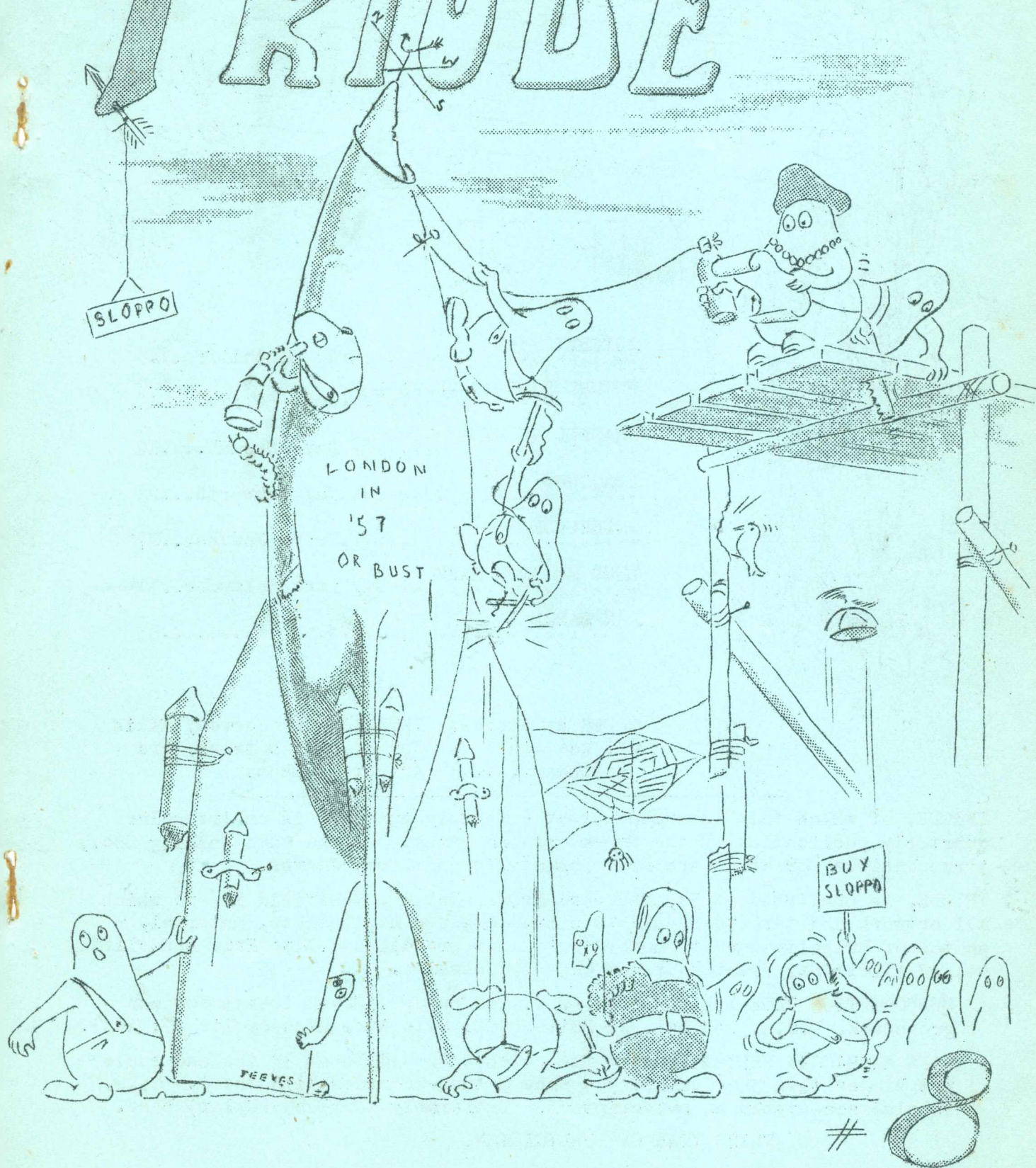
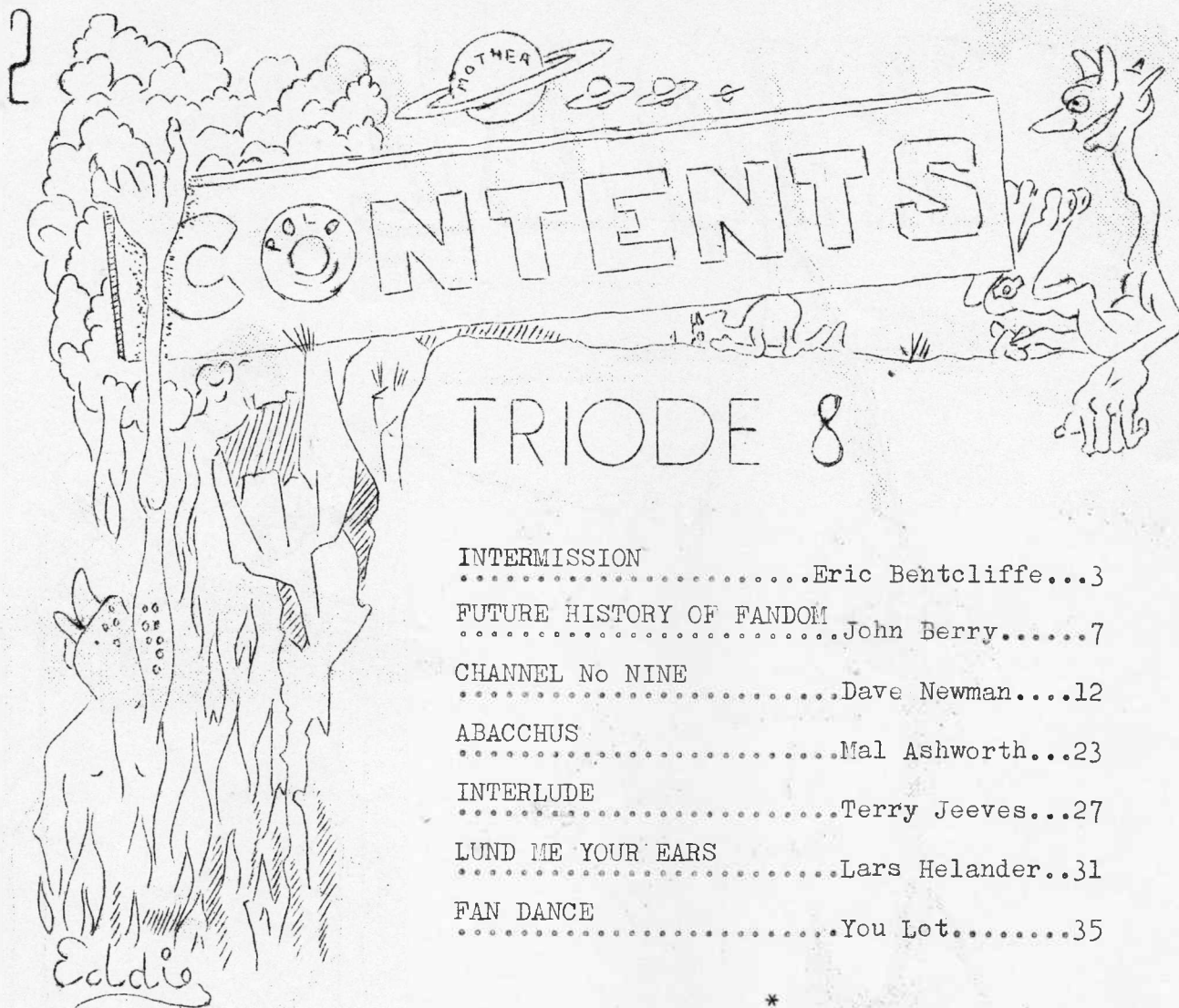


TRIODE





INTERMISSION	Eric Bentcliffe...	3
FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM	John Berry.....	7
CHANNEL No NINE	Dave Newman....	12
ABACCHUS	Mal Ashworth...	23
INTERLUDE	Terry Jeeves...	27
LUND ME YOUR EARS	Lars Helander...	31
FAN DANCE	You Lot.....	35

*

COVER by Jeeves. INTERIORS by Jeeves, Eddie
(It was his Jones, Bill Rotsler, and
birthday.....) Arthur Thomson.

