



# Space Diversions

NO. 10

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

Publication will be irregular & no subscription is charged. 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 Norman Shorrock, 12a Rumford Place, Liverpool 3.

SD IS THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE  
LIVERPOOL SCIENCE FICTION  
SOCIETY

Once more the Hellions of LaSFaS, after toil, tears and travail, have produced another issue of SD. Hardly a year has gone by and here we are again, but then this prodigious output is in keeping with the usual pace of Society activities.

Much water has flowed under the fan bridge since we last met in these pages. A World Convention has been and gone in London; exchanges of views in various terms have been made on the subjects of TAFF delegates past, present & future; methods of voting for same have been discussed too, with some fervency; the State of Fandom in Britain Today has been made a new cause, and something IS Being Done - as you may know - or if you didn't then you will hear about it later; the question of the necessity for the World Science Fiction Society Inc. is being argued out in some recent fanzine columns; one or two little minor feuds, clashes of personalities and other Bomb-type controversies rage; angry young fan are fanning sulphuriously; fandom is in its normal state of flux and all's right with the world.....

Just as it should be.

Whose side are you on? We? Mmmmmmm..... we're not saying anything. We sit on the fence and, as everyone knows, this is the best way to get both ~~backside/sides~~ sides' backs up!

This is the last SD I shall edit this year. We have decided that it would be a good thing to use the rotation system for the editorship of the magazine; so that the next issue will be under the aegis of Norman Shorrocks, the following one under David Newman and then (if we live that long) back to me, and so on.....

By then, who knows what may have happened in Fandom? There may be no WSFS Incorporated; o-o-o-old & tired fan may have become o-o-o-older & tireder; trufans may even be considering science-fiction again; bosoms, budgerigars & bombs may be taboo in fanzines having gone through a stage when these controversial matters were guaranteed to spark off war; jazz, hi-fi and the stimulating (but uncontroversial) exploits of the G.D.A. may have ousted all else; everyone may be slightly more radioactive, and the final chapter written, by the time I next edit SD!

Now read on.....

JOHN ROLES



# drums along the mercury



## SOCIETY TERCENTENARY

With characteristic perversity, LaSFaS celebrated its 300th. Meeting on the Sunday prior to its 299th (4th. August, 1957)..... Two of Cheltenham's most distinguished denizens - Eric Jones and Bob Richardson - were with us for this intemperate occasion, their St. Fantony insignia glowing proudly upon their blazer pockets; and in Vat 69a that evening we were given the UK premiere of their Circle's clever and amusing publicity film. Later, during one of the preliminary debauches, Eric attempted to hypnotise H. Stanley Nuttall, and indeed, Old Nutters seemed for a moment to have drifted into an untroubled slumber; but, as certain familar signs - twitching shoulders, rotating eyeballs, mumbled obscenities and staccato cries of praise to Harrison - manifested themselves, it became painfully obvious that his condition was in no way attributable to Eric's mesmeric skill, and the experiment was abandoned. Apart from this, though, it was a most successful affair, and you all know what that means! Towards eleven, the survivors teetered away in the direction of Higher Bebington for yet another go..... Let no-one say that the British are effete!!

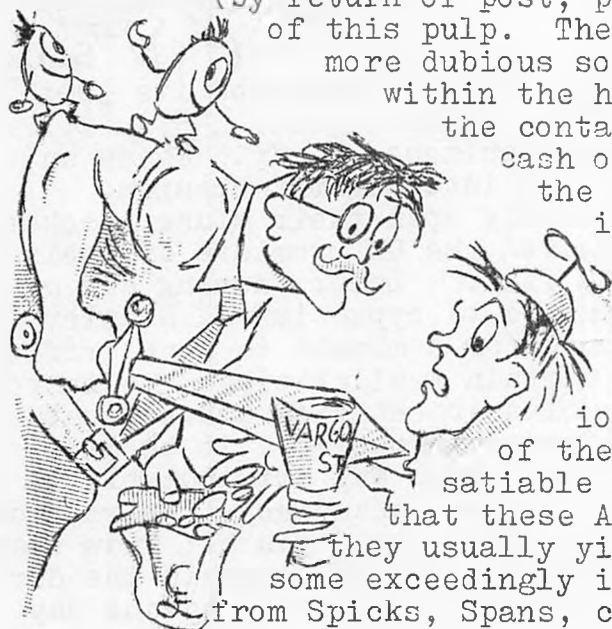
## AGM

At the Society's Annual General Meeting (11th. November, 1957) scenes of unparalleled excitement greeted the Treasurer's statement that LaSFaS was at least on nodding terms with solvency. "We are rounding" said Mr. Milnes "recovery corner!" This startling intelligence engendered such confidence in the Society's future that the retiring officials accepted the traditional shady vote manoeuvring, and their own subsequent re-election, without demur. Society Officials for the coming year, reading from left to right, are - Eddie Jones (Chairman), Dave Newman (Secretary), Frank Milnes (Treasurer), Norman Weedall (Keeper of the Archives), John Roles (SD Editor) and John Owen (Librarian). Of course, you can't leave all the other members out so we have - Jeff Collins (Keeper's Keeper), Norman Shorrocks (MaD & Bielelectronsonics Representative), Renee Mackay (Make-

up), Don Mackay & Bill Harry (Art Consultants), Ina Shorrocks (Wardrobe Mistress), Stan Nuttall (Assistant Acting Deputy Librarian, Ad Lib.), Nancy Pooley (Continuity), Pete Daniels and Peter Organ (Special Effects), Patty Milnes (Maghull & District Public Relations) and W. Harrison, Esq. (London Man)!

### HEADS ABOVE WATER

As the weekly subscriptions barely cover the rent and rates of the Society's fabulous penthouse suite, and as new expenses are continually arising, LaSFaS has been compelled to resort to somewhat devious methods in order to coax the recalcitrant pennies from its Members' hot little hands. Herewith one or two of the subterfuges, in the sincere hope that they may prove useful to others, and that any potentially lucrative ideas we've missed will be forwarded (by return of post, please) to the Society's Treasurer care



of this pulp. The most steadily remunerative of these more dubious sources lies, appropriately enough, within the humble beer-bottle; members pay for the container as well as the contents, and the cash on the empties goes to the Society. At the same time as this nefarious business is going on, a raffle is usually being held, at a bob a throw; the star prize being twenty Players. Not content with this monumental impertinence, the Society now has on its curriculum a quarterly Auction, when members bring and buy, and 50% of the monies raised disappears into its insatiable maw. In mitigation it must be said that these Auctions are entertaining affairs; that they usually yield a clear three quid profit and that some exceedingly interesting lots are offered - ranging

from Spicks, Spans, china utensils and vintage Thrilling Wonders to dead starlings, dubious paperbacks printed in Trieste, and greenish-grey things with three prongs and a kind of knob on each end!

