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TRIODE • 10



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Bill Rotsler - Harry Turner
Arthur Thomson

TRIODE Is edited and published by Eric Bentcliffe, E.C.L.S.F.S. (ex-piano player with the Nigel Lindsay Orchestra), and Terry Jeeves, F.F.I. (Lecturer in Thermomagnetism at the Intake Bowling and Snooker Club). All material and moneys to EB. Artwork to TJ. American subs; 7 for \$ to Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn. UK subs, 1/- per, to EB at 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. The Jeeves address is, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield, Yorks.

This is the tenth issue, and is dedicated to KETTERING and all those who buy us a bheer there. Further issues may be expected roughly every three months.

TAPES and FANZINES welcomed at either address, Fans by appointment. Published APRIL ' 57.

INTERMISSION

I had a complaint after last issue appeared that Terry and I always write about the same things in our 'editorials'. This probably has some truth in it and the reason is because we both go to the same fannish affairs, however, you are getting two viewpoints for the 'price' of one... INTERMISSION, and INTERLUDE, are tho' the only two unpremeditated spots in T, and to confer previously on the contents of these spots would mean that neither of us would be able to write freely about the topics that come to mind. In any case, it's rarely we know what we are going to write about until we have the stencil in the typer.

I'll warn anyone who dislikes duplication that we'll probably both discourse briefly on a recent visit to Cheltenham Fandom. And light a cigarette whilst I try and think of some subject which Jeeves can't possibly touch on.

Ah yes, My Bike.... Some few days ago I bought myself a Bike, not one of those things with tamed horses to drive it, a honest to goodness thing you pedal. I'd become somewhat alarmed by the fact that on the few occasions when I worked up the necessary enthusiasm to run for a rapidly receding bus, I quickly got out of breath. I decided I needed more exercise. A neighbour offered me this diabolical conveyance at a very reasonable price and I bought it.

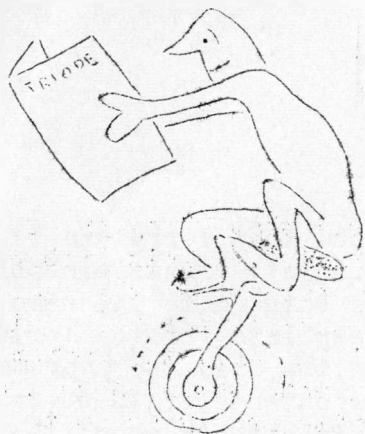
I'd completely forgotten what HARD WORK cycling can be!

Used to do quite a lot of it at one time. Started off with a tricycle at a very early age and worked my way upwards. Why, I even formed a cycling club once!

This was in my RAF days, shortly after I'd been posted to a camp close to home, a collection of nissen huts glorified by the title of 61 Maintenance Unit, RAF, Handforth. This was only twenty minutes bike ride from home, and the RAF kindly allowed me to live at home. Providing I arrived at camp in time for roll-call each morning....I solved this difficulty by having myself made section key-orderly, I collected the keys for the section from the Guard Room each morn, and they couldn't call the roll 'till I got there!

I was having quite a pleasant existence at Handforth, just waiting for demob, and playing in the camp Shove'apenny team. One regular blight tho' was G.S.T., which came around every Wednesday afternoon. For the benefit of those 'unfortunate' enough not to have served in the RAF, I'd better explain that G.S.T. means General Service Training. This means that if you play a sport, you spend that afternoon playing it. If you don't partake in any sport (you weren't allowed to class card-playing a sport), you drill, with rifle and full gear.





RAF-types being what they are, there were a hell of a lot of sports played at that camp. One section specialized in thinking up new ones to confound the Officers.

I formed a cycling club, which became immediately popular with that section of the camp who lived within cycling distance of home. We met each Wednesday at 1a.m. at the camp gates, cycled together over the horizon then split up and cycled home.

However, that was in the days when I was young and energetic.

I've been for a cycle run this morning and found it much harder work than I remembered. In fact, just as soon as I've finished typing this piece I'm going to dig through my file of SLANT and unearth that Bosh article on how to build a duplicater from a bicycle....

* * * * *

The next issue of TRIODE will probably not be out until nearly WORLDCON time. This isn't due to either Terry or myself getting tired or gafiating, it's just that we have a couple of other projects we want to get started on in the next few months and the only way we can do this is to put the pubbing date of the next T back a little. You can look for the next issue around early September, unless you are going to be at the Worldcon, in which case, you'll get your copy there.

The projects mentioned up above are the one-shot on Tapers and Tape-recording, and the Triode Calendar for 1958. This latter will be a filthy huckstering publication and we actually intend to ask cash for it. It'll have illustration by the artists you see in Triode. Incidentally, material is still required for the Taper production so, if you've a useful gimmick, or feel you can write an article on some aspect of tape-recording. Let's have it. Humour, is also wanted, as well as serious stuff.

Whilst talking about Triode, I'd better touch on the FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM which 'ends' in this issue. Although this is the final episode of the serial it's not really the last you'll see of the FH. I've an article by Archie Mercer on hand which fits into the general framework of the series, and I hope to publish others, iffen some of you bods will write them.

At some future date there may even be a new FUTURE HISTORY serial, depicting the adventures of the fen who got to Betelgeuse. I think the idea has great possibilities, all it needs is for someone to write it!

* * * * *

PLEA!! Last September I sent a 5" reel of tape with some natter plus LAST AND FIRST FEN on, to the States. This, I know, got to Boyd Raeburn and Bob Pavlat safely but I don't know who has it now. Would whoever is in possession PLEASE CONTACT ME.

As I mentioned a few paragraphs back Terry and I have recently paid a visit to that erstwhile member of the Triode fraternity, Eric Jones. We weren't able to both get down to Cheltenham together so this sort of softened the blow for the Cheltenham fen.

Eric, is still the only fan who's active in fandom around those parts but there are one or two folk with fannish inclinations. The club rather reminded me of the early days of Liverpool Fandom, and if it develops in the same manner it's going to be an interesting place to visit in a few years time. Friend Jones is also one who has been bitten by the taper-bug, and has a very excellent Ferrograph tape recorder which he let me play with. The only snag here is that this has made me rather discontented with my smaller machine....anyone want to buy a Phillips Tape Recorder ?

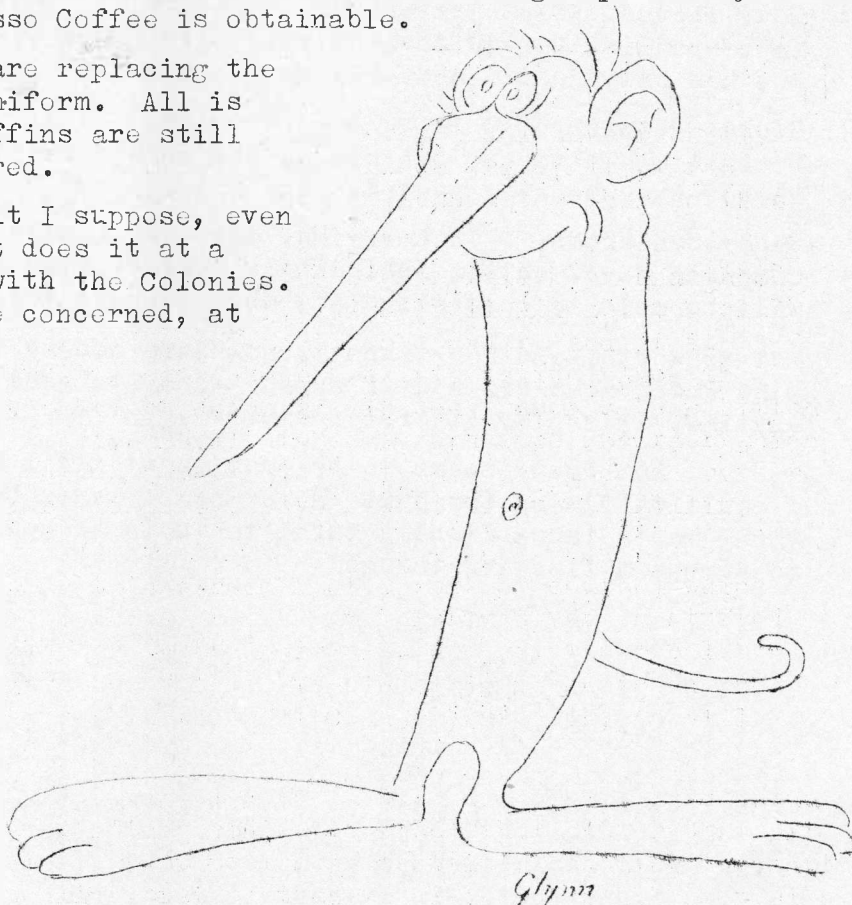
The Cheltenham mob meet in a room (of a pub, of course) which is adorned with a painting of the Retreat from Inkermann, and a stuffed Alligator...I'm not sure whether the room is also used by the local Rock 'n Roll club. Just down the hall is the 'Gents', which is adorned with Soggies! If you're ever in the West Country, drop in, they'll be pleased to see you.

Cheltenham itself, has changed quite a lot since I was last down there, a couple of years ago, it's begining to lose that 'Over Genteel' air which pervaded everything. By this I mean that it's becoming the sort of place where people go to live, rather than to die! The small neat signs which formerly announced that Tiffin was served are being replaced by neon announcements that Espresso Coffee is obtainable.

Teddy Boy suits are replacing the Eton Collar as a local uniform. All is not lost yet, though, Muffins are still available, hot and buttered.

Tempest must Fugit I suppose, even though here in England it does it at a very slow pace compared with the Colonies. As far as appearances are concerned, at least. I suppose it could be said that we have our Ghost Towns, too, but the difference between here and the wide open spaces is that we still live in ours!

Not much room left for gabbing on this stencil if I'm going to fit that Glynn illo in. Turn over, if you're not bored.



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Now let's turn to tape-topics for a little matter. A couple of weeks ago I received a catalogue of the Prerecorded Tapes available in the States, and this definitely point the fact that tape is going to take over from discs, as far as music is concerned, before very long.

Of more fannish interest though, are some of the 'talking' tapes which are available. The variety of these is quite terrific, and ranges from Dianetics (and Scientology) to a Do It Yourself Series of tapes put out by the House Of Stone, which includes such subjects as; How To Build A Spaceship, Brain Surgery, Witchcraft, Build an A-Bomb, etcetra.

I also noticed an ad' for Square Dance Music, it looks as tho' the tape-makers are going to cater for all tastes!

Before I forget, I must apologise for leaving Walt Willis out of last issue's list of fen with tapers. Just how I managed this I'm still not sure, it must have taken a great deal of devious thinking for I had included him in the original list in T8. Since the last issue one or two other fannish types have got themselves tape-recorders and I'll now proceed to list them for those of you who are interested. Incidentally, I intend to publish a complete list of taperfen every three or four issues, and in each issue I'll try and list the fen who have just got tapers....if they'll let me know, that is.

Nigel Lindsay, 311 Babbacombe Rd, Torquay, Devon. Has bought himself an Elizabethan Taper and can cope with $3\frac{3}{4}$, $7\frac{1}{2}$, & 15ips.

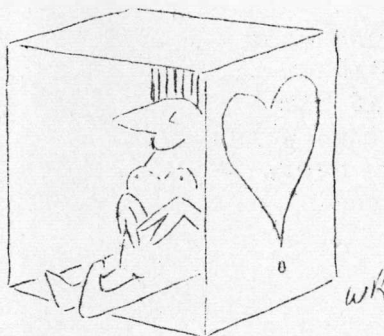
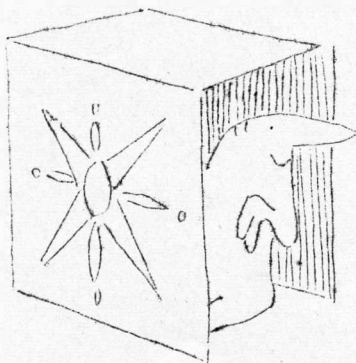
Tony Thorne, 387 Maidstone Rd, Wigmore, Gillingham, Kent. Has been tapresponding for quite some time with a Grundig TK5 ($3\frac{3}{4}$ only), but has only just discovered that other fen have tapers, too.

George Wetzger, 2637 NEVADA Ave., OROVILLE, CALIF., U.S.A.
Doesn't own a taper, but his father runs a radio business and he can borrow one whenever needed. Any speed.

Sandy Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Rd, Catford, London SE6. Is buying a complete Hi-Fi outfit including a Collaro Tape Deck, which means he will be able to cope withe all three speeds and so will the Clarkes.

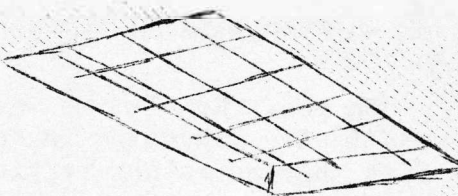
Mal Ashworth, and Ron Bennett, now have access to a taper (that of Mike Rosenbloom's), and if anyone wants to send Harry Turner a tape anytime, I'll play it over for him.

And that, seems to be just about all I have to say this issue. I could wiffle on for quite a few pages more, but it's spring, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thots of you know what...and I want to pursue a fleeting thought.