TRIODE, of which this is number eight (vaguely Autumn), is an irregular quarterly publication of the Stockport and Intake Dog and Cake Walking Soc., irresponsible for which are Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves.

TRIODE, is published at 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, to which all artwork and threats should be sent. Other contributions, material, photos of Brigitte Bardot, money (we're not proud), etc., to Eric Bentcliffe at; 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE 1/- per copy, U.K. and Europe. Seven issues for one greenback, U.S.A. (to Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22.Minn).

TAPE EXCHANGES WELCOMED, also fmz. Tapes should be at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips and reels not bigger than 5" (unless you send a tape-recorder with them). Tape, is also acceptable as subscription. Preferably terylene (Mylar) base.

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

...The ground shakes, the hero and bad-girl break, startled, from a close clinch. A broiling mist rolls across the screen, a vague movement within it hints of something horrible and obscene...the girl puts her hand to her mouth, and screams.... What happens next?



As I write, I've just returned from welcoming the first survivor of the New York convention to reach these shores. Ellis Mills, who stopped off in Liverpool en route to his base in Germany. Judging from the state he was in I should imagine that from the attendees point of view the con was a considerable success. It wasn't until after he'd been revived with some of his own Imitation Pink Lemonade Flavour Kool-aid (yes, the mans a blasted teetotaler!) that he recovered sufficiently to tell us all about the con.

Ellis had managed to get a lift back in an Air Force plane and he'd brought along with him a tape made in Cleveland by Nick & Noreen Falasca, Ben Jason, and Steve Scultheis. Seems that this group took rather a dim view of some of the convention arrangements. And, the fact that the New York group has a lawyer as one of it's members " adds rather a distasteful touch". I gather that this con was the nearest approach to a 'Kettering con' yet held in the U.S.A. most of the schedules went for a burton and everyone (with the exception of those who like to see everything 'organized') had a grand time. The voting for the next Worldcon, in case you haven't heard, went in London's favour by a ratio of 7 to 2.

In spite of the convention being a social success, Dave Kyle and the other committee members are faced with several headaches due to the fact that they ended up around a thousand dollars in the red. This leads me to suggest that Bob Tucker should transfer all his spare stock of bricks to Dave Kyle. Dave, has dropped all his!

Incidentally, the reason Ted Carnell's column is missing from this issue is due to his trip to America to put London's bid for the next Worldcon.



4 I rather imagine that the tape which Ellis brought over with him set something of a record by being playback in Liverpool only four days after being recorded in Cleveland! I'm somewhat curious as to whether there is any check made on recorded messages going through the post, several of the tapes I've heard from the States have ended in low-joke sessions and as they seem to have got through without censorship it would seem that the postal folk haven't yet been issued with tape-recorders for censorship purposes. The increasing use of taped messages will pose them something of a problem I think, t'would be rather expensive to buy tapers all round.

I mentioned last issue that I intended to publish a list of all the fen with tapers to facilitate tape exchanges, the list, so far, is by no means complete or comprehensive. The fen who definitely have tapers, and are willing to exchange tapes are;

Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	ips.
Ted Carnell, 17 Burwash Rd, Plumstead, London S.E.18.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	& 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Vince Clarke, 7 Inchmery Rd, Catford, London SE 6.		7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford, London SE 6.		7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ellis Mills, 7406th Support Sqdn, Rhine Main Air Base, Frankfurt/Main, Germany.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Dan Morgan, 25 Park Ave, Spalding, Lincs.		7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyattsville, Maryland.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Maurice Lubin, 45 Granite St, Worcester 4, Mass.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sheldon Deretchin, 1234 Utica Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio.		7 $\frac{1}{2}$

That's the full list of people who I definitely know to have tape-recorders so far. There are a number of people who I believe have machines but about whom I have no definite gen regarding speeds. Among these are, Bob Tucker, Bloch, Grennell, John Hitchcock, if anyone can give me the names of other people with tapers, I'll be obliged.

There's another group still, who are building tapers; Dave Newman, Ron Buckmaster, Eric Jones and several others. Not much point in listing these people untill they've finished their machine. As far as EJ is concerned the machine is well under way but he's having trouble finding a means of making it portable...an army surplus tank, would seem to be the only answer!

I hope those of you who haven't tapers will not find all this natter of mine about them too boring, I'm still in the first fine flush of enthusiasm of being able to hear those fine fannish voices at last. They're so suited to the fannish atmosphere too. For instance friend Terry is converting his 'smallest room' into an echo chamber...and if that isn't fannish!!

One address I've missed out of the list above is that of the Liverpool group, the reason for this is that Norman Sherrock is buying a new taper shortly and that the current machine is only single track. Norman has, tho' devised a means of playing back twin-track recordings on the old machine (by sticking a piece of cello tape over half the head) so tapes are welcome at that address too: 2 Arnot Way, Hr Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire.

5

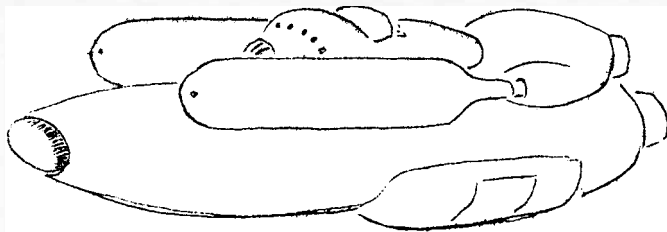
Of late, I've had numerous requests...well, three, to relate what happens during a TRIODE publishing session, and how Terry and I manage to combine on a mag when we live seventy odd miles apart. The answer to the latter poser is quite simple, we have a system! Just what the system is I'm not too sure and I don't think Terry is either but we have one.... every time we meet we change it, which all adds to the confusion.

Actually, although we live a fairish distance from one another we do manage to get together reasonably often, about once a month, on the average, Terry will come over here or I will make the trip to Sheffield. Not all these trips are concerned with TRIODE, oh no, sometimes we just talk and guzzle bheer, sometimes again, we chase females...however, we don't do this as often recently because Terry is getting somewhat old and feeble. Already he's negotiating to buy one of George Charter's castoff wheelchairs!

As regards the production of TRIODE. Usually, by the time we are about to staple and collate the current issue of T, I have a rough idea of the contents of the next issue and a few plans can be made. I realise that it is completely unfannish to plan ahead in this manner but only hope that I shall not be liable to be excommunicated from fandom due to revealing this dreadful secret! Following the mailing out of an issue of T we usually spend a month (at least) catching up on the mail that's accumulated in the meantime, the month after this we spend in Deep Thought on whether we should start working on the next TRIODE. Around two months after an issue of Triode has been put out, Terry will put down his glass, and with a sidelong glance, enquire, " what about Triode ?". Providing it is fairly early in the evening and that no popies have yet joined us, my reply is usually "yes".

I then proceed to write four letters chasing material, three of these to Mal Ashworth at weekly intervals, and one to our other regular contributor. About this time too, I start cutting stencils (inbetween writing threatening letters to Mal Ashworth), during this period I'm more or less incommunicado as regards letter-writing (and consequently receive a large number of letters that need an immediate reply). I handle most of the stencilling chores as my typer cuts a better impression than Terry's and, because Terry does all the duplicating.

When I've an article cut on stencil I mail it off to whoever is going to illo it....and I'd like to recomend this system to several faneds I know of who solicit artwork and then ruin it by stencilling it themselves, only the artist can do his own work justice on stencil, even the most competent fellow-artist can rarely trace a drawing without leaving an impression of his own style therein/on....and whoever is doing the illos then passes the stencils onto Terry for duping. There are all kind of imaginable difficulties in stencilling up a fanzine, such as making sure that each piece ends on the page you want it to end on, and trying not to exceed a certain number of pages so that you wont have to pay excess postage...but those who publish fanzine know of these troubles and those who don't would only be bored by a lecture on the gentle art of bodgeing, so, I wont go into that here. One thing I do hate to do is split a sentence on two different pages....aaah.



