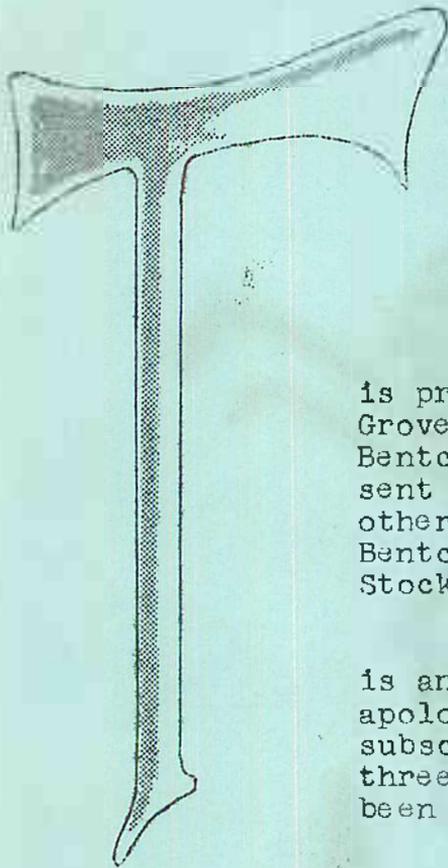


GERMAN 7

Mode
4.



TRIODE

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is an irregular publication, thus avoiding apologies for delay, or irate letters from subscribers. We aim for a schedule, every three months being the target, but we have been known to be earlier or later.

is having to follow the cost of living. With this and future issues, We must, if we are to live, raise the price to a bob an issue. In future the subscription to TRIODE will be 4/- for four issues, post free of course, and in the States, 15c. an issue, or 7 issues for a dollar. All subscriptions on our list will be honoured at the old rate, so it won't affect you until renewal is due.

British subscribers, send your money to Eric Bentcliffe.
American subbers, send your dollar (or 15c) to Dale R
Smith, 3001 Kyle Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. U.S.A.

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ARTWORK BY....

Don Allen Tony Glynn
Terry Jeeves Harry Turner
Arthur Thomson John Berry
Ken Mc Intyre

TRIODE is published by the
Stockport and Intake Dog and
Cake Walking Society.

This is the fourth lister.



INTERMISSION

OVERTURE There's quite an amount of the material in this issue of Triode of which I'm proud to publish. The March of Slime, is one of the funniest things I've heard or read for quite some time, and I think most of you will like it. There's a Berry article too, of which I'm rather fond. This I might point out is a Tru-life Article - Only The Facts Have Been Changed To Prevent Identification! We have Flying Saucerians with us this issue also....

THEME SONG Apropos of this I attended a meeting in Manchester, some little time ago, of the Mancunian FC Research Group. The atmosphere was somewhat like that of a s-f fanclub in it's second or third meeting. Everyone was intensely serious and very touchy about the common factor. I had quite a pleasant argument with a character who insisted that the Human Body could withstand 20g, and that the wee little men in the flying things were humanoid! I'm an unbeliever, still, in spite of contagion with the FC experts, and the main impression I got from this meeting was that the FC cult is like religion, you either believe, blindly, or not at all.

One of the facets of being a believer would seem to be that you accept almost anything that appears in print as the literal truth. These boys place far too high a value on the printed word. Now, I don't know an awful lot about Flying Saucers but I do know a bit about the publishing racket and this is one of the reasons I find it hard to stomach some of the more outlandish FC theories. As far as the printed word in newspapers are concerned, I think most of you have realised how an incident can be magnified to become hot-news by the use of such judicious phrases as - A reliable source states - An eminent scientist is quoted as saying - etc.

The printed word in 'factual' books such as those written about Flying Saucers can be just as misleading. A publisher, you know, isn't a philanthropist, presenting a message - he's a money making man. Books are more often than not commissioned, an author is commissioned to write a book, that is. It's only the very top authors who can submit a mss and expect it to be published 'just like that', the other (lesser known authors) ask the publisher, before they start writing, what kind of a book he wants.

This means that out of about ten 'factual' books you pick up, nine (or nine and a half - if the Well Known Author is cute) will not necessarily express the opinions of the author. The routine goes something like this. Hiram Wetzelburger of Trueheart Publications, reads several reports of FC sightings in the Daily Drool. He also sees a review of Fossett & Burlap's new title "Flying Saucers Are Dandy". As a result of this his brain starts working overtime, and as soon as he has consumed his dyspepsia pills the

first thing he does, after reaching the office, is get on the phone to his chief underling and spake thusly - " Look boy, I want you to get right on out to near where them flying Saucers have been seen. Find a guy who thinks he's seen one, and tell him to write a book. Tell him if he can get his name in the papers, we'll pay him 12cents a word " - unquote.

I'm probably guilty of a little over-exaggeration here but I'm not half so guilty of this crime as some of the yclept FC experts!

OBLIGATO

I'd like to thank several people for their assistance in getting this issue out. Mike Wallace, for stencilling his con-report. Eric Jones, for stencilling Viva Kid Stuff. Arthur Thomson, and the other artists for drawing their own work onto stencil. And, Alan Bramall, for paying for the paper on which his article is printed!

As of writing this editorial, I've just returned from a week in Belfast, where I stayed with John and Diane Berry. A very enjoyable week in which I visited and nattered with Irish Fandom, paid a visit to the 'free state' (successfully evading the customs when returning), played Ghoddminton, and altogether had a very fannish and pleasant holiday.

I wish I lived a little closer to Belfast.

FINALE

With this issue the price of Triode goes up, to 1/- or 15cents per copy. Sub rates will be listed on the contents page. Those of you who have subbed prior to this issue will still get T for 9d until your sub runs out, all subs received after this issue will be entered at the new rate.

There are a multitude of reasons why the price is being upped, most of them the cost of production. We dont expect to cover costs even with the increased sub rate nor do we particularly want to...it's just that we (TJ and I) prfer not to loose too much money. The women dont like it you know!

Next issue will be out around the X'mas period if things go according to plan. Among other things therein will be another Berry article, a further episode in the Future History series, and something unusual in an article by Dale R. Smith on How To Spell...which wont be what you think it is at all.

* * *

Send a diver down to ask Arthur if he'll take 50cents a word

FOR SALE

American issues of ASTOUNDING.

1943, Dec. 1944, Jan, Feb, Mar, Apl, May, Jun, Jly, Aug, Sep, Oct, Nov.

1945, Jan, Apl, Sep, Nov, Dec. Dale has donated these to be sold for the benefit of Triode, so lets have offers, eh.

If there's any American fan who would like a complete set of Authentic S-F, I'd be pleased to hear from him.

<Offers to EB.>

I have been commissioned by Eric to write a series of articles for TRIODE, spotlighting the lesser publicised activities of Belfast Fandom. Having been assured that Eric will pay any legal costs eventuating from my revelations, I feel able to do justice to this subject. Let me first relate, a case of.....

ARRESTED DEVELOPEMENT

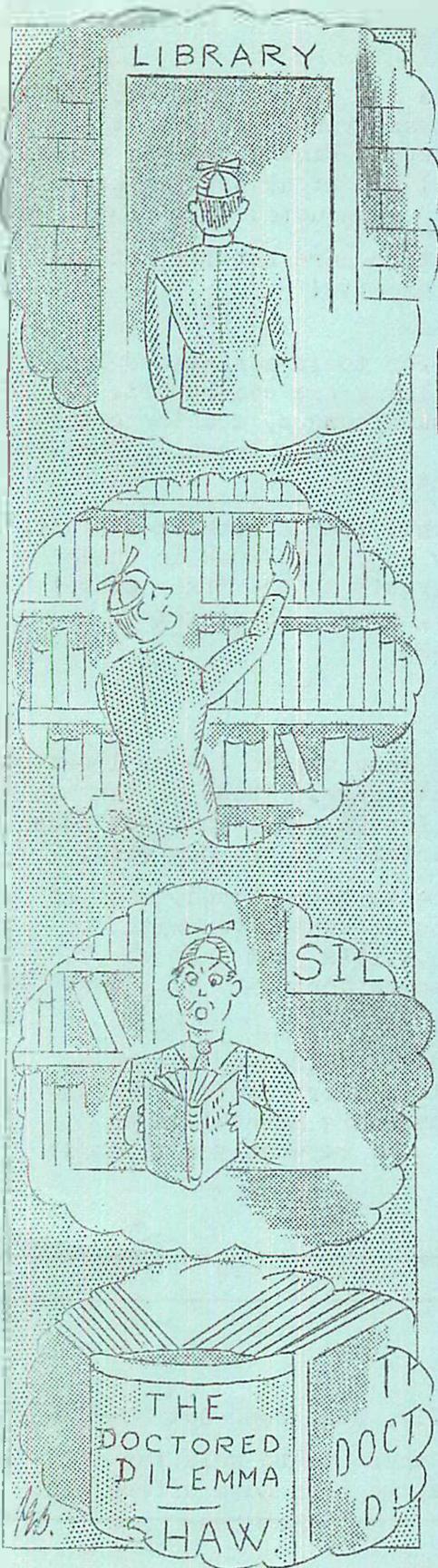
By John Berry

A few months ago, we of Oblique House were somewhat shattered when Bob Shaw announced his intention of becoming a policeman. I had already split several floorboards with my size twelves, and the prospect of two pairs of size twelves leaping about the Ghoodminton Chamber was too horrible to contemplate.

But however much we tried to dissuade Bob, the more determined he became. Suddenly, the germ of an idea flashed through my mind. "Oh, er, Mr Shaw," I faltered (I was a very junior neo-fan in those days). "I think I may be able to assist you. As you know, potential recruits are given an educational examination, and I may be able to give you an idea of the sort of thing you are likely to be asked. I need hardly point out that in any case, the questions will be exceedingly simple to a man of your education and intellect."

" I would think so Berry," he sniffed, indicating to me that his tea ~~had~~ bucket was empty. "However, your suggestion might be of some slight assistance."

As you probably all know, Bob and Sadie are now domiciled at 170, but when this incident occurred, they lived in the same general direction as myself, only about four and a half miles further from 170. So it was simple for me to slip round and see Walt the following night, and have an earnest discussion.



The upshot of this discussion was that Walt agreed to my plot with enthusiasm, so we prepared our own set of examination papers.

" We'll do the General Knowledge paper first, Berry," said Walt.
" O.K. sir," I replied.

Walt suggested a brilliant question. I can quote it from the carbon copy. - What effect did the de-valuation of the old Gold Standard in 1929 have on the resulting fluctuating Wall Street Stock Exchange rates, bearing in mind that the conversion value of the Mark, 2.75 equal to 9^{sd}, was .379% over the 1924 rate ? -

"That'll fix him," grinned Walt, " oh Berry ? " "Oh yes, Mr Willis," I said. " And how about these ? " I handed him a few rough notes I had made.

- Write a few pertinent notes on any three of the following;
1. The Siamese Brethren.
 2. The Wong Su Bing Hatchet Men.
 3. The stone images on the Wallaby Peninsular.
 4. The myths of the Barra Islet.

"Mmm, yes," mused Walt. "Though perhaps you had better amend the second one to read, Wong Su Bang Hatchet Men. Good, now how about this for a geological teaser. - Give the effect the North Easterly underwater tides of the upper adriatic have on coastal shrimping, mentioning briefly the gill rate ? - "

And so on. After an hours session, we concocted a set of papers that would have given apoplexy to Einstein.



A week later, we all met at 170. I thought it would give the show away if I produced the papers immediately, but Walt skilfully guided the conversation in such a way that Bob suddenly snapped his fingers, and queried. " Did you get those questions, Berry ?"

"Oh yes, Mr Shaw," I answered, feigning surprise. I produced an envelope from an inner pocket and handed it over.

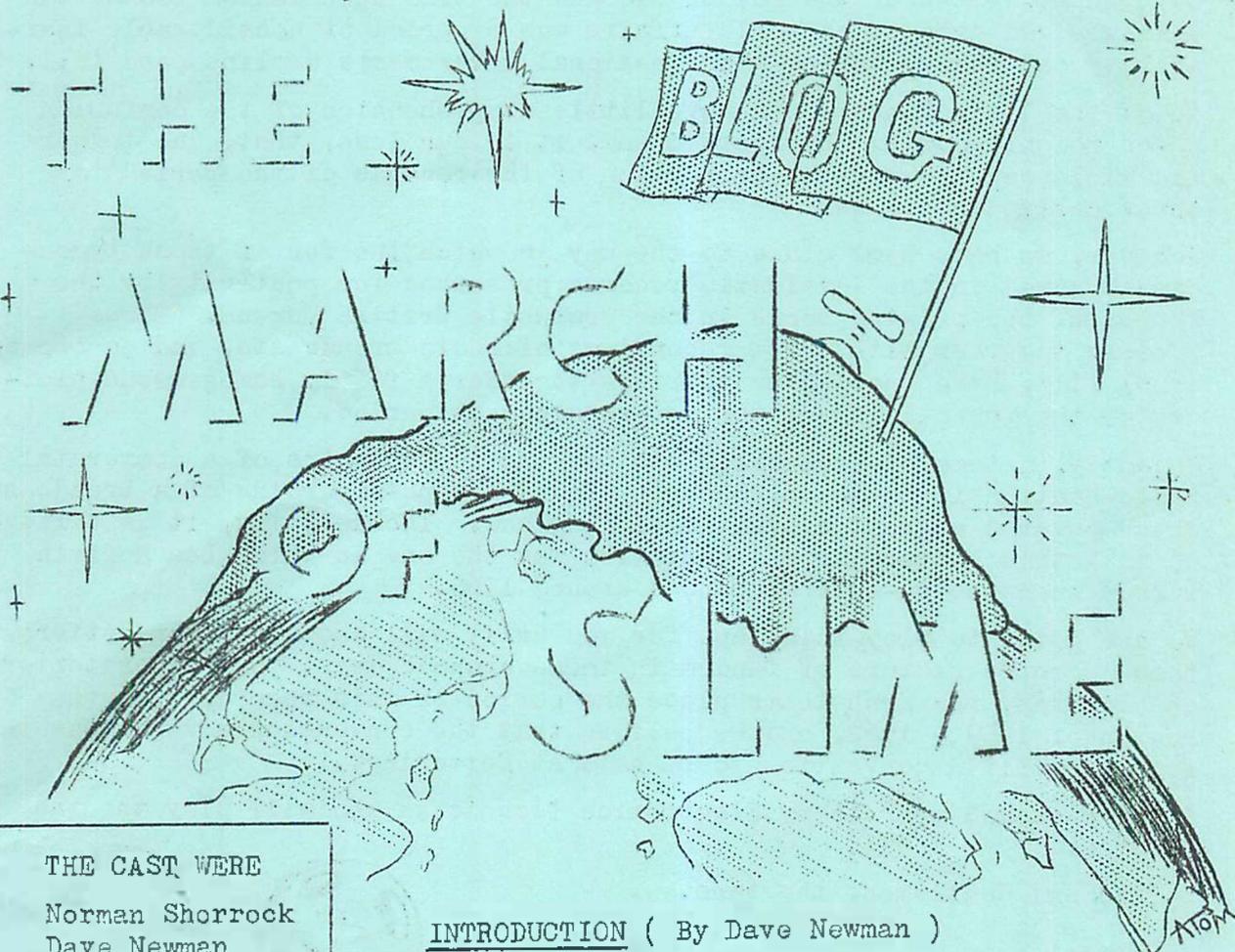
" I feel rather impertinent giving you these, " I confessed, " the Force is so short of recruits that they have deliberately lowered the educational standard. The questions are so ridiculously simple, that I feel I am insulting your intelligence by submitting them to you. Pray forgive me, Mr Shaw."

With a superior smirk, he slit the envelope open, pulled out the papers and perused them. He suddenly sat down.

" A new article Berry," asked Walt. " No," I replied. " Just a few specimen questions for Bob. Carol could do them. Well, to be honest, one of the questions troubled me a little. It concerns the stone images of the Wallaby peninsular. "

" Great Ghu!," cried Walt. " Infants stuff. Surely everyone knows about the original carvings found on the peninsular. They were completed in 297 B.C., and consist of 97 full figures, 183 heads, and.... "

There was a thud behind us.



THE CAST WERE

Norman Shorrocks
Dave Newman
Stan Nuttall
Ina Shorrocks
Pat Doolan
Frank Milnes
John Owen
Don McKie
John Roles
Renee McKie

THE AUTHORS

Norman Shorrocks
Dave Newman
Stan Nuttall
Don McKie
John Owen

INTRODUCTION (By Dave Newman)

Announcement.

Ladies and Gentlemen we bring you now "THE MARCH OF SLIME", and to introduce this programme - Professor Hezekiah 'Butch' Doppelganger.

The Professor.

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.... Before commencing my lecture, I would first like to express my gratitude for the great honour done to me by the Liverpool University School of Fandom in inviting me to give this 91st Sir Norman Wansborough Memorial Lecture.... Now, I do not intend to speak for very long as I have some material to present to you which I am confident you will find more interesting than anything which I might have to say. But I do feel that a few words of introduction are necessary...

Those of you who have some knowledge of Fan Archaeology will know that during the period 1955 - 1970, there was a golden age of fandom which finally culminated in the great fannish renaissance when fandom took over the reins of World

Illustrated
By
Arthur Thomson

THE MARCH OF SLIME

Government. Between the golden age and the time when fandom became the acknowledged arbiter of world affairs was a period of considerable instability and chaos, during which national governments declined and fell.

