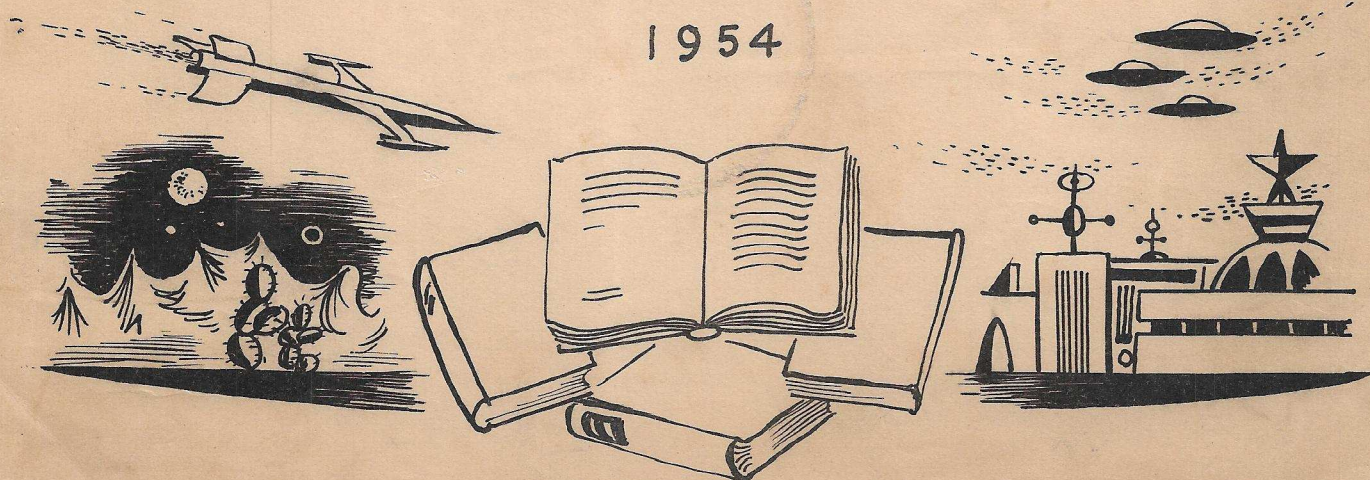


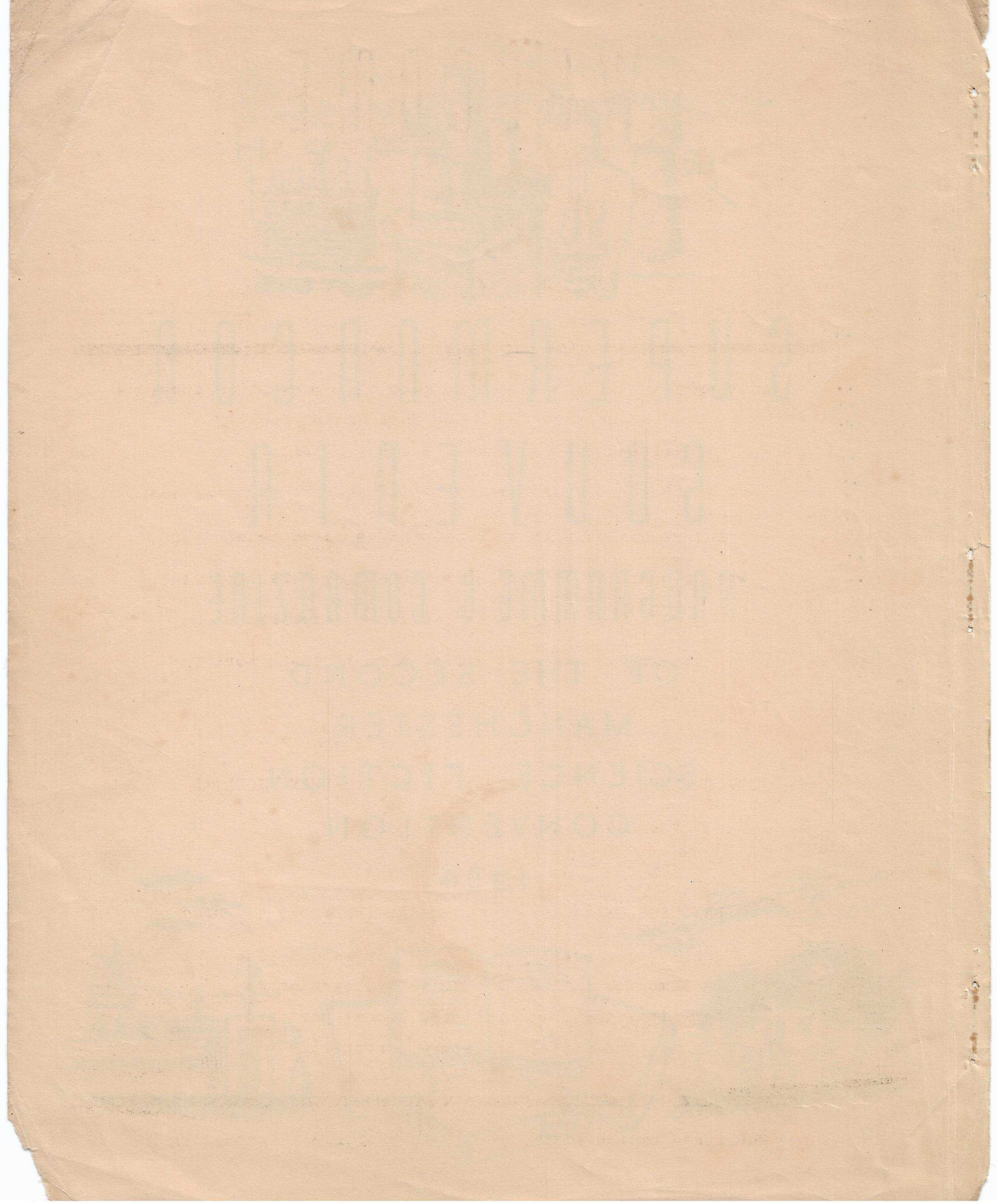
SUPERMANCON
SOUVENIR

PROGRAMME & COMBOZINE

OF THE SECOND
MANCHESTER
SCIENCE FICTION
CONVENTION

1954





W E L C O M E

T O A L L O U R G U E S T S

f r o m t h e

N O R ' W E S T S C I E N C E - F A N T A S Y C L U B

And thanks to all who helped to make this convention possible
... the supporters of the SuperMancon Society
... editors who gave the event publicity
and the hard-working members of our convention committee.

And special thanks to those enthusiastic faneditors
who co-operated by sending material for this combozine.

Each item represents labour and expense...

we ask you to give all support to these worthy
gentlemen !

The fanzines represented are:

SPACE-TIMES * ALPHA * MEDWAY JOURNAL
FEMIZINE * BEM * ORBIT
ZENITH * NIRVANA
BRENNSCHLUSS * * SPACE DIVERSIONS

Others were promised, but did not materialise
in time for inclusion with this programme. We
hope that the combozine will become part and
parcel of future conventions

Published by the NWSFC from 32 Larch Street, Manchester 8

C O N V E N T I O N P R O G R A M M E

oo

S A T U R D A Y J U N E 5 t h

● MORNING SESSION 11:30am to 12:30pm

1. OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE CONVENTION - a welcome to our guests and introductions of celebrities present.
2. The BRAN TUB and competition announcements.
3. Walt Willis makes an appeal for the TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND.
4. Stuart Mackenzie talks on DELUGE - the adoption of an American fan.

.....
LUNCH BREAK
.....

● AFTERNOON SESSION 1:45pm to 4:30pm

1. WORLD OF FANDOM - introducing international fans under fire from Brian Varley.
2. THE AGEING ATOM - a talk on radioactivity by Frank Simpson.
3. The United Kingdom Forum presents THE MEDWAY SHOW.
4. SO YOU DON'T LIKE THE COVERS? - a talk by Alistair Paterson with illustrations by Johnny Richards.
5. The United Kingdom Forum presents THE B~~*****~~ PROVINCIALS - a monologue by a member of the NSFC.
6. SPECIALITIES AUCTION. If you haven't got 'em, we have! (We hope...)

.....
TEA BREAK
.....

● EVENING SESSION 5:15pm to ... oh! almost any time.

1. COMPETITION PRIZE WINNERS introduced on the stage.
2. ARE BRITISH REPRINT MAGAZINES DESIRABLE?
The following editors give their opinions:
John Carnell: H.J. Campbell: Peter Hamilton: A.J. Blair Paterson.
3. AUCTION for the Transatlantic Fan Fund.
4. GENERAL AUCTION.
5. The United Kingdom Forum: The London Circle in LONDON PREPARES.
6. The United Kingdom Forum introduces:
Leeds SF Association and the
Glasgow Newlanders Club.
7. FILM of the London Circle.
8. FILM SHOW presented by the NSFC.
9. AUCTION.

S U N D A Y J U N E 6 t h

● MORNING SESSION 11:00am to 12 noon

1. Competition sheets distributed: WHO MEETS WHOM - a general get-together.
2. WE CAN TAKE IT ! Fan editors get talking under the chairmanship of Stuart Mackenzie of SPACE-TIMES. Introducing Eric Bentcliffe of CON-SCIENCE and TRIODE; Pete Campbell of ANDROMEDA; Paul Enever of ORION;

George Gibson of ORBIT; Ethel Lindsay of FEMIZINE; Fred Smith of HAEMOGOBLIN and BEASTIE; Tony Thorne of MEDWAY JOURNAL; and Harry Turner of ASTRONEER and ZENITH.

.....

LUNCH BREAK

.....

● AFTERNOON SESSION 1:45pm to 4:15pm

1. Into the fields of magic and mystery with John Gunn's TRANCEPTION.
2. HOW DOES HE DO IT ? John Russell Fearn provides the information.
3. An opportunity for all lycanthropes! Meet the femmes (with one lucky fan) in the play LACE, BUTTONS, AND BOLTS - author Terry Jeeves.
4. AUTHORS UNDER FIRE. You provide the questions, the authors provide the answers! Those on the stage will include E.C. (Ted) Tubb, E.R. James, John Russell Fearn, Sydney Bounds, Vinç Clarke and/or Ken Bulmer.
5. This is it ! THE TV LIE DETECTOR invented by that fannish genius Alf Hind. Brian Varley asks the leading questions...

.....

TEA BREAK

.....

● EVENING SESSION 5:15pm to 11:00pm

1. The United Kingdom Forum presents THE ALIEN ARRIVES. Performed by the Liverpool SF Association; script by Walt Willis.
2. A VIEW OF AN AUTHOR by Sydney Bounds.
3. FEN v. HERBERT J. CAMPBELL: the trial of the editor of Authentic SF for unfannish crimes alleged to have been committed against provincial fandom.
For the Prosecution - Terry Jeeves For the Defence - Ted Tubb
Clerk of the Court - Peter Campbell Judge - Eric Jones
Jury - you, the audience with Peter Campbell as Foreman.

(Script by Terry Jeeves and Bert Campbell)
4. COMPETITION RESULTS - prizes presented on the stage.
5. Can you take it ? Eric Needham, a Mancunian fan right from the "early days" voices a few opinions on fans and authors in WHAT IS SF ?
6. Manchester Unity Theatre in SATELLITE - a play by Alf Hind.
7. Bert Campbell brings an award from American fandom for the "most popular fan"... KEN SLATER !
8. The United Kingdom Forum presents:
The Lakeland SF Organisation
The West Country SF Association
The Fantasy Art Society.
9. AUCTION - with a final appeal for TAFF: your last chance to hit the target...
10. THE SF BRAINS TRUST. Frank Simpson, Taffy Williams, Ted Tubb, Terry Jeeves, and anyone else sufficiently sober, do their best to cope with Serious & Constructive queries from those members of the audience still awake.
11. Finale.

oo

And that, approximately, is that. Fan writers who base their account of proceedings on the official programme are hereby warned that alterations will be made ad lib !

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THE WORLD'S
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?

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◆ A MESSAGE TO THE SUPERMAN CON! ◆

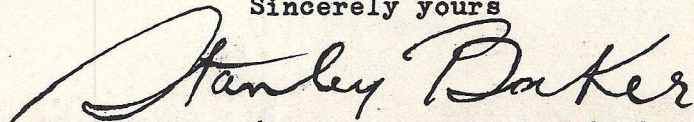
THE FANTASTIC SCIENCE THRILLER

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH PRICE 9D

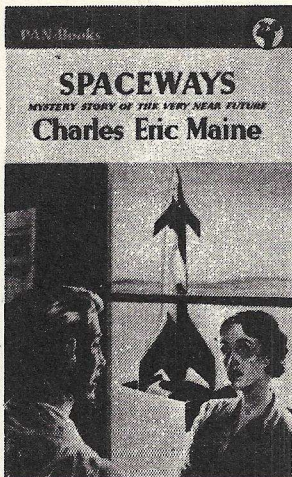
by STANLEY BAKER (PUBLICATIONS) LTD
sends congratulations to conventioners

While such energetic interest is devoted to your ideal
of seeing beyond earth, civilisation will progress,
and Mankind will be shewn the way.

Sincerely yours



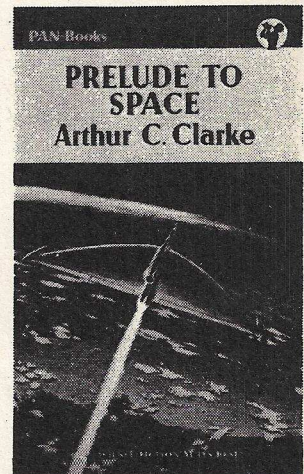
The Editor, 16 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.



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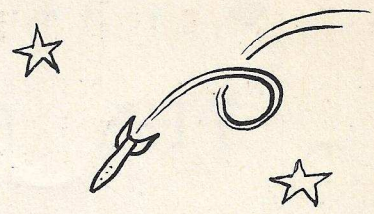


PAN Books



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remarkable novel about
preparations for the first
rocket flight to the moon
PRELUDE TO SPACE

GREETINGS...



from GRAYSON & GRAYSON

to all BNF, actifen, fen, neofen, mere mortals and sheerer
extra-terrestrials ! The names may differ but the interest's the
same... beer...? babes...? well, they're sound investments too,
but SCIENCE FICTION is what we're talking about !



CAPTAIN CLOT regrets that he can't be with you in
your fragment of the space-time continuum (query -
is Manchester in it anyway?) but he'll certainly be
there in spirit - so don't water it Mancunians!
In his absence, he sends you as always the good
old slogan (it's true and to prove it it's here):

"GRAYSON AND GRAYSON, FIRST AND BEST"

This isn't one of those showman's tricks of
getting you to pay your money for the world's
greatest demonstration of strength and then
letting you in to the flea circus. We ask you
to look inside our books (on the Grayson stand)
before buying.

We believe that, for all who know the best when
they see it, a thorough inspection of what we
have to offer will do more good (to both parties) than if we were
to fill this programme with ballyhoo from cover to cover.
However, just in case you haven't got a pencil with you to make a
note of what you want, there's a list of titles opposite to act as
a reminder when (and if) you get home after the SUPERMANCON !