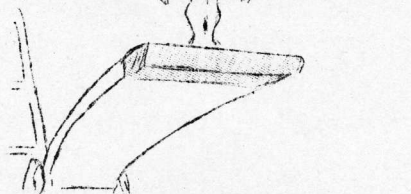
ESSENCE

OF



By
Nigel Lindsay

SHARK



"So you are being pursued by sharks, Mr. Bentcliffe!" said the psychiatrist.

Eric squirmed in the armchair and peered nervously round the consulting room. "That's correct," he confirmed.

"And where are they at the moment?" Eric nodded towards the door. "They'll be out there in the passage....waiting for me to come out."

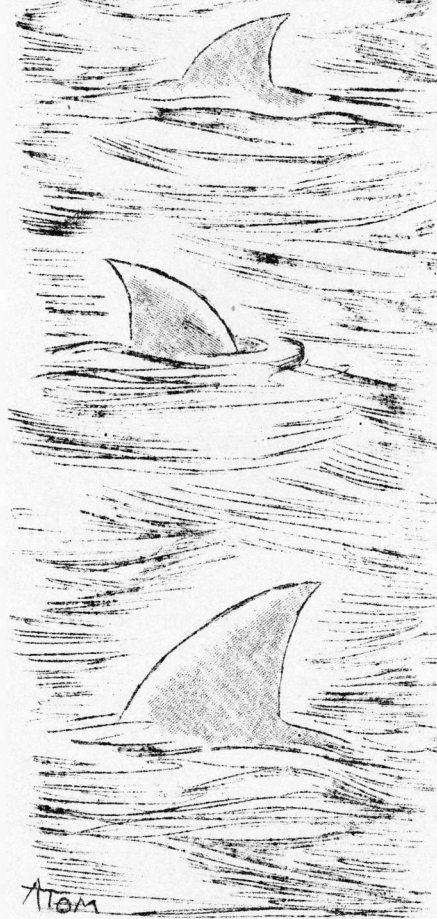
Dr. Knutt got up from behind his desk and started across the room. "It's no use you looking?" said Eric, "you won't see a thing. They're only an hallucination, you know."

"Oh," said Dr. Knutt. "I was just going to prove to you that they're just an hallucination....but you seem to know that already." "Of Course," said Eric indignantly. "D'you think I'm off my rocker?"

"I don't want to offend you, my dear fellow," smiled the doctor, "but most of the people who come to see me are....as you phrase it....off their rocker! He went back to his desk and sat down again. "Tell me this then....if you know they're an hallucination, why are you scared of them?"

Eric shuddered. "Because," he said earnestly, "they're particularly ferocious-looking sharks, and they're obviously intent on tearing me to pieces!" Dr. Knutt shook his head and tried another tack. "When did you first start seeing these sharks?" "Last tuesday week," said Eric, promptly. "In the swimming baths."

"In the swimming baths, eh! Do you go there often?"



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" Quite a bit. I belong to the Stockport and Intake Swimming Club, you see."

" Oh yes. Now let me see....isn't there a big swimming gala coming off soon ? Are you going in for anything ?" "Yes," said Eric modestly. " In fact they're rather relying on me to get us into the area finals."

Dr. Knutt pounced on this bit of information eagerly. " Has this been causing you any anxiety ?" " Oh no," said Eric. " Not since Mr. Jones hypnotised me."

" HYPNOTISED YOU !" cried Dr. Knutt. "You never said anything about being hypnotised! Who is this Mr. Jones ?" "Our swimming and psionics instructor."

" And why did he hypnotise you?" "He was trying out a theory," explained Eric,"His theory was, that if he hypnotised me into believing that I was being pursued by sharks, it would increase my speed in the water."

" Amazing !" declared Dr. Knutt. " And did it work?" "Oh yes, it worked alright. I did a length in eight seconds."

" Remarkable !" said Dr. Knutt, his eyes popping. "I should like to meet this Mr.Jones."

" You can't," said Eric. "He's dead."

"DEAD!!"

" Yes...he coupled a psionics integrator into a electroencephalograph and was last seen flashing through space in the general direction of Rigel. As there's no air out there....."

"How terrible !"

" Yes," Eric went on. "And of course he was supposed to remove this hypnotic command. It never dawned on me until after I got dressed, and then...well.....the sharks pursued me all the way home."

"Um," said Dr. Knutt.

"Well," Eric finished, "I thought it would wear off in time like his smoking-cures do, but it hasn't. That's why I came to you."

"Dr. Knutt sat in silent contemplation. "Now don't you worry Mr. Bentcliffe," he said at length. I'm sure we can straighten this out for you. It'll take some time, you know, because you have a very real problem here. Come and see me again tomorrow and perhaps we'll have the solution. In the meantime....have courage!"

He showed Eric to the door and shook his head pityingly as the poor lad ran for dear life down the corridor.

The next day Dr. Knutt arrived at his office in high spirits. An evening of careful analysis and logical thinking had borne fruit.....a remedy for his latest clients problem.

"Show Mr. Bentcliffe in as soon as he arrives," he told Miss Chirples, his pretty receptionist. "You bet !" she snapped. "I'll not have him in that waiting room with me again...not after yesterday."

Dr. Knutt raised an eyebrow. "You mean....?"

"Yes," she confirmed. "He said it took his mind off the sharks."

"Oh well...this will be the last you'll see of him. I've got his cure right here." And he took from his pocket a small green bottle.

Later....Eric, seated comfortably in the consulting room, gazed at the label on the bottle in some mystification. It read:

"ESSENCE OF SHARK".

"All you have to do," said Dr. Knutt, "is put two drops behind the ears each day."

"And that will make the sharks go away?"

"Well, not exactly. But it will stop them pursuing you." "How do you know?"

"Well," explained Dr. Knutt, "Sharks, you know, are notoriously short sighted. They seek out their prey by the sense of smell. They can smell blood, for instance, a mile off. Now...if you use this lotion, you'll smell to them like another shark. Being short-sighted they'll think you are another shark. So, instead of pursuing you, they'll merely ignore you. All your troubles will be over."

Eric pondered, and gradually a smile came over his face....the first smile for days. "I see," he said. "And when I dive into the water it'll wash away the lotion, and they'll come after me again."

"Yes," chuckled Dr. Knutt, "and help you break the speed record."

Eric laughed. "And when I get out of the water, I just put some more behind my ears...."

"And they ignore you again," roared the doctor.

Eric exploded. "Ha-ha-haaaaaaah ! Oh that's rich..."

"Just picture those stupid sharks...." cackled Dr. Knutt.

Eric laughed helplessly.

"....swooshing aimlessly around...."

Eric choked.

"...and you're there all the time !"

Eric doubled up and rolled on the floor.

"And all because of this little bottle..."

"Stop it, stop it !" Eric screamed, "I'm busting my sides.....ooooh !"

"....and only five guineas..."

Eric sobered up in a flash, and sat up with sagging jaw. "Five Guineas!!" he gulped.

Dr. Knutt looked hurt. "Well," he said, "if you think someone else could do better for you..."



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"Oh no," said Eric weakly, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. Er...you don't mind if I try it first..."

"By all means, Mr. Bentcliffe," beamed the doctor.

Eric put two drops from the bottle behind each ear and stepped gingerly out of the room. He peered round, and his face lit up again. "It works!" he yelled. "Oh Doctor, it works! Oh, you don't know what a relief this is..." Cheerfully he handed over the five guineas, made a pass at Miss. Chirples, and tripped gaily away.

* * * * *

Next day he was back.

"There's one slight snag you know, doctor, which neither of us thought of." Dr. Knutt looked concerned. "What's that?"

"Well," said Eric. "Mind you, I've no complaint about the Essence of shark....it does its job perfectly...in fact, too perfectly. I smell like a shark to my popsy as well. Now she'll have nothing to do with me. Why, she even went so far as to hold her nose..."

"Oh dear," sighed the doctor. "I'll admit I hadn't thought of that possibility." He pondered a while, then said, "I don't suppose you could consider going through life without your....er....popsy?"

"No," said Eric indignantly. "Most definitely I couldn't. I'd rather put up with the sharks. I might eventually get used to them, but life without a popsy...no, never!"

"Well," said Dr. Knutt, "I shall just have to do some more research tonight. If you'll come and see me again tomorrow...."

* * * * *

Next day Dr. Knutt handed him a second bottle, a yellow one. "This," he said proudly, "is the result of exhaustive experiment. I sat up half the night working on your case, as I'm taking a special interest in it." Eric took the bottle and read the label. It said:

"EAU DE HORMONE"

"Four drops of this behind the ears," said Dr. Knutt, "will do the trick."

"Are you sure now?" "Yes, I'm quite positive. Its penetrating power is more than enough to override the Essence of Shark. You won't smell like a shark any more to your....um....popsy, or to any other people."

"Aha," said Eric, "But I think I have you there. If this cancels out the Essence of Shark, what about the sharks? I'll smell like a human being to them too. They'll be after me again!"

"Now wait a minute," said Dr. Knutt. "I didn't say it cancelled out the Essence of Shark...it overrides it. The sharks will smell both lotions. Being short-sighted, they will think you are a human who has already been devoured by a shark. What then would be the point in pursuing you?"

"By Jove," grinned Eric. "You're a clever devil!" he started to laugh, but stopped short.

"Before we get too hilarious," he said, "How much ?"

Dr. Knutt looked up at the ceiling. "Ten guineas."

"Hey now," Eric expostulated. "Ten guineas is a bit thick you know. Why, I could just buy a bottle of ordinary Eau de Cologne...."

"Poof !" said Dr. Knutt scornfully. "Utterly inadequate." He leaned forward confidentially. "If you only knew what went into this formula..." he said, tapping the bottle with one finger. "Now...listen to me...surely you've heard of hormones, and what they can do! This lotion will not only bring your young lady back to you....it'll make her ten times more.....erum...amenable !"

Eric sat with knitted brows, in the throes of a great internal conflict. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and pulled out his wallet. "You really are a psychiatrist, aren't you !" he said. "Well, here's five..... it's all I have on me. I'll come back on Monday with the rest, and let you know how this works out.

"Certainly, Mr. Bentcliffe," said Dr. Knutt benignly. "Have a nice weekend....."

* * * * *

"I've had a lousy weekend," complained Eric on Monday morning.

Dr. Knutt stared aghast at the haggard figure in his consulting room. "Dear me," he exclaimed, " I do believe you've had a relapse !"

Eric twisted his fingers together nervously. "Relapse be damned!" he cried. "It's your confounded Eau de Hormone."

"Didn't it work on the sharks then ?"

"Huh!" said Eric, his face twitching. "You and your theory! The sharks will think I'm a human being who's been eaten by a shark eh! Do they Hell! D'you know what they think now ? They think I'm a shark with B.O. The damn sharks are going round holding their noses now !"

Dr. Knutt looked most upset. "Why, my dear fellow," he said. That possibility never occurred to me. Perhaps we should alter the proportions...."

"But that's not the worst of it," Eric went on. His eyes shifted uneasily round the room. "That line you gave me about the hormones..."

"Yes," prompted Dr. Knutt.

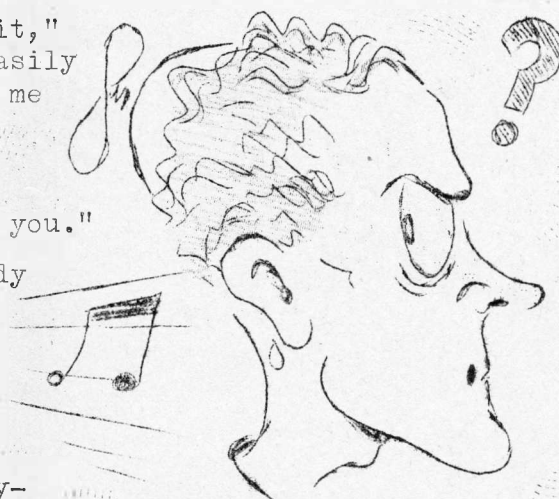
"Well...I hardly like to tell you."

"It didn't make your young lady more affectionate ?"

"My popsie ? No...it left her stone cold. And....and...."

"Go on !"

"Well, I've been pursued everywhere I go....all the weekend. And not by the sharks...."



"Dear me," said Dr. Knutt, "It had a worse effect than I thought. You mean you've been pursued by...er...shall we say, certain young females?"

"No, by ghod," yelled Eric, "I've been pursued by certain young men !!"

* * * * *

A red light gleamed on Miss Chirples desk. It went on when Dr. Knutt touched a button in the consulting room, and was used when a patient was getting dangerous.

Miss Chirples put down her True Love Stories magazine, yawned, and picked up the anesthetic...a large wooden mallet. Quietly she opened the door of the consulting room and slunk in.

Eric had the doctor by the throat and was demanding his money back.

With cool efficiency, born of long practice, Miss Chirples fetched him one on the head.

Half an hour later Eric sat up and fingered a swelling the size of an egg.

"Ouch," he cried, "Where am I?" He looked around the room in bewilderment, then whispered "The sharks.....where are the sharks?"

