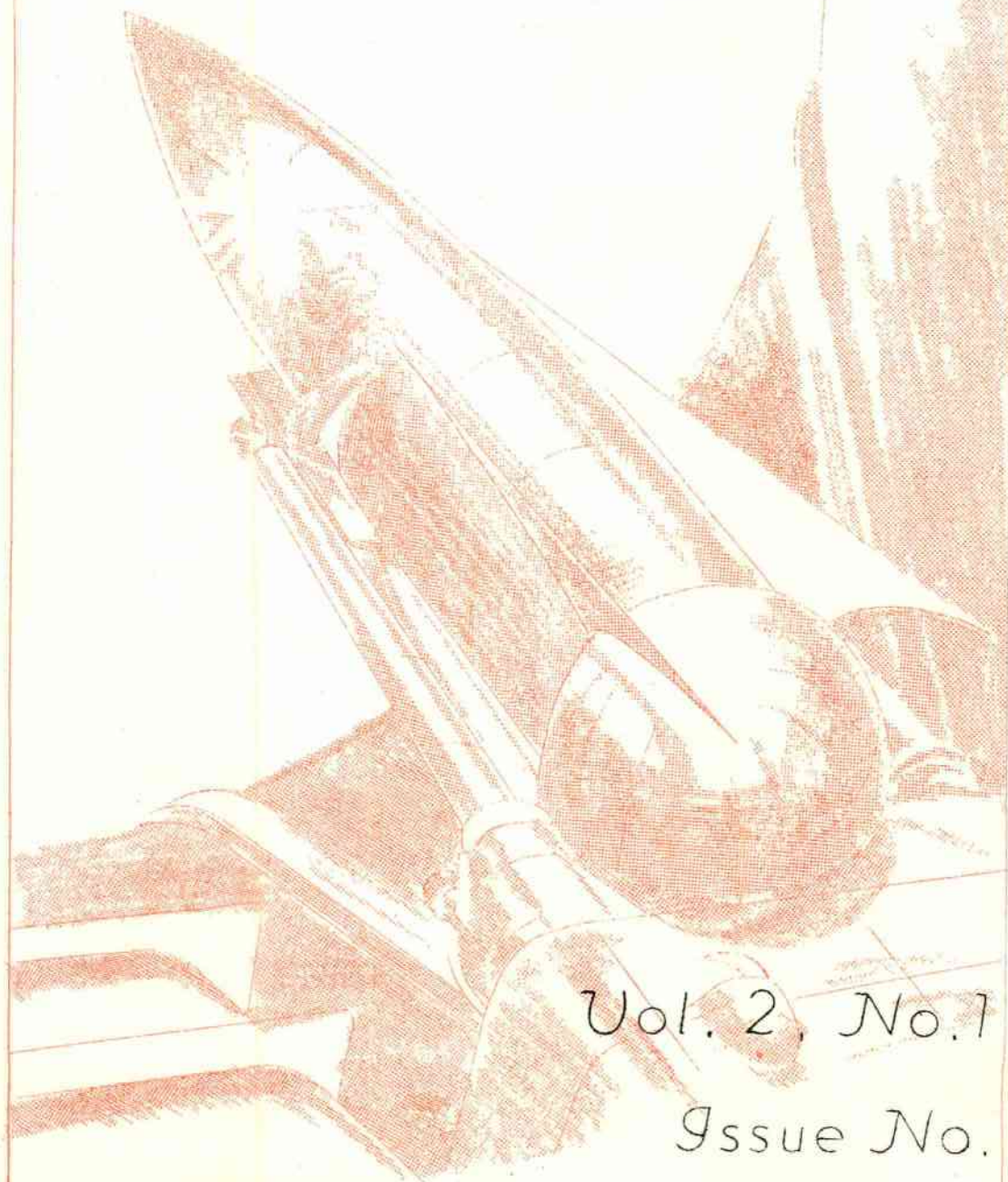


SPACE DIVERSIONS



Vol. 2, No. 1

Issue No. 4

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COVER by D.S.MacKAY, INTERIOR ARTWORK Pages 1,8,11,14,16,22,25, 26, and 28, drawn and stencilled by D. S. MacKAY

SPACE DIVERSIONS. Vol.2. No.1. Editor	John D. Roles
Issue No.4. Producers	Norman L. Shorrock and David S. Gardner
Art Editor	D.S. MacKay

This product of free enterprise is bi-monthly, Unpartisan, Platonic (sometimes), non-Aristotleian (we hope) and free to all members of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society.

For those who are not included in this body, it costs 3/- per annum. (USA 15 cents for two issues or in exchange for your fanzine) If you are interested in "Issues, Problems and Concepts" (to use Mr. Jerome Bixby's tag for the type of mag we aim for) and have some Little Thing you think we may like, send it along for persual :-

Articles, stories etc for publication should be sent to,
John D. Roles, 26 Pine Grove, Waterloo, Liverpool 22
Items for 'Here and There' and official correspondence to,
David S. Gardner, 63, Island Road, Liverpool, 19
Subscriptions, exchanges, and letters of criticism to,
Norman L. Shorrock, 12A, Rumford Place, Liverpool, 3

SCIENCE-FICTION

BACK IN 1938 two schoolboys were raking a junkshop for hitherto undiscovered Captain Justice stories. I was one of them. We had no luck, of course -- we had followed Captain Justice right from before the Flying Cloud through his improbable adventures with the Earthquake Maker, the Sea Eagles, Dynamicus, the Secret Kingdom, the Weed Men.... There wasn't much hope of discovering anything we might have missed.

Defeated, we looked with mild interest at a lurid magazine all in yellows and blues, called THRILLING WONDER STORIES. We took it away with us to see what it was like.

We weren't immediately converted from Captain Justice to American science fiction. But the lead story was one of Henry Kuttner's Hollywood on the Moon novelettes, and we agreed we could take more of them. So very soon we made the acquaintance of AMAZING STORIES and ASTOUNDING, the only other SF magazines at the time. We also read WEIRD TALES occasionally and were entranced by Seabury Quinn.

I N T R O D U C I N G

J. T. M'INTOSH

STARTLING STORIES started in 1939, and we became Weinbaum fans. But soon after that the flow of U.S. magazines into this country stopped. And with it our connection with SF, for nearly 10 years.

After the war we were at university, my friend and I, both writing -- he a leading undergraduate humorist, and I producing a series of heavy novels. But there was no science-fiction.

I had always meant, when it was possible, to see what had happened to the U.S. magazines. But it wasn't until 1950, when I had graduated, that I took out a sub to ASTOUNDING -- now aSF. Working for a degree and learning a new job, sub-editing on a newspaper, had cut down writing.

Having seen aSF, AMAZING and TWS, though, I could see no reason why J.T.M'Intosh shouldn't become known to American readers. I wrote a science-fiction story and sent it off, starting at the top --aSF. There wasn't any GALAXY then, so the question of whether or not aSF was the top didn't arise.

PERSONALITIES

Back came a cheque for the story. I'd like to say I'd expected this, but I hadn't. I had hoped Campbell might make a few helpful comments, but hardly expected to sell to aSF at the first attempt, with what was really my first SF story.

However, now that it had happened, it was obvious that writing for American magazines was easy. You just sent them stuff and they printed it, sending you large cheques the while. It didn't harm this theory at all when, a few weeks later, along came another cheque from PLANET for a story called "Safety Margin".

Then, as you might expect, the rot set in. I got a story back from aSF. I sent it to NEW WORLDS, and though Ted Carnell made helpful comments, he didn't buy it. Another story came back from SUPER SCIENCE. Another from WEIRD TALES. I almost came to the conclusion that writing for U.S. magazines wasn't easy.

But then I sold a novelette to PLANET, and they demanded two more.

About this time I decided that it was all very well selling stories in America, but after all I lived in this country. There were fans here, and if I only published in America I should be, as far as they were concerned, just another American SF author. So I dug out "Machine Made", quite a good story, I thought, and sent it to NEW WORLDS. It duly appeared and came out top of the poll for the issue.

Well, I needn't go into the rest of this story --- a list of published SF is added. But since almost every SF reader is a would-be writer it might be of interest how I work. You can compare it with how other authors work, and decide on the easiest and quickest way for you to make your fortune.

THE STARTING-POINT, naturally, is the idea. Let's trace a story back to see how it grew. Like the rest of you, I had read many stories where the electronic brain said one thing was so and was proved wrong. Nothing there. But suppose it said a thing was so, and it was so, but people refused to accept the edict because of factors the brain hadn't taken into account? Suppose, in fact, they said: "All this may be true, but we don't want to do as we're told. Let them find some other answer."

If SF is ever to become literature, it must concentrate on character and not science or fantasy. I'm not the only one who says so. You incipient writers are liable to get notes back from Gold and Campbell and Boucher and McComas and Reiss saying the idea is fine and your story's well written and worked out, but he can't believe in your characters. No one need worry about finding ideas for SF stories. I have never met an SF fan who couldn't give me a dozen. I don't use them because if I do the fan is liable to think it's his idea which made the story. That's nonsense. No idea can sell a story. Any stories I've still got on my hands are stories with unusually good ideas -- so good that I've got interested in the idea to the exclusion of the characters. So the story doesn't click.

Let's go back to this tale about the electronic brain. How would

it go? Well, on the one hand we have the brain issuing its edict. A thing must be so. (It doesn't matter what. People must do something, or must not do something, or must go somewhere, or mustn't go somewhere.) On the other hand, we have a small group saying they won't play. They don't say that the machine is wrong. They don't care whether it's wrong or not. They're just not going to do it, that's all.

At their head we have an oldish man who once held power of some kind, but has retired. He's stubborn, cunning, experienced in local politics. He's slow, but you can't rush him. He has friends who don't think as he does, because he is the kind of man who can have friends who think differently and can still be friends. He hasn't lost touch with the young people.

Well, you may not see it yet, but the story's almost complete. The whole thing can be built on what we have now. It's a simple matter to sketch in the details. Small group? A township which has to be evacuated. Why? Don't care. Call it economic necessity -- or anything else. Conclusion? Doesn't matter yet --- depends on how the characters work out.

The result of this was "Katahut Said No," which sold to GALAXY. I don't claim the story was outstanding. But there were no holes in the character work; in a few thousand words there was no attempt to rebuild the cosmos: there was no pseudo-science overbalancing the story.

I COULD NEVER see why people want to know what authors are like. Meeting them, yes -- I was glad to meet Arthur C. Clarke (for whom I have a very lively admiration), Bill Temple, Peter Phillips, Ted Tubb, Christopher Youd, and a few others at the London Circle last year. But dull facts on paper....

Oh well. I am twenty-seven and I wasn't christened J.T. M'Intosh. In my alter ego I am at the moment a sub-editor and will shortly be a school teacher. I have also at various times been a civil servant, professional musician (piano and saxophone), office boy, tutor, youth leader and other things too humorous to mention. I have an Honours degree in English (not nuclear physics). I am unmarried but looking around. Chief hobbies are psychology and photography.

Chief likes in literature -- Raymond Chandler, Jane Austen and Laurence Sterne. Nothing in SF, you see -- I don't think there has been a great SF author yet. Chief dislikes -- can't think of any at the moment.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention.

LIST OF PUBLISHED SCIENCE-FICTION AND FANTASY TO DATE.
(Excluding collaborations)

Planet Stories	Nov. 1950	Safety Margin
Astounding Science Fiction	Dec. 1950	The Curfew Tolls
Planet Stories	July 1951	Venus Mission

New Worlds	Sum. 1951	Machine Made
Planet Stories	Sept. 1951	Sanctuary, Oh Ulla
New Worlds	Win. 1951	When Aliens Meet
Science Fantasy	Win. 1951	Then There Were Two
Super Science	Aug. 1951	Outpost Zero
Galaxy	Jan. 1952	Hallucination Orbit
New Worlds	Mar. 1952	The World That Changed
Other Worlds	Apr. 1952	Tradition
Galaxy	Apr. 1952	Katahut Said No
Planet Stories	May 1952	The Reluctant Colonist
New Worlds	July 1952	The ESP Worlds
Science Fantasy	Autumn 1952	The Stichen In Time
Fantasy And Science Fiction	Oct. 1952	Talents

Accepted but not yet in print:

Ziff-Davis (Fantastic??)	A Man's A Man
Galaxy	Made In U.S.A.
Fantasy and Science Fiction	One In Three Hundred
Fantasy and Science Fiction	Beggars All
Doubleday & Co. Inc.	Novel as yet untitled.

The End

.....

OPERATION SPACESHIP.

Those of you who were at the Mancon, may remember the drawing of the Spaceship designed by our Artist Don MacKay.

For the information of those who were not there, this was the first extra-solar ship designed primarily for biological surveying. Full details are shown, including a pinna-ace in launching position.

Photographic copies of the Zoon are now available, size 8½" x 6½", @ 2/9 post free (which is cost to us) Anyone wishing to secure a copy should write to :-

H. S. Nuttall
3 Melwood Drive,
West Derby,
Liverpool 12.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

THE SCIENCE-FICTION POLL

As we are going to press before the deadline (Dec. 26th.) no final results are yet to hand. Forms have been drifting in regularly during the last few weeks, and in reply to several kind enquiries we fully intend to publish a "full dress" survey of results. If you haven't yet sent yours, the address is: - N.L. Shorrocks, 12A Rumford Place, Liverpool 3.

A N I N T R O D U C T I O N

by Stan Nuttall

It is perhaps, politic here to introduce to you our tame artist Donald MacKay. Having known him for some fifteen years I am probably the person best qualified to do this. I am leaving myself open to all comers by admitting to knowing him at all, as usually when someone asks about him I look vacant and disclaim all associations with him. I have my honour to uphold.

He achieved distinction at school as the only member of the class to reach, with unfailing regularity, bottom place and was elected "the boy least likely to succeed". This early prophecy has since been adequately fulfilled.

His appearance is likely to startle one. Tall, slim, a shock of hair and one front tooth missing are the first items to meet one's eyes. The latter he insists, makes him look distinguished. However, he tends to confuse the term 'distinguished' with 'idiotic'. The startling features are, however, the tendrils growing by his ears. He tells me, without much conviction, that he has already heard conversations with them. My own view is that if he'd wash behind his ears, the tendrils would disappear and, also, if he will insist on listening at keyholes, he can't help hearing other people's conversations. He is married and his wife poor soul, explains this away by saying, "I was insane at the time". I am inclined to believe this statement.

In regard to that painful subject, his art, you will have observed that he has had no training. How right you are. Two Art masters left and one shot himself after trying to show MacKay that the human head is not a cabbage with holes in it. He has since been called "old vegetable head" (no resemblance to "The Thing".)