● THE ROBOT AND THE MAN

Edited by MARTIN GREENBERG. The fascinating problems of the science of robotics provide the theme for this collection of stories by A.E. Van Vogt, Lewis Padgett, Lester del Rey and others.

● THE FIRST ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY

Edited by JOHN W. CAMPBELL Jr. The editor presents stories from the magazine by such leading authors as Robert Heinlein, Eric Frank Russell, Murray Leinster, Theodore Sturgeon, and William Tenn.

● THE 22ND CENTURY

An interesting collection of short stories by JOHN CHRISTOPHER from the pages of Astounding, Galaxy, New Worlds, Esquire, etc. An English author who stands right in the front rank of science fiction writers.

● STRANGE TRAVELS IN SCIENCE FICTION

Edited by GROFF CONKLIN. The first selection from the Omnibus of Science Fiction contains a number of outstanding stories and features Ray Bradbury, Fredric Brown, Anthony Boucher, and others.

● THE BEST SF STORIES THIRD SERIES

Edited by E.F. BLEILER and T.E. DIKTY. Here are stories by Fritz Leiber, Richard Matheson, William F. Temple, John Christopher, Jack Vance and many others.

● BEYOND HUMAN KEN

Edited by JUDITH MERRILL. An anthology including tales by Stephen Vincent Benet, Arthur Porges, Robert Heinlein, Eric Frank Russell, Murray Leinster, and Theodore Sturgeon.

● GALAXY READER OF SCIENCE FICTION

Edited by H.L. GOLD. The pick of stories from that great magazine Galaxy - the best by Clifford D. Simak, John D. MacDonald, Poul Anderson, John Christopher and other top-flight authors.

---- in case I forget, JOCK CURLE also sends his best wishes !

BOARDMAN'S

AUTUMN SCIENCE FICTION



As befits one of the first two firms to publish serious science fiction after the war, T.V. Boardman's are still presenting you with the cream of the crop. The word is going round fandom "Watch out for Boardman's Autumn List", and to start with we are proud to announce that we shall be publishing THE LENS MAN SERIES, those classics by Edward E. Smith, Ph.D., at intervals of about six months until all the books are generally available. Isaac Asimov needs no special introduction, but we can tell you that THE CAVES OF STEEL is his best yarn to date. Fred Brown again turns to science fiction with PROJECT JUPITER, (published in America as "The Lights in the Sky are Stars"), which was cited by the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction as "The BEST small-scale intimate science fiction of the year". Further details of our big list follow...

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Fifteen short stories about real people, written with exceptional imagination and invention. The authors bring you closer new worlds, and make them vivid and alive. 9s6d

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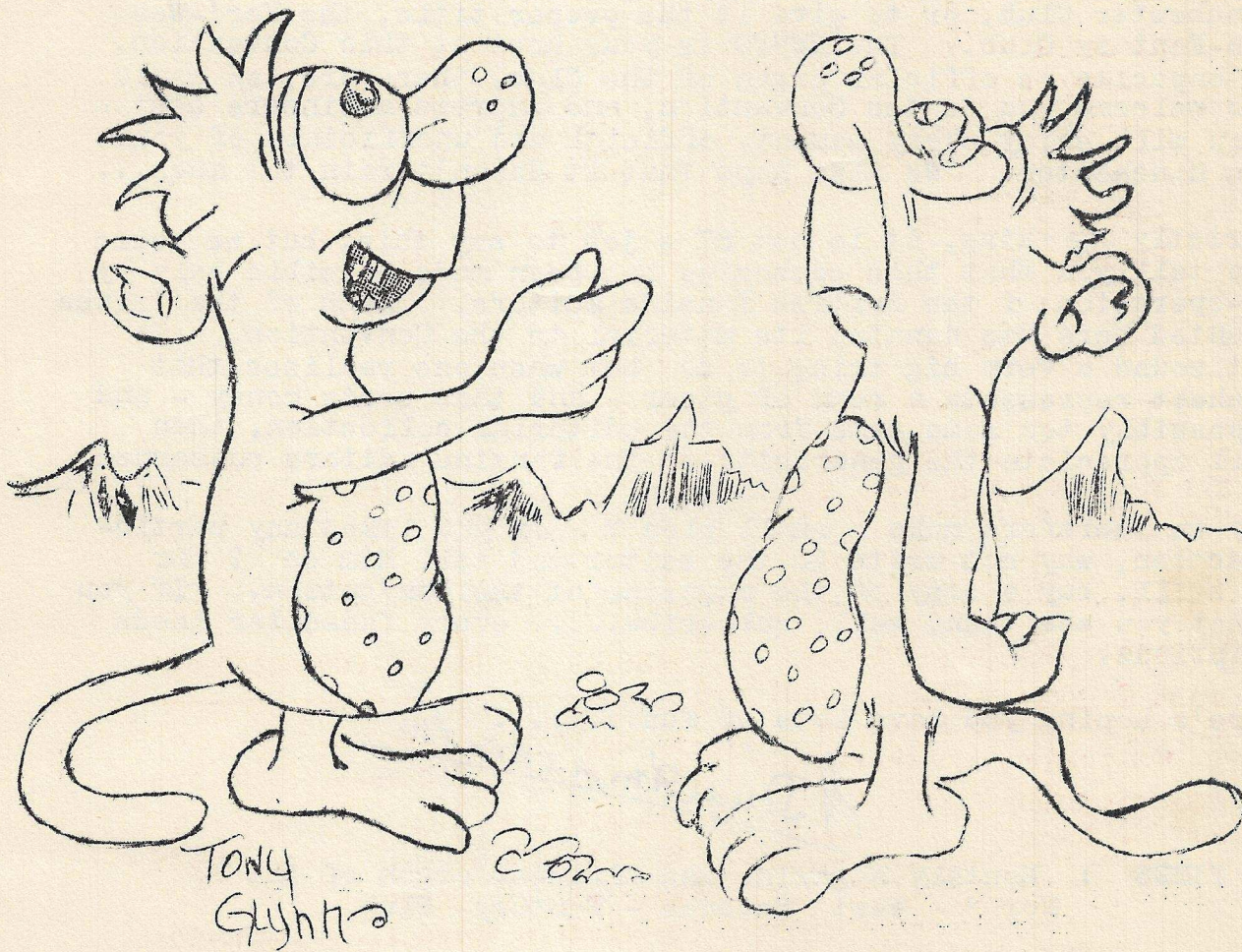
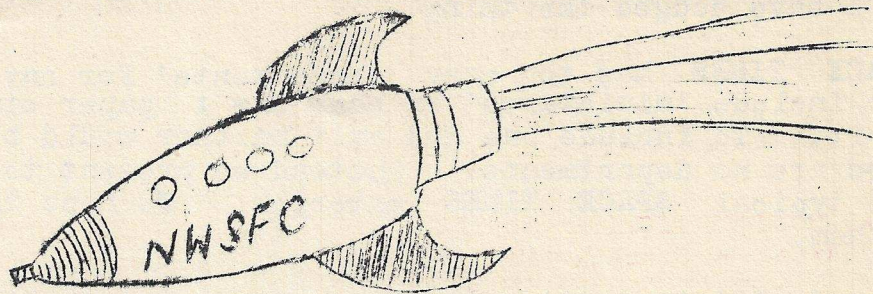


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SPACE TIMES



SUPERMANCON COMBOZINE

LOOK! REFUGEES FROM THE SUPERMANCON!

S P A C E T I M E S

The preparation of a "potted" edition of a fanzine is always a headache. One never really knows what to put in, what to leave out. Whatever you decide to do, you always find that the other fellow made a much better job of it I must make a confession : I have dodged the thing.

SPACE TIMES has too many 'departments' for any attempt to be made to include 'miniatures' of each one : paper simply will not run to it. To include one and omit another would be pointless. So there are no departments. Instead we present to you some samples of typical SPACE TIMES material. We hope that you will enjoy them.

A word of introduction to those of you who don't already know all about 'ST'. It is the monthly magazine and official organ of the Manchester Club, or to give it the proper title, the Nor'-West Science-Fantasy Club. The NWSFC is your host at this Convention. In our capacity as official organ of the Club, therefore, we would like to welcome you to the Convention, and express a sincere desire that you will enjoy every moment, official and unofficial, of your stay in Manchester. We also hope that it doesn't rain too much...

Strictly speaking, it is not ST's job to say this, but we would like to tell you that this combozine has been made possible only by the co-operation of the British fanzine editors. Each of the 'zines represented here has donated its material to the Convention. It may not sound a very big thing to do, but when one realises that every sheet represents a ream of paper - and that costs money - and quite possibly too some gems from the editorial collection, then you will appreciate the generosity of the fanzine editors concerned.

May we therefore make a small plea ? If you liked any particular section, why not write to the editor and tell him so ? Or better still, buy a copy of the magazine at the Convention.. If you like what you see then, well, subscribe..... every faneditor needs subscriptions.

Here's hoping you have lots of fun.....

J. Stuart Mackenzie

SPACE TIMES : Monthly Magazine and official organ of the Nor ' - West Science - Fantasy Club.

Single copies occasionally available, price one shilling or twenty cents.

Subscription rates : one year of 12 issues : six shillings sterling or one dollar.

Editorial address : 5 Hans Place, Chelsea, London. S.W.1.

THE

ULTIMATE FANZINE

BY
VINCE
CLARKE

FANDOM IS COMPOSED OF OUTRE CHARACTERS, but some are more outre than others. For years after they've been active fans like Claude Degler, Derek Pickles, Francis Town-er Laney, Bill Temple and such lead a sort of pseudo-existence in the minds of fans & the columns of fanzines, cropping up when an apt illustration is needed, (as just now) and being reminisced about at Convention parties, being held up to or having the finger pointed at. And some people just miss becoming Legends. Accidents, a quirk of Fate.....

Let me tell you about Gus Bickerstaff.

I came across his name in an old fan-address list the other day, and it brought back the memories. Augustus Brian Bickerstaff, to give him his full name, came to the White Horse in London for 18 months or so around the '48-'49 period. An undistinguished, fringe-fan type....we thought. In his middle twenties, fair-hair brushed straight back, horn-rimmed glasses, neatly dressed, not quite sophisticated enough to be a bank-clerk. An insurance-office clerk or an architects clerk perhaps. Something in the clerky line of business, anyway. It radiated from him.

He would come to the White Horse every Thursday night, sitting quietly at a table in the corner, rarely joining in conversations but evidently enjoying them, sometimes buying the occasional AMAZING or PLANET. He wasn't very interested in the scientific content of stories. One felt that here was the perfect case of sublimation; the quiet figure who dreamed of tempestuous adventure on other planets and in other dimensions. Bickerstaff himself was rarely disturbed; even when someone spilt a glass of beer over his trousers he seemed more upset at the resultant fuss than at the accident itself. He was the sort of fan of whom one only learns the given name; it was "Evening, Gus," and "Seen this, Gus?" and "Goodnight, Gus".

Then he failed to appear for three whole weeks. No one missed him. Life went on. Magazines were bought, sold and exchanged, borrowed.....glasses were knocked over, passionate arguments on Communism, Shaverism and other topics of the day were passionately argued about. If Bickerstaff had added something --- grown a beard, for instance,----- he would have attracted tremendous attention. The total disappearance of the whole just failed to register.

On the fourth Thursday I was sitting in Bickerstaff's usual corner, making some notes for a news-magazine I was publishing, and someone sat down beside me. It was Bickerstaff again.

"Hi, Gus," I said absently, and went on making notes.

"Excuse me," he said.

There was something slightly disturbing about this. People like Bickerstaff never take the initiative. I put down the pencil, took a drink, and looked at him. Rather more disturbing. Bickerstaff was dressed --- elegantly. Everything new, everything perfectly matched, tailored, the sort of thing that gleams glossily from the pages of ESQUIRE or saunters by in Mayfair but is never seen in a City pub. Only the horn-rimmed glasses were the same.

I paused for a moment, looking as intelligent as possible. It wasn't a cortical-thalamic pause, it was just plain bewilderment. And Bickerstaff cleared his throat nervously, looked around at the crowd of chattering fans and pros and said "Er --- I've just won a hundred and three thousand, five hundred and eighty nine pounds, ten shillings and fourpence."

He had, too. It was in the days when there was no upper limit to football-pool prizes, and Gus's humble two shillings had won a first dividend. He had the letters

to prove it.

"Congratulations," I said. I suppose that I should have felt envious, but I was too curious. This was a rich s-f fan... what would he do?

"This hasn't made any difference to my liking for science-fiction," said Bickerstaff. "I still like it. As a matter of fact, I've sent away for a complete file of PLANET STORIES, and I've got subscriptions in to all the other magazines. But I want to do something for the fans."

"Why, thanks," I murmured.

"It's all very well meeting and talking in a pub like this --" he looked around. "Someone had emptied a suitcase-full of magazines on to the table and now there was beginning a steady flow of fans towards us, like the gathering of vultures in a desert."

"I'll write to you," said Bickerstaff, hastily, and vanished, leaving his drink half-finished in a rather ostentatious manner. He left me feeling extremely worried. A true fan would have finished that drink.

I had a letter about a week later, scrawled on an expensive hand-made paper with rough edges, like a pre-war WONDER STORIES. It was a brief invitation to visit him at his 'new place' the following Sunday. There was one curious feature about this letter; the letter-heading was printed and it was badly printed. The word HIGHBURY, for instance, appeared as H IGHBMIX, and it was in a wildly inappropriate style. But I went.

The new Bickerstaff House was a squat, three-storied edifice in a neighbourhood which had seen better days. The front garden was filled with bushes and long grass -- it looked as though the gardener hadn't returned from Queen Victoria's funeral and nobody had noticed -- and the drive to the front door was choked with piles of bricks, cement, sand and other builder's materials and handcarts.

I pressed the bell-push. There was a dull explosion and the whistling scream of riven atmosphere somewhere inside the house, silence for a couple of seconds, then the same sequence of sound, then another repeat. Evidently a record. A panel opened in the side of the porch, and a mechanical arm extended a tray on which stood a bottle, a glass and a copy of PLANET STORIES. I didn't touch them... the bottle was champagne, and I never have liked the stuff.

Bickerstaff himself opened the door a few moments later. Behind his welcoming expression he looked rather worried. I was ushered into a hall which was evidently in the process of being re-furnished and re-decorated generally. A Bonestell original hung from a pair of rather shabby antlers and the ceiling was half flaking whitewash and half painted with a scene which apparently depicted Immocence Rescued from a Saturnian BEM.

"Er....hardly anything is really finished yet," said Bickerstaff apologetically. "But when it is....this is going to be the fan centre. Why, we might even run weekend coaches to here from other parts of the country after we start publicising fandom."