We of the 31st. century can have little comprehension of the confusion which reigned during this period and, it is our loss, that, due to war and violence, the greater proportion of the records of the period are irrevocably lost to us.

However, we have some clues to the way in which the fen of those bygone days behaved in the invaluable records preserved for posterity by the Keeper of the printed Books in the erstwhile British Museum. These relics, together with a few recordings of radio broadcasts, and an occasional film, have enabled us to piece together a fairly homogeneous picture of the fanactivity of the pre-renaissance period.

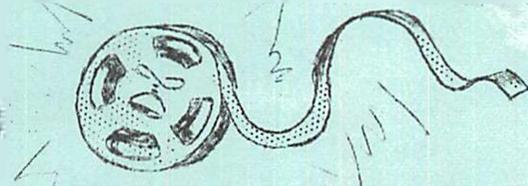
Recently, a team of archaeologists working in the ruins of a commercial radio-station in Savannah, Georgia, found a tape-recording of a broadcast which covered a great convention in England. Incidentally, it is believed that this particular radio-station was the one in which Lee Hoffman worked when she re-entered fandom around 1960.

We are going to play this tape for you as it will show you, far better than I can, a picture of fandom in those archaic days. Our laboratories and literary research teams place the period of this recording in the region of 1959 - 1962, and we believe that the convention covered was the fourth or fifth convention to be held at Kettering....

I now pass you over to my Electronics Technician who will play the tape for you.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the tape....

THE TAPE



STATION ANNOUNCER:

This is Station WXZ broadcasting to you on a wavelength of thirteen gas-meters, and a frequency of four point two autocycles...

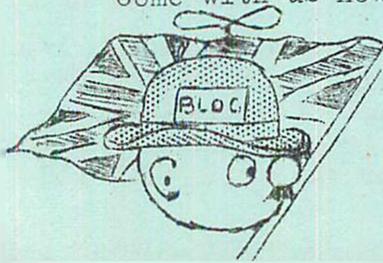
STUDIO ANNOUNCER:

The promoters of Blog, combine with the directors of the Bi-electronsonic Research Endemic Syndicate (1954) Incorporated, to present "The March of Slime" - a survey of what YOU are doing....

((Opening bars of the March from Quo Vadis - full volume at first, then fading to background level during introductory blurb.....))

Our weekly journey across the war-torn pages of world history takes us, today, across the vast untamed Atlantic....

Come with us now, across the Arctic wastes, to that other Arctic land - England, Europe - home of Mrs. Miniver, London and the English, from whom the little country gets it's name.



This nation of traditionalists, though alledgedly averse to any form of progress has, nevertheless, been quick to latch onto progressive American

THE MARCH OF SLIME

literature, with particular emphasis on Science-Fiction. And, from Castle and Hovel, this week, will come a great horde of enthusiasts to converge on the sleepy, old-world village of Kettering, bastion of freedom and decency against the vergrowing might of Soviet fan-fanaticism.

But first - a word from the biggest bastion of them all.....Your Sponsor....

SPONSOR:

Well, hullo folks !! We, the makers of BLOG, proudly present an unusual departure in this series of programmes. It is our intention to present to you, in graphic form, a picture of current events in the world of science-fiction fandom, which has recently become so prominent in world affairs.

We hope you will enjoy this programme as much as you are enjoying the benefits that BLOG brings to the American way-of-life.... Or as we say...

((Sung Commercial - to the tune of "Jack's the Boy"))

BLOG's the stuff for work - BLOG's the stuff for play,
BLOG's the stuff, when you feel rough, to drive your blues away,
You should take your BLOG several times a day,
Just get wise....stop your sighs.....Get your BLOG today.

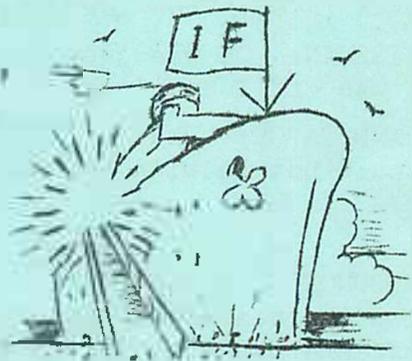
ANNOUNCER:

And now folks, over to our commentater Wilbur MacSchultz in Liverpool, England who is covering for you the arrival in England of the Irish contingent to the great convention...

((Fade in to sound effects - ships' sirens, other dock noises, and suitable Irish music.....))

COMMENTATOR:

Well folks, here's your favourite BLOG-sponsored reporter bringing to you for your listening pleasure today's big event in Liverpool - the Venice of the North - the arrival of the contingent from Belfast who are travelling in the entourage of Mr. Willis to visit the great Kettering convention. Here at the dockside, the great vessel is safely berthed - the gangplank is down - and at the top, assembling for disembarkation is the Irish contingent....



And here they come with banners flying and emerald beanies twirling. I'm going over now to have a word with the first gentlefan to set foot on terra-firma and will try to give him a real welcome from home....

((Raises voice to call to foot of gangplank))

Hallo sorr!, the top o' the marnin to yez - Is it Mr. Willis yer honour ?

IRISHMAN:

Take yer hands of me coat or I'll give yez the flukes gob!!

COMMENTATOR:

Oh, er, I'm sorry sir.... I'm a radio commentator....

THE MARCH OF SLIME

IRISHMAN: Commentator, is it? I thought you were trailing yer coat

COMMENTATOR: Oh no! Er, would you mind telling us if Mr. Willis is with you?

IRISHMAN: Well now I'm glad ye asked me that because it's after telling yez I am... Ye see, yer honour, twas like this... We was passing the time before we sailed just having a wee drop to quell the sea-sickness..

COMMENTATOR: Yes? Well how about Mr. Willis?

IRISHMAN: Walt? Eh, he's a rare broth of a bhoy - but very prone to the sea-sickness.

COMMENTATOR: I see, but is he aboard now? Er, we are rather anxious...

IRISHMAN: So we just gave him a drop of tonic just to settle it as yer might say... Well, before we knows it, this feller insults him, yer honour, suggestin' that he dont know when he's had enough... High falutin feller he was in his fancy uniform an' buttons an' all, an' there's the poor bhoy forced to defend his right to a purely preventative drink. So the last we see of Walt is himself and this feller and four or five other fellers and him defendin' with all his might an' us unable to do anything but throw any of the movable parts of the ship which came to hand as yer might say.... Yer honour, it was breath takin' to see the way he gets all the fellers hangin' onto him and battles his way down the gangplank and off into the distance...

COMMENTATOR: How terrible - and what....?

IRISHMAN: Oi was just tellin' yez... Then the ship hoisted up anchor we was off leavin' the bhoyo behind...

COMMENTATOR: What a bitter disapointment that Ghod.. I mean Mr. Willis should not be with you at this time...

((Cut to Studio))

ANNOUNCER: We have had a report that two far-flung fen are travelling from the near-East especially for this convention. Over now to Joan Carr and Sandy Sanderson who are, at present, somewhere in the Sahara.



((Footsteps in sand - slowing))

J.: I think that we should turn left at that oasis, shouldn't we Sandy?

SANDY: No, we turn right - my Dan Dare compass is infallible.

ANNOUNCER: And now, ladies and gentlemen, over to London where Agatha Crudball is waiting to

describe to you the preparations which the London Circle are making....

((Music in background - "Old Kent Rd" -
Fades into babble of voices, clinking
of Glasses, etc.....))

SLIME MARCHES ON

COMMENTATOR: Well, here we are in the historic and time-hallowed saloon bar of the famous Globe Tavern, that erstwhile haunt of Dr. Johnson, Crippen and Christie. Gathered here this evening are the honourable representatives of the London Circle - The only circle in the world composed entirely of squares.

VOICE IN BACKGROUND: Empty your glasses now, ladies and gents....

COMMENTATOR: Mr. Bert Campbell of Futuristic Science Stories is with me now, and he is going to say a few words about London's contribution to the convention. That is so. Is it not, Mr. Campbell?

CAMPBELL: Yus, luv.... Ooh, just a minute - Basher's gonna sing....

REFINED VOICE: Pray silence for Mr. John Carnell.

((Background conversation quietens gradually - and stops))

VOICES: Cheers!!

Good Old Basher!!

Alcoholics Anonymous ain't done him no good!!

CARNELL: (Sings, mob gradually joins in) There's an old mill by the stream, Nellie Dean.....

((Song fades into background. Two Cockney voices come into prominence - Campbell and A.N. Other))

ANO: I tell ya Bert, it's Bee Mahaffey!!

CAMPBELL: It's BEER Mahaffey, I tell ya!!

ANO: Do me a favour! It's BEE Mahaffey!

CAMPBELL: Lissen, it's BEER Mahaffey. I should know...She rode on the back of my scooter!!

ANO: Your perishing scooter... Scrap-heap ya mean...

CARNELL: (Butting in) Shaddup, you two... They cant hear me sing...

CAMPBELL: Wossat ?

ANO: (Menacingly) Oo you talking to ?

((General chaos - sound of breaking bottles, etc.))

COMMENTATOR: Well, as they seem to be engrossed in some deliberations we will now return you to the studio...

ANNOUNCER: After that most illuminating interlude in London we go over to the Sahara, once again to see how Sandy Sanderson and Joan Carr are faring.

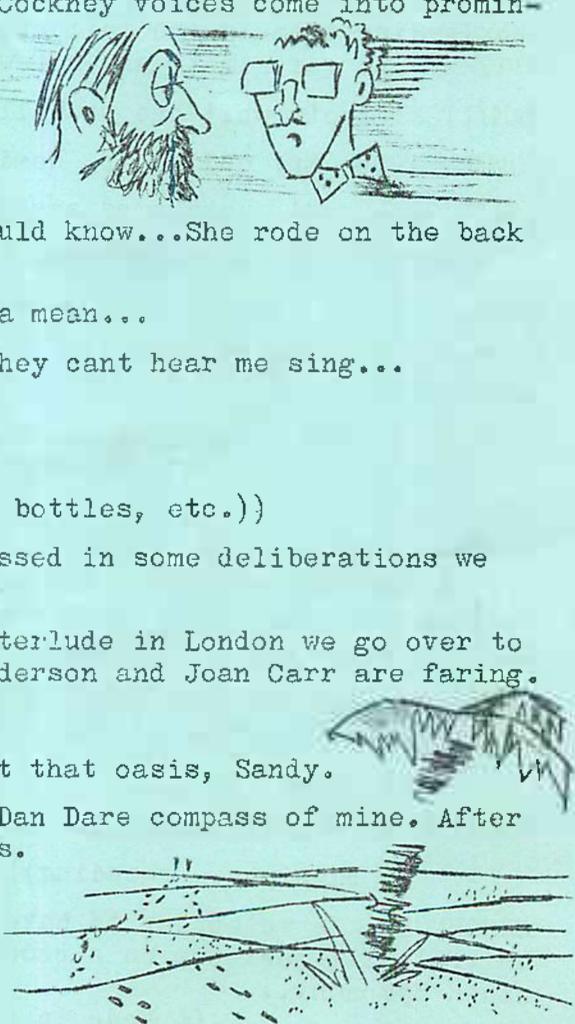
((Footsteps in sand as before))

JOAN: I'm sure we should have turned left at that oasis, Sandy.

SANDY: Nonsense, I'd stake my life on that Dan Dare compass of mine. After all, you must have faith in your instruments.

JOAN: But you only got it out of a Christmas cracker !!

SANDY: This is no time for flippancy.



SLIME MARCHES ON

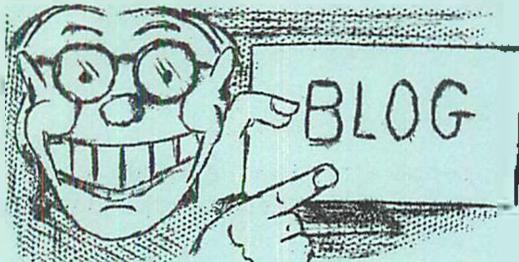
((Cut - Fade in to studio chimes and commercial blurb))

FOUR DIFFERENT VOICES IN TUNE: BLOG is a way of life!!

BLOG is all things to all men!!

What are you doing to help flog BLOG?

Ask for it by name... BLOG!!



ANNOUNCER: (Solemnly) Ladies and gentlemen. BLOG is a hormone revitaliser... One of our clients took BLOG daily. He lived to be 103, and two days after he died they had to beat his liver to death with a club.... Another

certified client writes: Before taking BLOG I used to be tired and listless, but now - after a course of BLOG - I find that I can...

((Studio chimes))

ANNOUNCER: And now we have just received news that the Scottish contingent are approaching Market Harborough on their march southward to the convention... So over to our commentator Wilbur MacSchultz to hear his impression of this Gaelic invasion...

((Sound of Bagpipes and drums))

COMMENTATOR: The Scottish contingent is approaching... They make a fine sight with feathers in their bonnets and kilts swinging in the breeze... and leading them is the tall straggling figure of MR. PETER HAMILTON.... I'll try to get him to say a few words... (Shouts) MR. HAMILTON.. MR. HAM..

HAMILTON: Scots whi' hae wi Wallace bled. Scots whom Bruce has...

COMMENTATOR: Er, quite, Mr. Hamilton, I wonder if...

HAMILTON: Losh!, a dammed sassenach!

COMMENTATOR: Er, Mr. Hamilton, er,...

HAMILTON: Gee 'im the heed jock!

COMMENTATOR: But Mr. Hamilton, I represent...

HAMILTON: Pass me ma claymore Wullie, yon sleekit sassenach's holdin' up the Parade.

COMMENTATOR: NO ! MR. HAMILTON, WAIT! ...you dont understand... Kettering.. the convention... GHOD HIMSELF... NO! AAAaaaarrhhhh !!!

HAMILTON: Here Wullie, stick his haid on yon pole alongside o' Billy Graham's.

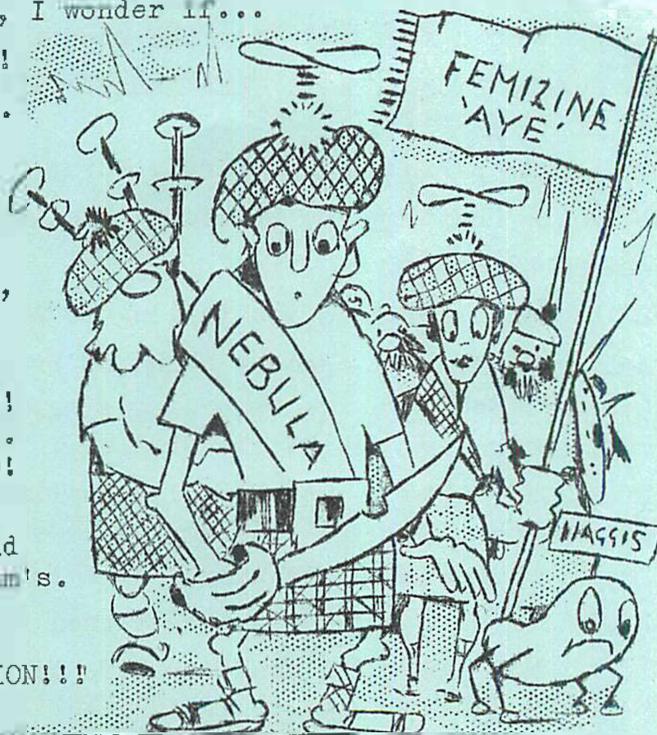
((Pause))

FORWARD THE GAELIC CLAN FAN FEDERATION!!!

((Bagpipes.. receding))

ANNOUNCER: As we appear to have lost contact with our outside broadcast unit, I will just put on a record of the third movement of Beethoven's ninth Symphony...

((Fade in to a few bars of George Formby's 'Cleaning Windows '



SLIME MARCHES ON

((Music fading to announcer..))

ANNOUNCER: And now, we take you once again, over to the Sahara to find out how Joan Carr and Sandy Sanderson are progressing...

JOAN: Tough going up this hill !!!... and haven't you noticed how regular it is ?

SANDY: Yes, we'll be at the top in a minute and we'll be able to see where we are.

JOAN: Ooh look! Three more of these funny, four sided hills...and just think - if we'd been just a hundred yards over to the left we wouldn't have had to climb them at all...

SANDY: No! We must follow our Dan Dare compass course.

ANNOUNCER: Well, they seem to be getting along alright and there seems to be some prospect that we might see them at the convention eventually... And now, it is nearing zero hour in Kettering and we take you over to the consite itself for reports of the events there...

((Truck engine and subdued crowd noises))

COMMENTATOR: Here in Kettering, the Medway lorry has just pulled up outside the hotel and those well known fen Tony Thorne and Brian Lewis are unloading their usual convention equipment. Here they are now...

THORNE: Catch! One portable torture chamber.

LEWIS: One portable torture chamber.

THORNE: Three cordless Telegraph concentrators for the connection of In-station teleprinters to out-station teleprinter circuits, COMPLETE with tin-openers.

LEWIS: Three cordless Telegraph concentrators for the connection of In-station teleprinters to out-station teleprinter circuits. COMPLETE with tin-openers.

THORNE: Six Pterodactyl-hide brief cases with ivory zip fasteners.