His usual method of drawing is to roughly sketch something out and then pass it to someone of higher intelligence (of which there are upward of fifty-five million in this country alone) so that they may tell him what it is he has drawn. The last one he passed to me looked like a Venusian ground-hog, so I politely told him that it was an excellent sketch of an hippopotamus. He was delighted and told everyone how good he was at drawing hippopotami. This etching was later exhibited as 'Tiger Searching for Mate' and was acclaimed by a lot of gentlemen with long hair and corduroy trousers and ladies in tweeds, short hair and carrying shooting sticks as, "the finest example of Surrealistic artwork this decade". MacKay then proceeded to put his foot in it by enquiring as to what Surrealist artwork was. It then transpired that his sketch was hung upside-down. He has not since been asked to hang anything - except himself, of course.

You will, from now on, be treated to regular examples of his work, but you may console yourself by a reminder that you haven't paid your sub. yet and anyway the work was really done by Dali when he was drunk.

I end, then, by giving you - and I don't want him back - Donald MacKay.

(The libel action MacKay v. Nuttall will be reported in a later issue.

- Ed.)



THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

by D. MacKay

DO YOU remember the fairytale of the Glass Mountain? How, when you were children, you were told the story of the enchanted princess who lay upon the top of the pyramid of glass, the prize of the first man to reach her? Do you remember the prince who was eventually successful? A pretty tale, it held us spell-bound then - it holds us spell-bound now; for we stand at the foot of a glass mountain today.

Beyond this planet -- the void. A barren, illimitable, vacant oblivion, in which titanic forms of flaring energy are as pinholes of light in a blanket. This is your glass mountain. Mankind is the prince who will attempt to scale it. The princess is a little hard to place. Is she the mineral wealth which may lie within our neighbours in the Solar System? Or is she merely the gratification of man's unbounded curiosity? Which-ever she is, the price seems to have shrunk when compared with the hazards.

To begin with, we have our first leg of the ascent, the leap into space from Mother Earth. This will be accomplished within the next twenty or thirty years, that much is certain. But we of the science fiction fraternity look upon this as a simple elementary step, a mere formality, a piffling prelude to the conquest of space. Our minds are among the stars, we have lost sight of our feet. Our worlds of fantasy, our civilisations of Rigel and Antares have blinded us to the enormity of this first step. We are planted on a rolling rock and held there by a force we call gravity, which must be overcome completely before we are free. Overcome this we definitely will; each day brings it's conquest nearer.

Now for the landing on the moon. Every illustration I have seen of this event shows a complete success; happy little men in space suits survey their home, a blue bowl in an incredibly black sky, before performing the routine return trip. I have made a rough sketch of the first landing as I think it will be. It shows a ship with her stabilisers twisted beyond recognition, and a rope ladder hanging from an open air lock gives mute indication of a survivor's plight. There is much to be learnt about landing a vessel stern first upon inhospitable ground. We have no practice place. This first trip is as liable to court disaster as any undertaken by man. Still it will be accomplished. By the way, have you ever tried to climb a slippery inclined surface? Your first rush carries you so far, and there, by flattening your hands against it, you can stay. Of course your arms eventually begin to ache and your feet to slip, but you can remain for quite some time before the strain brings you back to earth.

The planets hold another lure that might well be our princess: the promise of alien life forms. Who knows what mankind may find? We do.... but we blind ourselves in the hope that these globes may hold animated tentacled monstrosities that will attack us. What a deliciously creepy thought. I believe that life had its spring upon Earth, that the pioneers

of the planets will carry their culture and species to these distant worlds and then will come the new life forms, the change that will enable a man to live in a rarified atmosphere, or under an enclosing structure in artificial light from birth to death.

Should mankind ever relinquish his grasp upon the planets, should his feet slip and the lines of communication part, then you will have your monsters a-plenty. See how on this Earth the different nations have developed, separated only by a few thousand miles of sea, or perhaps only by an imaginary line. So should this ever happen, then watch the stars, for home is always a temptation, and the exile does not always think fairly of his position. A person dwelling under an artificial sky may look with envy upon those who he is told live in a warm and pleasant world of green grass and white clouds and, when he comes, who shall say what he will bring as his visiting card? But here is a word of cheer: what I have said about our difficulties will apply to them, only perhaps more so, they will have to land on a planet of greater gravity and if they crash, whether they come in peace or not, there will be those back home who will count it a defeat. There will be your warning and your tentacled monstrosities, more, or less.

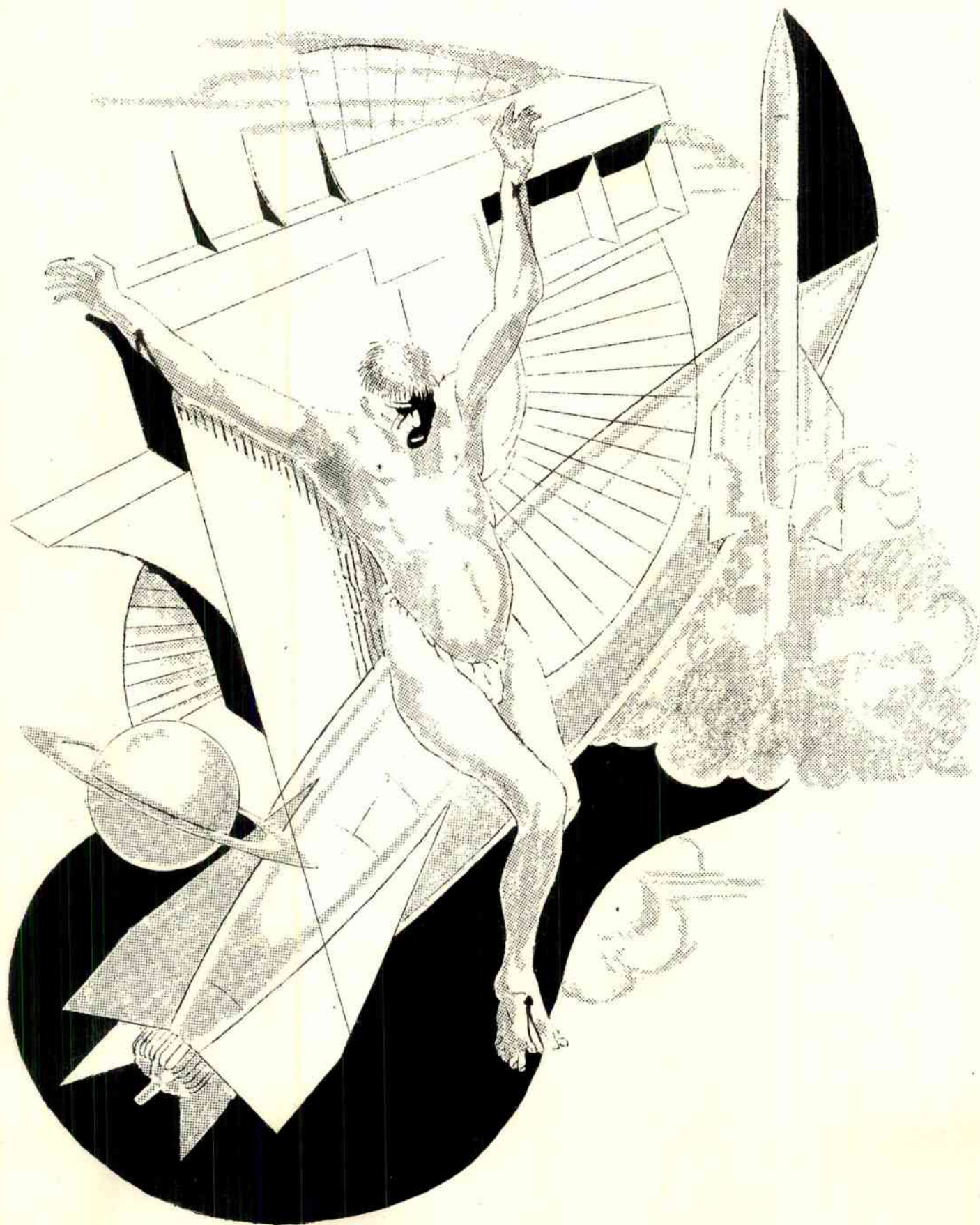
But why should our lines of communication fail? Why shouldn't we progress beyond the nearer planets? What will hold us back? We all want to go of course, but our reasons for travelling are different. The moon would make a fine platform for a telescope wouldn't it? It would also make a fine military base to subdue our own kind on Earth and so long as we cannot be certain of our neighbours, our feet will slip. So we will make our own glass mountain out of our greatest venture by the very means that have forced our progress thus far -- war and the fear of war.

Mankind, I am often told, will find his salvation in the stars. (This Earth, in my opinion, will find in it his extinction!) The stars will be a wider battle-ground that's all, so he will fall, back to the place he sprang from. It will be the first failure of the human race, the premier mass frustration, and who knows what results that may have. It has not happened yet, sureness in his invincibility painted those successful landings on the Moon. But beware!.....Pride cometh in the first place.... the fall follows fast.

Still, for all my gloomy forebodings, someone, somewhere, will take the chance and make his run at those long, slippery slopes. With that first trembling tendril of flame that flutters from the exhausts of the rocket, the great attempt will begin. I know that as the power strengthens that feeble flame into a pulsing pillar of power, and hurls the roaring craft to the skies, so will the pulse of determination beat stronger in the hearts of the ignorant people, who hear not a paean of assured success but a hymn to dubious endeavour.

I know you don't agree, so here is a point of harmony to end with: It is only when the rocket bearing its human freight is out of sight, and the wild, wide skies hold incumbent the white wake of their passing, that we shall truly know. For speculation, be it ne'er so rare, is at best the half-brother to a lie.

THE****END



YOU'LL FIND THEM
ALL
in

Forrest J. ACKERMAN

Sydney J. BOUNDS

H.J. CAMPBELL

A. Bertram CHANDLER

E. Everett EVANS

Peter HAWKINS

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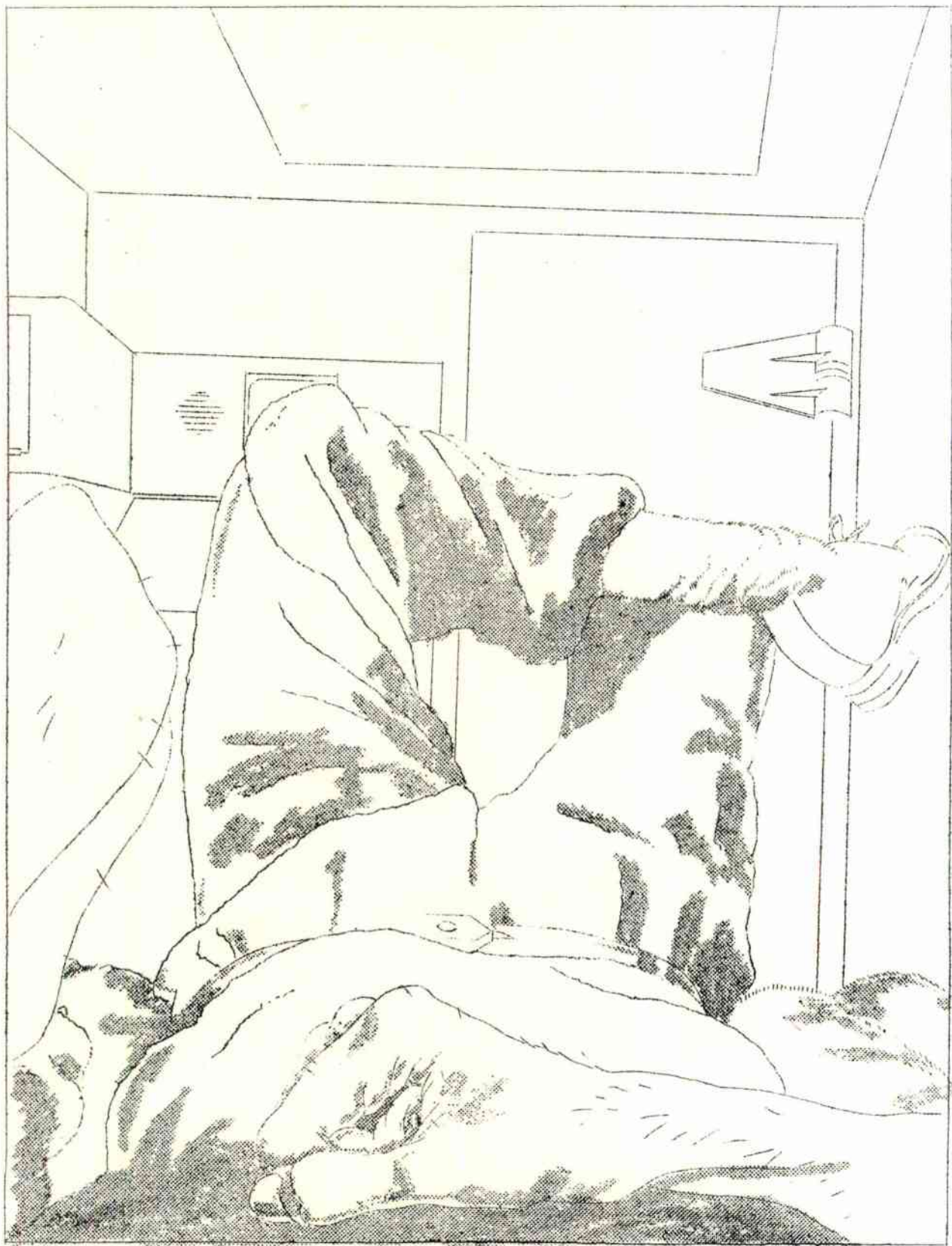
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YOU'RE COOPED UP IN A BOX

BLACKOUT

By Dave Gardner

"....YOU'RE COOPED up in a box - a metal box, and you don't know a thing that is going on about you. There's not a sound except for the fellow next to you breathing and talking. You try to get to your feet and find that you haven't got any, you just float. Your head and your hands are your feet but you can't get the right way up. You..."

"For God's sake shut up, Jones. You're driving me crazy!"

"All right so I talk too much - you've told me that. But what else is there to do? I can't just sit here and twiddle my thumbs. I've never been the sort to do that. Why I remember...."

Pearson attempted to shut out the drone. He buried his head against the padding of the acceleration seat and stuffed his fingers into his ears. He couldn't stand very much more of Jones. Soon his self-restraint would break, and when that happened he'd be alone. Alone in space somewhere between Earth and the Moon. Alone because Jones would be dead. He took his fingers from his ears. "Jones," he shouted, and found that it helped. "Jones!"

"Well, what is it this time? Got cramp and want your stomach muscles massaged?"

