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SPACE DIVERSIONS

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WHIFFLING THROUGH.....

By JOHN R O L E S

SINCE LAST editorial, much watery fantype stuff has flowed under the editorial bridges, and now we find ourselves in a position to be able to criticize and evaluate what we see. For, in the last two months, in addition to Shangri La, Orb, Outlanders, Almark, Alien, Fan to See, Chigger Patch, Sky Rockets, Fantasy Commentator, Ghuvna, Futurist, Postwarp, Science Fiction Advertiser, SF Newsletter, and Hyphen amongst others, we have had the good fortune to see a whole FAPA mailing.

This was an experience.

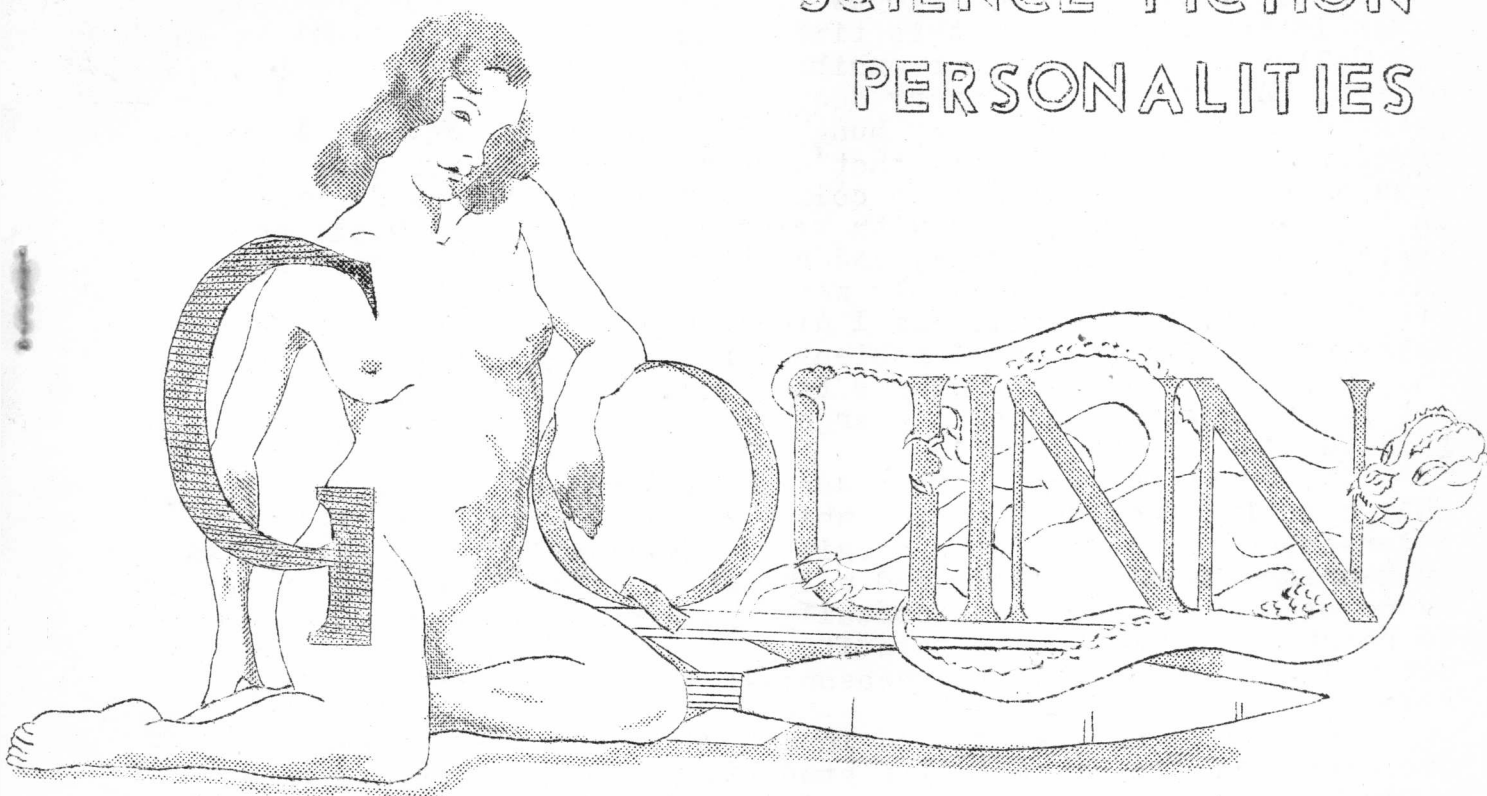
I shall review some of the more recent ones here and just acknowledge receipt of some which are either out of date or are not of general interest. These include Fantasy Commentator, Achronic Chronicles, Atlantis, and Wonder. If you readers will let us know whether you approve or not, these reviews may become a regular habit.

First, we would like to congratulate G.F.Clements on his new venture, THE MAGAZINE COLLECTOR. This, if support is given by other fans, may prove to be a success, for it is an adzine: a type which fulfills a Long Felt Want (there! I've been waiting for years to use that expression validly) in the British field. The editor appears to have acquired the patronage of a number of professional traders. These however should not be allowed to overbalance fantrade, so get listing chaps and send your wants and sales to G.F.Clements, 72 East Street, Colchester, Essex, England, charges for space are very reasonable.

SLANT. The editor, a Walter A Willis, mystifies me somewhat by announcing he considers his previous issue (No.6) too "pro-maggy" looking. What may I ask is the slur of that? Anyway, surely one aim of a fanzine is to produce as perfect and desirable a production as is possible with the means at the editors disposal, regardless of promag standard. Take Orb for instance. Is this too pro-maggy? You'll never see a prozine like it as far as production goes. But despite half-hearted attempts to present an amateurish appearance to an unsuspecting world, it remains neat and legible; whether the contents merit such treatment is another matter. The only bright slanting ray of sunshine on the horizon was the Harris/Willis duet on the theme of the Fantasy Award. May we echo your feelings here?...Fantasy is accepted by the general public and needs no boosting crusade by fans - make it truly a Science Fiction award. And also, as they suggest, "What in hell is a Non-fiction Fantasy" Do away with it.

HYPHEN. An offshoot of the same editor as Slant, was read with much amusement, and we found we had to agree with Ken Slater's view that it was "frothy". No other word I can think of describes it so aptly. This is not to decry it, for it was read with more enjoyment than was Slant. (contd. on page 33)

SCIENCE-FICTION PERSONALITIES



TO BEGIN WITH, I was born on the 6th May, 1927, in the City of Belfast of poor parents etc., etc., etc., I'm a skinny five foot six, not married, and look younger than my 25 years, or so I'm told.

There are no other Artists in my lineage as I am the "Quinn Unique". I do have an Aunt tho', no resident in London, who, at one time modelled for P. Wilson Steer the famous English painter, and others.

Art School days? I have none! I never attended an Art School, except for a course of postal study with I.C.S. which I never finished for financial reasons, so, I'm a self-taught Artist.

As soon as I got to know ice-cream and chocolate real well I found I could also draw, and during my school days received high praise for my efforts, also lumps for Continued Creation while other lessons were in progress.

My first introduction to Science Fiction came upon me at the age of nine years when I followed week by week, and avidly, a serial in Green Monochrome film entitled "Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars", but I was too busy collecting stamps or making model aircraft to read any Science Fiction until I was 18 or 19 years old, and then only occasionally at first.

This awakened a great interest in astronomy and then -- well, I don't know how it came about, but very soon I found myself a fan.

I don't think there has ever been a time when I was not drawing or designing something, but serious art study was left until late in my youth and at first I was very ambitious indeed. I decided to be a landscape painter so I painted some landscapes in water-color....lovely Analogous Harmonies in Muddy Grey-Green!! I was 18 then, and about this time I had my first ever visit to an Art Gallery. It was Summer exhibition time at the Belfast Museum of Art, but it was the Lavery Bequest Room where some of the great paintings of Sir John Lavery hung that sent me off on a new adventure....a portrait painter, that's what I would be.... Some time passed and I now had a lovely collection of Analogous Harmonies in Muddy-Grey flesh colors with wrinkles in faces which did not appear in the living models, and eyes that looked like they were full of tears! (They probably were!)

You see, the trouble was I didn't know the Right way of using Water Color, and was too impatient for such preliminaries as thinking out the Subject and doing a few Rough Sketches before attempting finished work, and so I charged around in circles like a mad bull getting nowhere fast!

My "Great painter" career was over, a dismal fizzle, and the only painting from that period which remains in my home is a water-color portrait of the Virgin and Child which my mother insists on keeping altho' I've pleaded with her to take it down as it does me no credit whatever, artistically speaking. I've even offered to paint her a new one to take its place, now that I can paint! But no! for her sentimental reasons it stays to remind me of my folly!

The Spring of 1946 saw me in London working as a house-decorator, and in my spare time studying Commercial Art. I was beginning to get Art Sense now, and I was pawing the ground, studying the terrain, in other words - beginning to look at the whys and wherefores of Drawing and Design. The mad bull had begun to settle down sensibly.

The I.C.S. course taught me the fundamentals of good figure construction, among other art subjects, and it was because of the stress they put on the importance of mastering completely 'human figure drawing' for success in any branch of art that I began to specialise so much in this subject to the exclusion of all else.

A year or two of this and I soon began to get my first Commissions, and also found that I did not like working for Commercial Advertising. I got more of a kick out of Cartoon Strip work, and Story illustration. Science Fiction too, was playing its part in moulding my Artistic Ambitions. Lee Brown Coye, Fred Humiston, and others of "Weird Tales" (not Science Fiction, I know, but allied!), and Finlay, Lawrence and others of Science Fiction fame were all impressing me very much and filling me with a new urge....to be a fantasy illustrator!