He showed me through some of the rooms, rather hurriedly. There were two or three libraries, all the walls lined with books and magazine shelves and all neatly labelled. They were designed to hold complete sets of everything. There was an authors composing section, divided into half-a-dozen soundproof cubicles furnished with luxurious chairs, typewriters and shelves of HOW TO WRITE books. There were bedrooms, bathrooms with hot and cold running beer, everything. It was wonderful...and yet Bickerstaff showed it with an air of absent-mindedness. It was obvious that his attention was elsewhere, and after practically running through the 13th bedroom he stopped and said "But the rest are just like this one? I know what you'll be interested in," and he led the way to a lift.

We shot smoothly down to the basement, and emerged from the lift into an immense chamber which apparently extended under the whole house. A few yellow lights in the ceiling shot metallic reflections from the curves of great masses of machinery and there was an almost overpowering odour of oil, warm metal, newly sawn wood and another substance which I couldn't identify immediately. Red warning lights glowed dimly on the face of an enormous switchboard, and the whine of an electric motor echoed from some distant corner.

For a few wild moments I wondered if Bickerstaff was building a space-ship in his basement. I wouldn't have been surprised at him building one, but the location seemed inappropriate. Then he walked across to the switchboard and arc-lamps blazed from the ceiling. The mystery of those metallic bulks suddenly vanished. The alien odour was abruptly identifiable as printers ink.

"Printing machines!"

"Yes, printing machines. I've got the very latest stuff here." Bickerstaff patted a platen lovingly. "Made quite a hole in the money, but it was worth it. Vince, I'm going to publish the ultimate fanzine!"

"The ultimate fanzine? With this?" My voice echoed and re-echoed between the huge machines. It came back to my ears as incredulous, awed, and somehow slightly horrified.

"Certainly, with this." Bickerstaff looked slightly hurt, but it vanished as enthusiasm crept into his tones. "I've got the equipment here to put out a terrific fan-magazine. It will have better stories than PLANET, better articles than AMAZING, it will have news from editors all over the world, photos of authors, everything. It will be better than FANTASY REVIEW, NIRVANA, and FANTASY TIMES combined."

"It..er..should be fun."

"Fun? Oh, yes, I suppose so. It will be the biggest thing the s-f world has ever seen. It will really put fandom on the map. I'll get it distributed at news-stands; I'll have it advertised in the national dailies. It will be big business. I don't say that we'll be able to do it all at once, we'll have to watch the capital expenditure, but I can see this being the fanzine. All the rest will fold up and disappear."

"They will?"

"Definitely....all the fans will be writing for this. Think of it...everything printed, coloured illustrations, professional...."

"That," I said, "is the point." I sat down on a pile of chases. "Look here, Gus, with all due respect to your ideas, I don't think that you're going about this in the right way. Fandom is...combined of a number of spontaneous individual efforts...at least, what I call fandom. Even club organs are not usually produced because of a mutual interest of members in the club itself, but because they are given a chance to express their mutual creative impulses. Sometimes the organ is the club. Therefore, you'll always get individual fanzines, and you will not get everyone writing for you because there's a terrific lot of pleasure in producing one's own stuff."

"But this will be so easy for them! Why, it will be printed!"

"And any fanzine that's printed loses individual atmosphere. Even typos have their part in creating individual atmosphere, horrible though they may be, and if you're going to have this stuff professionally printed...."

"Not professionally printed. I'm going to do it myself."

"You're what?"

"I'm going to do it myself. I've bought a book about typesetting and I'm going to do it all myself. Then I know it will be all right. It's a bit slow at present, but I'll learn. I agree with what you say about fanzines being expressions of individualism, but there's room for the perfect fanzine and this is going to be it."

"Run by the perfect individual, I suppose" I said nastily.

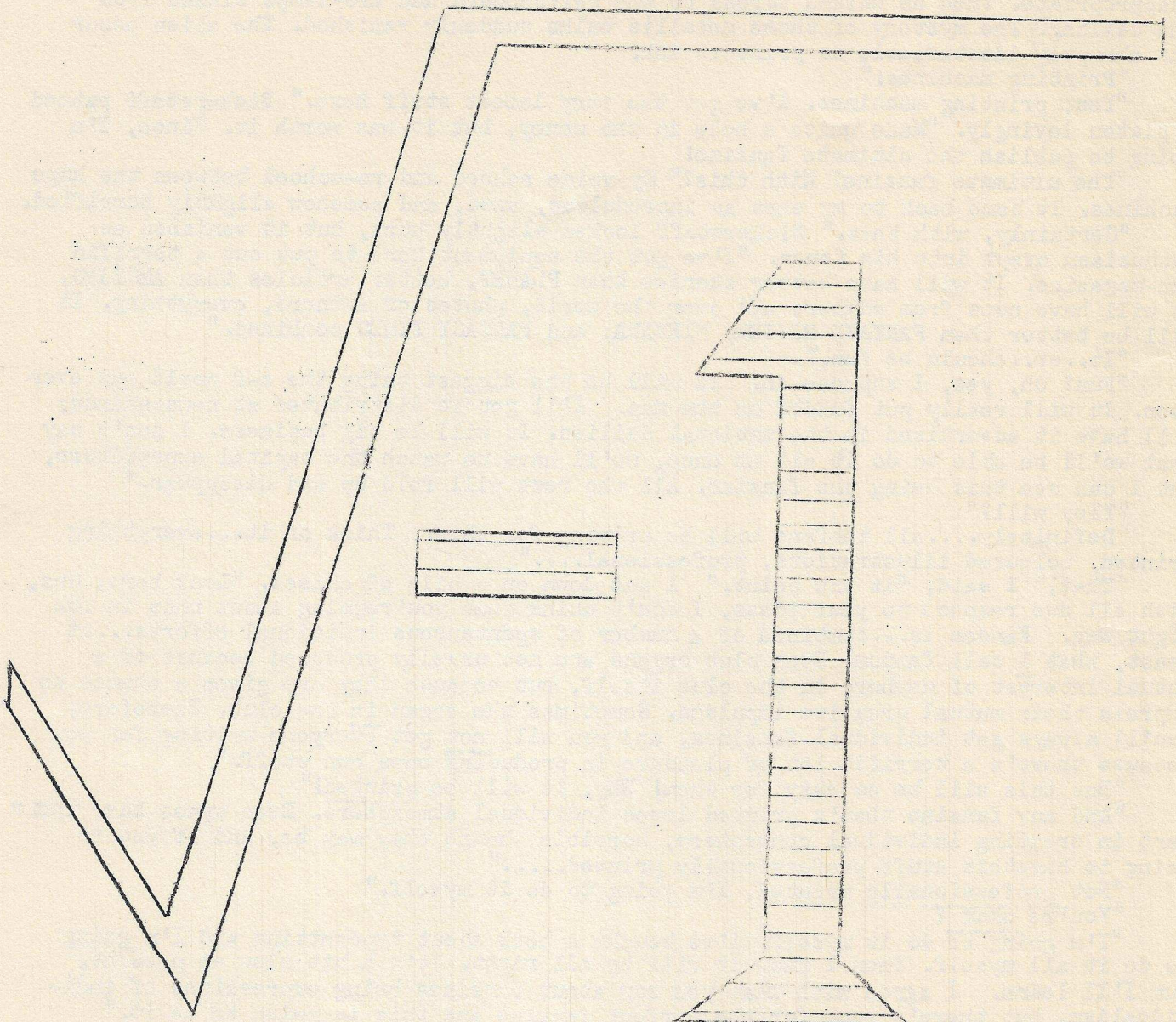
"Why, thank you, Vince" said Bickerstaff, flicking a blob of printers ink from his lapel.

"Oh" I said. I left him soon afterwards. He came up to the White Horse a fortnight later and tried to get an article or two from some of the professional authors. Most of them gave him their best wishes ----only. But he wasn't disheartened; he was too busy learning how to set type and how to be an editor...from the books.

He came up again about two months later, told me that 4-colour illustrations were hard to do, and then stopped coming at all. The last letter I had from him, in 1952, said that he was setting the 78th page, but he'd had to scrap a lot of the earlier stuff because it was out of date. The address on his notepaper spelt HIGHBURY, HIGHBURY, so he was learning. I should say that it's an even chance that in a couple of years he'll either be bankrupt or will produce the most highly individualistic fanzine you ever saw as his first contribution to fandom.

An outre character.....

A. VINCENT CLARKE.



SOON !

a state of supreme bliss, chatting gaily, like "long-lost-and-found-again-brothers", of things that were "out of this world". And so, the die was cast... The first step was taken, and the continued existence of Fandom assured... (ahem). We saw a lot of each other after that, the formation of a fanclub being the main topic of conversation. Well, that was soon fixed, so, after a few meetings we decided to stick our necks out and go in for publication of a newsletter, which was later to become a regular fanzine, with the contents of which most of you are already familiar (and if you're not you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Call yourself a fan?)

Before stepping off my soap-box, I shall deluge you with... some propaganda: Our club is the only one of its kind on the Continent of Europe. We should like to see more of course. We should also like to see our club expand; and that's why... if all you Editors of pro- and fanzines would plug us from time to time, it might help us considerably in our tire- and timeless search for new members. What is more, you would earn our undying gratitude and that, I can assure you, is not to be sneezed at... So long...

Dave Vendelmans (Editor).

=====

Look Dave, what's the good of passing this thing on to me? You said about everything I was going to put in then you hand me a blank space to fill up with...? Should any of you chaps at the Convention still be wondering why I didn't turn up there, I suggest you try and get hold of a copy of our latest issue, mailed from here to reach the fans just before the Con. This was done so that none of these fellows will have forgotten about us, should the question arise. That is if they read the fanzine at all, 'cause some of these guys who get it seem to think we send it to light fires with. At least that's what it looks like, as I could name some that havn't even bothered to use the self-addressed and pre-paid envelope put at their disposal. I'll be wondering - along with Tony Thorne, wasn't it? - whether the guys steamed the stamps off for - in their opinion - a better use. But then I expect by this time the fire may be put out for the summer and they'll start reading it.

Our n° 4 has an excellent cover (if I may say so) by a Dutch artist named Ben Abbas, whom some of you may have met in 1950, at the London Con. It also contains two stories, plus features and an article; all in all 20 pages of ... (Don't say it).

There is only one snag: there just aren't enough fans available in Belgium and Holland to support the financial side of such a venture, so... we must appeal to Anglo-Saxon fandom to help out the newborn. So if you'll kindly send us 4/- or 60 ¢ in stamps, you'll receive, in return, six issues of the finest of all Continental fanzines.

Subs welcomed at Berchemlei 229, Borgerhout (home address of undersigned). Contributions at Strijdhoflaan, 130, Berchem (home address of Dave). We don't care who you send it to, as long as you send it...

We might make the next Con, but in the meantime, why don't you come to ours ??? on June 31st. ???

Jan Jansen.

ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA+ALPHA=

the medway journal

literary and news supplement

special convention issue

EDITORIAL (sort of)

---Lewis! Drag yourself away from that PICTUREGOER, (he's drooling over a picture of Mamie van Doren) we've got to write the editorial for the STUPORMANCON COMBOZINE MEDJOURN LITSUP (Phew). Deadline was yesterday, and I doubt if old Harry Turner will wait for us very long and anyway, there's a little matter of our public -- (that did it) -- Lewis! Come away from that mirror; for EgoBhooze sake think of something. (thinks - Of all the acti-fanartists I could have found in Kent, I had to get saddled up with this'n - What a life etc. (here he comes).....)

---Greetings fans! Say Tony how about a Ted Heath appreciation column in the next Journal? No? Well it was just an idea for a spot of GAFIA.

---Listen Lewis, we're supposed to be introducing ourselves to the STUPORMANCON attendees, don't forget some of them may never have heard of us, or at least you anyway.

---Impossible! (with great emphasis) But anyway, let's suppose they haven't. Friends, let me impress upon you that I am the creative force behind the MEDLITSUP (he's the one that gets litsup), Tony here only types, edits adds to, deletes from, my contributions (that should be spelt corntributi-ions).

---Hey, quit slamming the top of that radiogram, whathell do you think you are doing of eh?

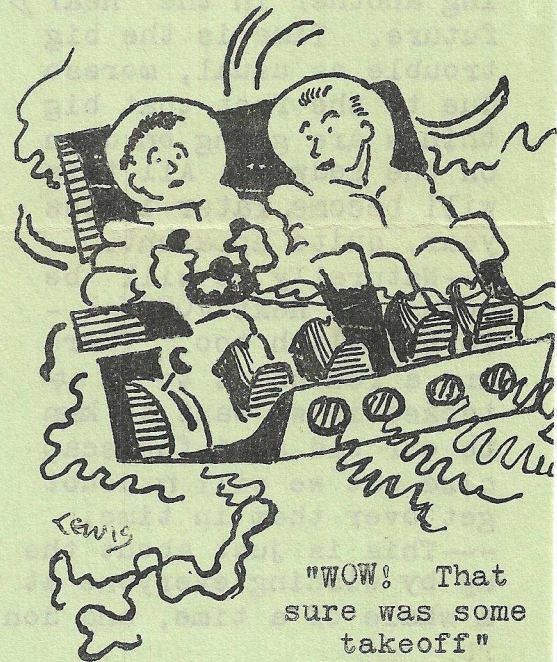
---(with hurt expression) Why I'm only practising the drumbeat from 'Skin Deep' - anyway, you're always banging it when it goes fuzzy, remember when we were trying to listen to THE KRAKEN WAKES, we couldn't figure whether it was your lousy radio or the Krakens!

---Lousy radiogram indeed! At least we've got one, not like you, carting all your records here just to play them, and scare little Margaret.

---Okay, Okay, so I'm the only one around here who appreciates good swing. (assumes dreamy expression) That Heathman - he sends me! Bomm-Bom-Bom Bomm etc. etc.....

---There he goes Dragnet theme tune around all day. Until his eyes get lost of that silicate look I'll get on with telling you all about our latest venture.

We are now in the reviewing business, and this LITSUP covers films, books, mags, fanzines and even radio; in fact anything at all of interest to the science-fiction fan. That means you pal so if you aren't already a suscriber I suggest and implore you to find me right away- I should be in the bar- and hand over 2/6 for a year's sub. You can hand it to Lewis, but I don't normally trust him with the money.....



---Hey! I heard that. When are you going to tell them about my cartoons? I'm far too modest to say anything myself.

---Suppose I'd better. Fans, scattered throughout this little edition of our LITSUP like so much chaff, you will notice some rather peculiar messy scratches. Subscribers to the LITSUP proper will notice the same things and I use that word carefully, scattered in that too. You see ever since Lewis sold a couple of cartoons, they should be out soon in the VARGO-S MAG, he has been turning them out like mad. We have to do something with them, so as he is co-editor, in they go! We would like to point out in all sincerity that copyright is held by the editors and naturally, the originals, which are better than these reproductions, are available for any pro-editor should he happen to have an odd space to fill. (Like us!).....

---What else do we intend to show off in this Combozine Edition?

---Well, there's the film news and reviews by Jim Guy. He'll be doing a short column on another page.