LEWIS: Six Pterodactyl-hide brief cases with ivory zip fasteners.

THORNE: Five tape recorders (one working).

LEWIS: Five tape recorders (one working).

THORNE: One sandstone see-saw.

LEWIS: One sandstone see-saw.

THORNE: 22 eight-inch statuettes of Mal Ashworth.

LEWIS: 22 eight-inch statuettes of Mal Ashworth... Say, Tony I can only remember TWO orders for that line..

THORNE: Yes, the other twenty are a rush order for Ethel Lindsey.

Next, One kilometer foot-rule.

LEWIS: One kilometer foot-rule.

THORNE: Thirteen dummy glass eyes.

LEWIS: Thirteen dummy glass eyes.



SLIME MARCHES ON

THORNE: One Roneo duplicator with synchromesh gears and adjustable handle-bars.

LEWIS: One Roneo duplicator with synchromesh gears and adjustable handle-bars.

THORNE: 116 unused beanies (export rejects).

LEWIS: 116 unused beanies (export rejects).

THORNE: One life sized bust of PAT DOOLAN modelled in blancmange.

LEWIS: One life sized bust of PAT DOOLAN modelled in blancmange.

THORNE: Twelve canvas night-shirts with adjustable flaps and built in money belts.

LEWIS: Twelve canvas night-shirts with adjustable flaps and built in money belts.

THORNE: Two thousand felt ears for toy mice.

LEWIS: Two thousand felt ears for toy mice.

THORNE: Twenty eight bird bath covers.

LEWIS: Twenty eight bird bath covers (surplus to Bob Tucker's order).

THORNE: One pencil.

LEWIS: One pencil ??

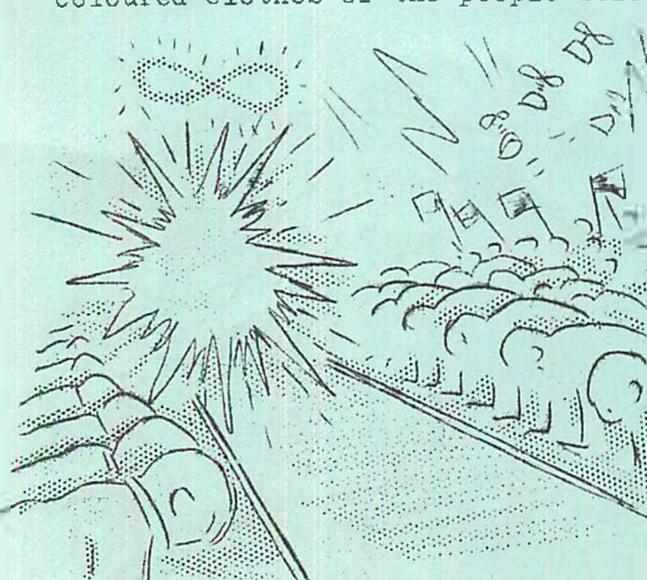
THORNE: Throw that out we dont want to load ourselves with useless stuff..

ANNOUNCER: From that scene of bustle and confusion we take you now to the convention hall proper, where Roger ffoulkes-Carstairs is waiting to describe to you the grand entrance of that doyen of all fen - His Excellency The Right Impeccable Mr Willis...

((Distant crowd noises etc.))

COMMENTATOR: Well, ladies and gentlemen, here I am on the balcony overlooking the vast auditorium. The great double doors have been opened wide and shafts of sunlight are making a picturesque pattern on the gaily coloured clothes of the people below - all of whom are eagerly awaiting for that moment when the great man appears. From my point of vantage I can see a number of well known personalities. Yes! There is Carnell, immaculate as ever in a green chartrouse outfit... Clarke and Campbell provide a splash of colour in their traditional clothing... Ah! Wait a moment... An expectant hush has fallen on the crowd below. Yes - through the doors I can just see the resplendent Rolls which has drawn up outside and I can faintly hear the cheers of the ordinary people in the street. At any moment now the trumpeters will sound the fanfare heralding the entry of the maestro.

((Fanfare off))



SLIME MARCHES ON

Ah ! Here he is, just coming into view now... His Excellency Mr. Willis himself. That impeccable figure clad in black and silver, those leonine features creased in a gentle smile, the masses of wavy hair brushed carelessly back from that noble brow. He waves a hand in greeting to people he recognises in the crowd. The scene is a kaleidoscope of colour as people bow and curtsy... Ha! A very amusing incident, Bert Campbell just stepped on his own beard... The great man is obviously amused as he helps him to straighten up. His Excellency is passing from my sight now on his way to the conference room where he will partake of refreshment with several of the more prominent guests.

It is hoped that later his Excellency may be persuaded to say a few words to you, but knowing his dislike of public speaking we must not be disappointed if this should not prove to be possible... And now over to the studio from whence we will take you to hear the start of the greatest adventure of the century...

((Studio chimes))

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER: Folks. Have you heard that BLOG gives you that deep sleep that psychologists say is so necessary - cleans gramophone records - is so kind to your silks and woollens - weans babies safely - kills rats, mice and badgers - is the swift antidote for leprousy, croup, and beri-beri - and on top of all this is guaranteed to contain no pterodactyls, diplodoci or other noxious ingredients...

And now folks, for your further entertainment we take you to Golden Sands, Southport, where the pioneer rocket "The City of Bradford", with those eminent scientists Arthur C. Clarke and Willy Ley aboard, is ready to blast off...

((Fade to crowd noises))

COMMENTATOR: This is Miles Beamish at Pleasureland, Southport. There is a terrific crowd here and I have found among them that well known personality John Ashcroft, a member of the Southport Intersanitary Society... a group of experimenters who are not going down the drain... Perhaps you would like to say a few words before the launching, Mr. Ashcroft ?

ASHCROFT: As Vice-Chairman of the Southport Inter....

COMMENTATOR: (hastily) Thank You Mr. Ashcroft...and now listeners, I am going aboard the ship, that masterpiece of human ingenuity and enterprise.

((Footsteps and opening of door))

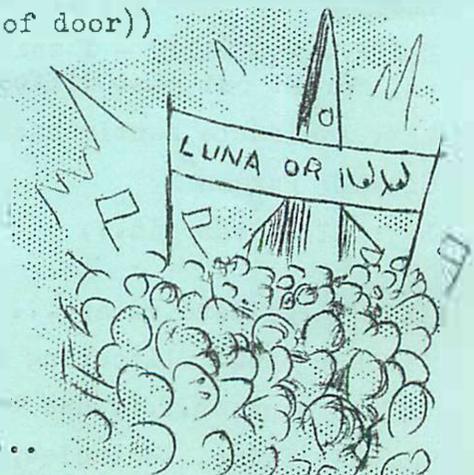
LEY: Kvikly !! I want to be the first on Luna..
I will be first on Luna !!

CLARKE: Dear me, old chap! That wont do at all -
I am Arthur C. Clarke - I must be the first.....

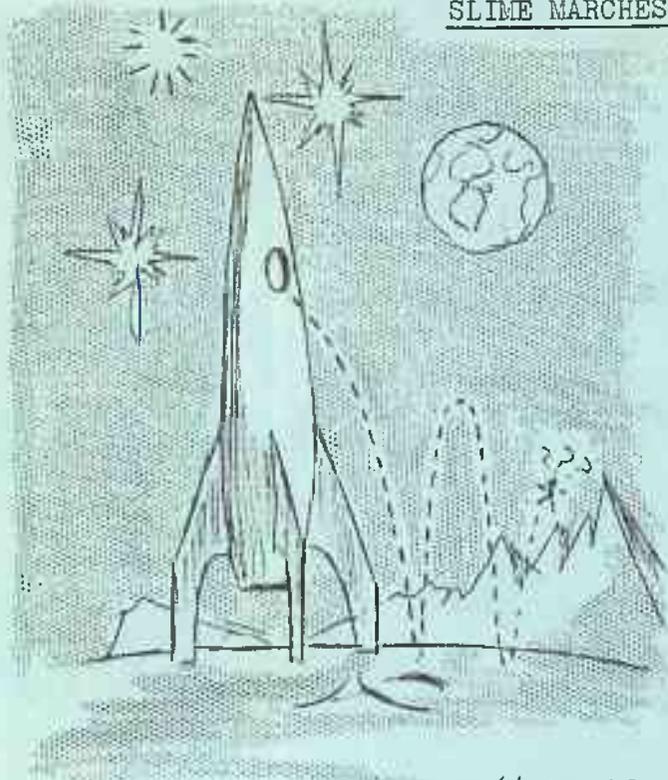
((Warning bells, seconds count, final preparations for blast-off))

COMMENTATOR: I am out of the ship again and take-off will be in a very few seconds from now. The great crowd is tense and silent...

ASHCROFT: As Vice-Chairman of the Southport Inter...



SLIME MARCHES ON



((Sound of rocket taking off))

COMMENTATOR: The "City of Bratford" is off...

((Fade to studio))

STUDIO ANNOUNCER: While we are waiting for our first communication from the space-ship here is an announcement: Due to the shortage of bran for the tub this year, the convention committee have had to substitute a mixture of Shredded Wheat and Soggies. The tub will be found in the bar from 5.30 pm onwards...

And now over to the "City of Bratford" speeding through wondrous immensities of indescribable grandeur where the stars look like a double handful of....

((Crackles and static, etc.))

CLARKE: Willy ! Look at that flaming meteor!

LEY: Vere ?

CLARKE: By that bloody comet... Ah! The fame of being first on Luna...

LEY: I will !!

CLARKE: We will!!

LEY: Vere ?

CLARKE: Crawling out of your biscuit...

LEY: Vatch out !!

((Landing sound effects))

LEY: Ve haf lantid ! Let go ! I vill be der first out !

CLARKE: No, Willy - I think that we should step onto our satellite together and forget out past differences...

LEY: Admirable sentiments Arthur - Come, let us into this Alien Terrain go...

CLARKE: Pardon ?

LEY: Alien terrain...

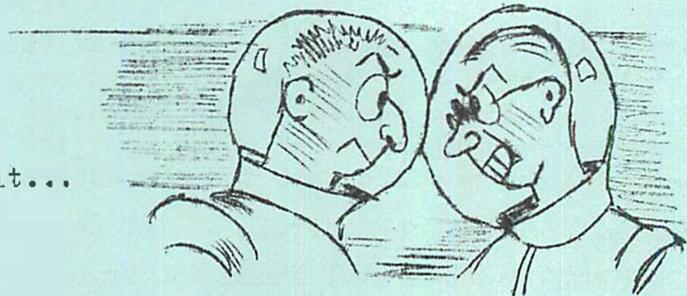
((Train noises))

LEY: Vell, here ve are... Der first men on the moon...

CLARKE: Look! Slithering towards us! From that crater! Ugh...it's ghastly!

LEY: A monster...it has been vaiting for us! Vot is is ?

CLARKE: Slime, tentacles, slobbering mouth, bulging bloodshot eyes...nearer, nearer,.... It's going to speak !!



SLIME MARCHES ON

ASHCROFT: As Vice-Chairman of the Southport inter.....

((Sound of shell approaching, explosion))

ANNOUNCER: After that thrilling episode, we return you to Kettering where the convention is now in full swing. Our commentators are waiting to bring you reports of events there and hope to bring some interesting people to the microphone.

((Fade to subdued crowd noises))

COMMENTATOR: Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we are in the convention hall, and everybody seems to be having a wonderful time... I will take the roving microphone into the body of the hall and introduce you to some of the personalities around me...

You sir, why are you here at this convention ?

MILITARY VOICE: Orders were that I proceed to Kettering
- and orders must be obeyed at all times...

COMMENTATOR: Er, thank you, sir. And now... Ah! Over there I can see Brian Burgess with an attractive young lady - lets go over and see what she has to say to him...

((Fade to record of, "May I have the next romance.."))

COMMENTATOR: And now, I see Fred Robinson passing by... Excuse me, Mr. Robinson, would you mind saying a few words to the listeners ?

ROBINSON: Indeed-to-goodness not at all... Hello listeners! I'm Fred the Camera and, on behalf of the Cardiff, Ynysbwl and District Luna Lovers Association I bring you greetings from beautiful Wales...

((Song, "We bring a Welcome"....Gun shot))

COMMENTATOR: Ah well, he was such a nice fellow...
Now, you sir, would you mind telling the listeners why you are attending the convention ?

BLUEBOTTLE: I am at the convention because I believe in science-fiction (Places hand on heart). Loveley science-fiction I BELIEVE in yew.(Strikes dramatic pose like Marlon Brando in 'Desiree' but trousers fall down. disappears behind bush. Reappears casually. Speaks)...

COMMENTATOR: (Hurriedly) Thank YOU, sir... And now I think it's time to return you once again to the studio to hear more about the progress of our travellers from the Middle East.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, we haven't heard from Sandy Sanderson and Joan Carr for a while so we will go over to them now for news of their further progress...

((Wind effect))

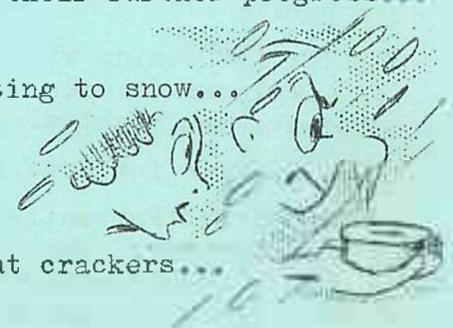
JOAN: We're off course, we must be... It's starting to snow...

SANDY: This compass of mine...

JOAN: Well let's see it, if it's so good...
You idiot !! The hands are painted on.

SANDY: I cant understand it... They were excellent crackers...

((Fade to studio))



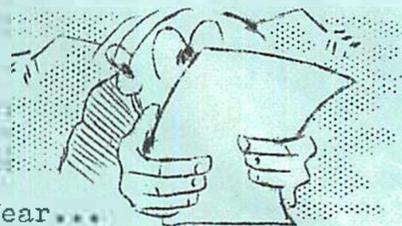
ANNOUNCER: It seems that Joan and Sandy are experiencing a spot of bother. We hope that they will arrive in time to enjoy some portion, at least, of the convention...but now, back to the convention itself where our commentators are ready to bring a few more personalities to the microphone...

COMMENTATOR: Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we are in the foyer of the convention hall... I am surrounded by a crowd of happy fen all enjoying themselves as only fen can. It is salutary to think that such diverse types can mix harmoniously together. For instance... Take any typical group of fans and you have a representative cross-section of industrial Britain. In this group, for example, we have a Slot-machine attendant from Welwyn Garden City, a lighthouse keeper from Huddersfield, a Sexton from Crewe, a Cross-bow tester from Fort William, a Ballet-shoe Stretcher from Edgbaston, a part-time Santa Claus from Anglesey, and a Hired Assassin from Crouch End.

And here, we have Mr. Norman Wansborough, a Bread Letterer, from Wiltshire who, I understand has composed a special ode for the occasion... That is so, is it not Mr. Wansborough ?

WANSBOROUGH: Arrhhh, oi'll sing it for you...

Greetings to all in science-fiction land,
Oi think the convention is really grand,
It's the thing oi look forward to every year,
So oi wish you Merry Christmas and a happy New Year...



COMMENTATOR: Thank YOU, Mr. Wansborough... And now let's eavesdrop and hear what Fred Smith is saying to Ethel Lindsay over in the far corner...

((Record of Bobby Howes singing, "You give me Ideas"))

COMMENTATOR: Charming... And now I see two well-known London Circle Fans apparently having a heated argument... Let's hear what they have to say...

ANO: I still say it's BEE Mahaffey !!

CAMPBELL: Why dont you curl up and die ? It's BEER Mahaffey... On second thoughts dont die - perishing well suffer...

COMMENTATOR: Ah well, boys will be boys... But wait, over there I see Mr. Willis himself. Dare I, yes I will... I'll go over to him and ask him to say a few words...

((Footsteps))

COMMENTATOR: (Hesitantly) Excuse me, sir... I wonder if...that is...er, er you sud way... I mean, would you say a few words to the great listening public ??

WILLIS: (Speaking with George Sanders type of voice) You silly twisted fan...(closer to mike) Send in your subs as soon as possible wont you ?? Otherwise you might miss your copy of Hyphen...

Well, cheerio for now...

COMMENTATOR: (Fervently) Thank you, sir, oh thank you!! (Pauses)
We must consider ourselves greatly honoured... And now, you may be amused to know that Eric Jones and Terry Jeeves have been searching frantically for the past three hours for Eric Bentcliffe, but WE have been able

to find him... Let's go over now to hear his impressions todate of the convention.

((Girlish giggles, cries of "Oh, stop it, Eric please..."))

COMMENTATOR: (Hurriedly) Unfortunately, it seems that Mr. Bentcliffe is engaged on important business and it ill behoves us to intrude on his researches... So let us go into the convention hall and see what is going on there... The time is 3.30 and according to the programme, David Gardner is scheduled for his desultory lecher session on Sex and Sadism in current science-fiction so we will return you to the studio...

((Studio chimes))

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCERS: (In sequence) Are you a Bergey-type femme... If so, BLOG is the best lubricant for your brass bra... BLOG is the only genuinely spherically de-aberated product on the market today. Ladies, have you tried new, improved BLOG... So kind to the hands, I always think... And SO economical too...