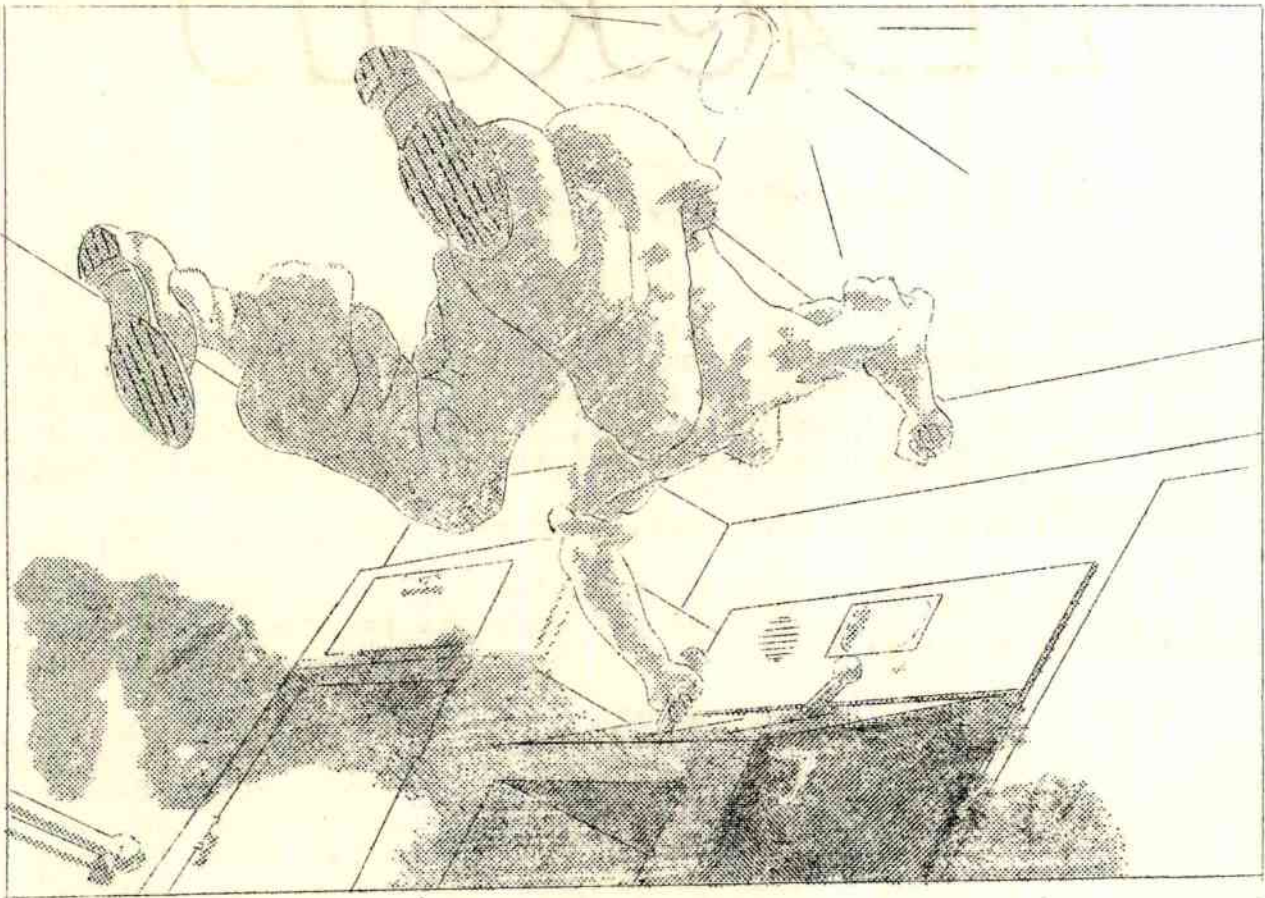
"Funny man! Jones the humorist! You're killing me! I'm telling you for the last time, Jones, that if you don't cut it out I'll....Oh what's the use. Pass me a water capsule!"

"What do you think I am, Pearson? Your personal lackey. Get one yourself if you really want a drink. Me, all I want is a smoke." He yawned and sank back.

Pearson loosed the straps and pushed himself clear of the padding. He floated across to the far wall and unclipped a plastic can. After a moment he grinned.

"Just one little drag, Jones. Just one puff at a cigarette. Can't you feel the bite as the smoke curls down your throat and into your lungs. Consider it, Jones. It would make a new man of you and it's the nearest you'll get to the real thing until you're back on Earth again. Six days to go. That's all. Ten days for the round trip to the Moon and back. Not much - not much if you don't smoke."

He looked down at Jones and saw his chest rising and falling rhythmically, eyes closed, body relaxed. For a moment Pearson contemplated waking him, making him listen, but dismissed it. Instead,



he glided over to a wall lever and hammered it with his clenched fist. He couldn't do it when Jones was awake. It wouldn't do to let Jones know that he, too, wanted to see if there was anything beyond the hull but space and the far distant twinkling of bright stars.

The lever remained jammed and the metal plates shielding the ports would not slide back. Resigned, he floated over to his seat and strapped down. He had never realised before just how quiet it was when Jones wasn't talking his head off. It was almost like being in a lead-lined coffin with the lid tightly closed and all earthly things far away. So silent that he could almost hear his mind ticking over. It was telling him that he was a hero, one of the first two men to ever voyage into space. That he and Jones were opening new frontiers to mankind, and the eyes of all Earth were upon them. That win or lose they shared everything for they were a team.

Suddenly he found that he no longer hated Jones. Jones had his faults, but then so did he - nobody was perfect, it was just a matter of give and take.

"Jones," he said, and paused. Then louder, "Pete!"

Jones half opened his eyes. "Now what's the matter?"

"I'm sorry."

"What have you got to be sorry about?"

"I....forget it. Go to sleep again. It wasn't important."

"If you say so. Good night."

A man wants to go to sleep and so he calls it night. Night with a lamp burning overhead. A light that never flickers for a moment - a light that defies both day and night because you are in a space ship and you don't know when they are due. But you have to say something, so, "night."

2

PEARSON OPENED his eyes and rubbed the sleep from them. His hand passed down over his face, fingering the heavy growth. He heard Jones moving about and sat upright, freeing the straps that held him down. "You know what, Pete."

"No, what?"

"When we get back to Earth I'm going to get me a dozen razors and have the finest shaves that money can buy."

"Feel that way myself, this beard itches like the very devil."

Pearson swung himself along the handrails and stopped behind Jones. He had unscrewed the interior plating from around the shutter release bar and was looking into the exposed mass of coloured, coiling wires and leads. "I guess it's about time we did have another look at that thing," Pearson said. "I guess you want to see the outside as much as I do. What do you make of it?"

"Not much I'm afraid. Swing that lever down and that completes the circuit. Then, hey presto! The plating slides back into the hull and the ports are clear. But," he turned to Pearson, "how do you get that to happen when this blessed thing won't budge an inch? It must be jammed somewhere around there." He kicked the joint.

"Do that again! Kick it you fool. Kick it!" Pearson pulled himself down, his legs trailing above his head.

Jones gave it another kick, harder this time.

"It moved a bit. I think I've cleared it." Pearson's voice was muffled. "Push the lever." He floundered into a semi-upright position.

"What...?"

"A sliver of metal turning. It's so small it's a wonder I saw it this time. Here it is, stuck in my finger." He held out his hand but Jones was not interested. He was gently pushing the lever down, his breath stilled as it moved lower and lower without hinderance. A click, and it was home.

Pearson worried the sliver from his finger with his teeth and spat

it out. He started to follow Jones over to the ports when his ears caught an unfamiliar sound.

Beepbeep. There it was again.

They forgot the ports and pushed over to the panel above Jones' acceleration seat. Looking curiously at the small screen and the pin-point of light winking on and off in time to the beeps.

"There she is, George. Old Lady Moon making us welcome."

Pearson frowned. "I don't think this is right, Pete. We're supposed to circle the moon and let the cameras take close-ups of the surface. We aren't supposed to come in dead on for that purpose, and the light shouldn't be in mid screen."

Jones grunted understanding and they looked towards the ports and then back to each other.

"Pete, those plates haven't moved. We're no better off than we were before!" For some reason his mouth felt full of saliva. He swallowed and felt it creeping back round his teeth. His spine had unaccountably tightened, and then he knew that this feeling was fear. He felt as though he wanted to laugh and cry, but he didn't feel upset - only cold and empty inside. He became conscious of a voice and a grip on his arm. He shook himself free of the hold but he could not shake off the voice. Something struck his face and he jerked back.

"George! George!"

"Yes." Pearson heard the sound of his own voice and it brought him round quicker than any slap. It was toneless, void of any feeling and expression, empty and dull. God, he thought, was that me?

"Yes?" he said again, and this time it sounded right.

"You had me scared for a moment, George. I've never seen anyone look as bad as that. You looked sort of lost and peculiar."

"I'm all right, it was nothing. I was thinking, that's all."

"I was telling you," Jones said, "that the ports are cleared. The signal lights on the panel are lit."

"Yes, of course they are, I hadn't noticed. Let's get closer though, I can't see anything from here."

Hand over hand they guided their movements towards separate ports.

"George, I can't see a thing! What..., what's it like your side?"

So now Jones has that feeling, too. Pearson smiled at his reflection in the port. He's as scared as I am. He licked his lips, "What's it like, Pete. I'll tell you. It's like nothing - nothing at all. There's not a glimmer of light anywhere. It's as black as pitch. No stars - no Earth - no Moon - no Sun. There's not a living or moving thing but us and this ship." He fell silent and took to watching his bearded, mocking face which mirrored all he felt.

Jones wedged himself into his seat and started to sob. Rocking back and forth in time to the beepbeep of the radar signal. Pearson let him cry himself dry before moving from the port and coming across.

Clumsily he patted Jones on the shoulder. "I know how you feel, Pete, but that won't get you anywhere. It's better to think." Mechanically, if the lights on the panel were to be believed, there was nothing wrong. The plates covering the ports should now be in the hull cavities. There was no such thing as faster than light travel, and the glass in the ports would have been tested - probably in a vacuum. Therefore, the solution lay in themselves, and not in the ship. "Tell me, Pete, what sort of a medical did they give you?"

That was unexpected. Jones tugged his ear reflectively. He could still hear the radar beeps drumming in his ears and he didn't like it. They reminded him of where he was. He reached out and cut off the set. Pearson tensed and then allowed his body to relax as Jones did nothing to promote alarm. One by one Jones covered the various tests he had undergone, Pearson checking them off on his fingers.

"And then," Jones concluded, "they passed me. Gave me papers to sign saying that I was willing to be a guinea pig in the advancement of science. Effects of cosmic rays on the human body et cetera, and packed me off home for a week."

"The same with me, Pete. But why pick us two out of all those volunteers? We've got no special qualifications for the task, and you can't tell me that none of the others passed their medicals. It was just an ordinary checkup, and that's what's wrong. You see, Pete, in my opinion they missed out on two very important things. Know what they are?"

Jones shook his head.

"Nerves, Pete, and mental stability." He waited for a reply and got none. "It's like this. Space flight is an unknown. We who volunteered for it were creating a precedent, and they didn't know how we'd act up to it. They didn't because they couldn't! What effect would the immensity of empty space have on a man's mind? You can think about it back on Earth, but you can't draw any definite conclusions because you can't put yourself in the position of being in space. Of being in a small compartment thousands of miles from anywhere or anything substantial."

"So what?"

"So your subject could go stark raving mad, or might become wrapped solely within himself. Unable to adapt his mind and body to the situation in which he was placed. Put two men together for company. Two are your limit because that's your total payload.

"Now those two men are going to be locked up together for a long period and they have to stay together. After a time tempers are liable to become frayed and trouble may start. They have nothing to do because everything is on automatic. They can do nothing but get on each other's nerves. Man's an unsociable beast even under favourable conditions, and these aren't favourable. Anything could happen," he thought back and shuddered, "even murder! If one or both of them are to survive

they have to be mentally stable and able to adapt to those strained living conditions. You see, the folks that started this thing don't like losing their guinea pigs."

"Look, George," Jones said, "maybe I'm dumb or something but I still don't see what you're driving at. You said yourself that they didn't test us for these capabilities; so you must be wrong."

"Like Hell I am, Pete! I believe that we've never left Earth. That this space ship hasn't budged a single inch from the field. And I bet the same thing has happened in at least a dozen other mock rockets all over the country, and the men inside them believe that they're in space!"

Jones backed away along the guide rail. Pearson was out of his mind, there was no doubt about that. The man was mad: he couldn't possible be serious.

"That send off with the news reporters was just a big hoax - a build-up." Pearson followed him. "I believe that they painted the outsides of the ports with black paint so that we can't see out and tell that we are still on Earth. That this place is rigged for sound and vision. That every single word we have spoken and each slightest move we've made has been permanently recorded. And that the acceleration strain at the start and now this 'free fall' have somehow been done artificially! We have no watches, and the chronometer has never worked. Everything we do is unpremeditated. We can make a guess at the time and to all intents and purposes we are entirely alone. We have no idea of where we should be because we can't coordinate distance with time - we are lost in space - or would be if I hadn't tumbled to their little game."

"Think, Pete, before they risk sending us into space they have to know our reactions and compatibility ratios to each other. And the way to learn that is to make us think that this is the real thing."

"George, you're right." Jones bubbled over with excitement and relief. "It all ties in now. Why! everything is all right: there's nothing to worry about - there never was."

"And there won't be when we make the real trip, either. It shouldn't be half as bad as what we've already gone through. And now they can watch how I sleep. I think I'll strap down and wait for them to open up and let us out. Wake me if you hear anything. Good night - if that's what it is!"

THEY BOTH SLEPT, and for a time all was silent except for their heavy breathing. Then came a sudden bucking of the ship and a jerk that tore them loose. Snapping the straps like cotton thread and flinging them from their seats.

Pearson came to first and found that he could stand on his feet again. It took him all his time to walk so used was he to floating, but he eventually reached Jones's side and slipped his arm under the other's shoulders.

There was a bump the size and shape of an egg on his right temple, and the skin around it was black and blue. "Now how did that happen?" Gently he let Jones slide back and withdrew his arm.

As if he had only just awoke from a dream Pearson noticed the broken straps. He became conscious that his wrist was sprained and the skin on his hand, scraped and bruised. That he had picked himself up off the floor and not from the seat, and that he could walk.

The test was over, the machines had been shut off. He felt relieved as he wandered round the small compartment - relieved and pleased with himself. Jones moaned and propped himself up on one elbow. The sound reminded Pearson that he wasn't alone and he turned towards him. "You all right, Pete?"