I had now found my medium for expression, but who the heck was going to buy my work? There just weren't any Science Fiction mags over here, or so I thought.

One day I picked up a mag on the stands, the first post-war issue of "Super Science", and in the feature section was delighted to find a British fanmag review calling itself "Science Fantasy", and edited by one Walter Gillings. I wrote right away asking for a specimen copy and so "New Worlds" and Ted Carnell received a letter of introduction and some specimens some time later.

Since then E.J.C. has been bossing me around on the magazines, acting as my agent in London, and being my friend in general.

My work for "New Worlds" and "Science Fantasy" has brought me considerable recognition from the major publishers, and so far I have illustrated A.C. Clarke's novel for Sidgewick and Jackson, and had a hand in illustrating the "Dan Dare" Space Annual for Hulton Press.

My hopes are built on this kind of work becoming plentiful for me as I don't want to work for Commercial Advertising even tho' it does pay more, and anyway, I can't stand anyone else in the room where I am working. I must be alone! So how would I do in a commercial Studio with other artists all wiggling their pencils, and flourishing their brushes?

A visit Walt Willis and Co., at the "Slant" "editorial offices" is one of my favourite relaxations. There is a 'pun' born every minute under this talented roof. The great 4sj (Forry Ackerman) has signed the visitors book at this famous Irish Centre of Fandom. Oh! yes! Talent? They got it up there okay! James White tells me you'll be seeing some of it in "New Worlds" pretty soon. (James's story has now appeared, which just shows how long we've had this article and how long Gerard has waited to see it in print.)

Another relaxation is studying the works of such as Bok, Coye, Cartier, Dolgov, Finlay, Humiston, Lawrence, Sharpe, etc. Analysing their work can be fun as well as instructive for any aspiring artist.

Time Travel is my favourite theme in fantasy, favourite Science Fiction theme being the kind of story in which Man finds himself at the mercy of the Machine. I'm also very fond of Space Opera.

Caricatures of famous Editors, Writers, and fans etc., is my hobby at present, I draw these in off moments when I get the time, and I am building up quite a collection. You'll be seeing some of these in Ken Slater's O.F. soon.

My ideas on "Science-fantasy-fiction" Art are simple.

Actually I'm a Surrealist at heart and this I'm afraid will show in my color work for covers etc., but only occasionally. I believe that fans want Good Strong Reality in magazine pics, and that's what I try to give.

Science Fiction concepts are my weakness but I try hard and I have every confidence that I will improve in this matter. The trouble is I'm easily lured down where the Cheesecake grows. But watch me match speeds. I'll do it yet!.....become a Science Fiction Artist!

.....THE.....END.....

WANTED Fantasy Book No.2 ,
New Worlds No.2, Fantasy
Review Nos.2 to 6 inclusive.
Quandry, prior to No. 20
J.D.Roles,
26 Pine Grove
Waterloo,
Liverpool 22

WANTED Any or all copies of;
Vom, Nekromantikon, Le Zombie,
Shangri-La, The Outsiders, & Zenith.
Interested in purchasing large
quantities of any fmz.(post War)
N.L. Shorrock,
12A Rumford Place,
Liverpool 3.

SCIENCE TIT-BITS

By

Lewis J. Conway B.Sc.(Hons)

RESEARCH AT MOUNT WILSON AND PALOMAR

THE NAMES Mount Wilson and Palomar, are no doubt familiar to the majority of science fiction enthusiasts, and the fact that the observatories built on each, respectively, house the 100 inch and 200 inch telescopes is again common knowledge. What is not so well known is just what these giants are doing to extend man's knowledge of the universe to the furthest bounds of space. This article, I hope, will throw some welcome light on the subject.

The projects that make up the research program of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories can be classified roughly into main groups: (1) geographic exploration of the sky, and (2) the physical and chemical examinations of astronomical bodies.

The first part of the program utilises the ability of the telescope to reunite rays of light that originated in the same point, but have travelled in gradually diverging beams. The second part is built around the ability of the spectroscope to take apart complex beams that have travelled together all the way from the star.

The 200 inch Hale telescope, in systematic use for nearly three years, has demonstrated its power to photograph exceedingly faint objects, thus extending the boundaries of the observable universe, and to photograph finer detail in gaseous nebulae and distant galaxies. In nebulae, our meagre knowledge of structure and internal motions will be increased, and in certain galaxies stars may be separated from an amorphous luminous background and studied as individual objects. The telescope also measures and analyses the light of faint objects, revealing their composition, physical condition, and motion. A notable achievement was the photographing by M.L. Humason of the spectrum of a nineteenth magnitude galaxy in the constellation Hydra, about 360,000,000 light years distant. This object was found to be receding at the rate of 61,000 kilometers per second - about one fifth the velocity of light.

Long-standing programs involving detailed spectroscopic analysis of physical and chemical mysteries of the skies have received impetus from the 200 inch telescope. Work on magnetic fields in stellar atmospheres is being extended. New information has been obtained from long-exposure spectrograms with fairly high dispersion of planetary nebulae and of long-period variable

stars near their times of minimum brightness. Spectra of the brightest stars in the puzzling globular clusters have been found to differ from those of normal giants. An unexpected discovery was the recent identification of the apparently unstable element Technetium in the atmospheres of S-type stars. New facts concerning clouds of gas between the stars are constantly being added.

Observers are trying to determine the distances of objects outside our Milky Way with greater precision -- a complicated task that must be approached statistically. In the requisite data, measurements of light intensities of faint objects play a large part, and they are now being obtained with photoelectric photometers more accurately than ever before. The law of red-shifts is being re-examined, but it does not appear that the previous formula will require much change.

Beautiful photographs are being obtained with the wide-angle 48 inch Schmidt camera. A systematic survey of the northern sky, with matched pairs of plates taken in blue and in red light, is now proceeding under the joint sponsorship of the observatories and the National Geographic Society.

Systematic observations of the constantly varying features of the suns surface are obtained daily, special attention being given to flares (small short-lived bright areas). The relationships of flares, ionospheric disturbances, and geomagnetic activity are being eagerly studied. Methods of observing small Zeeman effects in solar absorption lines (caused by magnetic fields where the lines are formed) by placing a narrow slit on the steep portion of the edge of the line have recently been developed, and the results indicate that the general magnetic field of the sun is much weaker than previously believed. It is anticipated that an automatic photoelectric detector that allows rapid scanning of the disk of the sun for small Zeeman effects, due either to general or local fields, will yield significant information.

(The above information was extracted from an article by Paul W. Merrill of Pasadena, California, published in Science Nov. 21, 1952)

Book Review. A new theory of cosmogony entitled "The Primeval Atom: An Essay On Cosmogony" has been published in America. The author, Canon Georges Lemaitre, has put forward a theory which has as its cornerstone the hypothesis that the present physical universe had its origin in a single massive super-radioactive atom, whose decay products after many generations are to be identified with the material particles and radiation constituting the universe. The spatiotemporal structure of the universe is then the expression of the external relations of this horde of product particles, governed by the field equations of the general theory of relativity as developed in the theory of the expanding universe. At each stage in the evolution, the material particles are accordingly subject to an attractive force and a repulsive force, the former (gravitation) more effective at shorter distances, and the latter (due to the "cosmological constant") more effective at greater distances. The Interplay of these two forces brings about the aggregation of matter into stars, of stars into well-defined galaxies, and of galaxies into more loosely organised nebular clusters. Meanwhile, the more vagrant high energy particles and radiation resulting from the decay are coursing through the finite closed universe as ultrapenetrating cosmic rays. (concluded on page 14)

AN EXPOSURE

BY D. MACKAY

THROUGH THE ordered tumult of the 'stand to arms', a clear voice calls precise instructions to the men who swarm upon the decks that lie before the carved and gilded sterncastle of the stately ship. The Spanish treasure vessel that they have sought for so is at hand, and like some vicious monster of the sea awakening to the call of action, the pirate ship swoops upon her prey. The gun ports along her sweeping lines blink up, and the questing pupils of the cannon peer at the labouring pyramid of canvas to windward, that trails from her lofty transom the red and gold banner of Castile.

The man whose commands have urged the pirate craft to such offensive life, stands at the rail that lines the poop. Immobile as the graven figures that crust the ornate stern, his clear green eyes never shift their intent regard from the Spanish ship, his weatherbeaten features never betray, by so much as a blink, the speed at which his mind plays over the possibilities of the situation. Every line of his physical being is ordered to command, yet every line of the lace that cascades upon his breast, and every exquisite curl of gold that bedecks his shoulders, speak of the sensitive and appreciative soul that hides beneath the hard countenance of war.

This is how my life-long companion, Harold Stanley Nuttall, sees himself when he gazes into his shaving mirror. A sea captain today, Dan Dare tomorrow. A harmless preoccupation you say, and I agree with you. It is only when Jack the Ripper or Crippen are the characters for the day that his parents, quick to see the baleful animation of his otherwise cod-like eyes, decide to withdraw him from the public gaze, and send him on one of those protracted holidays in the country which so intrigued me as a child.

Now let us look at this enigmatical creature to whom all the world is a stage; and speaking only the truth, what do we see? We see a man of medium height, brown hair, greying in premature old age, lack lustre eyes that once were green, and a vacant, almost fishy countenance through which a child-like faith shines to such purpose as to make its owner the toast of the confidence tricksters of this fair city.

So much then for the physical appearance, you can see that Errol Flynn has no need to tremble. Of his mental condition I will say no more, my brief introduction lays bare the melodramatic confusion that possesses him.

Passing on, as an article of this sort will, to childhood reminiscences. Here is a typical example from our misspent youth, it

will also serve as an example of Stanley's mental agility.