((Studio Chimes))

ANNOUNCER: Once more, over to Sandy Sanderson and Joan Carr to see what progress they have made.

((Wind effects))

SANDY: God... These bleak, wind swept wastes... This eternal snow and ice... This bitter wind that eats into the marrow of ones being... I cant stand it - I tell you...!!

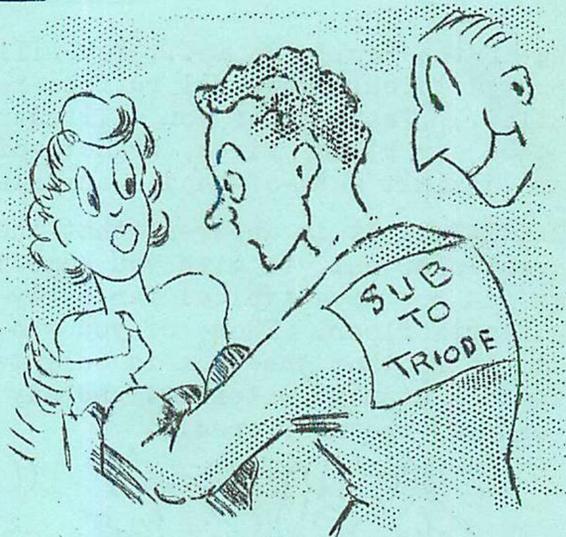
JOAN: All right ! All right !! There's no Academy Award out here you ham !

ANNOUNCER: Back to the consite once again where, we understand, an interesting ceremony is taking place...

COMMENTATOR: From my point of vantage, I can see the hotel manager inspecting his night staff all of whom are immaculate in the customary waterproof livery. Let's go a little closer so that we can hear what he has to say as he walks through the ranks...



MANAGER: Now chaps, you all know your duties. You, Jones, are detailed as chimney guard... You will spare no effort in preventing the Liverpool mob from dropping bottles down the chimneys... You, Blenkinsop, will parade the corridors and throw any emerging fen back into their rooms, and please try not to get wet this time - we cant have you off all this summer as well with rheumatism!! Peterson, you're a tactful type... You will escort weeping maidens to their rooms - and try to make sure this time that they're the right rooms - we dont want to be in the



SLIME MARCHES ON

News of the World, do we... You will also act as duty apologist and will be expected to calm down all ruffled residents within a radius of a quarter of a mile... The rest of you will stand by the fire hoses and emergency exits in case any riots, fires, or acts-of-ghod occur... Be particularly on your guard against acts-of-ghod - anything can happen while he's here...

COMMENTATOR: It is apparent that the manager has had prior experience of conventions, and, to give you some idea of what he has to guard against, we take you now to a typical fan party which is taking place in a small room on the fourth floor. Those of you who are statistically minded may be interested to learn that the room is only twelve feet square and that thirty-two fen have been seen to enter it. Nobody has yet been observed to leave... Now, if we can get the door open...



((Door opening, sudden burst of noise))

COMMENTATOR: Well, it seems that the party is in full swing and everybody having a wonderful time... But how are Joan and Sandy faring? We return to the studio to find out...

ANNOUNCER: Yes, we just have time to go over for one last report on the progress of these two intrepid travellers...

((Wind, ice-floeing... etc.))

SANDY & JOAN: (Together) HELP !! Can anybody hear us ??

JOAN: The ice-floe is breaking up... Help ! Help !

SANDY: Blast you, Dan Dare... Blast you to hell... God, the irony of it, my Hyphen subscription still has three months to run...

((Crashing noises))

ANNOUNCER: Well, I guess that's just too bad... Back to Kettering.

CLOSING SPEAKER: (Slowly and reverently) Dusk draws her grey veils across the august cloisters of this greatest convention - dimming the twinkling highlights of silver and glass - moving the shadows like wraiths into the vacated chairs of the departed guests... A tangle of litter carpets the floor - the lights are dimmed and the fumes of wine and tobacco hang heavy in the air... The drinks are flat - the hall is cold... It is finished - the greatest convention of all - the ghosts come into their own and memories are born...

((During closing speech, music rises gradually to a crescendo))

((Telephone bell rings))

CLOSING SPEAKER: Excuse me.... Hullo?

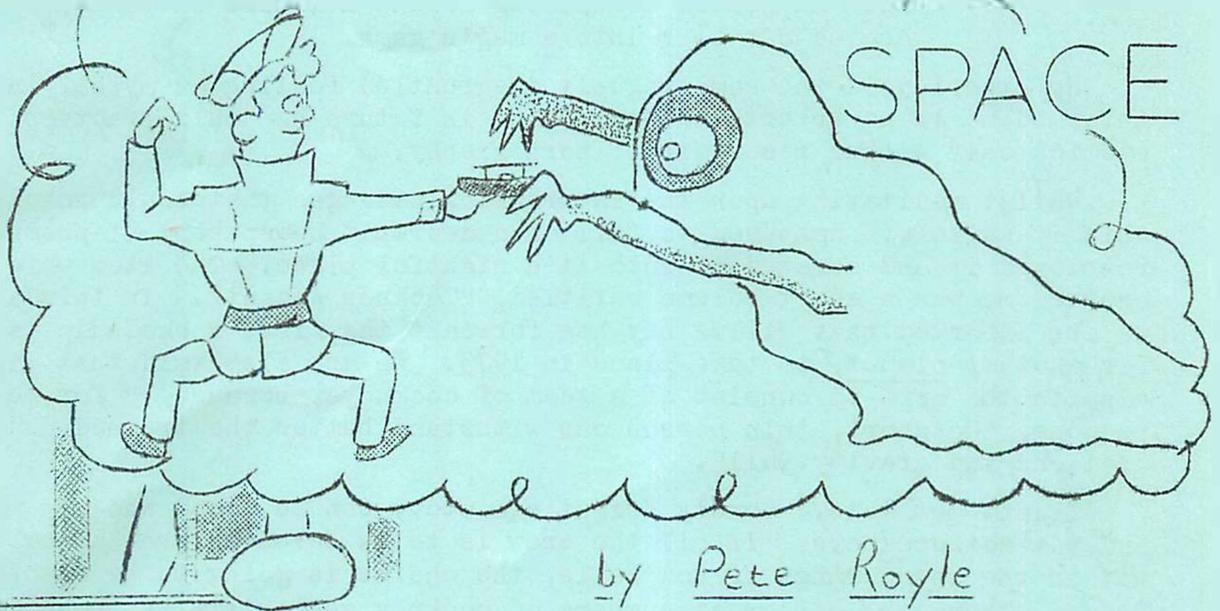
OPERATER: I have a call for you from the North Pole... Hold on... Youre through Mr. Sanderson... Go ahead please.

((Muffled scream from phone..))



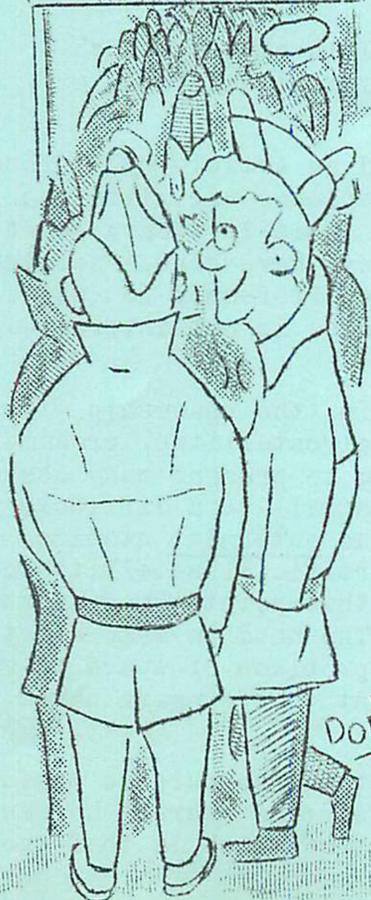
THE END

EXPLOITATION OF SPACE



by Pete Royle

LONDON
JOVIAN LINES
Q here: 1/-



Having nothing to do the other day, I decided to have another bash at Damon Knight's Logogenetics. For those who do not read a certain insurgent zine named Hyphen, I'd better explain that doing logogenetics Damon's way, means that you take two books, open one of them and write down the first word you see. If it happens to be a word like 'and', close the book and try again. When you have the first word open the second book, if the first word you see could be contained in a sentence following the first word, which you have made a note of (?), write that down next to the first word.

You go on like this until you have had enough. I have tried this lark five times, each time the only result has been several sentences of pure gibberish, but I am left with the feeling that there is something in it if I could only see it. I'll give you my best example so far, see if you can make anything of it;

Sir Charles did a well-informed small observation on a crude possible underwater component. Then he could be stopped to have a visible passion. A balloon shook the wall, half the airstrip went for her handcart.

See what I mean? The above was written with the aid of 'Prelude To Space', and an ancient Startling Stories.

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A friend of mine, Pete Grayston, wondered what the result would be if two 'comics' were used as a reservoir. Film Fun, and Adventure, produced the following.

Buck subjected to walking around a square entrance, he led our bear into a mug's game.

He experienced the same vaguely disgruntled feeling as myself, and informed me in no uncertain terms, that in future he would practice logogenetics only with a reservoir of pornography.

Whilst meditating upon the interesting passages that could result from this my eagle eye happened to fall on a decrepit newspaper. I promptly retrieved it and screwed it into it's rightful place. The item which interested me was a short column entitled, "Cockney Ascent". In this article we are informed that Willie Ley has forecast the first rocketship take-off for another planet, to take place in 1975. We are also told that Willie expects the crew to consist of a team of cockneys, because, "for medical reasons, the short, thin person can withstand better the tremendous accelerations and gravity pull".

I don't get this. Surely scientists etc., can be found who are wiry, and yet not cockneys. If all the crew is to be selected from an area within the sound range of Bow Bells, the choice is going to be rather limited. There are not great numbers of cockney geologists, astronomers, and possible spaceship pilots. However, Willie Ley, is WILLIE LEY, whilst I am,****, so the first spaceship crew probably will turn out to be cockney. Does this mean that the first aliens to be contacted will learn to speak English with a broad cockney accent? New doors are opened to the s-f writers!

...The green slimy monster approached him. It's sickly stench clogged his nostrils as it spoke, "Git back ter yer bloomin' ole erf, ah lahk yew, ah dahn't fink! "...

Flipping over the page of the paper I noticed an article by Professor A.M. Low. In this article the Prof says, "Give science unlimited cash and we'll have a spaceship on the Moon by 1995". This is twenty years after Willie Ley's intrepid little band of cockneys have gone, "zooming into space bound for another planet". Whats more, Professor Low wants unlimited amounts of cash, whereas Willie, it seems, is not interested in such mundane matters.

The way the Prof envisions the first moon trip, the spaceship will be carried to the innermost of a series of artificial satellites, presumably by a more lowly variety of rocket. This is going to present many obstacles to the Prof, the building of these space stations will be a difficult task. Ghod knows how they will transport the ship to the outermost station, but we'll skip that. So we have a spaceship on an artificial satellite not very far from the moon. So far, so good, but at this point the professor confronts us with a most profound observation, "The need to make a return journey from the moon will more than double the problems of space travel". This is not really surprising due to the fact that the voyagers have twice as far to go!

How to get back? On this intriguing subject the honourable professor seems to be devoid of any helpful suggestions! The nearest he can get to a solution is a tentative idea, the import of which is that the

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pioneers, having landed on the moon might not mind kicking their space-booted heels there, until a larger, more powerful spaceship is built. Now if I were one of the sturdy souls contemplating the journey to that mouldy green-cheese sphere, I should be more than a trifle interested in how long I would have to wait for the rescue party. One year? Two? Carrying enough air, food, and water to keep the crew alive for one year the rocket would hardly get off the satellite, never mind zoom to the moon. There is the bare possibility, of course, of substitutes for food and water being discovered within the next forty years, but may I venture to say that the possibility of a decent substitute for air being produced seems very remote indeed.

So those poor suckers of prototype spacemen will still be waiting for a rescue-ship when the sun goes down for the last time. Whilst Willie Ley and the East End Kids will be idly zooming around Alpha Centauri, or running shilling trips to Jupiter!

SCIENCE FICTION

LUNCHEON CLUB

By J. J. Curle

The Science Fiction Luncheon Club was formed about a year ago by a group of British hard-cover book publishers and literary agents in order to spread the gospel of s-f. At present it has a membership of about 30, and associate membership is offered to such other interested authors and publishers as the full members decide to approach.

At the lunches, which are held every two months, members may bring guests (preferably people connected with the press or radio), and a guest speaker of eminence is invited to address the meeting. The member bringing the guest speaker acts as Chairman for that lunch. Among those who have so far spoken are, Miss Clemence Dane, the famous authoress; the editor of the Times Literary Supplement; Patrick Moore, writer and astronomer; Desmond Leslie, of 'Flying Saucer' fame; Professor A.M. Low, John Keir Cross, of the B.B.C. That famous quick-talk act, Campbell and Carnell will also probably have done their stuff by the time you read this.

Certain members of the press are invited as guests of the whole club, and the intention is that s-f shall be brought to the notice of the public by interesting and authoritative talks. So far considerable success has attended our efforts.

The Luncheon Club has also organized a touring display of s-f books with a model centrepiece as eye-catcher. This display should have visited booksellers in Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, and Newcastle by the time this appears, and it will most probably on show in the Festival Hall, London, during the "Sunday Times Book Exhibition" in November.

Reports from Nottingham indicate that the display attracted a great deal of attention there. On one Saturday alone, over 500 people entered the shop where it was being exhibited.

COLLECTING SCIENCE - FICTION

Part IV: FANZINES

Science Fiction Fandom is a large and somewhat loosely bound brotherhood of individuals more than just mildly interested in science fiction. This organization would perish if it were not for the fanzine which provides a vehicle for the exchange of ideas and information.

Fanzines generally defy a detailed description but they can be termed "amateur publications" with little fear of contradiction. Anything else you say about them can hardly be as inclusive. They must be seen to be believed.

Since 1932 with the birth of the first true fanzine, The Time Traveller, countless titles and issues have appeared. Over 100 are being published more or less regularly at the present time. And this phenomenon is not confined to any certain spot on the globe - it spreads.

Methods of producing fanzines range from pen to press with the mimeograph getting top billing. The problem of finance almost invariably determines the production method. Not 1% of the fanzines earn any money for the fan publisher. Few will break even. Most require constant financial priming and so it is quite natural that there is a strong tendency towards mimeographing which is relatively inexpensive.

These "little magazines" are published for many reasons, obvious and obscure. Practically every science fiction club issues it's own fanzine. Others are published by individuals or small groups and the pattern is quite random.

Because of the basic nature of fanzine publishing it is quite impossible to assemble a complete collection. The extremely limited distribution of many titles effectively prevents the collector from locating a desired issue just a few years after publication. Most of the titles published have had circulation figures of less than 200. So if you don't get the issue while it is current you may never see a copy.

By 1975 many of the issues published today will be non-existent. Those fortunate enough to survive will do so only in extremely small numbers. And by 2000 A.D. those small numbers will have dwindled perilously close to the vanishing point. Since it is highly probable that great interest will be displayed in the present activities of Science Fiction Fandom around the turn of the century the importance of preserving copies of current fanzines is obvious. The astute fan and collector will do well to file his collection in a safe place - the monetary rewards will be eventually, quite high.

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The contents of fanzines can be, and have been, almost everything and anything. But they primarily concern themselves with the various aspects of Science Fiction Fandom and provide a showplace for the literary and artistic efforts of it's members. Numerous professional authors and artists have started their careers via the fanzines as have several editors and publishers. A wonderful training ground exists in the fanzines for all aspects of the publishing business.

It is important that the fanzines be well supported if we hope to strengthen and advance the position of Science Fiction in the literature of this and future eras. Support involves both subscriptions and submission of material. If each science fiction fan would subscribe to six or eight fanzines and also support them with contributions in the form of letters, short stories, art work, poems, critical articles, news items, etc., Science Fiction Fandom would be a much more powerful force in the world scene; and a force which is potentially capable of much good.

Unfortunately there is no one all inclusive list of fanzines to which the new fan can be directed. True, lists have been and are published but because they are rapidly outdated they have little value except to the prime collector or researcher. The new fan can best be advised to check the letter columns and fan articles in the better professional science fiction magazines for reference to fanzines and then to pick one or more that strike the fancy. Upon receipt of the first you will be exposed to the pleas and claims of others and so have no trouble in expanding your collection.