"Yes, I think so. Except for my head. I've got a hundred hammers pounding it!"

They heard the grating of metal upon metal and then the soft murmur of voices drawing closer. Pearson helped Jones to his feet. "Visitors,, Pete," he said unnecessarily.

4

"THE NAME'S POLDERS. Colonel Polders," the officer informed them. "I'm proud to be the first man to congratulate you both." He advanced with outstretched hand. "Gentlemen, the whole world is proud of you."

"So we made the grade okay?" Jones shook his hand.

"You most certainly did - you most certainly did. Now, before the doctors get hold of you..."

"Just a moment, Colonel!" Pearson winked at Jones. "We've a complaint to make about the viewing ports. We couldn't see out of the blessed things!"

"That's damned peculiar. Sergeant," Polders jerked his head towards the ports. "You heard what Mr. Pearson said, get somebody across from the labs to have a look at them.

"I only hope the cameras worked, if what you say is correct, the lenses might be ruined, too. However, that is no worry of yours. Now, gentlemen, it is my pleasure to present, in addition to the..."

"Listen here, Colonel," Pearson interjected. "This has gone on far enough! Hasn't it, Pete?"

Pete nodded agreement.

"It is my pleasure," Polders repeated unkindly, "to present, in addition to the Government cheques, two further ones which the Public insisted upon raising as a token of their warmest appreciation for your courage and self-sacrifice."

They looked at each other, their faces pale and tight. They turned to Polders.

5

"YES YES! Doctor, you'll find them in there." Polders dabbed at his split upper lip with a bloodstained handkerchief. "It's understandable in a way, I suppose. The strain of the past ten days must have been too much for them. I think you'll find a sedative in order, they need calming down!"

Yes, he thought, they need calming, the psychologists had thought of quite a number of crucial human factors involved in space flight. They had constructed six rockets. Five of them merely empty shells, the sixth - the real thing. They had worked out the approach needed to convince the men aboard the five dummy rockets that they had only been undergoing a psychological test. But, he winced as he pressed the handkerchief to his lips once more, some bf's had blacked out the ports on all of the six ships, and because of that the psychologists had slipped up over the real flight..

Naturally, they hadn't thought it would be necessary to convince the crew of the sixth rocket that they'd been in space for ten days and they'd circled the moon. No! It was the only thing they hadn't thought necessary. But, Polders rubbed his jaw, it had proved a most unwise oversight - and for him - a most painful omission!



THE

END

THE PHENOMENA OF SCIENCE-FICTION FILMS

By

STAN NUTTALL

A FAIRLY recent phenomena in the field of Science Fiction is the current interest shewn by Hollywood. Of course, even pre-war there were S/F films made, such as "Things To Come" but it is only of recent years that Hollywood has decided to go in for them in a big way. The reasons are not hard to discover. The wealth of S/F published in America and lately produced on T/V there, would inevitably have drawn the Film Producers eyes to this field, more especially the fact that S/F is now, more or less, accepted as "respectable".

A more important reason however is, I feel, the fact that Hollywood is desperately looking for an answer to its rival T/V. Something new is needed to pull its lost audiences back to the cinema. About the only thing that Hollywood hasn't seriously tried in the last few decades is S/F. And, of course, once someone makes a successful movie in any particular field everyone else must try his two dollars worth. So we'll be in for a glut of S/F films from now till the next cycle of ideas.

Here some of you are, no doubt, beginning to rub your hands in glee. You are a little premature. Just stop and look back over any particular field the movie industry has covered in the past and start raising a cynical eyebrow. How many are excellent? How many are mediocre? And how many are just plain awful?

You can answer that as well as me.

Now don't get the wrong idea. I do not for one moment think Hollywood incapable of making good movies. They can, when they so desire, make the worlds finest. But this isn't very often. And why not? For the simple reason that the Moguls of Beverley Hills are not there to make pictures primarily, they are there to make money.

Which isn't really surprising.

What to me is a little surprising is the attitude shewn by the Powers-that-be towards the average cinema audience. This being that the vast anonymity - known as 'picturegoers', are composed, in the main, of pin-brained morons whose intelligence rarely rises above the level of Abbott and Costello, and currently, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Certainly box office receipts, to a great extent, bear this out. And remember, the box office is the criterion by which Hollywood formulates

its policy. So one cannot altogether blame the producers for a lot of the mediocre stuff that is churned out. Sometimes I wonder, though, what their reactions are when films like 'Hamlet' and 'Henry V' start breaking records. It is apparent, however, that some producers do not subscribe entirely to this belief in unintelligent cinemagoers.

For which let us be truly thankful.

By now you are beginning to wonder what all this has to do with S/F. Well, I have just been trying to shew that Filmdom is not composed of virtuous idealists who will deal with the subject as they should - or as we think they should.

Heinlein has pointed out that only due to the persistence of himself and the director, the High-Ups would have filled "Destination Moon" with cowboys, chorus girls, Bing Crosby and the Moon-Maids.

See what I mean?

It is significant here to point out that "Destination Moon" while being an unexpected success in England was not, as far as I can gather, so successful in the U.S. Which doesn't argue too well for the future of this type of S/F film. One of the things we may expect is a playing down of science in American S/F films. This is quite apparent in "The Thing" when one compares it with the story. The picturegoers must be spoon-fed on this subject as, of course, they are not composed entirely of S/F fans. Alterations to the original story are a source of delight to script-writers (they have to earn their money somehow). So don't expect the film to be a carbon copy of the story. It might be better than the original, this has been known to happen. (Apart from the twist ending of the story "Farewell to the Master" I enjoyed the film version "The Day The Earth Stood Still" more). On the other hand it will probably be much worse. (I thought "Who Goes There?" infinitely better than the screen version "The Thing". There is no reason at all why the film need not have stuck more closely to the story as regards the turning into monsters of the various characters. It would definitely have been more intriguing - not to say - chilling).

As to films' effect on the attitude by the public to S/F, this will depend on what type of film Hollywood turns out. "Destination Moon" has a good effect, "Flight to Mars" the reverse. And, unfortunately, it would appear that "Flight to Mars" will be the prevailing type, and "Destination Moon" the rarity.

Let us hope that the above prophecy is not as gloomy as it sounds. Let us also hope that not too many boners are made, such as oversize meteorites that not only glow but rumble as they go by in space.

To finish on a pessimistic note I hear that Abbott and Costello are going to Mars in their latest film. Also Bob Hope is on the "Road to the Moon". This fills me with grim foreboding. All that now remains is for someone to make "Old Mother Riley Meets The Man from Mars" or, more likely, "Son of The Thing" and I shall deny ever having heard of Science Fiction!

THE END.

Galloping gophers!" he groaned. "This gets worse and worse; but anyway, it's good to be warm again." His normal optimism began to assert itself. He glanced hopefully down at his body, dissatisfied again to find that it was apparently the one which had blown up on his arrival on the moon, but without even that wisp of a negligee to cover its nudity. He jumped hastily back into the time-machine at the thought, but a swift search revealed nothing in the shape of clothes aboard.

Cautiously, he peered out of the port. The place seemed to be deserted. The only sign of life was a cat which approached the ship from the nearest building with feline composure and curiosity. Five yards from the open port it sat down, removed an invisible speck from the back of its right ear, arranged its paws and tail with artistic precision and raised its voice in a catty tone which Bunny did not understand.

"Miaw." It said, yawning rather sleepily, showing an enormous pink cavern, for it was quite a large cat. In fact it was a very large cat. The more Bunny saw of that yawn, the more that outsize cat impressed him. It was a truly enormous cat, a veritable giant of a cat - and it sat there about three cats high and four cats wide and said, "Miaw." Bunny was astounded.

How could such an immense cat in such alien surroundings behave in so ordinary a manner. It ought to roar at least. "Puss, puss, here pussy," he said emerging slowly from behind the ~~lock~~ door. The cat regarded him for a moment then devoted its attention to the fifty-ninth window on the right. Bunny tried again; he was learning patience. "Here pussy, nice pussy." No response except the cat transferred its attention eleven windows left.

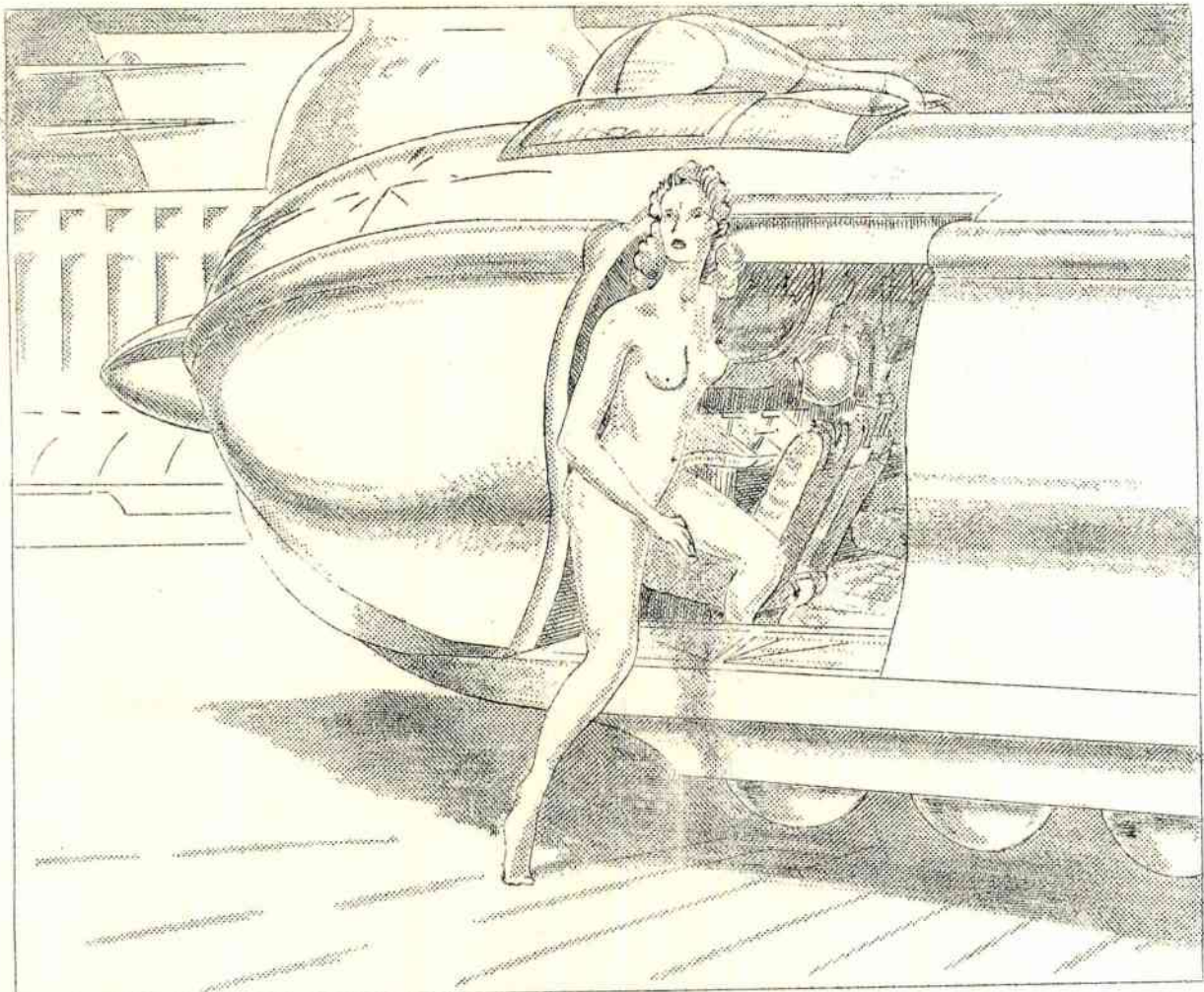
"Hell!" said Bunny. "The only two living things in this deserted city and you have to take no notice! I'm going nuts."

The cat observed him for several seconds. "Possibly," it said. "But I think not."

Bunny nearly jumped out of his skin. "I am nuts," he said in a forceful soprano. "Or maybe I'm dead again and that whisky-swilling pair of demons will turn up next."

"Be quiet," said the cat. "If you cannot be sensible, go away. I want to be alone."

"Not likely," fulminated Bunny. "The first time in millions of years that I have somebody to talk to, you want to go all Garbo." He jumped to the ground. "Where is everybody?" he asked plaintively. "Where are all the people?"



"HE JUMPED HASTILY BACK INTO THE TIME MACHINE...."

"Somewhere about," answered the cat. "But we are not a gregarious race; we do not seek companionship - except at certain times of the year."

"I didn't mean cats," said Bunny. "I meant people like me; men and women. What's your name anyway? Or shall I just say You?"

"All dead," answered the cat laconically. "And you may call me Joe; you could not pronounce my real name, it is mainly a mental sound which your race never did understand."

Bunny was getting used to shocks by now, even the realisation that he was the last of his kind couldn't faze him. "When did they die, and what killed them off?" he asked briefly.

Joe was equally brief. "Half a million years ago," he said, adding almost as an afterthought, "Rats!"

"Talk sense," pleaded Bunny. "And stop thinking of your stomach." He remembered what the cat had said about a mental name and opened his mind to try to understand this odd explanation. He discovered that while Joe said only half a dozen or so words, this

amazing animal filled in all the blank spaces in his mind for his his own satisfaction in a pedantic sort of way without expecting Bunny to understand at all, or caring in the least that he remained ignorant.

"It was shortly after men reached the moon," said Joe. "Rats went too, without invitation, and were mutated by the ship's engines. Most of them died, of course, but some of them survived for a short time and managed to return to Earth, where quite accidentally, they wiped out mankind with a disease which the mutant rats carried. A lot of other things disappeared, too, including non-mutant rats, and the mutants were sterile so they vanished as well. We had to make the men design robots for our mental control before they were killed off by the disease. It was a dreadful time, but we were soon masters of the world once more, with robot servants instead of men and women. It is fortunate that cats were unaffected by the disease."

Bunny followed most of this disquisition mentally as it was delivered, realising the unpalatable truth that even in his day cats had chosen their keepers, changing them when dissatisfied, and had achieved the paradox of remaining free and well fed - as pets! Perhaps this supercat could help him in some way. The short glimpse of the feline mind had revealed a tremendous store of knowledge he could not understand at all, as well as a terrific mental power underlying a vast inertia of laziness.

Joe's interest was aroused quite easily by the unusual problem presented and in less than two minutes was leading the way to one of the large buildings around the square. Apparently he knew nothing of teleportation in any form, being quite content to sit and think when he was not sleeping. When hunting he was very closely bound by the rules, which allowed only physical powers to be used against the quarry, the use of mental powers being forbidden in the interests of game conservation. It was too easy to use mental force against animals, and less exciting anyway.