It was on a glorious Summer day - such a day as only England knows - that Stanley and I were out on a birdsnesting expedition, when a sudden bellow to our rear apprised us of the fact that the owner of the property, whom we guessed to be engaged in some suitable rural pursuit was in fact hard in pursuit of us. He had given the view halloo, and together with two beefy companions was hot upon our tracks.

In those days Stanley's ankle power was a byword in the district, and I must admit to being no mean performer myself. Startled rabbits dropped exhausted after a few hundred yards, unable to maintain the pace. The three fates who were following us, quick to realise that they were outclassed, sprang to horse or rather to car with the same dexterity displayed by Dirk, Joris and the unnamed raconteur who participated in the epic ride to Ghent. To cut a long story short, we galloped, they galloped, but I must admit that they galloped to a greater purpose. Alas, Stanley's wind was gone I noticed his shuddering flank and staggering stride and looked for a likely place to hide. Sufficient to say the road we dodged into proved to be a cul de sac. We were cornered and all hope of escape lost. The hot breaths of our assailants, which had lately fanned our necks, now played upon our faces, bringing in there gusty memories of the 'Rose and Crown'.

The usual questions were fired at us with the usual belicose rapidity and my companion displaying a readiness of wit that I had not suspected proceeded to lie in a most practised and convincing manner. It was the memory of this performance that prompted me years later to submit his name for the post of society treasurer. His skill, however, availed us nought and our names were duly taken: a flash of what in all honesty I can only attribute to inherent Genius prompted me to tender Robert Williams as mine, though Stanley bade fair to ruin the whole set up by offering the unlikely name of John Jones as his own. At this a hint of suspicion began to cloud the otherwise clear eyes of our captors, and my comrade's attempt to invest the proceedings with an air of geniality by indulging in high pitched intermittent giggles did nothing to alleviate an already scaly situation.

A poor finish after such a promising beginning, you will probably say. Let me hasten to assure you that time and my guiding hand have brought him to a state of perfection that is marred only by the suicidal gullibility already referred to. However, to resume the tale: The day was almost spent and we were released with the customary threats, i.e. Police, Brutality.

I have told this tale to illustrate the fact that far from being the captain of his fate and master of his soul that Stanley would have you believe, he is in reality a very close approach to a human being ready at the drop of the hat to drop all and sundry in the manure.

Let me conclude by saying that it is my knowledge of my friend's ability to distort the truth to an unprecedented degree, and his faculty, amounting as it does to genius, for getting himself and his companions into trouble, that causes me to view the future of our society with concern. Placing him in a position of trust was an experiment that my friends made on my recommendation. I must admit to knowing the same uneasiness that must have been felt

by any one of the numerous King-makers that have permeated the history of this country, when, having succeeded in placing a half-witted candidate on the throne, they see the aforesaid h-w proceed to go to town. Still, as an experiment it should be interesting - rather like living in Rome under Nero.

Who said: 'QUO VADIS' L.S.F.S?

THEY WHO MIGHT HAVE SEEN PRINT IN S.D.

OUR THANKS for letters to Eric Frank Russell, Hooton; Fred Robinson, Cardiff; Alan Hunter, Bournemouth; Peter Hamilton, Glasgow; Ted Carnell, London; Bert Campbell, London; Brian Lewis, Gillingham; Walt Willis; somewhere over this side of the world for a change; Dave Cohen, Manchester; Bob Tucker, Box 207; Eric (Roneo) Jones, Arle; Vinç Clarke, London. Our Compliments also to: Jerome Bixby, K.K. Smith, Ken Slater, H.J. Campbell, for favourable write-ups in their resective 'zines.

From this you will have gathered that we are not running a letter column this issue, nor for that matter in any future issue. The reason for this is due to the ccst of stencils and paper which rather curtail the size and contents of each ish of Space Diversions; but it does not mean to say that we don't want any letters from our readers - we do. We thrive on letters, especially if they are nice ones, and most of them seem to be in that catagory. No, dear friends, if we are going to have a fanzine that concentrates on articles and features we are going to have to drop something, and that something must, we are afraid, be the letter column. However, do write and let us know just what you liked and what you didn't like, even if you don't see print you will know that we have seriously considered all comments and we are truely grateful. We need to know how you consider our publication if we are going to serve the customers with the trash they like to see, and, if possible, we will try to reply to each letter as the postman gingerly drops them through the letter box. Notice we said try.

A letter column usually runs in the region of four to five pages, and it could go to more if we let it run away with us, soon it would have developed into a zine called LINES FROM LETTERS rather than the original SPACE DIVERSIONS. With the dropping of the letter column we are going to run a page of fanzine reviews, and we intend to pull no punches, if you gave us a good review in your zine it does not mean to say that you'll get one in return in SD, we'll say what we really think, or rather John Roles will - he's running it.

So we are going to concentrate on articles and features (the men behind the scenes say) it's up to you - our readers- to tell us just what you would like to see in future issues. Take SF PERSONALITIES for instance, who would you like to see featured there? Tell us and we'll do our best to try and get them to write for us. The same thing goes for FANLIGHTS, any particular fans you'd like to see featured? If so let us know. And how about the people from the L.S.F.S., would you like to know something about them? It all depends on you, we've dropped letters but we want to keep you happy, and to keep you happy we will have to give you what you want. On behalf of us all,
-10-
Dave.

ACID TEST

BY BERT CAMPBELL

THE THREE students are staring down at the bloodstained garment on the police laboratory bench. You point to a dry stain.

"Cut that out and soak it in normal saline," you tell them. "Then try the guaiacum test."

One of the student asks a question. You lift your head to answer - and see Inspector Fisher edging through the door. While you calmly reply to the student, the lean-faced detective hovers impatiently in the background, like some overweight butterfly that can't find the right flower.

And now I'll leave you to your studies," you tell the students. "I think I have to see a man about a murder."

Fisher stays dumb while you change your lab smock for a light tunic and follow him out into the corridor, on the way to the police car. Then he smiles, rogueishly.

"No protests?"

You sigh. "Sometimes I'm just too lethargic to grumble when you drag me away from my work to do your detecting for you. Who's dead?"

Fisher's smile vanishes. "Old man Grayson, the chemist. Know him?"

You admit it. "Chap of about seventy who married a woman of twenty-five a while back. Messes about with alkaloids or something."

"That's the man," Fisher agrees. "Well, he's been poisoned, but it looks as though he did it himself."

You glance at the detective as you climb into the police wagon. "I expect you're worried," you say.

Fisher grimaces at the taunt and cuts in the jets. "So's his wife. Gone to pieces. Only been married about two years. She found him dead in the lab."

"Tough on her," you respond. "Don't tell me any more. I'll hear it from her."

The detective nods, as used to your methods as you are to his. He stops the car outside a big house with an imposing facade of gleaming metal, and both of you climb out.

"Quite a place," you muse, sweeping your eye over the house. "Grayson must have been worth something."

A trim maid opens the door. She asks you if you want to see Mrs. Grayson right away, but you decide to have a look at the body first. Fisher knows the way, so he dismisses the maid and leads you through to the laboratory.

Grayson lolls in a chair at the bench, slumped across apparatus and chemicals. You frown at the untidiness and point to a tray at the dead man's side.

"That's asking for it," you say.

On the tray is a half-empty coffee cup, slightly askew in its saucer with the shining silver spoon, a small jug of milk and a bowl of sugar. Ominously near the jug is a beaker labelled 'Nitric Acid'.

You pour a little coffee into a test-tube, add some ferrous sulphate solution and then carefully pour in a little concentrated sulphuric acid. A brown ring forms half-way down the tube.

"Coffee's got nitric in it, all right," you announce. "Let's have a word with the lady." You go through to the lounge.

Mrs. Grayson proves to be a buxom woman, well-built and with a suggestion of vivacity beneath her present grief. You offer her you sympathy and side down opposite her.

"Will you tell me what happened just once more, Mrs. Grayson?" Fisher asks. "Routine, you know."

She seems to force a smile. "All right, Inspector, I'll do my best." She blows her nose and then begins. "I took James out his usual coffee at about eleven - he never allowed the maid in his laboratory. He seemed very busy, so I put the tray down beside him and came away. Half an hour later I went out to get the things for washing up and - and - oh, he must have put something in his coffee in mistake for the milk or sugar. He was so absent-minded!"

Fisher fidgets uncomfortably as the woman gives way to sorrowful sobs. You wait until she has calmed down a bit. Then you say:

"You soon got bored with him, didn't you? I suppose there's some young chap you want to marry now you're rich."

You see that Fisher is tense, guess he has been waiting for something like this. Mrs. Grayson stares at you.

"What - what do you mean? Oh, you cruel man!"

You smile, a rather hard smile, "You don't know much about chemistry, do you, Mrs. Grayson? You gave him poisoned coffee in here, didn't you, not in the lab? Then you carried him out there and set up the tray. You poured acid into the new cup and set the beaker right beside it."

She looks pale and frightened now. She isn't made of murderer stuff. "How - how could you know?" she asks, in a fierce whisper.

"You chose the wrong acid, Mrs. Grayson," you say, simply.

"If it had been hydrochloric you might have got away with it. See, your husband took sugar in his coffee. If he had drunk from that cup in the lab, he would have stirred it with the silver spoon. Dilute nitric acid corrodes silver. That spoon was not corroded, even though it's been standing for some time with a drop of coffee in it. That drop didn't come from that cup. Did it? It came from some other cup - with some other poison in it."

Fisher clears up the details very quickly, but not nearly quickly enough for you. While he is still messing about with statements, you are already on your way back to the forensic laboratory, hoping for a little peace this time.

THE END.

FANLIGHTS

KEN SLATER

IN THE PENULTIMATE postscript to a recent letter Norman Shorrock asked me: "Would you at some near future date like to do something on yourself for our S.F. Personalities dept. in S.D?" I was halfway thru the list of tattoo-ists in the Classified Directory before I realised what he really meant. I mean, this was so unexpected....There are so many more BNF's in UK these days that I thought I had become obsolete; like a model T Ford, I still run, but who cares?