---Then there's my column STROLLING DOWN N'th AVENUE! The highlight of -

---High is right. Hey, what about old Ron Tripp's Loonarisms? We intend to use as many of those as possible in future. He's been thinking them up for well over a couple of years now and still shows no signs of easing up. Here's a few to make a change from this drivel....

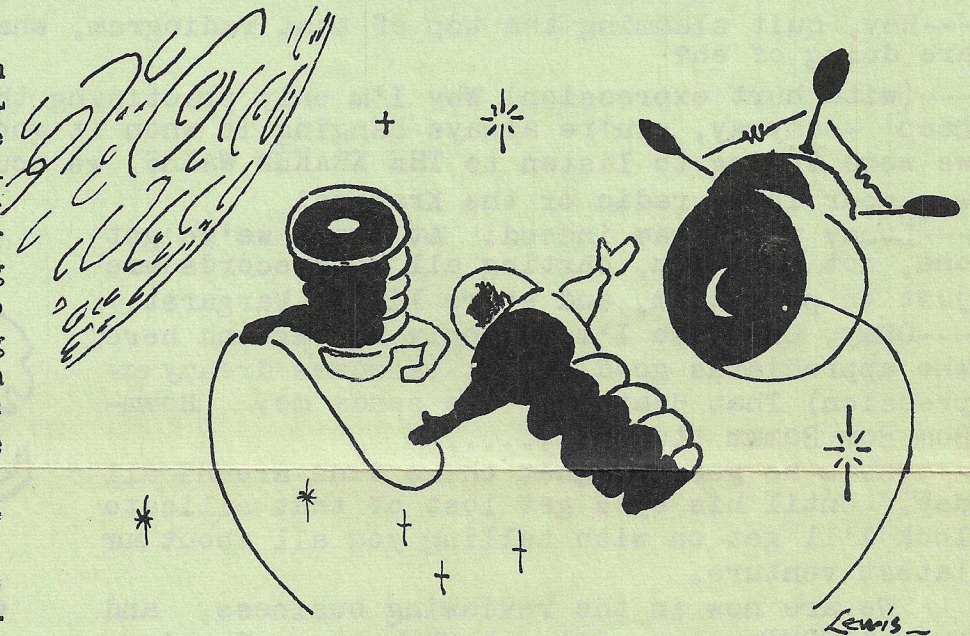
- ALIEN - Not very well. ALDEBARAN - Senior Nobleman.
- RAYON - Manchester's most abundant commodity.
- MANCHESTER - Venice with drains. ARGON - see Wirraway.
- QUARTZ - Double pintz. INDUCTOR - Recruiting sergeant.
- SPACE-TIMES - Mag.issued for the publication of worn weary loonarisms.
- WIRRAWAY - Notice stuck on doors by people not at home.

---Some of you have been asking about our JOURNAL which hasn't had an issue since the MEDCON. - well we certainly intend doing another in the near future. Time is the big trouble as usual, moreso due to the fact that big things are going on down on the Medway. All this will become, later in the year, quite apparent.

---Naturally we will be doing the next JOURNAL - in Multilith too. There are a few snags to be attacked if we want to keep to our old semi-foolscap size but we will no doubt get over them in time.

---This is just about the longest editorial anyone ever wrote, let's end up by wishing everyone at the SUPERMANCON the best of luck, good fanning-a whale of a time, and don't zap the committee too much, Look out for us!

-- Brian Lewis & Tony Thorne.



"But honey I said, you just can't walk out on me!"

a southern gentleman at the

MANCON!



wading down nth avenue

The shop door swung to behind me and I walked casually across to the counter. It was a big toy-shop and there were four assistants. I selected my victim, a gullible looking female and flashed her a smile, I knew I'd have to turn my charm on 100% to get away with this.....

"I'm looking for a present for my kid-brother", I lied glibly. It's his birthday next week and he's rather keen on a water-pistol. I wonder? --- I left it at that; surely the girl would guess the implication? Her negative stare convinced me. "A water-pistol", I repeated heavily.

"Oh!" She led the way across to a large sales case.

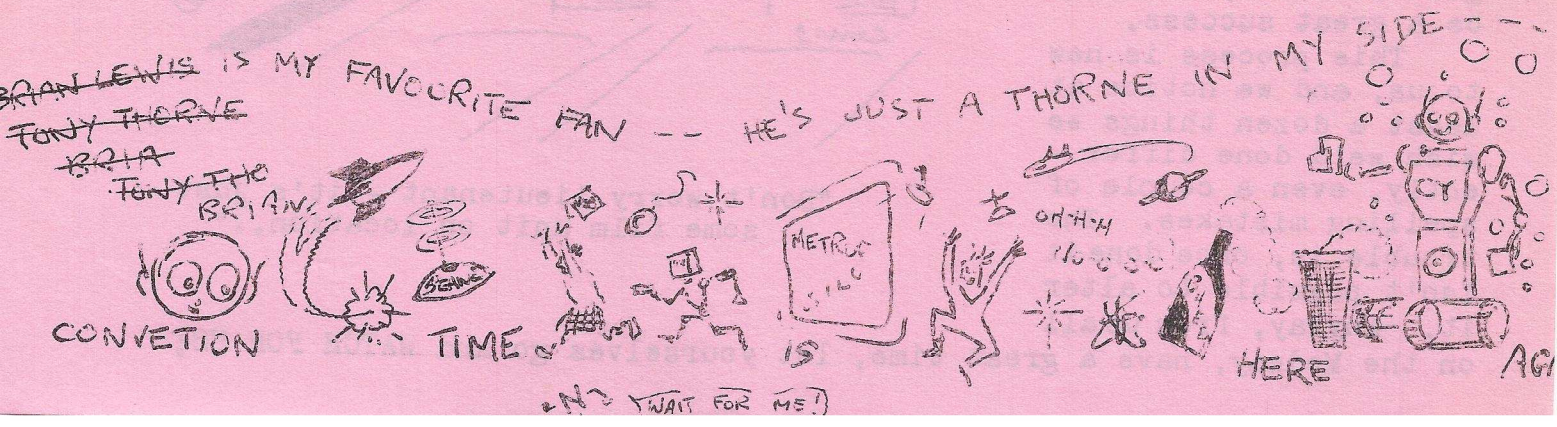
"Here's one at 1/6..." I rejected it instantly with a shudder..... imagine facing the Northern hordes with that feeble looking effort..UGH!

"No!" I said distinctly, "It's rather a special occasion really.....". It wasn't a special occasion - there was no birthday and I have no kid-brother, brother or sister. Thank Lewis the Elder.

"Well, we've got this one - but it's rather expensive..." My eyes glazed over with admiration, as I drank in the wondrous beauty of the object she held before me..... "How much?" She told me. I gulped.. "Er - is it a good one?" It had to be at that price!

"Yes, we tested it yesterday, but the recoil is a bit fierce."

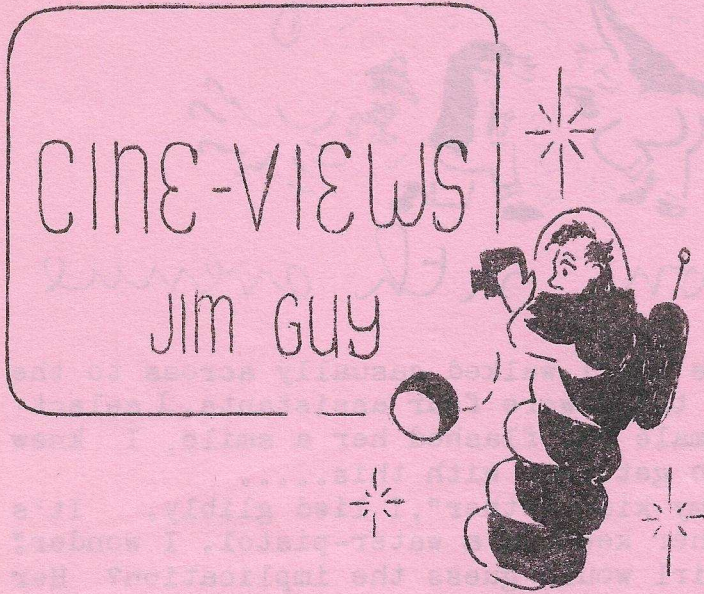
I took it from her and handled it gently, running my eyes lovingly - over the smmoooth lines....(anyone caught making cracks about this will get IT at the Supermancon) It looked perfect. I paid up and left the shop. I hurried home and with beating heart filled it - and tested



it. Yes, it does fire one thousand rounds with one filling. Yes, it does drive half the shot into spray and the rest into a white foam! At least, that is when it's used at two feet range.

It is undoubtedly THE weapon, and I couldn't feel more secure at the thought of going to Manchester.

- Brian (Gunner Cade) Lewis.



Every edition of the MEDWAY LITSUP carries the latest news and views on scientifilms and also - presents the facts on the latest projection methods, such as the new VISTAMARA, CINEMASCOPE plus PERSPECTA SOUND and other developments.

Have you heard about Jack Williamson's HUMANOIDS? A film is being made of the famous novel from ASF. How about GOG AND MAGOG ... in 3D, made by the team who made THE MAGNETIC MONSTER?

Or the forthcoming adaptations of THIS ISLAND EARTH, THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES and THE HUNTING SEASON?

You have seen reviews of odd s-f films in Pro-mags. We devote an entire section to them. Read every issue of the MEDLITSUP and you will keep up with the times!

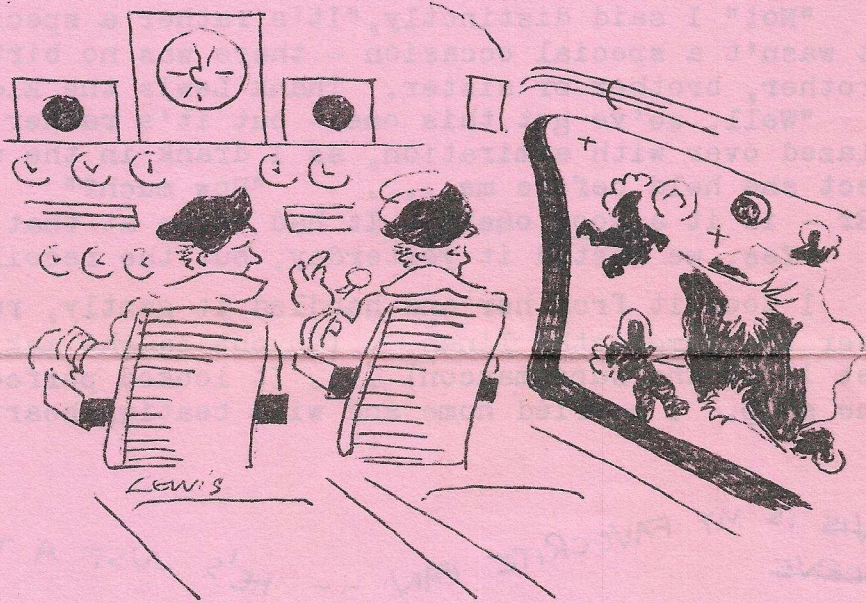
-Jim Guy.

FINAL NOTE.

Well fans, this is it for now. Bashed out by the Medway's minimum of literary talent in answer to the appeal by SUPERMANCON PUBLICITY MAN Harry Turner. A very good idea too, it should be a great success.

This process is new to us, and we notice at least a dozen things we wish we'd done differently, even a couple of spelling mistakes. The trouble is, once done it isn't possible to alter it. Anyway, from us all

on the Medway, have a great time, let yourselves go and WATCH FOR US!

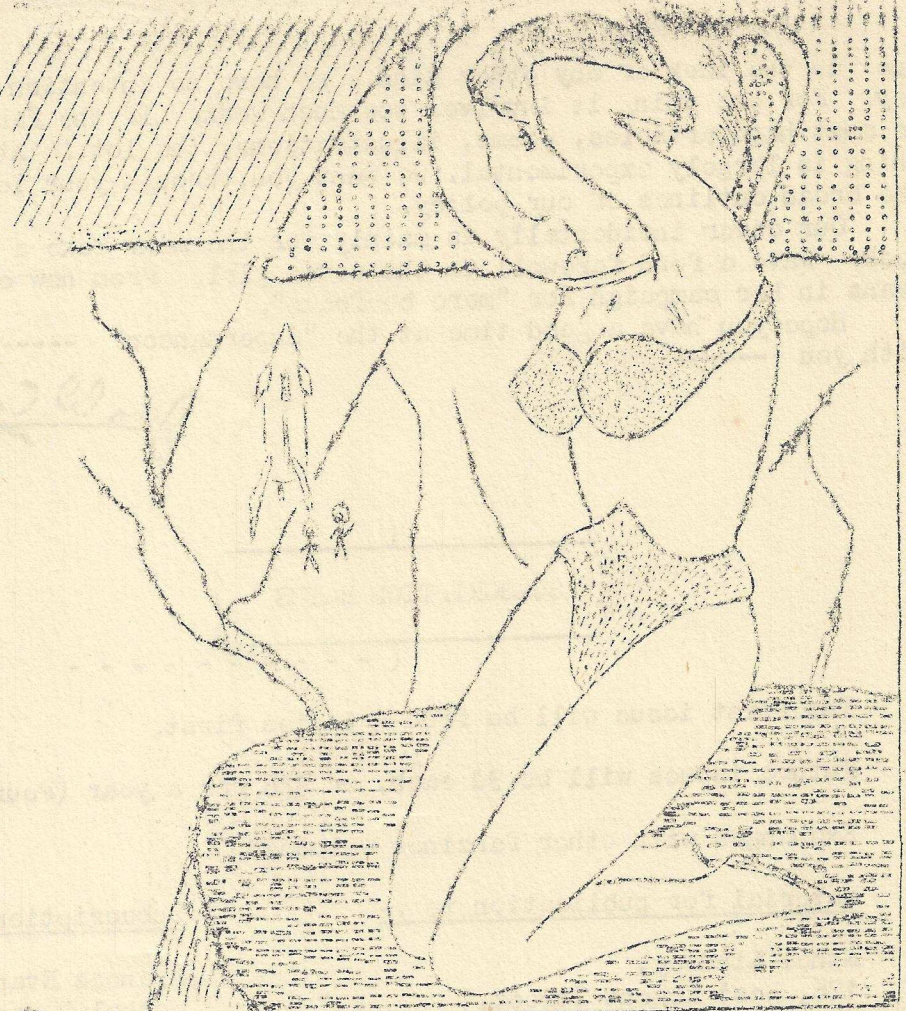


"Don't worry lieutenant - it's just some film unit on location.."

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{ EDITORIAL }

An editorial for the first issue of a new fanzine is a very difficult thing to write. Those we have seen invariably rhapsodize about the aims and intentions of the fan group originating the particular zine.

Our aim is to produce a fanzine ! Not too serious, but not "frothy".

In the clubs and unorganized groups already in existence in the U.K. the femme-fan is in the minority. "FEMZINE" is designed to unite these minorities in order that they can get a better hearing in the fan world.

Although all the material used (with one exception), will be written by femme-fans, we hope men will also subscribe. The exception will be our letter section - "MAIL AND FEMALE" - in the next, and subsequent issues. We are looking forward to receiving and printing comments from the males.