THE ODDLY ASSORTED pair were no stranger than the queer room they entered together. It seemed to be a mixture of a fantastic marionette show and a swimming bath. Tiny men about two feet high stood motionless before various equipment of no apparent use, arranged in a semi-circle around a large, still pool.

"Water?" asked Bunny

"Yes," was Joe's reply.

"That's for me," said Bunny. "It's half a million years since I had a bath."

He dived into the pool, or tried to. He made a perfect dive until he reached about two inches from the surface, when he suddenly found himself flat on his beautiful belly, skidding as a rate of knots above the surface of the pool. Three seconds later he shot

up the slight slope at the opposite side. One of the little men lifted him to his feet again with surprising strength as Joe padded around the pool. "Thanks pal," said Bunny.

"The pleasure was all mine," answered the little man.

Bunny looked suspiciously at him, remembering how the dwarf had lifted him; until Joe said, "Don't worry, he is one of my best servants." His mind disclosed that the midgets were all robots under his mental control, but with limited free will action under which they kept the place clean and ready for use.

"The screen is to protect the dimensional lens, which is actually water in a state of strain. By variation of the forces acting on it the lens can be adjusted to an infinitely large number of planes of existence," explained Joe. "Further variation of forces enable me to see any part of any possible universe, so that I can explore all space, time, and size. In theory all possibilities. In practice I find it rather boring. Just watch."

The midgets moved some peculiar objects and the pool was a window into a world of darkness in which floated tiny jewels. As they neared one, it swelled, and vanished as Bunny realised it to be a star; its place being taken by twin planets which he recognised as Earth and the Moon.

They approached the Moon as a space ship left the port. Swiftly the spaceport grew in size as they approached until Bunny recognised the tow legged figures in clothes as men and women of his own race.

"No," said Joe. "That is before the destruction of mankind. They do not now exist."

The view passed over the vast lunar chasms and mountains until on a high peak he saw himself appear only to burst asunder. He watched as the pieces gradually came together until he again stood on that same peak, unbreathing true, but not bursting. He saw himself appear outside the spaceport unmindful of the vacuum about him, to find the empty ships and shops, the yards and yachts, their builders destroyed by that corrosively deadly disease.

A few seconds of semi-mental communication with Joe, and the dimensional lens had re-focussed on Earth, seeking Bunny's original body. The controls were hot stuff, for it turned up in jig time on the Californian coast sunning itself.

At the sight of his somewhat angular, but utterly familiar body, Bunny squeaked with delight, then the view of a long dead Earth was replaced by the untouched watery lens. Joe had risen and was stretching his massive front legs.

"I feel like eating now," he said. "Come along." And he walked sedately out leaving Bunny to follow or not as he wished.

Bunny followed.

They fed in the next room, eating from small dishes made of nothing at all, about a foot from the floor. He discovered later that the food was held in small force fields similar to the one over the lens.

"It saves a lot of washing up," explained Joe, languidly licking his whiskers after the meal. "Don't talk now," he added. "I shall be taking a cat-nap before the evening choir practice. He completed his toilet, curled up comfortably, and went to sleep, leaving Bunny with his thoughts.

Not unnaturally he thought of himself sunbathing on that Pacific beach - feeling a great yearning to be re-united with his old frame. Bunny's yearning power was terrific. He must have yearned a mighty yearn to bring his powers into action for suddenly there appeared about a foot above the floor, the sleeping form of his original body. It stayed poised for a long instant and then dropped quietly to the floor with a loud crash.

A shout from the rudely awakened sleeper competed with a scream from Bunny to produce a most magnificent discord. Bunny's more penetrant effort won on points.

"Am I glad to see you," he shouted, jumping to his feet and diving for his erstwhile self. "Give me back my body," he yelled, shaking the still somewhat dazed body as hard as he could. "Who are you, anyway?" he went on, punctuating each word with a shake.

The recumbent body suddenly arose, grabbed Bunny and then slapped his face. "What in hell's name's the game?" it asked, then did a doubletake. "I've got 'em again - it's me!"

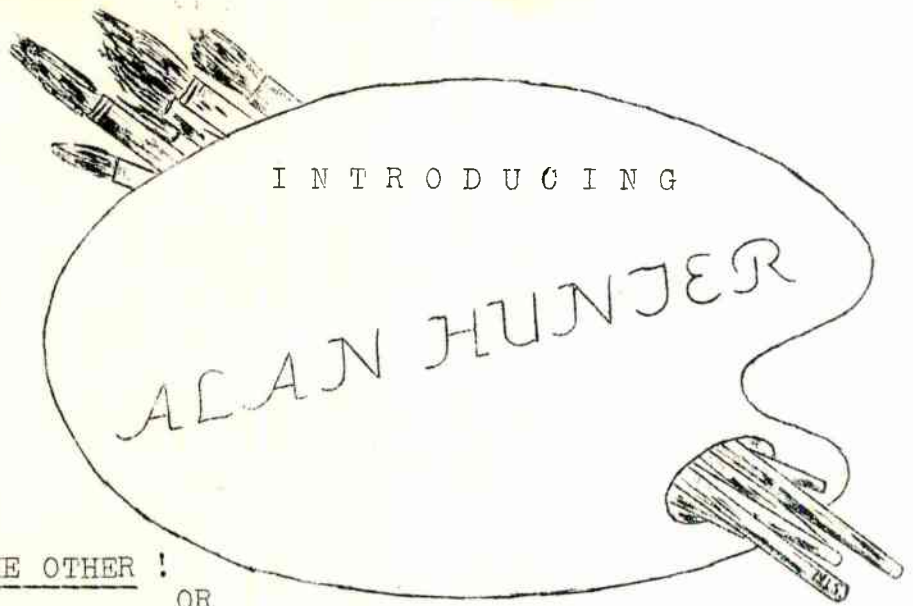
An hour later they had swapped yarns. Bunny learned that his opposite number was named Roxanne; that she had been killed when an explosion in the air had smashed the house and herself into the ground with tremendous force; had been addressed by the Golden Light as she had been; had awakened on Earth in a Hollywood flat in Bunny's old model body. Apparently she had had several years to get used to being a man and Bunny was merely the latest of a long list of women who had succumbed to this man who knew all the answers to the women's questions.

Poor innocent, un-feminine Bunny had no idea that he was being seduced until he felt strange unfamiliar sensations being aroused as the skilful hands of Roxanne caressed his sensitive feminine form.

Roxanne intended to waste no opportunity. She had been getting more and more lonely after everyone had died off, having had no chance to play indoor games for months now.

* End of Part Four *

(Order your copy of the next issue of SPACE DIVERSIONS now to make certain of discovering Bunny's fate. WHAT WILL HAPPEN???.)



IN ONE EAR AND OUT ON THE OTHER !

OR

HOW WRITING MADE ME BECOME AN ARTIST.

MY INTEREST IN fantasy and science-fiction dates back as far as I can remember, beginning with books like "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Gulliver's Travels", and then by easy stages to Jules Verne, H.G. Wells and Algernon Blackwood. An introduction to the "pulp" magazines began before the war, while I was still at school. A classmate started to collect "Weird Tales" from a local bookstall, and I borrowed some of them. I can remember my mother eyeing the first one with grave concern, and saying it was "unfit to read". Thereafter my fantasy reading was mainly carried on in secret, in bed at night. Science fiction magazines were a slightly later interest.

Drawing, English and Science were my best subjects at school, so it seems reasonably natural that I should try my hand at writing and drawing s-f or fantasy subjects. For several years, however, my efforts amused nobody but myself.

Eventually I plucked up enough courage to send a short story to Ted Carnell, and I threw in an illustration for good measure. The manuscript was rejected, with a polite criticism, but the blow was softened by a request for more examples of my pen and ink work. The samples were sent, and the glad news returned that I would be commissioned to illustrate a story in the next issue of "New Worlds". So now you know who to blame!

Most of my drawing knowledge has been picked-up from books and by studying the printed work of professional artists, for I have not had any Art School training. During the last year at school, plans

SEQUENCE = 7907

were made for me to become apprenticed to a Commercial Art Studio, but the war started shortly before I was due to leave, so I was bundled into a Drawing Office instead. There I became secretary of the factory Art Circle, in which I met two experienced commercial artists - like myself, they had been forced into a factory by war emergency. From them I learnt many tips that never appear in a textbook.

Being a draughtsman exempted me from military service during the war, but it also clamped the chains of Industry firmly around my neck. I am still working in a Drawing Office, although I have managed to become a "Technical Illustrator", which is more to my liking.

My dream is to become a full time free-lance artist, but a lack of Art School or Studio experience tells heavily against me. When illustrating science fiction and fantasy, however, my lack of training is, I hope, largely compensated for by a keen interest in the subject and a certain degree of insight into the author's intentions, given me by years of dogged practice at trying to write.

I am twenty-nine years of age, over 6ft. tall, and slim (if I was describing anybody else but myself, I would use the word "thin"); have a short, pointed beard - grown originally out of curiosity, and now maintained because I find it so very useful - and I am a vegetarian.

My personal ambition, at the moment, is to illustrate one of my own stories in a professional magazine, but so far have managed only in a fanzine. Still, I keep on trying, although I would like to buy a machine for adding six hours to every day.

Has anybody got such a machine for sale?

Alan Hunter.

THE END
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99N PERSONALITIES

'CYCLE-LOGY'

by A. Vincent Clarke

IN QUANDRY 25, Bob Silverberg has some notes on the chronology of American fandom. Following the lead of Jack Speer's FANCYCLOPAEDIA ('44) he places the 'First Fandom' as the '30-'36 period; fanzines consisted of news of prozines, the general trend was an interest in the 'science part of science-fiction'. Second Fandom, '36-'40, was 'unified, with most every fan being aware, not only of the fan productions of every other fan, but his private life, interests etc etc.'.

The 'Third Fandom', the '40-'43 period, there was 'much talk of fandom growing up, there was a flood of bibliographies, indexes, etc., a general fan organisation was much desired but ran into difficulties as war came to America'.

There Speer stopped, but in the QUANDRY article, Silverberg continues. Fourth Fandom he starts in '44, with the departure of many of the older fans into the Services. Not many of these re-entered fandom, tho' several turned professional. Silverberg characterises 4th fandom as a dull period, 'the general attitude...is Sarge Saturn' ((the TWS letter-dept. editor character))

Fifth Fandom, from '47 to '49, was another escape from juvenility, with a general re-awakening of interest in prozines, and a large expansion of fan publishing. Rog Phillips 'Club House' in AMAZING proved the unifying force for Fifth Fandom, says Silverberg.

Sixth Fandom 'is a horse of a different colour'... 'It is impossible to generalize about it because it is still going on'. but... 'new names appear'... Hoffman, Elsberry, Keasler, Silverberg, McCain, Macauley, Burwell, Willis and Vick... 'there is, oddly enough, too much s-f'... 'an inner circle has grown up, centering around Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY, forming the nucleus of Sixth Fandom', but 'it is the biggest of all (fandoms) and is too diffuse to pin down exactly. '

Silverberg then makes some predictions as to the leaders of the next cycle, but admits he cannot forecast very far.

Can one apply the cyclic theory to British Fandom? Let's try.

Fandom prior to '35 was so nearly non-existent (with a bow to Paul Enever of the British S F A) that it can be disregarded. British fans were first united by the old 'Wonder Stories' SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, and our first clubs, fanzines, etc., were all connected with that organisation. The story of those early days has yet to be told in full, and the present article is not the place to do it, so it is sufficient to say that, as with US fandom, the SFL was found insufficient in various respects, and British fans founded their own Science Fiction Association and inaugurated Second Fandom.

This period was characterised by immense enthusiasm. Fanzines ran much news of the 'pros', discussions on s-f and its purpose, and a number of enthusiasts emerged whose names are still well known to many British fans; Ted Cornell, Arthur C. Clarke, Bill Temple, D.R. Smith, Walter Gillings, Ken Chapman, Frank Arnold, Maurice Hansom, etc.etc. There was greater liason with US fandom than has existed before, (and, until recently, since), and personal knowledge of other fans was growing rapidly. Characteristic fanzines of this period were NOVAE TERRAE and SCIENTIFICTION.

The start of the war finished Second Fandom. Many active fans were called up (probably the rarest British fanzine is Arthur Clarke's typed and carbon-copied FAN MAIL issued at this period in an attempt to keep track of changing addresses etc amongst serving fans). Third Fandom started with schizophrenia...on one side were the old-timers and a few newer fans who for various reasons were partially exempt from call-up...McIllwain, Turner, Webster, Youd, etc., producing 'clique-ish' 'zines such as FANTAST, SATELLITE, etc., and on the other side the newcomers who had started in '39 and were still strangers to fandom and each other...Rosenblum, Bulmer, Williams, Rennison, Doughty, etc. With the absence of US prozines their mags ran heavily to amateur fiction, scientific and philosophic articles, etc.

By '42, Third Fandom died from acute call-up and the spreading of the war, leaving Rosenblum to keep a ghostly Fourth Fandom alive with FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST. Fanning was by letter, the emphasis on books (British), more than the hard-to-get US prozines.

One national group started, the British Fantasy Library, and there may have been some small local clubs... the only one that contacted fandom as a whole was the Cosmos Club of Teddington, S.W. London. National fandom was at its lowest ebb.

Fifth Fandom began in '46. The old-timers were returning with a desire to get together...not to discuss the old s-f topics or contact new fans as much as for personal and business relationships. A number had professional ambitions. The 'London Circle' started. FANTASY, SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW, and a few other s-f publications brought in new fans, or stirred to activity the older non-active types. They felt that fandom should now spread on the pre-war model, and the Science Fantasy Society and Operation Fantast were born. The former, based purely on fandom, failed through lack of enthusiasts. The latter, partly because of founder Ken Slater's immense personal energy and partly because of its semi-commercial basis, lived and started to flourish. The period was in fact characterised by awakening commercialism and the consequent spread of s-f readers. These readers started to contact the older fans, mostly through OF, and Sixth Fandom was born.

We are now a little way into Sixth Fandom, which I estimate as starting in mid-'51. It is characterised by an increasing number of small groups and fanzines, re-establishment of contact with US fandom, and a remarkable individualism springing from lack of a unified background. Fanzines have an air of freshness, almost wonderment, similar to the start of Second Fandom. Fans are uneasily, if subconsciously, aware of the dividing line between Those WHO GET

American Prozines and Those Who Get British Reprints, and individual prozines are therefore little discussed.