However, since at least Norman wishes it....I was born on Dec 27th 1917, a fact that in my younger days pained me considerably. Kind relations with winning smiles would offer me toy bears and soldiers and five bobs, with the words, "Your birthday is so near Christmas that I've bought you this for both gifts. Don't you think it's nice?" Poor taste, but it was really my parents fault, of course, they could have managed things better.

Therefore I grew up, thwarted. Always fifty per cent short, so far as I could see. Perhaps that is why I escaped in to the realms of science fantasy at the early age I did! My first purchase of an American S-F mag was made in 1928, the AMAZING STORIES with the "Scientifiction" symbol on the cover. 3d at the local Woolworths' store. How I long for those days again! It costs that much to even post a mag that size today.

All that is in the past, of course, I no longer worry, and you couldn't care less. I'll talk about me now, uh? Not that you are interested....but you don't have to read this anyway. My first contacts with the modern fandom happened around 1945/6, when I started swapping letters with Ron Holmes, Ted Carnell, G.Ken Chapman, and Nigel Lindsay. No-one seems to know what has happened to Ron these days; Nigel is still around, but comparatively inactive, and if you don't know Ted Carnell and G.Ken Chapman, you shouldn't be reading this. You ain't no fan! O.F. started from that correspondence, as a sub-division of the BRITISH FANTASY LIBRARY. When the BFL went into a sort of retirement, O.F. kept going. I had great hopes for British Fandom those days - I still have, but the hopes are somewhat different. O.F. progressed fairly favourably, and soon was more than I could handle by myself. In an effort to give to British Fandom something on which to build, I co-erced certain folks into the formation of the Science-Fantasy Society, with its own periodical - the SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS. All that survives after some four years is the NEWS, very ably produced as a personal matter by Viné Clarke and Ken Bulmer.

So in 1950 I had another shot and re-organised O.F. on its present lines, co-opting the assistance of many enthusiastic fans both in UK and abroad. Its very loose organisation, and its "self-help" basis, seem to be stronger than the more rigid Science Fantasy Society, and it is still growing. It has now grown to the stage that once more I am faced with the situation of having more to do than I can accomplish in the time available. Today is the 7th of November((it takes a long time to get into print in SD,Eds)). Since the 1st, I have written 75 letters, and 14 postcards; completed O.F.13/14 and mailed the combined issue to the printer; mailed out 97 packages covered by 68 invoices on the TB; mailed out a further 12 packages from "free" mags contributed by USA fans; laid the foundation for a pb library of s-f in South Africa; and produced a number of small things like this in my spare time.... Which mean I have once again to re-organise (I like organising, and that has brought me many brickbats in my fan-career) and offload some of the work to other people. Plans for one of the largest changes are already laid, thank goodness, and maybe I'll be able to be a little more active in future! Which may seem to be a contradiction - but is not really so. The largest part of my present activity is the unrecognised one of mailing mags and stuff; and it is a goodly proportion of that which I intend to offload....which will leave me more time for corresponding, and producing stuff for folks to light fires with. (Alright, so it is a preposition. So what?((So this, a preposition is the wrong thing to end a sentence with. For them as 'ad 'ad no education let me point out that Ken has - he knows what was wrong.DG))) Maybe that doesn't tell you anything about me, but then I'm "security minded".

SCIENCE TIT-BITS by L.J. CONWAY, Continued.

Book Review:

cosmic rays/

This new theory of the begining of the material universe, one more added to the many already attempting the same thing, somehow fails to impress me as anything more than an essay in intellectual stimulation, and I feel should not be considered as a true rival to the more acceptable theories already in existence.

*****THE**END*****
Round Robin, contd.

air above the board. He started to turn round and suddenly Bunny found himself standing in front of the huge control board still grasping....nothing! Roxanne had not come through with him. He had lost his body again.

Bunny heard a deep bass voice.

"Welcome, my friend. I have been expecting you."

It came as a shock to Bunny. The figure was twenty foot tall.

Continued next issue.

ROUND ROBIN

PART V

POOR BUNNY came to his senses with a start, only to realise that his body was completely under the power of this female wolf inhabiting his own fine frame. He could feel the blood pounding in his ears, and ecstatic thrills coursed through his nerves as Roxanne increased the tempo of her wooing. Suddenly he was thrust away and once again Bunny was able to get control as the throbbing subsided.

"Sorry," said Roxanne. "I just realised in time that I was making a pass at my own body."

Bunny sighed with relief, tinged however with disappointment; he could still feel a few lingering pulses within his borrowed flesh.

Soon he was completely recovered, and was able to discuss the problem which confronted them both. The problem of exchanging bodies and getting back to their old existence if that was in any way possible. Was there any chance that this race of super cats could be of help? Bunny was doubtful. If they were too lazy to wash dishes there seemed little chance that they would exert themselves to help two mere humans. Once again the Rhyme went through his mind:

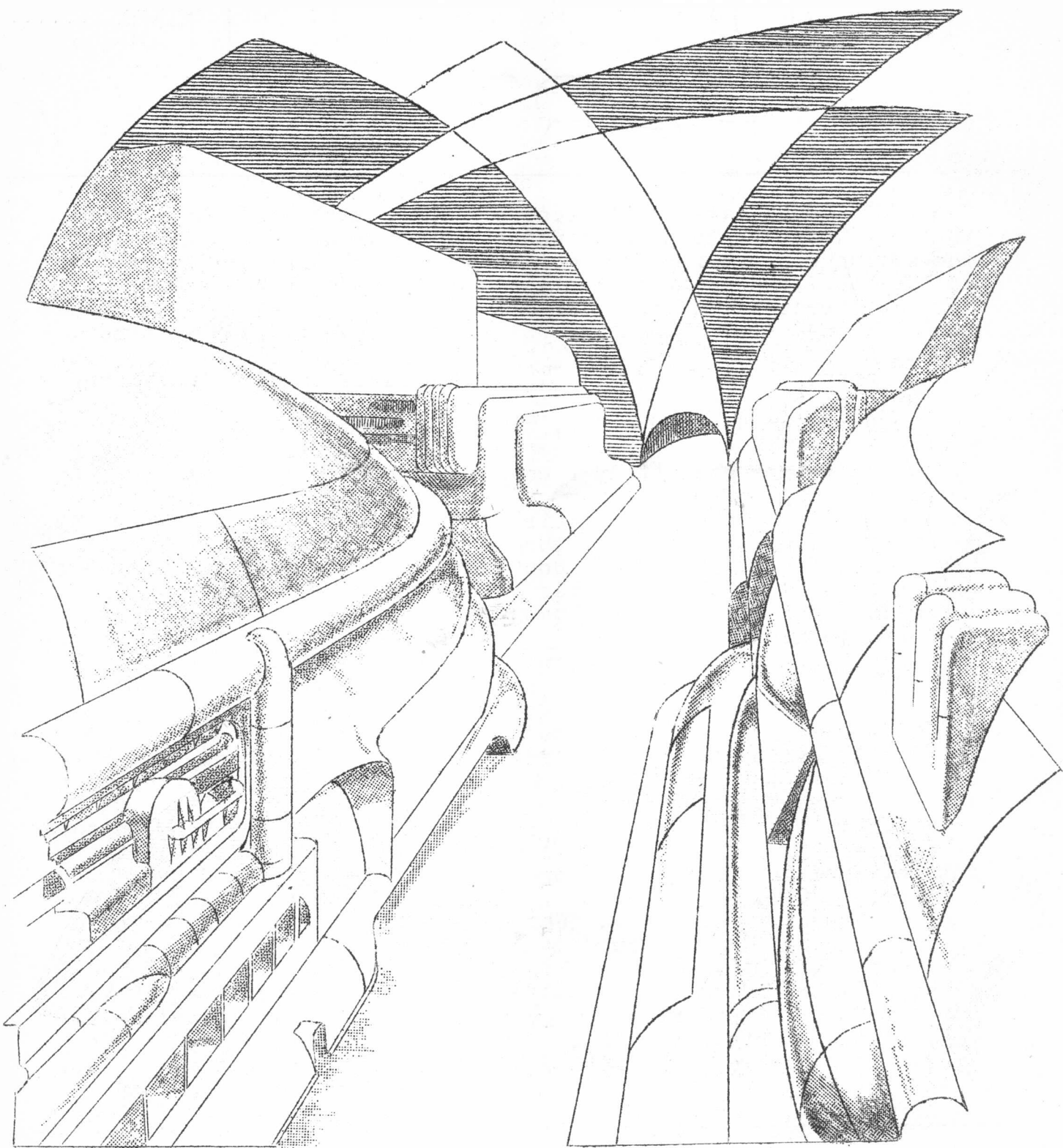
'Where twin moons illume the night,
'There you will seek the Troglodyte.
'Of him this question as,
'"What was Varno's Galactic Task?"'

Well here they were on Mars, a world of twin moons, but what did it mean - the Troglodyte? That was someone or something that lived in a cave.

Bunny groaned. How could they possibly find anything on this immensity that was Mars, and from this far distant point in the future? Roxanne suddenly gripped him, and Bunny jumped back with a start. "O.K.," she grinned. "Get a grip on yourself. I was about to suggest something. Why don't we use this lens you told me about - the way you found me?"

Bunny brightened, then shook his head. "It's no use," he said. "I wouldn't know how to control it. These little robots do it and they are controlled by this cat thing here - unless... Yes, wait a minute. Can we possibly probe the cat's mind as it lies asleep and read the method of controlling the robots?"

By LEWIS CONWAY



.....MECHANISMS FOR A PURPOSE FAR BEYOND COMPREHENSION

To think with Bunny was to act. He concentrated for a minute, and found himself in the cat's mind, chasing thousands of mice. A little more concentration and he found that he was able to probe deeper into the memory banks, here he found stored a truly amazing knowledge of the Nature of the Universe.