### MaD NEWS

Mersey & Deeside Productions, a LaSFaS offshoot purveying a miscellany of odd entertainments, has tentative plans for submitting a future diversion (possibly a satire on a S-F or Weird theme) to the unsuspecting organisers of the Amateur Ten Best competition; meanwhile the mammoth entertainments machine continues to grind out tapes literature and cine-documentaries. Stage Three at Sound City is at present busy with extensive retakes on "Son of Wansborough" to meet censorship requirements. Stan Nuttall has been signed for a three-picture deal, starting with "I was a Teenage Fan". The story, of course, will be told in flashbacks.

## MEAD 'N' MOUNTAIN DEW

The weekend following the Worldcon was marked by the visit to Merseyside of a number of amiable transatlantic fen, viz: Will Jenkins (who brought with him Philadelphia's Worldcon film "Longer Than You Think" - a humorous fantasy with some ingenious trick effects), Sheldon Deretchin (a pleasant baritone voice - as we discovered - and a veritable treasurehouse of esoteric folkmusic),\*\*\*\* Steve Schultheis (the Goon Defective Agency's representative in Cleveland), Boyd Raeburn (already known to the Society through an amicable exchange of tapes prior to the Con) and last but not least, we were proud to be hosts for a short time to Bob Madle (the TAFFan). To be honest, he was host to us half of the time. but the Central Hotel in Birkenhead never realised it! During their visit, these gentlemen, with the exquisite politeness of the very drunk, accepted the Presidencies of the Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Toronto and Washington Chapters respectively of LaSFaS. We hope that they enjoyed their brief, boozy stay with us; we certainly enjoyed having them!

NEW FACES - Threat of Eviction Fades  
as Converts Flock to Society's  
Banner!!!!!!!

We welcome Nancy Pooley, demure and tender-hearted (Miss Pooley has been known to weep at an Audie Murphy Western when Audie got the gun - Christian charity can go no further!). Welcome also to Jeff Collins, engineer and yachtsman, whose knowledge of the internal combustion engine is surpassed only by his relish for good ale. Or even indifferent ale. We re-welcome Don ("Did He who made the Lamb make thee?") and Renee ("A rose, as fair as ever saw the north") Mackay, both too long absent from the fold. From London, Harrison reports that He'll be available each Sunday evening at Speakers' Corner to answer questions on the Society's aims & objectives (sic), and do a little recruiting on behalf of the Metropolitan Chapter. Look out for Him, He's between the League of Empire Loyalists and the Aleister Crowley Mission to Seamen.

GRACIOUS LIVING SECTION (Boire, C'est Mourir Un Peu - But Whathell!)

Recent social functions which included Frank & Patty Milnes's Guy Fawkes Party - an expert and highly enjoyable blend of pyrotechnics, Rock records and other stimulants; a Cheese & Wine Party held at the Fanatarium, when Rocquefort, Wensley, Zotz, Caerphilly, Gouda, Osszefogva, Edam, Gorgonzola, Potrzebie, Camembert and over a dozen other kinds of old (and rare) cheese were consumed, (there





were no survivors!)); and several seasonal parties given by hospitable LaSFen, in particular Jeff Collins's merry revels at his private chambers in Aigburth, and Norman & Ina Shorrocks's annual, consistently pleasurable affair at their home near Bebington Forest. All these occasions achieved memorably ecstatic orgasms, and our thanks are due to the various hosts concerned.

### PATTY MILNES MUMMYFIED

While LaSFaS Levels, Patty Labours to Produce New Girl Member!

Patty, (wife to Financial Machiavelli Frank Milnes, Society Treasurer) delayed the birth of her daughter, with the capriciousness typical of her sex, until SD 9 had been put to bed, but now it can be told.... Patty's tot, born on 19th. July 1957, has delphinium-blue eyes; has been christened Sara Louise and stood at the weigh-in at approximately seven pounds. Congratulations to Pat, Frank and not least to Sara on choosing her parents with such discrimination.

### PRO-EDS PAY PELF TO LASFAS LEONARDOS

Messrs. Jones (CLSFS) & Harry, well-known in the fanzine field and described by Harrison as the "most interesting magazine artists since Beardsley", are to be commended on their success in the British pro market, two periodicals having lately remitted them hard cash (or stamps in lieu) for their work. Bravo chaps!!

John Owen

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### S P U T N I C U S      G R A T I S      !

The attached Postage Stamp is presented to all our jolly laughing readers absolutely free with this issue. This munificent gesture by our Editorial Board is not made in a spirit of spendthrift wilfulness, but in an attempt to give your red-tessellated eyes a glimpse of a much neglected art form. (An apology is here made for the fact that in order to foil certain sticky fingered heironymi it has been necessary to detract from the full value of the stamp by using cancelled specimens.



The creation of a pictorial stamp is an artform more delicate even than the miniature paintings of the last century or so. In the example shown, the artist must deal with the technical difficulties of modern printing processes as well as produce a tiny picture which is at the same time accurate in every microscopic detail and an achievement of which any artist can be proud.

Little is known of the men who do this work. The incredible degree of skill necessary to provide the infinite detail and sheer genius required to combine such technical craftsmanship with such breadth of artistic vision must occur in a very few men indeed.

For many years a team headed by Mr N. Shorrocks, the well-known philatelist and professional gentleman, has tried to discover something of them but to little avail. The one thing of significance to emerge from the welter of ignorance, lies and superstition points a long-term plan of controlled mutational breeding to provide men with an inborn skill for this very fine line work.

All of which leads up to the fact that if you've read this far you'll easily believe that the artist who designed this stamp is only eighteen inches tall.

SAINT

# Fantony and Science Fiction

Cheltenham lies at the fringe of the fat, placid South West; here, dinners are ample and unhurried, beers rich, smooth and malty, and the women robust, bosomy and complexioned of cream and roses. The town itself is spacious and formal, with here and there a shabby pocket of almost Parisian charm; it has a population of 65,000 and is noted for its therapeutic waters, retired Military Men and, most notably, its Shrine to the Patron Saint of Fandom. Nine\* of us, devout pilgrims all, arrived in this fannish Mecca on a chill February week-end to pay homage to St. Fantony and renew acquaintance with members of the Cheltenham Circle. Welcomed by banners and lusty cheering, we were whisked off without delay to the Star Hotel (a delightful establishment in the pannelled oak - gleaming silverware tradition), where we lingered over a gargantuan repast and took our first habit-forming sippers of the mellow local bitter. After resting and digesting, we strolled through the town awhile, and in the early evening made ready for our eagerly-awaited visit to the sacred Shrine..... A pair of sleek black sedans purred gently at our place of rendezvous; entering them we were rushed through the rainswept streets coming to a halt before a large, gloomy building in the remote outer suburbs. Here, our blindfolds were removed and we descended into a great vault below the crumbling edifice. Our guide, Eric Jones ECLSFS, then conducted us through innumerable devious, dimly-lit passages of incredible age to the innermost Sanctum..... There, upon a simple, unadorned dais, we beheld an effigy of the revered and holy Saint. We gazed upon it with full hearts, saluting St. Fantony as we filed past with deep draughts of the sacred Forest Brown; then silently retraced our steps to the outer world aware that we had stood, if but momentarily, at anus mundi. A half-hour stroll brought us to the Cheltenham clubrooms - clean, cheerful, and by fan standards positively sumptuous - where began a memorable binge to the accompaniment of music made by a local Traditional outfit. Later we saw a rough-cut of the Cheltenham SF movie and, though this is unfinished as yet, what we saw was technically excellent and generally very impressive. At about midnight, all and sundry transferred themselves to the Star, and here an obliging manager served us drinks until five-thirty a.m. A marathon carousal!!! Everyone seemed to be on form; the Master, who is always at his genial best in the wee small hours, delivered himself of quips, epigrams and aphorisms enough to turn a Joe Miller green with envy (Sample: "I know I'm an off-beat character, but your interest in me seems positively erotic!") before subsiding gracefully into his traditional subaqueous stupor..... The invariable



