



Eddie



WHAT

you will be saying, "Space Diversions again?" Yes. Here we are again, and happy as can be. We (I refer to the Liverpool Science Fiction Society) have been talking of starting a fanzine again for some time, but not until early this year was the spark of our good intentions fanned at last into the flame of substantial activity. Having first agreed that some new activity should be introduced into the Society, what more natural than to put out a fanzine! I mean it follows, doesn't it?

WHY

Space Diversions? I submit that this after all, is a good title for a fanzine; and that despite loss of the allusion to our old Society premises, the Space Dive, the name stands on its own merits. Another, perhaps, less admirable, reason is that SD did in its first incarnation attract a certain amount of warm praise - hence would you blame us for desiring to utilize a little ready-made build-up?

WHO

you may want to know, is us? Stripped to our hard core of staunch members, us is: Eddie Jones, our Chairman; Dave Newman, Secretary; Frank Milnes, Treasurer; and Norman Shorrocks, Bill Harry (of Biped), John Owen, Stan Nuttall, Norman Woodall, Pete Daniels, and the two girls, Pat Milnes (nee Doolan) and Ina, Norman's wife. Lil MacKay married scientist member Gerry Clarke this Easter and was carried off to the atomic pile at Harwell, where Gerry now works. Bill Harrison, erstwhile active attending member, is still active,, but in other spheres, as will be learned.

HOW

are we-all getting on? If you really want to know, John Owen will bring you up to date on how Liverpool Group has fared these silent years since SD last appeared. This revived issue is composed of mostly local work, but we are relying on you to help us with material for future issues. One of the primary reasons SD folded in 1954 was because of lack of material. The majority of it was home produced and we had probably just about written ourselves out on the lines on which were proceeding. We have decided not to continue the serialisation of Dave Gardner's Symposium on Sex and Sadism, for one thing, too long an interval has elapsed since the last number appeared and then again the subject is now not so much under discussion. But please, if you have an odd masterpiece lying around, you don't know what to do with, remember "Send it to SD" may we expect another issue, if ever?" you say. Experience justifies a certain amount of cynicism and points to an irregular schedule. So: I don't know when you'll see the next SD, but for me, I hope it's soon; as for you, I hope you like this one and will ask for more. If you do like, write and tell; but in any case - write.

WHEN

John D. Roles

SPACE DIVERSIONS

CONTENTS

DRUMS ALONG THE MERSEY	John Owen	5
HOW ERRONEOUS WAS MY HEIRONYMOUS	Pete Daniels	8
THAT DEMN'D ELUSIVE HARRISON	Stan Nuttall & John Owen	12
A PORTRAIT OF PENNIMAN	John Owen	14
BOOK REVIEW	John Roles	16
TOPER'S TREASURY	Dave Newman	17
WOT APANS NOW?	Eric Bentcliffe	19
OMNIA VINCIT FANDOM	Frank Milnes	22
LO-DOWN ON HI-FI	Stan Nuttall	25

NO. 9

SD is edited by John Roles and produced by Norman Shorrocks & Dave Newman - Artwork by Eddie Jones

Publication will be irregular and no subscription is charged. Contributions in cash or canned ale will, however, be welcomed. If you want further issues send your own fanzine, a prozine or a letter of comment..... In the absence of anything interesting, money will do!

Editorial Correspondence to 26 Pine Grove, Waterloo, Liverpool 22.

Club Correspondence to the Secretary, % 12a Rumford Place, Liverpool 3.

SD IS THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIVERPOOL SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY!

DRUMS ALONG THE MERSEY



GONE TO EARTH

For a group which until recently was almost without fanaticism, a hell of a lot seems to have happened to us. Since the last SD slid furtively into your letterbox we've shifted our venue, for example, more often than we like to recall. For some months we did a series of one-night-stands in the Stock Rooms of a central Liverpool hotel; however, not only were these far too large for us, but we were liable to find ourselves sandwiched arbitrarily between a pork Butchers' Rally and a Sons Of Eire Reunion. Between these extremes of pragmatism and mysticism we would vainly try to pursue our middle course; but it was all too cold, costly and impersonal, and we decided to leave. For several months afterwards we worked what is colloquially known as the Bums' Circuit, using the homes of obliging members for our Monday-evening sessions; it rapidly became clear, however, that such sybaritic surroundings bred intellectual lethargy, and that the Society was becoming static and unadventurous. Thereafter we tried pubs, Espresso Bars, Indian Restaurants, Park Shelters, and the engine-room of the SS 'Royal Daffodil', but none of these proved entirely satisfactory. We needed a permanent meeting-place, a retreat where we could forgather to think Great Thoughts and procreate such unique brain-children as the journal which you, Dear Reader, are now eyeing askance.

Patience is almost always rewarded, and late last year the eagle eye of Financial Machiavelli Frank Milnes lighted on an "Offices to Let" sign in Bold Street, a pleasant shopping thoroughfare in the city centre. He made enquiries, found a large top-floor room which was available on reasonable terms, and we moved in. We washed the Lovecraft-green distemper from the walls, painted everything paintable, carefully scrubbed the thin floor, installed lighting, and generally tried to make the place habitable. It's still no penthouse (see next item), but there's a comfortable feeling in the air that at last things are taking on some sort of shape, however revolting this shape may prove to be.

During this hectic and unsettled period we've managed to keep our fannish end up by recording three lengthy tapes for the various Conventions, throwing innumerable parties in smoky rooms

or on the golden sands of Ainsdale, attending Cytricons en bloc, sending crudely insulting or embarrassingly friendly tapes to our fellow-fen, making movies and love, eating and drinking hugely, and generally enjoying ourselves. As with all Societies, big or small, membership has fluctuated; several stalwarts have left us - some taking up employment or residence in another area, some just not having the time any more - but we've also had a welcome infusion of new blood: Jazzman Pete Daniels; Dave ('Brewer's Goitre') Newman; artists Eddie Jones and Bill Harry. There, now, you're in the picture; let us plunge forthwith into the madcap, effervescent world that is LaSFAs!

WATCH IT, THAT FLOORBOARD'S ROTTEN

Pass beneath the archway next door to the photographic dealer's; ascend a narrow flight of wooden stairs to dizzying heights where the linoleum thins, frays, and finally disappears altogether; dodge an obscenely-dangling naked light-bubb, labour up yet another flight of steps - and there, before your dazzled, incredulous gaze, is the Fanetarium. Advance, friend. You will notice that the decor of this eerie eyrie is by Dali out of Vogue. Facing you, as you enter the larger room, is a wall covered entirely with fanzine-covers plastered on ad lib., with here and there a rainbow-hued book-jacket; on the wall to your left a huge screen has been painted, silver against violent red, for this room is also the Society's private cinema; the rest is lemon-yellow. Pass, now, beyond the crimson-painted partition (erected BY OUR OWN HANDS), and you stand at last in the Inner Sanctum, a melee of pink and yellow chairs, ultramarine tables, dusty s-f magazines and scrupulously clean beer-mugs, wherein the Society holds its weird, unmentionable rites and where admission is by blood-test or bottle only. Though this mystic retreat is still something of a bloody shambles, it's nevertheless shaping up to be one of the best-appointed garrets in central Liverpool; we have heat, light and Radio Luxemburg, and plans are even now being laid for the installation of a Bar, one-armed bandits and a double bed. We meet Monday evenings, 7-11 p.m.; and all erstwhile, would-be, or wouldn't-be-at-any-price members of the Society - in fact, all fans - are cordially welcome. Bring a bottle.

YOU'LL NEVER GET CECIL UP ALL THOSE STAIRS

Whit Sunday, 1957, saw the long-awaited opening of this Cote Of Many Colours. Preliminary festivities included a visit to two Fun Fairs, a cruise down the Mersey, a mammoth repast at a restaurant called The Mandarin's Palace, and periodic calls at various boozers. At nine o'clock the company fergathered at the Fanetarium, when the premises were officially opened by Mr. Ron

Bennett and entourage, who made brief, tasteful, and suitably flattering speeches. Alcohol was then consumed until the small hours, several members remaining (for the very good reason that they were incapable of leaving) until dawn. Distinguished visitors at this outstanding event included Eric Bentcliffe, ECLSFS, and the merdantly brilliant William Harrison.

GET YOUR TAILS OUT OF ME CAVIARE

Now for the LaSFAS Social Season, where the outstanding - indeed, the only - event was the marriage of two of its members, Lil McKay, charming and vivacious redhead, and Gerry Clarke, fiendish atomic physicist and Bloody Mary addict. The ceremony, which took place at West Derby Church, Liverpool, was conducted in accordance with the finest traditions of the Society (morning dress de rigour), and afterwards, at the Reception, booze and victuals were unconfined. Altogether a memorable occasion! During the afternoon, Lil and Gerry, with typical patriotic fervour, took the first available plane out to Spain, Tangier, and other romantic places. We wish these two sterling fen lots of luck and every happiness, and though they're now living at Harwell (where Gerry's working on something rather big), we sincerely hope they'll be along to see us from time to time.