He recognised Dr. Knutt and Miss Chirples, and smiled. "Knutty, old boy," he cried, "The sharks have gone." Tears ran down his cheeks.... tears of joy. "Chirpy, old girl...they've gone, d'you hear? I forgive you for hitting me on the head. That blow has done the trick !"

Dr. Knutt beamed. "I knew all along," he said, "that that was the cure. But I had to provoke you into attacking me so that I could claim self-defense if you decided to sue." He held out his hand. "Goodbye Mr. Bentcliffe. There'll be no charge for the blow on the head. And call on me any time you feel the need."

"Thank you, doctor," said Eric, "I think I will. You know, I'm very struck by your receptionist !!"



the future history of fandom

EPISODE 10 - CONCLUSION

By

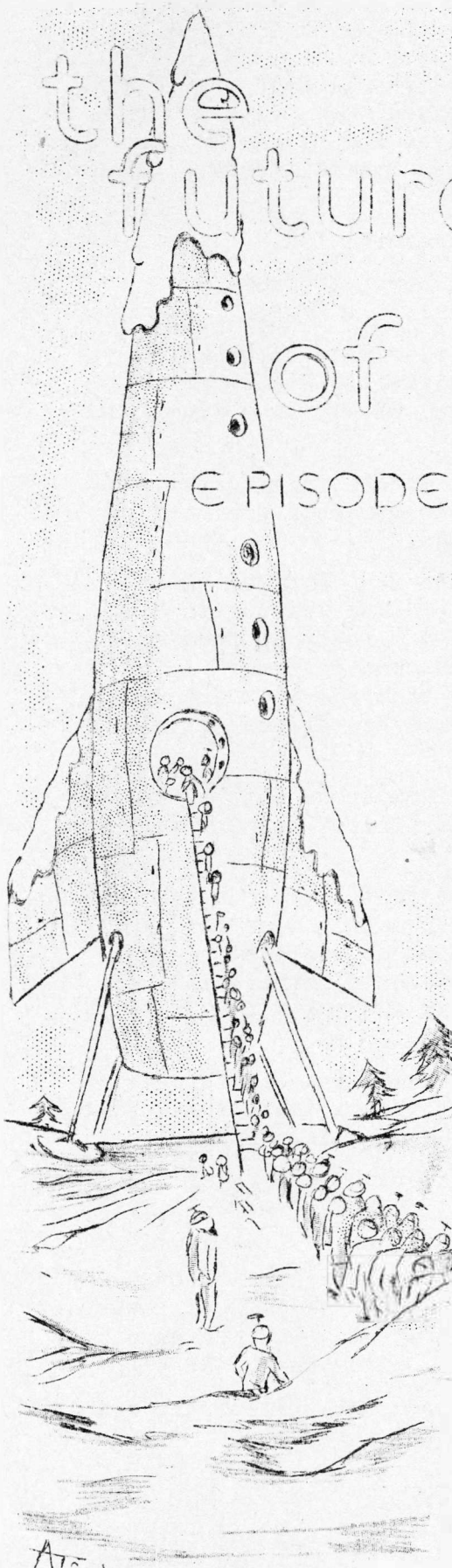
John Berry

Deep, deep in the bowels of the earth the fen sat around in a semi-circle, surrounded by the long-haired, trident bearing BEMS. The heat was oppressive and most fen had stripped down to bare essentials. In my capacity as a former member of the constabulary I was delegated to guard Shirley Marriott (the majority of the fen being under the impression that I still retained my former integrity).

There was a movement somewhere in the gloom of the cavern and the guards began to mutter amongst themselves. A section of the crowd fluxed and from it came a small, but hideously hairy BEM, even more repulsive than the rest of this hirsute race. It climbed onto a rock in the centre of the cave, flung out it's arms, and shouted; "Listen to me, Brothers".

A ripple of amazement ran through the assembled fen, even as the guards flung themselves prostrate and salaamed with reverence and profound respect.

"Holy Ghu," shouted Arthur Thomson, "it's Ken Bulmer!!"



" Yea, it is me, come to show you the true light," boomed Ken. For it was indeed he, as we all clearly perceived when he parted the hair overhanging his face to speak. " I arrived here a short time before the main body, and for some reason these Guiftwitts have taken me for some kind of Super-Guiftwitt."

" Who are the Guiftwitts ?" Chorused several fen.

" Where do they come from ?" Enjoined several others.

Ken put his right thumb to his nose, flipped his fingers up and down several times, like an enthusiastic flautist, then yelled, " YAROOOOH", at the top of his voice. The Guiftwitts stood upright, yelled back an even more raucous cry and backed slowly away from Ken's rock, then out of the cavern.

" Gather round folks," said Ken, in a much more informal tone. " I couldn't tell you everything in front of them. They wouldn't be too pleased to hear that I am leaving them soon."

A sigh ran through the gathering as the fen shuffled their feet, eager to hear of this new development. " The Guiftwitts," continued Ken, " are mutant Eskimaux, caused by a fall-out from a Russian Plutonium bomb test back in '63. I presume we were brought here as nowone else will come within miles of them due to there homicidal traits. You may thank Ghu that I have this mysterious affinity with them....I wonder what it can be ?"

Several BNF's coughed discreetly, and Pam broke into hysterical sobbing. " Pray continue your enthralling narrative," urged Peter Reaney.

" Well, it's like this, the task force that landed us here did a very vindictive thing. In a dump some distance from here they left 180,000 reams of duplicating paper, 20,000 tubes of duplicating ink, 20,000,000 staples, 100 staplers, pencils, notebooks, everything, in fact, to make our stay a paradise except....THE PURPOSELY DID NOT LEAVE ANY DUPLICATORS!!"

At this, one fan fainted, and as the crowd drew back to allow him to get as much of the humid air as possible I saw that it was Bill Harry. " Now I'll never get BIPED run off," he moaned weakly.

" But," continued Ken, ignoring the interruption, " you all know that I have a scientific mind...well....I have evolved a plan, WE ARE ALL GOING TO BETELGEUSE."

A few American neo's at the front took up the chant "Hoorah for Bulmer...."....and gradually, as mass-hysteria asserted itself, everyone took up the chant. This continued for several minutes, Ken cupping his hands together over his head like a bantam boxing champion.

Then Derek Pickles stodd up, and the arrogant tilt of his double chins caused the pandemonium to cease. He waited for silence, then spoke; " But how are we going ?".

Ken raised a finger. " Never fear, friends. It can be done. I ask only for a little patience on your part. I want all the intellectuals amongst you, all the great monds, members of the B.I.S., etcetra, to stay behind to work out detailed plans.

The rest of you follow that tunnall until you reach the dump I previously mentioned, and start unpacking."

After the others had gone, the greatest minds in stfandom gathered around Ken. I moved over to make room for Willy Ley. "Er, we have a few er, underlings amongst us," observed Ken to Walt Willis. I looked round. Sure enough there was Norman G. having an animated discussion with van Vogt, who looked rather bewildered. "Mr. Wansborough," Ken said, "Mr. van Vogt can learn all about muck-spreadin' when we finally get to Betelgeuse." Ken looked in my general direction, "and you."

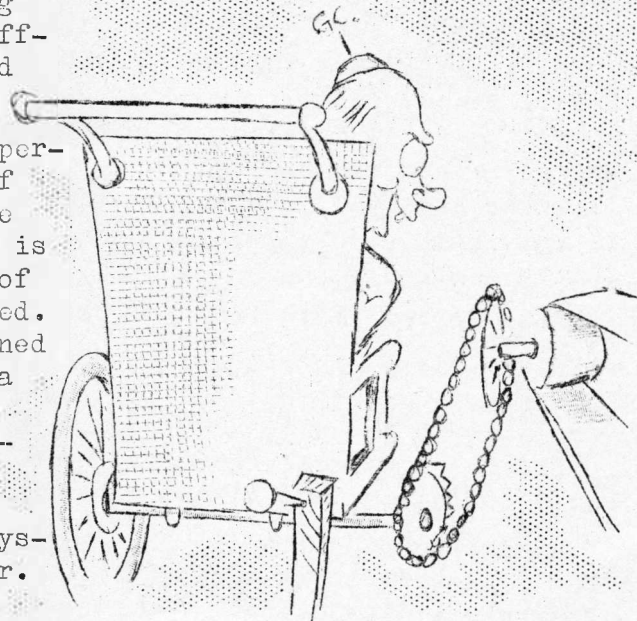
I nudged Arthur Clarke. "Tell him who you are," I urged. But Mr. Clarke merely spat out a mouthful of plankton, and looked at me, as only he can. I passed Norman in the tunnall, and arrived to find a great scene of activity in the cavern where the supplies had been dumped.

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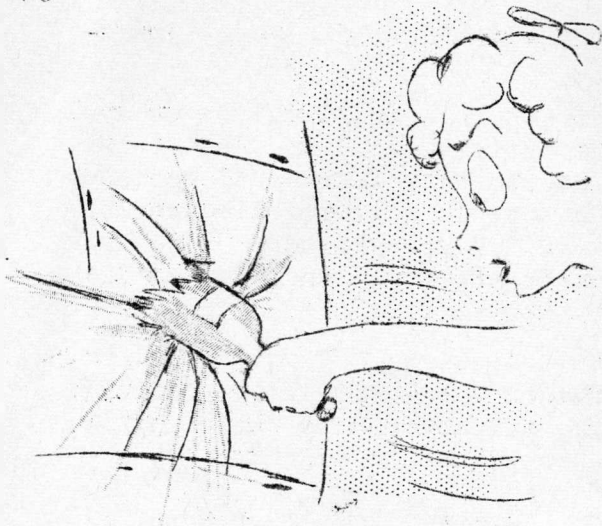
In seven weeks the spaceship was built. Construction was entirely of compressed duplicating paper manufactured by the simple process of rolling Ellis Mills over eight thicknesses of paper gummed together. These section were then prefabricated on the spot, and then transported to Ken Slater's construction crew. The specially chosen band of Anglo-American faneds then stpled the sections into place.

The power plant of the vessell was the result of a typical stroke of genius by Walt Willis. At the base of the spaceship, immediately above the venturi tubes, was a long table. A conveyor beit of duplicating ink (something like a mundane machine gun belt) ran from the engine room, down inside the ship and onto the table. The flattened ends of the tubes of ink faced directly into the venturi's. Six fen, Benford, Reaney, Merrill, Morecock, Ray Thompson, and Moomaw, stripped to the waist were delegated to stand poised, each with a 16lb sledge-hammer. Walt had envisaged that as the conveyor belt started to move, the six fen should bash their tubes a split parsec after each other. The jet of duplicating ink thus released would provide sufficient thrust to lift the craft and propell it at speed.

The method had not been exper-imented with as every last smear of duplicating ink was needed, but the word of Willis was sufficient. It is interesting to note the mechanics of the engine room, previously mentioned. The moving conveyor belt was designed to be fitte with tubes of ink by a bunch of neofen, and the conveyor belt itself was motivated by a cog-wheel and chain drive mounted on George Charters bathchair. George himself providing the necessary physical effort assisted by Paul Enever.



* * * * *



I shall never forget the naming ceremony of our superb craft, which was almost 200 feet high.

Madeleine Willis was chosen by unanimous consent to bash the bottle of Blog against the hull, and one afternoon when the snowstorm ceased momentarily, and Ken had taken the Guiftwitts on a cross-country run. The ceremony took place.

Robert Bloch made a touching speech about why we were going and what we were going to do when we got there. With a certain tenderness he wiped his eyes and bowed to Madeleine.

With a swing of her muscular forearm, Madeleine cracked the blog against the compressed duplicator paper hull which ripped under the strain and disappeared inside. There followed a loud yelp of pain and Bentcliffe crawled out of the bulkhead with a lump on his head, dragging along Shirley Marriott, covered in blog.

With magnificent self-control, Madeleine raised her head and said in a clear, strong voice:-

"I name this ship NIRVANA."

Long and loud was the cheering which followed this popular pronouncement.

* * *

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All that remained to be done was detailed internal construction and the stocking up of provisions for the journey. Ken and his army of Guiftwitts brought back the carcasses of many deer, hares, etcetra, which were refrigerated for future use.

Walt calculated that if the six strikers (the fen with the hammers) could hit a steady rythim, there was no reason why we couldn't reach, or even pass, the speed of light. Walt mentioned that he was working on a superdrive, powered by his new invention the Kleptoscope. Which could be geared to the existing power-plant when Nirvana was in deep space.

Several well known fen were given permanent jobs for the voyage. Bob Shaw, for instance, was placed in a large cubicle all by himself, to which pipes carried waste food and other edible scraps direct to his mouth.

There was a minor crisis when Nirvana was almost ready. The Guiftwitts began to suspect that the large structure towering over them, perchance, would prove to be the vehicle by which their Ghod, Ken, would leave them. Eric Frank Russell, however, came to the rescue by suggesting that Ken should tell them that it was a phallic symbol.

My experience with the GDA enabled me to become head of Security. And a few days before take-off I struck trouble. Eric Bentcliffe and Shirley Marriott disappeared, seventeen boxes of marshmallows were missing,

and someone, obviously old and feeble, had cleaned out Ethel Lindsay's stock of benzedrine tablets. I was confident, however, that given time and luck I would eventually clear up these cases.