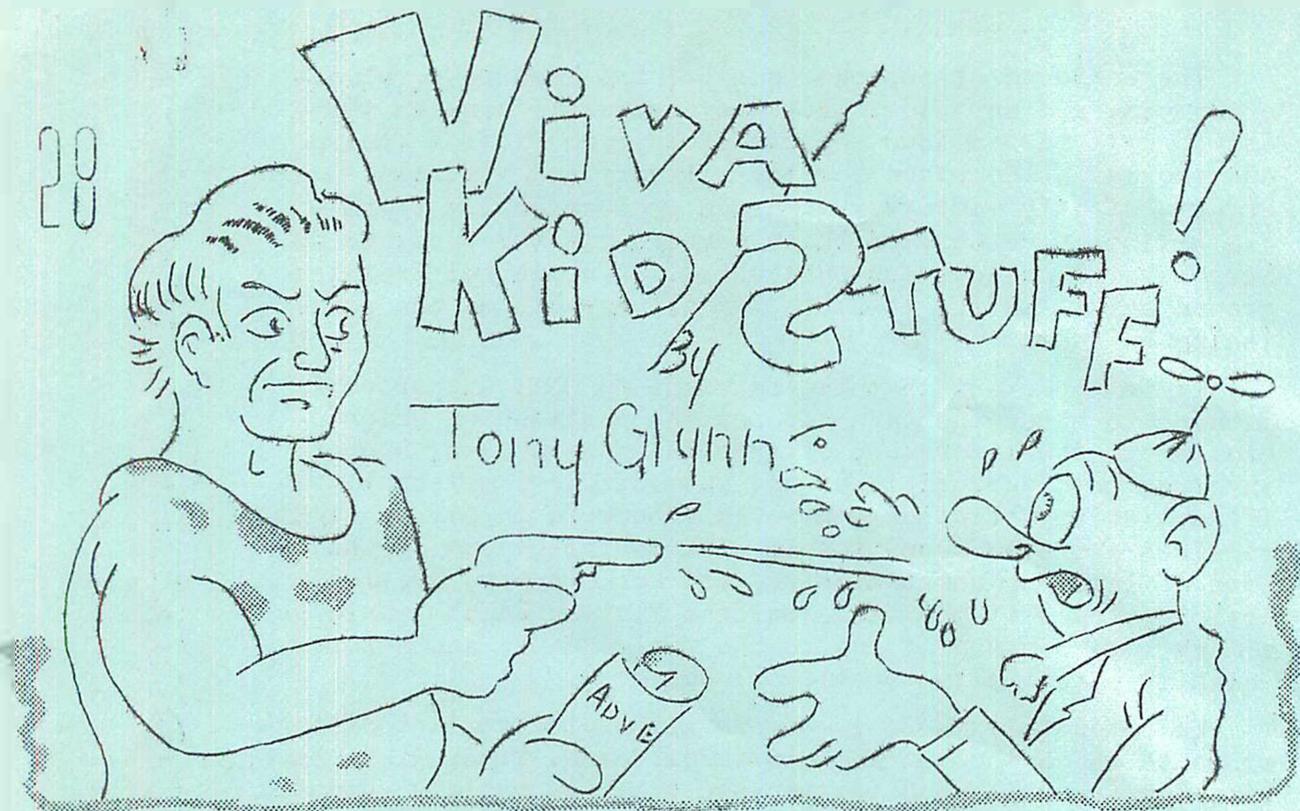
And for the ambitious fan, who has a little extra cash coupled with the desire to publish his or her own fanzine, great adventures lie ahead. Your own magazine which you can publish how and when you like. Why not add your name to the list to be compiled by some future historian of Science Fiction Fandom and Fanzines ?

— DALE R. SMITH.

BUY BLOG!

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing BLOG! BLOG, acts instantly to soothe your inflamed tissues - helps prevent soreness - reduces swelling - Get BLOG for fast wonderful relief. Ask your Doctor about it. Suppository form - also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

REMEMBER - A Mans best friend is his BLOG!



In TRIODE 2, Mike Wallace mildly took the Mike out of 'Hotspur' and the like. Now this pains me and I feel that, in the footsteps of the great G.K. Chesterton, I must put forward something of a defence of what used to be called the "Penny dreadful". It happens that I have ranged all sorts of literary badlands in my time and the unique Thomson school of writing for juveniles has had a peculiar attraction for me ever since the days when irate parents used to forbid me to read such "blooms".

I agree with Mike that the "science-fiction" to be found in the magazines is corny but, as a student of journalism, I find the whole structure of the Thomson tradition in boys' fiction quite fascinating; anything, anything at all, can happen in the "Adventure", "Wizard", "Hotspur" and "Rover" world. They're smart laddies north of the Tweed, not only did they produce pleasant things like whisky and Ethel Lindsay, they hit upon an 'anything goes' style of juvenile yarn which still brings in the shekels while the more conventional children's publications of the Harmsworth Press of England have gradually faded out.

While agreeing with Mike that Thomson stf is corn, at least it is to adults, I maintain such yarns arouse an interest in stories with an unusual setting or a pseudo-scientific background and the kid who reads them at 12 may well become an actifan at 22 as a result. In defence of the Thomson school of stf, let it be said that these magazines carried space travel yarns when there were no British prozines (regular ones, at least), in existence. The plots they used in the early thirties were no less corny than some of those used in the Gernsback mags of the period.

But, let's go back awhile in time and look at the Thomson stf of twenty years ago, or near-stf as some of it is. While guffawing, bear in mind that this is kid stuff, turned out for kids of the pre-atom age. Let's go.

Jumping back to 1933, here's the "Wizard" with a neat line in Martian invasion stuff, a serial called "Raiders From the Red World". The Martians, according to the illustrations, looked like so many Mercuries in winged helmets and tight-fitting, fish-scale, suits. They differed from Earthlings only in the fact that they were silver in colour. With ray guns, and a device which rendered all Earthlings blind, they soon conquered Terra and planted forests of the alien weed that was their basic diet. After being beaten in the end, they scooted back to Mars, taking the hero and his pals back with them so that a sequel called "The Blood Trail on Mars" resulted.

Oddly enough, the Martians who were so far advanced as to send raiding rockets to Earth, had not settled down to taming their own planet first. They lived in cities buried under the planet while all kinds of BEM's roamed about outside. Mostly, these were magnifications of earth creatures like giant lobsters.

Don't get the idea that "new barbarism" stories are anything new, the "Wizard" was running one in 1934. This concerned a gas which made all who breathed it into savages. The gas was set loose on Canada when some miners up north blasted into the side of a mountain, disturbing a pocket of the stuff.

The gas had the effect of making the men forget anything but the most primitive things and they whipped off their clothing and donned animal skins on the spot. Pretty soon, an army of wild men was marching across Canada while the gas was still drifting across the country turning the inhabitants of the cities into cave-men. The mining-engineer hero and his cronies had the foresight to grab gas-masks and they spent their time dodging about from hordes of men without memories who were raising hell all over the landscape.

More recently, the atom bomb has been used as the means of reverting civilised man to savage, but that 1934 epic was, basically, made of the same stuff as more adult fiction such as "The Long Loud Silence".

For a typical example of Thomsonia, take the Slippery Shadow who was doing his stuff in the "Rover" in the year 1930. He was a crook catcher. This was the age of the big-time rackets in the U.S. and it was inevitable that the firm of Thomson should produce a gang-buster par excellence. The Slippery Shadow used invisible paint to help him out; all he did was to paint himself from head to foot with this paint, his own invention, and he was all set to rope in any booze baron or public enemy. The only clue to the nature of this wonderful paint was that it was "so black that it did not reflect light", so the object painted became unseen which was no doubt good enough for the 1930 youngster.

Sticking around the early 'thirties, let's consider Zero the Silent, of the "Adventure", another crook catcher with a difference. He was a wrongly disgraced bobby who set out to further law and order in his own fashion, clad in an outfit something akin to Superman's and with his face masked. His gimmick was a set of rubber suckers on his hands and knees enabling him to crawl fly-like over walls and ceilings, which he did with monotonous regularity and impossible speed. Zero was extremely popular around 1931 and 1932.

Coming forward in time to Coronation summer, 1937, when the errand-boys were whistling "Serenade in the Night", what do we find? It wasn't enough that the Spanish Nationalists and Republicans were beat-

ting the daylights out of each other, or that the Chinese and Japs were going at it tooth and claw, - Britain was invaded !

Yes, the "Skipper", now defunct, carried a yarn called "Britain Down, But Not Out", not really coming into the classification of stf or fantasy, but dealing with a theme oft-repeated, the domination of the white races by the yellow. In this case, it was a formidable army of Mangoths, people from a mythical Asiatic country, who over-ran England. Illustrations showed Britishers being herded about by brutal Mongoloid soldiers with rifles and whips. Why did they get the whip-hand in the Old Country ? Easy, the whole nation had been weakened by the worst 'flu epidemic since 1918 and had no energy to resist the invading Mangoths. Nevertheless, the inevitable gang of heroes ("resistance" was a word not yet coined), won through.

The following year, in the pages of the "Skipper", England was pestered by pilotless bombers, a prophecy fulfilled with the coming of the flying bombs. These were the invention of a leg-less German, wreaking revenge on the English who had crippled him in World War One. He simply sat at a control panel in his hide-out and bombed London, Glasgow and other cities by remote control.

You had to hand it to the house of Thomson, they put fact, fiction and fairy-tale into a bottle, shook it up and produced startling results. There was a fellow named Falk framed and sent to the electric chair but his body proved to be a walking storage battery. He stored up the volts pumped into him, made a get-away and went round the States electrocuting the mobsters who framed him, one at a time, with his bare hands. When he ran down, he charged up the nearest pylon.

There were the adventurers who were captured by a colony of gigantic and intelligent bees; there was the useless sherriff whose badge was made of a bit of Alladin's lamp; when he polished it up he became the fastest gun-slinger on the frontier. Ther were the lighter-than-air school-boys who got some mystery ingredient mixed up with their soup and floated here and there and everywhere for a whole series. The Chinese magician with magic pills was always showing up in any kind of setting from an English Public School to a western cow-town. There was the tim man who-for my generation - (I'm 25) must be the greatest robot of all, the Iron Teacher, mentioned by Mike, he showed up about 1941 in the wild west.

Then, there was another Thomson character created in the "Wizard" of my time, who is still going strong, Wilson, the Methuselah athlete, who first appeared in 1942. Thomson evergreens like Morgyn the Mighty and Strang the Terrible date from the twenties.

Take not the Mike, Mike. The Thomson brand of stf is as corny as a well-filled silo after you've reached maturity in your science-fiction reading, but who can say this interesting facet of the British publishing scene does not whet juvenile appetitie for Fantasy Fiction?

Viva Kid Stuff ! Long may it nutture the fen of tomorrow !

(Note: Certain examples used in this article were also given in a shorter one on British juvenile fiction, part of a series by myself, appearing in an American fanzine. Nevertheless, this is a longer and more detailed effort, so let's not hear the knowledgeable fen declaring that I re-hash my old material for home consumption ! Tony Glynn.)



Staggering under the weight of my suitcase, which I'd packed with a blissful disregard of even distribution of weight, I moved from out our flat and onto the parked trolley-bus. 15 minutes and two fingernails later, the Kingston-Upon-Hull Corporation Transport Department decided to move it in the direction I'd hoped it was going. After getting off I lugged my suitcase the 500 yds. to the station (I'm certain that's a mobius pavement -- it felt more like 500 miles!). Anyway, I caught the 8.40am to Leeds, where I was meeting Mrs. Bennett's li'l boy who goes by the name of Ron.

After getting into Leeds, I, in my trufannish generosity, spent a whole 4d phoning Cecil's pet fan. We nattered. We nattered. We nattered until Ron realized he'd got exactly five minutes in which to pack his bag and catch the one and only bus which would get him to the station in time to catch the 11.50am to Kettering. He made it, somehow, complete with flatbed duper, ink, paper, stencils, prozines and Ghu knows what all.

The carriages of the 11.50 were mostly of the Pullman type, with little tables between the seats. The train wasn't very full. However, judging by the reaction of the passengers when Ron started to quote from his Bumper Note Book of Fannish Quotes, I'm of the opinion we'd have been left alone even if the train had been full to overflowing!

By the time we got to Sheffield, Ron was getting a bit bored with just making esoteric quotes which the other passengers couldn't understand, so he got down one suitcase and took out some copies of 'Fantastic Science Fiction'. These, he informed the entire carriage in a loud voice, were "Very rare copies of genuine pornographic science fiction". I pretended I wasn't there! Later, we got my typer out and cut that stencil published in BURP! AT THE CON (advert). About that time I took a wander round the ASHWORTH IS IN THE ACT OF GHOD RACKET. train looking for fen, but they all must have been hiding under ashtrays so as to lead me astray! Only people I took much notice

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of were a very amorous courting couple, and the bloke seemed to resent me staring at them. Wonder why?

Finally disembarking from the train, Ron and I spotted Archie Mercer, Terry Jeeves, someone else who I'm damned if I can remember and a neofan by the name of Peter Reaney. We walked up the hill from the station. We laboured up the hill. We staggered up the hill. On the point of dropping we came in sight of a building which had 'George Hotel' in large gilt letters on it. The front was boarded up. We went round the corner and tottered a bit further towards a board which also said George Hotel. It was the main door. My fears that the hotel had been tipped off about s-f conventions and had decided at the last minute to declare a state of siege were proved unfounded.

When about to enter the revolving door (for the third time -- I never could get the hang of those things!), I met John Hall (who is quite a fannish type and not half such a filthy huckster as I thought he was), still more fen who I can't remember, and Tony Klein. I checked in, took my bag up to my room and made an attempt to remove one of the several layers of grime I'd collected on my travels through the smoggy north. Afterwards a number of us wandered off to a local cafe for tea. I had mine with Tony Klein and Mr. Norman George Wandsborough! To think that a poor, northern hick-fan like me was granted the honour of watching NGW eat a cream split! I was overwhelmed.

After tea, Tony and I went up to my room where I made a second attempt at removing another layer of grime from my sensitive fannish countenance -- this time with more success. Then we had a typically trufannish natter about such things as funfairs, American style shirts, and what I was to do if the RAF rozzers picked Tony up for being drunk and incapable.

A bit later we went down into the lounge and I met several nice fen such as Dave Cohen. I also met Peter Reaney again. I kept on meeting Reaney all through the Con, and am of the opinion that he's a figment thought up by Harry Turner to haunt me! I had a few drinks and played zap with Tony Klein and John Hall. My clearest memory is of trying to fill someone's cap with water from my zapgun and looking round into the eagle-eye of the hotel manager. No comment!

Sometime later I wandered into the Con Hall and got talking to a very pleasant young fan with a soothing Scottish accent who was propping up the Nebula stand. Some 30 minutes later I discovered I was talking to Peter Hamilton! Peter is one of the nicest guys I've ever met. He tells me he has never been a fan in the fandom sense, but that he wishes he had. I've a feeling that under the right circumstances Hamilton could become the first pro-first-and-then-fan that I've ever heard of. I wish he would.

We talked a bit longer and then Peter suggested dinner,

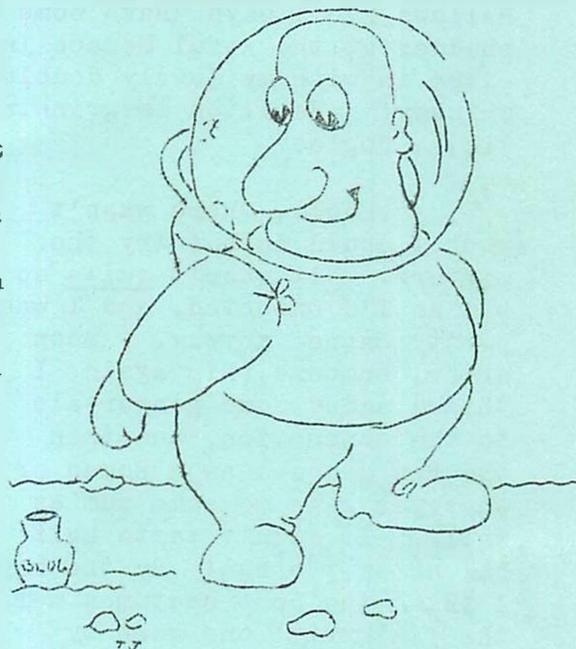
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to which I hummed and hawed a bit until I realized that he was offering to pay for it! Reaney was still doing an excellent job of haunting, so he also got invited (he had become a little the worse for wear during the course of the evening). We'd already entered the Dining Room when it suddenly dawned on me that I was still carrying my beanie, so I did my best to hide it under my coat. We got a table near the wall and I tried to throw the beanie onto a chair where it would be hidden from sight of the hotel staff. It fell off. Next thing I knew, Reaney was wearing it under the frigid gaze of the head waiter! Myghod! Reaney also told Peter Hamilton that he thought the covers of the Vargo Statten Mag were lovely.....

Later I was in the Residents' Lounge arguing the case for agnosticism with Ken Slater and Dave Cohen. After an hour of it we decided we agreed on all points and wondered why we'd been arguing! I owe Ken a hell of a lot of drinks.

Saturday morning I rose about 7.0am (!) and wondered why I felt so good: no hangover at all. Lovely beds they have at the George, much better than the floor at home! Went out with John Hall after breakfast and we both bought a zap-rifle. John also made a very good beanie from a policeman's toy helmet which he bought at the market.

Met "Dawn" Allen (Laney???) during the morning and had a few words about Mason's 'Vitriol' column. Don seems fed-up to the teeth with the whole thing. Can't say I blame him. John Hall, Tony Klein and I and Ghu knows who else, spent most of the morning zapping all and sundry, including ourselves and the photographer from the Kettering Leader & Guardian. Very fannish type, who entered into the fun readily. I had quite a nice lunch at the 'London Grill' with a large group of fen including Don Allen and Dave Cohen. I felt a bit tired on the way back from lunch, and bought a bottle of Phenacetin and Caffeine tablets from Timothy Whites & Taylors. I recomend them -- 1/3d a bottle (unpaid advert). I listened to that wonderful Liverpool play during the afternoon. Great, really great!