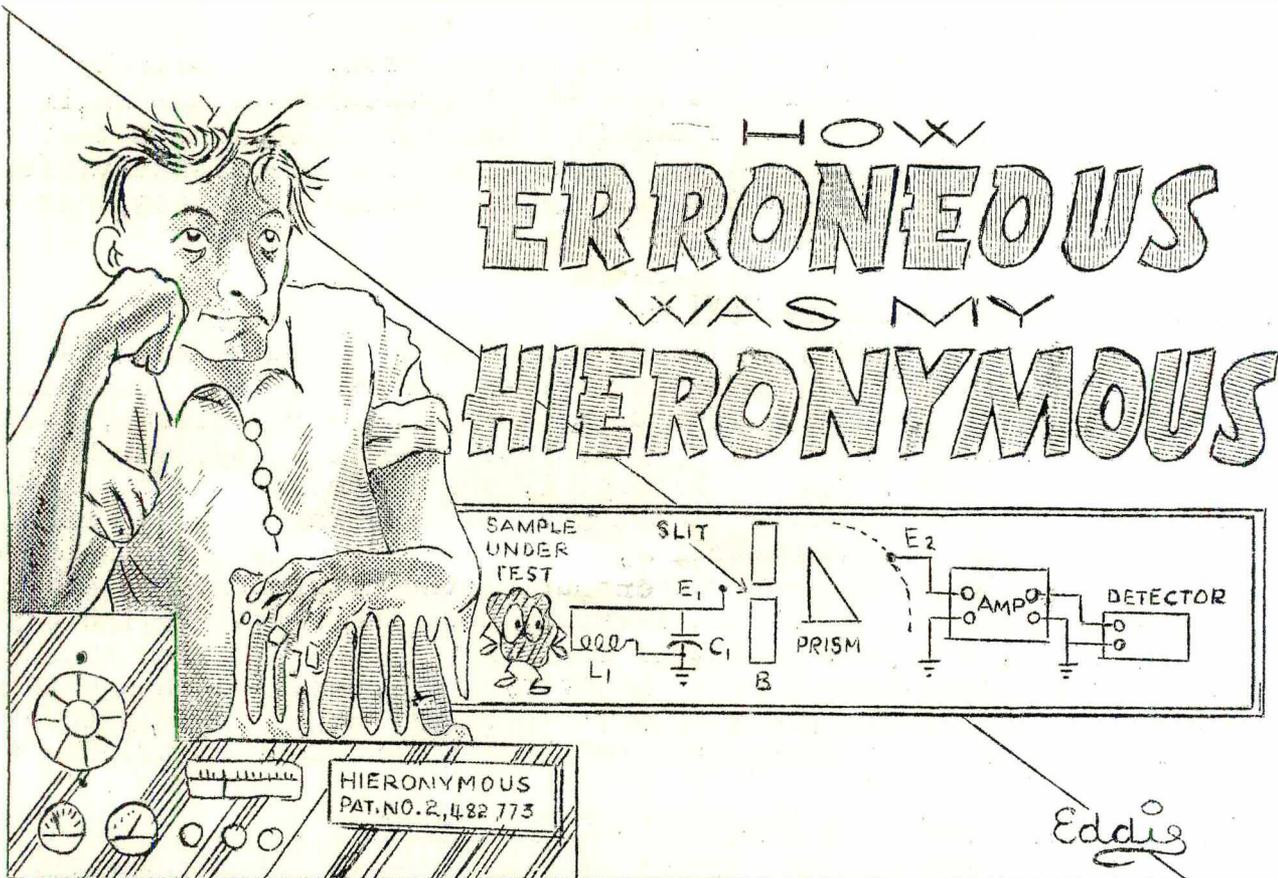
CAN OUR AUDIENCES TAKE THESE FACIAL CLOSE-UPS?

The news that Mersey And Deeside's publicity film for LaSFAS ('May We Have The Pleasure?') was successfully premiered at the Midwestcon recalled a recent visit to the MAD lot at Sound City, Bebington, where Executive Producer Gregg P. Sherrock showed me around. On the floor of the cavernous Sound Stage Three I saw a new epic (Kodachrome, MicroScope, Unidirectional Sound) nearing completion. It is hoped that this masterpiece, tentatively titled 'Fanzapoppin', will be available for Worldcon showing. Future MAD ventures include: 'Rabble Without A Cause', described as "a fan saga"; 'The Norman Wansborough Story,' with Wiltshire and Limehouse locations; 'I Walked With Ghod', to be filmed entirely in Belfast under Watch Committee supervision; 'Beloved Is Our Destiny', a screen version of the Harrison biography; and 'Pop', starring Ina Sherrock, which will be "a story of the joys and heartbreaks of the bubble-dancing business."

IN BRIEF

Bill Harrison, genius, bon viveur, and President of the London Chapter of LaSFAS, is organising a Grand Gastronomid Tour for the benefit of the Society's metropolitan members... Our Esteemed Editor (whom Ghod preserve) is putting the finishing touches to his monumental 'punctuation Errors In The First Edition Of Ayesha' (8vo., edible), which is to have a limited distribution through SAPS, OMPA, IPA, and all points east... Yet another interesting event recently - oh, but why go on.

John Owen



Several steaming months ago, John Campbell the younger took up a lot of space in that astounding periodical of his to tell us that some bloke named T.G. Hieronymous had invented a gadget. This bloke didn't know how it worked, or what it worked with, but when it was on top form it got all sticky. "Tactile sensation" he called it, but I feel that's carrying things a bit far.

Now, not only had old T.G. (of Kansas City, Mo.,) invented this monster, but the United States Patent Office had done the Big Thing, and on September 27, 1949, they had given him number 2,482,773 to put on it. The U.S.P.O. had been playing with it for just over three years then, and I daresay they were a bit fed up with getting all sticky every time they thought about li'l ol' Teegee-Weegee.

However, on close inspection of said patent, whatever one may say about it, I find that J.W.C. (the younger) has been distinctly unfair to my Kansas City buddy, as follows:- From here on, refer to the book. You might as well start on page 87, because all the stuff before that is pure waffle.

Just to digress a little, and for the benefit of our paid reader, who doesn't at this point understand what the

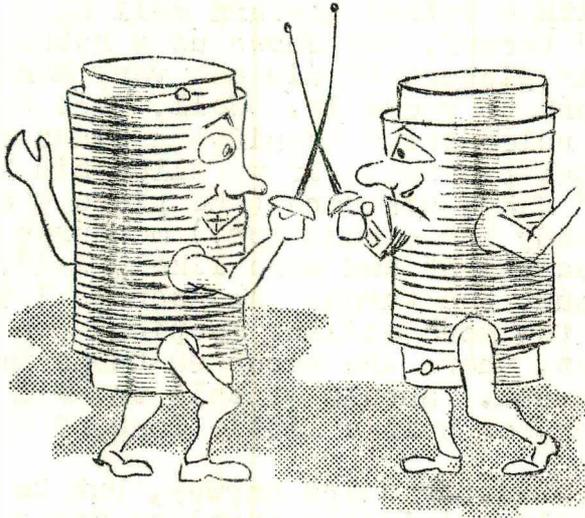
Betelgeuse J.W.C., T.G.H., or P.D. is talking about;- Please go to your dustbin, take out your B.R.E. of Astounding for November 1956, (there it is, under that copy of PLOY) and turn to page 87. 5.4 inches from the top of the page is a heading

THE HIERONYMOUS MACHINE

Now read on.

It says the patent is in "every general language". Now, even if that's a misprint, which I'll allow, I'd hate to talk patent terminology all day. Maybe J.W.C. likes to. Uh-huh, another side-light on his character.

The word "eloptic" is entirely an astounding invention. It doesn't come into the patent anywhere at all. The patent says, "These emanations...have electrical and optical characteristics..." That's all.

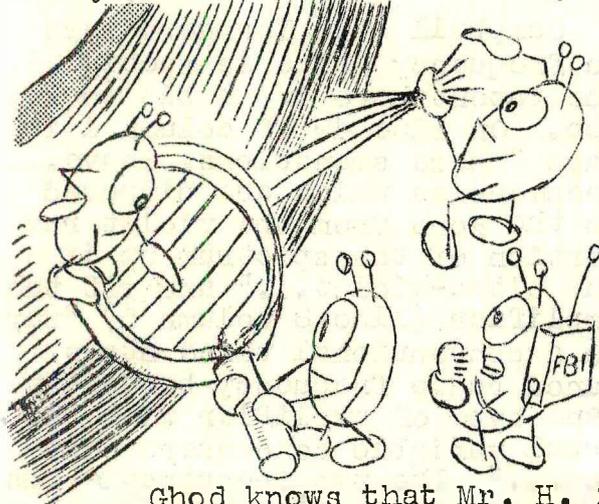


Campbell (The Younger) says no frequency range is specified. The patent here is a bit woozy, too. On line 49 of column 1 it says "These emanations...have... frequencies which are disposed in the zone from the violet ray portion of the spectrum up into the ultra-violet..." and yet the amplifier (line 8 column 5) "may be a conventional three stage tuned radio frequency broadcast band type of amplifier with the usual variable condensers omitted..." The two frequency ranges covered are just a wee bit away

from each other, as you ought to know. But the coil J.W.C. (T.Y.) is narking about doesn't matter a hoot because it isn't meant to resonate. It says right here you can use any coil, any shape, you can point the end of a piece of wire at or wrap a bit of wire round your sample. Apparently all you have to do is just be in the same room.