concomitants to a party attended by LaSFaS - Presley, Penniman and pernod - were in abundant supply; one's own last coherent recollection was of stumbling through darkened corridors in a frantic search for the 'Gents'. On the following day we rubber-necked, and discovered that Cheltenham possesses more junkrooms masquerading as Antique shops than Liverpool has shebeens disguised as boarding houses. That same afternoon we were invited to Eric and Margaret's place, where we spent the last, precious hour or two in the customary fashion. Then, in a golden haze of alcoholism and camaraderie, we went our respective ways; the LaSFaS contingent returning to the vomit-strewn Sunday-evening pavements of its native habitat buoyant with renewed faith in the Freemasonry of Fandom, and reinvigorated by the knowledge that gracious living was, after all, not dead. Our thanks to Eric ECLSFS, Margaret, Audrey, Pat, Bob, Peter and the rest of the gang who combined to make this such a genuinely enjoyable occasion. We think that Cheltenham would make a great Consite.....

\* W. Harrison, Esq., Mrs. I. Shorrock and Messrs. Jeeves T., Mercer A., Nuttall S., Owen J., Roles J., Shorrock N. and Weedall N.

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TAFF

The Transatlantic Fan Fund is a worthy cause, and one which all SF fans should support.....

TAFF

If you haven't voted yet, you should do so now!

TAFF

Use the form enclosed with this issue, which gives all the details.

TAFF

Those of you who have already voted may not know that Bobbie Wild has, most unfortunately, had to retire. If you have voted for her, you may send in a new form (or drop a line) to Bob Madle or Ken Bulmer - depending on the one you originally contacted - and register your vote again.....



# WALT WILLIS'S

## SCION'S FICTION

It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan. Friends, how true, we know that old saying to be! How vividly it epitomises the inspired dedication of this noble company of ours as, eyes fixed firmly, on the stars, we flounder from one pool of mundane mud to another, to the jeers of the stupid non-fen flashing by in their two-tone Zephyrs.

For it is, alas, an incredible fact that the pride we feel in our fannish way of life is not recognised by the crass non-fannish world. Foolishly deceived by our unkempt appearance, our apparent inability to cope with the world of affairs and our superficial simplicity, these foolish people fail to realise the profound significance of our thought. They cannot see through these surface appearances to our sensitive fannish souls, nor appreciate the nobility of the spirit which imbues us. The result is that the mundane world in general looks down on us fans instead of according us the respect due to citizens of tomorrow in the world of today.

Nowhere is this more regrettably evident than at conventions. For some reason best known to Convention Committees, these are often held at expensive, exclusive, U-type hotels where, frankly, most of us are not quite at home. Take for instance a typical scene at midnight on the first night of a convention. In a small bedroom on the second floor a few fans are making themselves comfortable for the night - ten on the bed, ten under the bed, ten on the dressing table, washbasin and other exposed surfaces, and the other thirty in layers on the floor. In a momentary lull in the conversation a knock is heard on the door..... It is the night porter!

"Break it up here", he says.

"Aw, have a heart, mate," says the nominal occupant of the room, "We won't make a noise."

"Sright," says the porter, "You'll all go to your own rooms or I'll tell the Manager and have you thrown out!"



Meekly the party breaks up  
- not to resume again for perhaps  
as long as ten minutes.

Now, can you imagine this happening to the Duke of Kent or the Earl of Wharnccliffe or other scions of the nobility? Our noise is no louder than theirs, & probably a good deal more intelligent, yet these people can throw bread rolls at debutantes & champagne out of the window until the morning papers come out. And it's not just because they're rich. Tommy Steele is richer than they are, but he gets thrown out of hotels just like us when he wants to throw an all-night party. The difference, apparently, is simply that Tommy calls the Manager "Guv" and there you are! That's the trouble with us, too! Fandom is Non-U. These hotels are AA & RAC Four Star, whereas fandom in gen-

eral is, let's face it, dead common!!

It's not our fault that we were all born with EPNS spoons in our mouths, but it is our fault for taking our misfortune lying down. A minor sociological difficulty like this should be nothing to minds accustomed to coping with the complexities of ten different future societies every month, to say nothing of the Theory of Relativity, Dean Grennell puns and the OMPA Constitution. I have been turning the vast resources of my own intellect to this little problem and I have come up with the solution. It is this.....

There should immediately be set up a week-end training college for fans.

The chosen fans who attend this college between conventions would be indoctrinated into the manners and deportment of the upper classes with, for example, courses in speech training by Jon Brunner, in dress by James White and in deportment by Dorothy Ratigan. A few months sedulous study and practice would effect a vast and far-reaching change. But let's see the situation at the Convention hotel next year - what a difference!!

We'll Take it from the entrance of the night porter.....

"Break it up there" he says.

"Reggie", says a languid fan near the door, "It's one of those wretched porter fellows."

Reggie, star pupil of the week-end college, lounges forward. He is clad in a satin quilted dressing-gown with piped facings and monogrammed breast pocket. He is smoking a Balkan Sobranie cigarette in a long green holder.

"Tootle along to the Manager, my good man," he drawls, adjusting his monocle, "and tell him that I want to see him."

As you can see, counter-attack is the basis of the new policy.

In due course the Manager arrives, already slightly shaken.

"Ah, there you are, my man," says Reggie. "Can't say I care for the way you run this hotel, old fruit. Been bothered all evening by louts knocking on the wall and interrupting our conversation. Deuced bad show! Run along and see what you can do about it, there's a good fellow."

The Manager expostulates feebly..... Lateness of the hour - other guests - policy of the hotel.....

"Who owns this place?" enquires Reggie.

"Sir St. John Featherstonehaugh," says the Manager, taken aback.

"Good show," says Reggie, "somebody get old Stuffy on the phone."

One of the girls dials the number of the Globe.....

"Stuffy?" says Reggie, "How much do you want for the Splendide? Right ho, I'll take it. Send the papers to Hartley will you? He'll fix it up. Oh by the way, I'll be making some staff changes. Fine. See you at Gleneagles. Chin-chin!"

