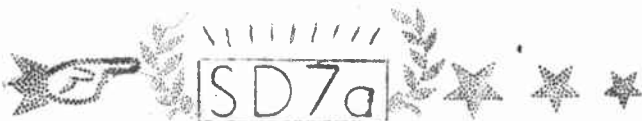


announcing



(Pardon ?) **

Original cover illo by Don MacKay, lithographed by courtesy of Harry Turner.

will you

This supplementary issue of Space Diversions is intended to introduce nonactifen and others - others in this case means folks who for some reason haven't seen us yet -- to our regular issues. With this in mind, we've carried out a bit of reprinting from file copies. 'Though we'd like to point out that these items aren't necessarily what we consider to be the best contributions to have appeared in the past; we were forced to select shorties because we aren't exactly millionaires. Yet.

So it's all reprint stuff, which we feel bound to state isn't our regular policy. 'Cepting, of course, when we stretch a point and reprint our editorstuff which has appeared in other folks fanzines. And as practically all our work appears exclusively in SD, this reprint angle doesn't often arise.

The cover we've used is one that will be appearing on the next three issues of SD, and it is symbolic of a special feature we're running. The same applies to the bacover, and this is an illo relating to an SD8 contribution from Bert Campbell, who needs no introduction to any of you.

The special feature happens to be A Symposium On Sex And Sadism In Current Science-Fiction. Nuff sed?

If you're going to be parking yourself at the Grosvenor Hotel for the night how about contacting us about a party we hope to be holding in a private room on Saturday after the days' events? We'll give you all the details if you pop along and see us at our SPACE DIVERSIONS stand somewhere in the hall. And even if you don't like parties why not meander up to the stand and make yourself known to us? We'll be glad to see you. To coin Bert Campbell's words, 'WE LIKE FANS!'

If you're shy and don't like talking to strange critters let's say here and now that we hope you have the time of your life at the Con. We wish you as good a time as we intend having. It ain't no time for petty squabbles, it's a time to set out and raise joyous hell. It only happens once a year. Remember that!

There doesn't seem much more to say. Of course, we could praise our rival fanzines to the skies, but we don't suppose they'd appreciate it. Let's just say that we like Andy, -, S.T., Astro, Zenith, Fission, Bem, /, Medway Journal, Orbit, and the rest of the host. It's Convention Time. Next month we'll probably call them all the foul names under the sun. Who knows? It all depends how well their zap guns work.

DON'T FORGET: MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN TO US AT THE SD STAND!

Sub. Rates for regular issues of Space Diversions: Home market is 2/6d for three issues. US and Canada stands at 50¢ for three. Editorial addresses:

Dave Gardner, 63 Island Road, Liverpool, 19...for letters.

Norman Shorrocks, 12A, Rumford Place, Liverpool, 3...for subs.

John Roles, 26, Pine Grove, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22...for material.

THE SUBMANCON

REPRINTED FROM S.D. No. 1 (June 1952)

by Frank Milnes

THE GALACTIC Science-Fiction Committee (Galsificom) are to be congratulated on their recent SUBMANCON held in May and June of this year. As our members will realise, the magnanimous courage of the Committee in nurturing a SUBurban convention, particularly in LONDON - (known to some as the southern dormitory of SUPER-MANCHESTER) deserves great praise.

Being without such facilities as the famous BUFF ROOM of MANCHESTER, or LIVERPOOL'S palatial SPACE DIVE, it was necessary to requisition the Eating Room of one of the larger Dwelling Houses (Communal Type - Mark IIb) which, when suitably decorated and furnished, served the purpose admirably. Stained glass windows depicting various suburbs of SUPERMANCHESTER were a much appreciated feature of the decor. This was naturally carried through with minimum disturbance to the normal occupants.

It had been anticipated that the warm greetings of the members and the even warmer breezes from the dias would make temperature control essential. This, together with a positive humidity (to retard the onset of 'dry-up effect' - an occupational hazard of public speakers), was simply and effectively accomplished by a mobile unit of the FELIX Corporation whose Biological Department could be seen at work in a mews overlooking the Convention Hall. Some original light entertainment provided by the Corporation was well received.

Due to the absence of Mr. J. ESPLEY (unavoidably detained by an experiment on the New Transparency), many noted personalities were somewhat delayed. Mr. H. Wells, Mr. A. Doyle, and Mons. J. Verne were also late. However, authors K. Lang, G. Hunt, B. Shaw and E. Tubb were there to open the ceremonies, assisted morally by authors J. Wyndam, J. Benyon and B. Harris who were also present.