The rather large quantity of editorial material in this issue, is mainly P.T.O.

due to the lack of any other kind. We have no intention of continuing this way. For one thing it involves too much work. If the fanzine is to continue we must have articles, poems, illustrations, the lot! At the moment, everything is largely experimental. We want you, through your letters, to formulate the broad outlines of our policy.

Our cover incidentally is mainly for the men. Take a long last lingering look. Wave a fond farewell to the cover girl. From now on, we join Frances Evans in her campaign for "more beefcake".

Hope you have a good time at the "Supermancon" ----- wish we could be with you -----

J. W. Carr

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The first issue will be free - ladies first.

Future issues will be 9d each, or 2/6 for a year (Four issues).

Exchanges with other fanzines welcomed.

Material for publication to :-

Ethel Lindsay,
126, West Regent Street,
Glasgow,
SCOTLAND.

Subscriptions to :-

Frances Evans,
School House,
Teignmouth Street,
Collyhurst, M/c 9.

Letters and fanzines to:-

Sgt. J. W. Carr (WRAC)
c/o RAPC Sgt's Mess,
Maida Camp,
M. E. L. F. 17.

M.S.s and subscriptions can be enclosed in a letter to me, but watch the postage! An envelope with a 2½d stamp will travel by sea-mail, taking roughly three weeks. One with a sixpenny stamp will travel by air-mail ----- taking roughly three weeks.

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(There you have the cover, inside-cover, and editorial from the first issue of "FANZINE". You want to know what is inside it? Then have a word with Frances or Ethel at the Convention. And don't forget to spare a thought for me while you are enjoying yourself will you? It is very very dry in the desert....JWC)

Big Fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
Little fleas have lesser fleas
And so 'Ad Infinitum. (Poor Infinitum. But he
was fortunate compared with you, for you have.....

NUMBER
1½.

BEM

SPECIAL
SCRUFFY
SUPERMAN CON
COMBOZINE
ISSUE.

(SPACE
FOR FILTHY
THUMBPRINTS)

"Say, Tom, how come you call the cat Mickey when it keeps having kittens?"
"Well, originally we thought it was a boy."
"But it must have been obvious it was a cat--
--it's covered with hair!"
"Well so are you, but you don't have kittens."
"Not usually, but I have a feline that I shall have if we don't find something original to fill this thingummy up with. We want something that lynx it up with science-fiction, so stop just lion there grinning all over your puss like a Cheshire cat, and think of something."
"Think of something?--Me 'ow? I just want to Coeurl up and go to sleep. I was thinking how wonderful it is that cats always have two holes in their skins just where their eyes are."
"That's not an original joke."
"No. I must admit I purr-loined it; but, if you will keep taking the Mickey....."
"I haven't touched your cat. I wouldn't cheetah pal."
"Would you please paws whilst I finish my tail because I haven't got very fur with it; not past the first claws in fact."

"SHARRUP!"

"Yes, we'll stop larking around and thrush this matter out between us. We could call it 'Starling Stories'. Of course I woodpecker name like that, but it's your pigeon really....."

"SHUT-RUDDY-WELL-UP! We have to think of something intellectual, something dynamically scintillating to put in this Combozine one-shot. We hope to get hundreds of subscribers from it, don't we? Do you think they're going to sub if we just fill all the space with esoteric puns? Don't interrupt! Now what have we to tell them? Lemme see, well, we want to put in a plug for that struggling little fanzine called HYPHEN, published by some Irish

IF YOU WANT TO BE
A
BEM



Just keep
looking

Page Too. (Gee--so it is!)

neofan or other; and a plug for ORBIT the organ of the Leeds S-F Association, from George Gibson Little London, Aberford, Nr. Leeds---the fmz which contains more of our puns than our own; and, of course a massive great mention for the FUTURIAN Mike Rosenblum's revived fmz which could easily be the fan-publishing event of 1954. (From Mike at 7, Grosvenor Park, Chapel Allerton, Leeds 7.)

And then we want to tell them not to be led astray, and to worship OOGO, the only true ghod, and we want to wish them all a Hell of a good time at the Con and hope to meet every one of 'em. Then we ought to mention the Con Committee for all their hard work, and put in yet another plug for the Transfanfund and..... "Don't you think you might mention BEM?" "Don't interrupt me with trivialities, now lemme see....."

They called him Porky--he was a Pig Name Fan.

We don't imajin for a minute fraction of time that any of youse nice people are going to subscribe to the zany rag which is responsible for this black spot(-) in the Combozine, but we's goin' to tell you about it anyway. We'll forgive you for not subscribing if only you'll write sumpn for us to publish, and of course you will receive an utterly gratis copy of the ish in which your work appears. BEM is a just-for-the-Hell-of-it Publication and contains stuff which is intended to be humorous, interesting and, especially, fannish, by anyone who will write for us. In addition it has illos by anyone who will illustrate for us, including Terry Jeeves, one of who's masterpieces has been cunningly placed over to catch (and hold) your eye. Viné Clarke writes a regular column 'The 19th Eye from the Left' and BEM No 1 contained material by inter alia, Walt Willis, Harlan Ellison, Ken (Dead-Ox) Potter and Terry Jeeves. BEM 2, out in June (which makes it a bright idea

to sub early, huh?) will feature, also inter alia, a lead story by authoress, Frances Cook, Supermancon Reports, a poem by Norman G. Wansborough, a/c of the BEM/HYPHEN Hoax, Ashwhite Chronicles, and a Letter Column. All you need to do is seek out we two-headed BEMs and hand over a can of cash.*****

The TRANSFANFUND needs more support. The TRANSFANFUND needs YOUR support.

Instead of buying WAW a drink, give him the cash for the fund!!!

Here's another Serious Constructive Scheme:-
When the Con is over and all (or most) hatchets buried, let's all donate our Zap guns and auction 'em--the proceeds for the fund. You may need a Colt 45 by then, anyway!
SUPPORT THE TFF,
W.A. Willis,
170, Upper Newt'n'ards Rd.,
Belfast, N. Ireland.

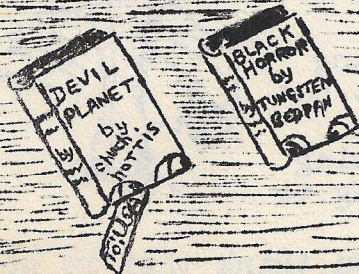
BEM comes to you (if you're unlucky) from Ashwhite Publications Ink., of:-

3, Vine Street,
Cutler Heights,
Bradford 4, Yorks.
(Tom White) and:-

40, Makin St.,
Tong Cemetery, (Yuk, Yuk)
Bradford 4, Yorks.
(Mal Ashworth.)

It is approximately irregular, but not usually more frequent than quarterly.

Subs 1/6 for 2 issues.



"WHERE ARE YOU BOUND FOR?"

OUT OF ORBIT

out of ORBIT No.1 "LEEDS LEADS" by J. Michael Rosenblum.

IN THE BEGINNING was the Science Fiction League! There had been one or two shortlived local groups, and Letters to the Editor had enabled a few fans' names to become more widely known but it was the announcement of the S.F.L. which seemed to crystallise fandom into being. It was WONDER STORIES (before it became THRILLING) which started the League at the instigation of Charles D. Hornig and the blessing of Hugo Gernsback; more with the idea of having a readers section than of organising an independent fandom.

Now, in Leeds at that time there was a gentleman who got things done. And immediately he read of the formation of the League in the latest "remainder" to come over, he gathered up three of his school friends to form the necessary quorum - after which they were never heard of again by fandom - and applied for recognition as a Chapter of the League. This was granted on April 1st 1935 and Douglas W. F. Mayer was appointed Director of his one-man branch. But Mayer's speedy action resulted in Leeds being Chapter number seventeen of the Science Fiction League and the first non-American Chapter. And from this fortuitous commencement, began the tradition that LEEDS should lead in fandom's affairs.

Once the fact of the existence of a Leeds Chapter was published in Wonder Stories, some eight or nine hitherto solitary enthusiasts congregated and made a real society up. Actually I think I was the first to get to Mayer's house, tho a Chappie called Dyson had written first. Poor Dyson died about a year later as the result of an accident. Any rate, there we were gradually adapting ourselves into a real organisation. During the next eighteen months a library was built up, a clubroom acquired, officers appointed and correspondence contact made with fellow spirits in Britain and USA. Other local Chapters of the STL grew up in Belfast, Glasgow and most notably in Nuneaton. In 1936, Maurice Hanson and Denny Jacques of this latter Chapter began to issue a fan-magazine with the title of "Novae Terrae".

OF COURSE IT WAS A DIFFICULT JOB CHOOSING EXCERPTS FROM PREVIOUS ISSUES OF "ORBIT".

HOWEVER HERE ARE WHAT I THINK YOU WILL ENJOY READING - ALL THE ITEMS PRINTED ARE CONDENSED FROM THE FULL ARTICLES WITH THE EXCEPTION OF "DESTINY".

George Gibson

2
out of ORBIT No.2

"ORDERS" by Terry Jeeves

Ro, the Bot, the corny automaton, was happy. Indeed, he even ground his gears in pleasure as he carried out the menial task allocated to him by the works foreman. Things did not always go so pleasantly for Ro, only yesterday he had been given no currents in his voltage, for making a simple mistake. Dielectric oozed out of Ro's condensers as he thought of it. After all, the foreman had said "File these papers" then said afterwards that he had meant Ro to put them in the little metal cupboards. Ro remembered that they had even made him vacuum up the paper dust from the floor of the metal work shop. Such humiliation. Ro began to feel less happy. More dielectric oozed as he recalled the foreman's parting shot, one of the workmen had even painted it on a sheet of cardboard and glued it to his back "Ro-the-Bot, the corny looking popsy", Ro biased back a surge of current in his throat, and doggedly went on with his work.

out of ORBIT No.2

"the Lure of the WHITE HORSE" Michael Rosenblum

Tuesday a.m. we were in Stoke Newington in the Fantasy Book Centre, which only resulted in the car being further burdened with another selection of books and some gramophone records. From then till Thursday evening practically nothing of science fictional note occupied our time. We saw a couple of shows, did more shopping, and had an afternoon in Windso with Mrs. Medhurst Senior. Came Thursday evening and it was time for the White Horse again. Interesting fact is that second time in a run at the White Horse things seemed to take place in less of a daze, though I did appreciate the enquiry as to whether I would be there the following week as well. I had fun on both occasions in getting a cover sheet of the Leeds S.F.A's magazine "Orbit" autographed by practically all present and this has now been framed to hang in the club room here. I would suggest to Lou Modecai, landlord of the White Horse that he adds throat pastilles to his selection of bottles of this, that and the other. Certainly, I doubt if I ever managed so many words in so short a time as on the second Thursday. And once again I find myself looking forward to the next chance that occurs of another evening there. Friday was blank again from our viewpoint, but Saturday morning was spent frantically listing books with George Medhurst, going through his book-cases one by one, and finding out how many I still need, many of which are not noted in my files. Saturday afternoon saw us on the road home, the first eighty miles being done in record time - and then the car broke down.

out of ORBIT No.3

"DESTINY" by Eric Bentcliffe (Complete Reprint)

The wind blew gustily across the short cropped heath, through the little valley by the stream, which rippled and wavered at the wind's temerity at disturbing its usual serenity. It was that time of night when everything is still, the time just before the dawn's caress when even the creatures of the night are silent. The hoot of the crested owl, now sated by his feast of blind young mice, died to a ghostly whisper. The fox, fresh from his farmyard forrage, turned round and round on the bracken, then finally closed his sharp eyes.

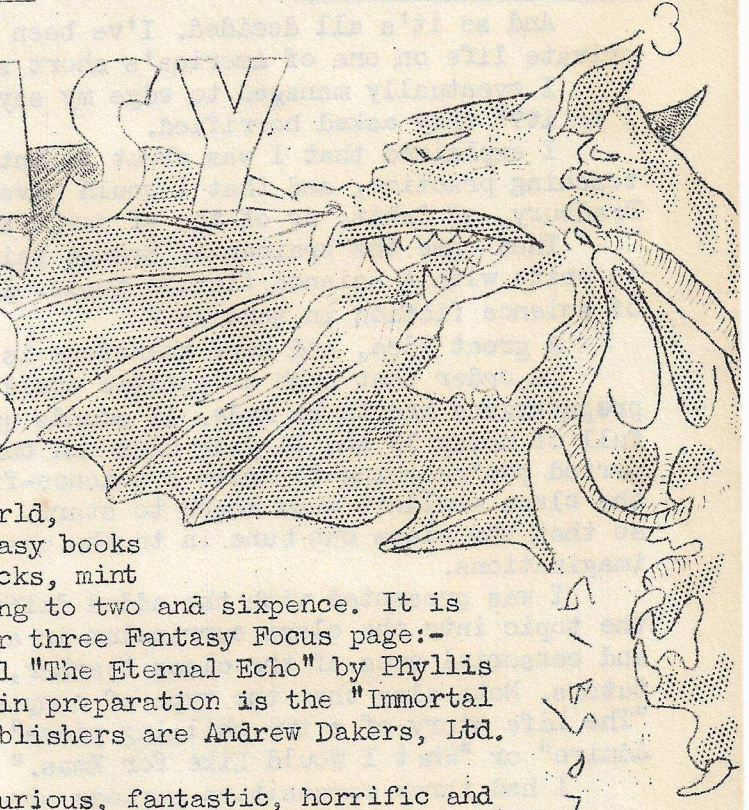
With the dawn, arose the inhabitants of this fair planet, from burrow and next they ventured forth to greet a new day. The doe with a cub in her mouth and two more following behind headed for the stream. To drink and to die. The gull heading inland after its summer abroad sited a familiar resting place on the cornice of a time-worn building, its feathers wilted but it was dead of foul radiation before it could spread its wings once more.

For the one who was more intelligent than the animals had reached his destiny at last. >>>

out of ORBIT
No.3

FANTASY FOCUS

by JACK SMILLIE



On my travels through the Leeds bookworld, I have been surprised at the number of fantasy books which are obtainable as publishers' overstocks, mint condition at prices ranging from one shilling to two and sixpence. It is with these that I shall deal, in this number three Fantasy Focus page:-
"Gateway to Remembrance" and its sequel "The Eternal Echo" by Phyllis Cradock; a romance set in fabled Atlantis; in preparation is the "Immortal Voyage" completing an excellent trilogy. Publishers are Andrew Dakers, Ltd. London.