The Manager stutters feebly.....





"Toddle along now," says Reggie, "and don't let's have any more trouble!".

Sure enough, the Manager is never heard from again,..... except in apologetic notes which arrive with crates of champagne every hour on the hour for the rest of the convention.

See?!!

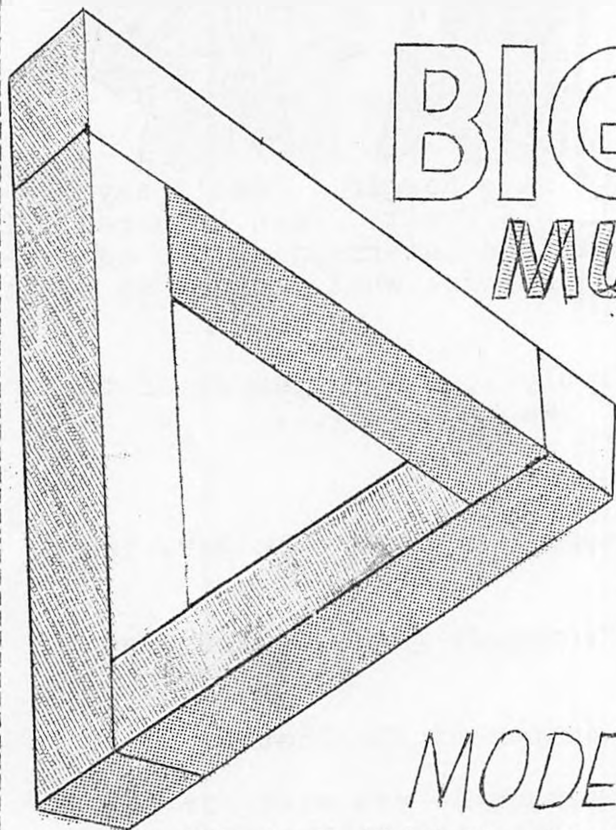
# DO-IT-YOURSELF

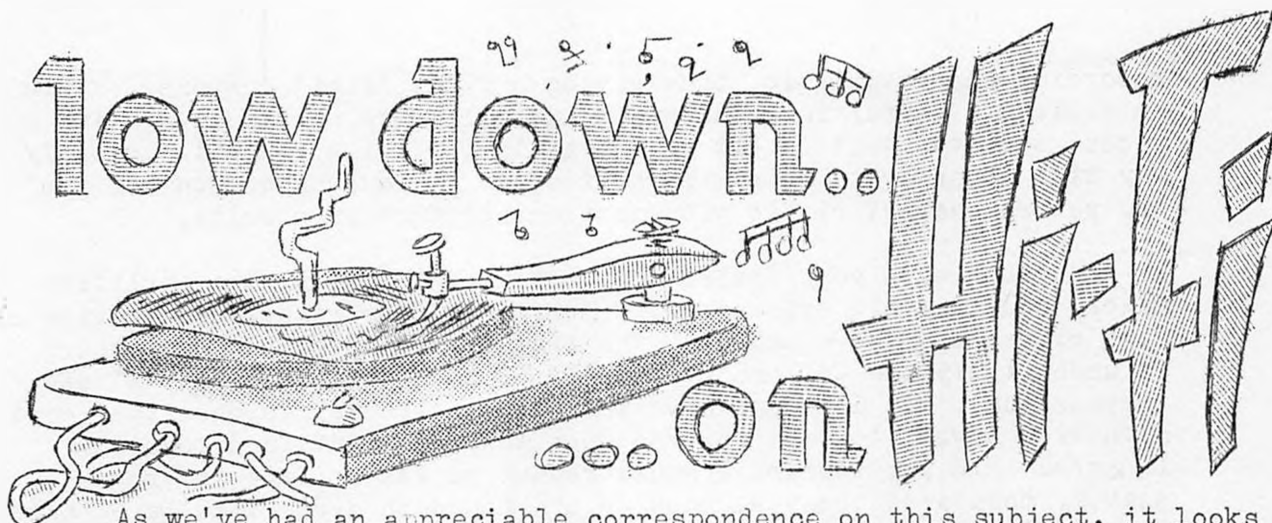
## BIG PRIZE MUST BE WON!

To the first  
fan building  
a model from  
this plan.

MODELS MUST REACH  
THE EDITOR BY APRIL 1<sup>st</sup> 1958

## NO SPUTNIKS PLEASE





As we've had an appreciable correspondence on this subject, it looks as if I'm saddled with continuing to stick my neck out. Sticking it out is what I appear to be doing, too, to judge from some of the letters! Let me first defend myself by saying that there is no exact definition of the term 'High Fidelity', which means different things to different people; also that these articles are written specifically for those fen who are short on lolly - like you!

You may recall that I mentioned a 'loudness' control in my last article, and stated that I didn't consider it an essential. I have been taken to task over this, especially by our American readers. Now, there is a certain amount of disagreement between American and British engineers over the use of such a control; and without going into the argument - which wouldn't serve any useful purpose - all I can say is that, as some of the most expensive British amplifiers do not incorporate this control (including the Quad and the Leak), can it be insisted on as essential? Paradoxically, some of the cheaper British amplifiers do have one (probably with a view to sales in America). So you pays your money and you takes your choice! Judicious use of Volume, Bass & Treble controls will, in any case, serve just as well.

To press on, with heart in mouth..... Pickups can be divided into two classes, viz. piezo-electric and electro-magnetic. Of these, the magnetic types are undoubtedly superior, although I would say that certain crystal pickups are very good indeed, and fall little short of a good magnetic type. Needless to say, magnetics are dearer, but in certain cases not too much so.

A big advantage of piezo-electric (crystal & ceramic) pickups is their relatively high output. Because of this, 99% of radiogram manufacturers in this country use them in their equipment, as the first stages of amplification following the pickup can be simpler and therefore cheaper. Thus, some of the cheaper amplifiers on the market will only accept a crystal pickup. (Ceramic pickups I shall disregard, as there are none available at present which we would consider for High Fidelity use) A word of warning: by virtue of the properties of the crystal, it is possible for a designer to alter the response characteristic as he wishes. This is done in certain designs to equal the opposite of a particular



recording characteristic, thus giving a final 'flat' response. This is obviously useful for radiograms and amplifiers not incorporating a record selector switch, but as the amplifier which you will probably buy will incorporate this switch, its use would over-compensate for the record characteristic with most unsatisfactory results.

