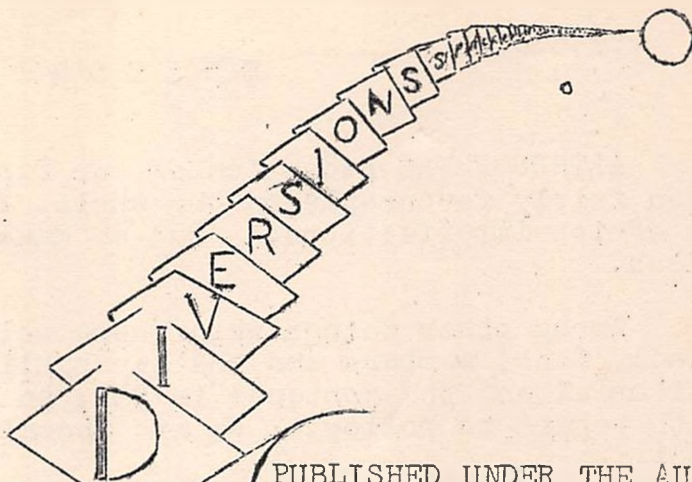
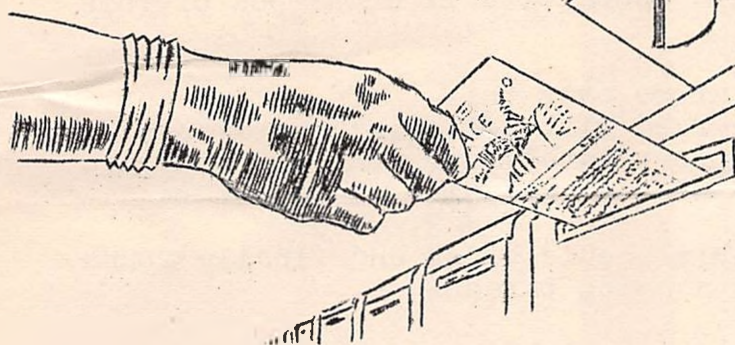




SPACE



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF
THE LIVERPOOL S-F SOCIETY
13A ST. VINCENT ST. L'POOL 3
FREE TO ALL MEMBERS.
CO-EDITORS ::
TOM OWENS & JOHN ROLES
PRODUCED BY ::
DAVID GARDNER & N.L. SHORROCK

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER TWO

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1952

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EDITORIAL

ALTHOUGH THE reception of our first number appears to have been fairly favourable on the whole, no one was more aware than us of its imperfections. But we make no excuses and offer no pleas.

Among other things which were pointed out to us by several kindly fans, members and the lay public, was the fact that the Editorial and the contents in SD1, to a certain extent conflicted with regard to policy. We are uncomfortably conscious of this fact.

Now an interesting fact arose over this. On asking our members whether or not they agreed with Editorial sentiments one and all approved. But unfortunately our contributors gave the impression that they were at variance with the front page!

We asked ourselves why this should be so and finally found a possible explanation to the seeming paradox.

When the first fans wrote their letters to their S-F magazines in the early '30s, a type of writing was established which since then seems to have become accepted as the mode of fan expression.

What have we against this? you may ask.

For one thing it has grown into a manner so stylized that, within the narrow confines imposed by its nature, any talent a young enthusiast, writing for fan publications, may have, is sidetracked into the composition of work loaded with as many wisecracks and devilishly intricate puns and as much sarcastic wit as his 'genius' can devise.

Another Black Mark against it is its affect on the newcomer to the genre who may be a potential fan, but who on reading some of the stuff churned out may drop S-F like a hot brick.

We can only suggest that this has become traditional style and leave it at that as we do not wish to be dogmatic about it! As stated in SD1, moderation is ours and the best policy.

We should like to mention here, that contributions from non-members would be welcomed. As will be deduced from the above, articles of a more serious nature with Fantasy Fiction or Technical interest will be preferred.

The Editors.

HELPFUL HINT TO WOULD-BE COLLECTORS OF FANTASY
AND SCIENCE-FICTION

by

David Gardner

-.--.-.-.-.-.-

SOME OF you already have the collector's instinct, it usually makes its first appearance whilst you are at school. It grows upon you. You commence in a small way by collecting bits of string and half-chewed toffees. This gives you many a sticky time, both with teachers and your parents. The toffee phase passes. Then comes bus tickets, train numbers, stamps, records, and at a later stage, telephone numbers.

By now the house is full of odds and ends. You are fed up to the teeth with collecting. Pass it all over to some sap who hasn't learnt his lesson.

Your hands are free and time hangs heavy.

Almost demented you search round for some less dangerous and more intellectually advanced hobby. 'tis then that your friends start deserting you - for they are still collecting. Morons! Fools! At last there is only one solution open to you - the river. Praise the day you gave up all hope of learning to swim - onward to the cold, deep waters. But you've been so busy collecting that you have failed to notice if there is any river or other stretch of water in the vicinity. Like a flash you start looking for a map. There is none. Off to the shops, head high, your cares banished.

What's this?

Already you have forgotten the river and the map, for there on the bookstall, dazzling your eyes with it's breath-stealing cover, reposes: "Strange Stories of Science Adventure, Amazing, Startling, Fantastic, Thrilling! Astounding epics of interPlanetary and Other Worlds intrigue. The Wonders of the Galaxy in your hand." So it is a big cover and the printing is small but you're hooked.

You mumble something under your breath to the assistant and slide over the necessary cash. Sadly, he shakes his head as you stagger off with it under your arm, cover hidden. How he pities you as he turns back to reading "Exotic Confessions Weekly". Brother, you're Out Of This World - give up hope, you're just a dope - there'll be no time for wimmin!

Your read and read and then read some more. All you think,

dream, eat, sloop and live is Science Fiction. S'wonderful!

Then one day, as if reading isn't bad enough, you also get a brain-wave. This is staggering. This is the first time that you have ever realised that you have a brain - and what's more its waving. Frantically you bury your head in a book. But, you worm, do you think escape lies in that direction? No! Be a man and not a fool etc. Face reality, wave back to that brain-wave and let the darn thing know that you've latched on.

This is something you should have thought of before. 'Why not start a collection?' Somehow that last word seems more than just slightly familiar. But do you allow more words to take advantage of your sweet innocence? You do not!

No lecherous word is going to get familiar with you. Slap it back into the black, yawning void of your mind. Faster than light, or the growth of the Shaver Mystery, it slaps right back at you. Collection! Collection! I'm going to have a collection!

You give in.

This is when your troubles start. You're in a B.E.M.(Blessed Elophantine Mess), for which mags are you going to collect, and which are you permitting to elude your greedy grasping paws?

For two days you are in a coma. Your subnormal mind takes over. First of all you were determined to make a complete collection of only one magazine, then this depraved other-you demands that for comparisons sake (whoever he is) you collect two different mags. Wearily you surrender and come out of the stupor.

Only two lots of mags! That's kids stuff!

You start collecting everything that comes out. But there seems to be something lacking. It isn't enthusiasm so it must be... ah!...Money. That word crops up everywhere.

Crops up - crops - but yes! You stop buying food and go vegetarian. Three times a day you steal out into the garden - make certain that nobody is watching and then... then crop the grass. At first it isn't very satisfying but you get by, and it does give you extra pocket money.

But still there is something lacking. Bleating thoughtfully round a mouthful of frosh green grass you wonder what it can be. Your collection lacks balance. Proud of it though you may be, you are not blind to its faults. What it really needs is something more than magazines. And the answer of course is pocket books and bound volumes.

You are happy again.

You dash round to your nearest S-F bookshop and as they see their best customer racing down the road, out comes the red carpeting.

A fanfare of trumpets heralds your arrival. Bowing from the ankles down the manager kisses your moneybox.

Used to this show of servility you brush him aside and stalk into the hallowed hunting ground. He claps his hands and a bevy of beautiful Earth maiden assistants line up to await your commands.