Commercialism is still in the air...with the example of the old-timers before them, fans go straight into pro-story writing, or attempting it, after perhaps only two or three appearances in fanzines. The fanzines themselves carry 'trainee' stories, and frequently express the desire of fans to 'break into prozines'. The Fifth Fandom actifans are now 'old-timers', and growing clique-ish.

Naturally, the question can be asked...is it possible to predict future developments? It is not, so I'm going to try, but the following is extrapolation in its broadest sense. Given that we don't have the war:-

The number of small clubs and fanzines will increase steadily with the spread of s-f, the contacting of more Fans, and the desire of those fans to club together. But unless there is a greatly increased British Fantasy Library, or more of the older anthologies are published in this country, there will be a wider gap between new fan and old. With more British 'zines, and with the US 'zines being BRE'd in quantity, there will appear discussions of individual stories, authors, etc., but the tendency will be to regard the pre-'50 stories as too old-fashioned to merit mention.

The standard of fanzine writing will rise with increased experience, and the appearance of fan-writers unable to place their stories in the pro-market or who have learnt therein.

By January '54, a national federation of fan-clubs will group the various local clubs into an uneasy coalition, marking the start of 7th fandom, but before the year is out there will be a break-up on the question of the 'purpose' of s-f. The now-adult readers who started with 'Dan Dare' will regard s-f purely from the entertainment angle, the older fans will be arguing a philosophical and perhaps political purpose, and the remnants of 5th Fandom will drop a few cynical remarks in their highly personal British FAPA 'zines. As 6th Fandom tended to unite, 7th will tend to split after initial coalition into country-wide groups issuing 'letter-'zines' and article-filled fanmags.

The break-up will be accelerated by an elaborately produced 's-f' 'zine (mid-'54) suddenly issued by an obscure firm, which will feature flamboyant 'space-opera' and be widely advertised as Britains Brightest S-F Zine. The 'entertainment-only' fans will point out that it has some good stories, and the 'higher-purpose' group will retire in disgust. 8th Fandom will start with the smallest collection of fans for years, most of whom are publishing fanzines, and a semi-moronic mass who swear by the new 'bright' zine and its imitators. At the May '55 Convention ...but no...that's too terrible to relate here, and, anyway, you'll see for yourself.

Odd, fandom, isn't it?

THE END

Knights of Magic

by JOHN ROLES

It was Hallowe'en at the Space Dive, and preparations had been made for a really wicked evening of Black Magic - Providing the Police didn't raid us and nobody had told them we had white slaves and opium.

The subject had been earnestly studied the preceeding weeks and all was set for a really dirty night with only the Devil to pay. We had to hand the works of instruction, and most of the ingredients.

We decided to try just a little spell to start with, and agreed it would be a good idea to administer a small dose of Love Philtre to one of the members, which would make him fall in love with the first being he set eyes on when he came out from under. This potion according to the book was quite an easy one, so we assembled our ingredients - or rather started to - and commenced our magic-making.

Top of the list of requirements was the white juice of a sea-lettuce boiled in milk in which vipers and asps had been drowned. It was unfortunate that this first item was a set-back, as we had neglected to bring any along, each obviously thinking that someone else would be supplying such a common article, however, we sent a novitiate out to a local shop to get it. Next we were required to take a plump toad and place it with the aforementioned drowned asps, in a globular bottle; for this purpose we used a gold-fish bowl, but as we couldn't get the treasurer in it, we used an amphibian supplied by Jeff Espley, our Chief Animal Technician. Following closely the instructions, we then aggravated it (the animal, that is, not Jeff or the treasurer), by beating and tormenting it until it died of rage. Our Chief Chemist, Lewis Conway, then took over and placed it in a sealed retort and was to extract the moisture by fire. He wasn't sure how to go about this, though, so he dehydrated it instead. When the process was complete and the glass cooled, he separated the ash of the toad from the resultant liquor.

The two potions were both of great power, the book told us. The liquid, Aqua Poffana, if mixed with a draught, should cause the imbiber thereof, in the first place to become old and shrunken and then to die midst the most horrible sufferings. The other substance, the solid matter, if made into an ineffable paste with the addition of bull's gall, ants' eggs, the fat of a white hen, killed at midnight and made into a hamburger was the answer to all four-sided triangles.

When Lewis had finished producing this marvellous concoction, we administered it to our chosen. Fortunately Stan Nuttall was of a very objective nature - "Anything in the cause of knowledge," he declared, nonchalantly, but little knew where his bravado would take him, as with glances of envy from the other familiars in the circle, he gulped it down.

"Ghod!" he exclaimed on sampling it, and an expression almost of distaste passed over his now mobile features. Then he must suddenly have remembered the shaggy dog story, for he added quickly, "It's ---- Gah! Er...It's very well cooked."

The most observant of those present had a sudden feeling that they might possibly have given poor Stan the wrong potion and that in a minute or two he would start wrinkling and shrivelling before their eyes, but they were deprived of this spectacle, for he quite undrama-

tically went "Gah!" once more, and slid under the table.

"We'll find out what happens when he wakes up," I offered helpfully, and suggested we proceed with something a little more exciting next. This was agreed and we decided to do a spot of devil-invoking. Some-one pointed out that the devil might be a little peeved by being summoned by a Science-Fiction Society and not a Fantasy group, but we pointed out in our turn that the horned gentleman would probably be pleased to be called upon by anyone at all in these days of disbelief and scepticism.

We decided to ask him, when he arrived, a few of the ancient and arcane secrets of Earth, such as how to attain worldly wealth and how to make friends and influence people. So after a little preparation we found a solitary condemned spot (a bombed site at the back of the Space Dive, we considered as good as any) and proceeded with our evil works.

Four nails from the coffin of an executed criminal, were the first requisite, so Jeff forked out a packet of Bar One. Next, two candles of human fat were needed, so Stan, still being out of this world and of no apparent further use, supplied us with a leg which we rendered down over the electric fire in the Dive. We arrived back on the scene in time to find our club wolf making fast progress with our fember. On being sternly questioned as to what he meant by actions, (as if we didn't guess), he gave us a smooth line explaining that a prime necessity at a gathering of this sort was an unfrocked priest and in the absence of a priest... his glib patter faded off into shame-faced silence, adding apologetically, "Well, what can we do, then?" We agreed with him.

Our chief animal technician had already kindly laid on a supply of bats' blood, moles' eyes and rats' hearts, and I had a small supply of dessicated lizards, which had been knocking round the house for some time; and the horns of a goat 'cum quo puella concubuerit', at least that's what the book said should be used, but having no Greek enthusiasts with us at the time, we had to make do with something else.

We were warned in the book of words to be prepared for the auguries of the coming of the invoece, arrivals often being presaged by a loud wind and a damp clammy feeling on the hair and face, as of dew. But when we did receive the first omen, Frank admitted it was he; and when someone whispered that his hair felt damp, some of us remembered another auspicious occasion where some stray witch's familiar had dampened the ardour of other devotees.

We were interrupted at this point by a messenger from the Dive with the news that Stan was coming round and was mumbling incoherencios. Wondering what was news in that, we wandered back to the premises to witness the revival.

It seemed that while under the influence, Stan had been romancing in other worlds. At first, we thought this was a ghastly thing to do, but after hearing his story, we revised our opinion. Apparently he had attended a Fantasy Hallowe'en Party and Convention run by Titus Groan and Don Channing.

He came to (he told us), at the doorway to the Convention Hall, just at the time when all the members were beginning to arrive. As no-one seemed to take any notice of him, he presumed he was invisible to them.

At the door collecting entrance dues were Jommy Cross and Kathleen

Layton - at the moment of Stan's appearance, Uncle Einar and family were just arriving in their hearso. Each gave a gift of a pound of flesh neatly parcelled in mummy wrappings, to the doorkeepers. Close on their heels were three Primeys with their usual heteroclit list of gifts: a parthogenetic goose, a tiny, vest-pocket bookcase, with a capacity for two hundred magazines and a five-dimensional chess-set.

Shortly after these, a bevy of glamour breezed in, in the shape of Lakla, Ayesha and Margaret of Urbs, all arm in arm and chattering away like a cartload of monkeys, (just like any other women, Stan added), Followed at a distance by their tame males - Larry O'Keefe, Leo Vincoy and Tom O'Connor. From then on they flooded in: Kim Kinnison and Clarissa MacDonald, Gerry Carlyle escorted by her two bright boys, Tommy Strike and Tony Quade, and scores more amongst whom he recognised Czinczar, Susan Calvin, Hawk Carse and Muton Mion.

Later when the ice had been broken and those previously strangers had been introduced and were making merry together, Kier Gray could be seen dancing with Nydia; in a corner, John Webster could be seen talking quietly with Dondara Keradin and engaged in heated discussion in another part were Jay Score, Adam Link, 21MM392 and some other robots.

After some games and demonstrations of the powers and abilities of the company came an auction and everyone was wondering how this intriguing new inovation would go.

Klaatu was auctioneer and after selling a few trifles such as a real live Murry given by Gerry Carlyle and some assorted jewels and elixirs, he held up aboriginal cover painting depicting Ceulna playing monkey tricks on a Venusian vine. (Stan said it was of Amazing for March 1948)

"What am I bid for this colourful, flattering pic of our dear friend Ceulna?" he asked, ignoring Sandra Steele's "Two cowries." "A lovely piece of work, what offers?"

Offers came - a thot nugget; two dreaming jewels, from Horthy; perpetual motion, from Gallegher - but as that scientist was quite sober, this was discounted and the painting went finally to Sherm Marshall for a flask of Morcury Crystals.

Later, at the banquet which followed, Stan revealed to us the menu of these other world people. Devilled sea-serpent; grilled human brains, blue, green and brown eyes to garnish and lung sauce; iced lung; and moon-juice.

At this point Stan passed out and was aware once more of his mundane body in the Space Dive. Only after some persuasion did we succeed in convincing him that he had been out four hours and it was now well after twelve o'clock. Too late in fact to resume summoning the Old Ones. So after apologising to Stan for pulling his leg, and receiving one from him for pulling ours, we dispersed and made our homeward way, wiser, worldlier magicians.

— finis —

LOCAL AFFAIRS ~ Reported by JIM OWENS

October 27th. A new Round Robin was commenced. It was decided that each 'Space Diver' might add a chapter as before, and that the story should contain certain proselcted components, such as 'Reason for writing the story', 'Intergalactic travel', 'Tri-sexual race' etc. It has been started by Don McKay, and since added to by Stan Nuttall and Chris Tansy. It will probably relieve quite a few of our readers to learn that it is not being written with an eye to publication !

November 10th. We were honoured by the presence of a visitor from New York, Lee D. Quinn, and his friend Miss Royle, from Manchester.

Lee was so eager to see the inside of the Dive, that he didn't bother with the steps between the top and the bottom one ! However, we soon had him on his feet again, and nothing was broken except the bottom step.

We were rather suprised to hear that in N.Y. fandom is split into two camps (Politics-fan type) and that rivalry is intense. So much so, that when Lee's friends threw a 'going away' party for him, someone of the rival faction reported it to the police, with talk of 'white slaves' and drugs (!). The result was a raid with drawn guns. It quite a job to convince them that things were not as reported.

As Lee had to catch the 10.10. to Manchester, the meeting left the Dive and was continued in the 'New' cafe, near the station. Even so they only just made it.

November 17th. Our first Annual General Meeting. The 1951-52 Committee stood down, and new officers were elected by paper vote. They are as follows: Hon. Chairman:- N. L. Shorrock, Hon. Secretary ; - J. D. Roles, Hon. Treasurer:- H. S. Nuttall, Librarian:- T. Owens. Frank Milnes was also elected to act for any of the above if absent from any meeting.

The retiring Treasurer presented a balance sheet (see later) and received a vote of thanks for the able way in which he has conducted the Society finances.

December 1st. It was suggested that we should try to 'invent' a S.F. 'game', and a very heated discussion followed. Everyone was in favour, as long as it included some skill, in addition to chance. The discussion continues.....

The latest news on going to press, is that we are negotiating for new, larger and better premises, a house no less ! I hope to have good news regarding this, to report next issue.

From now on, the brunt of the editing of S.D. will be borne by John Roles. Owing to extensive domestic commitments I find it increasingly difficult to serve the mag. in anything more than in an associate capacity.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

WANTED. Fantasy Bk. No. 2,
New Worlds No. 2. Fantasy Review Nos. 2-6 inclusive, two copies of each.
Tealby's Wonder, Summer '51.
Write; J. D. Roles, 26 Pine Grove,
Waterloo, Liverpool 22.

WANTED. Any or all copies of:-
VOM., NEKROMANTIKON, LE ZOMBIE,
SHANGRI-L' Affaires & ZENITH.
Write N. L. Shorrock,
12A Rumford Place,
Liverpool 3.

LIVERPOOL SCIENCE - FICTION SOCIETY

INCOME & EXPENDITURE A/c FOR THE YEAR
ENDED 10th NOVEMBER 1952.

EXPENDITURE			INCOME.		
	£	s d		£	s d
To Rent	35	9 6	By Subscriptions	51	4 0
" Printing etc.	2	9 2	" Junior Sub.		2 6
" Postages		10 0	" Auction		
" Advertising		4 0	Commissions	6	6 1
" Decorating	1	7 3	" Library funds	2	4 1
" Display Expenses		14 11	" Donations		
" Depreciation of			(Cash, Books etc.)	5	11 6
Furniture		6 6	" Sundry Expenses	1	0 1
" Electricity	5	0 8			
Surplus, being excess of					
income over expenditure.	20	6 3			
	<u>66</u>	<u>8 3</u>		<u>66</u>	<u>8 3</u>

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 11th NOVEMBER '52

<u>LIABILITIES:</u>			<u>ASSETS</u>		
Surplus of Income over			Cash in hand	12	7 3
Expenditure	20	6 3	Rent in advance	3	5 0
			Furniture and		
			Fittings(estimated)	2	14 0
			Library(nominal value)	1	0 0
			Sub.in arrear		10 0
			Stationery(for sale)		10 0
	<u>20</u>	<u>6 3</u>		<u>20</u>	<u>6 3</u>

Hon. Treasurer : N. L. Shorrocks

Hon. Auditor : H. S. Nuttall

Hell, I don't care what you like, I like THE LOVERS - the OUTSTANDING story '52.