A check with your dealer and, more specifically, the amplifier maker, should avoid this error. (Most amplifier makers now provide a list of recommended pickups.) The best crystal pickup I have heard is undoubtedly the Collaro Studio 'P' (both Studio 'O' and 'PX' are compensated). It does not have the extreme treble response that most magnetics have, although the response is well-maintained to about 12kc/s. In particular, I would remark on its ability to trace heavily modulated grooves, such as are found on discs like Danse Macabre. I always count this a more important virtue in a pickup than extremes of frequency range. A slight loss of range is not distressing but distortion, whether caused by bad tracing or anything else, certainly is! An improved version will, I believe, shortly be available. The Studio 'P' follows the current tendency towards 'turnover' cartridges i.e. the 78 stylus on one side and the LP stylus on the other. Technically there is much to be said for separate heads, but the turnover variety is more convenient; and modern design has, to a large extent, mitigated the technical disadvantages. The retail price for the cartridge is about £2-10-0 and the makers also provide several arms to house it, the best being the 'Transcription' arm at about £3-0-0.

More about pickup arms later.... Cosmocord (Acos) are also bringing out a new crystal entitled 'Black Shadow', but details are not known at present. Electromagnetic pickups can be subdivided into two main categories, namely: moving coil and variable reluctance (moving iron). Any improvement in pickups is likely to be within these types. The moving coil (which as its name implies generates a signal in a coil moved by the stylus within a magnetic field) is still, after many years, the best type of pickup, and can be the most expensive. As it only produces an extremely small signal, it is invariably used with a small transformer to boost the signal to a level acceptable to the pre-amplifier. Even so, this level is still a good deal lower than that provided by a crystal pickup, but is usually higher than the average variable reluctance type. Naturally hum troubles can be experienced; but careful placing of the transformer well away from hum sources such as amplifier mains, mains transformers, turntable motors, etc. can reduce hum to negligible proportions. In the lower price category (which is what we are concerned with), I would mention the Garrard Moving Coil pickup which, at about £10 (this price includes transformer and diamond stylus for LP) is remarkably cheap, particularly when you consider that a diamond stylus costs about £5. You can buy this complete in the Garrard transcription arm for about £15, and the whole is a most attractive proposition (I am perhaps biased as I use it myself, but I have seen it advertised by firms who specialise in custom-built equipment, in conjunction with the most expensive amplifiers and loudspeakers). This pick-up is also of the turnover type.

Variable-reluctance or moving-iron pickups in general - there are notable exceptions - exhibit the lowest output of all, and by virtue of their design it is inadvisable to use them with a transformer. A very efficient pre-amplifier is therefore required. Careful screening of leads is essential to avoid hum troubles. A very important feature of the design is that the stylus at rest must be exactly central between the magnet pole-faces. Care must therefore be taken to see that the stylus does not get out of true. Distortion will be the inevitable result if it does. Amongst the lower-priced items in this category, the Goldring 500 enjoys a considerable reputation. I heard one quite recently and was impressed by the quality of the sound it produced, although it was not too happy tracing "difficult" records (this may have been due to other causes i.e. worn stylus or stiffness in the carrying arm; this cartridge is susceptible to side pressure of this sort). It is of the turnover type, and with two sapphires retails at about £3-3-0. The Goldring 600, which is just reaching the dealers, is dearer at about £11-11-0 but this again includes a diamond for LP, and I should imagine that it will provide excellent results.

Another type of magnetic pickup is the moving-magnet, in which the coils are fixed and the movement of the stylus moves a minute magnet to produce a signal in the coils. The only one currently available is the Phillips, which retails at about £19-10-0 complete. This is a new approach to pickup design, and it remains to be seen what happens in the future. As I have not heard it I must refrain from comment.

This just about covers the types available in this country at the moment. I have not mentioned a variation of the moving coil type, namely the "ribbon" as the only one available in recent years, the Ferranti, has been withdrawn.

Now for a few words in general..... Remember that the pickup is the first item in the chain. No matter how good the rest of your equipment is, an indifferent pickup will spoil everything. The type of pickup you choose is not as important as picking a good one of that type. It pays dividends to listen, and listen well, to different pickups. From experience, I am against buying a pickup one has not heard. This, of course, applies to anything; but it is particularly important with pickups. Beg, borrow, or (if you must) steal an LP record that you know is "difficult" to reproduce - there are more of these about than you might think - and listen to it as played by different pickups. Many dealers now have "comparators", and are only too pleased to demonstrate, so the problem is not as difficult as it sounds. For some reason, operatic soprano voices are rather difficult to reproduce without "edginess". A pickup which handles someone like Callas, will handle anyone or anything else pretty well. As the last few grooves of a disc are the hardest to play back, listen to the pickup here. As a test for naturalness, solo instruments should be listened to in preference to complex orchestral sounds - although any fuzziness in the latter should be suspect.



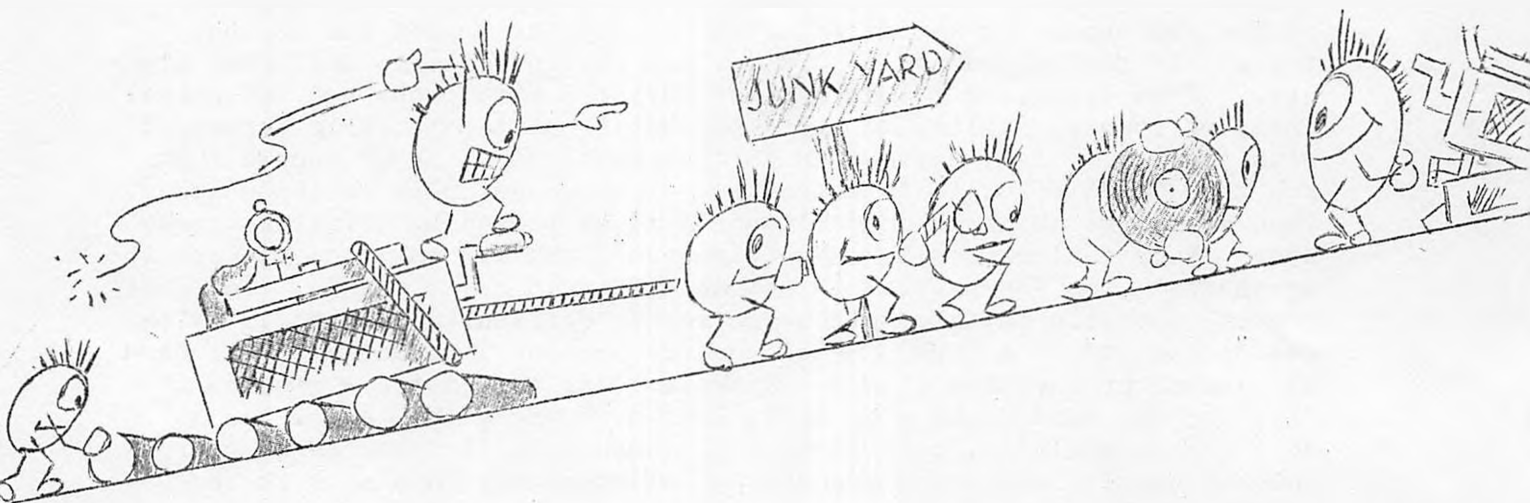
Price is no criterion - I have listened to some very expensive pickups which I did not like at all. Unfortunately, if this is your first venture into the field, you will most likely be unable to detect subtle differences between pickups; and you will possibly buy one which you may not like in a year's time, after continued critical listening. It is a fact of life that, as you become accustomed to hearing High Fidelity equipment, you tend to notice things that you weren't aware of at the outset.