Excitement reached fever pitch when the various fen in charge of the work-groups announced that all was ready.

The great day came.

* * *

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Because of my position I was allowed into the control room of the Nirvana for the take-off, and I shall never forget this fantastic episode. Tucker, Bulmer, EFR, Bloch, and Willis; the self-appointed committee stood grimly before the instrument panel, which consisted of Cliff Gould and John Hitchcock, stood at attention, with a length of twine tied to their respective left fingers. Gould's twine was connected to George Charter's left ear, he providing the basic motive power, Hitchcocks string, wormed it's way through the ship to Chuck Harris who stood behind the six strikers with whip in hand.

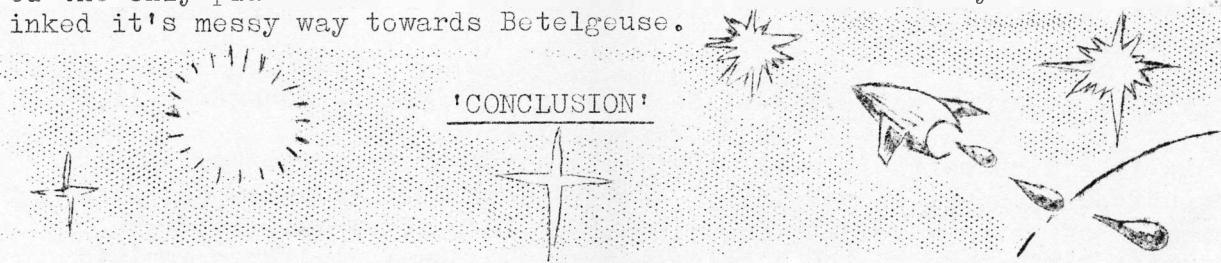
The committee looked at their watches, synchronized them, and slowly Walt counted out the old routine. Ten...Nine....Eight...sevensix (creased foreheads)....five....four (globules of sweat spattered onto the deck)....three.....two.....ONE....GO!

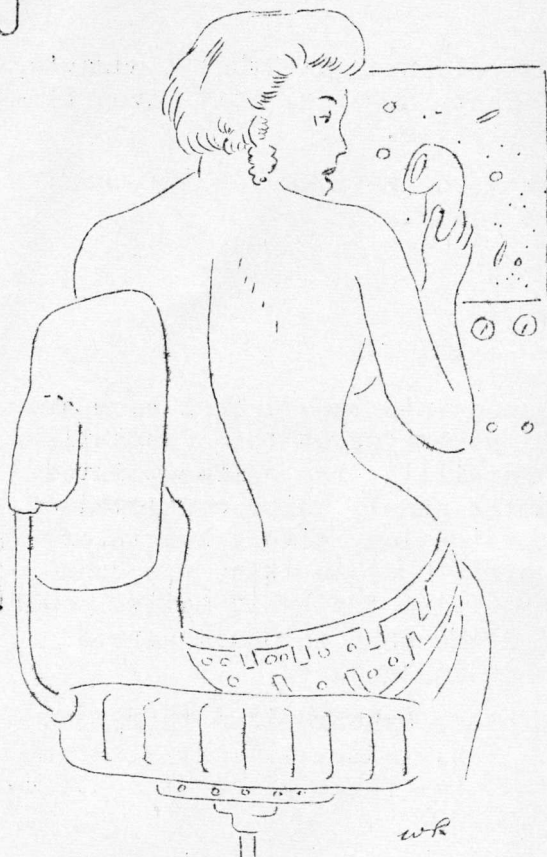
Tucker reached forward and tweaked Gould's nose. Cliff jerked his left hand, the twine tightened, a yelp of agony sounded from below, and (we hoped) George Charters started to peddle.

Three quarters of an hour later, Nirvana shuddered with the concerted efforts of Chartera and Enever. The bathchair geared conveyor belt reached it's estimated rpm. Tucker twitched Hitchcock's nose and the crack of the lash sounded from below. Gradually, oh, so gradually, the ship rose....it wavered from side to side....righted itself...and then, imperceptibly, it began to move upwards. Three hours later, I looked out of an observation port and could just barely distinguish the spikes of the Guiftwitts tridents as they danced angrily below, up to their necks in duplicating ink.

From then on, the ship gained speed, and on the third day out James White reluctantly stowed away his air-gun, convinced that no more birds were likely to come within range. An indication that we were going in the right direction.

And so, after many trials and tribulations, fandom had sought and found it's true goal. As was right and proper, the stars provided the only place where fandom could survive....and slowly the Nirvana inked it's messy way towards Betelgeuse.





FARRAGO

It's been quite a few issues since we've had any fanzine reviews in TRIODE, the reason for this hasn't been that we haven't appreciated the stuff received... it's just that the merits of the current crop on-hand haven't been sufficient to inspire us to give over space which we had better use for. However, there's some very interesting fmz indeed come in these last couple of weeks so, let's review.

THE HARP STATESIDE by Walt Willis, with illustrations by Art Thomson. This is the story of the year Walt went to the States under the auspices of the TAFF. I find it hard, after reading this, not to come out with a few Goshwowoboy phrases....for this ranks very high amongst the Best Ever fan publication. There are 70 odd closely typed (but not too closely typed) pages, and it took me almost three hours to read through...and I'm a fast reader. From the production angle alone this is a Mammoth production, but the subject matter is by no means dwarfed by the format. Full, as it is, of numerous esotericisms peculiar to fandom this would yet be readable by anyone as a most interesting American Travelogue....I'd love to hear what a professional reviewer unconnected with fandom would think of it. THS is published at 2/- a copy by Walt at, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast. Part of the proceeds go to the Transatlantic Fan Fund...but I'd urge you to buy it not because of this but because you'll be missing a reading experience if you do not.

SFAIRA 2 & 3 (One volume) Published by Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden.

This is a zine which is still suffering slightly from not having been around enough to get itself settled down, but it shows definite promise of being a very interesting thing to get. This issue is largely given over to the publication of the SOGGY SAGA by a certain

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Mr. Terence Jeeves, who is known and loved by all of you (unless you so happen to have a pretty wife!). Duping and layout are not very good, and my copy fell apart fairly easily but I still enjoyed reading it.

PEON No. 38. Feb'57. Edited and published by Charles Lee Riddle, P.O. Box 27, Port Deposit, Maryland, USA.

There's an air of quality about this issue which hasn't been present in PEON for quite a few years....probably due to the fact that Lee has been seeing service abroad and is now able to sit back and relax again. There have been complaints that PEON was on the downgrade, however, I think this issue entitles me to use the past tense. The contents page reads; Jerome Bixby, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Bloch, Jim Harmon, Terry Carr, and Eric Bentcliffe (who's piece I refuse to comment upon)...quite a line up, and they all seem to be in good form. This issue is worth getting, alone, for Bob Bloch's CONFESSIONS OF A FANZINE REVIEWER. I'd say that the only thing needed to put PEON high in the fmz Top Ten is a letter section, and a little more of Lee in it. UK subs to Ken Slater at eight issues for seven bob.

THE CONSERVATIVE No.1 Emanates from 5 Playfield St, Dundalk 22, Maryland, USA. No name given in the magazine (!) but this address is that of George Wetzel. This is just about the worst fan publication I've ever received...not that it's illegible, or poorly duplicated, no, these I can excuse but not this outpouring of lies and half-truths which are the nearest thing to blackmail I've ever seen in fandom. This THING should never have been published. There's a by-line to the title which reads; "Devoted to the exposure of science fiction communists and Harlan Ellison"....which may give you a slight idea of what the THING is about if you've been fortunate enough not to receive a copy. Apart from the subject matter it's so illogically written as to defy review, and as I don't want to look at it any longer I'll consign it to the trash can (on second thoughts I'll burn it, I wouldn't like anyone to get the impression that this kind of thing is prevalent or acceptable in fandom), and reiterate that it should never have been published.

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON No.1 Published and edited by The Manchester Circle, c/o Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St, Manchester 8. Eng. This is rather a typical first issue, striving to great things but not achieving them. It's well duplicated (by Terry), and although the layout suffers from a lack of imagination it's neat enough. I'd like to be able to say something nice about this one because I know it's perpetrators pretty well, but in all honesty I can't praise it. One thing about the mag which rather irritated me was the fact that none of the contributors are named, or given credit for their pieces....I believe that this is deliberate, and in certain cases can understand the bashfulness! Hope I'll be able to be a mite more enthusiastic about number two when it arrives.....and that I'll still be welcome at the Ping Hong on the occasional Sunday I'm in town!

TYPO No.1 Edited by Mike Moorcock & Jhim Linwood, 36 Semley Rd, Norbury, London, S.W.16. Hopefully quarterly, 2/- for 4 issues. This is yet another first issue but one much more promising and acceptable than the two above. This one is edited by two London fringe-fans (by

this I mean, two fans who live on the fringe of London!), and it's quite a bright cheerful affair. Mike Moorcock has, for some time been pubbing a mag slanted towards ERB fen....it's probably because of this that the first issue of TYPO doesn't suffer from the pretentiousness of most first issues. The zine is well duped, quite well illustrated (some promising drawings from neofan Alan Date), and if the standard of material improves it will be popular. As of now, it's worth the price asked.

EXCELSIOR No.1 Responsible for which are L. Shaw Ltd., 545, Manor Rd, Staten Island, 14, New York. 15cents a copy.

In case you haven't guessed the L. Shaw, Limited label is the bushel under which Larry Shaw and Lee Hoffman Shaw are currently hiding. And this, is a fanzine to put on your want list....there's a lovely little piece by Algys Budrys in this first issue and the rest of the material backs it up nicely. There isn't quite the same mad air about this that there used to be in QUANDRY, but, give it a few issues. Incidentally, I think, that Larry Shaw is the first bod to edit both a pro-mag and a fan-mag at one and the same time....but I could be wrong, in which case I've no doubt someone will tell me! There isn't a British sub rate listed, however, Walt Willis is listed as Editor Emeritus and he may be able to help you. Get it.

ALPHA No.15 Tudschrift from Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium. UK subs to Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, ~~Harrogate~~ Harrogate. Bob a time I think, Jan forgot to put the sub rate in this issue.....which, is well up to the standard of previous ALPHA's. There's a very excellent column by Dean Grennell, a nice one piece serial by Vin/ Clarke, some Mercer, a little Linard, even a brief Bentcliffe. Plus a thing by Ken McIntyre which is sort of mad...and a rear end editorial by Jan in a style which doesn't quite come off. Nice to see ALPHA out again.

RETRIBUTION No.6 A GDA product by Art Thomson and John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast. 1/- or 15cents. This is so recent that I haven't had time to read it all yet, what I have read is very good. Lovely deadpan piece by Willis on the IF Tea Drinking Tourney, Championship of which is now held by Don Allen. A couple of GOON saga's in the inimitable Berry style, plus things by Ethel Lindsay, Ellington, Schultheis, and other GDA operatives. Well illustrated, as always, by Arthur. Required reading for any fan with a sense of humour.

UMBRA 16. John Hitchcock, 300 E. University Pkwy, Baltimore 18, Md, USA. 10cents a copy from John, UK subs to Ron Bennett, 1/- ??

This one I always find interesting, there's a good solid letter section which is the high spot of this, and most issues...a good editorial spot, plus John Berry (with a most moving piece!), Lars Helander, and Eney. The only thing I have against UMBRA is that it's printed in a somewhat eye searing purple, however, I'm willing to risk eye-strain to peruse it and I think you will be, too.

CONTACT. Is the fans newspaper, published and edited by Jan Jansen, and is a must if you want to keep au faite with fandom. 7/- per year from Ron Bennett, or \$1.00. from Dick Ellington, 98 Suffolk St, Apt 3A, New York 2, USA. FORTNIGHTLY.

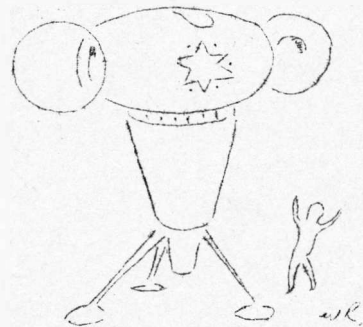
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ORION No.18. Published in Paul Enever's Potting Shed at 97 Pole Hill Rd, Hillingdon, Middlesex. 3/6 or 50cents for four.

This is the first of the Quarterly ORION's and a little thicker than the monthly issues...I'd prefer to see ORION slimmer and oftener, but this can't be done. Paul's Petunias need attention. This can't be said of his fmz tho', it's as entertaining as ever. John Berry is present, as always, and Terry Jeeves writes about Passion (his favourite subject), but the part I enjoyed most was the column by Paul himself...rambling, and rather Grennellish in style. There's an interesting controversy on that Old Sense of Wonder coursing through the letter section. A good fmz review column, too.

FRONTIER No.9. Published for the ~~Prevention of Cruelty to Spaceflight~~ Society for the Advancement of Space Travel, by Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn. 6 issues for \$3.00, if you aren't in the SAST. This one is a serious but not sercon publication, and despite the title has no connection with Davy Crockett. If you are really interested in Space Flight you'll like it, if you ain't, then you probably won't. Although much of the magazine is taken up by accounts of the affairs of SAST, there are always some good general items. This is something like the BIS Journal was before it got respectable!