When I can say that all the stencils will be cut by such-and-such a date I drop Terry a line and we fix a definite deadline...and I write Mal Ashworth another letter! As I, being a poor benighted shop-worker, have to work on Saturday's this does not give a great deal of time for us to put the final touches to the mag. I usually arrive at the Jeeves around eight o'clock on the Saturday night and leave about the same time on the following day. In this time we run-off any remaining pages, collate and staple the issue.

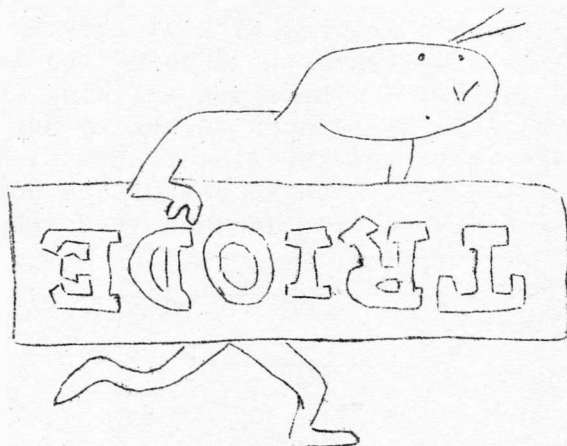
Sounds easy on paper, don't it? It is, except when last minute panics arise. For instance, the time when the paper didn't arrive and we had to suffer another week of birth-pangs...the time when Terry discovered that the greater part of the envelopes he had purchased were too small, and we had to hand trim the edges with a chisel before we could mail out the issue....the time when I forgot to bring my stapler over and we had to use the Diabolical Jeeves Machine, which has a kick like a mule and refuses to bend the ends of the staples over; the only way to make them stick in was to bash 'em with a hammer, the next-door-neighbour came around about 1a.m. that night wanting to know what the pygmalion we were doing!

Still, I don't think fan-pubbing would be half as much fun if all went as expected.

Normally, about an hour after my arrival we are ready to start on the collating. This is an esoteric means of assembling a magazine known only to amateur magazine publishers....you can always recognise this brethren by the crooked left-arm and enlarged thumb on right hand. Terry and I use the putting-down method of collating, this consists of one bod picking up a wad of page one and encircling the room leaving a page on every level surface, collaborator follows with page two, and so on. Knocking-up (ensuring that the pages are level, at the edges), and the stapling chore, come next. Then mailing...after addressing the envelopes and slipping in your-sub-is-required notes.

By about noon on Sunday, after a brief break for sleep, we've just about finished. And, sit leafing through copies of the issue bemused by our brilliance but shocked by all the typos we find.

The next time you lay aside a copy of a fanzine without commenting, think of all the work that goes into it and send the editors a letter.... that's what makes fanpubbing worthwhile.

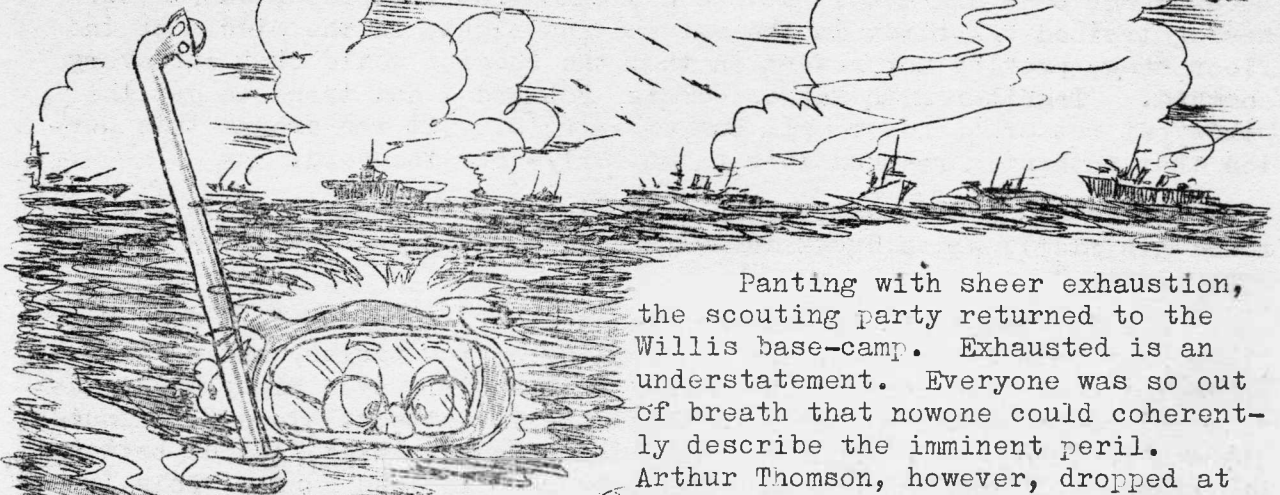


There's a number of things I'd intended to be in this issue which aren't; fmz reviews...which I always seem to never find room for, and a Photopage of snaps taken at the LUN-CON, absent because time wouldn't allow their processing by deadline time. However, I think there's a pretty fair mixture in the issue...

REMEMBER THE ALIMONY!!

Eric
.....

FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM



Panting with sheer exhaustion, the scouting party returned to the Willis base-camp. Exhausted is an understatement. Everyone was so out of breath that nowone could coherently describe the imminent peril. Arthur Thomson, however, dropped at Walt's feet, and with a rampant forefinger, sketched in the sand a rough outline of the swift approaching Tubb tribal raiding party.

Willis, calm and collected as always, leaped up and like a hottentot for several moments, in deep thought. Suddenly, he shouted aloud, even as the sounds of the Tubb war-party was heard in the distance. "Quick", he yelled, "Everyone collect palm leaves and take them to Rigby's Kip."

The worried fen, obviously a little bemused but religious in their belief in the Willis Genius, scurried away, to return in bare seconds burdened like Leaf-ants.

We stood anxiously at the four sides of Rigby's Kip, and looked down.

The Kip, so named by Bentcliffe, who knew about those sort of dives, was a large excavation in the sand, executed by John Ashcroft and Peter Rigby. They utilized sawn-up tree trunks as tables, and used turtles as mobile chairs so that customers could get their drinks at the bar without having to get up. The Kip was a cool and refreshing place, if you liked that kind of place, it was greatly patronized by the Liverpool Mob and sundry other similar thinking fen.

EPISODE 8

By

John Berry

FROM

8 Who, gathered each night to see solace in the floor show, a dancing act by Shirley Marriott and Anne Steul, a most seductive duo who danced clad only in trained budgerigars. I had always been antagonistic to the Kip because Bob Shaw and myself had been banned from the place, due to our having trained the birds in the act and one night, in the middle of the floor show, proving our assertion that the Budgies would obey our every command. Together with Father Harris, Bob and I had tried to get the place put out of bounds to all but vile-pro's....it was around this period that Authentic reduced it's rates to 1/- per thousand.

As we stood around the pit, Pete Rigby, with a dirty white apron round his middle and a dusky damsel under each arm, was shouting "Time, Fen, Please."

Willis flexed his inconsiderable muscles, and shouted, " O.K. Fen. Place your palm leaves over the Kip resting on the tables, and cover the whole lot over with sand." We worked with a will, even Rigby and Ashcroft joined in when they heard of the impending attack. In a few minutes all was finished. The Kip completely camouflaged. Walt, led us between the hidden well and the sea and gave the order to load zaps. "This is no time for half-measures." He said. " Fill them with salt water! " This latter with a sadistic leer on his face. Then we waited.

The Tubb horde, led by the ebony warriors, broke cover. The Mighty Tubb, seeing the seemingly frustrated rabble of fen at his mercy, gave the order to charge. Tubb himself, spurred on by an over-enthusiastic spear, led the charge, and was the first to disappear in the Willis Patent Tubb Trap. The others flailed in after him.