I would suggest, therefore, that your first buy should be a crystal pickup (none of which are expensive and some - like the Studio "P" - very good indeed), or an inexpensive variable-reluctance type like the Goldring 500. Don't bother about diamond styli at this stage. If, when you are accustomed to it all, you decide to hang on to your first choice, you will have saved some cash. If, on the other hand, you eventually decide on a more expensive type, then you won't have lost so much. Don't, however, fall into the error of listening to a crystal pickup and saying: "Ah, this is for me!" "Now I don't need to pay so much for an amplifier as I won't need facilities for low-output pickups."..... It is better to have those facilities and not use them, than not to have them at all.

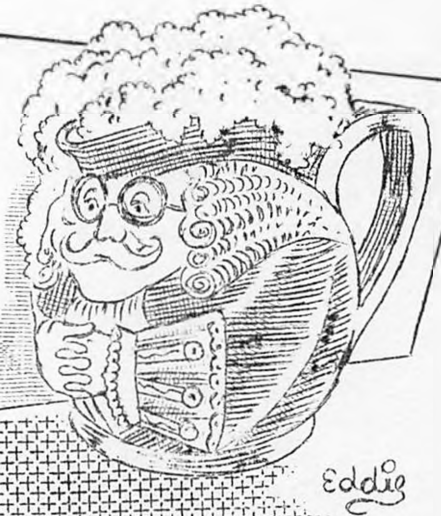
This must suffice till next time, when I shall have some remarks to make on styli, carrying arms, and turntables. In the meantime, I'm keeping my fingers crossed!

H. Stanley Nuttall

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# a toper's treasury



Well, since I last sat down to write this column, another Cytricon has passed into the fannish limbo which it probably richly deserves.....

However, its passing - whether unmourned or not - has at least given me a suitable topic with which to open this article, and that is the "low-down" on the ingredients of the two punches (I use the word advisedly) which were served on the Saturday night at Kettering.

First, let us consider FRED'S No.4 - otherwise known as a Drink called Fred..... This was a lineal descendant of POLEAXE PUNCH, but modified to be rather less sweet and rather more intoxicating. In case you're mad enough to want to make some or even unwise enough to want to know what hit you, here's the prescription

4 Bottles	Polish White Spirit (Hellish Strong)
1 "	Dry Sherry
2 "	Dry Martini Vermouth
2 "	Gin
4 Pints	Cider
5 "	Tonic Water
6 -	Lemons (Sliced)
$\frac{1}{2}$ Pound	Granulated White Sugar

As you might imagine, this brew had something of a kick although the unsuspecting drinker might have had some difficulty in realising this! It was, oh, so smooth - refreshing too! Not too dry, and yet not too sweet, it seemed to find favour with

all who tried it.

The other concoction was christened TOPER'S TONIC..... Written down in the form of a recipe, it seems a very unlikely and rather dubious mixture. Please let me assure you, however, that it tastes fine as twenty or thirty fans can vouch. The contents of the brew made at Kettering are shown below, though the quantities can be scaled down and a satisfactory brew made by the glass. The ingredients are :

2 Bottles	Orange Gin
1     "	Gin
14 Pints	Mackeson's Stout (or similar Milk Stout)
10     "	Tonic Water.

Simple isn't it? Effective too..... I can't really explain what the flavour is like, so I guess that you'll just have to experiment for yourself! Just a word of warning though - you cannot make a satisfactory mixture by increasing the gin content and using orange squash or orange juice. It just isn't the same thing at all. It seems that you've got to use Orange Gin or nothing.

For those who are financially minded (and who isn't these days?) FRED'S No.4 cost just on £11 and TOPER'S TONIC a trifle under £8.

Upon mature consideration, I rather think that people who try to duplicate these concoctions are foredoomed to failure unless they can duplicate the method. To do the job properly, one should be in a hotel far from home. Persuasion should be brought to bear on the night staff to let you have the run of the kitchens and only kitchen utensils should be used in the preparation. Some kitchens may not have corkscrews or bottle-openers - in which case an exception may be made and these articles imported from an outside source.

At the witching hour of 11.30 p.m., the various bottles should be stealthily and secretly brought down from a bedroom to the kitchen in a large and battered suitcase and a small committee of no more than three (including at least one pretty girl) assembled to ensure that nothing goes amiss.

With trembling hands the Chief Brewer-Upper should open each bottle and the contents should then be poured into the large aluminium cooking pans which are placed in readiness. Glasses should be on hand and, from time to time, a small portion of the brew being manufactured should be ladled into one of these for the committee to taste and check on progress.



Needless to say, the committee should have strong heads.

(NOTE : Incantations are not obligatory and the author does not use them. He does, however, preserve a reasonably open mind on the subject and is prepared to believe that under some circumstances they may be of assistance.)

It should be pointed out here that the Chief Brewer-Upper should possess strong wrists, & have undergone some slight apprenticeship in the noble arts of uncorking bottles and removing crown caps. Believe me, this is necessary - at Kettering, this year, nine bottles had to be uncorked in quick succession & ninety-two crown caps removed. This latter was due to the fact that the only Tonic Water which could be obtained was in quarter pint bottles and the Mackeson's Stout in half pints. The Cider, luckily, was in pints and the Gin & the Orange Gin, of course, had patent caps so that one only had to ruin one's fingernails stripping off the lead foil from the necks of the bottles.

Among other drinks in favour at the Cytricon were the famous Shorrocks brew - BRANDY & EGG-FLIP, and another strange mixture - COFFEE-FLAVOURED EGG-FLIP & TIA MARIA.....! (Also a product of Norman's diseased mind).

For those BEER drinkers who prefer to consume DRAUGHT BITTER, the facilities at the George are exceptional. There are two draught bitters normally on sale, both of very high gravity, and these are the famous (or infamous, depending on your tastes and intestinal fortitude) DRAUGHT BASS, and the equally renowned WORTHINGTON 'E'! A veritable bitter drinker's paradise!

While on the topic of beer, I would like to recommend to those who haven't yet tried them a couple of beer drinks which I personally find rather pleasant.....

The first is LAGER & LIME. This drink seems to be gaining popularity rapidly all over the country. Whilst serious beer drinkers regard it as a heresy, I find that it really is the ideal thing when one is drinking to quench one's thirst, rather than when on pure pleasure bent. Correct proportions seem to be of the order of half-a-pint of Lager to about two ounces of Lime Juice. Soda-Water can be added to taste, and I have known some people to put fruit in the mixture - but I do think that's going a bit too far!.....