Another whine from the angry Young man about opaque insulating material. Opaque to what, he says? Listen, Buster, column 4, line 24;- "A passageway formed between a pair of optically opaque insulating elements directs the radiations to a desired area on one face of the prism."

Now the detector. Actually, its not described in detail in the patent at all. H. says that the detector, and I quote beginning column 5 line 28 "is preferably an electrical conductor coated with a material having such characteristics that under the influence of energy flowing through the conducting portion the coating will change its surface tension or viscosity or in some manner give evidence of the presence of energy flowing through the conducting portion by producing a greater drag or resistance to the movement of any part of the body of the operator thereover, such as the hand or fingers. It has been found practical to use a metal plate covered with a sheet of plastic or coated with lacquer, which plate is of an area convenient for stroking with the tips of the fingers or the palm of the hand. It may also be a sheet of plastic with a coil disposed adjacent thereto." I assume that last "or" to be a misprint for "of", but in this patent, written in "every general language", you never can tell. So J.W.C., (the younger, you know) makes a version of the one just mentioned at the very end. Uh-huh. He says he used bits of plastic 4" x 5" with a spiral 40-turn coil on a 1" former, and shows us a rather dim picture of his not very handy-work to prove it. Well, just take a ruler and a magnifying glass to that picture. If we allow him his 4" x 5", his core (the piece of old candy box - remember?) measures at least 1.3" and more likely 1.4". Count the turns. As near as I (and a few more willing myopics) can get, there are about 28 turns there. Uh-huh. Should we call the FBI now, or wait a little longer?



Ghod knows that Mr. H. is a little weird anyway, but to misrepresent an unknown is not only criminally careless for a man with the academic qualifications of young J.W.C., but it don't give the boys a fair chance. Why should he have all the fun getting sticky?

Just between thee and me, I'm of the opinion that the whole thing is a lot of malarkey, starting right back from the almost corny etymology of the name Hieronymous. Hiero- is a prefix pertaining to things mystic and religious, like Druids and Blog. Greek "hieros" means sacred, holy, etc. And the tail end -nymous seems like the Greek "nomos" meaning name, and like that. Get the message? Do you imagine that Hieronymous might be a sort of pen name?

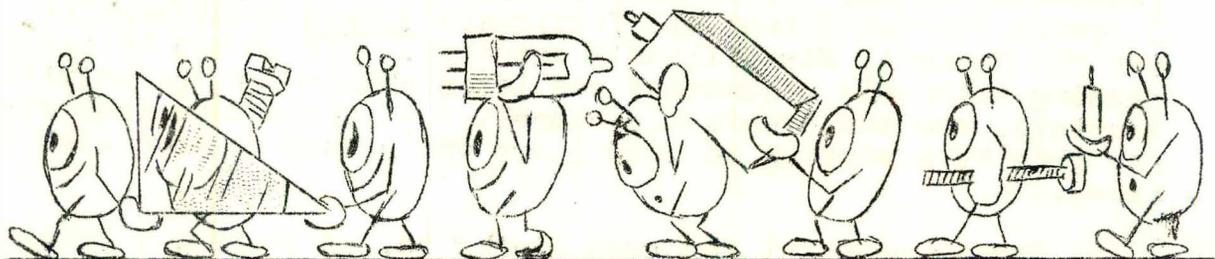
I hear the gadget works . Maybe. Before I start wasting any more time I'd like the answers to some questions, like these for instance:-

1. The gadget will operate if the amplifier power is switched off, but not if a wire is broken. Why do the emanations not nip smartly from the electrical to the optical code of behaviour, and jump the gap?
2. The gadget presupposes that "there are radiations emanating from or released from each of the known elements constituting material matter". Without being noseey about what other kinds of matter there are, has any proud experimenter yet sorted out a spot on the dial for oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and like that? And how about copper? You know, they make wires with it.
3. Has anyone tried to repeat TeeGee's plant experiment? He put some boxes of seeds in a dark basement. One box was left alone as a control. The others had cobs of metal placed near them, each connected by a wire to another cob in the light and air. First box grew not, neither had it chlorophyll. Others all reasonably healthy and bright green. It says so in the patent, so there. Seems to me as though that experiment alone is worth repeating, although its on a quite different tack from sticky amplifiers. How about it, J. the Younger, you must have a good stock of dungeons about, what with the children and all...?

And so it goes on. Any old woman of either sex told to operate such a machine would soon start to sweat, and that alone would alter the "tactile sensation". Of course a hysterical imagination helps.

By the way, I know about these latest capers with questionable drawings on grubby little bits of paper, and maybe we'll sort that out too, a bit later on.

For now, I hate everybody.



THAT DEMN'D ELUSIVE

HARRISON!

It is with some trepidation that I embark upon this article. You will recall that in earlier editions of SD we ran several articles on members of LaSFAS, exposing the Truth about their nefarious activities. Exposing the Truth about Bill Harrison (Sir William to his friends), however, is likely to bring on a fund of libel suits, questions in the House, international incidents, and broken treaties, not to mention the end of lifelong friendships. So we must be circumspect, and try not to delve too deeply into the darker aspects of his life, which exist, after all, in the lives of all of us.† The only difference is that in Sir William's case these aspects are of an inky, impenetrable nature. In his defence, though, it must be stated with all honesty that he is the complete vindication of the British Way of Life. It is good to note too, that the long line of Englishmen who insist on asking for tea on the top of the Matterhorn, who presume all foreigners are uncivilised (foreigners meaning, specifically, those who are not English), and who speak of the Continent as being "isolated by fog" - it is good to know that this long line is not dead. Kipling himself would have been proud to meet him.

A little anecdote illustrates this point. Some years ago, when visiting Paris, we chanced upon a smallish restaurant, where we ordered lunch. Sir William, knowing little French (after all, only the French would be idiotic enough to speak it), had some difficulty in making his requirements understood. The waiter went away with a distinctly worried look on his face. He might well have done, for of course he returned with the wrong order. Eventually the trouble was sorted out, and Sir William, with considerable wrath, remarked that "all these fellows should be compulsorily taught English". I respectfully pointed out that we were in France, and that it really was up to us to learn French. Sir William brought his fist down on the table with a resounding crash, "Certainly not" he boomed. And to this day I remain convinced that all foreigners should speak English, such was the force of Sir William's oratory. It should be noted in passing that this restaurant was later shunned by the British tourists, and was eventually compelled to close down completely. Let this be a warning to foreigners who refuse to move with the times.

Bill's penchant for good living is, of course, a byword. Only the better-class restaurants will receive his patronage, and they had best be careful how they serve the wine. His bete noire in this country is warm white, and many are the wine waiters who have incurred his displeasure. Many, too, are the Head

throughout the land who have learned to tremble at the approach of "Old Roman-Nose", as he has been disrespectfully referred to. It is, indeed, this very feature that is inclined to strike terror into the unfavoured (as well as elderly ladies).

He dresses with the careless ease which distinguishes the more leisured classes ("leisured" being a politer term than "lazy"), and is an admirable example of Saville Row tailoring⁴.

His delight in good food and drink is matched by his interest in the fair sex, and it is in this respect that he differs from the Traditional Englishmen of yore. His reputation on the Continent is a mixture of admiration and awe (in France), and decadent English licentiousness (in Germany)⁵. Not wishing to lower the tone of this magazine, I will therefore draw a veil⁶ over the Incident of the Austrian's Mistress, The Affair of The Parisian Night-Club Girl, The Viennese Bubble Bath Stripper, and The Hackney Wick Nautch Dancer. No doubt "The News of the World" will cover this side of the story in due course.

As head of the London Chapter of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society, he has carried out his duties with conscientiousness and outstanding ability, and the Chapter has now attained the all-time record membership of One.