BRILLIG No.6. Produced by Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland St, Eugene, Oregon, USA. 10cents a throw. Lars, I gather is at a co-ed college and whenever I read of doings at co-ed schools (upon which topic Lars editorializes) it makes me wish I could go back to school again. I went to a co-ed school myself, og yes, but at that time I was too young to take full advantage of it....so were the rest of the inmates. However, dwelling on my misspent youth is veering from the path of review... There's nothing particularly noteworthy about BRILLIG, it's just another fanzine 'trying to make the grade', the duplicating's good, the artwork fair, the material middling....which includes a piece of my own. Nice cover by Atom, but the rest of the mag doesn't keep up to the high standard set by this.

TEEN-ZINE No.1 Paper despoiled by Jeesse J. Leaf, 4510 Church Ave, Brooklyn 3, New York, USA. 10cents a copy. Here we have 16 partly duplicated pages, 'partly' because the mimeo work is so poor as to make the zine almost unreadable. I'd be inclined to gloss over this, it being a first issue, but I can't gloss over the half-witted editorial statements, quote; "I do not intend to write editorials for this magazine as idiotic as most of the other magazines of this type....This magazine... is dedicated to the salvation of true and intelligent science fiction writing from those other fanatic magazines". I think I made some comment earlier on in this column about the pretentiousness of most first issues. Here is a fan-ed imbued with the desire to renovate fandom. So he publishes a half-illegible thing filled with crud...ah well, I suppose we're all young once! Not recommended for the first five years...



CAMBER No.7 From the Only True Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.

CAMBER has rather a peculiar atmosphere about it this ish, it's as if it can't quite decide whether to be a British-type fanzine or an American-type. Don't ask me to define these imponderables...I just get the impression that this is a UK zine catering for American tastes rather than the tastes of all fankind. It's entertaining nonetheless. There's a Good thing by the ever-present Berry, and some interesting natterings by Alan Dodd. The rest of the zine seems to be mainly filled with extrats from letters, some billed as such some presented in article form. Much talk of sports cars and conventions. Rather out of place amongst this fannish stuff are a book review by Jack Williams, and a con-report by Alvar Appeltoft (which latter word can be loosely translated as an 'all-day sucker'), which is rather dry. Alan doesn't seem to list a subrate in here but I imagine a l/- would get you a copy.

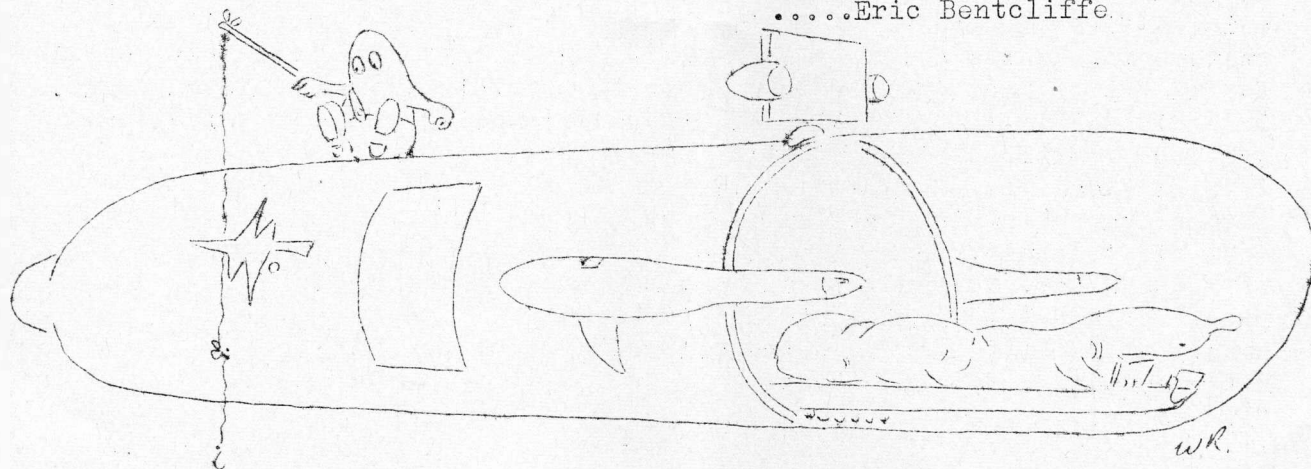
CENTURY NOTE Produced by Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va, USA.

This purports to be the 100th fanzine which can be blamed on Eney, and makes me rather wish I'd got the other 99. There's some most excellent stuff here by Walt Willis, Red Boggs, rapp, Grennell, Burbee, and some other folk. CENTURY NOTE, is really an apa-zine and you can't sub to it...you'll get it if you can put Eney in your debt by some means or other tho'. Do so, if you can. In with CN is STUPEFYING STORIES 19, which is a sort of acknowledgement zine....giving thanks for fmz, and other important stuff received by the above mentioned Eney. Plus some interesting chit-chat on variegated subjects. Dick, is of course, one of the TAFF candidates, and although I'm hoping Boyd Raeburn will get the nomination...I hope Eney does, too.

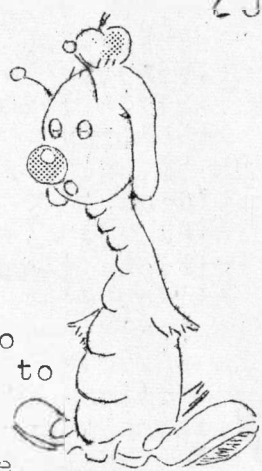
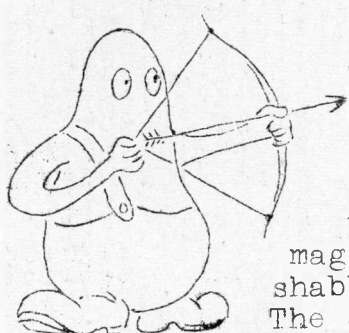
THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH No.1 A Vesoulian zine from Jean & Annie Linard, 24 rue Petit, Vesoul, Hte Sne, France.

This is another 'acknowledgement-zine', put out by a fan when he gets so tied up with things that he can't write to everyone who's written to him. This, as all the Linard pubs, I found fascinating. There's an intriguing introduction to several other French fans Jean has unearthed, plus six or seven pages of free-wheeling natter about all and fandry. This will be pretty meaningless to you unless you are a fanzine type fan but if you are, you'll find it entrancing.

.....Eric Bentcliffe



INTERLUDE



In case any of you are wondering why Eric's pages at the front of the magazine are looking a little shabby, may I hurry to explain. The old lady-killer has bought a bike to help him enlarge his operational areas. Not being used to exercise, Eric is now in the horrible position of being able to get at girls normally living in a fairly safe fringe area. Sad to say, he's so tired by the time he gets there, that it was waste of time going in the first place.

The original Triode nearly met a few weeks ago, when Eric and I were invited down to the mansion of sporadic fan Jones. Owing to the pressure of business, Eric couldn't get away from his barrow in time for the correct week-end, so I was left to uphold the honour of fandom on my own. Cheltenham can produce some large numbers of fen, but on this particular weekend, most of them had been warned of my coming by a circular mailed out by EJ. However, several less wary fen (or maybe they couldn't read the circular of warning) turned up to greet me, and Eric (J) produced figures to show that Cheltenham fandom is not behind the door. I particularly liked one figure present at 'Xanadu' on both nights of my stay. Peter Maby (I think it was Pete) produced some items of fantastic music, 'Humph' cheated abominably at 'Astron', just because the rules allowed him to move the board, he thought he had to do it every time it would drop me in the cart....it usually did. Tape recordings were sent to everyone bar Jack Wilson, who having a single track mind couldn't read the Ferrograph's twin track recording....(Only kidding Jack)(Honest)(I'm referring to your single track trains)(Signle, as in poutsarced)

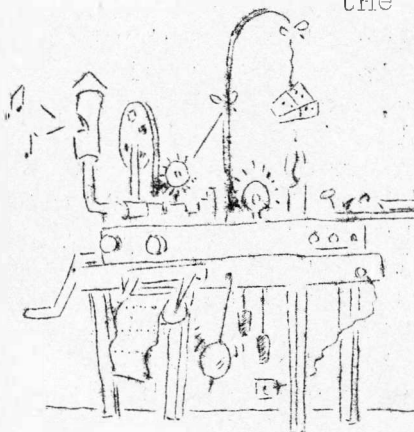
An astounding fanzine arrived here the other day, so unusual, that it produced an asbestos letter from me. The fanmag was 'Mana' No.2, and how it got through the U.S. mails I knoweth not. In a way, it's a pity that it did. The mag contains several excellent articles by Leinster, Berry, etc, and it also contains several paragraphs of pure filth. One particular item attributed to General Patten, is nothing more than the ravings of a foul mouthed lunatic. The most frequently used words, are the kind usually reserved for latrine walls by the feeble minded. I'm not a lily livered prude, but this part of the 'zine made me want to drown the editor in a cess pool. Those of you who have come across the thing, know what I mean, those of you who haven't are damned lucky. Apart from the mental attitude it reveals, this magazine, if apprehended by the Postal authorities, could go a long way towards giving fandom the worst possible reputation. I'm hoping that the editor will grow up quickly and learn how to act like a fairly abnormal human being...he's way off the track at the moment.

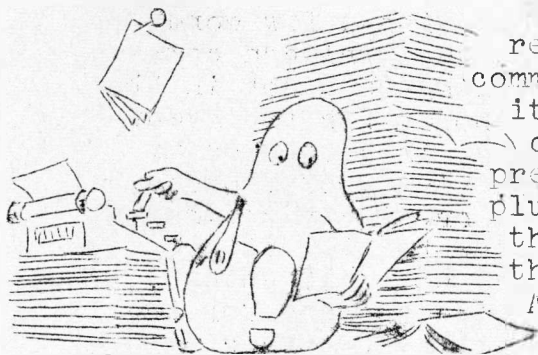
The Soggy saga on the right has no connection with the Saga recently published by Lars Helander. His Saga, (brilliantly written by Terry Jeeves..Advt) deals with Soggy in Space. Observant readers, will have already noted that the intrepid pair on the right are standing beside a signpost guiding them to Antwerp. I'm the good looking one, and the parcel carried by Eric, is his newly invented portable harem. For those of us who cannot put two and two together and get....well anyway, Eric and I are going to visit the genius of Antwerp. Jan Jansen, if you're still wondering. We're planning a few days in Antwerp starting on the weekend before the Worldcon, and returning to the U.K. in time to join the descent on the King's Court Hotel. Ron Bennett is not coming with us, but we have very generously offered to entertain his Belgian girl friend, Monique. For this service, entirely free, Ron is not showing the gratitude deserving of a trufan. We regret that security measures (ours) prevent the release of the name of the ship on which we will be travelling, but cheques and Postal Orders will always reach us care of Jan. Remember, if you send enough money, we may even stay in Antwerp.



For those people who have the nerve to read Eric's column before mine, (traitors) the next item will not be news....serves you blooming well right. From the thundering presses of Triode house will shortly appear the Triode calendar for 1958. Apart from proving how far we are in advance of our time, this mighty production will bear illustrations by all the famous fan artists you know and love (not including me, unless someone falls by the wayside) In addition to this tempting bait, our calendar will also bear the date of every day in 1958, a monumental achievement. This is not all, it will also have a space for important notes and information such as convention dates, and my birthday. To top everything, each month will bear a thought for the month. Prize will probably be around 1/- to cover, cost of production, and more beer for us. To give us an idea of how many may be needed, why not drop me a postcard bearing your name and address. This can then be filed ready for printing day. Get mobile.!

Another item of interest to anyone likely to visit Xanadu, the home of the Jones boy, is his psionics machine. The original Hieronymous device itself. I tried this gadget out during my visit, and was most impressed by the amount of work Eric had put into it, for so little result. After four hours stroking the little plate, the only result I obtained, was a crop of blisters on my fingers. However Eric assures me that some people have obtained highly unusual results and he is hoping to extend the range of the machine by adding stronger elastic.