HERE & THERE

A DEPARTMENT WALKED BY

DAVID S. GARDNER

LAST ISSUE I ran the department, looks like next time there won't even be a department to limp. Trouble? The lack of interest which seems to prevail in the world of fandom, it's always the same old cry, no interest, lack of material; either fandom is dying or it has stagnated into a pool of non-action readers who never do or say anything of interest. That's the picture from where I sit. This is a department run for the fan, if you don't take an interest in it that's your loss - we will give you the space to pass on your news items IF YOU LET US KNOW WHAT THEY ARE! We're not telepathic, we can't give you a coverage if you don't contact us, hell, we're not supermen! The items I have got this issue were submitted by Willis, Cohen, Campbell, and the Convention Committee, they have something to say - haven't you? Can't you write? seems as though that's the case, and I always thought that Education these days was compulsory - well, it just goes to show that you learn something new every day. Okay, last chance for the lagards, the name and address for HERE AND THERE contributions is DAVID GARDNER, 63 ISLAND ROAD, LIVERPOOL, 19, Lanes. It costs you a few moments, a 2nd stamp, envelope, and a sheet of note(?) paper. Costs us ink, paper, stencils, wear and tear on the typer and duplicator, and time! Who loses? none of us: you get your news across, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that there is something going on in the world of fandom. Snap out of it, wake up and let other folks know you're still alive.

Well, that's that little bit over and done with, now to get on with the job. I think I'll touch the HERE part of the department first and hope that the editor doesn't look the stencil over before Norman turns it off. I've got a bit which I want to sneak in, the High Lights in recent Science Fiction mags. The rave story, as far as I am concerned is THE LOVERS by Philip José Farmer in the August '52 STARTLING STORIES, love that boy, love that story, the editor doesn't! (editor of SD that is, not Startling). Then up comes STARTLING with another top line action story in the OCTOBER issue, ASYLUM EARTH by Bruce Elliott, catch a load of that ending! Have a look at the cover of the Nov-Dec issue of FANTASTIC by B.W. PHILLIPS, eye catching to say the least. May issue of SPACE runs PURSUIT by Lester del Ray, pretty good action story that keeps you guessing right up to the last line. October GALAXY with Eric Frank Russell's A LITTLE OIL, that is one I would like to have written, I could have kicked myself at the end of the yarn, it's so damn

good, and when you come to think about it it's a very reasonable theory that Eric advances. Re A LITTLE OIL, Eric tells me "It also served a purpose of my own, namely, to show that leading Sf characters don't have to be technicians or super-scientists. In this sorry world non-technical people are important too. It adds something to the yarn if it also makes a formerly unthought-of but indisputable point. For those of you who liked Eric's I AM NOTHING, and DEAR DEVIL watch out for RAP's OTHER WORLDS which runs Eric's SOMEWHERE A VOICE - some more lumps in some more throats in fandom. MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION October issue have J.T. M'Intosh's TALENTS as mentioned in his article - a new slant on an old theme and well worth reading. GALAXY October issue again, see Ted Sturgeon's BABY IS THREE - well written as all his work is, and most unusual. There you have one fan's opinions, hope you read all the stories mentioned and that you enjoy them as much as I did.

SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION 1953 (Other fanzines please copy)

It will be Whitsun, 23/24th May...maybe even a get together on the 25th, but this hasn't been settled. The place is the BONNINGTON HOTEL, Kingsway, London W.C.1. (This is near the Royal Hotel) Small hall for the Saturday and that plus a big hall for Sunday. Big for formal, small for informal sessions, Con membership is 2/6, admission 5/- per day i.e. one day 7/6, two days 12/6. Ladies and under-twenty-ones half price admission, i.e. 5/- for one day and 7/6 for two days. The emphasis this time will definitely be on having a good time. Everything is in the planning stage at the moment, but there will be the usual stuff and everything else from pre-release films to free drinks is being discussed. The committee chairman is Fred Brown, Secretary Dorothy Jacobs, Treas., Charlie Duncombe. The address for all communications is as usual - White Horse, Fetter Lane London E.C.4. There'll be monthly bulletins to all Con members and frequent news releases to fanzines. Fans wanting to book at the Bonnington should get in as early as possible. There are rooms avail. at 22/6 per night, B&B, but there's to be a government enquiry into hotel prices soon, so this may be changed.

MANCHESTER Dave Cohen. A note of some amusement.

Four unknown fans called last Sunday at the Waterloo to attend the MANCON - exactly two weeks too late. Some people obviously can't read. ((I said that folks in fandom can't write, seems as though some of them can't read - maybe their parents read them to sleep on Sf, can't see how they manage otherwise)). ON MANCON day there was an unforgivable accident: the door of the Waterloo was closed after 2-30pm., when previous arrangements were to leave the doors open. Four known fans this time were thus locked out of the Con. How many more came late?

NEWCASTLE Ken Smith would like to hear from any and all Sf fans in the Newcastle area with the idea of starting an informal club, meeting each Sunday at a pub. Anyone interested can contact Ken by ringing NEWCASTLE 27908. ((Hope you have some luck there, Ken)).

WALT WILLIS says of his visit to the States: "I had the time of my life, after I recovered from the journey. Everyone said I had a slight English accent, but they could understand me perfectly. Honest. My two speeches went over well. E.E. Smith asked me for my autograph!

Everyone I didn't meet at Chicago I met in Los Angeles where I went on to with Rog Phillips and Mari Wolfe. Had a long talk with Bradbury, Van Vogt came over specially to see me. I addressed the LASFS as guest of honour, flew to Kansas City to stay with Manly Bannister and then by bus to Florida (Shelby Vick), Atlanta (Henry Burwell), Savannah (Lee Hoffman) and back to New York to stay with G.O. Smith. I got on very well, thanks. But don't be jealous. I wouldn't go through that Fund business again for anything."

FORRY ACKERMAN: Mr. Science Fiction of America writes about Walt, "How did Amerifandom like Wally Willis (alias 'The Quiet Man')? Loved him! Have yet to hear a complaint or an aftermath, except perhaps the objection that he didn't talk enuf, but I think he was just physically exhausted. I had one of the happiest weeks of my life when he stayed with me." ... Forry goes on to say that he would like me (yeah, Dave Gardner) to slip over and pay him a visit in Los Angeles. Nothing I'd like better Forry, but there's the cash?, when I get some - look out - I'll be over! Seems as though I shall have to write some saleable stories, dollar lolly, boy. Dollar Lolly!!

BERT CAMPBELL with some more news of the new AUTHENTIC (January '53)

"This issue will contain a long novel by our own Bill Temple, a short story by Ray Bradbury and a serial instalment by Sydney J. Bounds. There will also be an article by Arthur C. Clarke that will make you think.

"Authors lined up for the future are S.J. Byrne, Charles L. Harness, R.M. Rhodes, Forry Ackerman (story not just the column) and Ray Bradbury again.

(Just in: the stories for January will be novel: IMMORTAL'S PLAYTHINGS, by Bill, WELCOME, BROTHERS! by Bradbury).

"Unfortunately, there will be no half-tone illos. But we shall run line drawings inside. The cover, too, is being changed. There will no longer be any lettering on the drawing. A band at the top will carry the title, date, etc., and a vertical strip at the left will carry the main contents. A new artist is being used and all artists will be credited by name.

"I have have left the best part to the end - there will be another sixteen pages added, bringing you a total of 144 FOR THE SAME PRICE!"

JEROME BIXBY reviewing SD number 1 in the November Startling asks what one Bob on the contents page stands for, we will spill the beans. Remember a story by friend RUSSELL in the June 1951 ASF call ...AND THEN THERE WERE NONE? He brings in obs -- obligations instead of cash. That was the idea, more or less, you can have two issues of SPACE DIVERSIONS for one bob - i.e. one shilling or an obligation. By that we meant a review of the mag or a fanzine or prozine in exchange. All clear now? Hope so. It seemed to mystify a lot of folks, we may even drop it on this issue of SPACE DIVERSIONS, contents page isn't done yet, so I'm not too sure.

Well, that seems to be the lot for this time, remember it might yet be the last time unless you want to make use of us and the mag. If you want HERE AND THERE to continue, then for Ghod's sake write in.

JUST ARRIVED from PETER HAMILTON of NEBULA:- Richard S. Shaver, one of the most controversial figures in Sf is writing a couple of original novelettes for NEBULA. He has agreed to write exclusively for NEBULA in this country.

NULLAYBEECEE

by John Roles

- A is the sign of the power of the mind.
Korzybski proves Aristotelians blind.
- B is the Bem from an alien star:
and Bergey **typo** red-heads, complete with brass bra.
- C is for Contra-Terrene matter - Seetee—
orbital positron, negative nuclei.
- D is for Deros deep down in the Caves,
who operate stim-rays and Shaver depraves.
- E is for Engrams, Ron Hubbard despatches
from memory banks. Clears are now selling matches.
- F is the Fan — the hyper-time-binder,
the extrapolater, the future path-finder.
- G is Great Ghu by whom faneds swear,
with ink on their hands and straw in their hair.
- H is the Hurkle, which a technical hitch
brought Earthwards; then happy, it made people itch.
- I is for Isher whose great shops decree
"the right to buy weapons is the right to be free".
- J is for Jeddaks, Jeddaras and Jedwars:
these are the rulers and soldiers of Red Mars.
- K is for Klaatu, the master of Gort:
at least that's what millions of film-goers thought.
- L is Lemuria. Remember? The tales,
the "Proofs" and Thought Records which boosted Rap's sales?
- M is for Mutants like Baldies and Slans:
radiation or natural born, man's last act plans.
- N is for Nova. (This could be an ad!)
but it's only what happens when some stars go mad.
- O is the Ob which you plant on your neighbour
for services rendered by doing his labour.
- P is for Primey — inebriate genius,
floating hither and yon like the spores of Arrhenius.

stands for Quandry,[⊕] which rises with "Steam"[⊙]
from the swamps. It's distilled by the Great Hoffman Team.

for Robotics whose positron wonders
are indoctrined with three laws to obviate blunders.

is for Stf the fans' sine qua non.
Astounding, Fantastic, Dynamic, Unknown.

is for Trantor, the Second Foundation,
the hub of the Empire and civilization.

is the Universe, raided by Wandrei,
wrecked by Ed Hamilton, now plagued by Quandry.[†]

is for Vitons, man's owners, so hellish;
they suck our emotions with devilish relish.

is Werebeasts, they're all metamorphoses,
vampires and werewolves, of course -- why not tortoises?

is for X-rays and X-cert. and Xenon
and Xerxes and Xanthus and X-cosahedron.

is the fluorine Yevd — man's great enemy
against whom were used for their juice, lymph beasts' progeny.

is the Zine, both the pro and the fan kind,
the Editors' gift and great boon to all mankind.

- - - - -

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H.S. Nuttall,
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West Derby,
Liverpool, 12.

COMMENT!

We in the present Liverpool Group, as may now be known, are only comparatively recently entered into the wide, wild world of fanzine publishing. In seven months, we have now produced four issues of a fanzine which we think has at least some worth.

We started out with very little previous knowledge of the field; those of us who were producing the mag had seen only three or four other editors' productions before commencing our own, (I think these were, to be specific, a Sludge, a Slant, a Science Fantasy News and a bunch of Quandrys); but though we had heard of scores more, through the prozine reviews and through Operation Fantast Handbook, we'd never managed to come by any.

Of course, we said, when we send ours out to these other fan publishers for exchange, then they'll come flooding in, and we'll then also be able to modify our ideas and have some criteria for our own 'zine to work with.

Were we being too hopeful, to naïve, too trusting? We are not yet quite sure.

We have sent our fanzine out to 44 faneds for the last three issues, using the OF Handbook 1952 as a guide. In exchange we have received with REGULARITY, Space Times, TLMA, Spaceship and Gemtones (!) In addition to these faithfuls, we have received an occasional oddment in the form of Void, Straight Up, Atlantis Phantasmagoria, a Neo-Zine, Wonder, and Astroneer (!)

From this handful, we have acquired a rather more broad view of the amateur fantasy publishing game than that with which we started. It is from these few that we have had to formulate our ideas and conceptions of the whole field. Have we seen a good cross-section? I feel not.

As an instance: in these few mentioned above, faneds so often refer to "great" fanzines of bygone days, that I wonder if (a) perhaps they have a rose-tinted memory, or (b) they make out that there are no good ones to-day, or (c) they are showing that they have been fans for so long.

Amongst those which have been "thrown up" at us as it were are Nekromantikon, Shangri-L'Affaires, Le Zombie, Orb, Fantasy Commentator, yes and Slant, which if drooling descriptions and mentionings in whispers of sacred awe are anything to go by, must be pearls. (I am tempted, here, to complete the metaphor or to quote Wilde's neat epigram on the occasion of his lecturing to an Etonian Debating Society...)

I was interested to read in Void, that George Clements, the Editor, collects fanzines. — Good printing to him; may he reap that which he sows. But if he reaps as much as we have for our

trouble, he may discover to his sorrow that perhaps what we have read an Editor George Caldwell of "Lunacy" has said, presumably in fun, may be more than just a wise-crack. His motto is:-

"To Hell with Fandom. We're a bunch of Louses."

Though I myself have come to be somewhat disillusioned the last month or so, with regards to some aspects of fandom—due in part to my enforced closer contact (or lack of!) with the purported leading lights or BNFs of British Fandom — I don't think the case is quite that bad.

One basic trouble, I suppose, is the mortality rate amongst fanzines; before an eyelash can be batted, ten new mags. have been started, and ten old ones have flopped. Good or bad publicity notwithstanding, faneds apparently have grown so wary of their fellow publishers, that they are chary of exchanging, sending subs or w.h.y. to unknowns; and from our short experience, I can see that they cannot be blamed.

Talking of faneds, the mortality rate in their ranks must be high too, and no wonder! I think Tom Owens's case is very relevant here. You see, last time I saw him, he was curled up with his knees under his chin, and a happy, vacant look in his blue eyes. His small daughter was reading him "Peter pan".

So, folks, if I'm next, remember me — I like Grimms Fairy Tales.

-John Roles

Thanks to the fen who have written us, after our plea in the last ish - we hope it continues, and increases. Unfortunately most of them were too long to reproduce here in full, so once again it will be :-

LINE S F R O M L E T T E R S

as selected by Norman ((Comments thus))

First rec'd was from Ken Smith, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

Dear N.....First place in my opinion, goes to the interesting and entertaining article by William F. Temple, I enjoyed it very much. Second, Liverpool's report on the Mancon, Third, Editorial.....and I agree with the points made, as SF & Galaxy are my top favourites....'Here & There' is interesting and I would like to see it retained, also 'Science Tit-Bits' by Conway.....have no doubts that non-motor learning has a great future. 'Retrospect' interesting, however not a great deal to me, as I am not a Wells fan. I do not like serials, so maybe I am biased when I put 'Round Robin' to bottom place.....It's a pity, I didn't know you would have liked an article, as a matter of fact I finished one only a week ago,and sent it to Bob Foster of Slant((?)) finally on the whole SD3 is an improvement on the last issue, and considering it is No.3 you are doing better than other fanmags which have been going for years.