" Discharge Zaps," ordered Willis, and with plenty of ammo behind us we kept up a continuous stream of water. This soon filled the Kip, and Tubb, together with several of his now despairing minions floundered helplessly about. The Tubb finally managed to clamber onto the back of a turtle, and pulling of his vest waved it frantically in the air.

Willis, muttered to his close associates that it seemed undignified to accept a Black surrender flag, but with due pomp, he raised his right hand, and with a backward gesture of his thumb, motioned Tubb and his waterlogged minions to land.

It was natural for a truce to be declared. Under the auspices of Father Harris, all became semi-peaceful again. It was planned that at the next full-moon an election would take place, to settle fairly who should be the supreme fan. Three nominations were made, two as expected, one a complete surprise. The three were Willis, Tubb, and Bill Hurrell.

At his many election addresses, Walt made eloquent speeches, reminding his followers that he had given them, Slant, The Enchanted Duplicater, and Hyphen. His main failing, I think, was the over-complication of his many puns which tended to give his listeners an inferiority complex. This sent them to listen to Tubb. Ted, conversly, dealt at length on what he was going to do for fandom, what he was going to give fandom. He would, he explained, bring back fanzine reviews in the new bark-Authentics. He made several other rash promises, too. Bill Hurrell ('I come from Canvey Island'), thrilled us all with his powers of oratory. Indeed, it was during one of his 'poor fan' speeches that fandoms greatest crisis arose. I shall always remember it.

9

We were seated in a semi-circle of turtles, our heads craned forward as Hurrell swayed the masses with one of his moving harangues, when twelve jet planes swooped low over the arena scattering leaflets. We trampled over the luckless Hurrell in our efforts to read the airborne missives. The moaning of horrified fen was horrible to hear as the full import of the message was digested:-

TO ALL SO CALLED SCIENCE FICTION FEN

Let it be known that

the United Nations, after a unanimous vote, has instructed the U.S.Navy to search for and capture all so called fen. A reserve has been allocated in Northern Alaska and all fen are to be transported to this site, where igloos have already been built, until they agree to give up their present mode of living. In twelve hours a fleet of landing craft will be at the island to embark all fen, including Norman Wansborough. This island is surrounded by ships and any attempt to escape will be met by force.

Signed. George (Lovelock) Wetzel.

Sure enough, the sombre silhouettes of destroyers and aircraft carriers could be seen on the horizon, completely encompassing the isle. Escape was presumably impossible, the fen looked disconsolately at one another.

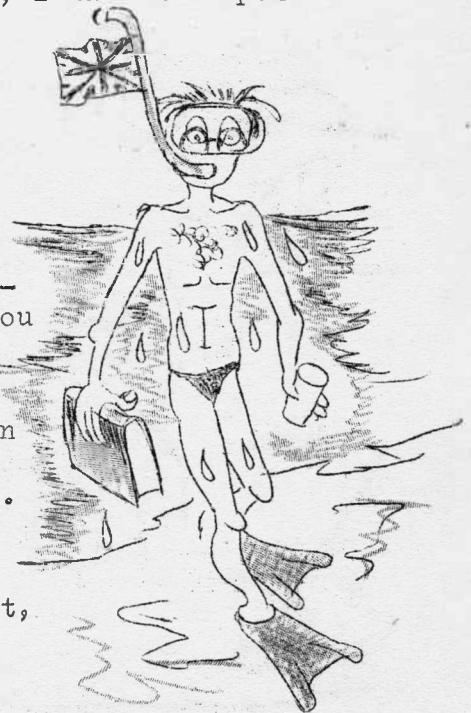
And then, the water near the shore rippled, a semi-naked man with small oxygen tanks on his back and wearing flippers emerged. "My Ghod" shouted Willis, "it's Arthur C. Clarke!"

"Yea, brethren," announced Arthur, autographing the back of Eric Needhams turtle without even being asked, "I've come here to save you." "How?" Was the general cry. "All is not yet lost," declared Ego, as he removed algae from his earholes. "As you all know, I have now spent several years studying marine life in the Pacific. With the information I have collected, I have devised a way for you all to escape the clutches of Wetzel. But time is short. A prevailing wind is due to start blowing shortly, which suits my purpose admirably. Now, no talking, no argument, I want each one of you to go and collect; two large leaves from the Obango tree, at least fifteen long and twisted vines, a sharp pointed thorn, and several lengths of tendrils. Also, as many coconuts as you can carry, plus any food you may have stored away. Hurry, because this wind won't last long."

At these fantastic utterances from Arthur, fen shuffled their feet uncertainly in the sand. This was no time for a nature ramble, they seemed to say. However, Bob Bloch got off his hands and knees, and raised his face to the blue sky above.

"Ego has spoken," he cried, beating his chest, and, as one, fen scampered in all directions.

In one hour everyone had returned laden with the requisite materials, Arthur had divested himself of his underwater kit, he faced us - A Noble Figure.



10
" Take the sharp thorn, and thread the tendril through it," he ordered. Wonderingly, we did so. Those of us unused to suck feminine tasks were assisted by Pam Bulmer, Shirley Marriott, and other femmes, who sportingly meandered among us threading our tendrils with consummate ease.

"Now," continued Ego, "Grab the large leaves, and stitch them together, leaving a small recess about eighteen inches long." We did so. It was an amazing sight. Bloch, Tucker, Willis, and Grennell, manipulating their thorn and tendril alongside Hurrell, Reaney, Burgess, and Win-grove. This chore done, we looked once more at our saviour.

"The next task," he commanded, " is to sow the tops of the long vines to the bottom side of the Obango pouch you have hade." Fen staggered back in amazement at this new order, but the roar of three squadrons of fighters overhead caused the vines to be quickly affixed. " Collect all the items of food, including the coconuts, and put them in the pouch...you won't be able to manage all those Pickles...throw a few in George Charters pouch...that's if it's worth while us taking him with us." Thus spoke Arthur, and everyone hastened to obey.

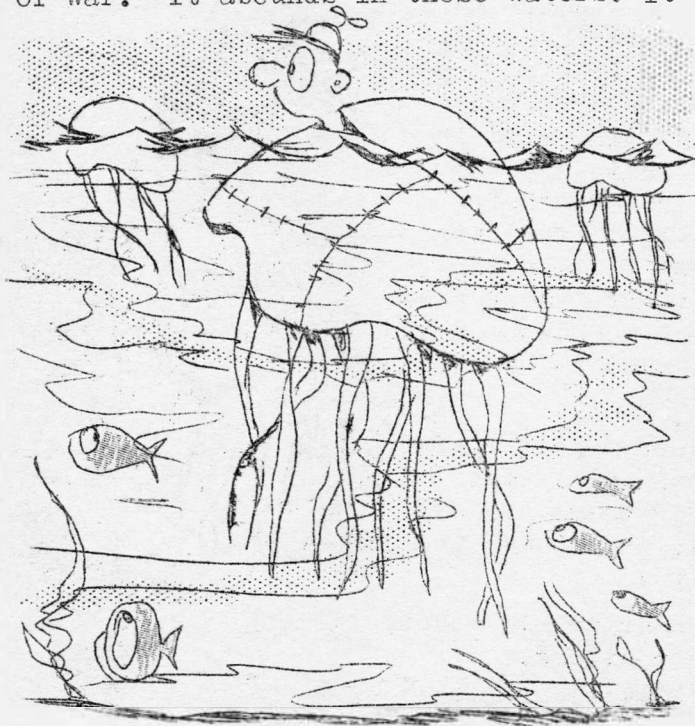
" Drag your pouches to the waters edge," bawled Clarke. This done, came the command. " Now, climb inside."

I peered out of my Obango pouch, it was the funniest thing I'd ever seen. The beach was a mass of greenish-blue obango leaves, each trailing a horde of vines. The bewildered heads of fen breaking the greenery at irregular intervals, as they gazed Clarkewards in perplexity.