Poor little collector - my heart bleeds for you - all you can think of is Science Fiction, their fairness passes you by like soft summer rains. Swamped by the towering shelves of books, you stand alone in the centre of the floor. Graciously you inform them that today you will bestow upon them the honour of supplying you with a copy of every book and pocket book that has ever been published. Hardly have your awe inspiring words rebounded from the moon than there is a flash of twenty pairs of shapely legs, the swift movement of twenty legs - sorry, I mean ladders; and forty arms feverishly fulfil your command. Your collection - your COLLECTION is complete. For the moment.

II

BY NOW of course you have the whole house to yourself. The family couldn't stand seeing all those different covers so they had to clear out.

You're busy sorting it all into date and magazine order, piling the stuff round the rooms and over the stairs and furniture. The furniture is in the way. Sell it and bed down on a SUPERSOFT MAGAZINE MATTRESS. The sale brings in more money. So what? You buy wood and nails. You tell yourself that you're going to build shelves and bookcases. That now is the time to bring some semblance of order to your growing piles of reading material.

Full of confidence you start work and immediately find out that you aren't as good as you thought you were. For one thing you have forgotten how to make joints. Don't let it worry you, they are far too much trouble and anyway they take far too long to make.

Having sawn the wood into the required lengths you wallow thigh-deep in sawdust and start hammering like blazes. The wood splits. You use screws.

The blessed things stick out all over the place at the oddest angles. For some reason or other you can't get them to go in straight. Use a screwdriver in future instead of your thumb nail. It's harder but it is more effective. Saw off the protruding screw ends and in the process ruin the saw - you won't be using it again, it's too much like hard work. In sawing off the screws you now find that you have also cut through the shelves and the sides of your first attempt at making a bookcase.

Glue it.

Within twenty-four hours the glue is set - now try and take your hands away. If you're lucky you manage to do this. If not, you're going to find it awkward turning over the pages of your mags with your toes.

At last it is completed. You stand back and admire your master piece of voodvork, relieved to find that there are no gnurr holes. Maybe it isn't as squaredup as it should be, but as books are all shapes and sizes this design of yours is better than those on sale.

Now you start loading it up with books. One book on the left of the top shelf. It creaks alarmingly! Slam two more books to the right. It totters! Hold on to it with one hand. Jam a dozen novels on the bottom shelf. There is not a movement out of it - as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. You breathe a sigh of relief.

It collapses! Learn!

Next one you make, turn your head away when you breathe. After eating nothing but grass for months your breath is stronger than you think.

What, no more bookcases or shelves? Well I can't say that I blame you. Leave the mags on the floor, that way you can see the covers. On second thoughts turn them face down, they look even better that way, especially April, May and June 1951 issues of Galaxy. What are you running for? Walk, they'll still be there and she can't get dressed so why worry.

The root of all evil is now rolling in from umpteen different directions. The whole neighbourhood seems determined to help you. Everyone is offering you money. All you have to do to earn it is eat.

The old woman from next door is the cause. Jealous of the appearance of her lawn, she can't help noticing that your's is far better. She spies on you! She sees you eating the tender shoots of grass and enjoying them. The secret is out. She too can have a lawn like yours.

Old age - false tooth - not so good. She keeps losing them in the borders.

Old Gritty Gums comes round to see you. A further supply of the needs of life just for the taking and she'll pay you cash for the task.

The news spreads round the neighbours. Now you find that everyone wants your services. You're rich - you're famous - you're nuts in everyone's eyes! But don't worry, you gotta da cash aint you?

Spend it!

On what?

Science Fiction of course.

Impossible - you find that you have life subscriptions to every mag throughout the world. Calamity! Books and pocket-books too, every firm that ever publishes a page of Science Fiction or Fantasy holds gold and dollar(magical word that) reserves to your use.

Then one of the worst things that can happen happens to you. You buy a typewriter and start sending letters off to editors. It gets a hold on you. You too can be an editor and have folks send letters in to you.

You buy a duplicator - electric model of course, reams of paper, a stapler complete with staples, and stencils.

Mug! The very worst thing that can happen - has.

You turn out a fanmag - all articles and stories by yourself and send copies to all the addresses that you can find in the promags. Soon as it is in the post you start again on the next one.

Schedules to keep up. Customers waiting. Amazingly enough it clicks and you get the subs flowing in. Spend the whole lot on art work and film stills. Carry on typing that fanmag - don't let up.

III

NOW LET me see, I promised you would-be collectors a hint, didn't I?

Oh yes, I have it.

DON'T COLLECT!!! See what it leads to - you don't get a chance to read a single blessed story. You're too busy with collecting and other things.

I know!

Now whereinhell'sname did I put those stencils and the duplicating ink - the damn mag is going to be late again!

.F I N I S.

NOTE::: NEW DATE FOR THE M A N C O N.

The M A N C O N will now be held in MANCHESTER on the 5th OCTOBER 1952, one week later than was intended. Remember! SUNDAY THE 5th OCTOBER 1952 IS THE NEW DATE FOR THE M A N C O N.

OUR SOCIETY HISTORY (Continued)

by
Tom Owens.

WITH RECRUITING week behind us, and the committee elected for the next twelve months, it seemed as if we could now enjoy a period of comparative quiet. Examination of the Society's accounts, however, told a sad story. The outlay for the paint and distemper to decorate 13A had made serious inroads into our funds and in order to avoid insolvency something had to be done - and quick!

All praise then to the now forgotten genius who thought up the idea of an Auction. Everybody was asked to bring whatever they thought was saleable and the goods would be put up for auction, with one third of the proceeds going to the funds. The response was little short of amazing. There were, for instance; sports coats, garden shears, gramophone records, electric fires, tea, sugar and milk. Jeff brought a crumb tray. There was also butter, jewellery and electric fittings, Jeff's crumb tray I have already mentioned. The Society benefitted to the extent of £3:8:5d and everybody got something they wanted, e.g. Lewis got a crumb tray.

The last day of March marked our coming of age. Twenty-one weeks a Society. We celebrated this in the approved manner at the Lisbon Grill, Victoria Street, and owing to our Secretary's final state, there is no entry in the minutes book for that week.

It was about that time that we decided we should take more interest in fandom than we had been doing to date. Accordingly John agreed to communicate with the various fanzines. Among others John chose "SLANT" but up to now he has had only one issue of that excellent mag and has had to return that one. Owing to the demand that exists for "SLANT", it was the Editor's last copy. Dave, on the other hand, chose the promags and assailed the READERS COLUMNS with letters inviting American fans stationed at the USAAF Base at Burton Wood to come up and see us sometime. This as a token repayment for American generosity in supplying British fandom with promags when they were hard to obtain over this side of the Atlantic. (So far in: Madge, T.W.S, AmS., F.F.M. and F.A.)

After our 21st celebration came a lull. We now had time to enjoy and appreciate life as a group and indulge in group activities. Among these were:

- 1) A vote on the contents of each new issue of "Science Fantasy" and "New Worlds". The results are correlated by Dave and sent to Editor Carnell. As can be seen from the letter section of the current NW, our ratings do not always agree with other fans.
- 2) Record playing of various sound tracks of futuristic films. ("Things To Come" and "The Day The Earth Stood Still" etc.)

3) Occasionally allowing Dave to read us one of his stories. Included among those he has already read to us is an article entitled "The Shaver Saga", which I hope to persuade Dave to offer for publication in Space Diversions sometime in the near future.

The last item of interest to record is the decision to publish "Space Diversions". The L.S.F.S. are certainly bustlers. Two weeks after the decision was made to publish, I had a copy of "Space Diversions" No.1. in my hands.

Indeed it was only the hard work of my Co-Editor and Publishers that has made this mag. possible. Therefore what better way is there of closing this short history than to thank heartily all concerned in the production and distribution of
"SPACE DIVERSIONS"

THE ABOVE BRINGS THE HISTORY OF THE L.S.F.S. UP TO DATE. SO THAT THE FANS CAN KEEP ABREAST OF ACTIVITIES IN THEIR AREA, "SPACE DIVERSIONS" WILL PUBLISH A COLUMN ON LOCAL AFFAIRS IN EACH ISSUE.