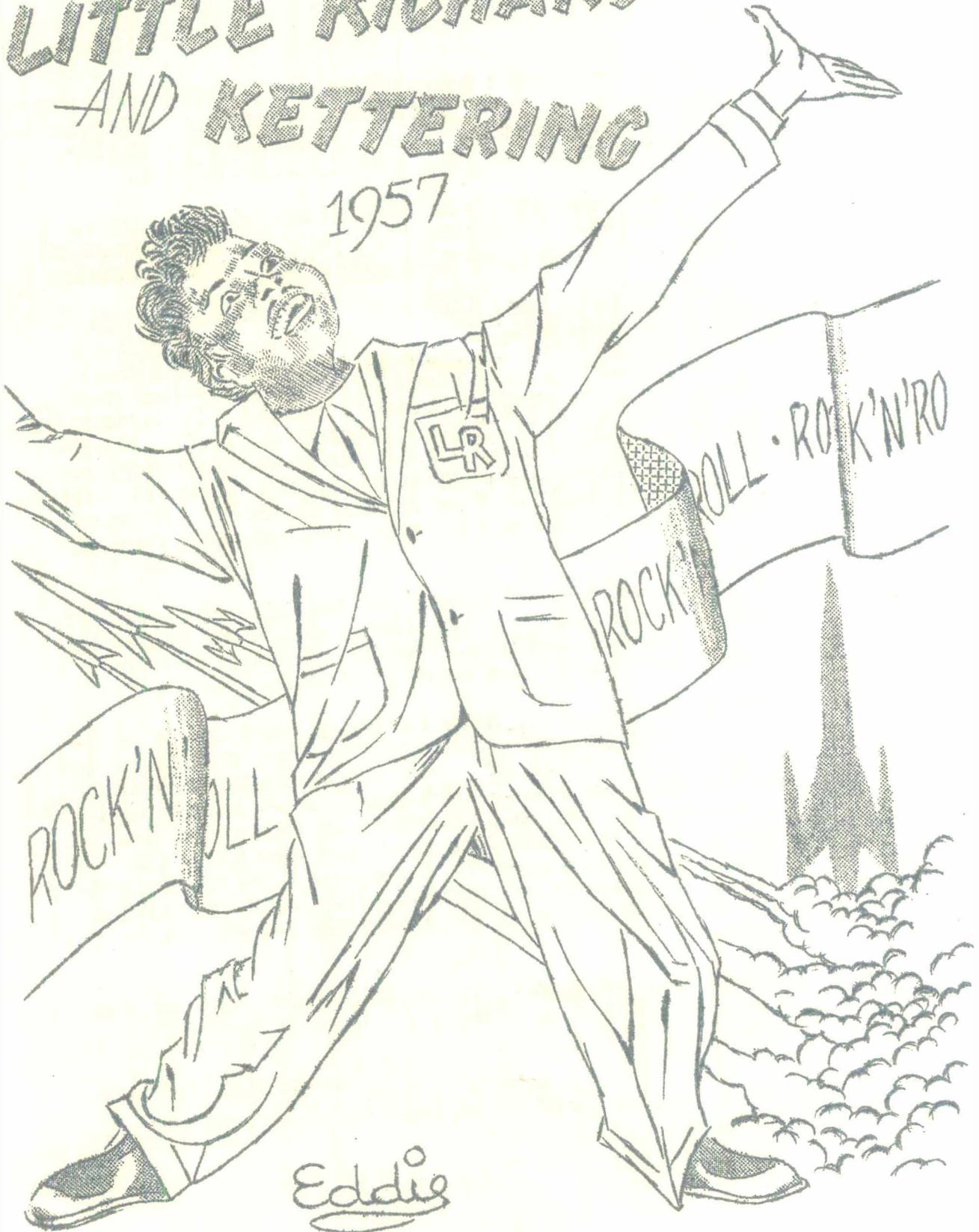
He is still on the right side of forty, and it is to be hoped that he will not see fit to emigrate, for the Hub of the Empire needs him yet. It is rumoured in some quarters that a certain Middle-East dictator - who shall remain nameless - quakes in his sandals at the mere mention of Harrison, the Master Intriguer; for who else but he could persuade the Egyptians to buy dirty postcards?⁷ I remember, too, an incident in the Algerian quarter of Paris... but that is another story, the film rights of which have already been sold to Alfred Hitchcock.

Let us conclude, then, by saying that while men of the breed of Sir William Harrison are to be found, England is safe and the Empire secure.

H. Stanley Nuttall.

(for additional notes, comments & observations on the above, please turn to p.16)

LITTLE RICHARD AND KETTERING 1957



The Little Richard Recital given on the Mercer Mobile Music-Box at Cytricon III evoked an enthusiasm sufficient to justify these few notes on one of the most remarkable virtuosi of the present day. Richard may be described as a basso profundo with counter-tenor affiliations, and the timbre and flexibility of his voice, unexcelled by Sumac herself, is exploited to the full in the expression of that "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" * which is his most immediately apparent characteristic :

She's got it; ooh, baby, she's got it;
Ooooooh, baby, she's got it, Ah cain' live without hah !

There is nothing in Stravinsky more dynamic than the final section of this work.*² Indeed, as composer and performer alike, Richard has brought a new vigour and resiliency into music. In "Slippin' and Slidin'" (considered by many to be his most mature achievement) he bewails the infidelity of his love :

Ah bin tol' , baby, you bin bol' ;

but immediately reasserts his psychological flexibility*³ and innate joie de vivre in no uncertain terms :

Ah won' be yo' fool no mo' ! *4

Only rarely does this natural ebullience desert him; however , in "I'm Just A Lonely Guy" (remarkable for its lyrical and harmonic subtleties), his particular neurosis results in a mood of delicate sadness:

If mah baby cain' be foun',
Ah'm go'n't' th' rivah, jump ovahboard 'n' drown ! *5

This Jacquesian, almost neurasthenic melancholy, which is threaded through even the most extrovert of his ballads, tempers his natural exuberance to give his work its peculiar flavour.*⁶ In composition and execution alike he has broken free from the sterility and imitativeness of contemporary 'Traditional' jazz, and working almost completely outside the European harmonic framework, has reached forth into a new and vibrant world of sound, a world of liberty, decency and human dignity, where mutual tolerance shall prevail, and where free men of every nation shall arise in their countless millions to depose that tyrant who now holds court at Versailles.

John Owen

+++++

* "Of the Principles Of Poetry And The 'Lyrical Ballads'", in A.B.Grosart(ed.), "The Prose Works of William Wordsworth" (London, 1876).

*2 "She's Got It", Penniman & Marascalco(M.C.P.S., 1956).

*3 Cezanne's words to Joachim Gasquet(1931) may be cited here; "Je suis patraque. Les yeux, oui, les yeux !....Je vois les plans se chevauchant.....les lignes droites me paraissent tomber."

*4 "Slippin' and Slidin'", R.Penniman (M.C.P.S., 1956).

*5 "I'm Just A Lonely Guy", La Bostric(M.C.P.S., 1956).

*6 Vide Chap.IV, "Aesthetics", Benedetto Croce, trans. Douglas Ainslie, Heinemann, 1927; also "Racing & Football Outlook," Jan.15th, 1953, for further exploration of this subject.

SCIENCE AND FICTION by PATRICK MOORE

Moore covers the usual ground with respect to early space fiction, but in much more detail than is usual. Beginning with our old friend Lucian, he ploughs turgidly through Anaxagoras, Plutarch, Kepler, de Bergerac, Voltaire, Godwin and Gonzales, and devotes then a chapter each to Verne and Wells.

He arrives at the pulp sf magazine at p.71, but before coming to this point there is a tirade against BEMS and horror comics, supported by well-worn arguments, and interspersed with scientific "arguments", e.g. why no advanced forms of life could possibly exist on Mars, Venus or elsewhere. He carries the true-to-the-facts-of-science banner with fanatic rigour and rejects tales depicting faster than light travel or any other "impossible" feature.

Along with BEMS and other unscientific concepts he denounces what he calls the Gloom School ("the curse of modern sf"), and his remedy is "the establishment of a magazine devoted exclusively to technically accurate science-fiction, proper science articles and sound reviews". What is wrong he finishes up is that the average magazine of today is "not representative of true SF as written by Jules Verne, Godwin and Lucian."

The tenor of his argument is: "For true SF an authentic background becomes essential...Consider the analogy of the historical novel...A story which centres round Napoleon's victory at Waterloo is not likely to be well received, simply because practically everybody knows that Napoleon did not win at Waterloo." (Bring the Jubilee and many similar stories show the false logic of this argument). "Similarly most people know by now that BEMS, anti-gravity and space-guns are equally out of the question and novels which make use of them cannot be taken seriously except by

continued on page 28

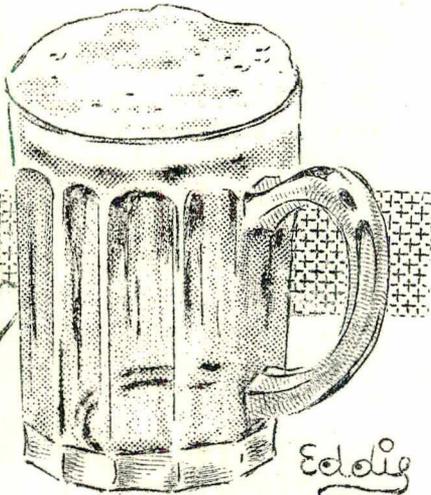
Continued from p.13

Notes on "That Demn'd Elusive Harrison"

by John Owen

1. Speak for yourself.
2. But Kipling did meet him (Aug.11th, 1906). "Introduced to most interesting young fellow in Chutney Club", he records in his diary. "Best type of Englishman, though politics a little too right-wing for my own taste, (advocated complete extermination of Lower Orders). His gastronomic taste is very fine, and gave rise to an amusing incident during dinner, when he beat a waiter savagely with his rhinoceros-hide whip for serving Chablis in a red-tinted glass."
3. One should never argue with W.H. about the learning of languages, the policies of Lord Palmerston, the economics of the automobile industry, or Aneurin Bevan.
4. Saville Row, Tooting Bec, that is.
5. In Wales, of course, he would be considered something of a prude.
6. Spoilsport!
7. E.C. Tubb could probably run him pretty close.