It wasn't long before he got the knack of finding just what he wanted, and soon he knew that the robots were controlled merely by directing a thought by telepathy of whatever you wanted done, and the robots automatically set the controls of the Dimensional Lens.

As Bunny withdrew his thought probe from the cat's mind it turned uneasily in its sleep, but soon settled down contentedly to chasing its dream mice again.

Roxanne was quite thrilled at the possibility of repossessing her own body. When she had first awakened in Bunny's apartment she had been frantic at finding herself inhabiting the body of a stranger - and a man's at that - and had almost been afraid to examine herself, having led a very reserved and virtuous life up to that point. Perhaps this was the reason why she had gone to such lengths later. Still waters always run deep. Now she was looking forward to the possibility of being on the receiving end for a change; for Roxanne had already made up her mind that Bunny in his own body would be easy meat for her female wiles.

Bunny directed his thoughts at the silent robots, ordering that they should set the lens for a search under the surface of Mars to see if there was any evidence of life in the depths. Obediently the midget metal men moved at his bidding, and upon the surface of the pool appeared a view which did nothing to raise their hopes. Solid earth and rock. Deeper and deeper the view took them, moving also horizontally in a wide arc, which covered hundreds of cubic miles of Mars' interior. Bunny and Roxanne, with avid glances, stared into the surface of the lens, and suddenly both gasped, for the view had altered completely. Where previously they had seen only strange vistas of ancient rock and earth, now appeared before their startled gaze an immense underground cavern, so huge that they were unable to see any end to it from their present viewpoint.

From the ceiling where their window looked out on this view of wonder, to the floor of the cavern beneath was at least a mile in depth. The whole underground scene was clearly in view, illuminated from a source which even they were unable to see at the moment. Covering the floor of this strange place were what appeared to be huge machines, mechanisms for a purpose far beyond anything Roxanne or Bunny could comprehend. As their viewpoint moved lower the size of those weird unearthly artifacts overwhelmed them. What unknown race of beings could possibly have built them? Certainly not the cats, for they were not like anything they had seen in the city around them. Searching in the distance Bunny was able to see the huge boundaries of the cavern, towering walls of stone, utterly smooth, reaching to the vaulted ceiling. The light came from what appeared to be a miniature sun hanging in the centre of the roof.

Nowhere was there any sign of life. The machines were motionless, yet seemed as if they might roar into life at any moment. There was only complete silence. As the lens moved to the side of the cavern, Bunny saw that at various points great semicircular holes or tunnels opened along the huge walls, tunnels

which were all of five hundred feet in height. The realisation came that this was not the only cavern; possibly they stretched, innumerable, throughout the interior of the planet. Following along that tunnel they found that other equally huge tunnels branched out in every direction giving strength to this idea: but nowhere was there any sign of life.

Finally following one of the tunnels they came upon some smaller apartments cut out of the living rock which were filled with what appeared to be banks upon banks of control panels, every one of which shimmered very slightly as they watched: still no sign of any living creature could be seen.

Bunny was desolate, and it was Roxanne who suggested that they move the lens back in time, as it was obvious that creatures had lived there at some time in the past. So Bunny ordered the robots to alter the force-fields to take the lens back a thousand years into the past. A faint rippling of the surface of the pool shewed that something was happening - but the view in the lens could not be altered in any way. Bunny turned to one of the little metal operators and enquired if the lens hadn't worked.

"Oh, it's working all right, but you just haven't gone far enough."

"O.K.," said Bunny. "Let's go the whole hog this time. Take us back half-a-million years - back to our own time."

Once more the mirror shimmered. Bunny and Roxanne drew in sharp breaths when a marvelous specimen of manhood, proportioned like a Greek god, sprang into view seated at one of the control boards, which had changed not at all from what they had viewed in the first instance.

"That's better," yelled Bunny. "That's the guy we want to see." But how, Bunny pondered to himself. He could see no way out of the dilemma.

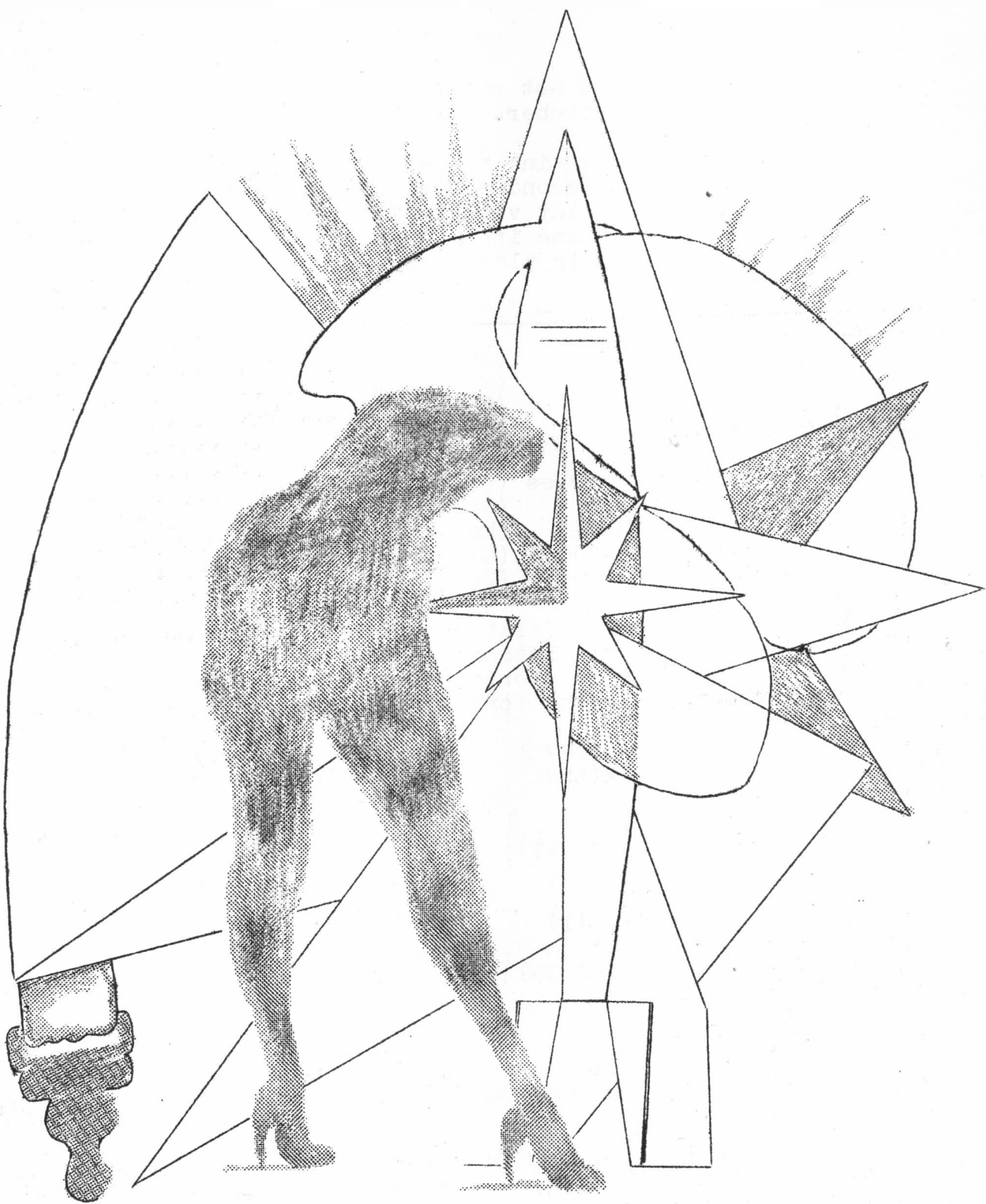
"Perhaps I could make a suggestion." Roxanne and Bunny whirled at the words to find that the cat had awakened and was stretching itself. "It's obvious that I shall not be able to get my proper proportion of sleep while you two humans are around. Good thing they did die off - excess physical energy the same as with all humans, I shall be glad to see the back of you both. From what you tell me of your teleportation powers I think it should be possible for you to project yourselves through the dimensional lens, so that you arrive at any point in space or time which the lens is viewing. Of course I'm not at all sure that this will be true, but theoretically it should be possible. Now will you please be on your way so that I can get back to sleep. All this expended mental energy makes me more and more tired." The cat yawned and snuggled back into the cushions. Bunny and Roxanne stared at each other.

"It's certainly worth trying," stated our hero in his husky contralto, "otherwise I'd go nuts around here."

"Sure," answered Roxanne, "but how do I manage it? I've never used my powers of teleportation yet."

Bunny grunted. "Will you'll have to try it anyway, it's our only chance. All you have to do is concentrate, think of the place you wish to get to - and there you are - I hope!"

They both turned to the lens again, hand in hand, and stared at the scene pictured there. The figure was still seated at his control board and seemed to be in conversation with someone, for he was nodding his head towards a ball of energy which hung in mid-



1952-53

POLL

RESULTS PART ONE.

Compiled by NORMAN SHORROCK

TO THOSE of you who did not enter this poll, you may remember its inauguration in SD3, last October. To all those who completed the leaflet - our thanks.

The system used to determine these results is, briefly, first choice is given 10 points, second 9 etc. Fen who have "won" the items offered are also based on point values (I use the quotes advisedly!) Series and serials count as one item, as originally stated. Any further information will be given with pleasure...please write.

SECTION ONE - SCIENCE - FICTION STORIES.