* * * * *

EXTRACT FROM a letter from W.T. Powers, H.D.A. Dianetic Processing & Research Foundation: "Since the advent of Advanced Procedures, and since the appearance of a purported "clear" in the city of Minneapolis, dianetics has taken some great strides toward full unification of ideas, not, however, without stress. The Hubbard Dianetic Foundation is now the personal property of Don Purcell, a business man, and Ron Hubbard is in Phoenix, Arizona, broke and in need of processing, no longer connected with the "Foundation". The commerciality of the old Hubbard Foundation at last has ruined them. Since early 1951 DPRF members have considered that Hubbard had picked his associates and managers with complete disregard for their understanding of dianetic tenets, and as a consequence "official" dianetics has been conducted in a most un-dianetic way. Let us hope that Ron Hubbard has learned about some of the aberrations he has been ignoring in people."

Any further information on the above would be welcomed by:-
T.A. OWENS, 162, OUTER FORUM, LIVERPOOL, 11, as would news of his following "Wants":-

W A N T E D by T.A. OWENS; Set of PRACTICAL MECHANICS sometime after 1945 (?) With articles on German Rockets and V2s. Address as above, please write.

* * * * *

Seen the advert for model Space Men which appears in the August '52 ish of astounding Science Fiction? Dave had two sent to him from a friend and they are really something, now everybody in the Liverpool circle wants a set. Hey! Terra Imports! Want any agents over here!?!
/9/

* R E T R O S P E C T *

Peeps into the Past conducted by Co-editor JOHN D. ROLES

I

S H E by H. RIDER HAGGARD

THIS IMMORTAL classic about that potentially immortal woman, Ayesha, is surely one of the most popular fantasies ever written. Ever since it's first appearance serially in the "Graphic", Oct 2nd, 1886 to Jan 8th, 1887, it has been a consistent best seller. Unfortunately it is not known how many copies have been sold, as the book, originally published by Longmans, (January 1st, 1887, in a first edition of 10,000), is now done by another firm, and records have been lost.

Haggard says in his life story:- "I remember that when I sat down to the task, my ideas as to its development were of the vaguest. The only clear notion that I had in my head was that of an immortal woman, inspired by an immortal love. All the rest shaped itself round this figure. And it came - it came faster than my poor aching hand could set it down...." "The whole romance was completed in a little over six weeks. Moreover it was never rewritten and the manuscript carries but few corrections. The fact is that it was written at white heat..."

It is also a remarkable fact that three of his best works:- "King Solomon's Mines", "Allan Quartermain", "She", and also "Jess" were written in the fifteen months January 1885 to March 1886.

The American bibliophile Henry Miller has written about "She" in his recent book "The Books In My Life".

"...Ayesha is more than that. She is superreal in every sense of that maligned word. About the personage the author has spun a web of such proportions that it almost deserves the appellation cosmogonic...Ayesha is one of the eternal elements, both discarnate and incarnate. She is of the dark mothers of which mysterious race we get hints and echoes in Germanic Literature." (this sounds great: if you really understand it you should contact Korzybski or perhaps Shaver -but not Hubbard! see page 9)

The masterpiece has seen many dramatic productions. It has been filmed three times: in 1914 with Alice Delysia in the title role, in 1925 with Betty Balfour and in 1935 with Marie (Helen?) Ney as the great autarch.

In 1888, one Sophie Eyre produced it at the Gaiety Theatre from the play in five acts by William Sydney and Clo Graves, and in America it was done in New York, Nov. 29th, 1887 and San Francisco, 1887.

Early 1898 a Hungarian production of She was produced at Budapest in the form of a ballet. This was performed entirely without Haggard's permission. Hearing about it, he wrote to the managers asking for photos and programmes, mentioning that he happened to be the author of the book. The manager replied, stating that this could not be so as the author was dead; on Haggard asking for a denial of this to be put in the Hungarian papers, he was informed that none of the editors would do so as they considered it was a trick to obtain some money.

I think it is fitting in a way to end this article by quoting a poem by Elizabeth Bowen, who must have loved the imperious She and her caves even as I do. It is from a short story, "Mysterious Kor", which appeared some time ago in Penguin New Writing, I think, and appears in a volume of her short stories.

SHE

to H.R.H.

Not in the waste beyond the swamps and sand,
The fever-haunted forest and lagoon,
Mysterious Kor thy walls forsaken stand,
Thy lonely towers beneath the lonely moon —
Not there doth Ayesha linger, rune by rune
Spelling strange scriptures of a people banned.
The world is disenchanted; ever soon
Shall Europe send her spies through all the land.

Nay not in Kor, but in whatever spot,
In town or field, or by the insatiate sea,
Men brood on buried loves, and unforgot,
Or break themselves on some divine decree,
Or would o'erleap the limits of their lot —
There, in the tombs and deathless, dwelleth SHE.

. F I N I S .

SOME NEWS FROM UP NORTH

Matt A. Elder, Secretary of the New Lands S-F Fan Club
37, Moray Place, Glasgow S.1. Scotland, writes to say that their club have been requested to act as fan advisers for the new Scottish promag "NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION". Good luck to them and may they pick all the good ones. Matt also tells us that they will be publishing a fanzine (New Lands not Nebula S-F!) called Haemo GOBLIN - date due is September or October. Somebody else who will be after Vince Clarke's typewritten 'zine on stencil-cutting and duplicating - better have it ready soon Vince!

* * * * *

S P R O C K E T S, M I S S A L S A N D S P A C E G A B B L E

as babbled by

VARGO ESPley

Hello again Spacers!

Well here we are coming up for the second round, how we survived the first issue I'll never know - but we did.

I met Eric Frank Russell t'other day, and he informed me that there will be another of his stories out in 'Other Worlds' shortly, and two in Astounding. Watch for them, they'll be good!(as usual) (See 'I Am Nothing' aSF July 1952)

By the way, that (Shhhhhh - flying saucer) seen over Liverpool has now contacted me with a view to sub-letting a suite in our Space Dive. The Martian occupants informed me that Tootie-Froot (their dictator) wants to establish a Martian Embassy on Terra and living amongst the L'pool S/F fans would seem quite homely to out-of-this-world visitors whilst so far away from their own local Bems!

Remember the competition by Tom Owens in the last ish? (Henry Lee - Who's He?) Well the lads at the local dive racked their brain as to what was on the paper - but all to no avail. However it is well known that a 'pudlian never gives up, so we built a time machine, handed Tom a blank piece of paper, and pushed him into it! That was last week and he ain't back yet. Wonder what's keeping him? (N.B. NO PRIZES - ED.)

Here's the ode(our) for this time -

There were some young bems from Centaurus
Who wail Science Fiction's not for us,
The gals on the covers have all got big brothers
And space ships and fan-mags just bore us.

(Aside. Say! are you going to let this bloke get away with this? After all he was only the club founder - Norman. Guess we've gotta fill the mag some way - Dave.)

I admit it's weak, but I do try - Jeff (Horse laugh heard off-stage)

Well gang that's all for now and I do hope that you enjoyed reading our first issue as much as we did knocking it out, believe me it's great fun.

Yours insensibly,

Vargo.

P.S. After this effort I dare you to read the next and third ish. (if we survive the second)

T H E A T O M B O M B

by
"TOZ"
*

THE ATOM Bomb is a prop on which present day writers tend to lean. Space Diversions feels therefore, that a few facts on the effects of the bomb will be welcomed by its readers.

There is a vast difference between an explosion from T.N.T. and an explosion whose cause is atomic fission. Trinitrotoluene oxidises explosively giving rise to a pressure wave known as blast. The maximum temperature of a T.N.T. explosion is about 5,000 C, while the maximum temperature of an Atomic Bomb is near 1,000,000 C.