" Brethren, the tide is approaching," boomed the great man. " I have just sufficient time to explain my theory. I am at present working on an island called Bimini, many miles north of here. Amongst the many strange marine creatures there is the physalia pelagica, or Portugese Man Of War. It abounds in these waters. It is a branch of the jelly-fish

family known as coelenterates. Essentially, it is a thin-membraned bladder like chamber. From the portion of the creature below the water-line hang long tendrils, with which it catches fish. The creature travels vast distances in the path's of the prevailing winds. Needless to say, you are now all Portugese Men-of-War. I started a rumour that giant types of this creature have entered these waters. The tide is coming in now, and the wind is blowing stronger. The food should last you until you reach Bimini. Good Luck. "

So saying, he put on his more orthodox kit, entered the water, held his nose and disappeared beneath the waves.



At this stage, I can only recount my own harrowing experiences. As soon as Arthur had vanished, I drew my head inside and sowed up the gap in my Obango pouch, making it water-tight. Soon, I felt my little vessel move, then begin to slowly sway from side to side. I shall never know exactly how long I spent afloat in my confined vessel. Time had no meaning for me - I rationed out my meagre supply of food to try and make it last as long as possible. I had dire misgivings about the path I was taking, my knowledge of trade winds and their paths led me to think that I, nor many of the others, might never reach Bimini. Arthur C. Clarke had certainly succeeded in getting us off the island and past the Wetzel barrier, but what was to happen now?

My food was finally all gone, and during my moments of consciousness I wished I had followed Bob Shaw's example and built two Obango pouches, one for myself and one to fill with food and tow behind.

The last stages of endurance came and went. I could stand no more. I reached upwards and made a small slit in the upper Obango leaf. As I parted the thick pulpy leaf a scrawny hand dropped a hunk of decaying fish into my chamber.

With mounting horror, I looked through the slit, unconsciously chewing the fish. I saw a lot of little brown men looking at me, some scribbling notes. I became paralyzed with fright as I heard a strangely accented voice say, "This is the third giant Portugese Man-of-War we have had brought in this week. This is a bigger thing than the Coelacanth."

I looked above them and saw on the wall, beneath a portrait of Colonel Nasser, a notice proclaiming:-

MARINE DIVISION OF
SCIENTIFIC STUDY
CAIRO UNIVERSITY

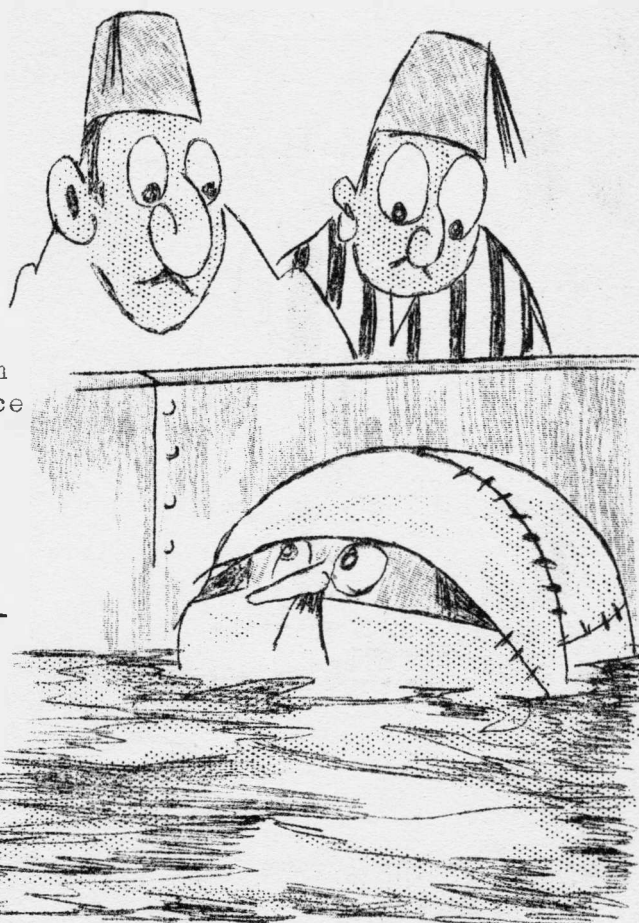
This was a fishy business!

I felt something nudge me and squinted to the left. I saw the worn features of Dean Grennell with a piece of seaweed in his mouth. I looked to my right and saw Georgina Ellis, who looked almost as forlorn as Dean.

What had happened? Did all this mean that fandom now consisted of pseudo Portugese Men-of-War inhabiting the tanks of marine labs in universities throughout the world? I mused on who was in the Los Angeles Aqueerium!

What would happen next?

TO BE CONTINUED.....



Earlier this year, the Liverpool Science Fiction Society became the first British fan group to appear on TV. Read all about it....

CHANNEL NO NINE

Or a show by any other name...

By

David Newman

It all began early in the year when a letter arrived at the Shorrocks place asking whether members of the Liverpool Group would be interested in appearing on an ITV (Independent TV) programme about science fiction.

Naturally enough, we were very keen on the idea though a trifle smitten by doubts... We felt that the programme could be a very good thing if the subject was treated in a sympathetic manner, but if it were not... Well, you know how these things can be!!.

Anyway, we discussed the idea with Ted Carnell and, after sundry telephone calls it was arranged that a script-writer by the name of Grieff-er should come up to Liverpool to have a look at us and gather some material for the programme.

I'm not really sure what kind of a chap we expected him to be but, at first sight, friend Grieff-er was to say the least of it a bit of a surprise. Picture for yourselves a stocky fellow, a little below average height and with a chin which looked like the first half of a before-and-after razor blade advert.



PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR
By Don Mackay

13
He was wearing a crumpled, but obviously expensive blazer and equally expensive bagged-at-the-knees slacks together with that epitome of sartorial elegance - a navy-blue crew necked sweater. If he hadn't been carrying a copy of New Worlds as an identification badge, I'm sure that Norman would have mistaken him for a merchant seaman on leave and come away from the station without him.

The oddly assorted pair met the rest of us at Liverpool Central Station and we all set out for Norman's place. Griefer went into his act immediately and had learnt quite a lot about us before we got to Bebington although a lot of the bus journey from Birkenhead was taken up with an interesting discussion about wines and drinking. I must admit that this tended to lull me into a false sense of security... After all, a chap who took such an intelligent interest in Booze couldn't be such a bad type, could he?... Or could he?

I found the rest of the evening most interesting as it was the first time that I'd had the opportunity of hearing what the gang thought about science-fiction... But then I'd only been with them for about fifteen months!! We talked about "Null A", about authors, about the misconceptions which people tended to have about SF... We talked about fans and fanzines, about stories and about "how much real science there was in science fiction". We deplored Bems and bad s-f films... We thought that we had really made ourselves understood.

Griefer, for his part, told us that the programme was going to last for half an hour and that we would probably be on the air for about half that time. He told us that the programme was being organized by a mob called "Science Television Services" of which Maurice Goldsmith (whom Ghod preserve) was the leading light. He said that there were going to be excerpts from s-f films and that Ted Carnell was going to have a chance to talk about how he chose his material and artwork. He claimed that, apart from the fact that there was lolly for him in the programme, he was as altruistic as we were about s-f. He told us that he thought we were a lot of nice people and ended up by assuring us that the programme would treat s-f in a fair and sympathetic manner and that nothing but good could possibly stem from it.

Then he went away to write his draft script...

After a loooong time, the script finally appeared in Liverpool. IT WAS SHOCKING. It was strongly biased against s-f, it suggested that fans were a lot of unbalanced juveniles, it queried whether or not fandom was an unhealthy sect... It asked a lot of damn fool questions and discounted the problematical answers... It required Norman to explain Non-Aristotelianism in seven seconds. And it ended up with a "cod" space play (their term) which we were supposed to write and faded out with the commentator saying, "Will the Moon Man win his Earth Maiden" and other drivel of a like nature.

We didn't like it one little bit!!!! Neither would you have done... It was everything that was bad.