A TOPER'S TREASURY



You know, when you come to think of it, it's quite remarkable the importance which alcohol has in Fandom and fannish doings! There are very few organisations or movements - call 'em what you will - who take the subject so seriously. If you go into a sports club, political club or, for that matter, any mundane type of club where the bar plays an important part, you will find the usual crowd of devoted drinkers, BUT these people tend to stick conservatively to the same old tippie and rarely discuss it or comment on it except to remark that the beer's better or worse than usual.

In Fandom, however, there appears to be an entirely different approach..... At parties and conventions (and even at club meetings where organised groups exist) hours are spent discussing the relative merits and demerits of different sorts of booze. Furthermore, there is a distinct tendency towards experimentation, the trying of something new. It's fair comment, I think, to claim that LaSFaS is well to the fore in such matters, and this series of articles is devoted to an exposition of our discoveries in the field of Brighter Drinking.

A good start, I think, is to revive some ancient history and mention that well-known beverage - BLOG. As you know, this was introduced to Fandom at the first Cyt-ricon and several versions were produced. However, only two of these are recognised by LaSFaS and I propose to deal with these alone..... BLOG Mk.I was produced by Peter Hamilton at a LaSFaS room party and is considered to be the only version of any fannish significance. It comprised a Brandy-&-Egg Flip base to which was added Blackcurrant Puree, Alka Seltzer and Beechams Powder. It was a dark, ~~viscid~~ viscous, brownish-looking fluid with a mild

effervescence. It was highly alcoholic and not unpleasant to the taste. I DO NOT, however, recommend anyone to try to drink it in quantity. BLOG Mk.II was produced by the hotel barmen in response to a public demand which was doubtless excited by the LaSFaS publicity campaign in progress in the hotel. This potion comprised a half-pint of Cider to which was added a measure of Rum. This drink was also most intoxicating and I strongly recommend it. Sundry other versions were also produced but these were, at best, only half-hearted and extempore efforts and cannot be considered true BLOG.

Now we come to Cytricon III and POLEAXE PUNCH. This definitely comes under the heading of exotica and, as made, comprised three bottles of Polish White Spirit (140° Proof), one & a half bottles of Jamaica Rum, one bottle of Medium-sweet Sherry, half a dozen Lemons, three large cans of Fruit Salad and ten small bottles of Sparkling Lemonade. Served by the half-pint, it very soon injected its own note into the party spirit and it was interesting to observe that a number of justly-renowned toppers were only able to manage one helping. The only fault with this brew was that it was a trifle too sweet but the recipe has now been amended and this fault eliminated. The Mk.II punch uses a dry wine of the Chablis type instead of the Sherry, a can of Grapefruit instead of one of the Fruit Salad and three or four more Lemons. I've tried to estimate the strength of the stuff and it comes out at something like 60° Proof which is strong enough for practically anybody. I do know that, after drinking my share, I reached a very exalted state but of course, I had a large number of 'tasters' while I was doing the mixing. The name, incidently, is by courtesy of members of the Cheltenham mob who managed, very nicely, to combine major ingredient and effect into an easily remembered nomen.

Another product of the wily Pole which is worthy of note is WISNIOWKA (pronounced variously as 'vish-noof-ka' & 'wij-nuf-ka'). This is a cherry liqueur with a vodka base and pleasantly astringent flavour. For those who don't like the cloying sweetness of most liqueurs, this is the stuff - if you can get it!!

Now for the merits of PINEAPPLE JUICE..... A rather unlikely topic, you might think, for an article of this nature - so, before I go any further, let me assure you of its usefulness. This stuff has the peculiar property of altering or disguising the flavours of all types of drink without imposing its own flavour TOO strongly on the resulting mixture. Take, for example, a recent invention of John Roles - Guinness Maryland (or, if you prefer it, Southern

WOT APANS NOW?

I have a disclosure to make in the best traditions of TRUE Magazine; there is a cancer on the body of Fandom. A horribly virulent growth which, if not halted, will maim and disfigure its host body.

The technical term for this growth is APA, or Amateur Publishing Association. It goes by other names and has many mutant strains, but this is its most usual nomenclature. By any other name it would stink just as much.

To the perdition of this cancer, and to its removal from the flesh which it is making-over into its own ugly, malignant self is this article dedicated.

"How is APA evil?" you ask. List, and I will tell you! Let me tell you the story of a young fan of great promise..... He shall be nameless for he has now passed over into the limbo where Trufandom holds no sway. His is a sad and sorry story and illustrates, only too well, the damage that APA does.

He was a young fan, of fine open visage, and with a wit which was boundless. He read Authentic Science Fiction, he was young and innocent. One day he happened to stumble across a revue of a fanzine; "What is this?" he thought, "A magazine only for fen? I am a fan, I must write to the editor." And he wrote to the editor, enclosing a postally inscribed certificate for twelve pence. In return he received some forty pages of fire and thunder, sense of wonder.

It enthralled him, entranced him; "What have I been missing?" was his train of thought. He read it through, then read it through again in the seclusion of his room. It was not long before the thought hit him: "I too, must write like this!". He plotted and scrawled, neglected his girl friend and refused to take the dog for a walk. After several weeks of incubation he had his first article, it was sent together with a long letter of comment to the editor of his most prized possession. And, joy upon joy, it was received with open arms by The Editor, who promised immediate publication and illustrations by Atom.

The article was published, he received letters and fanzines, one-shots and invitations to contribute. Within a few

months he was one of the most prized assets of several fan editors. His prose was prolific, he was invited to Belfast.

He was a faan. His name was on everyones' lips, he even got mentioned in a Derogation. When he went to his first convention throngs surrounded him, waving pink, blue and yellow sheets. Bheer was thrust upon him. Peter Reaney asked for his autograph.

He came home sated and deified. He wrote a convention report thirty pages long. He brooded over it, smoking endless cigarettes, chewing on typewriter-broken nails. It was a masterpiece, he was proud of it.

Then came the idea. This was too good to entrust to other hands - he must publish it himself! "But how?", he had no duplicator, he wanted it to come as a surprise to fandom..... Surveying his hardly-saved vacation money he reached the decision, he must buy a duplicator. He did, and it cost him almost all the monies he had. He bought stencils, and ink, a stylus and lettering guides. He suddenly discovered that he was broke. That same day a letter arrived from the O.E. of C.R.A.P.A. (Cathode Ray Amateur Publishing Association), a chap who he'd met at the con and who'd previously sent him a pile of back mailings of the society. He was next on the waiting list "and was he still interested in CRAPA?".

"Was he?" He was! He couldn't afford to publish enough copies of his conrep to send everyone, but obviously here was an opportunity to send his brain-child, as yet unbaptised, to an eager audience, and what is more one which could be counted-on to comment wisely and well.

He wrote back immediately, and began cutting stencils. He received forms to sign, sent in his subscription, got the date the next mailing was due. He made the date, sent off his duplicated, collated and stapled epic wrapped in heavy brown paper to the O.E.

He received a brief note a few days later to the effect that his opus had been mailed off together with the other contributions to the mailing (which he should receive shortly).

He also received an irate note from the Editor who had published his first article - "Where the blazing blue last word on page 28 of Holy Klono was the episode of his serial for this issue ?!?" He wrote back, "I'm very sorry but I was halfway through duplicating my APazine when your earlier letter arrived, and I've just started on stencilling the next issue - I'll do my best to let you have something soon".

At this time let us draw a veil over the activities of our, formerly, young and innocent fan. Suffice it to say that his contributions to the subzines became fewer and fewer, shorter and shorter. He was now an APA member..... Eventually he became O.E. himself and married the secretary. However, that is not part of our sad story.

I can only hope that his story has awakened you, the reader, to the horror and insidious menace of APAs. I can only implore you to ignore this cancer which is drawing away the life-blood of Fandom, enticing the fan who was formerly kept in poverty by the subzine editor, like myself, by enabling him to publish his own zine.

Is there any regular contributor you haven't heard from recently? Better check, he may have joined an APA!!

If you have a fannish friend whom you know intends joining an APA, dissuade him..... Use cajolery, beat him over the head with The Harp Stateside, even..... But don't let him ~~get away~~ join an APA. Drop hints wherever possible undermining the APAs - if they write and ask you to join tell them "NO, I've just entered a monastery!".

On the other hand, if you happen to be in correspondence with NGW, Peter Reaney or Brian Burgess, implore them to join. We must fight with every weapon!

After all, you don't want to have to write your own fanzine, do you??