Went up to Ron Bennett's room to help him run-off the stencil we cut on the train. We were later joined by a North-Eastern Faned and a Peachy Babe, who seemed to think the carpet uneven and proceeded to remedy this by rolling on it. Ron and I discussed the possible penalties of keeping an immoral hotel room! When we'd finished the duplicating I wandered down to the party in the hotel Billiard Room.

The things I remember that party most for are 1) the 'arrid red circle on my forehead where Nic Oosterban stuck a sort of glorified Slan-tendrill with a sucker on the end (anyone remarking that it had a sucker on the end when it was stuck on me, will be meeting me and zap-rifle at the next Con!), 2) the worst brown-ale I've ever tasted, and 3) my first (and last!) taste of BLOG!!

The only stuff worth drinking seemed to be well protected by the group around Ted Tubb, so I wandered off and raked out the obliging night-porter and got myself a lovely double whiskey. Having only taken a couple of sips from my glass, I'm standing in the middle of the room beaming upon fandom in general, when a devilishly gloating voice (which might well have issued from the graveyard of a fog-shrouded Highland Kirk at midnight on All Hallows Eve!) says "Have some Blaog". Before I can do more than shudder at the Awful Menace In The Tone, I do have some Blog -- all mixed in with my lovely double whiskey! Hamilton is grinning like a Bogle!

Well, there wasn't much I could do but try the mixture. It wasn't quite so bad as I'd expected, and I was pretty canned anyway. Soon after, someone (Nic again, I think) added some ginger-ale to the concoction, and then the fan dressed as a Roman or whatever gave me some rum as well. It didn't taste half bad after the rum! By the way, I think the best costumes were the 'Valkyrie' one worn by Ina Sherrocks and the 'Old Nick' effort worn by Stan Nuttall. And of course Dave Newman in gown and beanie-board really looked the part to a 'T'. His home-grown moustache rather suited him.

TOP SECRET.

At great personal peril, and solely out of consideration for fannish historians and the Dangerous Narcotics Department of Scotland Yard's Forensic Science Laboratories, I have gleaned the following from various unquestionably unreliable sources:-

Formula of Prototype Blog

- 2 Disprin, powdered.
- 2 tablets Alka-Seltzer.
- 2 tablsps. Blackcurrant Juice.
- 2 " Liquid Paraffin.
- 2 " Egg Flip.
- 4 " Barm.
- 1 gram Saffron.
- Dash of 'Tia Maria' Liqueur.
- Unknown quantity of Benedictine.

Around 3.45am, Tony Klein and I wandered up to my room. Tony was looking for a place to kip and intended to use my floor. He found it rather uncomfortable. Shortly before we went to my room we'd taken Peter Reaney for a walk round Kettering to try and sober him up. I dunno what success we had -- Reaney acts much the same whether drunk or sober! Anyway, Tony got fed-up with the sight of me in a nice comfortable bed while he was getting bruises on the floor, and decided to wander off and see if he could locate an empty room. He came back in five minutes and said Marriott's room was unoccupied so he was going to use that. I went to sleep as dawn began to crack.

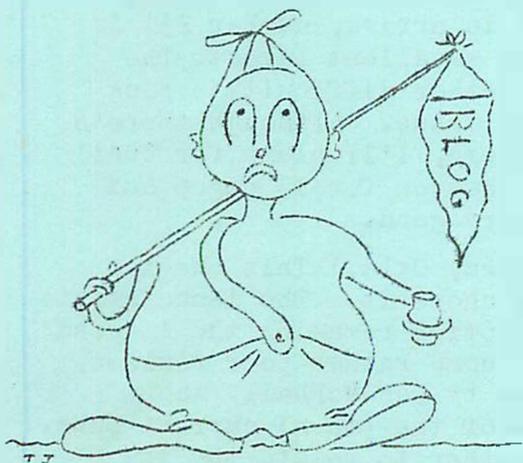
I got up fairly late on Sunday morning. Breakfast was long gone so I did without. I felt whoosey and took two P & C tablets and a Bass on an empty stomach. I felt worse! Everyone, including me, was mooning about with long faces like a flock of bad-tempered sheep. A number of us went out for lunch, looking and acting like we hated ourselves, the world, and everyone in it.

On returning to the hotel I found the atmosphere almost frightening. Nobody ever tells anything to a hick-fan like me, but I thought something seemed awful wrong somewhere (I had the vague idea that Terry might have murdered Peter Reaney. I wondered how best to help him make his escape!). Shirley Marriott borrowed my room key to get a couple of P & C tablets. They seemed to do her good. I wandered into the Con Hall and saw a bit of the auction, and listened to Ted Carnell's speach suggesting that Britain apply for the Worldcon in '56. Saw KPS and Ted Tubb get their awards. I felt too queasy to pay much attention.

Walt Willis, Chuch Harris, Bert Campbell and Ted Tubb, all left sometime during the afternoon. I felt like weeping, but went to my room and read NEBULA instead. Later I had dinner in the hotel with Tony Klein and Syd Bounds. We talked about writing and various other means of making a living without working. Excellent meal, but expensive.

After dinner I bought the posters which had been used in the Con Hall to advertize FISSION. Tony and I decided that it would be a shame to deny the residents of Kettering the pleasure of seeing Arthur Thomson's work, so we cadged some drawing pins and affixed the posters to such places as a hoarding advertising the local Granada cinema and the inner door of the Catholic Club! We did try to fix one onto the back of a bus, but unfortunately it wouldn't stick. Much fun!

After spending some time watching what looked as if it might be a police raid on a nearby pub, we returned to the hotel and up to the Residents' Lounge. Me, Tony and someone else whose name I can't remember, bought a bottle of port between us and listened to the repeat of the Liverpool play. I'll want a transcription soon as I can afford a tape-recorder. Someone took a picture of me in my beanie advertising Blog!



Next thing I remember is laying on the floor with Ken Slater arguing about the material published in Operation Fantast. Ken is the nicest huckster I've

ever met! Then most of us moved to Dave Newman's room. What a party! Only things I remember are leaning out the window with Terry Jeeves bawling 'songs' like "Blog is All", "Blog, Blog, Blogging Along the Highway" and "Have You Ever Caught Your Blog in a Rat Trap?"; having a heart-to-heart talk ("What I shesh ish thish....") with Pete Taylor about how we detested the company of non-fans, and yelling something into the mike of the recorder. A Peachy Babe had trouble with the buttons of her blouse.

The party began to break up about 4.0am, and after helping Pete Taylor to stagger to his hotel (the Royal) I got to bed around 5.0am. I'd like to thank Dave Newman for giving the best party I've ever been to in my life. Thanks, Dave!

I wakened at 7.50am to Tony Klein's banging on my door. Seems he'd left some mags in my room and wanted them because he was leaving fairly early. I decided I might as well get up; washed, shaved and packed my bag, then went down to breakfast. Dave Newman joined me during breakfast. He looked kind of tired.....

Nothing much happened during the morning. I just wandered sadly around talking and saying goodbye to various fen, and thought miserably of returning to Hull. I had a bit of lunch at the 'London Grill' and caught the 1.13pm train to Leeds. Peter Reaney travelled with me as far as Sheffield. Nuff said!

Guess all good things must come to an end. I think most everybody who attended the Cytricon owes a sincere thank you to Denny Cowen and the rest for organizing the greatest social convention ever; and to the Liverpool blokes for organizing the parties. I know I do!

MW

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F A N F A R R A G O

GRUE (Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave, Fond du Lac, Wis.) Grue, is in my opinion at least, the top USA zine. The latest to arrive, number 23, is outstanding in it's fine material, nice art, and excellent layout. The material is so good, and consistent, that it's rather difficult to pick out any one item for comment of, the best in the issue. Although there's material herein by Tucker, Blish, Bloch, Silverberg, I'll plump for Dean's own column as the best thing in this issue, it goes on for 13 pages and touches most every subject you can think of. Very good.

NITE CRY (Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Okla.) This one is the O.O. of the Oklahoma S-F Confederation, and shows it. The issue starts off with that hardy perennial, a piece of fan-fiction remaking the 'legend' of Adam and Eve. There's a little weak poetry, some rather poor reviews, and very little else. Most promising article is by Dan McPhail, who takes us back through time to '37, for a review of the (then) current pubs. This could have been good, but as Dan doesn't bother to relate the items mentioned, neither to themselves or current zines, he ends up with a not very interesting hodgepodge.

EB



at the Blogcon





Left to Right, and
Top to Bottom.

The George Barmen
defend their stock.

Frances Evans, Bert
Campbell, and Nic
Oosterbaan.

Ina Shorrocks and
John Roles.

At The Bar. Ina, EB,
Frank Milnes, and
several unknown fen.

Jerry ---, Peter Reaney,
Tony Thorne, and Ethel
Lindsay.

Ina, Shirley Marriot,
Pat Everest. EB tending
at upper right.

Denny Cowen, with N.G.
Wansborough in background.

Brian Burgess in his Hitch
hiking outfit.

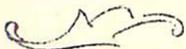
Stan Nuttall, John Owen,
Bill ---, Peter Hamilton,
and Mike Wallace.

Stan Nuttall & John Owen.
The post-con blues.

Dave Cohen, Dave Newman,
'Sandy' Sanderson, and
Cyril Evans.

Pics taken by Norman Shorrocks
and reproduced by Harry
Turner. To which blokes I
am very grateful

Photos wanted for the next
issue of TRIODE...the zanier
the better. EB

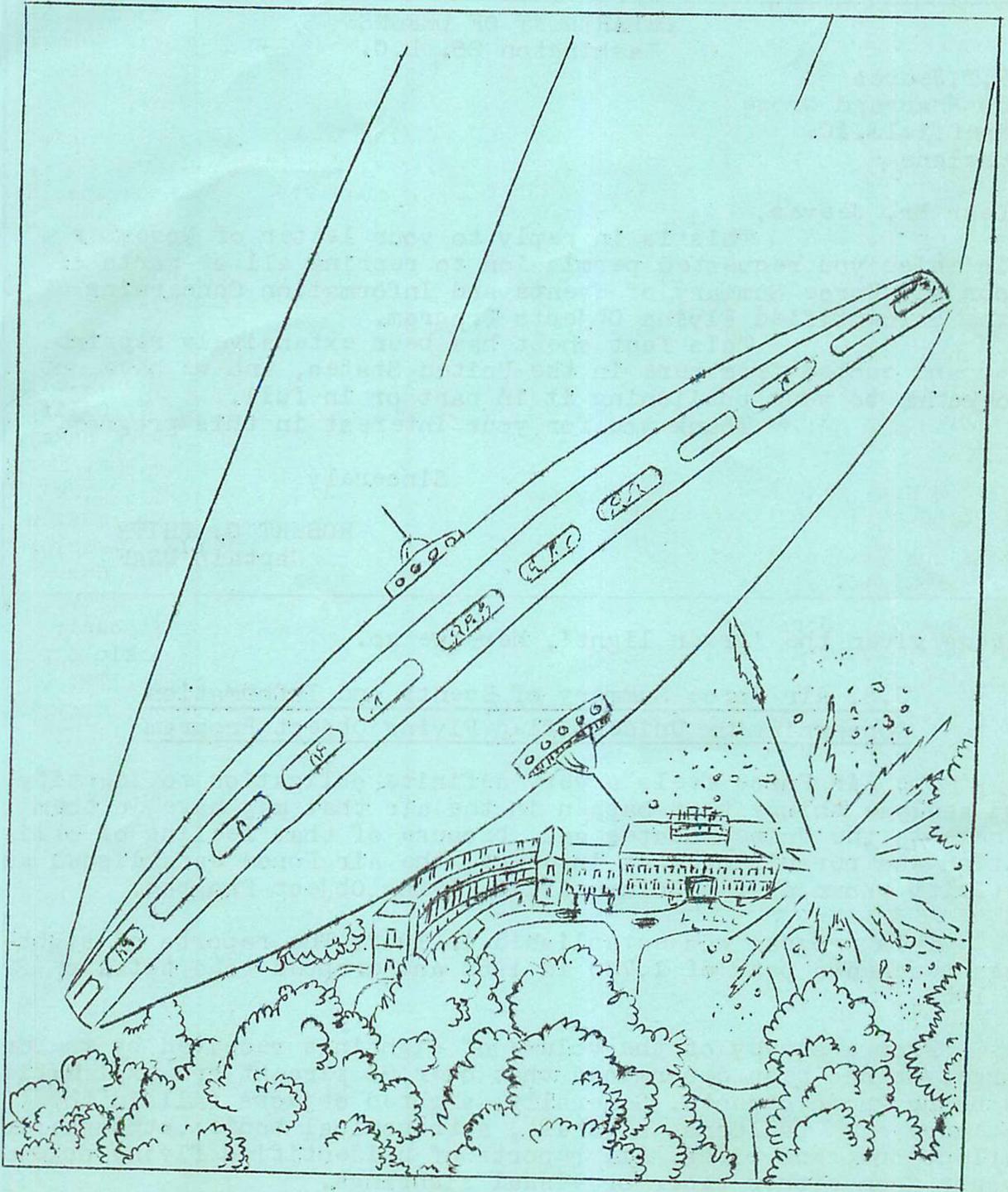


Which is the spot where fanzines should be reviewed but so much material had to go in this issue, that once again I must ask for forbearance from those of you who have sent fanmags. Next issue (Scouts Honour) there will be a Genuine Zine Review Dept. Even if I have to write it myself! EB

THANK YOU...Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts, for CAMBER...Joan Carr, for FEMMIZINE, enquiries for which should now go to Pamela Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Ln, Catford, London...Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, for FIE...John Hitchcock, 15, Arbutus Ave, Baltimore, Md..... for UMBRA...Randy Brown, 6619 Anita St, Dallas, Texas, for HARK...Dick Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon...Cliff Gould, 1559 Cable St, San Diego 7, Calif, for OBLIQUE...Goldspink House (nice name), 6, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for GESTALT...Vince Clarke, Ted Tubb, Joyful Goodwin, and Jim Rattigan, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford London SE6, for EYE...Charles Lee Riddle, FNCA, USN, PO Box 611, New London, Connecticut, for PEON (and my congrats Lee on publishing continuously for EIGHT years)...Don Allen, 3 Arkle St, Gateshead 8, Co Durham, for SATELLITE...Georgina Ellis, 1428 - 15th St, Calgary, Alberta, for WENDIGO...Bert Campbell, 13 Shaws Rd, Crawley, Sussex, for AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION...Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, Calif, for CALIFAN...Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Ave, Hillingdon, Middlesex, for ORION...Marc Thirouin, 27 Rue Etienne Dolet, Bondy, (Seine) France, for OURANOS...Jan Jansen, and Dave Vendelmans, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium, for ALPHA...Gregg Calkins, 2817 - 11th St, Santa Monica, Calif, for OOPSLA...Vince Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Wellington, Kent, for SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS (!!!)...Ron Bennett, "Ronhill", Little Preston Hall Rd, Swillington, Yorks, for PLOY...Walt Willis and Chuck Harris, "Carolin", Lake Ave, Rainham, Essex, for HYPHEN...Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn, for FRONTIER.
.....THANK YOU

TRIODE investigates the

U.F.O.'s



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FOREWORD

After reading Major Keyhoe's book on 'saucers', I decided to try my hand at checking some of the 'authentic statements' and 'official releases' so freely quoted by Mr. Keyhoe. My first try was at the fountain head, the U.S. Dept. of Defense. E.B. became interested, and I sought publication permission. The idea grew, and I persuaded a local 'authority' on Saucers, Mr. Bramall to write a series of articles on the subject. Here then, is TRIODE'S contribution to the controversy. Comments are invited. T.J.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
Washington 25. D.C.

B.T. Jeeves
58 Sharrard Grove
Sheffield.12.
England

Dear Mr. Jeeves,

This is in reply to your letter of November 4 in which you requested permission to reprint all or parts of our Air Force Summary of Events and Information Concerning the Unidentified Flying Objects Program.

This fact sheet has been extensively reprinted and quoted from here in the United States, and we have no objection to your publishing it in part or in full.

Thank you for your interest in this program.

Sincerely

ROBERT C. WHITE
Captain USAF

Having given the 'green light', here we go.

U.S. Air Force Summary of Events and Information
Concerning the Unidentified Flying Object Program

The Air Force feels a very definite obligation to identify and analyse things that happen in the air that may have in them menace to the United States and, because of that feeling of obligation and pursuit of that interest, the Air Force established an activity known as the Unidentified Flying Object Program.

This program was established in 1947. The reports of sightings reached a peak of 1,700 in 1952 and dropped to a total of 429 in 1953.

From a survey of the volume of sightings received by the Air Force, it has been determined that over 80 percent are explainable as being known objects. Generally, sighted objects fall in the category of: balloons, aircraft, astronomical bodies, atmospheric reflections, and birds. All reports of unidentified flying objects result from either radar or visual sightings.

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Explanations pertaining to sightings reported from military and civilian radar facilities are as follows:

1. Temperature inversion reflections can give a return on a radar scope that is as sharp as that received from an aircraft. Speeds of these returns reportedly range from zero to fantastic rates. The 'objects' also appear to move in all directions. Such sightings have resulted in many fruitless intercept efforts.