When the uranium breaks up there is created an incandescent sphere which attains a diameter of 45 feet one ten thousandth of a second after the bomb is exploded. The temperature of this atomic fire ball is so high that the surrounding air is made luminous; to such an extent that at a distance of five and a half miles from the centre of the explosion the light is 100 times as bright as the sun seen from the surface of the Earth.

Another unusual effect caused is known as the Cloud Chamber Effect. Shortly after detonation, the shock wave causes a high air pressure followed by rarefaction. This, acting on the water vapour which is always present in the atmosphere, causes a large cloud to form some distance from the centre of the disturbance. This shock wave moves with great speed. In .015 seconds the ball of fire grows to a diameter of 300 feet and its outside temperature is in the region of 5,000 C. This stage of the explosion is known as the breakaway and the shock wave is travelling at 15,000 ft. per sec. At the end of one second the fiery globe has a diameter of 450 feet, in ten seconds it becomes 1,500 feet. Below is what a table of the growth of the nucleus of the explosion would look like.

<u>seconds.</u>	<u>diameter of fire ball in feet.</u>
.0001	45
.015	300
1.0	450
10.0	1,500

At first glance this may seem much slower than would be expected, but when one considers that those figures refer only to the centre of the explosion and that when this nucleus has a diameter of 1,500 feet the shock wave accompanying it has extended two miles in all directions it is then that one begins to appreciate the power of the bomb. Immediately after detonation there is a rapid rise in pressure causing a cyclonic wind, followed by a fall in pressure lasting 1sec. Then comes a highly destructive suction wave causing the wind to reverse in direction.

Owing to the formation of oxides of nitrogen a violet glow is usually produced in the air which persists for some time. The explosion at Bikini produced a peach like colour of the clouds, which was assumed to be due to nitrogen dioxide, of which 100 tons was produced.

As regards radiations, the effects are as follows:-

If the bomb explodes near the ground the dust caused by the collapse of the buildings etc., will become radioactive and when it settles it will constitute a danger to human beings.

If the bomb is set off above 1,000ft. the danger from radioactive dust is practically non-existent. Again too, at such a height gamma ray emanation is dissipated in the atmosphere, which proves an excellent 'moderator'.

Theoretically the height of an atomic cloud would find its limits in the stratosphere. A test at Alamagordo has confirmed this. The bomb used was described as a 'nominal' sized one. A 'nominal' sized bomb is estimated to contain one kilogram of Uranium 235 and to be equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT.

A perusal of the above will convince any credulous reader that the science fiction author is not always 100% correct in his lurid descriptions of the glowing radioactive pits which would follow the use of A-Bombs.

In conclusion here are a few facts about the Bikini Atol explosion.

The bomb was detonated under the sea. A plume of water was thrown up to a height of 8,000ft. the diameter being 2,000ft. This 2,000ft thick column however was hollow, the walls of the column being 300ft in thickness. The total weight of water was estimated at 1,000,000 tons. This explosion caused a mist 1,000ft deep, which had the characteristics of a homogeneous liquid, due to the density of the water particles. This mist wave created a violent rain storm over the lagoon, which eventually lifted off the surface of the lagoon revealing itself as a heavy cumulus cloud.

=finis=

*

HAVE you seen the latest new STF mag? "Fantastic Science Fiction". Aug. 25/ 50pp. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. Ed. Walter Gibson.

In our opinion this magazine is the quintessence of all the worst that has appeared in SF since the early days and is a step back to those dark ages. Format, illos, and stories are an unwelcome atavism. The cover depicts a pink space ship perched on a crazy-angled landscape with a yellow sky, action is supplied by two hard-hitting space-men knocking the blocks off some mono-wheeled robots. The blurb announces proudly, "The Day New York Ended", "The Nude In The Microscope" and if we haven't said enough, a caption from one of the illos will complete the picture. "As Roq caught Vela in his constrictor's clutch, Professor Zurow sprang upon the scene." (!!!!! 1935 etc here we come!!!!!!)

THE MANC ON
A CONVENTION FOR SCIENCE-FICTION FANS

<u>THE TIME</u>	11am onwards on <u>Sunday OCTOBER 5th 1952.</u>	<u>THE TIME</u>
<u>THE PLACE</u>	THE WATERLOO HOTEL, HIGHTOWN, MANCHESTER. BUS ROUTES 81 and 26 FROM CANNON STREET.	<u>THE PLACE</u>

THE PROGRAM will feature : TALKS BY S-F CELEBRITIES, THE PROGRAM
DISCUSSIONS.
AN AUCTION.

IN FACT ALL THE USUAL S-F CONVENTION ITEMS, PLUS SOME NEW
AND VERY ENTERTAINING ONES SUCH AS:

"FANTASY CHARADES"

A PLAY

"1966 AND ALL THAT"

Written especially for the Mancon

"IF YOU WERE MAROONED ON AN ASTEROID"

Hear several well known Fans tell who in S-F they would like to have with them.

MANCON SOCIETY YOU are invited to JOIN. The 1/6^d (25^c) subscription entitles you to all the Mancon Bulletins, the Mancon Program, the Souvenir Booklet AND includes your entry fee for the "DESIGN YOUR OWN SPACESHIP COMPETITION", for which the judges will base their decision on which design they themselves would prefer to travel in. The ONLY RULE for this competition is : YOUR ENTRY MUST BE IN FOR SEPTEMBER 20th. Winners to be announced on OCTOBER 5th. MANCON DAY.

EXHIBITIONS Several S-F Publishers and Dealers are expected to hold displays. Artwork will be displayed by Terry Jeeves. Operation Fantast Library will be exhibiting.

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THE MANCON AWARDS (to be made on October 5th) FOR THE BEST BRITISH FAN WRITER AND FAN ARTIST OF 1952-3. SEND IN YOUR VOTE FOR THE FOLK YOU THINK ARE THE BEST TO: BILL JESSON, 30 SELBY ROAD, STRETFORD, MANCHESTER.

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When we first started the Round Robin it was not intended for publication; in fact we thought that it wasn't fit for print - we still have our doubts! But it proved so entertaining that we think you will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed writing it.

Before we started the ball rolling with the first part, it was decided by the members of the Society that to make it more fun, we should introduce certain preselected components which must be brought in by the story-tellers. These elements were:- A Quest, a Super-race, Super-rays, some caverns on Mars, E.S.P., a Werewolf and a Vampire (who have already taken their bow), half-a-million years in the future, and of course the B.E.Maiden. Right then - we now present

PART TWO by TOM OWENS

"DID YOU say Irish?" asked Bunny. "Tasted like Scotch to me."

"Actually, Old Boy, it can taste like anything you wish, as the bally stuff is only a product of your own imagination."

Bunny was sceptical, but after experimenting and obtaining Martell Three Star, he said, "I wish you two were a product of my imagination."

"I say Old Chappie - most unkind."

"The spalpeen!"

"Actually," the Wolf seemed fond of the word, "actually, our life is part of your projected imagination, determined, of course, by our personal emanations. But it's no use you know, trying to stop imagining us. We'll still be here."

Suddenly suspicious, Bunny looked down at himself. He saw what he expected to see - his own arms and legs, still in service uniform. He let himself entertain a doubt about the realness of himself and his body, faded and became a blur. He was now thoroughly convinced that he was dead and said so.

"Sure now, and it's after catching on quick ye'll be," said the Bat apparition. "But I'm thinking that it's yourself that'll

have to be coming along quick now."

Bunny sensed that the Bat was not at ease. He climbed to his feet. "Well, let's hit the road, Paddy," he said.

The Wolf slunk towards him. "I say, why not climb on my back?" he said. "Paddy here can fly and if I run we'll soon jolly well get there."

"Look Bud," said Bunny, "I don't want to seem curious but where are we going and why the hurry?"

The eternal mist, which had been streaming and eddying about them in a contorted dance in this never-never land, suddenly, as if activated by Bunny's question, seemed to gather itself together and coalesce in the midst of the three. To the accompaniment of a sound as of a hundred shrieking banshees, a vast area in front of their gaze condensed to form a shimmering cone of golden light.