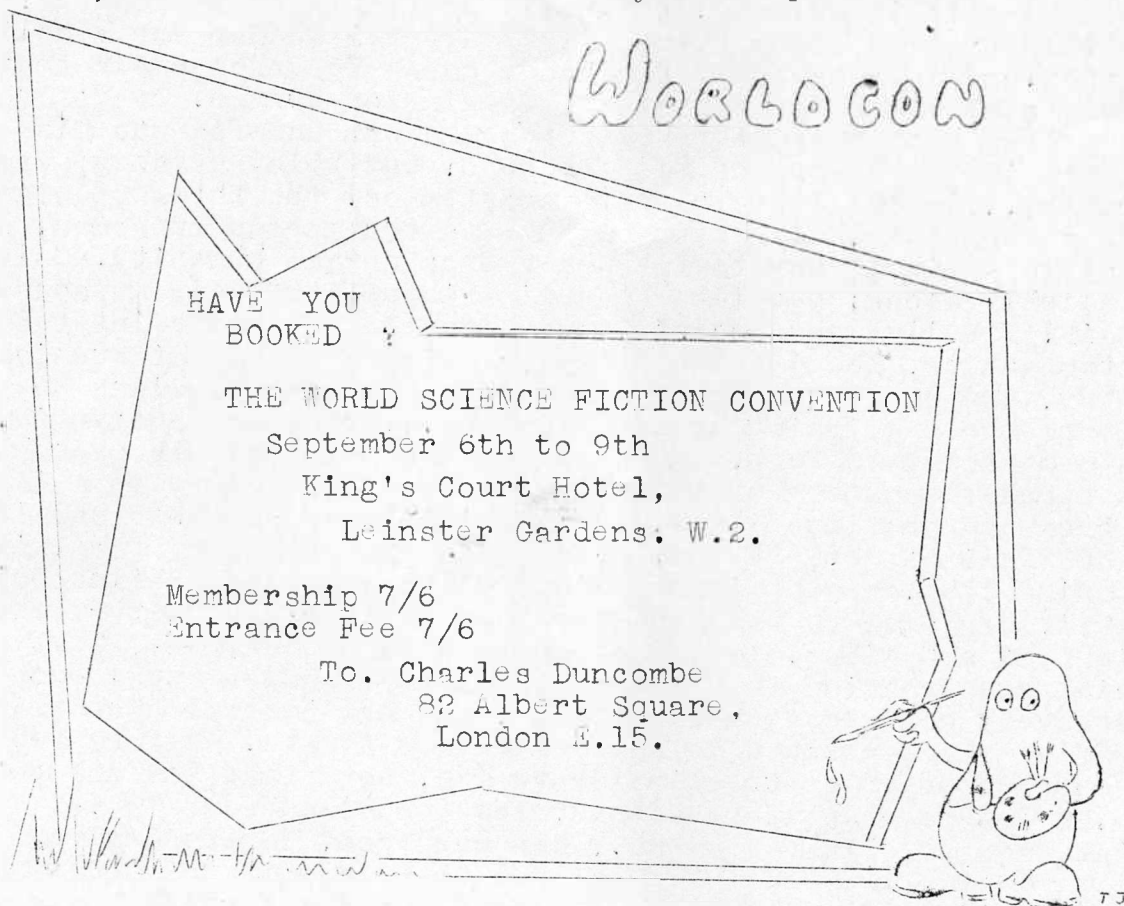


Breaking away from the normal realm of fannish endeavour, I feel like commenting on a few of the more recent items from the professional field. Asf continues to hold its lead, but by a pretty short margin. Campbell not only plugs psionics in editorial and article, the 'March '57 issue carries four stories, the first part of a serial, and one Article. The **serial** forms part of the Bel Rogas **series**, and looks like being as dull as the others. The short stories are the usual competent run of the mill items, one, naturally dealing with psi powers. The cover illustration looks rather like a travel folder for a holiday in Venice. Galaxy on the other hand, has a Pederson cover that is strongly reminiscent of Bonestell, Coggins or Hunter. Two of the stories deal with characters with three eyes. One flaunts his third eye in the centre of his forehead, but being a baddy, ends up in trouble...in the way girls are wont to do. The three eyed goody in the other story, also happens to be a four armed superman, and working in a kindly way to take over from normal humanity. Galaxy runs slickly along, but like Reader's Digest, there is a sameness about it. Missiles and Rockets, is a 'must' for anyone interested in Astronautics. The February issue carried a survey of Russian rocketry, and among other items revealed that the Russians have a 167 foot rocket weighing around 160 tons...for your memory aid, the V-2 stood around 50 feet, and weighed about 14 tons. The March issue carries a number of letters of comment and query on a little item from the previous issue...a material known as Lintz Basalt, does NOT fall at 32.2 ft/sec. M/r cites the authority for this Astounding item, as the 'Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society'. M/r also reveals that the new Jupiter-C rocket reached a height of 680 miles, last September. Also of interest, is the official confirmation that the United States "has several moon rocket study contracts in the works", and the General quoted adds that "five years would be a conservative estimate". Before you dash out and order a subscription to m/r, note that the sub rate is \$9.00 for overseas subscribers. The London address is :- The AAP Company, 17 Drayton Rd., Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire.

At the time of writing, Kettering is only a fortnight away. Some of you will be receiving your copy of Triode by personal courier to the hotel. If you don't attend Kettering, and your copy arrives late, you can blame it on the fact that we hoped to meet you there and save postage. For those who are rolling along to the George, don't forget to get in training for this fannish event. Peter Reaney has changed his mind (the new one is pretty much like the old one) and has written off to book for Kettering. I'm only just releasing this item, as not only is it too late to cancel your booking, but some of you will have found it out the hard way. Peter, by the way, has bought a new typer and wants to know of any fanzine in need of aid.



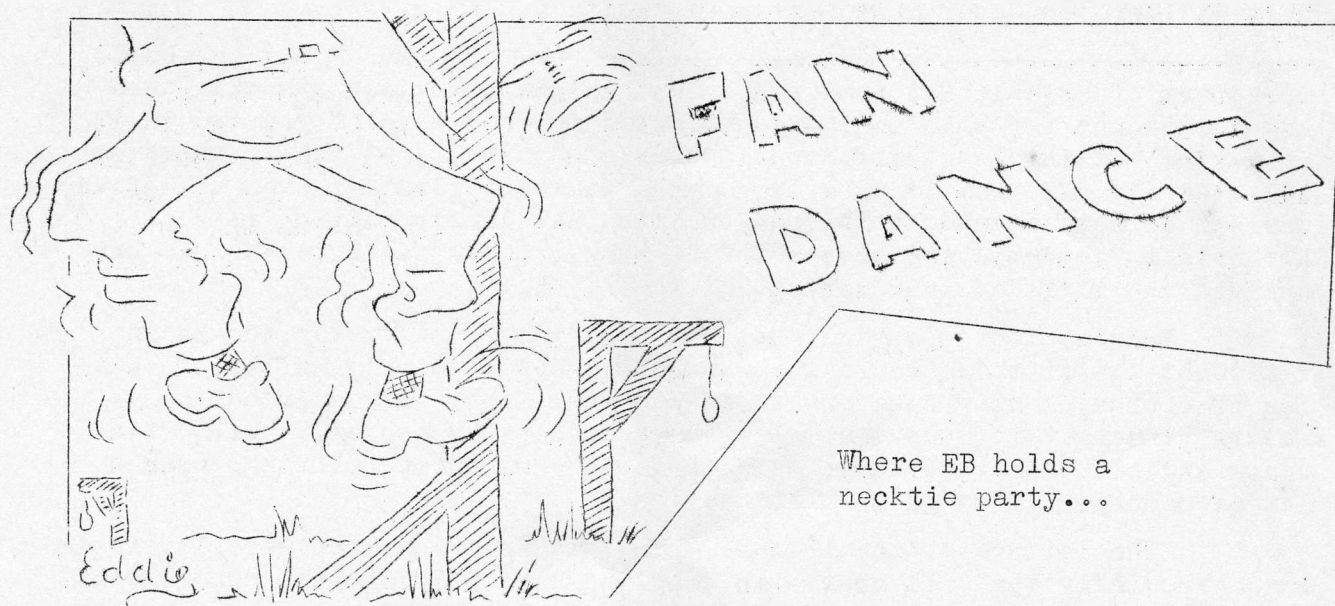
26 Having nattered about Kettering, herewith a few words about London. In case you haven't heard, the Worldcon comes to Britain this year, and after Much Binding (but not in the Marsh) the King's Court Hotel has been chosen for the Event of the year. The Bed and Breakfast charge is quoted on my copy of the minutes, as 20/-, Lunch 4/6, Dinner 6/6. Rooms are equipped with telephones, radio, gas or electric fires. If you are in the unhappy state of wanting to play with these essentials to good living, and have no small change, the management also keeps a supply of coins on hand for the meters. You will have to bring your own tape recorder however, as the hotel can't find any coin operated models.



According to the latest horrible rumour, bookings are coming in so fast that if you don't get your digit extracted, and send in your booking, this might turn out to be the Convention that you nearly attended. Don't live vicariously and get your convention enjoyment via the pages of fanzines. Write off to-day, now, this minute, and get on the roll of names whom love of Ghu has blessed. This is an unpaid advert., so don't let me donate a whole valuable page of Interlude for nothing.

And as our stip sheams gracefully over the horizon, it is with regret that we say 'Farewell' to yet another Interlude. And as the actress said to the bishop, "That brings me to

THE END "



Where EB holds a
necktie party...

D. R. Smith, 228 Higham Ln, Nuneaton, Warks.

Many thanks for the recently received copy of Triode, yet another very attractively produced fan-mag which I had no idea existed. Time was when I would have eagerly sprang into action at the thought of yet another editor on whom I might inflict my efforts at wit or whimsy, but what talent I may have once had is now even rustier than my typing. There is also the point that my knowledge of present-day fandom is so slight that I could hardly say anything not impertinently ignorant in a magazine devoted to the activities - if such a strong word may rightfully be used in this connection - of fans. And as for Wit, I could hardly expect to improve on Eric Needham, to judge from "The Dehydrated Goldfish" and memories of my own efforts - of which I have, fortunately, no record.

I was made to feel quite juvenile again by reading "The Future History of Fandom". This, I felt, is where I came in. Only all the best epics of this type in my experience were derived from Alice in Wonderland. ((The label on the Bottle reads BLOG, these days...)) Equally evocative of my long lost youth was the theme of Jack Wilson's letter. To nude or not to nude - a hardy annual indeed. Not having seen the ones in question I can only generalise by offering my opinion that, having accepted the fundamental truth that the attraction of the naked female form for the male is basically erotic, drawings should only be published if they can definitely be placed in a class higher than that of the average lavatory wall artist. As I notice at the end of the letters that the Great God Pan Himself was not very impressed I fear that there must have been some weakness in the drawing. ((Or else he's getting old ? And...satyrical!))

Peter Reaney, 53 Bromley St, Sheffield 3, Yorks.

Why should I write a letter of comment on TRIODE! It won't be printed anyway. ((Try making a vow of silence...I'll print that!))

Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast.

T9 was highly agreeable, more sort of amiable for some reason than some previous issues. Dunno how to account for this impression...maybe there's more of you two in it or you're getting less self conscious or something. Not that T was ever like the old EYE, but it used to command admiration rather than affection, whereas it now commands both. Maybe it's that lovely initial illo of Arthur's to Intermission that sets the tone. Looks as if you should have changed the title of that department to Interlewd.

Eric's piece was good, but a trifle too topheavy for the ending I thought....((I think there's a pun in there somewhere)) Matter of opinion of course, I know, and anyhow it was very fine. Liked Arthur's Future History very much too. Terry was amusing, especially about Eric Jones and his tape-recorder. Mal's belated con-nonreport brings back a lot of memories, most of them happy.

The letters of that refugee of yours from Femizine were interesting, especially that bit about the chap who kept ordering the non-existent book. Just like the episode in America of I, LIBERTINE. I remember reading about this sort of false demand once and there's some technical term in the trade for it which I forget. Anyhow it's quite a recognised phenomena that if you print ever so slightly less than the demand you get a greatly inflated estimate of the difference if you don't allow for this phenomenon. Apparently if the man in the street asks quite idly for some book or magazine and the shop hasn't got it, he is immediately transformed into a maddened monomaniac whose sole desire in life is to obtain the aforesaid book or magazine. He promptly dedicates his life to asking for it in every shop within a days journey, and every request is of course flashed back to the publishers as a different one. It's true too; I've noticed it in myself. Not only books tho'. Sometimes I've felt idly that I'd like a bar of chocolate or something and I go into a shop and study the array of hundreds of different types of bars and packages for minutes and then ask for something. Quite often it turns out to be something they haven't got - my subconscious you see has worked it out that that's the one that's missing. Whereupon nothing will satisfy me but that particular bar and I go from shop to shop until I get it. Human beings are cussed, aren't they: or do you think it's subconscious resistance to high pressure advertising? ((Dunno, do you ever go from shop to shop searching for an old-fashioned-free-from-detergent-Soap Powder ??))

You didn't put me in your list of Taper owners. ((Sorry, Walt, I had you down on the list in T8 but slipped up and missed you out of the one in T9....and me exchanging tapes with you, too!!))

I note that according to TEENZINE, Triode is defunct. ((It's a lie.... To sort of get my revenge, I'd like to announce now and here that TEENZINE HAS FOLDED.))



Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.

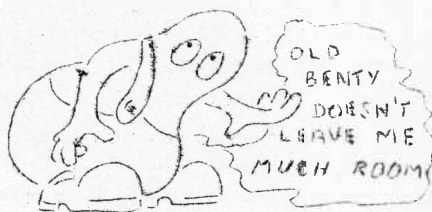
TRIODE arrived okay and - Viva TRIODE - I mean - that is Pancho Villa on the cover isn't it ? Though come to think of it, it could be the Cisco Kid I suppose.