"At Close of Eve" is an anthology of curious, fantastic, horrific and imaginative tales and is edited by Jeremy Scott, all are of high quality and form a most readable collection. This follows "The Mandrake Root" also by Jeremy Scott; this too brings a collection of fantastic tales. Publishers Jarrolds, Ltd. London. (15/-)

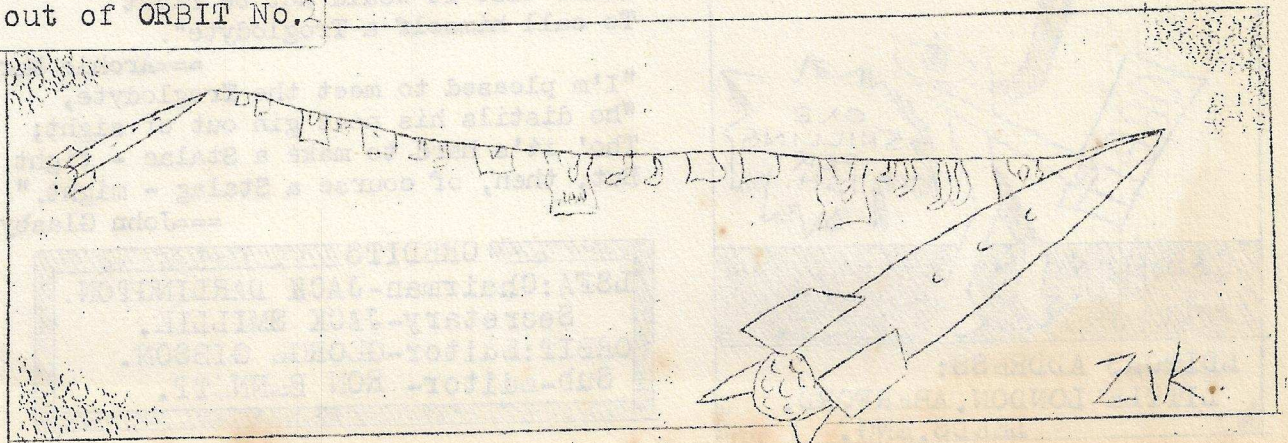
PREVIEW of ORBIT No.4.

"Letter to a New Fan" by Tom White.

Thanks for your letter which I received last June - sorry I'm a bit late in answering, but I'm so busy that I just can't keep up with my mail. In fact, what with reading Mss for Isaac, Ray and old Van, I don't get time to read all the hundreds of magazines sent to me by my U.S. friends.

Then, of course, there's that chap Heinlein - or whatever his name is - continually pestering me to write a story with him. It seems that he read an article of mine in the fanzine "Fendrip" and thinks I'm a natural. (Incidentally, I can get you a sub to "Fendrip" for 30/-, just send the cash on to me and I'll see about it for you.)

out of ORBIT No.2



And so it's all decided. I've been ditched with a critical review of the private life on one of America's short story writers. Help, Forrie, S.O.S.

I eventually managed to edge my say into the conversation. And why couldn't I do it?" they asked horrified.

I explained that I was about to enter a school for a three-week period of teaching practice, and that I would have no time, even for the depths of Bradbury, of Orbit, or of the sf world as a whole.

Then came the brainwave. Ernest said quietly, "Give your class a composition to write with a science fiction topic. I'll do the same and we can do a survey of science fiction in schools."

A great idea, and here therefore is my half of the contribution.

In order that such an epistle could appear before the public, lengthy preparations had to be made. It sounds quite easy to stride into a classroom full of noisy 13 and 14 year olds and burst upon them the fact that "this period you're going to write a science-fiction composition", but obviously the class wouldn't know where to start. An oral introduction must be presented, so that the class can tune in to the correct wavelengths of their respective imaginations.

I was presented with the added difficulty of supervision. I had to weave the topic into the class curriculum in a natural manner avoiding the watchful and censorial eyes of the class teacher, the school Headmaster and the College tutors. Note also that the type of composition the class usually write would be "The Life story of a two shilling piece" or such stand-byes as "The Boy I Most Admire" or "What I Would Like for Xmas."

I had three composition periods stretching over the three weeks and I proposed to work in the Stf one into the second, preparing the class for something "off the beaten track" by using a "John Bull" cover for the first week's composition. I also deviated from the norm in the literature lesson on the Thursday prior to the Tuesday composition. I intended settling on S.F. I read the class extracts from the opening chapters of "War of the Worlds", without the title. At the end of the period, during which the class had shown more than usual interest, I asked if anyone had any ideas as to the title of the book I was holding, but about a third of the class had no idea. The remainder, however, guessed it at once, though one bright spark, who offered "Journey into Space" as the title was immediately told

out of ORBIT No. 2

CAVE DWELLINGS

(a duo poem)

"The Troglodyte's a cunning knave,
He always lives inside a cave,
Other wise it would not be right
To call himself a Troglodyte".

===Archie Mercer.

"I'm pleased to meet the Troglodyte,
Who distils his neat gin out of sight;
Tho' it's hard to make a Stalac - tight
But, then, of course a Stalag - might."

===John Glasby.

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Nirvana

Vol. 5 No. 4 Issue 20

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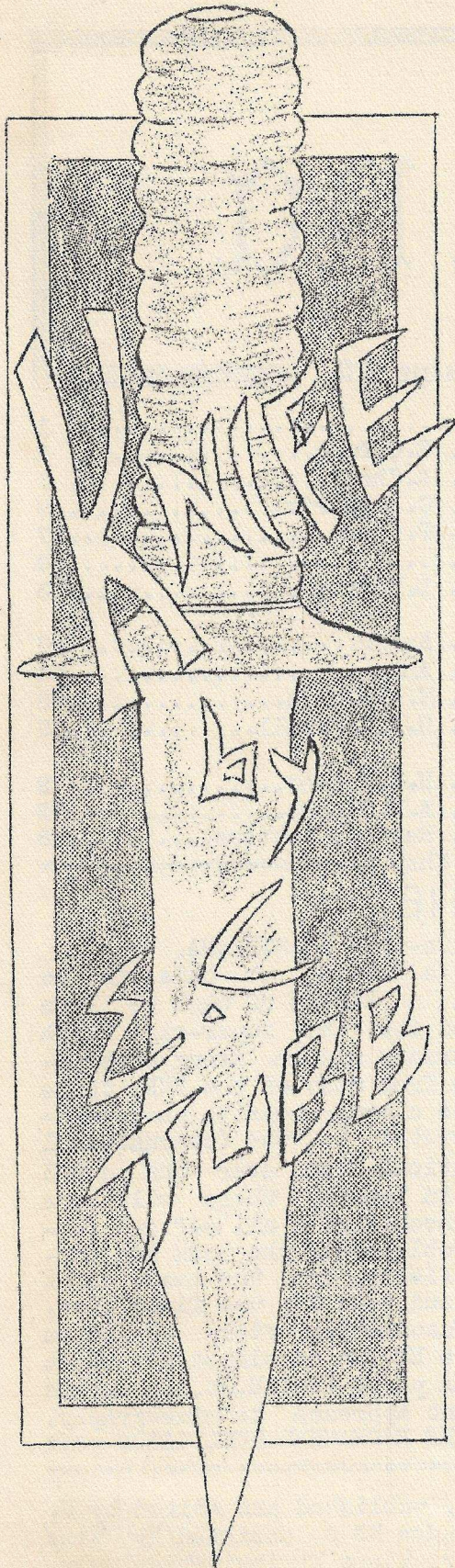
PROFIT & PROPHECY

Inasmuch as the pleasure and profit of publishing a fanmag come to an editor in the hearts of his readers and the satisfaction of his contributors, it is with no little gratification that we can, on the eve of the publication of our 5th anniversary issue, look back on 5 years of regular and punctual publication. Looking back is always a nostalgic process - if the vista of the years is good. In the case of NIRVANA the years have given forth their fruit in abundance, and the resulting wine has distilled a heavenly dew in our pages. Self-never paid the bills though --or does it? Egoboo has paid off handsomely for at least one fan in

the life-time of NIRVANA.

It is fitting at this time to reveal a little of what we have planned for the super-size fifth anniversary number. Among contributions from most of the BNFs there will be a comprehensive photo section devoted to the International Conventions held over the past 3 years in London; there will be a full check-list of all s+f and fantasy published in the book and magazine fields over the last eight years, and, told for the first time, the fascinating story of how an obscure NI fan developed his short NIRVANA piece (Vol.2, No.2), on his hesitant approach to mimeography, into THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR ****

NIRVANA; A quarterly publication for True Fans, published and edited by H. Ken Bulmer from 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London SE 6, assisted by Vine Clarke and Dave Newman. Contributions and subscriptions by invitation only.



THE KNIFE was a thin, tapered sliver of steel. Razor edged, needle-pointed, a knife designed for slashing, for thrusting, for throwing. The knife of a killer.
My knife.

I held it in my hand, letting the cold steel caress my naked thigh as I honed the paper-thin edge in an automatic reflex pattern. It was raining; the swollen belly of the sullen heavens had parted with a flash of thunder and spilled its guts on the earth below. It was cool and sweet, filling the air with its gentle murmurs, splashing from the low eaves, laughing as it fell.

I liked the rain. It reminded me of blood, of the red tide of liberated life, gushing from the piping like a fresh-made wound. Thick and red like an old rare wine.

He was slow in coming. I did not know his name or who he would be and so I waited, huddled in the shallow doorway, the knife kissing my thigh. Listening -----

The man came splashing down the alley, weaving a little, his breath heavy with the raw odour of alcohol. I tensed, the knife reluctantly leaving the warmth of my thigh and, as he came abreast, I stepped behind him. The heel of my left hand clamped beneath his jaw, the palm against his mouth, the tip of the index finger slipping into the socket of his right eye.

My right hand lifted the knife.

=====

It was still raining when I returned to the cave. I stepped carefully over the heaped rubble, my naked feet gripping the wet stones, and paused as I heard a murmur within. Two voices, one that of a man, the other that of a woman. The one voice was unfamiliar, the other.....

Rain fell against my bare teeth as I heard her laugh, sigh, murmur with sweet surrender. My woman. The woman who tended my care and administered to my wants, a poor thing I had taken in, fed, clothed after a fashion, beat rarely, and even when hungry harmed hardly at all.

My woman.....with a man!

The knife adjusted itself to my hand as I entered the cave. I would face the man, show him with whom he had to deal, watch the fear and terror wash the lust from his face...and then.. I smiled as he turned towards me. Smiled, and poised the knife, giving him time to watch the play of light over the blade, the redness on its tip, the redness around my mouth. I smiled as I stood, not speaking, not moving, waiting for him to sag, to crumble, to whine. I enjoyed the moment to its full, it was as well I did.

He had a gun.

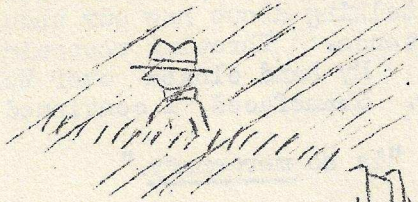
E.C.TUBB

HERE AT LAST IS THE INNER SECRET OF HOW WALT WILLIS BUILT UP SLANT FROM ABSOLUTE
OBSCURITY TO COMPLETE OBLIVION. THE MOST EAGERLY AWAITED FAN-ARTICLE OF 1954!!
NIRVANA PROUDLY PRESENTS YET ANOTHER 'EXCLUSIVE' ;

THE WILLIS WAY PART I

— BY BOB SHAW —

I MEET WILLIS



I walked up the "path"

I should have gone home.

I opened the gate and stepped inside (here I might add that just inside the gateway of 170 is a cleverly positioned hole, roughly six inches deep, which is always kept full of muddy water.) A few hours later I stood on the doorstep ringing the bell and bottoms of my trousers, after a safari up the garden 'path'---having got safari I didn't want to go back.

I rang the bell again.

I rang the bell fiercely.

I rang the bell and knocked the door simultaneously, and then both at once. I hurled myself at the door, kicking it, ringing the bell, thumping with my fists and banging my head against the knocker. Just as I fell back, bleeding and exhausted, a very pretty girl opened the door and said, "I thought I heard somebody knocking."

It was while in this state of despair that I first met.....

WILLIS THE MAN

---and I've been that way ever since. Having exhausted the topic of Willis the Man, let us proceed to deal with his personal appearance.

Walt's favourite apparel consists of an old, well-patched windcheater, and an old, well-patched pair of trousers, and an old, well-patched pair of carpet slippers. He also wears an old face, but Walt's hasn't a patch on it.

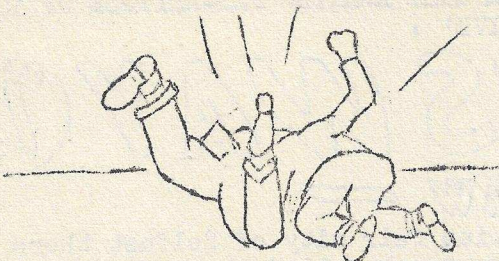
The only other salient points about his appearance are that he stands very far from the razor when shaving and that his comb must have had pyhorrea. As you may have noted, he is very careless about his dress, about his meals, about everything except books. He is even careless about money--careless about how he gets it! Which brings me to the account of how.....

WILLIS, JAMES & I FIND A BOB

We were out for a walk along one of the pleasant avenues that surprisingly abound near Walt's house. As usual the talk was on a very high plane---oxygen masks and the Nebular Hypothesis or something. Probably something.

"The mind of the average man," said Walt, "is so mundane." James

and I agreed whole-heartedly.



Just then, reflecting the afternoon sunlight, I saw a piece of tinfoil that looked surprisingly like a shilling. I slowed down--just in case, and at the same time began distracting James's attention from the footpath ahead. It WAS a shilling.

By this time we were almost at a standstill. James was beginning to look a bit puzzled at the sudden change of pace. I kept my eye on him as I tensed my muscles for the

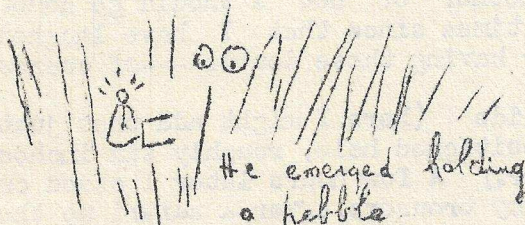
spring----Walt I had ruled out, as he was still talking about how our thoughts must be elevated above the grind of modern existence. Throwing restraint to the winds I let out a triumphant cry and sprang. My hand closed over Walt's fist. He stood up and looked at me reproachfully. Shamefaced, I continued the walk.

"The mind of modern man," said Walt, "is so mercenary."

WILLIS MOWS THE LAWN

We were sitting doing practically nothing. I was reading a copy of PLANET. I like reading PLANET because it gives me a pleasant feeling that I could earn money writing s-f.

Suddenly, Walt jumped up. "I'm going to mow the lawn," he said. James and I looked suitably impressed, we all tripped down the stairs (one of the stair rods is loose), and bounced out into the afternoon sunlight.



He emerged holding a pebble

Walt disappeared around the side of his house, and came back trailing a large lawnmower behind him. He looked rather startled when he saw James and I draped comfortably on the rug on the step-----I think he expected us to help. As an associate editor, I don't mind acting as a sort of censor and cutting down his corn, but I draw the line at cutting down his grass.