Eric Bentcliffe

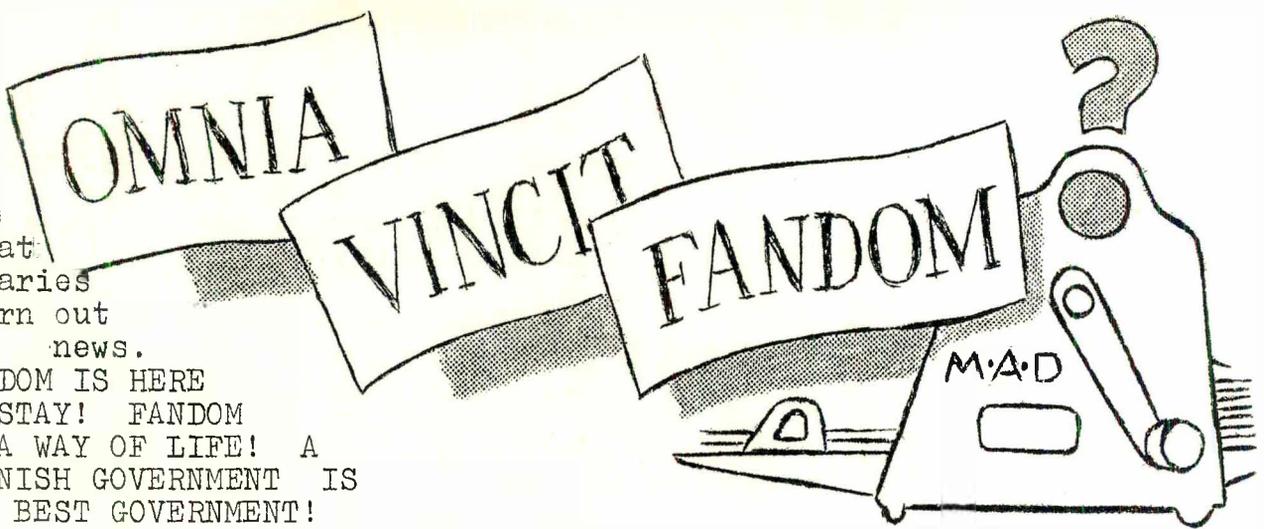
(Continued from P. 18)

Fried Guinness), which consists, quite simply, of Guinness & Pineapple juice. There shouldn't be too much juice or the drink becomes characterless - used sparingly it removes the bitterness which some people find objectionable in Guinness without radically altering its other characteristics..... Try Pineapple Juice with spirits - it's very pleasant - and if you're at a party where they only have spirits which you don't normally like, Pineapple Juice will make 'em palatable. Norman Shorrocks recommends Brandy-&-Pineapple! I haven't tried it myself but if it's anything like Rum-&-Pineapple, it'll be OK for me.....

Well, I've barely scratched the surface..... No mention of cocktails & only the barest mention of bheer!! I guess that they'll just have to wait till next time..... Meanwhile - Bottoms up!!

Dave Newman
(Has own glass, will travel)

The great rotaries churn out the news. FANDOM IS HERE TO STAY! FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE! A FANNISH GOVERNMENT IS THE BEST GOVERNMENT!



These and a host of other slogans, are so well known as to have become cliches; sheer repetition has made the non-fannish populace believe them to be the truth. But what is the truth? What are the secret terrors which beset Trufandom? What are these secrets which we dare not reveal to the many-headed lest we perish, and Fandom with us.

I reveal here for the first time the ghastly, humiliating facts of this modern world; this monstrous Fantopia we have so rashly created. I proclaim in this Secret and Confidential Document Not For Circulation, our dismal and desolate failure to infuse the light of Fannish Purpose into the Civil Service.

The greatest failure of all should have been our greatest triumph. I refer of course to the newly constituted Mimeograph, Addressograph and Duplicator Board which was to revolutionise the industry and provide duplicators for all Fandom. Yet the MAD board, even under the organising genius of a Wansborough, can not yet cope with the demands of its own staff for more and ever more duplicators.

We can now see that our great mistake was in omitting to liquidate Civil Servants en masse; but those of us who were in government employment in their spare time, persuaded the more rational of our numbers against such action. We now regret this, but the damage has been done, and we must all share in the blame.

Sir Norman was allowed to staff his Board with personnel from the defunct Ministry for Indoor Sports, and the Fertiliser Commission; yet none realised the effect of bringing these two great organisations to premature ends with important projects still incomplete.

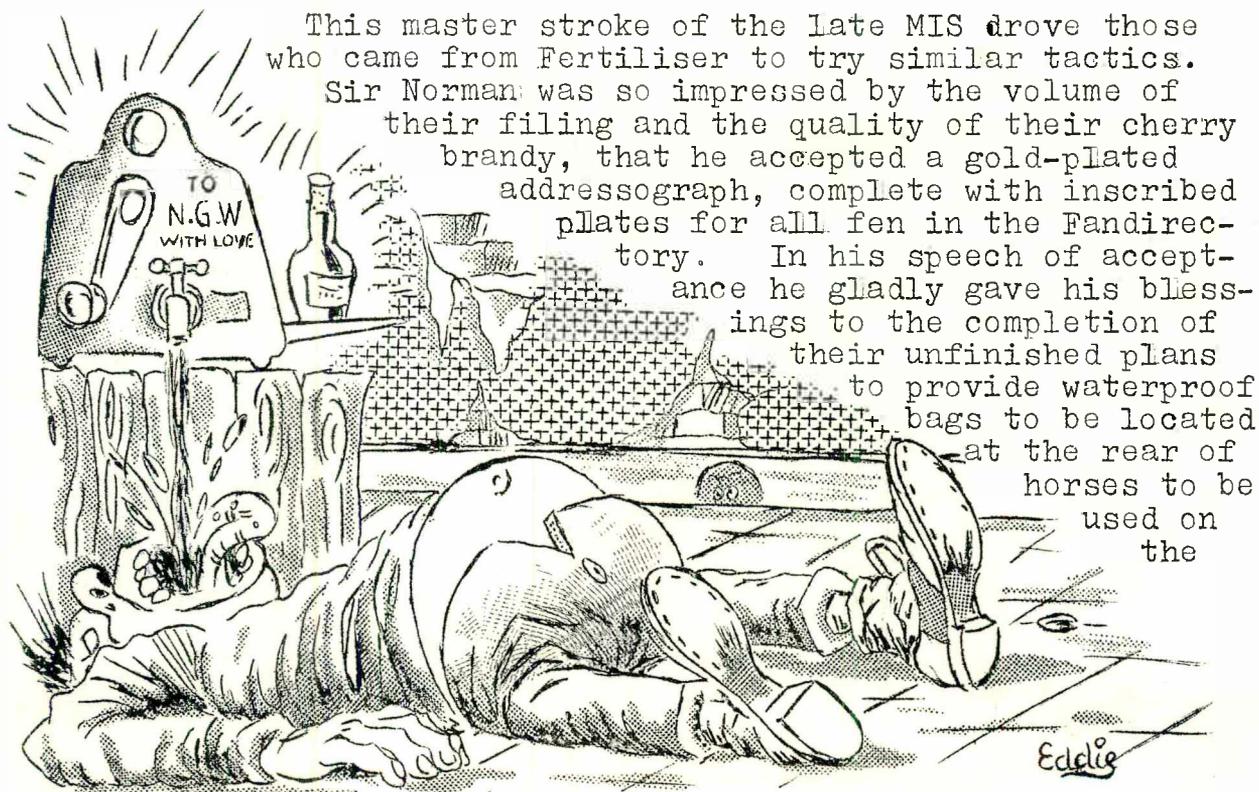
Naturally enough, Sir Norman could give no attention to this minor facet of the overall problem. His forte has always been organisation. The brilliant repartee and ringing speeches, which have made his name a byword, were to make their mark on the new Board as never before. The famous phrase "At least a hundred duplicators for every fanzine" resounded throughout the MAD board

even before the new staff realised that they had been re-mustered.

Yet these great words rebounded on to his head. With the low cunning typical of Indoor Sports and Fertiliser people, the magnificent slogan was distorted. The last three words being craftily omitted.

Then indeed was the way open for their sly schemes. Instead of forms in sextuplicate, they devised a new system; a system so obviously superior to all others that it rapidly spread to infest other government establishments. Known as Code 53, its prime virtue was extreme flexibility, which, combined with a revised method of seven figure diagonal filing of all correspondence and forms, enabled anyone who received anything in writing to keep as many copies as were desired. This in turn allowed every person to pass everything for consideration while still keeping all copies in their possession.

Sir Norman was so impressed by the volume of correspondence thus rendered available that he accepted a gold-plated duplicator with built-in cherry brandy dispenser from his loyal staff, and allowed those from Indoor Sports to continue with their revision of the rules of Halma, with the proviso that they send him an original copy when the work was finally completed.



This master stroke of the late MIS drove those who came from Fertiliser to try similar tactics. Sir Norman was so impressed by the volume of their filing and the quality of their cherry brandy, that he accepted a gold-plated addressograph, complete with inscribed plates for all men in the Pandirectory. In his speech of acceptance he gladly gave his blessings to the completion of their unfinished plans to provide waterproof bags to be located at the rear of horses to be used on the

proposed floating canal across the English Channel.

There the matter rests.