"Bogorrah! The Boss," announced Paddy.

"We've had it now," the Wolf muttered out of the side of his mouth. "Have you got your piece ready?"

It seemed to Bunny then, as if he'd heard a voice, but no sound fell upon his ear; yet he had the impression of a thousand voices, speaking as one, Bass voices, treble voices, soprano, tenor, alto voices. His mother's voice, his father's voice. The voice of the girl he had loved. Voices amplified and resonated by some vast celestial sounding-chamber. Voices that thundered and boomed, voices that whispered. Voices that were - a Voice. A Voice that said one word.

"Well?"

"Your Honour," stammered Paddy.

"Actually," whined the Wolf.

"Enough," thundered the Voice, or did it whisper? "I have only to turn my back for a few aeons and you two fools have to make a mess of things. What were you going to do with this denizen of the third planet?"

"Take him to the astral reception centre," said the Wolf.

"Indeed?" came the Voice from the golden cone. "He's not due to be born for another three thousand years. How do you explain that?"

"Sure an' was it not meself that got drunk and knocked over the filing cabinet," said Paddy penitently. "I must have put the cards back in the wrong order."

"If it had only been that I would not have minded." The Voice

paused and Bunny started to pinch himself to see if he was really there, but then, remembering that he wasn't, he gave it up. Remorselessly the Voice continued. "There are five other beings who have suffered from the same mistake. Four of them fortunately are due to be born within the next two Earth years. The other one, a female, is not due to be born until two years after the birth of this human here. As you should be aware you are not allowed to claim the astral form until the time set down in the records. Therefore, because of your bungling, four of these life-forms will be forced to live lives of double duration. But this one and the female will have to live for a duration of about forty times their normal life span."

"Actually that will be difficult," said the Wolf, "as we destroyed all the bodies completely."

"Yes, you miserable creatures, you thought you could destroy the evidence of your bungling. I always take into account that you lesser beings of creation cannot help but make mistakes occasionally, so it is not for that I am punishing you. No. I am punishing you for trying to cover up your mistakes which you should have reported to me. Your sentence is as follows:- After you have tidied up your mistake here, I will have the lab send you up duplicate bodies to your sector. Then you will report to the Celestial Furnace Master, handing over your duties to your subordinates. You will not report back for duty until this Earth being is due to visit the Astral Reception Centre - due that is, according to his existence card. If you should make any mistake getting this creature back to its own habitat, your sentence shall be automatically increased to eternity. Now get along to your sector, while I talk to this human here."

The Wolf and the Bat vanished abruptly.

The Voice of the shining cloud now addressed itself to Bunny, "I see by the state of your mind that you are overjoyed both at the reprieve from death and from the thought of continuing your existence for three thousand years. You will have gathered of course, that you and your five companions will be put in bodies identical to the ones you have just had destroyed. You will then be returned to your respective planets. You and the female will be the only ones who will remember this episode. The others will be little affected by their increased life spans. To you and the female, however, such a long life may prove unbearable, but as it is no fault of yours that you are in this position, you will be helped to develop powers that would not normally appear in your species for another million years. It would throw the whole Universe into chaos if we were to arrange a destiny for you, as we have for every other sentient being, so for another three thousand years you will be master of your fate. Twenty-eight years after you are due to be born your predestined life will start to take over your actions. Up to that time you - and the female - will be on your own. But take care! While you will be unable to die, you may find yourself in situations that will cause you great

physical pain. As you are whole and undamaged at twenty-eight years of age, three thousand years from now, you will develop the ability, should say one of your limbs be amputated, to grow another. Even if you should be cut into small pieces, then the largest piece will grow and eventually form another you. The process naturally will be very uncomfortable. As any accident that happens to you may effect the destinies of other people, your powers will enable you to have a greater control. Nothing should be achieved without effort, so you will have to develop these powers yourself. They will include the ability to read the minds of others. You will be able to move objects by the power of your mind, including yourself. However, you will only be able to transfer to a place you have already visited. You will also develop other powers, those I shall not mention except to say that when you need these powers badly enough you will develop them.

"While I have you here I would like to tell you that your destiny is not tightly controlled; only those events that lead to your ultimate admittance to the astral plane. That date is fixed. Therefore you will know that I speak the truth when I say that you have not made the best of your life on Earth, even if it was put there prematurely. Normally you would have been due for a spell under the Celestial Furnace Master, as it is, you have been the victim of a mistake therefore you will be given a chance to clean your record sheet."

Bunny found his voice. "Sky piloting is out then," he said, and marvelled at his own temerity. The Being ignored the interjection.

"You will remember this doggerel," It said. "For in it lies the clue to your salvation," and It quoted,

"Where twin moons illumine the night,
"There you will seek the troglodyte.
"Of him this question ask,
"What was Varno's Galactic Task?"

With this the Voice stopped and the cone of golden radiance faded out. Bunny found suddenly that he was in the company of the Bat and Wolf once more.

"Sure and ye'll soon be safe and sound on Earth again," said Paddy.

"I say Old Boy, we're awfully sorry and all that," apologized the Wolf, "but you know how it is when you've had a drop too much."

"It doesn't seem to have taught your friend a lesson, Bud," said Bunny, looking meaningfully at Paddy, who was sampling the whisky flask again."

"Begorrah, an' 'twill be a long time before I get a drop of the ould stuff again," hiccupped Paddy. "Sure an' isn't it forbidden down there?"

"I think you'd better get me down to Earth again before you get tight and make another mistake," warned Bunny.

"Everything's ready Old Boy," said the Wolf. He hiccupped loudly, evidently he also had been imbibing. "Jusht drink this."

* * *

WHEN HE awoke it was to find himself in a strange room. He lay awhile, trying to orientate himself. Slowly the strange events that had passed returned to his memory. He noticed now that he was in a female's bedroom. At least that was what he deduced by the various articles of feminine attire scattered round the room.

"H'mmm," he thought. "Looks as if I've been a bad lad. Boy! was I tight though. Don't even remember her; wonder what she looks like. Could I have been so tight I got married? Funny, I don't seem to have a hangover."

Still puzzling, he climbed off the bed and looked around the room. Quite a nice room. Nice view from the window — Next to the window was a wardrobe — then a door. Nice view in the doorway too. A Vision. A totally unclad Golden Vision.

Bunny unabashed, studied her. Tall she was, with a heart-shaped face framed by hair of black compounded it seemed, with glints of darkest midnight. Shoulders that were a dream, — his eyes wandered down wonderingly. Her legs: Bunny studied them with extra care. He'd always considered himself an expert on legs. These were the best pair he had ever seen. Long and slim, they were perfectly formed columns of loveliness.

Bunny gulped and then realised that the female was studying him just as intently. A breath of wind through the open window played on his skin. Startled, he realised that he too was naked. He blushed and looked down at himself. What he saw deepened his blush.

"That damned ~~*****~~ Bat-faced ~~*****~~," he cursed.

The doorway in which the luscious, BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN stood, was not a doorway!

It was a mirror. Bunny had been given the wrong body!

.End Of Part Two.

WANTED: Tealby's Summer 1951 Wonder.
All Fanscients except 4,5,6.
Science-Fantasy Advertiser Vol,5. Number 6.
Fantasy Review 2 to 6 inclusive.
Haggard's She and Allan (x2), Queen Sheba's Ring (x2)

WRITE: JOHN D. ROLES, 26, PINE GROVE, WATERLOO, LIVERPOOL, 22.

WITH THE growth in popularity of the Science-fiction tale it was perhaps only natural that a few authors should try to 'crash the party'. For them there was no attempt to learn the science-fiction ropes, rather their philosophy seemed to be: "We'll take a Western story and put it on Mars (or Venus), ray guns will take the place of .45s, and hard-eyed, tight-lipped men will drink potent Martian Schlopps. Science-fiction fans will lap it up." The fans however, did not lap it up. Perhaps they recognised the plot or maybe they had an I.Q. higher than bargained for by the renegade writers. In any case it soon became obvious that that kind of trash would not sell. S-F as an art form is now safe!