Well, the script struck us with a shock which was almost physical - we had had such high hopes - but, when the initial shock had worn off a bit we analysed the script completely and I was asked by the group to write a really stinking letter to the perpetrators of this monstrosity.

4
The letter ran into several pages of vitriol and finished up by telling the TV people that "we were not a bunch of publicity seeking provincials eager to appear on television at any price" and telling them that if they couldn't do better than that we weren't interested in the idea at all.

We got a reply quite quickly saying that we had misunderstood their motives completely and that the best solution to our mutual difficulty seemed to be to get together in London before the broadcast and sort the matter out then. They stated, quite definitely, that the resulting programme wouldn't be in any way harmful to science-fiction and that we hadn't a thing in the world to worry about. Later correspondence settled the date and the time and told us which hotel we were to stop in and the matter was left at that until we got to London.

The programme was to go on the air at ten o'clock on the night of March 15th. It was suggested that we should get together with Grierfer after breakfast on that day for a conference before going to the Associated Rediffusion offices to meet the producer, other people on the programme and the fellow who was to interview us.

We decided that we should travel down to London on the evening of the 14th, as this would get us into London at a reasonable hour, and we wrote to the TV people telling them of our plans so that they could come and see us in the evening if they so wished. Telephone conversations made it seem that they did so wish so we clambered aboard the train at Liverpool filled with high hopes that everything was going to be ok. There was plenty of room on the train and we passed the time chatting until we got to Crewe where Frank Milnes dashed out and bought a pack of playing cards. We played Solo for a little while and then went along to the dining car. Dinner, of course, was on 'expenses' and we went through the menu from A to Z, had a couple of bottles of wine between us and finished up with coffee and liqueurs. We made a tactical error in not having cigars as well, as it turned out!!

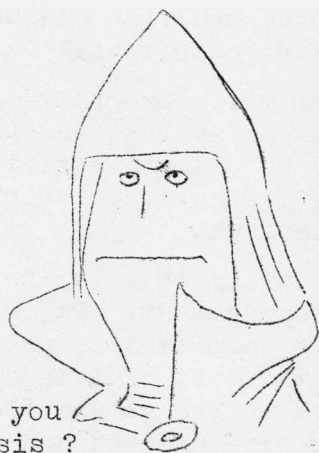
The train, for once, was nearly on time when it arrived at Euston and we piled out rather expecting to find someone at the station to meet us... We were disappointed. We then got a taxi to the hotel - the Ambassadors Hotel, in Woburn Place - and passed some time in the lounge drinking (of course) and waiting to see if anyone was going to turn up to see us. By ten o'clock it was apparent that we were not going to be honoured by visitors so we went along to the Globe and left a handwritten one-shot with Lou Mordecai for the edification of the Thursday night crowd. We also saw what this Independent Television was like for the first time and were not particularly impressed. At eleven o'clock Lou requested the pleasure of our absence and we made our way - our rather alcoholic way - back to the hotel, where we had a couple of night caps and went to bed.

Friend (?) Grierfer turned up while we were at breakfast and broke the news that due to "commercial expediency", our part of the programme was going to be cut short and that we would probably only be on the air for about twelve minutes... He didn't tell us the half of it!! He also told us that we were sharing the programme with two other topics quite remote from science-fiction and gave us the script of the complete programme. Apart from our disappointment at the shortness of the time allocated to us, the s-f part of the programme seemed to be quite - pto

innocuous though a trifle negative in it's outlook. However, that was very much better than the previous effort and we felt that we could cope with it okay. Griefer then outlined the programme for the day, talked rather inconclusively for a while and then decided that we ought to make our way down to Kingsway where Associated Rediffusion have their offices.

When we finally arrived at the offices, we found that chaos and confusion seemed to be the order of the day there. The place was in an appalling mess and very few people seemed to be actually doing anything. On reflection, though, this might well have been due to the fact that the offices were undergoing alteration and extensive redecoration. The six of us (and Griefer) piled ourselves into a small office which gave the impression of being filled with large impressive looking desks and reasonably attractive secretaries - at least, I suppose they were secretaries. The producer of the show - a bod called Quentin Lawrence - was there. He was a tall thin type in a pullover and was wearing a stop-watch like a badge of office... We were to see a lot of that stop-watch later on!! He pulled out a plan of the studio and made a cheerful start by telling us that the studio itself was only 26feet square and that into this space was to be crammed two different sets, two TV cameras, the cast, the production staff and a whole lot of other odds and ends. It seemed that things were going to be a bit crowded and as a result it was going to be necessary to limit the number of people on the studio floor as much as possible.

This was unfortunate from our point of view because it meant that one of the six of us had to drop out... Now, when Griefer came to see us, he decided that Norman Shorrocks, Frank Milnes, Renee Mackay, Pat Doolan and myself should form the cast, with John Roles as first reserve in case one of us should be unable to turn up. At the same time, Norman said that he would be taking his wife, Ina, down with us and Griefer thought that it would be possible to squeeze her onto the show somehow. He made it very clear, though, that his budget covered five bodies only and that he was not going to pay for any extras. This was quite alright by Norman who had intended to pay Ina's expenses anyway, and so the matter was settled. Later on, however, Renae found herself unable to come and Griefer said that he wanted Ina in her place. We felt that this was very unfair to John who had already been told that he was the reserve, so we decided that John should come with us and that Norman should pay Ina's expenses as originally intended. It was our intention to hold Grifer to his word and that Ina should be a spectator if there wasn't room for the six of us on the stage.



What, I ask you
is Trichinosis ?

This was not to be, however, as the TV people definitely wanted two girls and three men on the programme and no amount of persuasion or remonstrance on our part could get John on the set. That was disappointment one. Disappointment number two followed very quickly. As mentioned earlier, we had been told that we were to share the programme with two other spots, one on Psychic Phenomena and the other on Trichinosis. This was all very well, but what we hadn't been told was that, because of this, -pto

16 the s-f portion of the show had been cut to twelve minutes TOTAL, and our own particular spot was now down to three-and-a-half-minutes!

Then we were introduced to the man who was to be our guide and mentor in our part of the programme... In other words, the interviewer - the fellow who was to ask the questions to which we were going to make brilliant (we hoped) replies. He was a smooth individual by the name of Stephen Black who seemed to have a happy knack of getting our backs up and twisting everything we said to suit his own purposes. He seemed to have come along to meet us with all his ideas and conclusions ready in advance and didn't have a lot of patience with our attempts to put him straight... And, boy, did he need putting straight??? He started to tread on difficult ground very early on in the proceedings with his apparent desire to talk about the s-f fans attitude towards religion. We tried to skirt around this topic as we felt that it was neither germane to the subject nor really suitable for a public broadcast but we didn't seem to be having a lot of success.

Our discussion with Black lasted for a fair time and, in that time, he contrived most successfully to get us to hate his guts and we were not in the least distressed when Maurice Goldsmith came in and came over to talk with us. We'd only been chatting for a few minutes when the distinguished guest arrived with Dr. Carthy of London University - the shows resident professor. The guest was a very pleasant chap by the name of Dr. Tom Gold whose job in life is that of an assistant to the Astronomer Royal at Hurstmoncioux Observatory. A little more desultory discussion followed and then we were asked to appear at the studios in Foley Street at 5.30pm for preliminary rehearsals.

We went away from the place feeling very down-in-the-mouth and quite certain that this edition of "Meet The Professor" was going to be a complete waste of time as far as s-f was concerned. Ted Carnell came with us and we all went to his office to dump our gear before adjourning for a much-needed drink. While we were at his office Ted Tubb came in and later accompanied us to the pub round the corner.

All things considered, we weren't as glum as we might have been, but I think that was mainly because we kept off the subject of the programme and confined ourselves to talking about the (then) forthcoming Cyrtricon and the, then very hypothetical possibility of having the Worldcon in England in '57. Ted Carnell came back to our hotel with us for lunch after we'd left the pub and we spent most of the mealtime discussing possible ideas for circumventing Black's awkward questions.