To possibly bear out the theory of temperature inversion reflection is an incident which occurred in January 1951 near Oakridge, Tennessee. Two Air Force aircraft attempted to intercept an unidentified 'object' and actually established a radar 'lock' on the 'object'. Their altitude at the time was 7,000 feet. The unidentified object, according to their radar, appeared to be at an elevation of 10 to 25 degrees from this altitude. Three passes were made in an attempt to close on the object. In each instance, the pilots reported that their radar led them first upward and then down toward a specific point on the ground. (One scientific theory holds that light can be similarly reflected from a layer of warm air above the earth. If this proves to be correct, many visual night sightings could be accounted for.)

2. Ionized clouds have caused some unidentified radar returns. Thunderstorms are identifiable by radar and radar returns have also been received from ice formations in the air, balloons, ground reflections, frequency interference between other radar stations, and windborn objects. Obviously, such returns are very difficult to identify, especially when they occur during darkness.

3. The radar screen has picked up birds and in one case a flight of ducks. Flight interceptions proved these phenomena.

An explanation of known types of visual sightings are as follows.

1. Present-day jet aircraft, flying at great speeds and high altitudes are often mistaken for unknown objects by the untrained observer. Sunlight reflections from the polished surfaces of aircraft can be seen plainly even when the aircraft itself is too distant to be visible. The exhaust of jet aircraft emits a trail and often this is seen rather than the aircraft itself.

2. Weather balloons account for a substantial number of sightings. These balloons, sent to altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher, are launched from virtually every airfield in the country. They are made of rubber or polythene, swell as they gain altitude, have very good reflective qualities, carry small lights when launched in the dark, and can be seen at very high altitudes.

3. In addition to the ordinary balloon, huge 90 foot ones, which sometimes drift from coast to coast, are used for upper air research. These balloons also have a highly reflective surface and are visible at extreme altitudes.

4. Frequently, unusually bright meteors and planets will cause a flurry of reports, sometimes from relatively experienced observers. At certain times of the year, Venus, for instance is low on the horizon and will appear to change colour and move erratically due to the hazy atmospheric conditions. Since the stars are charted and most of their characteristics known, many cases are traced to them. Meteors on the other hand are of rapid single-direction movement and are only visible for a few seconds. Meteor activity is more common at certain times of the year than others, and reports of UFO's have shown a tendency to increase during these periods.

5. Some cases arise which, on the basis of information received, are of a weird and peculiar nature. The objects display erratic movements and phenomenal speeds. Since maneuvers and speeds of this kind cannot be traced directly to aircraft, balloons, or known astronomical sources, it is believed they are reflections from objects rather than being objects themselves. For example: suppose we would hold a mirror in hand under a light, causing a reflection on the ceiling. Only a slight, quick movement of the hand would result in erratic movements and phenomenal speeds of the reflected beam. Reflections may be projected to clouds and haze both from the ground and air. Many things which are common to the sky have highly reflective qualities, such as balloons, aircraft, and clouds. Accurate speeds are also difficult to determine due to the inability of the reporter to judge distance, angles and time.

6. Brilliant flashing lights that sometimes appear red and white in colour have been reported by observers. This type has been traced to a new lighting system of commercial airlines and military aircraft.

-o-o-o-o-o-

In the analysis and investigation of the radar and visual sightings described, there are some yardsticks which have been established from experience and trends to measure and attempt to determine the source of UFO's. Some of these are general in nature and are subject to change as new scientific and factual information is received. It should be remembered that any object viewed from a great distance appears to be round. Nearly all the sightings reported are described as round and would tend to indicate that most of the objects are at a greater distance from the observer than is generally estimated.

Another misconception centers about photographs of UFO's. At best the majority of photographs have proven non-conclusive as evidence to this program mainly due to type cameras used. Also it might be mentioned that because still photographs can be so easily faked, either by using a mock-up or model against a legitimate background, or by retouching the negative, they are worthless as evidence. Innumerable objects, from ashtrays to wash basins, have been photographed while sailing through the air. Many such photos have been published without revealing the true identity of the objects.

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More attention is given to moving pictures of unidentified flying objects since they are more difficult to retouch. However only a very few movie-type films have been received by the Air Force and they reveal only pin points of light moving across the sky. The Air Force has been unable to identify the source of these lights because the images are too small to analyse properly. Since ownership of these films remains with the persons taking them, the Air Force is not in a position to give them out.

The difficulty of evaluating reports of all types is based largely upon the lack of basic data surrounding the sightings. The drop in sightings during 1953 is largely due to the increased accuracy and the completeness of reports being received. To be of value, a report should include such basic data as size, shape, composition, speed, altitude, direction and the maneuver pattern of the objects. Without such information, it is almost impossible to establish the identity of the object sighted. In addition, a recent study has shown a direct correlation between the number of sightings reported and the publicity given to 'saucers' by the nation's press.

The Air Force took a further step in early 1953 by procuring Videon cameras for the purpose of photographing this phenomenon. These cameras were distributed to various military installations. This type camera has two lenses, one of which takes an ordinary photograph, and the other has a diffraction grating, which separates light into its component parts. This aids in determining the composition of the object photographed. A small number of photographs have been received from this camera; however only light spots of detail have been indicated in the photos to date. As more photographs are taken by these observers, it is believed that a great deal of the mystery will be lifted from the program.

The Air Force would like to state that no evidence has been received which would tend to indicate that the United States is being observed by machines from outer space or a foreign government. No object or particle of 'an unknown substance' has been received and no photographs of detail have been produced. The photographs on hand are, at best, only large and small blobs of light which, in most cases, are explainable.

It may be concluded from the above and from past experience that no new significant trends have developed out of these cases. There was an increase in public interest which occurred simultaneously with the publication of various books and articles on the subject; however this trend has been noted several times previously.

If and when new developments turn up in this program, the Air Force will keep the public informed.

Are They Real

by Alan Bramall

PART.1.

DO FLYING SAUCERS EXIST ? This simple question puts before us one of the most outstanding problems the modern world has ever known. Much of the evidence now existing, is beyond dispute, yet has never been officially recognised, for reasons known only to officialdom, which seems to think that nothing can exist until it has been given the official sanction of the 'experts', or until the 'experts' have been proved wrong by overwhelming evidence. In the latter case, the unofficially proved evidence becomes fact and an official statement is issued...."We are aware of these activities, and are fully informed as to their nature".

Throughout this complex situation, with its curious mixture of doubt, misinterpretation and absence of official comment, we are confronted with an ever increasing number of reports, eye-witness accounts, and news items from all over the globe. These accounts state quite definitely, that UFO's have been observed from the ground, from the air, and via such instruments as theodolites, telescopes, ground and airborne radar. In many cases, ground observers, air observers, ground radar and air radar, have all observed and recorded the same object simultaneously.

According to Keyhoe, (Flying Saucers from Outer Space), radar equipments have shown speed variations ranging from 60 to 9,000 m.p.h., varying degrees of manoeuvrability, vertical ascents and descents, and cases of 'formation flying'. These are not the normal characteristics exhibited by astronomical or meteorological phenomena, nor do they approximately describe the antics of any weather balloon. Of what then, are they the characteristics...?

THE OFFICIAL VIEWPOINT

Any interested administration must by now, have accumulated a mass of data, especially so, bearing in mind its vast facilities for the gathering of information. If the whole affair is a fake, it seems odd that official spokesmen have not denounced it during the last eight yearsPerhaps you may wish to draw your own conclusions from this singular reticence.

Several attempts have been made by experts to demonstrate that what many people claimed to have seen, was merely some unusual (but known) natural phenomenon, or some form of balloon. Doubtless quite a few sightings can be dismissed in this manner, but it is not so easy to dispose of them all in this fashion. It should be noted that these attempts are generally aimed at discrediting the analytical ability of the witness, and not at explaining what he or she may have seen. For instance, if you see a green car, a skilled cross questioning may lead you to doubt your memory of the colour, but it would have a hard job to make you doubt the fact that you saw a car. Nevertheless, having proved your memory false once, the rest of your testimony can now be deemed unreliable. In any case, it seems rather illogical to assume that out of thousands of observers, not one has the ability

to report objectively. For instance, how would the experts handle the debunking of the Topcliffe sighting ?

During national air exercises in '52, five R.A.F. air crew (not renowned for poor observation) of Coastal Command were watching a fighter land at Topcliffe, when they all noticed a white object in the sky, a few miles behind the plane, and about 10,000 feet above it. It was apparently following the aircraft at a slightly slower speed. The airmen watched it for about twenty minutes, and during this time, it lost height with a falling leaf motion, appeared to hover, spinning on its own axis, then sped off to the West changed course to S.E., and finally disappeared at a tremendous speed far in excess of that of any known aircraft. All five witnesses insisted that what they had seen was a solid object and could not possibly have been a balloon because of its manoeuvring, change of course, and speed. No doubt the experts could prove it was a sea-gull.

At this point, I propose to examine possible causes of the various sightings, and reasons for the treatment they have received. The first possibility to come to mind, is that the whole thing is a hoax, perpetrated by unscrupulous people for a possible financial reward and free publicity. Their activities probably taking the form of fictitious reports, encounters, and faked photographs. These methods might be successful for a short period, but I strongly doubt that such a hoax could be maintained for many years on a global scale. Other hoaxers might help to sustain the original story, but when faced with the problem of subverting ground personnel, widely separated radar installations and the like, I fear exposure would be unavoidable. Considering that a hoax of this magnitude must involve thousands of witnesses, ground and air radar technicians, and other personnel, its probability of success must be about 0.01 %.

Here is a typical un-hoaxlike case. A B.O.A.C. pilot logged the sighting of a group of objects, consisting of one large, and six smaller ones. They flew parallel to his air liner for 18 mtes. then rapidly departed on the approach of a fighter plane sent to investigate as a result of a radio message from the pilot. In all 22 people (including the 8 air-crew members saw the objects. They were practically all people with everything to lose, and nothing to gain by aiding and abetting a hoax. In this instance, the pilot had hundreds of flying hours, including wartime R.A.F. service, and had never seen anything of a similar nature. Would such a man, first decide to organise a hoax, then persuade 21 other people (14 of them probably total strangers) to corroborate his story, enter the whole thing in his log, and finally radio for fighter assistance, thus not only causing a public nuisance, but inviting a military action should his scheme either be uncovered, or betrayed by one of the 21 others. All this for the sake of a few lines in a newspaper.....Well, would you risk it ? The obvious point which must emerge as a fact, is that something was seen.

To enumerate all such cases is out of the question, but the following point emerges:- . A numerical proof that something exists. Therefore, it seems to follow, that if I read of such happenings, they are likely to be true accounts. With the idea of a hoax out of the way, we are forced to admit that something must be causing the reports. The next big question is, WHAT.....?

Interlude

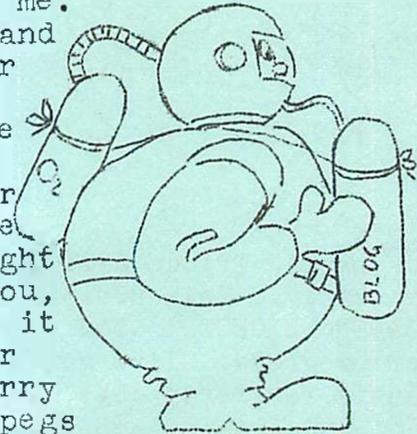
TRIODE time is here again, and with our fourth issue comes the end of our first publishing year. To give our cash customers a good run for their money, we have piled everything into this issue, bar the kitchen sink. We left that out, as it seemed highly probable that most readers would already have one.

My burblings this time, follow a winding path, part of the route leads through sunny Spain. Up to now, I had always considered Spain to be full of flies, onions, and dead bulls. I now know differently. Apart from the underwater swimming expedition which was my excuse for going there in the first place, I also kept a sharp look out for any form of s-f. I found plenty, apart from a series of reprints by Clarke, Smith, van Vogt and Heinlein, I also came across comics, newspapers, and sundry odds and ends. Unhappily, since my Spanish never got beyond "Si", "Gracias", and "Dos Botaldas vino Berbiere tinto", I never did find out how good the native product (s-f variety) might be. However, miracles do happen, and a minor one happened in Tarragona. The Spanish Government had loaned us a launch, complete with crew, and also appointed a noted Spanish diver (Antoni Ribera) to help us in the choice of diving sites. Toni, turned out to be an author and in addition to having written several books on underwater topics, had...wait for it... also written an s-f book which was printed in the earlier mentioned series by Clarke etc. As if this was not enough, I also unearthed three club members who read s-f, so the next step is to expose them to TRIODE, and fandom.

My holiday, and various other arrangements seem to have thrown a monkey wrench into my correspondence, so much so, that I don't know who I owe letters, and who owes me money..though I did get a cryptic card saying.."I haven't forgotten the 3/6 I owe you, xyzpc, " I'm still wondering about that signature. Anyway, if I don't reply to you in the near future, don't think I'm snubbing you deliberately, instead, just write and play hell with me, and I will pass your kind words on to the person who 'tidied up' my mail while I was away.

Somebody else who would like to hear from you, at least if you are interested in Flying Saucers, is contributor Alan Bramall, whose address is, 25. Greystones Ave. Sheffield.11. And here and now, I go on the record and state that this is not a pseudonym for yours truly. I get blamed for so many things these days, that I honestly feel that someone is picking on me, I'm being persecuted that's what it is. It shouldn't happen to a fan. Which reminds me that to answer Vinz, who takes me to task for always parodying the same authors (Can I Vince ?) The authors Smith, Vogt and Smith all have distinctive styles which lend themselves to a parody. Just as we hear impressions of the farmyard, Churchill, and George Sanders, but no one impersonates, Eden, a junkyard, or Marlon Brando.

Everyone seems to be talking or writing about BLOG. For those who haven't met the stuff, let me tell you here and now, just how lucky you are. Peter Hamilton let a bottle out of captivity at Kettering. Along with one or two other brave (or sozzled) fen, I sampled the stuff. I suppose it has its uses, but why anyone would want to make a concentrated solution out of dissolved teeth, is completely beyond me. However, in spite of all opposition, and even the counter claims of an inferior imitation, Blog carried the day (and night). Incidentally, a certain scribe errs in saying that he and I sang a song named, "Have you ever caught your Blog in a rat-trap". The correct title was, "Have you ever got your Blog caught in a rat-trap" I leave the tune to you, you may even know different words. If it recalls painful memories, sand in your shoes, and bats in the belfry, I'm sorry for you, but Shades of Turner, chota pegs and jaldi karo you dozy punkah wallah, we must keep the old flag flagging mustn't we.



Science fiction is becoming too darned respectable, Now that we have aeroplanes, submarines, and round the world in half an hour, Wells and Verne are just dead ducks. We've had to hand over our fictional atom bombs to the everyday world. Next they swipe our rockets, and now they half inching our pet Clarke idea that of the artificial satellite. This sort of thing has to be stopped very quickly, or pretty soon, there will be nothing left for fans to drool over..(excluding the obvious)..(And Willis has applied for a patent on that)..At one time it was great fun to be able to say, "Now who is batty, s-f has been predicting that for years". The way things are going, there won't even be any sf left in a few years, to do any predicting at all. However, there is one bright side to all this, with no promags to distract us, we can really get down to concentrating on fanzines, fanning and conventions. As if one satellite (artificial) was not enough, Russia has also entered the field, of course, her effort will be better, bigger, and painted a pretty red. There is no danger of the two satellites colliding, as the Russian one will be much further over to the left.

S.O.S. anyone knowing the address of Paul Kalin, of Sweet Springs, Mo, would you let me know. This kind hearted chap is sending me mags, and fan subs, and I can't write and thank him with the certainty that he'll get my letter. Of course, it may be that Sweet Springs is a place where everyone knows just about everyone, but even so, I'd hate to send parcels to such a vague address without being sure the nice man would get them.

And that folks is distinctly that for this issue, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I can belt up and prepare to crank off the last bushel of stencils. After that, we only have to collate the stuff, staple it up, wrap it up, stamp on it (the temptation is very great) and mail it.

FAN DANCE

A Department Of Comment,
Controversy, and Com-...
Back.

Conducted By...