The second is a mixture of DRAUGHT BASS and bottled DOUBLE DIAMOND. This was discovered through the error of a slightly deaf barmaid and is rather out of the ordinary. The effect of the Double Diamond is to take the 'edge' off the flavour of the Draught Bass (which makes it rather more palatable

to some people) and also to add that slight tingle on the palate characteristic of bottled beers and all carbonated drinks. The proportions are half-and-half, and the Double Diamond should be added to the Draught Bass slowly so that all the gas does not escape. I have recommended this mixture to several of my boozing companions, some of whom are quite bigoted Bass drinkers and they are still speaking to me. Nuff sed!

Now for a topic which interests quite a lot of people, namely, Home-made Wines.....

I don't propose to give any recipes in this article, but merely wish to discuss one or two fallacies and a rather strange psychological oddity.

Let's attend to the latter first..... How often have you heard someone who either makes or consumes home-made wines say that a couple of small glasses of a particular brew will put you under the table.....? I'll bet you've heard it dozens of times! As a matter of fact, I have been keeping count for the last month and this same thing has been said to me eleven times, and my reception of the statement has always been one of polite disbelief. I can't ascribe a motive to such talk - unless it's a typical example of Boozer's Bravado, but I can point out the fallacies involved. Perhaps someone has noticed this self same thing himself & has developed a theory about it - if so, I'd like to hear it!

The fallacy, of course, is that - in any wholesome beverage - the only thing which will make you drunk is the alcohol which it contains. Furthermore, the alcohol content in any fermented or brewed beverage can only be so high. The reason is that, after the alcohol concentration reaches a certain level, the yeasts producing the fermentation die, & they die - quite literally - of alcohol poisoning. After all, alcohol is an excretory product of the yeasts' life processes, and no living creature can continue to exist in an environment of its own waste products.

Now, no unfortified wine ever contains as much alcohol, volume for volume, as any of the commoner spirits (gin, whisky, etc.) and the majority of people can sink a couple of snorts of spirits without disappearing under the table.

So, taking the two preceding paragraphs together, a strong case may be made out for disbelieving the extravagant claims of the home-made wine brewer and/or bibber.....

And with that thought, soaks, I fear that I must leave you - I have an urgent date with several Gin-&-Tonics!

Dave Newman  
(Has own glass - will travel)



Don R. Smith  
228 Higham Lane,  
Nuneaton.

...I want, as delicately and as tactfully as possible, to restrain you from wasting your time, money and energy on sending such a magazine to one so inappreciative of its qualities. The point is that yours is a magazine devoted largely to the social side of fandom, and that, as anyone who has been in touch with me before - and there may be a few such yet about - would tell you, is a side which passes me by completely. Not for me these skittish biographical sketches (Harrison). Not for me lists of members, descriptions of clubrooms, accounts of meetings. Dissertations on strong drink bore me to tears (A Topper's Treasury). ... On the credit side I did enjoy the article on the Hieronymous machine... I was interested to find that I needn't bother to read Patrick Moore on SCIENCE AND FICTION... I don't know very much about Hi-Fi... but I must say this preliminary article didn't enlarge my knowledge appreciably. So thanks a lot - but you do see my point of view, don't you?

We certainly do, Don, and we admire your taste, too; but naturally, sadists that we are, we've put you on our current mailing list.

Arthur Thomson,  
London, S.W.2.

Had been intending to drop you a note on the re-issue issue of SD. Hunting for it through the files, I find that it is missing. I had several U.S. fen up at Brockham, and they browsed through and borrowed a few zines from the files... I think I mentioned how much I enjoyed the Liverpool film show at the Convention. They were one of the best things at the Con - I thought them fabulous! Mighod, I just can't put down how enjoyable they were to me. Congratulations to you all on them. And a personal word of thanks to all of you, for the fine work you put in on the whole programme.



For these kind words Arthur LaSFaS thanks you - the XVth WSFS Programme Committee thanks you-likewise MaD Productions.(See DRUMS ALONG THE MERSEY for the latest news of MaD's next mammoth extravaganza !)

Harry Warner Jnr. ...How can you say anything about ayjay groups  
303 Bryan Place in a derogatory sense when FAPA has drawn off  
Hagerstown,Md. some of the energies of Norman G.Wandsborough ?  
U.S.A. Someone figured out the title of one of his  
FAPA publications,by the way,which seems to  
prove that there's a pretty high level of perspicacity in that  
organisation... I like tremendously the general make-up of SD.  
I assume that some other form of reproduction was used for page  
14,which is a bit grey in my copy.

How can you say anything about N.G.W. in a derogatory sense when his  
First Editions are fetching more than Gertrude Stein's? As regards  
page 14,this was a new technique - silk screen hecto-photo-offset,  
cunningly contrived to look just like ordinary mimeography using  
grey ink. Thanks for all your other comments too,Harry;your letter  
was the first one in from Stateside.

John Wiseman, The brontosaurus on the front of the 'zine is  
4,Edgehill Rd., symbolic in a way other than that intended:  
Chislehurst. like a monster from the past,SD again rears  
its ugly head ! This ish must have come as a  
surprise to many fans. But it came as a particular surprise to me,  
because it's the first thing I've had from the fanworld for about  
three years !

You mean you're complaining ?

Don Ford, ...Little Richard at Kettering was muchly  
Box 19-T,RR 2, enjoyed. If anyone has ever heard him,the  
Wards Corner Rd., article will be doubly enjoyed. The article on  
Loveland APAs was the best,though.Funny about CRAPA. I  
Ohio,U.S.A. suggested that title to Bill Austin in Seattle  
about a year ago. He was moaning over the fact  
that collectors didn't seem to attract much interest in an APA,and  
was it worth while starting a new one? I suggested Collectors'  
& Readers'(or Researchers') Amateur Publishing Association....Madle  
wrote me he really enjoyed your Liverpool group.... From what I've  
read and heard about,and through letters,it appears that the  
Liverpool Group is like the CFG in that it does not take life too  
seriously and is out to have a good time in fandom...

If it wasn't for our annual Rates bill we wouldn't have a care in the  
world,Don.

Terry Jeeves, I liked 'Hieronymous' immensely,even though it  
58 Sharrard Grove, made my hackles rise more and more as we went  
Sheffield 12. along. This because of the method of attack,  
more of the sly hint and indirect allusion than  
any down-to-earth knocking... the Harrison(and its companion piece  
in TRIODE) leave me rather cold. I hope this series is going to warm  
up a bit,for at the moment the whole thing seems like a ship with-  
out a rudder... The Little Richard item: I refuse-absolutely refuse  
to try and comment on this,but I would like to know how it got in?  
...Toper's Treasury was pleasant,and brought back many happy(and  
otherwise) memories. Omnia-etc.,was also a nice bit of watchama-

callit. I am rather wondering at the fact that the Wandsborough star seems to be rising once again. Has it ever occurred to anyone that the way to BNFdom is by way of being a fugghead? Their fannish contributions are scarcer than hens' teeth, and yet they are probably more famous than WAW. There must be a moral there....I hate morals. ...The slating of Patrick Moore was A DAMN GOOD THING.