Giving us a disgusted look, he trundled the lawnmower up to where the 'lawn' began. The mower mounted the grass and weeds and bounced along the tangled mass several inches above the ground. Approximately four pieces of grass about half-an-inch long popped into the tin. Walt stopped shoving. He mopped away some perspiration and some sweat and glared at the place where there should have been a clean-cut swathe. Suddenly he gave a cry and dived into the mass, and emerged holding a small pebble about a quarter of an inch in diameter.

"Very nearly broke the mower on that," he exclaimed, with the air of an expert. "I doubt if it would be safe to do any mower work."

This sounded rather feeble to us. James asked me whether I thought Walt had planted the stone there. I replied that I thought even Walt would know that stones don't grow, and that it was probably a residue from Space Raid. This was a game that had developed when James remarked that the measuring cup out of

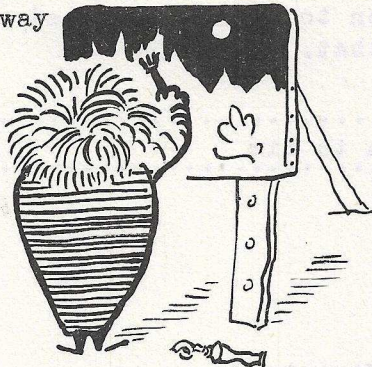
NOTICE!

To commemorate the holding of the Super-ManCon '54 a 'Combozine' is to be published, consisting of specimens from each British fanzine publisher. As a token of goodwill the first 4 pages of this issue of NIRVANA will therefore be duplicated in a single colour and included in the Combozine, to carry our best wishes to readers and non-readers. We would remind the latter that contributions and subscriptions are by invitation only, and we regret that we cannot supply past or future copies of NIRVANA under any other circumstances. Please do not ask us....a refusal might embarrass.

BRENNSCHLUSS

Gentlefen's Guide to Lancaster Fandom, exhibiting the overgrown and warped egi of its members.

* DAVE WOOD ... of course I'm a genius... in a quiet sort of way



AFTER THE INITIAL SHOCK they called me David Henry and I grew up in a fairly normal way. I was a genius of course. Strangely enough my success story doesn't include selling newspapers on a New York street corner, or working the freights between Chicago and New Orleans. Maybe this is because I lived a sheltered life in England. Tho I did once kiss a girl. It was tragic the way I fell from the gutter into fandom. Soon I was an avid reader of Steinbeck, Orwell, Thorne Smith and Hyphen. I've never kissed a girl since. Of course I'm very active. I once wrote a letter to Hyphen and I speak to Ken Potter. To look at me you

would think I was nothing, but you would be wrong. I am the future. I hold the progress of Art, Music and Literature in my gentle grasp. I am the Dali, the Kenton, the James White of tomorrow. Maybe one day Ken Potter will speak to me. Then I know I'll never kiss a girl again. Of course, I have my setbacks. I'm a sex-starved psychopathic sadist, with neurotic tendencies. But what's that to a level-minded, handsome, gentle, woman-loved genius like me?

What do I look like? Me, I'm the bright-eyed youth with the untidy hair and typical gait of the Neanderthal Fan. And I draw cartoons if you ask.

Pardon me while I rave...

.....
How many hormones do you think I have damn you?
.....

Not a pun in the whole damn thing

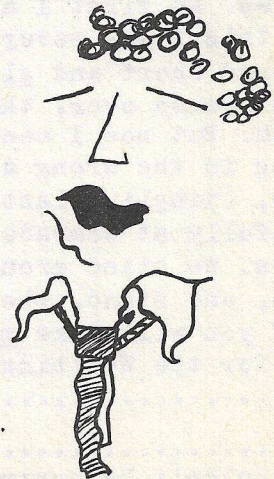
Being, as I am, a youth who is trying to channel his meagre intellect into a colossal tide of startling literacy, and since I think I am beginning to meet with a little success lately, this is a decidedly appropriate moment to write about me for the benefit of faans.

Since I suffer from an incurable tendency to ramble when writing like this, I'm afraid I shall say but little. I don't mean it will be uninteresting, I only mean you won't know much about me when I've finished.

Actually I'm most frightfully complicated, you know. If I had unlimited paper, I could doubtless give you a decent impression of myself, with some unpleasant research and labour. As it is, I shall do what I can.

So let me introduce myself. You have maybe gathered that my name is Potter. You may be burning to know about my musical tastes, my

* KEN POTTER ... I'm just naturally active!



favourite filthy joke, my collar size, my favourite toothpaste, and etc. But you lot are faans. What should interest you, damn you, is literature.

I write. I write seriously like Fyodor Dostoevsky, William Saroyan, Ray Bradbury, Erskine Caldwell, and Tennessee Williams. At least I've read the guys. So far I've had 1000 words accepted by our worthy chairman for his charming little journal. A start.

I write sort of flippantly, thisaway, without effort any time. This is for fanzines.

I never write uproariously funny stuff - I find it too damn difficult.

I read constantly, eat, have a sex life, listen to music, and need a shave - but I haven't got time to go into all that.

There! aren't I nice and neurotic...

.....
He ought to have a statue pulled down to him
.....

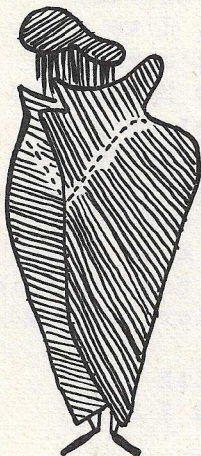
* HARRY HANLON

SEX AND SADISM DEPT:

2715697 A.C.2 HANLON H.

A.M.BP & DC

R.A.F., HENDON.



All other data deleted by Air Ministry.

Mind blanked out: JAN 1954

Previous offences: Fan, Jazz Man, Reads.

.....
Who were you holding glands with last night?
.....

Yeah! ... sure
I'm subversive!

I will introduce myself. I am a slave, and wear a haunted animal look around the eyes. I have a goldfish and we both belong to Lancaster Fandom. I am to be found most any time being dragged cavemanishly around the city by Messrs. Potter & Wood. If I speak I am punished by seeing Mr Potter wrap himself

* IRENE GORE



in his cloak and roll in the gutter, which he does frequently. Or perhaps I will have to pay for the coffee. At first I asked "Where are we going", and for this I was severely reprimanded. My companions stopped short and glared strangely at me until their eyes glazed over, then we continued around the chosen block. But now I can almost walk in front without going in the wrong direction. First we tour all milk bars, (jingling last tuppence in pocket) and look hopefully at comrades. Then pass by all milk bar doors. We stand around, walk, stand around some more, and stand. When you've seen all this for yourself you will take my word for it. I forgot to mention Harry. Thank you for the Worthington Mr Hanlon. Chiz.

Personally I think I'm just psychological

.....
Isn't Fandom romantic!
.....

We couldn't be contriter about the omission of Lancaster fan Sydney Waring. You contriter sort it out if you like.

*** Ken Potter, 5 Furness Street, Lancaster

ZENITH

w e l c o m e s y o u t o t h e
S U P E R M A N C O N !

.....

It should be raining hard in Manchester now... and it should be hurling it down when you leave. Your committee timed the SuperMancon to coincide with the MANCHESTER RAIN FESTIVAL (June 5th & 6th). Join in the rainy revels -splashing in the city's squalid squares, running zap-gun fights in the streets, and drownings galore in all the best park ponds. Not forgetting hilarious "Webbiest Feet" competitions.

Enjoy your two glorious days at the SuperMancon. Remember that Manchester boasts unspoiled beauty - there's dammall here to spoil. You'll treasure every rainy hour, since the main charm of Manchester is that you can always count on the weather. You mustn't miss the Manchester monsoon - that misty magic of gentle dampness that increases tension and drives you out of your mind with the witchery of wet alley-ways, the dank fragrance of soot-encrusted rhododendron bushes, the muted music of dripping gutters and gurgling drains...

The natives are friendly, and you'd better be too! Lots of luscious Manchester Maidens will help you to forget that girl way back home.

Hell's Bells! Why not pick a place where the sun shines next time ?

 Z E N I T H

maintains its claim to be an irregular publication by announcing that after a lapse of twelve months our regular readers may expect to see another issue soon. Contrary to persistent rumours and false reports the second issue has yet to come. Obviously, as an irregular publication we cannot divulge any information as to when this avidly awaited event will be without being committed to a schedule. So... we make no promises, just this assurance!

Yes, we still have your money if you subbed. The suspicious may wonder why both editors changed address after the initial issue. But don't worry. For the record, you will find Derek Pickles at 197 Cutler Heights Lane, Bradford 4, Yorkshire, and Harry Turner at 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire.

And all those nice faneditors who sent trades are not forgotten.

If you missed the first issue, and want the second, send a bob now to either address and get your name on the waiting list. You won't regret it...

.....
The cartoon opposite is by Allan Martin
member of the Fantasy Art Society
.....

It's con time again. Time to reminisce. Before the war, Manchester fans were few and far between. ERIC NEEDHAM was in the gang right from the start, so we asked him to say a few words about old times. And here they are:

.....

P L E N U M

or Space Filler!

by Eric S. Needham

.....

That Elder Fan and erstwhile rocketeer HET has asked me, in his affable manner, for a piece of natter to fill space in this combozine issue of Zed. Prepare to suffer, since the inconsequential ramblings of an anecdotard are often wearisome.

Should I give my memories of 25 years of science fiction?

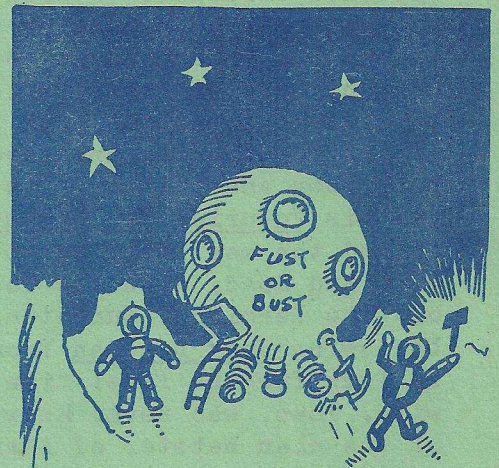
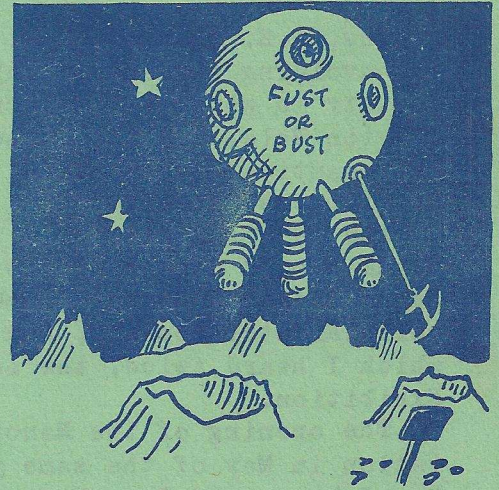
First fully recall-able memory was a serial in the Nelson Lee called Lebanu, The Invisible World. This I recall from the age of eight or nine because the science slipped. I have been critical of science fiction ever since.

Ah! memories - three covers from my first three discoveries of American mags. The Amazing cover showing John W. Campbell's When the Atoms Failed; the Wonder with the rubber-tyred robot cover from Reign of the Robots; my first glossy Astounding with an illustration from Forbidden Light.

Most outstanding stories? A story with three characters No Woman Born - a really first-class yarn and sequel, With Folded Hands and And Seeking Mind, plus, for no reason at all, The Shadow Out of Time and The Voice of The Lobster. No excuses offered.

Pet authors? E.E. Smith, George O. Smith, Isaac Asimov and mystery man Peter Phillips.

And what of fandom? My mis-spent youth, when I had time and energy and a bicycle, when I heedlessly cranked to Leeds and Halifax, Blackpool, Liverpool and Wallasey, to meet people who also had an interest in this stuff. People like Doug Mayer, Vic Gillard, Frank Dobbie, Mike Rosenblum, John Russell Fearn, Ron Holmes, Johnny Burke, Dave McIlwain, Abe Bloom... Curious, but Vic Gillard paid for my first ride in a taxi, though my first ride in a car was bestowed upon me by that early rocketry



genius, P.E. Cleator. Yes, I had a bicycle - and an incredible ingenuity for avoiding payment of any subscriptions to the Manchester Interplanetary Society in which Harry Turner was mixed up. Memories of a fracas at Clayton Vale, and the subsequent rise of Eric Burgess's Manchester Astronautical Association, assisted by the lighter-than-air brain of Mr. Burgess himself.

The 1938 convention, with Syd Bounds discussing mitogenetic rays, Frank Arnold demanding "Let us show them that SFA means more than Sweet Fanny Adams!", Arthur Clarke laying down the law on coelostats and cellular step-rockets, and Professor A.M. Low's mouse-trap lecture, which I heard twice, the second time being at the Manchester Radio Exhibition.

The opening of the Manchester Branch of the Science Fiction Association in May of the same year, when Arthur Clarke, Maurice Hanson, Les Johnson and Doug Mayer were among the visitors, when Marvel Tales heralded the entry of SEX into science fiction, and Harry giving a reasoned discourse to show that the red shift in the spectrum might not indicate an expanding universe.

And the interminable correspondence with Bill Temple, Maurice Hanson, Eric Williams, Eric Hopkins, Sam Youd, and Don J. Doughty, which came to an end with the war, as did most of the fanmags, except for the one produced by the herculean one-man-band writer, publisher and printer - to whom all honour - J. Michael Rosenblum, and his Futurian War Digest affectionately called Fido.

And the war? Walking with Eric C. Hopkins through the shattered Mile End Road, with the People's Palace alone almost undamaged. Digging out the Hermit of Nuneaton, D.R. Smith, in the winter of 1941-2 and borrowing Grey Lensman from the oddly harmless being. Falling violently in love for the first time in my life at 21, and with Bill Temple's wife, Joan, who never knew. The incredible warmth and generosity of the clan Webster of Aberdeen, matched only by the incredibility of Doug Webster's family. I never did repay their unstinted hospitality, nor can I ever. And how I disliked, then came to appreciate, Edwin McDonald of Inverness.