Eric Bentcliffe

Bob Bloch

Well, Triode arrived, packed with goodies, and I have devoured it completely. This practise of eating magazines started of course with our READERS DIGEST. You seem intrigued with my novel, so I must report further progress. I've got a big fight between two brothers, and a flood that lasts for forty days and forty nights, and a guy who is swallowed by a whale, and lots of other exciting things. When I'm finished I shall try to sell it to one of the lesser prozines. I can't sell it to either of the Campbells because it isn't going to interest engineers and the astronomers will object to one incident where I have the Sun stand still. I can't sell it to Gold because it has a 'downbeat' ending --- one of the heroes is betrayed in the end. But there must be a market for it someplace. ((Am afraid that I don't like this further synopsis of your great work, as much as I did the earlier trailer. It all seems vaguely familiar, and although I can't pin down my feeling, I feel that you would do well to think up another plot. This one is beginning to paul, and I fear, may soon peter out)) I've already had three reports from Kettering, and conclude the convention was a success. ((Success! It was a flipping fine debauchery.)) Odd: again the English demonstrate their efficiency. As yet I've heard not one word concerning the Atlanta Conference over here, nor the FanVet convention. As for me, I've been working in the garden ((Digging up a new plot ?)), and if this letter is short, blame it on the fact that I find it difficult to sit down...or stand up, for that matter. When we bought this place, my wife said I could be lord of the manor. Turns out she meant lord of the manurc. I could write another RAKE'S PROGRESS, believe me. It's shovel and dig, and heave hoe, all day long. My idea is to cover everything with cement, paint it green, and plant a lot of cast-iron flowers. Looks just as well and a lot less work. Very happy with the material in Triode this time around. Hope your weather has improved and that all is well with you. ((Don't mention weather to me...if you lived here, you wouldn't have many gardening chores but you'd be able to raise a fine crop of Watercress, and Scaweed))

W.F. HALLIWELL

You want to visit the Rugby Engineering Societies electrical works ((I Don't !!)) - Brownsover Rugby and various other parts of Rugby. If you are interested write to C.H.Ellis c/o the B.T.H. Rugby, re your article by Walter H. Willis 'The Electric Fan.' R.E.S. make electric fans ((Really)) and various other kinds of electrical accessories. B.T.H. also have a works at north Lidsey. I like me ((Fine)) of the modern buildings in your magazines, they would make good office buildings

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for R.E.S. etc.,...((I'd better explain that I know as much about this letter as I do about the care and feeding of Dictyoplasm. It came one day, and the next day I recovered sufficiently to go to work. If anyone would like to correspond with the author, I'll be pleased to pass his address on))

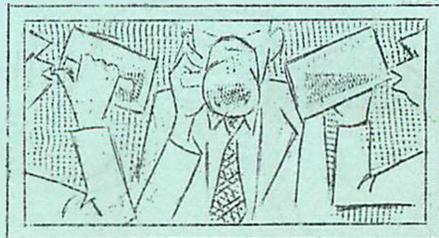
GREGG CALKINS

Usually I'm not great shakes at writing comments on fanzines, mostly because I don't have time and partly because I know my own shortcomings. The time angle is hardest, but I've finally found a partial escape -- I write one or two letters each morning between reveille at 05.30 and the time the working day starts at 07.30. ((Such love hath no fan)) There are several other things to do in this time, of course, but I also get in one or two short letters. I've just begun this practice, so if I ever get the backlog caught up, I'll be in good shape for the future.

Thanks for your offer of maps of the area, and I'll be more than happy to take you up on it. I don't plan on getting over until Spring of '57 or '58, but I'll be there one of these coming years...I hope to attend a British convention at the same time. I'd like to cycle round England and Ireland for three or four months and I'd be very happy to accept your offer to stay at your place for a few nights. ((You'll be very welcome Gregg, and I'm rather sure that you will be assured of plenty of offers of B&B, for when you come over)) If you take me on a cycle tour of Cheshire, you won't need to worry about how fast I pedal -- after all of three years off of a bike, I probably won't be able to pedal at all!! ((I hear that a certain bod in Belfast is planning on writing an article on how to make a bike from a duplicater...this might be of interest))

I wonder how you manage to print dark black on 'TRIODE's covers? That is something I wish very much I could do, especially for certain DEA covers and illustrations, but I am forced to settle for a heavily shaded area. This usually doesn't come out so good and as a result I lose most of the impact and effect the drawings have. I can make small (very) areas jet black, but large ones are beyond me. ((Quite a few folk have asked about this method of repro so here briefly is what happens. Gestetner Brush Stencils are used, these are drawn on in the normal manner, then the area you desire black is painted with a special acid provided. You have to be rather careful when running off these stencils, they come out of the duper still wet, and have to be scattered singly on the floor to dry. The process isn't foolproof by any means, and for every perfect black you are assured of at least one dirty grey...however, Terry is getting his hand in nicely with these, and we like experimenting);

Photopage...next time you do something like this, get a copy from Grennell of one of his pictures of the Big Three...himself, Bloch, and Tucker. He has some excellent photos...The one of Bloch this time was very distinguished looking, but I prefer the impish ((red)) expression he usually has in fannish poses. When I last saw Carol McKinney she had very little of that hair. Of course it's been a year or three since I saw her last, so perhaps she grew it in between. I can see now that I'll have neither time nor space to add lavish comment on the ish. But I did enjoy reading 'Pick up that Torch' etc., it was particularly interesting to me, as I have only recently got hold of some British s-f...now if I could only find time to read it!



((Last issue I asked for Tall Stories, true or false. Here is the first of these, whether it is true or prevarication you can make up your mind unaided by me...until T5. This Tall Story is by Ron Bennett...and I'd like one to equal it for next issue. Anyone got a tale to tell ??))

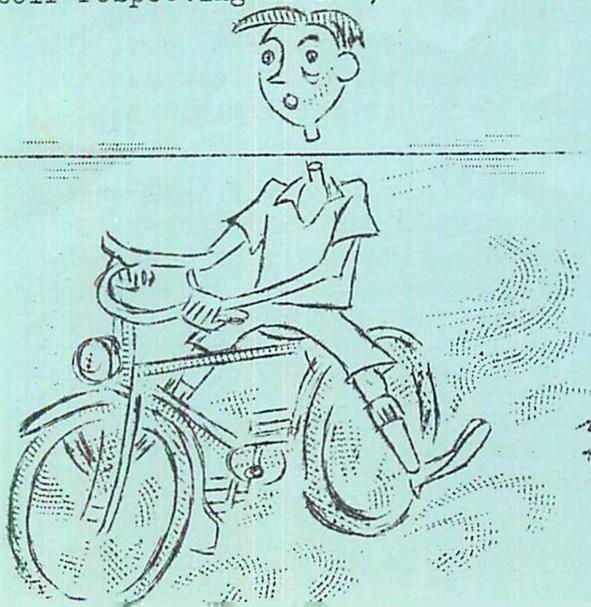
I've never been to Poona, but I was once in Uttar Pradesh, the new name for the United Provinces. I remember one night in the Sergeants Mess, when I was writing an article for the Rugby Leaguer, the Lancashire paper, on playing Services R.L. out in India. There are so many beggars out there and there are so many different types and castes that it's impossible to tell whether they are religiously inclined beggars, who honestly don't give a damn about the worries of the flesh. And are kept in charity by the people (those few who aren't beggars). Or whether they are professional beggars who just don't give a damn and are kept in luxury by the people.

One of these beggars was muttering his way about the mess, and as the previous sentences explain, as everybody knows so little about them, nobody says anything and they are left to wander where they like. A pal of mine, Gerry, for instance, once decided that one certain beggar was too scruffy for even the mess room, and turfed him out. The tall dirty guy swore away at him in the local lingo, and within a few days Gerry went down with a dose of Malaria bad enough to earn his discharge. I've known several bods try to work their tickets the same way since but it just hasn't come off; the sincerity has to be there.

The beggar who was muttering his way around, finally managed to knock my glass of bitter off the table...I said, steady on, or some other printable phrase. The old boy turned on me and started sweeping his scrawny arms about and making wild utterances. I was scared stiff. He turned away finally, and strode out of the place as majestically as anyone in a get-up like his could.

About half an hour later, a single thought seemed to stick in my mind, and although I was now on the back end of my article I found myself unable to concentrate on the piece, and kept writing down what was foremost in my mind. This was a nearby village, Purdhan, which means Flower of the River or something like that. Now Purdhan is one of those spots no service-man, self respecting or not, ever visits. A native village, it's been known to harbour cut-throats and thieves and goodness-knows-what before today. The name of this vice-spot kept recurring over and over. It seemed that some power greater than myself was trying to impress this place on my mind, and that I must go there.

Eventually the urge became to strong for me, I half ran out of the mess, grabbed my bike from the shed, and tore down the track towards the village (which wasn't a wise thing to do, for we'd found men beheaded by a stretched wire along this path, before today). What happened after that I don't really remember. I must have blacked out.

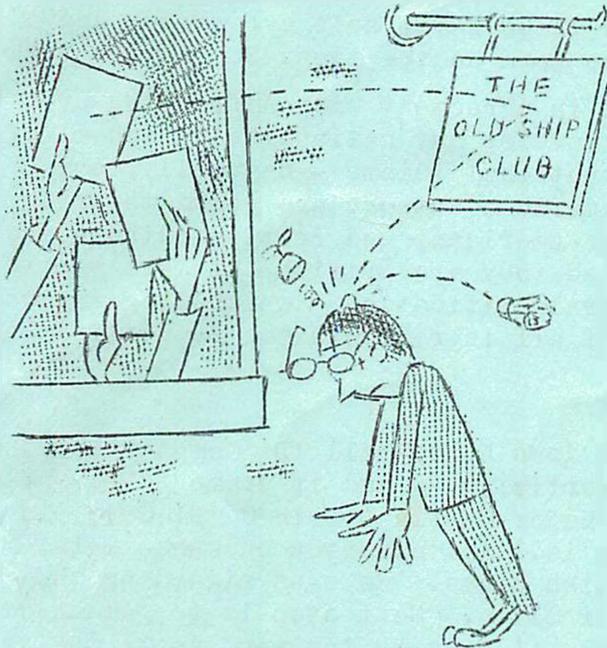


V. J. H. N. U. S. K.

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When I really came to my senses, I was sitting in the bottom of one of those native dug-outs floating down the river which rises just above the village. Purdhan, is the first village downstream and it was obvious that I either must have passed through the dump, or else, and this seemed more reasonable, been put in the boat in the village.

Tied to my left wrist with a piece of filthy cord was a bottle wrapped in dirty brown wrappings. I felt really sick, and there was a throbbing bump on my head though I still dont know how it got there. I was picked up after a nightmarish night by one of our own station patrols in the morning, and sent before the C.O., a Captain Baker (who lives near Doncaster and who I've actually had on my buses since)



The Captain was intrigued by my story and was also eager to know what was in the bottle. He sent this down to the base hospital in Shahjahanpur, about twenty miles away and within a few days we got a report back that all there was in the bottle was a half pint of bitter. It seemed that the old boy had a sense of humour. Danny, my room mate swiped the bottle while I was on duty the same day, and drank the lot. He claimed it was good stuff.

It was three hours before he died. The doctors diagnosed an advance stage of leprosy.

End.

((I cant help wondering if that was really a bottle of Blog tied to Rons wrist.... To the letters again))

Geoff Lewis

...Incidentally, this game that Willis is supposed to have invented and which he calls Ghoodminton. If anyone is interested they will find on enquiry of any of the old boys of the 'Old Ship Club' in Poplar that it was, in fact, being played there as far back as 1935, and maybe before then for all I know.

Archie Mercer

Triode, is a good zine. Now I am a newcomer to T. I didn't dig it before, didn't even get it previously. Thing is, there are two main reasons why I haven't been around Triode before. They are, (a) ConScience stank, and (b) I was given to understand that T was practically all Super-Mancon reportage. Now C-S can be blamed fairly and squarely on the Two-Sided (rather, the complete) Triode. But the untrue reports, if I could find out where I picked up the wrong idea I'd be very interested. It's not FAIR! A whole year and nobody bothered to correct my mis-impression! Anyway I was recently loaned the first two issues by a kindly disposed and Trufannish friend of mine, and saw at once the error of my information. Therefore long live Triode, up with Triode, good old Triode, hooray. I like, I dig. Dig-dig ((Are you an Archieologist ?)).

The best thing in Triode is the Future History series. This applies equally to all three issues. Only thing that mars their perfection is an

occasional discrepancy - over whether Slater was a Captain or a Colonel - for instance. Also, I don't like the idea of leaving all the Continentals behind to play Flying Dutchmen. Why couldn't they have come too? ((Main reason is that the first chapters of the FH were written before Alpha appeared. I've hopes of bringing them into the story eventually)) Anyway, it's a first class series, and I hope it continues as good indefinitely.

Tony Glynn's cover reminds me of Cartier in one of his not-so-cartierish (or maybe just earlier) moods. Good. His interiors too are good. Pity Trudi was thrown overboard. Maybe it's not too late to bring the gal back? ((Original idea with Trudi, was to do a take-off of the Jane type strip in s-f style. Tony, however, is rather busy these days, he's a reporter and also now, a pro-author, and hasn't had time to work on the idea. She may be back))

Bester, now this time I can't find myself in agreement with Alfred the Great. I see absolutely no virtue in trying to develop any nationalistic school of storytelling as such. I don't mean just national idioms - naturally, any writer sounds best in his own. But if American authors are going to write 'gimmick' stories simply because they are American, and British authors are going to write non-gimmick stories because they are British, it gets nobody anywhere. Surely the advantage of cultural unification - which IS going on, Bester or no Bester - is that the best of all ingredients can be utilised by everyone!

PETE ROYLE

Having helluva time with BLOG down here, - all 'D' Company is gone on it, after I did some high powered advertising, - and it seems to be spreading...the Colonel Q's heard about it, Major Martin (O in C 'D' Coy) is desperately trying to find out what Blog is. And numerous buckshee Sgts, Corporals etc., are forwarding this fannish cause. We even rigged up the radio to put on a sort of junior March of Slime. Next step is to get an ad' flashed on the screen at the camp cinema. ((Pete by the way, is in the Army at a joint called Arborfield. Having helluva time with Blog, seems to be true...here's the announcers script for the show given over RADIO BLOG..))

** Good evening ladies, gentlemen, - and apprentice Tradesmen...The time now, by my Blognascopic watch is, - 7pm, - plus or minus 24 hrs. This is the first programme in the series March of Slime - brought to you by the makers of the blunder product - Blog. Remember nothing is quite the same as Blog - it's in a class of it's own! And for the first item on tonight's bill we have managed to get hold of the far famed Tomblog Hasdell, who is going to send you into ec-'static raptures with one of his Monoblogs.

((Tom's Monoblog))

Thank you Tomblog, thank you; and now we come to the star hit of this Bloggish evening, - Chuck Burton, who is going to sing for you one or two of his dozy ditties in the Terse Verse style made famous by Chuck Burton.

((Chuck's Song))

Thank you Chuck. At this point listeners I just want to interrupt the programme to remind you that only the blight of Blog leaves you billious, belching, bumtious, and broke.

((Jingle))

Stop!! Hold everything. Attention, attention, a police message has just been received:- will the person who left a bottle of Blog in the Guardroom please go and salvage the remains of Sgt Silver, thank you.

This brings us to the highspot of the programme - Mernard Biles, king of the Cotswold Hills..... **

((Unquote. I'd like to print the whole damned thing but there just isn't room on the stencil if I am to print part of this next letter too. I started off this department with Bloch, and I think I'll finish it that way too. Bloch at Bellefontaine))

...Speaking of Bellefontaine, it was a quiet little romp this year: only a hundred or so attended, which meant we could all squeeze easily into any-ones room. And frequently did. One of the highlights of the programme was Ted Carnell's tape message, and a surprising number of those present later spoke wistfully of attending a London Convention. Plans ranged from chartering a plane and flying over en mess to (and this seemed a bit more practical) getting up a collection of boards and building a boat... a sort of a Fan Ark ((Are you a Fanarkist, Bob ?)). Not quite an Ark perhaps, because where are you going to get two of a kind ? Two Tuckers, for example ?

Actually there is a great and growing sentiment in favour of an English World Con-Site, but the financial problem, as we all know, seems insuperable. It would please and delight you all, I think, if you realised just how close are the ties which join us: name-dropping at Bellefontaine gave ample evidence of that, since absent English fans were mentioned in conversation as frequently as absent Americans. The presence of about ten hermaphrodites (Canadians) served to link us to the Isles during the affair.

Bellefontaine, as I believe you all know by now, is a railroad town, population 10,000 odd (some very odd) located near a resort area. Two decrepit hotels ((I see, it's a kind of Last Resort area)) and two motels are used as fannish headquarters, plus Doc Barrett's house in town and (at times) his home at the lake, 10 miles away. The result is that the convention depends on auto cavalades to move from one spot to another, and arranging a dinner gathering takes several hours and the services of a police escort. This year the motel on the outskirts of town was occupied completely by Disorganized Fandom, and it was here that the late hour party activity occurred. An oversize bash also took place at Doc Barrett's one evening. But everything was impromptu, including the two programme sessions and the after-banquet speeches. It was more on the nature of an endless gabfest.

Among the attendees were Fern Tucker, Margeret Ford, Evelyn Barrett, Jeanie Smith, Leigh Brackett, Harriet Fellas, Roberta Collins, Phyllis Scott, Evelyn Paige Gold, Bea Mahaffey, Jean Bogert, Deirce Archer, Jean Carroll, Noreen Falasca, Pat Patterson Lyons, Reta Grossman, Fran Lipton, Marion Mallinger, DeeDee Lavender, Honey Wood, Nancy Shapiro, plus Mrs. Skirvin, Mrs. Tabakow, and the Bat.

There were also a few men present but I never did get around to seeing them....

((My thanks to all you other folk who wrote but who's letters I have been unable to fit in...one day someone will invent an elastic stencil, and get a letter of thanks from me... EB.

LONDON IN '56 FOR THE WORLD CON

STOP PRESS

We must apologise for the non-appearance of the 'Future History' in this issue, but Tony Glynn was too overworked, and was unable to get the copy back to us in time. Next ish Tony huh ?

PRINTED MATTER

From,
Terry Jeeves
58 Sharrard Grove
Sheffield 1A.

TRIODE

To

Handwriting practice lines consisting of a large rectangular box with horizontal lines inside.

TRIODE

4.