A ship without a rudder? But Harrison is our Rudder, and our Rock, to boot. Thanks for your few kind words on Richard, though.

Witty Whitmarsh, By far the best item was "A Topers' Treasury".  
60, Rickman Hill, ...I noticed that you put an 'h' in 'Witty', so I  
Coulsdon, Surrey. gather that you dug me out of the Fan Directory;  
at the time when that was first printed, Ron Bennett was under the impression that I was a hoax cooked up by Mike Moorcock, and he put my name in, just in case...so at that time he hadn't been educated in the different ways of how NOT to spell 'Whitty'.

That's Ron for you ! Playful as usual.

Herbert Jones, We were pleased to see SPACE DIVERSIONS  
Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd., again. We were fascinated by the description  
1, Tavistock Chambers, of the new premises in Bold Street - you  
Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. were careful not to give the number; just  
as well, as we might have been tempted to  
look you up next time we were in Liverpool and help you carry out the empties.

We didn't give the Bold Street number because we cannot collect mail at the Society clubrooms. It is, in fact, 69a, and we'd be very pleased to see you (or any other friends) any Monday evening after 8 p.m. Re your Kipling inquiry ; John's research is still under way !

Alan Dodd, ...Eddie's work is of course the best item in  
77, Stanstead Rd., the issue....it was highly interesting to read  
Hoddeston, Herts. that you've conducted a meeting on the 'Royal  
Daffodil' in the engine-room, because I was down there only last week... It's really unfair to make any comment on No.9, because it counts as a first issue, and only Eddie's work seems to sparkle. The rest is rather like looking at things through a dusty window-pane, and not being able to see quite what the people inside are doing. Next issue I think we'll find out... Agree with Eric Bentscliffe: down with the apas and up with the contributors... How come no piece by Ron Bennett? Or is the staff of SD confined only to the stars of television and their cohorts?

No, but Well Said, lad.

John Berry, ...It is great to read a real clubzine;  
31, Campbell Park Ave., there is something much more informal about  
Belmont, Belfast. it...I would very much like to come over  
and attend one of your club sessions...I  
can imagine a thick issue of VERITAS-"Berry meets the Liverpolitans"...

This we'd love to read ! Come on over, John.







that little extra excellence...And so to Brewer's Goitre Newman and his inevitable article on sinful delicious alcohol...this was a very amusing article,as amusing as Dave himself is in person. That,brotheren is really preachin'... HOR HOR HOR,Little Richard. This is a damn fine way of showing off one's erudition without anyone noticing,the writer hoped.....

...That's what we thought,Sandy,as we glibly compounded it from the erudition of Benchley,the Hollywood Quarterly,Constant Lambert and other assorted sources.

Agree wholeheartedly with your remarks on S.F.

Ron Brimer,  
24,Stalisfield Bungalows,  
Gayhurst Crescent,  
West Derby,  
Liverpool 11.

On arriving home some five weeks ago, after a hard day dodging the attentions of the counter-clerk at the local labour Exchange,my wife presented me with a large envelope-open. After half-an-hour's musing I noticed the envelope was addressed to my mother's house. I have it,now,I thought; it's a bill. Yes,that's it,a blasted great bill...I won't pay;I never had the stuff,and anyway it was rotten;I don't drink beer(liar);it's two other men. I deny ever being in the store. I'll sue... Thus I reasoned: my mother had forwarded the thing,ergo,it's a bill. The dread word 'overdraft' loomed large;that's about he size the account slip would have to be to convey the amount.All these thoughts flashed through my mind. I say flashed,on account of it sounding better than the truth,which would read: "...seeped turgidly into my consciousness." I like that phrase. No,I don't;it's too near the truth. Yes,Ido,it's littererry. No,I don't ; I don't quite know what it means. I tore open the thing, (I am very strong) with great maniacal slashing gestures,and laid bare the ensconced pearl. Oh,hapless choice of words ! It was No.9 Space Diversions !!! Gone were the visions of bailiffs,sheriff's officers,duns,bookies'runners; the horrible truth was plain to see. Like the never-satisfied film companies who won't let Frankenstein, Lassie and Tarzan lie peacefully in coffin,kennel or coconut-tree, the Space-Divers had produced a "Son Of....." .

.....Well don't just leave us up in the air,Ron - Son of What for Ghu's sake ? (Please note: this sterling fan is unfortunately now in hospital for a rather protracted stay((No,no,it wasn't us!)); he's an avid reader of all types of S-F,and would be pleased to have any letters from fen. Address as above,mail will be forwarded.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanks also to Eva Firestone,Lars Bourneand Jim Cawthorne;also to any others whose communications we may have mislaid during monday-night debauch. Letters,poctsards,and even terse,one word summaries of the 'zine are welcomed,and will entitle you to yet another issue,already.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS for the next issue: Norman Shorrocks,2,Arnot Way,  
Higher Bebington,Wirral,Cheshire,England.

## THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

At the annual Cytricon at Kettering this year a series of meetings was held to discuss the present parlous state of fandom and science-fiction in the United Kingdom.....

It was universally agreed that what fandom needed was a return to its root source - science fiction - and what SF needed was more support from its fans. As a result of all this the British Science Fiction Association was born.

As far as the aims & ideals of this new society are concerned, we can do no better than to quote from the constitution. The appropriate portion reads:

The Association shall exist for the benefit of those interested in science-fiction and allied branches of imaginative literature.

It shall encourage the reading, writing and publishing of good literature of this class, shall assist and encourage contact between enthusiasts, shall provide liason between its members and the science-fiction profession, shall endeavour to present science-fiction and associated art forms to the Press and general public in an advantageous manner & shall provide such amenities as may prove desirable for the use of members.

An initial mailing is being prepared giving details and, if you are in receipt of this fanzine, you will receive a copy in due course.

Just for the record, those present at the Inaugural Meeting were the following :-

Gillian Adams	Terry Jeeves	Norman Shorrocks
Ron Bennett	Eddie Jones	Frank Simpson
Eric Bentcliffe	Eric Jones	Phil Sless
Sid Birchby	Margaret Jones	Ken Smith
Brian Burgess	Ivor Mayne	Iris Tubb
Pete Chappell	Ken McIntyre	Ted Tubb
Dave Cohen	Archie Mercer	Jeanne Vallis
Cyril Evans	David Newman	Norman Wansborough
Audrey Eversfield	Ella Parker	Norman Weedall
Barry Hall	Bob Richardson	Bryan Welham
Sandra Hall	Phil Rogers	Bobbie Wild
John Humphries	John Roles	Jack Wilson
	Ina Shorrocks	

The committee elected at the meetings comprises Dave Newman (Chairman), Eric Bentcliffe (Secretary), Terry Jeeves (Asst. Secretary), Archie Mercer (Treasurer) and Ted Tubb (Editor of the Official Organ).....

You'll be hearing from them.....!!!!