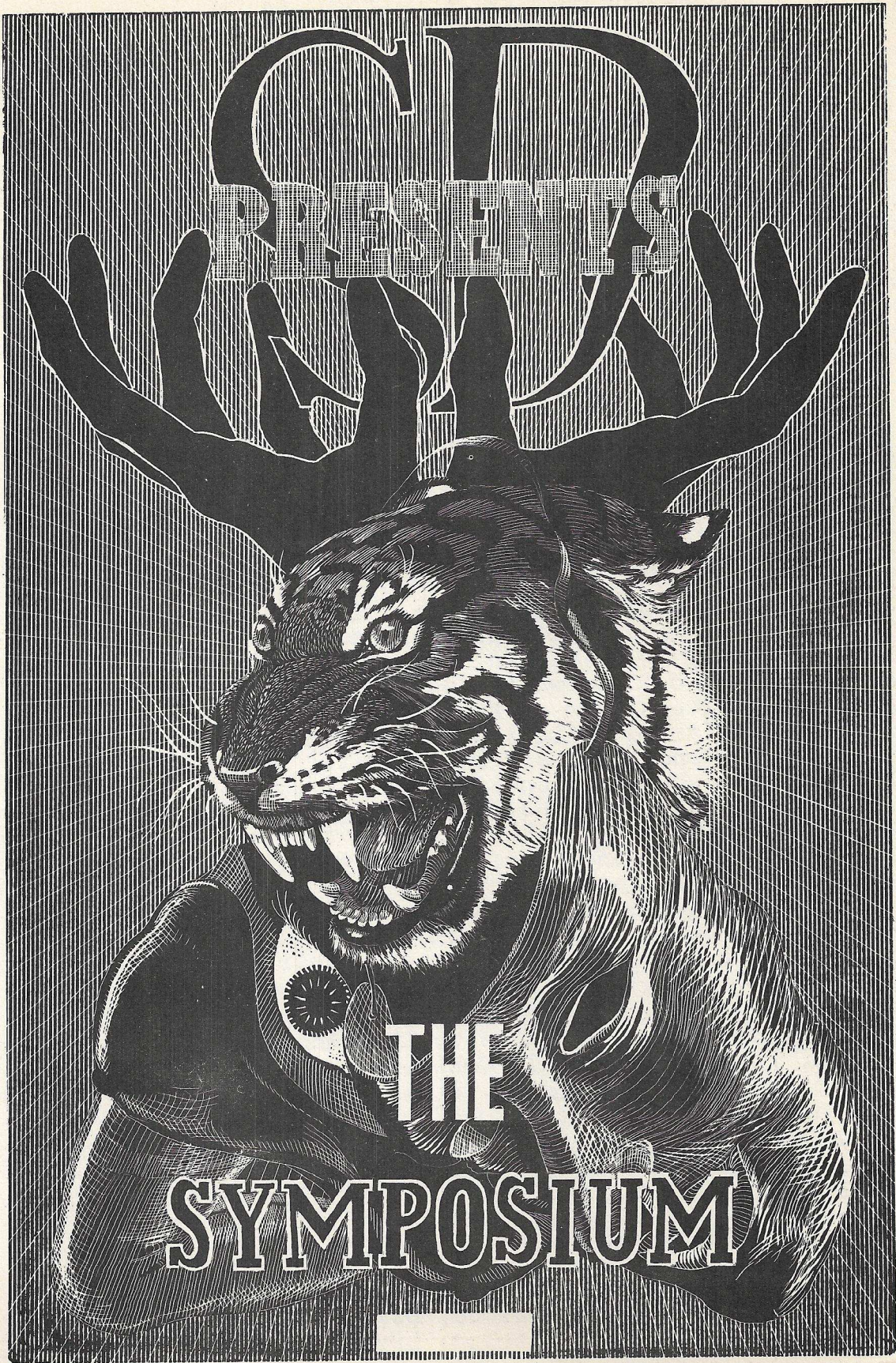
After the war, Ron Lane, chemist, photographer, motor-cyclist and publisher of Gemini and Parnassus, whose mother fed me for two years until I got a flat, when interest in a home of my own just about led to a total loss of interest in fandom, but not in science fiction.

Remember what El Brendel said in Just Imagine ?

.....
You too can be an odd fan out if you try...
.....

S u p e r M a n c o n B l u e s

Over the con-site the wet wind blows
I've rain in my boots and a cold in my nose... attchoooo!



announcing



SD7a



(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 Shorrock, 12A, Rumford Place, Liverpool, 3...for subs.

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

** MTPP sbojogtes fo B'L'BLTqRebolp

2

THE SUBMANCON

by Frank Milnes

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

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 IIIb) 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. Shorrock. 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 Aristototleians 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 Hurkle, which a technical hitch
brought Earthwards; then happy, it made people itch.
- I is for Isher whose great shops decree
"the right to buy weapons is the right to be free".
- J is for Jeddaks, Jeddaras and Jedwars:
these are the rulers and soldiers of Red Mars.
- K is for Klaatu, the master of Gort:
at least that's what millions of film-goers thought.

- L is Lemuria. Remember? The tales, the "Proofs" and Thought Records which boosted Rap's sales?
- M is for Mutants like Baldies and Slans: radiation or natural born, man's last act plans.
- N is for Nova. (This could be an ad!) But it's only what happens when some stars go mad.
- O is the Ob which you plant on your neighbour for services rendered by doing his labour.
- P is for Primey -- inebriate genius floating hither and yon like the spores of Arrhenius.
- Q stands for Quandry[®], which rises with "Steam" ϕ 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 \dagger .
- 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.

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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 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

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"

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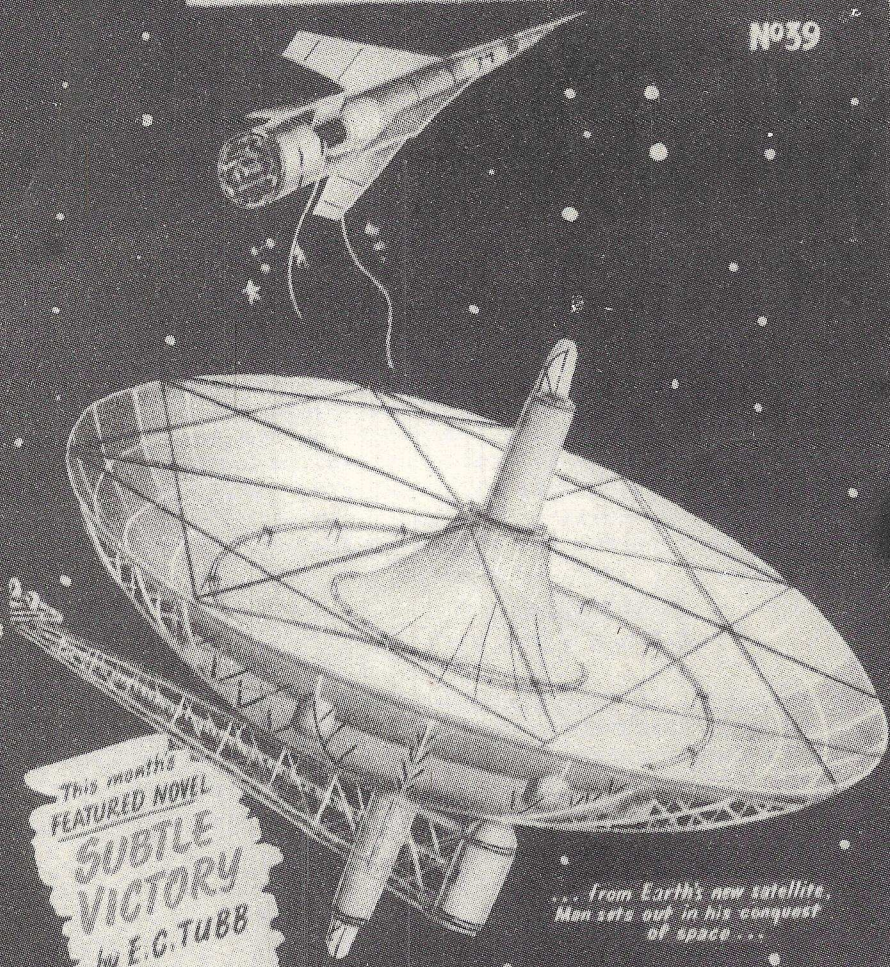


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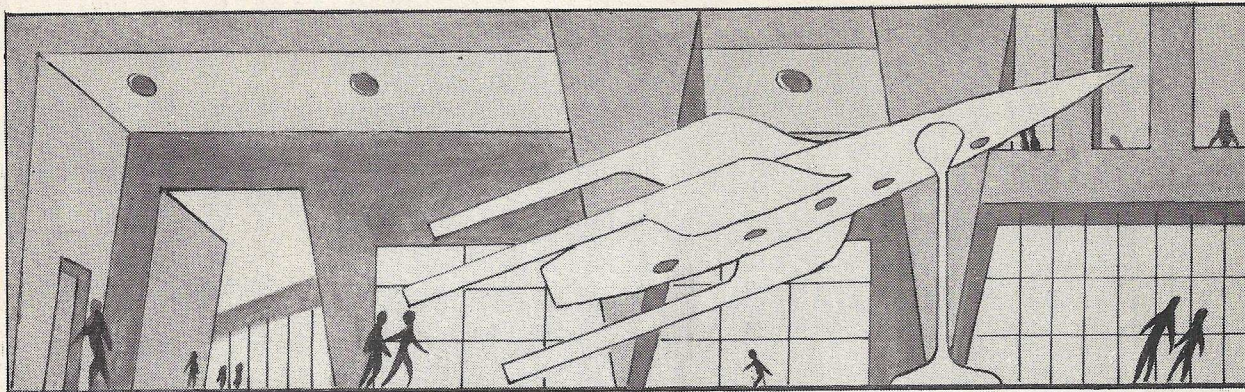
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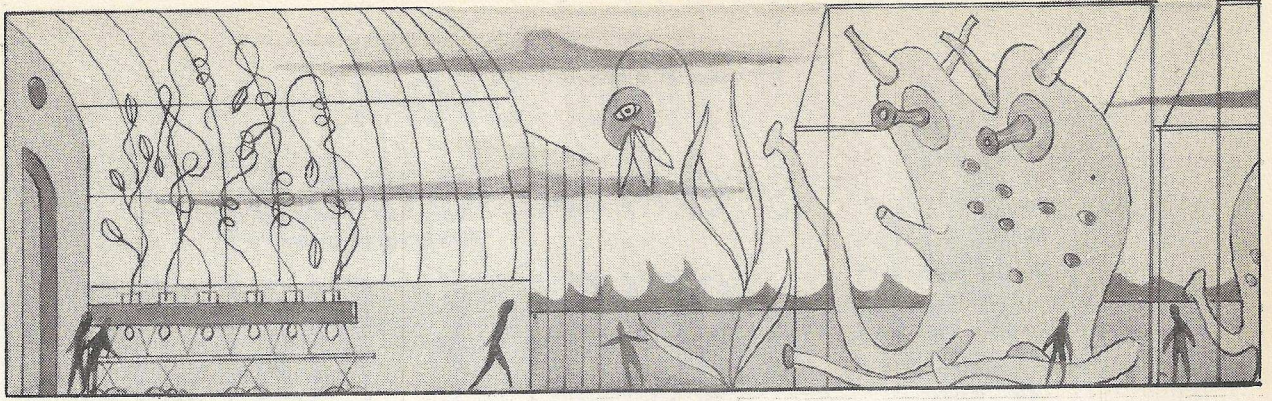
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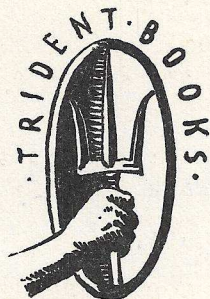
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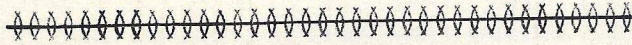
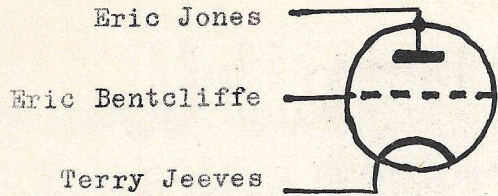
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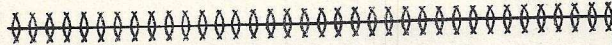
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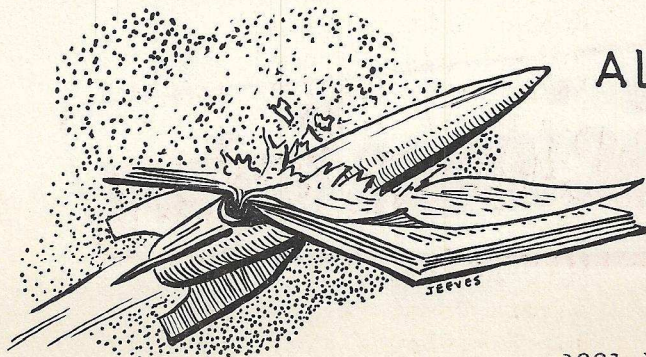
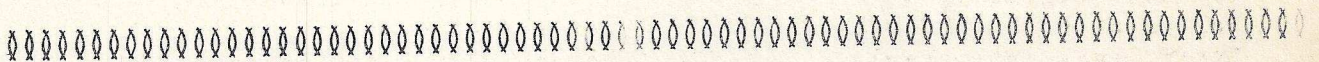
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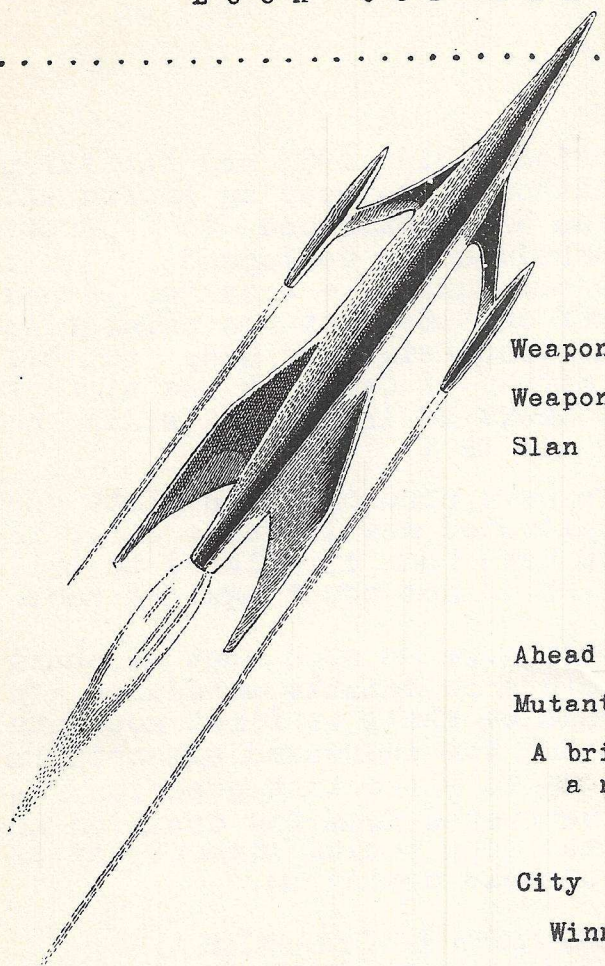
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has had a bad period during 1953 and the first half of 1954. Although the Trading Bureau and the Contact Bureau have continued to operate our publishing schedule has collapsed. This has been outside our control - copy for issues 15 and 16 went off on time, but the printer to whom the work was sent failed to keep to his contract. As a matter of fact, at the time of writing this, it looks as if O.F.17 will be issued before 15 and 16 !

However, we have produced some sixty or more pages of duplicated newsletters, etc., in the period, which have been circulated to all members - and which do not count against subs.

But for the future we hope that we shall be able to maintain a reasonable schedule. In letter-press format we shall at first not have so much artwork, but the increased subscription rate will enable us to alter that position as soon as we have recovered from the drain on our funds caused by the long period without any of the normal sub-renewals coming in.

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