Do I actually note that you threatened to throw the Chairman of the Liverpool S-F Society off the Birkenhead Ferry ? ((No, we threatened to throw him off the boat.)) This is sacrilege. T'would seem that a quiet respectable lad like Eddie Jones has fallen into disrepute and evil-doings. You are corrupting him into the evil ways - I mean - he'll be going to conventions next - poor Eddie - I knew him well. ((He's already booked for Kettering, and started eating Chinese Fodder so I think you can say that he's on the path of Tru-fandom. ...and talking of conventions (All right, Joy.) Brother Dodd, when are you going to show your face at one ??))

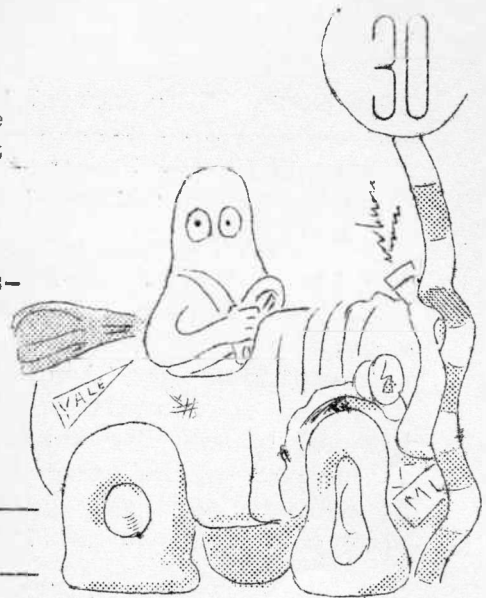
This broken stylus of Terry's might account for the somewhat faint appearance of the Rotsler illos this time. ((It does...and old Jeeves couldn't even find his stand-by six-inch nail. He now has the pointiest little finger nail you ever did see.)) Anyway I fail to see what Jack Wilson is complaining about in Rotsler's work. I consider it should not be a case of what Bill draws but how he draws it. The accent being on the on the quality of the work rather than the subject matter. And please!! When are you going to run out of that blue paper - I want to see some of Rotsler's nudes against a different background from the inevitable pale blue. ((Me too, but he won't send photo's, only drawings!)) Can't you change the colour at all without increasing the cost ? Any colour but blue again next time uh ? Don't I recall that some time ago you once had an all-red issue ? ((Yes, and we sent a copy to Senator McCarthy, too.)) I mean there must be other colours but red, white and blue - or aren't there where you get this from, the store I mean ? ((I don't know whether we should reveal this or not but we've always chosen the paper to match the colour of our eyes....blue, to match mine, red to match Terry's! Seriously, we have a whole range of papers to order from but we rather like blue....if we didn't use blue, white would be preferred, but you get more 'show through' with white. Suggestions as to what colour Triode you'd like to have welcomed.))

Unusual sort of letter from Eric Frank Russell - but perhaps not if Eric happens to know him but judging from the short paragraph printed Eric does his work at the same kind of places as Toulouse Lautrec ? ((Yes but EFR isn't on his knee's yet, this boy has stamina...)) The Rotsler illo at the side seems to be suppressing a mirthless chuckle.

Helen Winick's column - I saw this Soho Fair on TV, and the procession but I guess the camera must have turned away from the sights she mentioned because I certainly didn't see them. Dissillusioning, aint it. Bill Harry's Bacover was well below par for the kind of satire's he does in cartoon form and too many things seemed to be out of proportion. The Dehydrated Goldfish - I rather liked this electric chair story.



Although Harry's illos didn't always match up to the kind of people I pictured the characters to be, but then I suppose we all picture people differently without having seen them. I've never seen Archie Mercer either, but I'm willing to believe in him. He too is undoubtedly nothing like my visual impression though. ((Did you also believe in Joan Carr ? If so this might help to prove that Archie doesn't exist. Tho' come to think of it, it's hard to imagine any fan who's less ethereal than friend Mercer.))



His stomach extends into the fourth dimension.....

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate.

Sorry to hear that you've had tonsillitis and I hope that by now you're fit and well and ~~boozing~~ about again. ((T'was just a combination of too much smoking and too much talking. I've made a resolution to stop talking.))

So this was Mal's last bachelor column ? Has he really started smoking. Ah, the things these so-called clean living youths get up to - like getting married. Shocking isn't it ? Not his column - which provided quite a few laughs (and if I laugh at something of Ashworth's it must be funny) - but the fact that he's got married. Poor old Sheila. Seemed quite a sensible girl too. She knows all about Degler and Laney - and yet she goes and does a thing like that. My faith in humanity is shattered, shattered! ((Had the nerve to ask of from writing his next column for Triode, too.....Seriously though, Mal and Sheila, we hope you'll both be very happy.))

Ah, a grumble...not a big one, but nevertheless a grumble. And a piece of advice. Eric - why even attempt French ? The excuse of not having had a formal education in the subject is no excuse. A reference book could have put you right on Vive L'Entente Cordiale. Viva, is Italian, while the e in Le is elided with the E in Entente and is therefore not pronounced. While the thought of putting in something especially for Jean and Anne is a damned nice one and the gag on Kool-Aid a good one and highly appreciated by me at any rate, I feel that the whole paragraph has been marred by this slip. Laziness, ol' bean. And I thot you were a perfectionist. ((Have you ever tried to buy a French Dictionary on a Sunday afternoon ?))

So there's a chance of you visiting Antwerp ? I certainly envy you for it is a pretty good ployce to go to. Practically everyone there speaks English, and I'm surprised that more pipples don't visit the city. I must say that I hadn't intended touring anywhere this year. To tell the truth I'm still in debt from the jaunt last Summer. I had hoped to spend this Summer on a temporary job which would bring me round financially and probably pay for my expenses at the Worldcon. I had hoped for a job at the Butlin's hotel on the South coast but this has fallen through - they won't take anyone without a NHI card and the Leeds Education Committee is keeping a tight hold on mine. If I did manage a job in the South, though,

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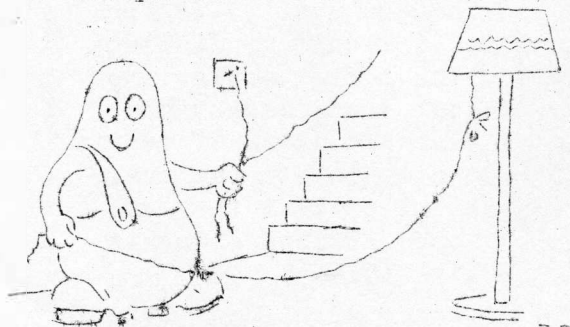
it would be pretty easy for me to nip over to Antwerp for a couple of days. There's a good hotel called....The Cecil....quite near the Central Station and a whacking great Martini sign (The Astrid Gardens) and at a pinch I could repeat last year and put up at the Youth Hostel ((Thought you'd started shaving now..)) on the other side of the city from Borgerhout. I'd certainly love to go but from the financial aspect I can't see me doing so - unless I get this job. But I'll try certainly. Heck, think I'm going to leave Monique to the wiles of you two ? ((Terry and I hope to get over for a few days prior to the Worldon and visit Jan (and Monique!)). All depends on whether Terry has the boat made in time...))

Eric Jones, 44 Barbridge Rd, Hesters Way, Cheltenham.*

Most fen who were at the '56 con at Kettering saw a demonstration of hypnotism...I was one who didn't although I was there, you see, I took part in it. Now, linked to Hypnotism are two paranormal abilities, ESP and teleportation. I've seen ESP demonstrated quite a few times - quite authentic and undisputable demonstrations too ((Demonstrations ?))...but only recently have I had any contact with teleportation...Teleportation ? Impossible you may say. But I'm sure that someone not very far away from where I live is using it ...and frequently too. The back of number 44 looks out onto a pile of garages, some flats, and, in one corner of the garden, we overlook the back of a house which is situated in the road which runs parallel to this one. And in the evenings, when it gets dark, something starts happening in the house I mentioned...queer things, inexplicable.

Now, unless the two people living there have some sort of pre-arranged code for switching lights on and off in different parts of the house and station themselves accordingly - which is very unlikely, as it would serve no useful purpose - someone there is definitely using teleportation!

You want evidence...you want proof. Okay, let's start with an evening last week - around 10pm There was only one light on in the house, in the lounge....perhaps I'd better mention here that I know the layout of this house quite well, as it is the same as our own. Suddenly this light goes out and, SIMULTANEOUSLY, a light in the bedroom goes on. According to the layout of the house it would take a good fifteen seconds - moving at top speed - to go from switch to switch. After another period of time has elapsed this light goes out and we get almost a repeat performance, but this time both the lounge and the dining-room lights go on simultaneously. ((You mean...not only can they teleport but they can be in three places at once ??? Maaaaaa!!)) AND BOTH SWITCHES ARE AT LEAST 30 feet apart DOWNSTAIRS!!



THIS'LL FOOL OLD JONESY

As I've been in this house I can vouch for the fact that the light switches aren't wired in parallel or anything stupid like that - neither is there a central control-box....this chappie couldn't think up anything of that nature. So, dear fen, what other conclusion could I come to ? Anyone who is sceptic enough to doubt the truth in this letter can verify it quite easily by visiting us.

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Why don't I go round and ask them outright ? Would you ? Well, maybe YOU would, but right now I like it on this little ol' planet of ours, and I don't feel like being forcibly teleported right out of the solar system because I stuck my big nose into Galactic politics.... Not yet anyway... ((Has me beat, Eric. Anyone care to proffer an explanation ? I'd best warn you first that EJ is something of an electronics whiz and isn't at all likely to have let such things as photo-electric relays get past his beady-eye. OOops...there's a letter here I hadn't connected up with the one from EJ, could be tho', that there's a connection.....))

Valin Scrunchblk, 65 Conway Drive, Cheltenham.

I am writing to you as I am told that you are a friend of a certain Mr. Eric Jones, an entity who lives near to me. I wonder if you can possibly explain this persons strange activities of late, I do not want to report him unless it be absolutely necessary. The other night I was preparing to retire and had just hroomed upstairs to the bathroom when I heard a terrible crash, I returned to the lounge and looking out of the window perceived a most strange sight. Mr. Jones was recumbent on the grass of the lawn, half buried under a pile of what appeared to be electronic equipment. On noticing that I was at the window he hastily gathered up his impediment-ia and disappeared hurriedly, leaving behind only a strange hat which bore a propellor of obsolete design thereon. I vlooched this item after him, and have never seen him since, however, both my wife and I keep stumbling over peculiar devices which immediately explode with a shower of sparks. I believe these to be the work of the afore mentioned individual and would appreciate any light you can throw on this matter.

Incidentally, my wife uncovered a piece of machinery the other day inside her gas-stove and this has so far failed to explode. It carries the lettering "Psionics Foundation", and on the reverse "Property of JWC", it would appear that Mr. Jones has accomplices. Please write soon.

H. P. Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Rd, Catford, London, SE6.

T9 came through the letter box for Joy and Ving about a week ago and I decided then and there that it was about time I wrote to you. After reading Triode I even had a reason. Several in fact. Take that idiotic letter from Jack Wilson for instance. As Atom remarked in some fanzine or other one of the best features of Bill Rotsler's work lies in his ability to create the suggestion of curves, on either his females or BEMs, with the use of simple lines. None of that heavy shading for Rotsler. If I remember rightly (and I usually do when it suits me), Wilson is best noted for drawing illos so heavily shaded that one finds it difficult to distinguish the subject matter. Rotsler is, of course, the better artist. Now it just so happens that I do not, personally, favour the modern trend in large breasted women, but at the same time I wouldn't dream of denying Rotsler the ability to draw same in a manner most pleasing to the eye. ((The big snag with Wilson type illos as regards fmz is that they are practically impossible to reproduce on stencil....the artists gets his stuff rejected because of this, but won't change his style.))

All of this does not mean to say that fanzine editors should publish pages and pages of this sort of illustration. They shouldn't,

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any more than they should publish pages and pages of Atom illos. However, when used with care a few such illos add to the pleasure of reading a magazine. ((Agreed...a fmz needs a variety in styles of artwork just as it needs variety of material.))

Bill Rötler, Box 638, Camarillo, Calif.

I'm writing this in the latter part of February. I shall put this envelope into the drawer reserved for such things and let it fill up with the kind of drawings you indicated you wanted. Sure funny the type of thing different fans want. Some want only the the simple, rather ambiguous fillers....some only nudes ((You wouldn't have a J. Wilson, on this list ?))....some complicated stf gadgetry...etc. I try to keep the wants in mind as I send out batches but I easily forget. I generally send just what is on hand: If ever you get an envelope with an inscription like the following: "BEMS, Small Nudes, fillers" you will know that that was the notation I made myself as to your desires.

As to making the nudes smaller...well, I draw them -- generally -- by starting off with just a portion of the anatomy in mind, that is, the pose of an arm or direction of a head, for instance; then I just let the pen wander and I'm just as surprised as anyone as to how it happens. More fun for me. So the size might start out small, say, but I might find it more interesting to put the girl in a spaceship or with some gear or with a banner ((With a strange device ?)) or looking up at someone... etc...etc. ((I see....you start out with a plain and simple female and before you know where you are you have her in all kinds of trouble.....))

Ellis Mills, Rhein Main Air Base, Germany.