But do not cheer yet, for another danger is becoming apparent. We are going to take from a pile of pro-mags three at random and pick certain stories from them. Then we'll see what we have.

The first magazine we pick up is the new.... "Fantastic". On the cover it says: "PLUS A CLASSIC NOVEL BY RAYMOND CHANDLER. PROFESSOR BINGO'S SNUFF." Next another first issue, "IF", the story selected being "TWELVE TIMES ZERO" and lastly, TWS for April '52 and the story is entitled "DOUBLE JEOPARDY."

It is perhaps unfair to D.J. to use it to illustrate our sort of second editorial. In itself D.J. is an excellent S-F yarn. So, in a lesser degree, is Howard Brown's "TWELVE TIMES ZERO". "PROFESSOR BINGO'S SNUFF", however, is not science-fiction. It is barely fantasy. All have one trait in common though, that is, they are detective stories! So too in the case of the "You'll never see it here" GALAXY with "THE DEMOLISHED MAN."

Now let us get back to "Double Jeopardy". Overleaf from the title-heading is a box containing a blurb on the story. It is titled "Crime of the Future" and goes on:- "At least three different people....have told us recently they believe science-fiction is taking the place of the detective story....our able Fletcher Pratt...became interested on one angle of this. What would crime of the future be like?...the answer is a science-fiction detective story."

If this prediction is true then a few detective story writers will be looking for jobs. What more natural for them than to go over their rejected manuscripts and alter a few words here and there. For 'old Chicago' put 'Marsport', patrol car becomes a patrol space ship, manned of course by Space-cop Flannigan. But need we go on! S-F readers will need to watch the wedding of the Science-fiction with the detective story. It may be as TWS states "a new branch of science-fiction." (Of the examples we have quoted only one, although a good yarn, failed to make the grade as S-F.) On the other hand we may be facing a greater danger than we did over the "Western S-F tales". In the final analysis the question whether we survive or not rests with you - THE SCIENCE-FICTION READER.

The Editors

TR I P E W R I T E R I N T H E S K Y

by

J O H N C A R N E L L

TOO MANY auto-biographies, obituaries, and head-stone headlines have been written about myself during the past few weeks to warrant yet another one appearing in Space Diversions, so, apart from the fact that, in common with most other adherents to the fantasy cult, I breathe air regularly, I thought it might be of interest to some of you to learn at firsthand the trials and tribulations of an editor, s-f.

Reading an issue of NEW WORLDS and then sitting down and tearing the editor off a strip is justifiable homicide (on my part), but practise and patience now allows me not to oil the old sub-machine gun every other month or so -- in fact, I'm even thinking of trading it in for a couple of Arthur Clarke's colour photos of White Sands and one of Barbara Payton that Bill Temple has.

Spare a thought, then, for the vast amount of mental agony, blood and tears, that goes into putting the jigsaw of the magazine together before you see it. And remember that I have had to read each story five times before you read it once, therefore I feel five times the amount of animosity you do. There's the initial reading and acceptance; then reading and correcting for setting; then reading the galley proofs; then reading the final page proofs and checking all errors have been corrected; then reading the final printed edition to make sure everything was corrected. Monotony isn't the word!

Let's take just the manuscript side of an editor's grind first. MSS come in all shapes and sizes, from hand-written epistles on bumf to mighty tomes typed single-spaced on foolscap oblong (and looking like an opera score). In between there are a wide variety of paper sizes used, plus equipment for making marks on paper, such as pencil, pen, invisible typing ribbons and carbonless carbon paper (many would-be authors think it far better to send a carbon copy thus assuring the editor that he isn't the first to see the outstanding short story of the century). Seven out of ten hopeful authors request an editorial opinion on their work, thus sidetracking a rejection slip. The other three trust in God.

To choose the 300,000 words we publish each year in NEW WORLDS entails reading over 3,000,000 words (the ratio is approximately one acceptance in ten these days, unless I'm desperate!) Add the wordage for SCIENCE-FANTASY -- can you wonder that I meet myself halfway round the bend?

Luckily, for me at least, Ken Chapman reads the other million odd words I never see!

While the MSS are being read (a "hopeful" can expect to hear within two weeks of submission unless my eyes fail completely), the correspondence piles up. There's something diabolically cunning about fans-who-write-letters-to-editors. While opinions are freely aired in general, there are always numerous questions slipped in which somehow require an answer -- one reader recently sent me in a short letter saying that he had invented a new species of maths, and then covered two-and-a-half pages with his mystic formulae, requesting that I opine upon it. Arthur Clarke "opined" for me, and came up with the brilliant answer that it was the same as saying "Two and two are four" and "Twice two are four". Somehow I seem to be in the way with all this technical jargon.

Somewhere in between this Heaven and Hell there's the simple problem of meeting the publishing deadline. Odd little details of mathematically working out the entire type area, dividing it into the total area of the magazine, less space for adverts, readers' column, book reviews, editorial, contents page, and art work. Then chasing the artists from arthritis to breakfast time to get them to do their work in a specified time. Plus telephonic excursions with the printer, and employing Scotland Yard to trace down a missing shipment of paper, last plotted somewhere between Glasgow and Cardiff on board ship, but feared floundered off the arrogant coast of Ireland. Willis has definitely been known to sow magnetic mines in the Irish channel in an attempt to stop publication of our magazines -- and even now has infiltrated one of his chief spies into London with a view to dropping a mallet in the printing machines as a last resource.

All this, however, fades into insignificance beside the execution of "pasting up" from the results of the above-mentioned calculations. As Ego Clarke fondly points out, "figures can't be wrong," but that's a fundamental fallacy every editor ignores when he tries cutting and pasting his calculations from the long strips of galley proofs into the required number of pages the magazine is supposed to go into. I often wonder what to do with the 97th page when I have it floating round spare. Usually it gets thrown away. Funny nobody has ever queried a missing end to a story, although quite a number of readers point out that there wasn't an illustration by Hunter in a certain issue. Just one of our little jokes -- the illustration is there, only the type has been printed over it, thus allowing me to get the 97th page in.

Quite apart from all this shambles which seems to be going on

25 hours a day, there is the problem of the art work on the cover. It is now taken for granted that the artists haven't a clue about cover work -- and how could they, outnumbered so heavily by the critics and the editor? Their only saving grace is that they can paint, while the critics and the editor can't. The difficult part for us lay folk is to put over in modern painting language the brilliant ideas and conceptions which flash through our minds so that the artist can portray our pictures. There doesn't appear to be any common ground of thought, speech or deed. It is exactly the same as two alien entities meeting for the first time, one communicating by vocal organs, the other light rays in the ultra violet, and trying to ask each other where the toilet is!

Eventually the artist reluctantly puts paint to canvas -- I can understand his reluctance, because he already knows the the reaction to his work beforehand. It must be a terrible feeling to look at a blank art board and know that when it is covered in three colours lovingly laid on after sleepless nights waiting for inspiration, it is going to end up under Ted Tubb's hammer at next year's auction for 15/-!

Getting the finished art work in hand doesn't stop the editorial worries, however. Then the production snags start. By the time we are running a week late on schedule, and even supposing that the tramp steamer from Glasgow missed the Willis mine field and arrives safely in London docks, there's a good chance that the blockmaker will frantically phone and say that the artists have drawn their illustrations off-scale and "how would you like the blocks made up? Over width and short at the top, or under width and long at the top?" Or the printer will write in and say "After due consideration and with the help of our legal department, we have come to the conclusion that the second paragraph on page 96 (that'll be in the readers' column!) is definitely libelous and we regret that we cannot print it as it stands, or we shall have to share the costs of the unsuccessful law suit."

It is about here that the aged and tottering editor is wheeled to his typewriter and propped up while he feebly types out a new paragraph. Subsequently an enraged reader will write in and state that "part what was cut would ave changed the hole tinse of my letter and wot the hell."