The top TEN:		Points
1)	FOUNDATION (Asimov).....	150
2)	SLAN (Vogt)	140
3)	LENSMAN Series (Smith)	137
4)	A Series (Vogt)	121
5)	WHO GOES THERE? (Campbell).....	83
6)	SPACE BEAGLE Series (Vogt)	79
7)	SKYLARK Series (Smith)	72
8)	SINISTER BARRIER (Russell).....	68
9)	PRELUDE TO SPACE (Clarke).....	66
10)	WEAPON SHOPS Series (Vogt)	59

Note the grouping of the first four - gap - then another six. Also, ten stories between six authors!

A total of 292 different stories were entered, here are the next, in order of ~~preference~~, to the fortieth place () -indicates points obtained.

11. Last and First Men(57)	26. The Time Machine(31)
12. Martian Chronicles(52)	27. The Demolished Man(29)
13. The Rull(49)	Rocketeers Have Shaggy Ears(29)
14. I, Robot(47)	Needle(29)
Green Hills of Earth(47)}	30. Nerves(28)
16. Sand Of Mars(46)	Day Of The Triffids(28)}
17. Metamorphosite(42)	32. Centaurus II (26)}
18. The Puppet Masters(41)	Mars Child(26)
19. The Black Flame(39)	34. Time And Again(25)}
Then There Were None(39)}	City(Series)(25)
21. The Monster(37)	36.. The Moon Is Hell(23)
22. The Humanoids(36)	Linn (Series)(23)
23. The World Below(35)	Old Doc Methusaleh(Series)(23)}
24. What Mad Universe(34)	39. Thunder And Roses(22)
25. The Double Dyed Villains(32)	40. Heinlein's Future History(20)

(I have attempted a little research on past polls, but up to the time of writing haven't found any results differentiating between s-f and fantasy, so I will have to skip comparisons on this section. Any info. anyone?)

To H.P. SANDERSON, 90 Bereford Road, Longsight, Manchester 13, goes POSSIBLE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by Conklin.

The O.F. 'inducement' is taken by Eva Firestone, Upton, Wyoming, U.S.A., who receives NO PLACE LIKE EARTH edited by Carnell. Others within hitting distance are:- R.H.Greaves(Birmingham), O.D.Plumridge(Mitcham), R.J.McCubbin(Australia), C.Shute(Stafford), Chris Tansey(Forward, Spacers!), and John Roles(???)

.

SECTION FOUR, MAGAZINES.

As sections three and four are comparatively easy to work out, it is my intention to take the second and third sections in the next ish., thus balancing the work involved.

Same points value as S-F. Total of 42 Magazines entered.

<u>TOP TEN</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
1). aSF	660
2). Galaxy	559
3). Magazine of F and S-F	354
4). New Worlds	324
5). Thrilling Wonder	320
6). Startling Stories	306
7). Space S.F.	138
8). Science-Fantasy	120
9). Unknown	105
10). Super Science Stories	97

Note the gaps between the groups 2 to 3, and 6 to 7.

I feel compelled to add a note here to those of you who are thinking, (about the struggle for top place between aSF and Gsf), "Yes, but I expect that many of the preferences are from BRETish fans, who haven't read Galaxy prior to January this year." Just for the record the facts are: all but seven entrants listed Galaxy, and as four did not place Astounding, this cancels it down to three, so assuming they would have listed Galaxy TOP place, this would only be another 30pts. No....aSF consistently took top place in the majority of preferences. I look forward to an even more comprehensive coverage next poll!

The next few as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| 11). Other Worlds(92) | 17). Imagination(69) |
| 12). Authentic(85) | 18). Fantastic Adv.(63) |
| 13). Weird Tales(76) | 19). Amazing(61) |
| 14). Fantastic(72) | 20). Famous Fantastic My.(49) |
| 15). Lf(71) | |
| Planet(71) | |

Six 1937 Astoundings to Staff Wright, with 47 points from a possible 55. Very near were Eric Bentcliffe(46), O.D.Plumridge(45), Bill Morse(44), Tom Owens(44), Walt Willis(44), F.L.Smith(42) John Roles(42), Frank Parnell(41), and Dave Wood(41). Soemone named Shorrocks had 51, but even though it was dated and witnessed by a certain Gardner, I ignored this...DAMMIT HE'S READ 'EM!

The 6 current British Pocket Books from O.F. for overseas Fen foes to Vernon L. McCain, RFD 3, Nampa, Idaho, U.S.A. with 47 points. Near were Bob Silverberg(41), L.Sprague de Camp(41), D.H.Tuck(39) A.Everett Winne(37), Dale R. Smith(36) James White(32), and Donald V. Shackleton(31).

On the following page we publish some other poll results (reprinted from SUNSPOTS etc.)

1942 WIDNER.

1. aSF
2. Unknown
3. Famous Fantastic My.
4. Weird Tales
5. Super Science

1944 BEOWULF.

1. Famous Fantastic My.
2. aSF
3. Weird Tales
4. Planet Stories
5. Startling Stories.

1945(Spring)BEOWULF.

1. aSF
2. Famous Fantastic My.
3. Weird Tales
4. Planet Stories
5. Startling Stories

1945(Autumn)BEOWULF.

1. aSF(284)
2. F.F.M.(176)
3. Weird Tales(105)
4. Startling(69)
5. Planet(68)
6. Unknown(58)
7. Thrilling Wonder(47)
8. Amazing(34)

CURRENT.

1. aSF
2. Galaxy
3. Fantasy & S-F.
4. New Worlds
5. Thrilling Wonder
6. Startling Stories
7. Space S-F.
8. Science-Fantasy.

These are only included for interest, as obviously no logical comparison can be made,(least of all in this section).

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(Results Part Two,evaluating and discussing Sections 2 & 3 of the Poll will be published in SD6)

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES

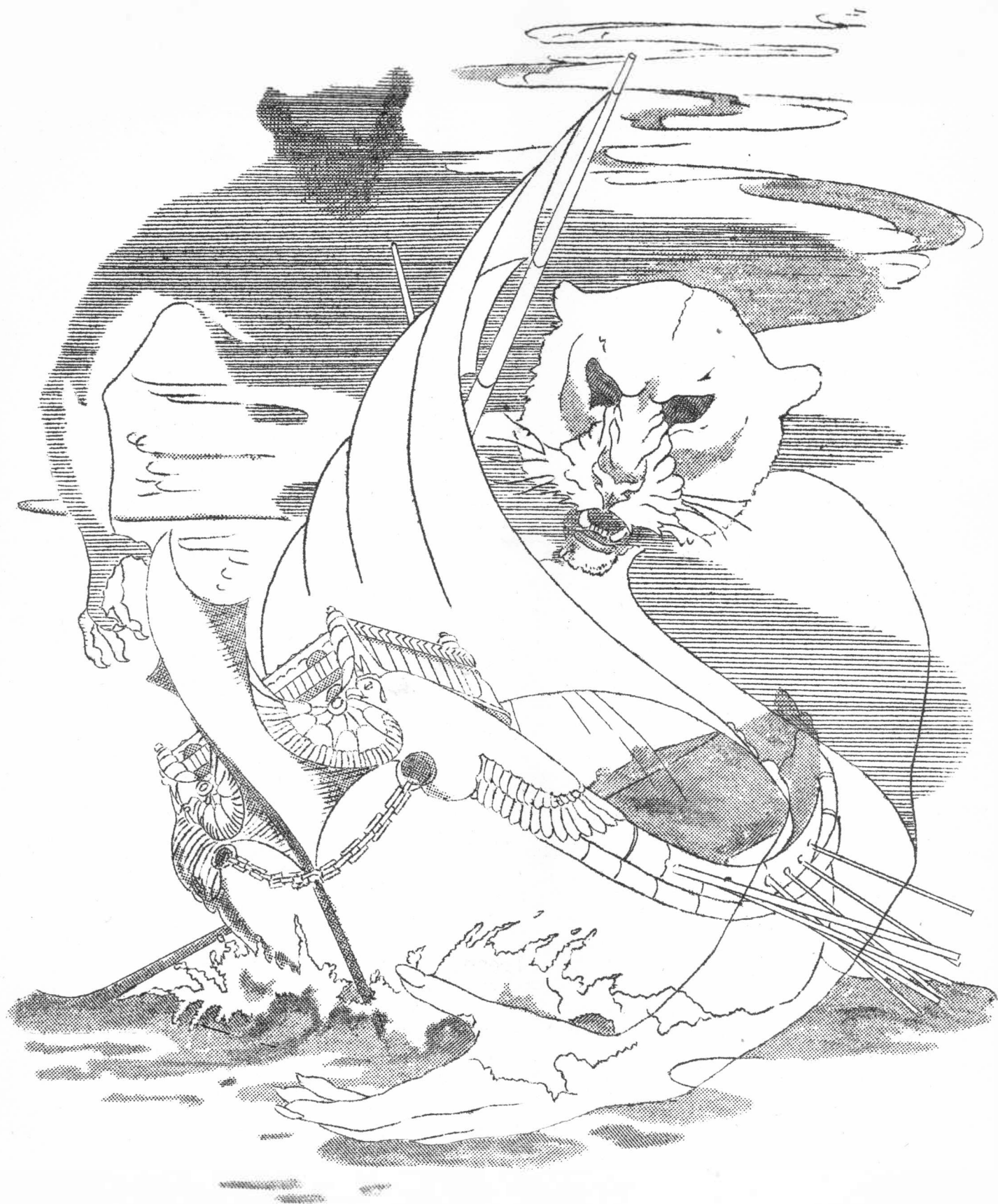
We regret to have to announce that with effect from April 18th,we are enforced to increase our subscription rates to Space Diversions from 3/- to 5/-for six issues,single copies to 1/- each. U.S.A. 20c per copy,\$1 for six,or in exchange for pro-mags,as before.

Subs.already placed will be honoured at the former rate until they expire.

The general policy with regards to exchange of fanzines with other editors has also been revised.In future it will be on the basis of one for one.