I read the other day a statement by the Chief Chaplain of the United States Armed Forces wherein he claimed that today's serviceman is of much higher calibre than his predecessors in uniform. He based his argument on educational background and chapel attendance figures. Now I have been mulling this over in my mind and searching for examples of a higher calibre amongst those servicemen I am acquainted with and I find that I must agree with him. The Modern Serviceman is very religious and calls upon his God and/or Jesus Christ and/or various Saints quite frequently. His high level of education is evidenced by his preference for realistic, well-written books such as Three Day Pass - To Kill by J.W.Burke; I The Jury by M. Spillane; and historical novels such as God's Little Acre. He keeps abreast of the latest news with weekly magazines such as The Male Point & PIC. While taking a larger view with monthly magazines like, STAG, PLAYBOY, ESQUIRE, and TRUE. He takes care to create good international relations, at least with one sex, and is interested in free trade, free money, and free love. Due to his broad and varied education he is able to converse in several languages although he generally prefers a form of English relying heavily on good sturdy Anglo-Saxon words to put his point across. These versatile and descriptive words are used as verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and nouns as circumstances may require. This obviates any necessity to utilize the large vocabulary each modern serviceman possesses and creates a feeling of camaradie as every other serviceman recognises the true intelligence of the speaker and admires democratic, non-show-off attitude. Truly the Modern Serviceman is a paragon. (A figure with many sides) and a credit to his country. ((In other words the Chaplain is a proper Charlie...))

Alan Bramhall, 25 Greystones Ave, Sheffield, 11.

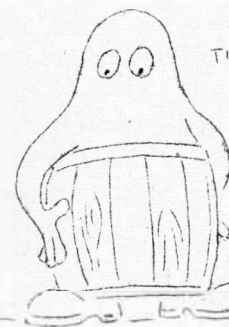
Dealing with contents and various feature articles. I find it difficult to single out any one item for special comment. However, I did immediately become aware of a definite improvement in literary style. This is to be applauded since standards have always in many cases been somewhat rather poor in the past. ((Sic.)) I hope to see therefore this welcome and much needed trend continued. In this connection and as a result, I found reading far more easy and agreeable. In fact, the tone or general atmosphere as a whole was altogether better. Too often in past editions, presentation and selection of material has been sordid. With a marked tendency towards the satirical, sarcastic or just plain destructive.....((I'm cutting this letter off short here for one main reason, it doesn't really say anything. Alan has written what he probably imagines to be a good letter of comment, but the trouble is he hasn't given any 'standards' or 'comprisons' and, as he isn't really a fan this means that his letter says little. His tastes are different from the majority of people to whom TRIODE goes. Later on in the letter he asks for "more articles of general interest", interest to who, Alan ? Fans, or people like yourself with only a very slight interest in fandom ? I'm always interested in letters of comment or criticism, but I'd ask anyone who intends doing a critique to qualify their statements so that there's some referent.))

Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln.

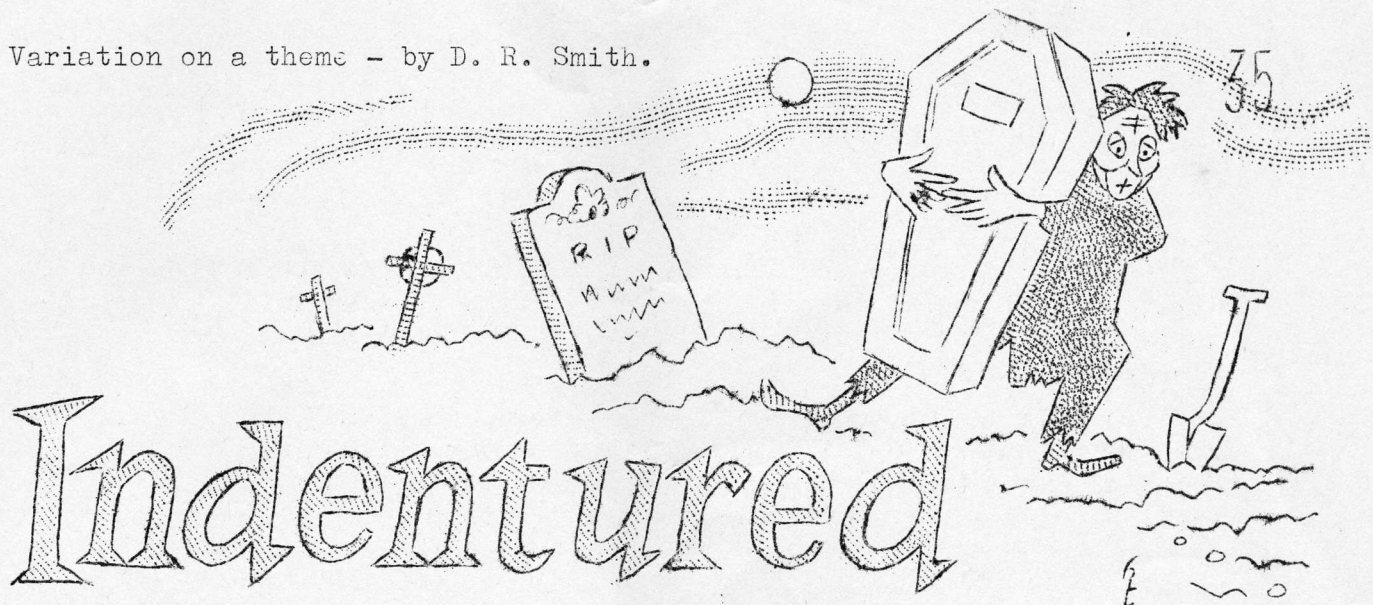
It's a nice one. I like this - I like that - I like the other. Not to mention one or two other likeable items. Puss in Boots - Vic Curtis (who, like the standard sericon local, looks at my TRIODE for saucerstuff) threw up his hands when he saw that. I rather liked it. I like the Needham bit - I usually do like N&T-type bits. I like the Future History episode...the only thing about FutHis - you threaten to bring it to a close in No.10, when at present it's flying in all directions at once. This episode entirely ignored the ending of the previous one, for instance, so there's now two separate unfinished threads to be pursued. As far as I'm concerned, you can continue it indefinitely. After all, it virtually is TRIODE. I can't imagine TRIODE without it.

I like the Malashworthy bit ((You mean, Sheila ?)), I like the lettercol or most of it. Although, of course, I'm an Eney partisan, I entirely agree with you over Jack Wilson, who I've always considered to be a lousy artist anyway, not that that has anything to do with it, I like the Winnikol, the snoggies((SOGGIES)).

((....and that seems to be all there's room for this ish. Anyone care to start a controversy, or argue....))



I TOLD TERRY
THAT ONE BUTTON
WASN'T ENOUGH



Indentured

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"If I had some teeth I'd be more respectable," said the Zombie, half-apologetically, though not without a certain decayed defiance. "Everyone shrinks from me at first sight. If I had some teeth...."

The Archbishop propped his bicycle against the wall and reflected that hollow cheeks and toothless gums were a minor factor in the total appearance of the Zombie. He eyed the culprit with a look which implied disapproval of a zombie found wandering around any mangrove swamp in his diocese at that time of night.

"Only looking around," said the zombie, defensively, shuffling his frayed feet. "Looking for what?" asked the Archbishop, becoming aware of an aroma not entirely that of the swamp.

"Someone to eat," came the answer.

"I should scarcely have considered it necessary for you to eat at all. And what do you hope to find here? Stark anger gleamed in the zombie's empty eye sockets. "The graveyard's empty," he said. "Today they cremated a man who was no use to anybody. I never hurt a living body in my life - why should they starve me? All I thought was that if anybody had committed suicide lately, a mangrove swamp might be a....."

The Archbishop moved to windward of the zombie. "Er - couldn't you do something about that....D.B.O.? And if you eat corpses, halitosis too, I shouldn't wonder. You're no better than a ghoul."

"Why say that? Don't you realise I've got feelings, just like you. Ghouls? They're a third rate lot who've never even been alive. Terrible company."

The zombie looked at the Archbishop hopefully. "Don't suppose you'd like to hear the story of my death, do you?"

"No," murmured the Archbishop, realising that the zombie might have no one to talk to. "But it is my purpose in death, as in life, to be of help. Let us walk down to my house. Have you no friends?"

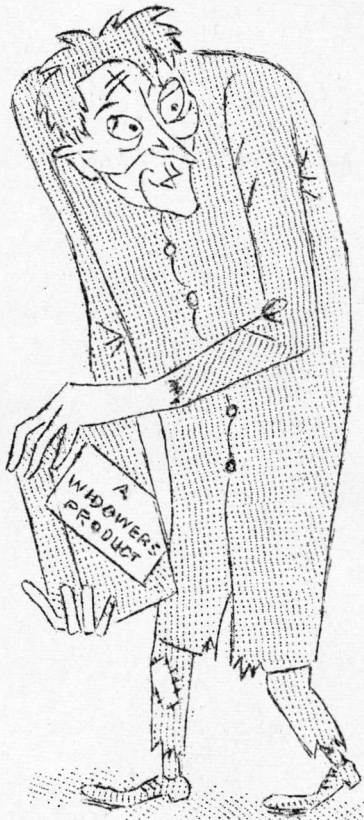
"Used to run around with a vampiress, once, but she gave me the go-by when I broke my top set on a bullet in a suicide, and that bullet was soft compared to her heart. Don't suppose you've got any old false teeth?"

They stopped outside the Archbishop's home. "Wait here a moment," said the Archbishop, going in and returning with a glittering appliance in one hand.

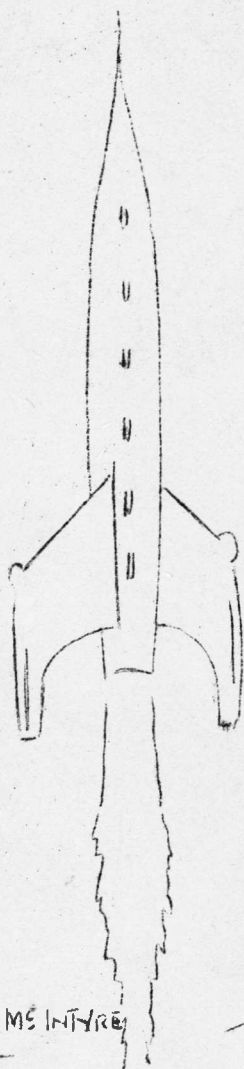
"I appreciate," said he, "that your request for false teeth is not wholly from vanity, all things considered. Take this Widower's Stainless Steel Mincing Machine with Spare Cutters and Sausage Attachment, (advt), and may it help you on your way through death."

Gratitude showed on the zombie's face. "Bless you, Reverend. I'll never forget you as long as you live!" Turning, he shambled away in the direction of the mangrove swamp.

As the Archbishop put his bicycle away he brooded on the significance of the zombie's last words.



Fin.



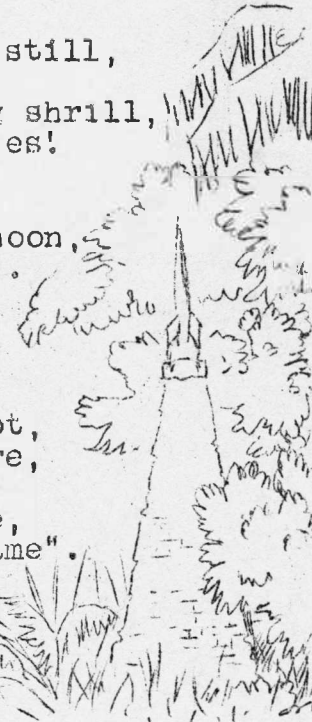
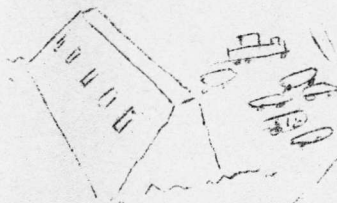
MS INTYRE

Silver Flame.

On thund'rous jets a giant dart,
 Gets ready to leave for space,
 Sated only to be the first,
 With others in second place,
 The total work of twenty years,
 With hopes to gain acclaim,
 Centred in this beautiful thing,
 And they've named it.. "Silver Flame".

With bated breath the crowd stands still,
 All wonder, skyward switch their eyes.
 Roaring, then whining, then screaming shrill,
 Earth's infant monster splits the skies!
 Scheduled first to visit Moon,
 And back to Earth with data again,
 The crater of touchdown... arrival noon,
 Would get a new name... "Silver Flame".

Brazilian jugles guard the spot,
 A monument to Man's attempt,
 To conquer space, and falter not,
 But the giant trees with aged contempt,
 Stare down at stone, carved to revere,
 Sneer at the artificial plain,
 Verdure will creep, and weather sere,
 The grave of the boastful "Silver Flame".





—CUT—

RED ALERT++++++RED ALERT++++++RED ALERT++++++RED ALERT++++++RED ALERT

The time has come, the Triode says to speak of valid things,

Your sub's run out, so organise, and run down to the local
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Before you miss further gripping issues of this magazine.
This form is for your convenience....(but Izal toilet rolls are
cheaper)

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contents page of the current issue. Get weaving.