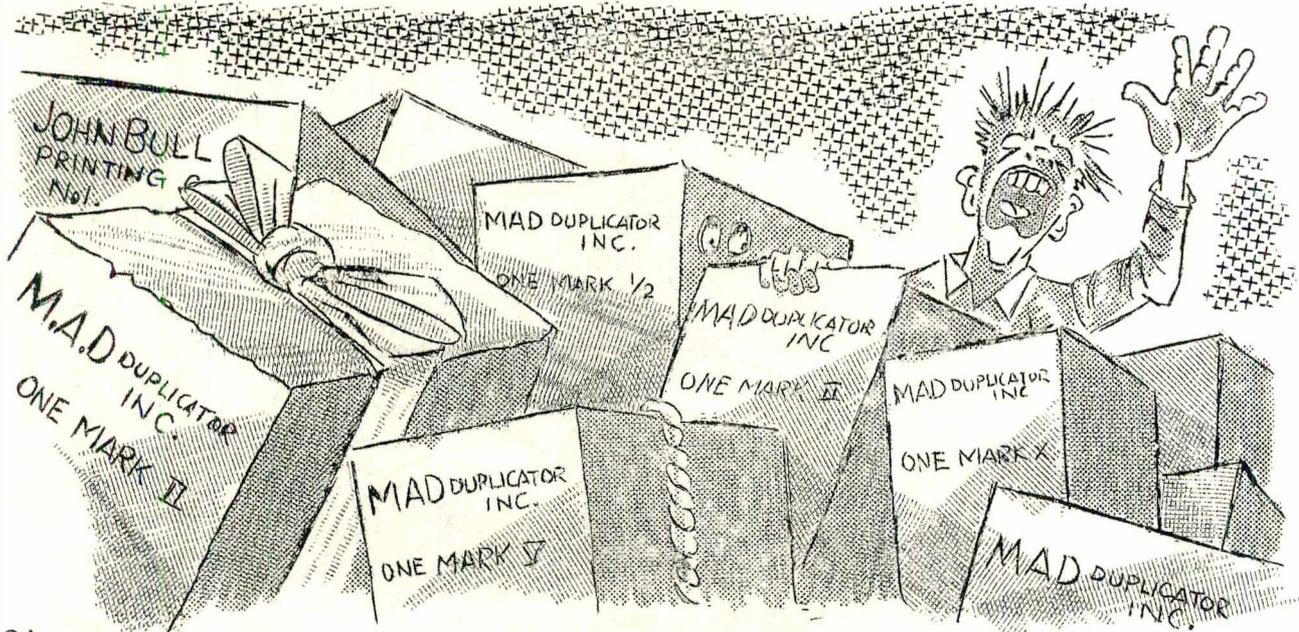
The duplicator factories, on the highest possible priority, are working as never before, but under the malign influence of Code 53 the entire output is being absorbed by the MAD Board and the current target of 100 duplicators for each person on its staff is not estimated to be reached for another 38 years.

This then is our failure. The MAD Board is an island of duplicators unable to supply the howling fen beyond its shores, and we have famine where we intended plenty.

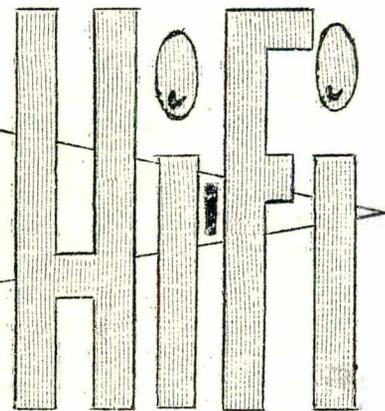
Sir Norman could undoubtedly extricate us from this impasse, but he cannot be reached. All efforts to do so have so far been frustrated by the evil machinations of Code 53.

There is but one resource left to us; we must invade the MAD Board, free the duplicators and rescue Sir Norman. In a cloud of warring beanies, flashing styli and deadly staples we must sweep on to victory or Fandom has seen its Last Fanzine. And victory must be ours or our way of life is a thing of little worth, when such fanzines as NIRVANA become as if they had never been, and BIPED is let die stillborn.

So let us on to battle and, Ghod willing, hold a MADCON to celebrate victory snatched from the jaws of desolation.



LO-DOWN ON



This article will be to help you achieve a reasonably high standard of reproduction without a great outlay of money - which I take it is what most fans are short of. This is also where I shall differ from the many books on the subject, whose concern is naturally with the perfection of disc playback and this comes heavily on the pocket. Also I shall keep these articles as simple as possible and try to avoid too many technicalities. And then, most important, if this series is of no interest to you, please say so and I can then go back to my other pursuits - wimmen and such (such what?)

First let us see what High Fidelity is not. Such phrases as "an orchestra in your room" and "you are there" are rubbish. Whatever you do you can never get over the fact that you are listening to a record. There are several reasons for this; one is that when playing a record the sound all comes from one source - the loudspeaker. This is known as "monaural reproduction". Now normally we listen with two ears and their distance apart helps us determine where different sounds come from. This effect is called, obviously, "binaural". This is exactly the same as with our eyes, their distance apart giving us the ability to determine distance.

In other words the difference between "monaural and binaural sounds is in direct comparison to ordinary photographs and the stereoscopic variety". Binaural sound can of course be reproduced (usually called stereophonic sound) and can be heard with certain CinemaScope epics and with Cinerama. Stereophonic sound in the home is now available from twin-track tapes but as the cost is in the region of £250 we will forget about it for the time being. So we are left with monaural reproduction, which we will come back to in a moment.

Another reason why "you are there" is baloney concerns the fact that you cannot conceivably reproduce a full orchestra in your living room neither in conditions nor in sound output. You must, if you still want to live in the room, play records at a reduced level. Thus some of your "reality" is lost. It is for reasons given above that solo instruments are always the most effective in Hi-Fi as they can be reproduced at the same level as normal and the monaural effect is not applicable.

To return to monaural reproduction. You have seen the difference between an ordinary snapshot taken with a cheap camera and a photograph taken with, say, a Leica. The better camera brings up detail, delicate differences of light and shade are apparent, the whole effect is sharper and more distinct. It is the same with Hi-Fi as compared with ordinary reproduction. Orchestral detail is brought up, more delicate differences of tonal colour are there, the brass stands out sharp and clear, strings have that peculiar "guttty" quality, the double bass sounds distinct without being "boomy". In some respects it can be said that you are standing by an open window with the orchestra beyond. Now we are not concerned here with how this is achieved by the designers, but what we must look for amongst the bewildering array of contemporary equipment to enable us to purchase something worthwhile, without breaking the bank.

So let us consider what we require. First of all we want a turntable and pickup, next an amplifier to boost the signal from the pickup and finally a loudspeaker system. As the amplifier is the most nearly perfect item in the chain it is in many ways the easiest to choose. The main differences as far as we are concerned lie in the controls: some for instance have easy facilities for use with tape decks which means that the amplifier and loudspeaker can be used as part of a tape-recorder so effecting a considerable saving should you later decide to go in for such a thing.

Prices of amplifiers vary from £15 to £50. Now whereas the most expensive of these are capable of superb results, these results will only be apparent when used with the most expensive pickups and loudspeakers. On speaker systems under say £80 the differences between a £50 and a £25 amplifier are difficult to detect by ear alone.

Of course the dearer amplifiers have facilities which the cheaper do not. Let us look at these and decide which are strictly necessary and which are not. All the amplifiers we would consider have volume, treble and bass controls, so we can take these for granted. In addition the majority have some form of record characteristic control. The reason for this is that LP records are records with treble emphasis and bass de-emphasis - this for technical reasons. To play them as they are would result in screechy treble and a lack of bass. The normal bass and treble controls will compensate this of course, but to do it accurately a separate control is usually provided. Now until recently the different record companies had their own ideas as to how much treble emphasis and bass de-emphasis they would use. Consequently amplifier makers such as Quad provided for 15 different playback characteristics by means of push buttons! Happily the record companies have now standardised on a

particular characteristic - the RIAA curve - and all current LPs are being recorded on this. Thus our control need only have, for essentials, the 78 position and the RIAA position.

Usually even the cheaper amplifiers will have in addition one or two other playback curves, which are useful for older LPs, plus a position for radio and/or mike. Some amplifiers have a 'loudness' control which is of doubtful virtue. The idea of this is that at different volume levels the balance of treble and bass is maintained automatically. There are many technical reasons for and against such a control but even some of the most expensive amplifiers don't have one. Suffice to say you don't need one, so why pay for it?

Another control very often fitted is called a 'filter'. The purpose of this is to subdue any inherent distortion such as surface noise that may be present on a record without cutting out too much of the music. There are various schools of thought as to how this is best achieved. Some controls are marked '9Kcs', '7Kcs' and '5Kcs' with fixed attenuation at each of those frequencies. Others have in addition a control whereby you can vary the attenuation according to taste. The latter is usually found only on the more expensive amplifiers. Such controls are obviously useful but even the best are still in the nature of a compromise - one can't get rid of all surface noise, not without destroying the musical balance anyway.

If you are starting a new record collection the chances are you don't really need a filter, if on the other hand you have a collection of old 78s some form of filter is desirable. Quite a number of medium priced amplifiers incorporate such a control, though usually not a very elaborate one.