Best Wishes, Ken.

Alan Hunter, Bournemouth

Dear Dave,I like everything in the issue except the 'Round Robin'. Apart from the fact that serials are generally avoided in fanzines, I do not like the way the story rambles, as it must when different people are writing the story. I think that a much better idea would be to use a common foundation - such as a title, or a first sentence - and then let a different person write a complete story in each issue from the same beginning, or whatever you choose as the constant "germ"..... I was not sorry that "Vargo" was missing from the issue. ((still is)) The ish needed a little more humour to brighten it up a bit, but not "Vargo" with his forced humour, or the round robin with its doubtful humour ((Wow! what about the current installment, Alan?)) It is, I know, very difficult to find genuine humour (I have never been able to write in a humorous vein myself) but if you could find someone to do it, then the 'zine would be much improved.

The plans for your next issue sound so intriguing, that I am enclosing a P.O. for 3/-. This should insure that I do not miss any forthcoming issues ((it will Alan! plus a copy, as you have an article in this one))best wishes for the future of SD, Sincerely, Alan.

((This seems an opportunity to make clear our position as regards the R.R., as the comments we have received are about 50-50, for and against. It was written by seven members, and completed about eight months ago.

When SD was in the embryo stage of development, this was the only material we had! As the fourth part is in this issue, there are three more to come, which we must publish to satisfy the 50% who like it - but we do not intend to start publishing any more, believe us!))

E.J. Carnell, London S.E.18.

Dear N. Congratulations on the Poll idea - last one run in this country was by myself in 1940, I believe. ((have heard vague rumours of one by N3F ...any info, anyone?))

Anyhow, here's a little towards it, although my effort isn't very helpful, I'm afraid. Too many "old favourites" still pull. And plenty more good stories are coming out almost every month. However, I'll be interested in the end results! Cordially, Ted

((Thanks Ted, and also for the set of 'Postal Preview' you sent later!))

Denis Gifford, London S.E.26

Dear N. Here's 3bob for year of SD, which goes from strength to strength,You may be interested to know that the cartoon in Jan '53 ish of Madge is by me!Sciencereally Denis G.

((Thanks for the sub., Denis, you won't be sorry! Best wishes for your success in the pro field, and may it continue.))

Graham Stone, Sydney, Australia.

Dear Tom et al, Thanks for sending SD2. Please continue, and can I have No. 1? I shall send all Australian fan pubs your way: my own news sheet and whatever else may eventuate.....I would also like to see anything else produced in your district((?)) and would be glad to send extra copies for distribution if the exchange seems uneven.

"SD" I find compares favourably with most minor British publications for quality of production. The material still could be improved, though. Carnell is amusing, but a bit forced to anyone au fait with publishing. ((I'll leave it to Ted to answer this one!))

Australian S.F.Soc. now Australasian, with a few New Zealanders among the 119 members. Activity practically confined to Sydney, but small

groups meet in Melbourne, Brisbane & Adelaide. Our second Con' is due in Sydney, early May, and much is expected of it, as I don't doubt you will hear in due course.....Sincerely, Graham Stone.

Egerton Sykes, Markham House Press Ltd, London S.W.3.

Dear Mr. Shorrocks,

Many thanks for the copy of Space Diversions, we shall be pleased to exchange this against our own ATLANTIS, of which a copy has been sent to you.

It seems a great pity to me that as S.F. for all practical purposes started in England-if you do not believe this read through files of the Strand, Windsor, Pearsons, London, from 1895 to 1912 and you will find in them dozens of first class sf stories, all shorts, well illustrated, and probably missing from every sf list so far published-that nowadays all that is obtainable in this country is trash.

In the U.S.A. SF has grown up to a large extent, here it is still, unfortunately, associated with seedy bookshops and postcards and books sold in sealed envelopes. It is possible that this may be due to the pre-sent educational system which produces thousands of replicas of the American film star who knew all the answers but could not understand any of the questions.

The one first class writer we now have is E.F. Russell -I frequently violently disagree with his ideas, but have great admiration for the way he puts them. For most good English sf you have to go back thirty and more years, a first class story that can be got on any second hand book-stall for about a shilling is "The coming Race", published about 1875.

Mr Roles may be interested to know that ROUND ROBIN is the name of an American publication, also duplicated, now in it's seventh year. I much appreciated his notes on H.G.W.

I still think the Moon Pool and the Ship of Ishtar, which I read in Argosy All Story Weekly about 1916-17 to be the best fantasy stories written. As for authors when we can level up with Vogt, Asimov, Schmitz, we shall really be getting somewhere. Yours, E. S.

((You will probably agree, Mr Sykes, that different generations will never agree on any issue such as this, but for the record, "Ship of Ishtar" will definitely be highly placed in our current poll, and E.F.R. will almost definitely be top British author (as at 14th Dec.) nearest being A.C. Clarke. Would anyone else like to comment on the above?, for SD5))

H.J. Campbell, London S.E.18

Dear Dave, Issue No.3 was more than twice as good as No.2, which was more than twice as good as No.1. If you go on at this rate, you'll soon be better than that defunct Irish mag-SLANT, was it? Keep it coming: regularly and keep up the standard: you'll ((censored, in the interests of L.S.-F.S. Aim No.4 !)) Try not to have more than one item by the same bloke in any single issue; looks bad on the contents page. ((We're trying hard enough, Bert, see Vol.1 contents list at the back!)) Good for Lewis J. Conway. Hope he keeps up with his feature - such was long overdue. All the best, Bert.

((At the above rate, I calculate that this time in 1955, we shall be producing a mag nearly two million times "as good as" No.1 ??? By the way, SLANT is due out at the same time as this, and after these fifty odd pages I don't blame Walt for taking his time! after all no-one pays fan-eds for "blood, tears, toil, & sweat", or the field would undoubtedly be greatly increased !))

Mrs Anna Gross, Somerville, U.S.A.

Dear Dave,.....about SD. First, the name, it is just exactly right! It does take space, and it surely is diverting. ((Not quite what we were thinking about at the time, but your theory has its points!....)) Not a bit of heavy stuff in it, unless the humour itself is slightly weighty in parts ((guilty)). However, I can envision all the fun in planning and spotting the stuff, so I say it is good anyway. I loved the turn of the continued story, where the old rascals in heaven-or limbo?-put the poor fellow back on earth in another body. That was a delicious bit, I thought. Whoever wrote that ought certainly to keep on writing. A twist like that in the story is so utterly unexpected-I certainly would never have guessed that one! And it ended just right - which quite a few young writers never manage to do. Don't you think so?

Your paper is quite a bit more grown-up for all it's youth than many of the US fan-mags I have seen. In fact, I am not too much interested in any of ours, they are so sketchily put up, and so evidently made up of stuff that is first writing. ((have you tried any of the Shangri-LA, Orb, etc., calibre? several really are GOOD)) Of course, it is all practice, but you boys seem to have practiced before you selected that to include. In other words, a darn good job. Oh, there are plenty of errors, but they are minor...you've got a swell first two numbers, do you think you can keep it that way? I like the name for your club, too - SPACE DIVE!

A. Vincent Clarke, Welling, Kent.

Dear John.....Got around to reading SPIDER at last. Firstly, the general appearance is much better, now you've got the lettering guides in full use. Secondly, the general appearance would be even better if you managed to include a cut or two to vary the monotony of typed pages.

I don't think that your editorial goes far enough into the subject. I think that Galaxy's appeal lies in the fact that there is a greater identification between the reader and the hero/s of the stories...the hero is a poor mutt of an average man, much like anyone reading the story; he bumps up against an alien environment, more like a time-traveller than one who's been born and educated in it (e.g. 'Fireman', 'Gravy Planet', 'Beyond Bedlam' and 'Coming Attraction'). On the other hand, the ASF hero adjusts his way of thinking to his environment; he acts like a trained technician...always. (e.g. 'Iceworld', 'Slam', 'Beyond this Horizon' and 'Gunner Cade', any of the series;) EFR's dictator hero in 'I am Nothing' was preposterously impossible...a hard man with a sloppy streak of sentiment. There's an interesting connection to be followed between '...And Then There Were None' in which environment wins 'Cuckoo Clock' (or was it 'Hour of Triumph') in which environment plus some slight sentiment wins, and now 'I am Nothing', where Little Eva converts Simon Legree, and the Uncle Tom's Cabin of environment is disregarded.

Temple, as usual, good. The '4 Sided Triangle' script was written in nine days, you know. We're not really looking forward to seeing it.

'Round Robin', very smooth and good fun... 'Retrospect', now this was interesting; it brought out new facts, (or at least, new to me) about a story everyone knows. Good. 'Science Tit-Bits'. Interesting in small doses such as this. Some distinction should be drawn between 'learning' and 'understanding' tho'. Mancon Report. Good. Could have been longer.

Rest was interesting in varying degrees. You can always print some fake letters with strong controversial content if your ordinary

readers fail you. ((Ghu forbid!)) They were probably terrified of the Editorial attitude...Vincerely, Vinc.

Eric Bentcliffe, Stockport, Cheshire.

Dear Norman...Your 'Mancon Report', was to me probably the most interesting item in this issue, this because I am anxious to find out how well it was enjoyed....Who Goes There dept! Let us know next time you come to Manchester; our BIS member failed to mention this lecture. But of course he has never been the same since 'Astroneer'. Suggestion! You print 'Astroneer' and we will let you call it 'Astroneer' (!!)). Best single item in issue three was I think John's 'Retrospect'....Do you intend to concentrate only on articles in SD to the exclusion of stories? Overall view of this issue, too bitty — too many short items. 'Space-Times', is this way because of the number of pages available — but you have twice as many and two months to fit it in. Stan Nuttalls artwork should improve the appearance of the mag I think....If ST could run to twenty pages I should feature perhaps in every other issue a long article or story i.e.around 7,000 words. Subject of course to a decent item of this length being available, which do you enjoy most, if both are of same quality, a long or short story?....The Mancon Souvenir Booklet will contain a Convention Report by the 'Tub'(Norman Weedall)) list of all attendees, Comp. announcements, financial report, plus various utters, stutters and mutters yet to be decided upon. The cover will be a reproduction of the 'en masse' photos taken at the Mancon. The price to those who did not join the Mancon Society will be 1/6d...Sincerely, Eric.

((We do wish to concentrate on articles, but not to the complete exclusion of stories..Stan thanks you for the above praise on behalf of his best friend, Don, see p.7. Incidentally, Eric, if you work it out, you will find that a 7,000 word story or article would take three-quarters of your proposed twenty-page mag. This without illos! Dave's 'Blackout' in this ish.is 3,200 words taking 7 pages.))

Staff Wright, South Woodford, London, E.18.

Dear Norman....forwarding a years sub. for Space Diversions. In case you are in need of any encouragement I must let you know that my wife enjoys S.D. She thinks most fanzines are tripe but likes your format and general approach as being 'adult' as opposed to so many efforts which are anything but. That view goes for me too..All the best, Staff.
Walt Willis, Ireland.

Dear N...Peter Hamilton's autobiog.is illuminating.His predilection for horror pictures probably explains why he retitled my column Electric Fan.-mm, he knew my face would be the picture of horror and he didn't want to miss it. I had to go to America rather than face British fandom after that.Watt a revolting title! It's just as well Neb didn't reach the Chicon in time - I would probably have been stoned out of the place with old pro-eds hearts. Temple's autobiog was good. How on earth did you manage to get material out of him? Big time printed fmz have been trying for years. Roles article is really worth while.This is the sort of serious constructive article that justifies the existence of serious do. fmz. Most fans are too lazy to do the necessary research to produce something really good. Roles may become an English Moskowitz. Conway's 'Tit-Bit',good, much better than the usual pseudo-science you're apt to get in such things. Personally, I liked the Mancon Report best, who wrote it? Loved the bit about thumbnail sketches also the dig at the NSFC in Local Affairs.....All the best, Walt.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

Thanks Also for letters from; Brian Burgess, George Clements, Arthur Duell
-50- et al.

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Cover Credits on *

Volume number one *

to Co-Producer, *

Norman Shorrock *

VOLUME NUMBER ONE

ISSUES NUMBER: ONE, TWO, AND THREE

MINOR FILLERS EXCLUDED

<u>SUBJECT</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
Editorial	The Editors	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
History of the L.S.-F.S.	Tom Owens	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Sprockets, Missals & Space Gobble	Jeff Espley	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$
The Submancon	Frank Milnes	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$
An Appeal	Tom Owens	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Round Robin Part 1	Jeff Espley	1	2
Henry Lee! Who's He?	Tom Owens	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$
1952 Loncon Report	Dave Gardner	1	8
Editorial	The Editors	2	1
Helpful Hint etc.	Dave Gardner	2	5
Society History (cont.)	Tom Owens	2	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Retrospect: 'SHE'	John Roles	2	2
News From The North	Matt Elder	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Sprockets, Missals & Space Gobble	Jeff Espley	2	1
The Atom Bomb	Tom Owens	2	2
Fantastic Science Fiction	John Roles	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Round Robin Part 2	Tom Owens	2	5
You Won't See It In	The Editors	2	1
Tripewriter In The Sky	John Carnell	2	3
Solution to: Henry Lee! Who's He?	A. Vincent Clarke	2	2
Science Fiction Personalities	H.J. Campbell	2	2
Lines From Letters - a department	Norman Shorrock	2	3
Editorial	The Editors	3	1
Science Fiction Personalities	Peter Hamilton Jr.	3	2
Your Preference Please	Norman Shorrock	3	1
Science Fiction Personalities	William F. Temple	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Thanks to Vince	Dave Gardner	3	$\frac{1}{2}$
Round Robin Part 3.	John Roles	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Retrospect: 'The Time Machine'	John Roles	3	3
Science Tit-Bits	Lewis Conway B.Sc.	3	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Mancon	John, Tom, and Norman	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Local Affairs	Tom Owens	3	$\frac{1}{2}$
Comics?	John Roles	3	$\frac{1}{2}$
Here and There - a department	Dave Gardner	3	1

LOOKING through the above credits we find that the Co-Editors and Producers of SD have contributed a total of $46\frac{1}{2}$ pages out of 66 (listed). Let us assure you that it isn't all through want of seeing our own material in print -- it's due to a lack of contributions from Outside! So all you hopeful authors give us a break and let's see some of your work. The worse that can happen is that you get it back - but if you forget to include return postage even that won't happen. We want good short stories and articles - articles of a serious or semi-technical nature by preference.

-51- Thanks from the Four of us.



With Best Wishes for a
Fantastic Christmas
and a New Year of
Astounding Fanac !
from the 'Space Divers'