It is believed that Mr. W. Temple is to present absentee A. Clarke with a complete record of the proceedings of the SUBMANCON, including a performance by Miss Y. Sumac who was visiting SUPER-MANCHESTER at the time. The record will be suitably inscribed and packed for delivery when Mr. Clarke returns to a closer range. It is hoped that Mr. Temple will soon be able to contact Mr. Clarke.

Mr. van Gardner gave a mathematical display ably assisted by Mr. J. Roles and Mr. N. Shorrocks. He was successful in his effort to count up to 23 and was immediately presented with a beautiful work of art for this magnificent refutation of the Finger-Thumb-Toe Limitation Theory.

Mr. L. Johnson introduced several new names to the SUBMANCON, including Mr. E. Carnell, who now edits SCIENCE FANTASY, and Mr. van Gardner, whose stories Mr. Carnell rejects, and a Mr. Mackeson who, whoever, could not be found.

Mr. Tubb, broadly speaking, officiated as auctioneer, being relieved only when refreshment was available.

Messrs. E. Bentcliffe, D. Cohen and D. Pickles engaged in debate over the site of the next SUBMANCON. It is believed that the matter will be revived at the SUPERMANCON to be held in the fall. This date has been chosen to take advantage of the remarkable autumnal colours visible in MANCHESTER at that time; the City being united about the colourful display.

In closing it should be noted that the many millions who will undoubtedly wish to attend the SUPERMANCON should book their accomodation in good time, as SUPERMANCHESTER has limited the number of sleepers in its parks to two per bench.

SCIENCE TIT-BITS

By

Lewis J. Conway

Time - Distortion & Non-Motor Learning

REPRINTED FROM S.D. No. 3 (October 1952)

IN SCIENCE-FICTION, this phenomenon of non-motor learning has been used in numerous stories as a means of education of the inhabitants of alien planets, or occasionally of teaching our hero the language and history of the world he is visiting. In short, it is a method of instilling knowledge quickly and easily without the normal labour entailed in this process. The subject is usually rendered unconscious, then by the use of ray mechanisms, or by some similar means, the knowledge is transmitted to his memory, and on awakening after a relatively short interval of time he 'remembers' the history, language etc., of the civilization.

That this is by no means impossible, or even improbable is illustrated by an article which appeared in "Science" May 2nd, 1952, entitled "Time Distortion in Hypnosis and Non-Motor Learning" by Cooper and Rogers of Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

By "time distortion" is meant a marked difference between the seeming duration of a time interval and its actual duration as measured by the clock. Evidence was presented which indicated that:

- 1) In especially trained subjects, time sense can be altered to a predetermined degree of hypnotic suggestion. These subjects can have an amount of subjective experience under these conditions that is more nearly commensurate with the subjective time involved, than with world or absolute time. This activity, although seeming to proceed at a natural rate as far as the subject is concerned, actually takes place with great rapidity relative to world time.
- 2) The continuity of these experiences during relative time is good.
- 3) Thought, under time distortion, although apparently proceeding at a normal rate from the subject's point of view, can take place with great rapidity, relative to world time. Such thought may be superior in certain respects to waking thought.

Thus, apparently, "time" can be given to a hypnotised subject and he can use this time for various mental activities.

Very briefly, the method they used for these experiments was as follows: The same subject was used to compare two methods of learning nonsense material. In one, he employed certain learning techniques while awake, in the other, he employed the same techniques

in the hallucinated world, under conditions of time distortion while in the trance state. The material for learning was two series of 150 paired letter groups of three letters each. The task was to learn to give correctly, within three seconds, the second group in the pair in response to the first group, i.e., CGJ -- QXH.

The results of the experiment show that,

- 1) The accuracy of learning was much better in the trance state.
- 2) The clock time required in the trance state was only a fraction of that required in the waking state, although it appeared to the subject that he had plenty of time for study, i.e., his subjective time was more than adequate. This indicates that the learning time could have been even further reduced.

As a logical consequence of these experiments, we may assume that the world of tomorrow will be a much happier place for school children anyway. Education need only occupy one hour per day, or even less, and in that period, children will learn more than we now learn in a week. Homo sapiens may still be homo superior, without the need of mutation as a magic wand.