For those editors who do not publish fmz.on a regular schedule(!) and have subscribed to SD,every copy of their publication received will be credited to them and their sub. extended by the number of issues they send.

NOTE : This will not affect private agreements arranged personally with certain editors by Space Diversions' staff.



LOCAL AFFAIRS

By Tom Owens

THE HOPE we had entertained, of moving to new and bigger premises, seems, with the passing of time, to recede into the 'might have been'. Although the premises for which we were negotiating are still vacant, the corporation remains noncommittal, and we find it difficult to extract a plain Yes or No from them. So, for the present, our address is as before.

With the election of a new committee, a tentative programme was put forward for Society activities in the coming year. It was decided that an auction (in aid of club funds) would be held every three months. Also a short story selected by the Committee would be read out, perhaps once a month. It is hoped that we shall be able to obtain a record player for the purpose of listening to recordings of science-fictional nature.

We held the first scheduled auction on 22nd December and the Society received £1-2-11 from the proceeds, being 10 per cent. of the gross amount cleared.

Our 60th meeting was held at the Lisbon Bar. Although many queer concoctions were consumed, nobody succeeded in finding anything more potent than the Vodka which Norman had served at his Christmas party.

On January 12th, questions of a scientific nature were put to a Brains Trust comprised of Gerry Clarke, Lewis Conway B.Sc., Bill Hanson and myself. Some very intriguing and controversial questions arose. Some of these were on the subjects of the red shift, disposal of waste matter from space ships, the perfect machine with no moving parts, the existence of non-chlorophylllic photosynthetic plants.

January 19th, The Society attended, en masse, a lecture given by Sir H. Spencer Jones, The Astronomer Royal. The venue was the Philharmonic Hall, and the attendance was extraordinarily good. The subject of the talk was "THE BOUNDS OF SPACE". After a lengthy preamble touching on the work of Plato and Aristotle, Copernicus and Herschel, the Astronomer Royal explained that the range of observation of the universe will be confined at two thousand million light years, owing to the fact that as the universe is ever expanding, and the galaxies at that distance are receding at a speed greater than that of the light which is travelling in our direction, their light will never reach us. The lecture was well put over and well illustrated by over thirty slides, but to us, it seemed rather elementary. However, judging by the comments from the general public who also attended, those not au fait with the various concepts involved in cosmology found it difficult in places to follow.

By the time this issue of Space Diversions appears, I shall be in Canada - where I am emigrating to. I am leaving Liverpool on the 25th February and will eventually arrive in Toronto. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that Space Diversions will be putting out a Canadian reprint. This column will be taken over with effect from date by Stan Nuttall. Stan needs no intro from me as Don MacKay covers this subject admirably in these pages. Meanwhile I hope that I may be able to contribute a column from Canada, giving Canadian and American fanews.

*****Tom Owens*****

(Before we go to press we can inform our readers that we held a Going Away Party in Tom's honour on 23/2. At the Lisbon again. We all wish him bon voyage & I am sure all our readers would like to join in bestowing upon him their felicitations and best wishes for a happy and successful career in his new country.) John Roles.

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL to write a story especially for NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION. Other masters to follow.

STOP
PRESS!!

NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION to go bi-monthly this year. Peter Hamilton Jr. has plans for a companion magazine.

NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION, Vol. 1. No. 2 was a complete sell-out. Orders continue to pour in.

THREE PIECES OF NEWS FANDOM'S BEEN WAITING FOR!

FANDOM HAS ALSO BEEN WAITING FOR NEBULA No. 3, WHICH CONTAINS UNFORGETTABLE TALES BY WILLIAM F. TEMPLE, E.C. TUBB, CHARLES BEAUMONT, AND YOUR OWN DAVID S. GARDNER. OUT IN APRIL.

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HERE & THERE

DAVE GARDNER'S

DEPARTMENT

IT LOOKS as though I will be getting harsh words kicked at me after last issue's comments on fan apathy. Seems that I have since fallen into the way of the 'sleepers' myself, so to the two or three who still expect letters or material from me be patient, please. I've been up to my eyes in work since Xmas with helping take care of the latest edition to the family, a girl this time, and trying to get some stories churned out in the hopes of placing them with the pro mags. To George Clements of VOID, I really did have an article for you on HOW TO BECOME A BIG NAME FAN, but I carried it round in my pocket for so long that I finally lost it. Cross my heart and hope to die.

((Editor: The service will be held at the Agnostic cemetery next Saturday.))

Now is the time and place, I think, to slip in a bind I have about the so called Adult Science Fiction Era of today. We see such words as those tagged on to quite a lot of stories which stumble across that ol' devil SEX. (Okay, I know, that also takes in my rave story THE LOVERS.) Science Fiction is growing up - maturing - becoming more popular in appeal, but most of all the market is for the adult section of the reading public. Why then, do we have to suffer such expressions as: 'darn', 'good grief', 'by the seven sinister satellites of Saturn', and other exclamations of such ilk? We have our heroes and our villains still chasing each other round the Universe as in the days of old, but let's give them a new coat of paint and hide some of the yawning cracks. If Sf is going to grow up, then let it, but for God's sake let's have a few adult characters lose their mamby-pamby ideas on what to say in a critical situation. So they are alive, they are no longer wooden puppets solely there to carry the science; our heroes are men, someone tells me, and our villains, as such, are usually of a like sex - let them behave like that! Let them come out with a good old cuss such as maybe you, and definitely I, would use in trying circumstances. What's wrong with a few words such as God! or Christ!, or bastard? Let 'em rip, we're not in kindergarten any more. And if it hurts someone's sense of feelings let them remember that if a chap calls another a bastard instead of a rotter, it does

not mean to say that he is any worse than one who says 'rotter' instead of 'bastard'. Let's drop some of those inhibitions which still exist in writing today, and if you've never said, 'Christ!', when something's gone wrong, or called the boss a bastard behind his back, the brother, you should be wearing wings and plucking on a golden harp!

REVIEWS:

NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION, Spring, 1953. Price 2/-, 120 pages. 5½ x 8½. Cover by Hunter. Once again we have a cover which does illustrate a passage from the lead story. Unfortunately the cover is way below the standard of Hunter's other illo on page 5.

NOVEL: THOU PASTURE US by F.G. Rayer. This is a story of aliens attempting to take over Earth by passing themselves off as toys. Heavenly Toys, is their trade name, and the hell of it is that everyone who sets eyes on one loves the blessed thing! Our hero, Sam Tannoy, of the Russell News Syndicate, first encounters them when his wife and son fall under their spell. The rest of the story is taken up by Sam trying to expose them to the world and also to beat them. In the end.....well, you'll have to read the story to find out, why should I spoil your enjoyment? The story was up to Mr. Rayer's usual standard - good - but I do have one gripe about it: his over-use of italics! I found myself dreading turning over each page because I knew that it would reveal even more of those spidery words, half of which were not needed if the story was read in an intelligent manner. Maybe this is a kink on my part, but ever since our editor, John Roles, pointed out to me that I was looking for words in my stories to place in italics my stomach turns over at the sight of them. I place this story second. SHORT STORIES: BRAINPOWER by K. Houston Brunner. Illo for this tale by Price was quite good. The story is about an electronic brain which has more on the ball than was supposed. I assure you, I had not read Brainpower when I asked - nay, pleaded - for adult swearing in adult Science Fiction! Placed third.

DARK SOLUTION by E.C. Tubb. Liked this one best of the issue. It read well, flowed smoothly, and had something to say. Mr. Tubb, move up to the top of the class.

ATOMS AND STARS by Forrest J. Ackerman. (I have to be careful here as Forry is my agent for the States.) Round 500 words, and you can't say much in that spread. The idea was good but it was too short. Down you go Forry, to fourth place...deduct my harsh words from any future sales you may make for me!

The five DEPARTMENTS were all good, and I was pleased to see that Walt Willis rubbed home some facts to the London fans who failed to appear at the Mancon. I wasn't there, either.

This was a far better issue than NEBULA number 1, and I liked that, too.

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY. Number 29. Price 1/6. 144 pages. Size: 4½ x 7½

Cover by Vann. This is a great improvement over the usual Authentic covers, and but for the one on number 28 I would say that it is the best they have used to date. Interior artwork was supplied by Davis, Richards, and Fiesher and was all good.

NOVEL: IMMORTAL'S PLAYTHINGS by William F. Temple. Bill has given us a good story about the first Earth ship to reach Venus. When they land they find themselves in the middle of a planet-wide war, being

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Ken Potter of the Junior Fanatics wants me to mention the present financial position of the said organisation so here goes:

INCOME:

J.F. Membership fees.....	£2- 0- 0
Gifts.....	£1- 2- 6
Subs to PERI.....	£ 15- 6
Gifts, subs, contributions, and sundry pilferings from Loncon '52.....	£1- 5- 0
	<u>£5- 3- 0</u>

EXPENDITURE

Cost of PERISCOPE No.1.....	£ - 6- 0
Cost of Loncon Leaflet.....	£ - 5- 0
Paper and plates wasted on first efforts on Peri by a certain person I must leave unnamed.....	£ -15- 0
	<u>£1- 6- 0</u>
Total of remaining assets.....	<u>£3-17- 0</u>
Estimated cost of PERI no.1. (100 copies).....	£3- 5- 0 approx.
40 copies only have a definite market so that if the other 60 are sold we shall make another £3".	

(Well, Ken, from what I know of fanzine publishing you certainly won't sell the other 60 - not by a long shot, just think of how many you will have to give away for reviews and in exchange to start with - and it doesn't end there.)

ALAN HUNTER

My wife, and my conscience, have jointly decided that I must write to you in order to correct a most greivous omission from my article in SD4. If you could possibly print this letter, or even the first sentence, in your next issue, the omission will have been rectified. It appears, as my wife has pointed out, that I made no mention of our marriage in 1949.