YOU ASK DAVE GARDNER! (Ed. We did and he said that it is not a quote from his letter as he knows that you don't spell "Tinse" as Mr. Carnell types it -- it's "Tence as eny ignerent fan nos" - end quote)

By the time all the problems are ironed out and the issue rolling, I'm already well into the next and have forgotten the contents of the previous one. Now trump my ace!

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H E N R Y L E E! W H O'S H E?

Part 2

by

A. VINCENT CLARKE

(Welling's Leading Active Fan.)

(THIS IS THE MAN WHO WINS THE MOON MAP FOR THE BEST SOLUTION TO THE STORY WE RAN IN THE FIRST ISSUE - REMEMBER IT? THE ONE ASKING WHAT WAS PRINTED ON THE PAPER THAT HENRY LEE CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND ON BEING RELEASED FROM THE TIME- MACHINE WHICH OCCUPIES THE CENTRE OF THE LIVERPOOL SOCIETY'S S P A C E D I V E.)

THEN WE turned our attention to the paper! Words in a curiously shining ink that seemed to be in rather than on the paper glowed before our startled eyes!

"We of the Science Institute, 205 A.M. (After Milcross) are placing this visitor from the Past into a Time Statis..... if his terminal machine should ever be repaired, then he will appear then as he is now.

"We are afraid that the sight of the Super Science Fiction Civilisation has wrecked his brain with the thought of the glories that he can never properly share, but in order that you in the distant past can be prepared should you ever venture here again, we record the following synopsis of his adventure.

"He appeared at an unfortunate moment...right in the middle of the Way, when the Sacred Annual Procession from Liverpool to London was taking place. He seemed to be quite dazed at the sight of the huge floats with their piles of s-f magazines and books and the carriage of U-235 in which King Frederick Milnes 4th sat holding aloft one of the Sacred Books.

"He was imprisoned for a time, but on being able to quote from the major prophets, Wells, Stapledon and Gardner, was released in charge of Public Relations Officer Thomas Owens 3rd. He was very curious as to the history of the last 200 years, and could hardly credit the fact that King Frederick was ruler of Terra, with arbitrary powers to cut off any s-f zine at its source. (We spared him some of the gruesome details connected with the suppression of 'nova publications').

"He appeared to be fitting into our civilisation extremely well... Donnan 4th reported that he was reading his 3 books a day from the State S-F Library and asking for non-compulsory volumes as well, and he gave salutations... "Thought! Time! Space!".. as if he had been born to it. But one day he read in the daily news 'Space Diversions' (the only daily paper) that at last the reprobate, barbaric, in-human Henry Lee was about to be captured.

"Your contemporary enquired as to the exact crime of this unutterably low traitor to the good of fankind, and after a consultation between the high ministers of state (Shorrock 2nd,

Espley, whose continued health after 200 odd years has led many of us to suspect that the description 'out-of-this-world' bloke applied to him in his youth is not without some inner Truth, Roles 3rd, whose office of Vice Chairman has brought the Royal B----- to a high state of effectiveness, and many others), when these, I repeat, had consulted, they took the visitor from the past before the Royal Emblem (open book with motto and a Null A). Put upon oath not to let the sacrilege go further, he was told of Henry Lee's crime.

"He appeared stunned. "I can hardly believe my ears," he said. "You really mean that he...."

"Stop!" cried Espley. "Remember your oath!"

"He nodded. "Then...can I go with you now?" he asked.

"After a brief consultation we consented. In the Royal Rocketplane we set out from the Way and were soon over barren country....of course, all houses, shops, etc., now line the Route by which the King travels on the ceremonious 'Convention Journey' from the capital Liverpool to the quaint old town of London each year. Soon we came in sight of the atom-bombs, as the Rocket Force slowly drove the Lee into a trap, and shortly afterwards, accompanied by two or three regiments of airborne troops we had landed amongst the ruins of a small village shown on the old maps as 'Bradford'. We closed in until, in the centre of what might have been a market square, we caught up with the bearded, tattered, animal-like being that was Henry Lee!

"Leslie Johnson, the Spokesman, stepped forward from the encircling troops.

"Henry Lee!" he cried, "repent before it is too late! Do you intend to forego your nefarious activities and devote yourself to honest reading of S-F?"

"No!" snarled the other. "And, what's more, I have here..." he waved a folded paper aloft, but Johnson leapt back, and before the troops could hear the fatal words had waved a copy of the Sacred Book aloft.

"By this, the 1st issue of OUTLANDS, I command you... get him!" he shouted. And in a minute, Henry Lee was buried and crushed beneath a pile of Milcross Book Catalogues.

"When we turned to our visitor from the past, we found him as you see him now. The excitement had been too much for him apparently. As we have already noted, we are placing him in the Time Statis, and we hope that some day he will return to his own time, where, even if he does not recover his senses, you will know that this man of your era had the honour of seeing the end of the last 'active fan' and his 'fanzine'. The State Want List is now empty. Farewell!

=====

The opinions expressed by this contributor are entirely his own, and couldn't possibly occur to any member of the Society.

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SCIENCE - FICTION

PERSONALITIES

H.J. CAMPBELL (Editor of AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION) readily admits that his active association with science fiction does not go back nearly as far as our other editor-contributor, Ted Carnell of NEW WORLDS. True, he read science fiction almost as soon as he could read anything, but, like so many of us, he never took it any further than that. Indeed, his science fiction reading was only a small part of his total reading - and it was not long before most of his time was spent reading science fact.

H.J.C., or Bert as he prefers to be called, began to study for a science degree when he was fourteen, having been unable to take advantage of a scholarship he had won at eleven. He got a good way towards getting the degree, too - passing his Matric. and Intermediate B.Sc. at evening classes and then going on to the first part of his finals. Meantime, he had a succession of research jobs: he was an assistant research chemist at the Welcome Research Institution, personal assistant to the Professor of Anatomy at the London Hospital Medical College and personal assistant to the Professor of Biochemistry at the Royal Cancer Hospital.

During those years, he prepared eleven brand new drugs for use against tuberculosis (one of which is still the only useful anti-leprosy drug!), determined the number of chromosomes possessed by the bat, sorted out the origin of the suspensory ligaments of the eye lens, and synthesised a number of mustard gas derivatives that gave a more-than-ever relief to sufferers from the form of blood cancer known as Leukaemia. Circumstances crowded in on him and he gave up both his degree work and his academic research, going to work for a varnish firm and discovering a new process of ageing varnish that, on his firm's estimate, saves the varnish industry £25,000 per year.

Industrial research wasn't his line of country, he discovered, so Bert began to write scientific articles. Within a couple of years he managed to be able to give up his job and become a full-time free-lance. It wasn't long before he drifted back to science fiction. He wrote a story which was accepted by Hamiltons, who were bringing out a new magazine. He was asked to become the Technical Editor, and accepted.

Inevitably, he went along to the White Horse and became embroiled in fandom. From then on, he got deeper and deeper into the science fiction scheme of things - he was asked to edit a new magazine that Hultons were to have brought out, but that project failed, unfortunately; by all accounts it would have been good. As soon as the Hulton episode folded, Odhams Press asked him to do a science fiction strip for the Daily Herald. This he did, but again there was a fold-up, this time owing to lack of support.

It was rumoured - and there is a sound foundation for the rumour - that he was to edit the Kemsley Fantasy Books and a British edition of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, but these things failed to come to pass. Things happened inside Kemsley's that ruled them out.

So, Bert Campbell carries on with his Technical Editing of Authentic, striving to raise the standard all the time, trying to find new authors (he has already found several), trying to propagate fandom - Authentic is the only British magazine which actively encourages fandom - and trying to produce a magazine that will one day be accepted by world fans as the best sf magazine in the world. He knows quite well that he has a long way to go; is convinced that he is moving along the right road.