N U L L A Y B E E C E E

By John Roles

REPRINTED FROM S.D. No. 4 (December 1952)

- A is the sign of the power of the mind.
Korzybski proves Aristotleians blind.
- B is the Bem from an alien star:
and Bergey type red-heads, complete with brass bra.
- C is for Contra-Terrene matter - Seetee -
orbital positron, negative nuclei.
- D is for Dero deep down in the Caves,
who operate stim-rays and Shaver depraves.
- E is for Engrams, Ron Hubbard despatches
from memory banks. Clears are now selling matches.
- F is the Fan -- the hyper-time-binder,
the extrapolater, the future path-finder.
- G is the Great Ghu by whom faneds swear,
with ink on their hands and straw in their hair.
- H is the Huckle, which a technical hitch
brought Earthwards; then happy, it made people itch.
- I is for Isher whose great shops decree
"the right to buy weapons is the right to be free".
- J is for Jeddaks, Jeddaras and Jedwars:
these are the rulers and soldiers of Red Mars.
- K is for Klaatu, the master of Gort:
at least that's what millions of film-goers thought.

A TALE OF STARDUST & SAM

REPRINTED FROM S.D. No. 8

A MAN of experience varied and rare is Samuel Athelstan Mulliner Blair; whose fabulous wanderings all over space have long ago earned him an honourable place alongside such heroes as Theseus and Jason, ('though both of these rovers would have to put pace on to match the vast journeys of modern explorers, who travel the void and whose tales never bore us.) But of all these narrators there's none weaves a spell like Stardust Sam with a tale to tell.

He trims his beard in the style worn by men for formal affairs on Sirius Ten, and is frequently seen at a quarter to one in the Travellers Bar or the Comet and Sun, wherein the old-timers who used to hold forth, telling their tales of deeds south and north, have all been eclipsed by the yarns of the stars which Stardust Sam retails in the bars to those who buy him his favourite bottle and watch in amaze as it pours down his throttle.

For Samuel's drink with a friend or a stranger is always a quart of Fine Old Space Ranger. But after his quart he will open your eyes with his tales -- and they're true -- he doesn't tell lies:

As he tells you himself, "See that wet, see that dry, I'm a man of the truth, and I just cannot lie." Then he'll probably wipe off his beard and say, "Brother, I think I could just about manage another."

The first time I met him he told me a tale of a trip he said he had cause to bewail, in a billionaire's space yacht, a ship christened Beagle, that hit a small space warp and came out off Rigel, and that as you know, is the sun about which swings Tarm which all spacemen believe to bewitch, any crewman who landed in search of such treasures as postcards, or pubs, or more animal pleasures.

Most spacemen shun Tarm as a fearful planet, and tell an odd tale (I don't know who began it), that strangers who wander away from the city will never return; it's a terrible pity.

The place is so calm and so lovely to view, that you never would dream there were people there who, like nothing so much as human kind cooked with mint and some bacon rind,

or braised or stewed,
or barbecued

to harmonise with their particular mood. But their food must be treated according to rules devised by the very best public schools; which meant, in short, they felt that they ought to treat future dinners kindly when caught.

Therefore each victim before going west is entertained royally just like a guest, and from the chief's harem each captive may choose a beautiful wife who knows how to amuse.

Then for three happy days and for three joyous nights the prisoner is treated according to rites devised by their ancestors ages ago; but with the fourth morning, ah! then falls the blow.

by

Frank Milnes

7

A Tale of Stardust Sam - Contd.

The chieftain in all his regalia arrayed arrives at the head of a great cavalcade,

at least a score,
quite possibly more,

and stepping out strongly to keep to the fore, the high priest strides with his sharp bladed knife which has to be used to let out the life of the victim. You see it could not be official if he were not killed with the knife sacrificial.

But Sam knew as little of these folks as I did when, washed and shaved and polished and tidied, he stepped ashore from the Beagle and went to the city to follow his natural bent, and soon in a bar with his Fine Old Space Ranger he found himself singing -- with no thought of danger -- to tunes softly played on a simbaline, by a girl with a most exciting poitrine.

He glanced at the wench and before very long she sat on his knee as he finished his song, and a very short interval passed after that before she was taking him home to her flat.

With Fine Old Space Ranger packed under the seat of their carriage, they drove down the sun-speckled street; out of the Gate of the Seventeenth Virgin, on through the forest, at last emerging into a clearing in which stood a pleasant and sweet smelling village, ideal for a peasant.

Here Caramel Pearl

(that's the name of the girl

who kept Stardust Sam in an amorous whirl,) reined in the mettlesome, high-stepping trast, whose six legs had brought them so far and so fast, and said, "There's my cottage with roses outside. It's chilly out here, I'll be warmer inside."

Sam unpacked the cases from under the seat, (he took a swift nip to make sure it was sweet,) then carried the bottles straight into the house, prepared for a hectic and joyous carouse.