During the afternoon, some of us went to see a programme of Tom and Jerry cartoons which cheered us up quite a lot. Pat went and had a "Hair-do" which she had managed to convince the TV people was strictly essential and fair meat for the expense account. I'm sure it was worth it, if only as a moral raiser for Pat who was very nervous.

When we all met at Ted Carnell's office prior to going to the studio the atmosphere had undergone a considerable improvement. The general feeling between the gang seemed to be that we were committed to go through with the business so - what the hell - let's make the best of things. We found the studios without much difficulty. They were on the ground floor of an ordinary modern office block and the premises were cramped and inconvenient.

17
The entrance hall (which was also the waiting room, apparently) was barely big enough to hold half a dozen people, the passages weren't wide enough for two people to walk abreast comfortably and there was no provision for people waiting at all... Not even any chairs.

It seems that ITV is rather like the National Health Service in that all that one seems to do is to wait around interminably in extreme discomfort. That's what happened to us anyway. One or two people who seemed to work at the place showed a slight interest in our presence but, in general we were completely ignored for at least three quarters of an hour. Some of us passed the time by having a violent, wordy battle with Dr. Gold about the value of science fiction. He didn't seem to have a very high opinion of the medium and certainly didn't believe that it served any useful function. We were at it hammer and tongs for quite a while and, if the TV people had had a camera in the entrance hall, they wouldn't have had to bother about any other material for the programme. After all a spontaneous and heated argument between a leading astronomer, a Professor of Zoology from London University, a well know British s-f editor and sundry fans is a pretty rare occurrence.

In the fulness of time the producer arrived and we were introduced to the interior of a TV studio for the first time. As we had been led to expect, it was a rather small room and contained :- (a) A set representing a book-lined study. (b) A sort of bench arrangement and an assortment of chairs and stools which were to be used for our spot. (c) Two TV cameras on trolleys. (d) A trolley carrying a microphone on a long telescopic boom. (e) A large heap of unidentifiable props (which occupied about a sixth of the available floor space). (f) About fourteen people (not counting ourselves) four of whom seemed to have nothing useful to do.

By the time the whole company had assembled it seemed that there wasn't going to be enough room to do anything at all but nobody seemed in any way concerned about it. We therefore assumed that this was quite a normal state of affairs and that everything would be sorted out before the broadcast started... It was, but only just!!

The purpose of this preliminary rehearsal was to sort out the physical arrangement of the props and players and to rough out the details of the camera plot. I was rather surprised that most of this work had not been done when the programme was scripted, but it seems that the producer and stage manager preferred to see the cast before coming to any real decision on the matter. I think that this may be due to the fact that, while "Science Television Services" arranged the script and the cast and then sold the programme to "Associated Rediffusion" the actual studio staff were employed by "Associated Rediffusion" themselves and liason between the two parties was only of a very loose nature prior to the actual broadcast preparations.

The lighting arrangements were sorted out at this rehearsal as well, and quite a lot had to be done by various chaps up ladders in changing the angles of lamps and putting up extra ones. The lighting was nearly all carried out from the ceiling which was quite low and covered with lamps and, very soon, the temperature started to rise to uncomfortable heights.

Some sort of order seemed to resolve itself out of the chaos eventually, and it was suggested that we should have a dummy-run through our part of the programme to get some idea of the time we should have at our disposal to answer the interviewer's questions. It was agreed that our spot should be "ad-libbed" as much as possible so the questions which Black fired at us were merely indicative of the type of question we might expect when we finally got on the air. We were quite relieved to find that the questions seemed to be fairly sensible and not at all in questionable taste.

Then trouble reared its ugly head again... It appears that we took much too long to get through our little bit - almost five minutes in fact - whereas the programme schedule only allowed us three-and-a-half minutes. It looked as though we were due for yet another cut in the time we were to be on the air. Unfortunately, the only parts of the show which could be adjusted in length were those which were "live" sequences. This didn't leave a lot of scope for the producer as the order of the programme shows. The programme read as follows :-



Good Old Trichinosis!

- (a) Introduction by Dr. Carthy.
- (b) Telecine excerpt from s-f film.
- (c) Further speech by Carthy.
- (d) Us Lot!!!
- (e) Discussion between Carthy, Gold and Carnell.
- (f) More spiel by Carthy.
- (g) Telecine of the Bones family on psychic phenomena, premonition.
- (h) Five more seconds of Carthy.
- (i) Telecine of Carthy and Prof. Mather (whoever he may be) on psychic phenomena.
- (j) Commercials.
- (k) More Carthy yet.
- (l) Telecine about Trichinosis.
- (m) Carthy signs off...

As you can see, that's quite a lot to fit into half an hour!! Furthermore, as far as the time was concerned, the bulk of the programme was either on film or taken up with Carthy's utterances. Naturally, they didn't dream of cutting the Commercials, so that all that was left which could be mucked about with were items (d) and (e). Mainly, apparently (d)! Still, we were almost past caring by that time...

A more immediate trouble as far as we personally were concerned, was that we were beginning to feel rather hungry and we were worried about the prospects of getting the dinner which we had earlier been promised. We needn't have worried as even professionals get hungry and a short break was called for a meal. Grier suggested that we should all go out to a nearby cafe and so off we trudged into the night...

Before we set out Grier had said that he hadn't tried the place before... I'll say he hadn't!! The food wasn't any too good, the service was appalling, the prices were high and the place itself wasn't exactly as sanitary as it might have been. Still, we were hungry and we stuck it out and managed to get a meal of sorts inside us.

19

I suppose that it must have taken us about an hour to feed, which meant that we were running short of time and the producer was beginning to look a bit harrassed. We went, almost immediately, back into the studio and started on a full scale run through the programme, more or less as it would be when it went on the air. The whole thing, as far as we could see, went without a hitch but Black rushed us through our part at a hell of a rate... The result was that we were through in three minutes dead (and I mean dead!!), and I remember thinking that if it were going on the air just like that, then we weren't exactly going to shine. However, nobody seemed unduly concerned (except us) so, while the production staff were going ahead with the rest of the rehearsal, we were sent to be made up.

It's quite a performance, this making-up business... It took quite a long time to get us all done so that we wouldn't have shiny noses and foreheads when in front of the cameras. The best thing about the business was that we all had a chance to sit down in a really comfortable chair for the first time since we had arrived at the studio several hours before. The men were powdered and painted with a bizarre arrangement of blue lines and patches but, happily, didn't have to wear any sort of lip make-up. The girls, on the other hand, seemed to have gone through the full treatment and emerged from the room looking as though they had just returned from the French Riviera...

More hanging about followed this while the technical types sorted out the bugs in the rest of the programme and then we were rushed in for a look over and final positioning of the props and cast. We did another run through while the producer showed us how he wanted us to sit and when we should pay attention to the camera. He shuffled us about quite a bit until he was satisfied that we should make a suitable pretty (?) picture when our time came. Then the same procedure was gone through by the Gold-Carthy-Carnell triumvirate...

By this time it was very nearly Zero Hour and everybody was showing signs of strain. I was very surprised to see that the production staff appeared to be equally as nervous as we were. I'd have thought that they would have been used to it with all the practice they had.

Came five-to-ten and all those not actually working on the programme were chucked out of the studio while a deathly hush descended on the rest of us as the various members of the staff finished their last-minute jobs and settled down to wait for the big moment. The producer was sitting in the control room watching the clock and calling out the minutes and, on reaching the last minute started to call out the seconds in fives.

At the count of "tenseconds to go", the Stage Manager (who hadn't said a word to us all the time we'd been there) surprised us all by saying, quite quietly, "Good Luck, everybody" and then we were on the air as the opening strains of the introductory music came from the loudspeaker on the wall.

I won't go through the programme itself here as it would take up far too much space. Suffice it to say that things seemed to go extraordinarily well and, had we been given the time to develop our arguments, a most interesting and satisfactory discussion would have developed. This applies particularly to the discussion between Carthy, Carnell and Gold...