So let us summarise. We need the following: volume, treble, bass, record playback and (possibly) filter controls. All these, bearing in mind the above, can be found in the medium priced range of amplifiers - say between £22 and £30 - which still gives us quite a wide choice. Two other things to look for are; first, output. 10 watts will be sufficient for all domestic requirements; it is pointless to pay additional money for an amplifier giving 20 watts - you'll never need it. The other thing to look for is a very important one, and that is the input sensitivity for pickups. Some of the medium range cannot accept the signal which certain types of low output pickups give and it is essential to know what type of pickup you intend to use before finally deciding on your amplifier. We shall discuss pickups in our next article but for the moment it is sufficient to say that if your choice has an input sensitivity of around 10 millivolts, this then permits a very wide choice of pickups.

Stan Nuttall

(continued from p.16)

those who do not take the trouble to think." He goes on to devote chapters to Robots, Time Travel, Mutants, Superminds and so on, demolishing each as he goes; riding rough-shod over concepts about which some of the best material in the field has been written. Moore denies science fiction the very wonder that is its glory. A story about immortals for instance, is bad per se, because immortality is impossible. The possibility of intellectual exercise or the aesthetic pleasure, he ignores completely.

The tone of his criticism gives the impression that his magazine reading finished in the late '30s, and the following quotation gives a revealing glimpse of his peculiar outlook.

"Science Wonder Quarterly, an early American magazine of sciencefiction which maintained an unusually high standard ... I have often wondered why the magazine failed to survive in its original form."

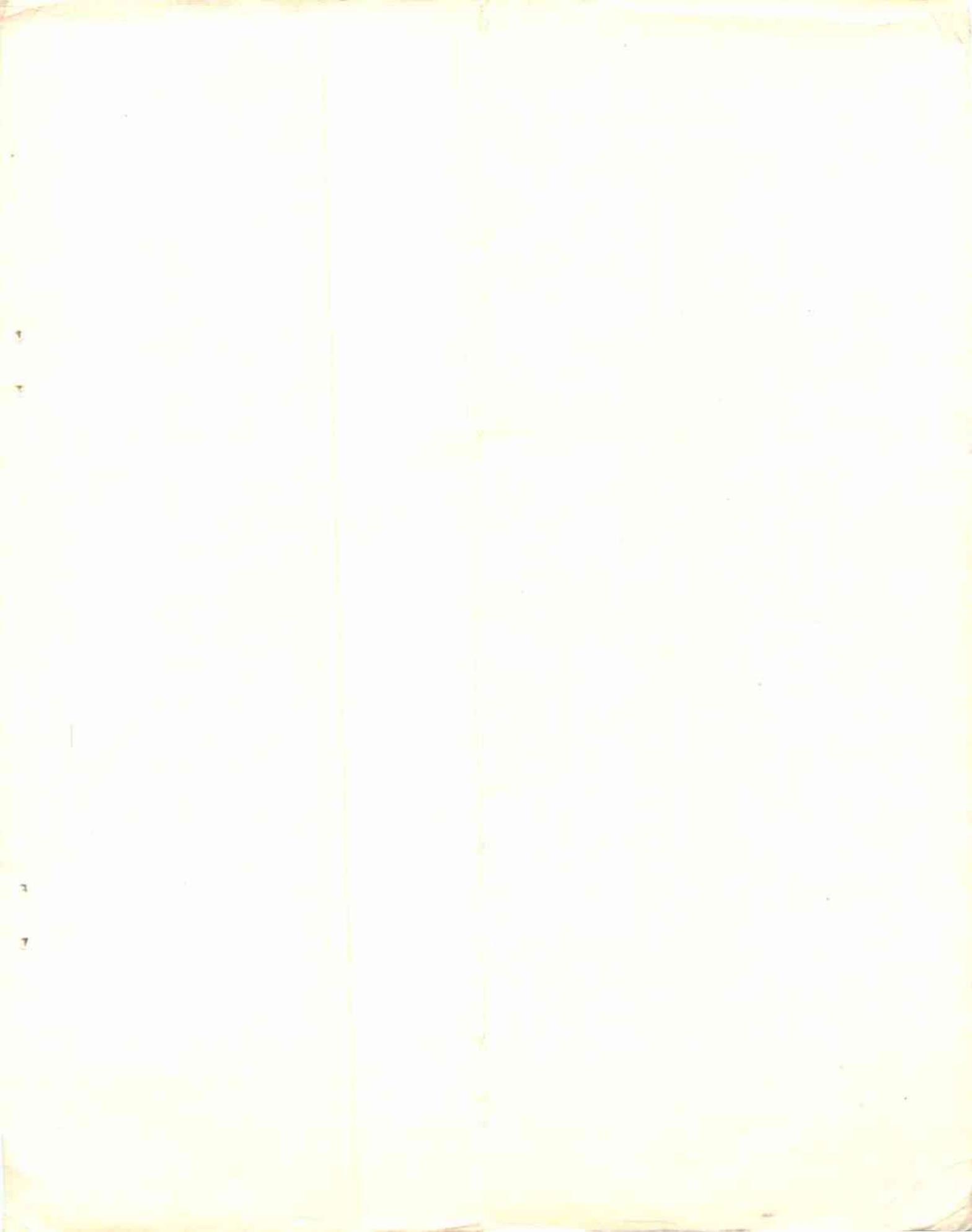
Although he praises some of Arthur Clarke's work, even this is tempered with cautionary reservations. The only part of the book where he lets his hair down with unreserved praise, is in connection with "Destination Moon": "viewed from any angle DM was a splendid picture."

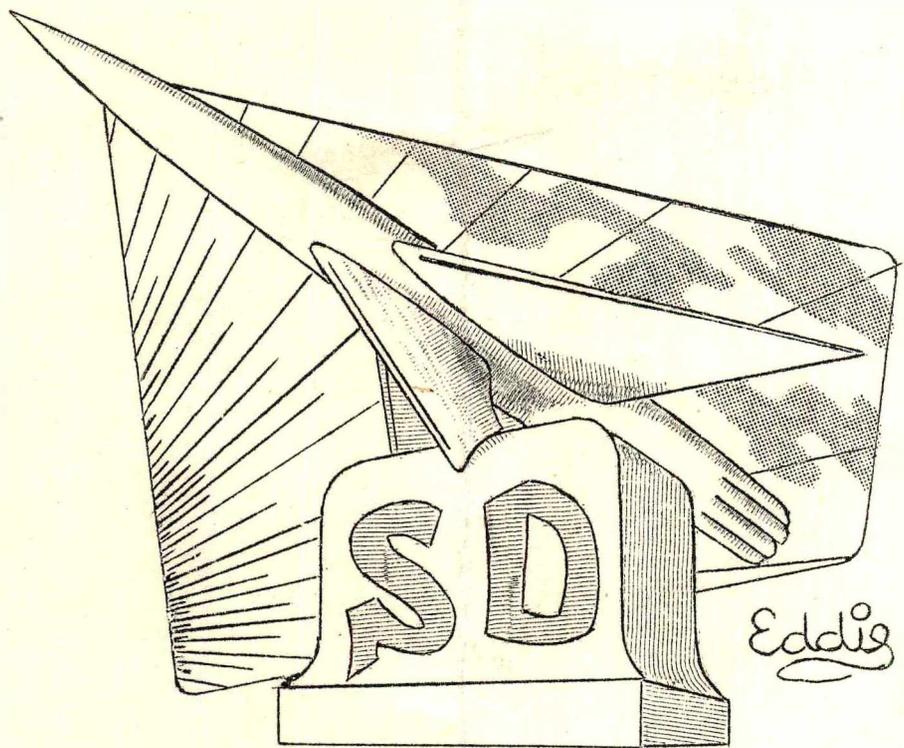
There is one odd passage in which his soured gaze falls on the fanzine. He says; truly enough, that readers of the more fantastic type of SF are above all clannish. "They meet, talk and exchange ideas and publications" then, "...the standard is variable. I recently read through one fanzine, published in Gateshead and came to the last page without having gathered the faintest notion of what it was all about. On the other hand, fan magazines sometimes discover a new young and potentially first class writer and for this reason they are always worth looking at. Moreover they are harmless."

I do not recommend this bigotted, cheerless book to anyone. It was no pleasure to read. From cover to cover an almost unremitting attack on Imaginative Fiction, it reveals the author as one who himself must be totally devoid of imagination, vision and tolerance. I do not think the evaluation of the critic in the Times Literary Supplement can be beaten. He said "A good history of the genre has been badly needed. It still is."

IN SEARCH OF WONDER by DAMON KNIGHT

Why was this book so much more enjoyable than Moore's? The answer is that although in many respects it is no more tolerant, it is a revelation in constructive criticism. Whereas Moore bulldozes his way through an argument against something which doesn't confirm to his peculiarly narrow view, knight uses a surgeon's knife and takes a story apart. Look at him on van Vogt, for instance. He doesn't agree with Campbell's view that "World of A" is "one of those once-in-a-decade classics of sf", but he supports his theory with 11 pages of analytical writing. His criticism is stringent, but one feels that he has the good of sf at heart, and his occasional complaints are designed to encourage rather than quell.





Eddie