We'll say nothing more of the fun and the laughter, the merriment gay, and what happened after, except to inform you they started on Tuesday and carried straight on, which made Friday bad-news day for Samuel Blair, who awakened and found that his hands and his feet had been skilfully bound, with trast hide thongs of adequate length wrapped three times round for added strength.

They picked him up, they carried him out, and the populace shouted a mighty shout at the sight of the meat they looked forward to roasting ('tho' one malcontent had voted for toasting).

Then loading him onto a litter they took him down to the hut which was fixed up to cook him, with kitchen utensils all hanging on hooks alongside an oven -- the pride of the cooks.

Sam watched all that happened with curious eye, 'til the high priest entered with knife raised high, and directing the bearers to lay him in place on the butchers block like a surgical case, he called on great Dis to bless the fine beast that lay on the block for their cannibal feast.

Sam never did like to hear bloodthirsty talk from men who took great big sharp knives for a walk, so he flexed his muscles and tensed them again, 'til his trast-hide bonds quickly gave under the strain.

They parted like strands of gossamer web, and the crowds drew back like the tide at the ebb as he leapt to his feet shouting, "I don't agree with the kind of thing you're proposing for me. So

L is Lemuria. Remember? The tales,
the "Proofs" and Thought Records which boosted Rap's sales?

M is for Mutants like Baldies and Slans:
radiation or natural born, man's last act plans.

N is for Nova. (This could be an ad!)
But it's only what happens when some stars go mad.

O is the Ob which you plant on your neighbour
for services rendered by doing his labour.

P is for Primey -- inebriate genius
floating hither and yon like the spores of Arrhenius.

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

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

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

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

U is the Universe, raided by Wandrei,
wrecked by Ed Hamilton, now plagued by Quandry⁺.

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

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

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

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

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

— — — — —
© Brought to you by kind permission of "Space Diversions"
on behalf of Proxyboo Ltd.

⌘ Regd. Trade Mark: pat SFN 9485392/3-4. By courtesy of the
Bulmer Vacuous Aper Co.

⌘ On behalf of the Coshier Ships of Wapping, Liverpool, Ltd.

6

TRANSATLANTICFANFUNDSUPPORTTHETRANSATLANTICFANFUNDSUPPORTTHETRANS

ATLANTICFANFUNDSUPPORTTHETRANSATLANTICFANFUNDSUPPORTTHETRANSATLAN

goodbye to you people, I should have been gone to the spaceport at dawn, my ship takes off at one."

With his face as mild as a tropical storm he hurled the high priest into the swarm, picked up the block whereon he'd been lain and laid about him with might and with main. It weighed half a ton but what did that matter to Stardust Sam as he made the mob scatter.

A moment or two, or possible three and he sprang from the hut where they'd meant him for viands, captured a trast, the fleetest they had, stampeded the rest and rode off like mad.

On through the jungle and over the plain, urging his steed with invective profane. They hurtled in at a terrible rate in through the Seventeenth Virgin's Gate, hurdled the stalls in the market-place, scattering all of the populace, leaping the spaceport boundary fences as if trast and man had lost all their senses.

Roaring like a demented sea-gull, and thundering on to the good ship Beagle, they slid to a stop in a cloud of dust, Sam got aboard ship, but only just. For when he closed tightly the starboard lock the Beagle rose swiftly, 'twas then one o'clock.

As he scrambled aboard Sam's temper was vile, but none of it due to a surfeit of bile, he moaned and he groaned and was very unkind, as he thought of the pals he had left behind; two well tried friends he had left in danger, unopened bottles of Fine Old Space Ranger.

"I mourned them then and I mourn them still."

Said Sam at the bar, "What! Another? I will."

From "Blair Ballads"

by courtesy of the SD Space Library Collection
SOL III.

£ \$ £ £ \$ £ \$ £ \$ £ £ \$ £ \$

- NO ! WE CAN'T OFFER YOU THIS (But who wants money, anyway ? send yours to help swell the Transatlantic fund)

- BUT, WE DO OFFER

A PRO-MAC** PER PAGE !

FOR ARTICLES, STORIES, EXPOSES(?) etc, in fact anything of sf interest, for publication in SPACE DIVERSIONS. Send your contribution NOW !

EDITORIAL ADDRESSES, SEE PAGE 2.

** Slightly used, your choice from list we send.



"CARELESS DOOR OF KNOWLEDGE"

one of the illustrations from the
syposium, by Donald MacKay.