As we all know, he also writes for Authentic as well as publishing science fiction in other periodicals. (His stories are edited by someone else!). Also, he continues to write science fact. Somehow, still free-lancing, he has managed to arrange things so that he has only to write during the mornings. The rest of the day and evening is spent working for his science degree, which he is determined to get one day. Whether, when he gets it, he will cease to be a professional writer and go back to his first love of academic research is a question even Bert cannot answer. But it is quite certain that he will never entirely drop his association with science fiction.

Maybe - only maybe, mind you - he will stop writing it; but he won't stop reading it and he won't drop out of fandom. In fact, he may become a true fan in that he will be in no way professionally interested in science fiction.

Bert himself thinks that the whole thing is unlikely. He says that science fiction fans are the most intelligent, clear-thinking group of people he has ever met with who are not trained thinkers. They are also the friendliest and, on the whole, the least crankiest sect he has ever come across - and he has come across many sects.

So he considers it unlikely that he will retreat into a solitary acquaintance with science fiction. He also feels it is unlikely that he will give up writing it, for as he said at the London Convention, he finds it the easiest kind of fiction to write, which means that he likes it better than other forms.

No doubt, he says, when he gets his degree the emphasis of his life will shift a little towards the factual. And he thinks this will enable him to write better stories, rather than no stories at all. There is no doubt that it will increase his efficiency as a Technical Editor - even though the number of societies which have elected him a Fellow speak for the extent of his qualifications.

Bert Campbell looks upon himself with no illusions. He is a newcomer to active science fiction who has managed to find himself a niche. That niche is not his whole life, just a very interesting, satisfying and highly valued part of it. There are many others, he says, who could have done what he has done, and done it better.

==*+*==

'LINES FROM LETTERS' — or — 'DIVERSIONS DEBUNKED!'

as selected by Norman

* * * * *

....."I must commend you on your comments on that Death Hoax deal. Best comments I've seen yet on the subject. We who have been behind the campaign to bring Walt to the States for the CHICON were rather burned at the Hoax, because it is causing the expending of quite a few pennies that could have done more good in the coffers of the fund.....

It's a terrific mag. One of the best first issues I've seen, and plenty good enough for any issue, nonetheless a first one. You've got a talented lot of writers. Hang on to them.

Best always, LEE HOFFMAN (SAVANNAH, U.S.A.)"

(Spare our blushes, Lee! but thanks a lot!)

And now our Country Member -

"Congratulations on publishing S.D.'s..... Mr. Conway informed me that a newsletter would be sent to country members, but I'd just about given up waiting for it, when out of the blue it suddenly appeared, not the bulletin I had been expecting but a bi-monthly fanzine - Good Show!..... I'm still trying to persuade my wife to let me visit the Soc. at the 'Space Dive' - but that name probably conjures up in her mind visions of a downtown tavern of ill-repute." (tavern mmmmmmmmmmm - now that's an idea -N.)....."I have only one criticism to make - I don't think a serial is good policy for a bi-monthly 'zine. Two months is a long time to wait between installments..... Cordially, CHARLES THOMSON, ALDERSEOT"

... (Re serial - afraid now we've started it -it will have to be finished - otherwise the members who wrote the damn thing will probably lynch us producers and editors! - Seriously we'd like some more comments - and material - see next letter. -)

"Dear folk,

Whee for SPACE DIVERsions!

Xlnt job of duplicating, nice paper, but all a bit local if you're considrin nationwide circ, doncha fink? Anyway, heres bob for next twish plus my best wishes.....DENIS(Space-Marshall)GIFFORD
LONDON"

(We funk you fink right! For galacticwide circulation we do need urgent delivery of devious, undoubtedly delightfully dolirious desirable descriptive diverting desultory dissertations for diversions. What about it fen? of course we pay magnificent rates!!!)

....."My thanks for the copies of 'S.D.'s' they made very good reading, especially the first one, by the time I got to the end of the fourth though, I was a little tired of 'Vargo'.....Best item in the issue in my opinion 'Loncon Report' by Dave, with Frank's piece a close second(he only mentions my name once!)

ERIC BENTCLIFFE, MANCON"

(Thanks Eric,...and don't forget the new date..Oct 5th(advert))

....."My wife Maureen says, "Why! oh Why! an American Mail box on the cover instead of a British Pillarbox." Title's neat though (I see you've got one of those infinite series - the hand shows a copy of the mag which has on it a copy of the mag and so on ad infinitum) I do think its best to keep it as British as possible - a different flavour from the usual U.S. fan mags should make it more popular over there... All the best...FRANK SIMPSON, MANCHESTER"

(Thanks for the rest of your very nice letter, Frank, unfortunately too long to reproduce here. R. Maureen's query, clearly a case of mistaken identity! - it is of course a matter transmitter (known as a 'Transmatter') local system type.)

....."Yes, I got Diversions safely, and admired your bunch. for being the first to get out the dope on the LONCON - by a very long lead, it seemsBERT CAMPBELL, LONDON"

(The egoboo dept. bows to you honoured sir!)

....."SPIDER is quite a good job for a 1st ish... especially the duplicating" (Oh! how I love these duplicating comments! -N.) "Of course, the whole thing contradicts the front page editorial, consequently the thing is a bit vague, but the spirit's there"... (did someone mention taverns?) "One last thing. I'm working on a one-issue typewritten 'zine containing all I know about stencil-cutting and duplicating (it's a small 'zine). I propose to send it round to the faneds on a perpetual chain... no reason why we shouldn't help each other, I mention it because,... the first thing that struck me in SPIDER was the slightly monotonous appearance of typed headings. All the best,
VINCE CLARKE, WELLING, KENT

(Spider - Grrrrrr - calling T.T? re editorial see next letter - thanks in advance for the 'zine believe there is something to interest you on page 25)

"Was nearly believing that pc hoax myself the way I felt after the Con. However I'm finally recovered enough to make with a few ill-chosen words on SPACE DIVERSIONS - a neat title incidentally.

This is about the best duping I've seen on a first issue. Indeed it's better than most umpteenth issues. But of course we all know Liverpool is the home of the Master Mimeographers. Ask Vince Clarke who struggled for hours with a recalcitrant machine on the morning of the 51 con, only to see it subdued by the mere majestic presence of two Liverpudlians.

Your editorial expresses well the sentiments of many first-editorial writers, and everything in it is quite true. Fandom does become an end in itself. And finally you get a state of affairs as in America, where there are fmz in which sf is never mentioned. The only thing I would say is that it isn't necessarily a bad thing. It can be fun - more fun than reading and writing reviews all the time. There is just so much you can say about sf and most

of it already has been said. On the other hand fandom does bring together a lot of people who for some reason have the same types of mind and find one another congenial. It's quite inevitable that they should become more interested in one another and their private jokes - and private jokes are always funniest - to the neglect of their original common interest.

I thought the best thing in this issue was the SUBmancon report. If the rest of your readers agree it proves my point that people (i.e. fans) are more interesting than things, just as the best sf is sf with basically human rather than scientific interest.

What IS Scouse? Or am I not old enough to know."

(our imaginations boggle at this impossible question! It's a conglomeration of indigestible comestibles! Now you tell us)

"David Gardner's report was good. I noticed he was unable to appreciate the subtle reasoning behind my silvertongued Irish oratory, but then what can one expect from a shaverfan. I see he wants back numbers of the Shaver Mystery Mag. Here's one. (No charge). I have another one but we've been keeping old stencils in it, having been unable to think of another use for it (censored)

Is this me and Vince Clarke thinly disguised as an angel and a wolf respectively in the round robin? (Will you sue if we affirm?)

Best, WALT WILLIS, BELFAST, N.I.

"Very many thanks indeed for the copy of SPACE DIVERSIONS, and for your later letter. By the time your letter arrived, I had read SD and formed an opinion of the issue - and I assure you that there was no need for the partial apology and the promise that future issues will be better. For a first issue it was excellent.

The duplication, general layout, and title-headings were all first rate. I would like to see more art-work in future issues but I am prejudiced that way..... ALAN HUNTER, BOURNEMOUTH.

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