My conscience is naturally troubled - in an article about myself, I completely forgot to mention Joyce (my wife, you know!) Apart from bodily disfigurement and the disruption of married bliss, I am also mortally afraid of earning the nickname "ego".

Seriously though, all my acti-fanning has taken place since I have been married, and I have been guilty of severe injustice by not only failing to give my wife her due amount of credit, but failing even to mention her at all. Without her unfailing support I should not be where I am to-day, or so I am told.

(It is a pleasure to print this Alan, there are not many men who would take it upon themselves to see that their wife got a mention and due recognition in connection with fan activities which must take up a lot of your spare time.)

There's only one S-F story which I think merits any mention this issue, it's Raymond Z. Gallun's TEN TO THE STARS which appears in March '53 SF Adventures. A fantasy story in the new del Ray may Fantasy Magazine is also good, I especially liked the very neat twist which finished it off - FEEDING TIME. It was read out at Club and went down well, despit the fact that it was a drinking party in Tom's honour.

Dave Cohen of Manchester writes to tell me that J.R. Fearn has a three act comedy on at Blackpool which later goes to Manchester. It's SF, deals with telepathy and a wronged blonde, or a blonde gone wrong. Sounds interesting. Talking about Fearn, I see that he's got a Statten story in Two Complte Sciance Adventure Books - SURVIVOR of MARS, out over here in PB form as AVENGING MARTIAN, and I think it was also in an early aSTOUNDING but can't bother re checking.

This column seems to grow on me and I can't stop it without missing some really hot news(at the time of writing at any rate). TED CARNELL tells me: As from NEW WORLDS 21, (due April 16th), Nova's two magazines will undergo a complete transformation(although S-F 6, due April 18th, will appear under the old format and price, carrying advance information of the changes in store).

NW 21 will be 7½" x 5½" (approximately the same size as the US aSF), 128 pages containing over 60,000 words of text, priced at 1/6d. There will be a white running-strip title head, but the illustration will, as usual, contain no lettering. Quinn has done a magnificent cover painting for the first 'new' issue, a scene in the twilight zone of Mercury, from "Ride The Twilight Trail" by E.R.James....To be published at the same time will be the first of the NOVA SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL series, complete and unabridged s-f novels by top writers, price 1/6d, in the same format. The first pocketbook novel is John Beynon's STOWAWAY TO MARS. This will be followed by Raymond F. Jones's RENAISSANCE. Five other titles are already pending contract and more are being optioned.....Nova will publish at least ten novels in the first year; this is in keeping with the expansionist programme promulgated late last year....The first novel will have a cover by a new artist, Hutchings, who has also done the BULLARD cover. RENAISSANCE will have a cover by yet another new artist, Partridge. Hutchings also appears with interior illustrations in NW 21 and joins Nova's art team permanently. Both pocketbooks and magazines will be printed rotary from here on and considerable interior art experiments will be taking place for the next few issues to determine the best methods of presenting illustrations in the new mechanics. NOW YOU KNOW WHY I'VE BEEN SO BUSY LATELY! Best wishes to all, Ted.

Not more than a week back I wrote to Ted and said I was sorry but I couldn't do a review of NW because of lack of space. My column had already run many pages over its length allowed, but what the hell, as soon as I got this letter from Ted yesterday we said blow the cost get another ream of paper, we can't let this slip through our hands. So there you are, Ted, your news cost us more paper whhch we can ill afford but we are grateful to you - and we mean it so here is a review of NEW WORLDS 20. Price 2/-.. 96 Pages.

The cover is by Clothier, and you know from some letters which have appeared in NW just how much we dislike Clothier covers in Liverpool - so no more said. THE EXTERMINATORS by Peter Hawkins, a long short which is much better than some of the novelettes Ted has printed recently. GOLDEN SLUMBERS by J.F. Burke..this was spoilt for me by guessing the ending halfway thru, the writing is good but I don't agree with Ted that it is outstanding. JETSAM by Chandler, this piece of fiction could quite well have appeared in any fanzine and I think the whole tale was written just to get in the ending re the white horse....IS NO ROBBERY by Lan Wright... I liked this one, I should have guessed what would happen at the end by what was said in the tale - but I didn't. Yes I liked this. THE PROPHET by John Christopher..the top tale in the issue, the writing is wonderful and I was really lost in it. I would like to see many more of the Max Larkin series. ROCKET'S AREN'T HUMAN by Ted Tubb, love that man love his stories, and it would have taken top place if Burke's yarn had not been somewhat similar. I see that Ted's Martian series comes to an end with the next issue, I for one vote for a new complete series. Maybe I've slated this issue a bit but I still think that NW is the best of the British mags, so it should be, it's the oldest!

DELPHI-cum - GORGONZOLA. This effort of Pete Campbell's is neat and legible, but not exactly epoch-making. Delphi consists mostly of a Flying Saucer article, (Hey! Write to 'Saucer Corner' of Star rockets. Dennis Tausendschoen, 826 South Highland Ave., Baltimore 24, Maryland), and a bit of very ornery fan fiction: whilst the Gorgonzola part chronicles the birth of an idea - a Super-fanmag to be called Andromeda and to have eventually 100 pages, including novelettes. Good luck to him!

SPACESHIP. This is one of the best of the ~~Serious-and-Constructive~~ fanzines yet received. (The other one being Stf Trends) yet by no means a 'heavy-weight' in the sense of Fantasy Commentator. Bob Silverburg ably reviews the SF World of 1952, in retrospect and gives figures for mags issued, with other biblio-data. Robert Bloch is his usual fresh fanself. Gregory and a new columnist Hirschhorn write with perception on the trends and topicalities of the prozino field, whilst Roger Dard gives us the latest information on Fandom Downunder. Over all a very sane, sound zine, now.....

To go from the sublime to - SKY ROCKETS.

You must read this. It will simply slay you. A ten page mag, it lists on the contents page, two pieces of fiction, eight titles under 'Verse', and sixteen features. Herein is the 'Saucer Corner' which is mentioned above. Also gives half a page to reviewing 'Wonder' and 'Phantasmagoria. And Fiction. From which I must quote. "A door opened, a figure appeared in the doorway of the ship, then turned and went back in. Two more suited figures came out thus making three, the first figure having reappeared. Two more joined the first three thus making five." A blurred letter in one sentence might have made amusing sense if read as I thought it was. "There were strange carvings on them, which told of bygone cons." And. "The figures looked at each other with sighs of relief plainly written on their faces." Many other gems transform what might have been a crudish into a very funny fanzine.

QUANDRY. in which Walt Willis narrates his adventures in the U.S.A. (He went over to Chicago last year for the 10th World SF Convention) This was a honey. And - as far as I can tell - actually informative into the bargain. This double issue (Nos. 27 & 28) contains twelve purported photos of the Chicon. These are probably old blackmail photos taken in Storyville the year of the Nolacon, judging by the bedroom scenes.

STF TRENDS. A very attractively produced magazine, some of it is duplicated, the rest is done by some other process with which I am not familiar. Litho or plane possibly. Alan Hunter's front cover picture is interesting in that it appears to be an application of advanced scraper-board technique to ordinary pen and ink drawing. The contents of this 'zine make it a very close rival of Silverburg's Spaceship, but the standard of both, being as high as it is, makes it difficult to decide which is the better. In this issue, some interesting and controversial points are raised by the various columnists. I take the debunking of Bloch's "Black Lotus" first of all. In my opinion this was the star story of the first issue of Fantasy Book. The redeeming feature almost. Somewhere I saw this tale described as "Dunsanyesque", and with this word I fully agree. There was, in this little gem, the exotic glitter of powerful and scintillating prose, rising to poetry. Of course if you don't like Lovecraft or Dunsany... A number of interesting points are raised

by Dr. Carpenter, amongst which are "Stasis and decadence are two facets of the same stone. In progress only will Stf find immortality." The dogmatic might bicker over the sentences, but his three suggestions for the progress of Stf are very able. " 1). Condemning stf comic-book style stuff." Agreed. If we are to gain the recognition we desire, we must cease our half-hearted protection of this form of literature. " 2). Boycotting the writers and editors who dish out the stuff calculated to retard the development of stf." This I fear will have no effect whatever, as has written of before; fandom being inessential to the publication of SF. " 3)." and most important, " An award to be given to the writers and editors contributing most towards the development of SF." (As mentioned under Slant.) A piece of fiction "The Child", by Catania, was somewhat above the usual level of fanfiction. Richard Elsberry's verdict on the new magazine Fantastic Science Fiction, hit the tack right on the back. I like this writer's stuff despite his apparent anti-Bloch sentiments. A number of different kinds of type-faces makes interesting variety in the appearance of a very good magazine.

GEMTONES - Apatito. Mostly reviews of other Sapszines. Otherwise, contains part of a serial, some pomes, and some Christmas type stuff. Rather remote, being so SAPSy, and also it seems - more is the pity - remote from Science-Fiction.

Hold everything. I've just had handed to me a copy of a zine I haven't seen before. SOL. On the surface it looks like the usual sheaf of crud shuffled together and churned out by the score, from the mimeo machines of fandom's youth. But on peering behind the cover, (portraying a poxy nude crouching on a Christmas pudding --Oooh! sorry it's a spaceship, and the saucy gel I presume is Alien - as she has pointed ears and spots - spotted hair too) one discovers serious and constructive fanning. Hurrah for Dave Ish. Honours too, to Marion Bradley, for her Apology of Fandom. There is a rather acid letter column in addition to a few other items.

That's all for now. One or two of the zines arrived just a little too late for review here, but we plan to continue our critiques as long as they keep on coming.

The Mimeoos Must Roll.

That winds it up for this ish, with the exception of a final pleading note. We are in urgent need of contributors....let us hear from YOU!

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