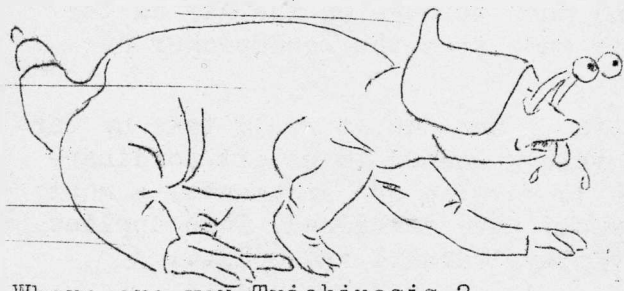
20
Carthy, naturally enough, was fairly unbiassed and confined himself mainly to giving leads to the other two. Gold, on the other hand, refused to accept the notion that s-f performed any useful function other than escapism. However, I personally believe that Ted was more than a match for him and the whole half hour programme could, quite profitably, have been devoted to this discussion... Unfortunately, they only had a minute or two more than we did.

One thing which pleased us was that there had obviously been some sort of decision taken to allow that we five should have a little more time in which to put over our ideas, and we ended up by having something over four minutes in which to do our stuff. Even then, when I had the chance to hear a tape recording of our spot later, I found that I had managed to achieve some classic examples of incomplete sentences in the effort to say all that I wanted to say in the time allotted me. However, I think I made my point which is the important thing.

As for our feelings whilst actually on the air, I can only really speak for myself... I know that Pat was very nervous, though we were all of us a bit that way. Frank seemed to be less disturbed than the rest and put over a well-reasoned and apparently highly confident performance. Ina made a "funny" right on the spur of the moment which helped to relieve the tension and I did a Gilbert Harding on the interviewer and audience. Black asked me whether people tended to look askance at the s-f fan and, when I said there was such a tendency, he asked me whether I minded. I told him rather truculently that I didn't care what people thought and, I'm afraid it sounded rather rude... But then, that's what television nerves do to you. Norman, unfortunately, didn't have very much chance to say anything as his questions were rather of the yes/no type and referred mainly to the organization and activities of LaSFaS.

The only really horrible parts of the programme as far as we were concerned were the excerpt from the film and the magazine covers shown. The film concerned was an abortion called "Stranger From Venus". This had been chosen for one reason only - it was dirt cheap! Looking at it, I wasn't the least bit surprised... Something about flying saucers and lot's of dramatic over-acting. The magazine covers were of the 'BEM threatens Maiden' type but luckily didn't come out to well on the TV screen.

The science fiction spot was followed by a telecine, so we didn't have to wait quietly in the studio while it was on. This gave us a chance to whip around the corner a bit sharpish to the local hostelry with Grier's co-scriptwriter. He was a (er...how shall I put it?) terribly, awfully, nice little chap with a gold cigarette holder and beautifully waved hair. However, despite his looks he had the right ideas and commenced to set 'em up without any delay... I loved that guy.



Where are you, Trichinosis?

We were joined shortly afterwards by the rest of the mob and indulged ourselves in some very serious and constructive drinking while we watched the rest of the show on the TV set over the bar. Grier was very affable, not that that meant anything, and insisted on telling us how wonderful we'd been in a tone of

21

voice which suggested that he was merely going through a rather boring formality which he had had to perform many times before. Stephen Black, however, turned out to be an entirely different fellow to that which we had learned to loath. When I told him that I had hated his guts right up to the time our part of the programme was finished, he just laughed and said that this had been his precise intention. He said that a certain antagonism between interviewer and victim gave sparkle to the resultant exchanges which was highly desirable and wouldn't otherwise be present... D'you know, I think I could really get to like that fellow if I ever got a chance to know him better.

Very egoboosting was the comment that we had been the best strictly amateur cast that the production staff had had dealings with for some time. The more so as it appeared to be a genuine felling on the part of all concerned. Apparently, some of the types who had been on the three previous programmes had been distinctly hard to handle.

We tore ourselves away from the crowd at about twenty-to-eleven and rushed off to find a taxi to take us to the Globe before closing time. We knew that the London O types would have been watching the programme on the TV set in the bar there, and we were anxious to find out what they had thought of it all. We got there just as Leu Mordecai was calling for 'last orders', had a quick noggin or two and then went with the crowd to a milk bar in Fleet street for coffee and further natter.

All we had to do in the morning was to collect our espenses so, after a leisurly breakfast we went down to Ted Carnell's office, made out a statement of our expenses and then rushed across London to pick up the 'open' cheque which awaited us. This we managed to do without any untoward incident and took it round to the and cashed it straight away so that they wouldn't have time to change their minds and stop it.

Thus closed a rather unique fan occasion and, unsatisfactory though it might have been, despite all the disappointments, disillusionments and discomforts, I think that most of us would go through it all again if we are ever given the opportunity.

* * * * *

The foregoing is an attempt to present a purely factual account of the events culminating in the appearance of certain members of LaSFaS together with Ted Carnell on the ITV programme "Meet The Professor" earlier this year. It is, naturally enough, a description of those events as seen through the eyes of one person. I think that I can say though, in all fairness, that the reactions and feelings which I experienced were shared by my colleagues. - Dave Newman





The Mal Ashworth Column....all responsibility for which rests on the shoulders of one, Mal Ashworth.

ABACCHUS

Edgar



They tell me that it is a terrible thing to see an alcoholic, in the throes of unendurable and undeniable craving for alcohol, frantically searching every possible hiding hole, every nook and cranny, every crack and corner, that might contain a piece of rum-chocolate, or a few wine-gums even. Yes, they tell me it is a terrible thing. (They are very useful that way; they tell me the most ridiculous things.) But I think I would appreciate the fact, and sympathise, even if they did not tell me. I think I know that dreadful, desperate necessity, that utter craving for something to fill a yawning gap - say a gap of three pages in a fanzine column, for instance. Yes, I think I know the frantic horror of searching every ~~drop and every~~ nook and cranny and gleaning every little thing that might help allay the awful pangs - a wine-gum here, a chocolate rum-cup there, a faint smell of methylated spirits yonder. Or, a sentence here, two words there, a very mildewed half idea over in the corner. I, too, have been driven on in harassed horror to scrabble at every likely looking thing, moved by a driving force no less relentless, no less demanding and insistent, no less implacable and irresistible, a constantly-demanding, habit-forming, undeniable force known as a fan-editor. One would have thought that in such a far-seeing, humanistic, star-begotten collection of 'Christian slans' as we have in fandom (don't we?) one who has suffered thus, and lived through it, would have started a fan-columnists Anonymous organization to save these desperate, craving creatures from becoming mere broken hulks, but I have not heard of such a thing.

Surely others must also have suffered from that dreadful, and dreaded, Night-Before-The-Morning-After feeling? (The 'Morning-after' being, of course, the deadline for one's column.) Surely others must have known the sinking despair of seeking vainly through a mass of jumbled, disrelated, and mainly illegible notes in the hope of coming across something - anything - to fill three or four pages? Surely others have sat desperately scrabbling through a cardboard box full of papers, unearthing little drawings of cowled skulls, copies of previous columns, notes which have already been used and crossed out in scrawling pencil, cartoons clipped from newspapers - only to throw them all aside with an oath of disgust? Surely?

Surely others have broken off for a moment or two to drink wildly of the heady and intoxicating Cream Soda in the hopes of sparking off some flash of inspiration? Surely others have nervously munched chocolate biscuits to keep up their flagging strength throughout the raging mental battle? Maybe?

The next note is a long and detailed one. "Japanese and abacii", it says. Japanese people of some sort and more than one abacus. Several abacuses and some Japanese people. Some inhabitants of the islands of Japan and a quantity of bead-counting-frames. Weird little wire and bead frames and a race of sedate, yellow-skinned people. Peculiar contraptions for counting on and the natives of a certain part of the Eastern world. Yes ? Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes ????????

Then there is "Jazz" but this is crossed out; perhaps it was used. Perhaps it got out of date so long ago that I don't even remember it. Perhaps I forgot what it meant many moons ago and crossed it out - there and then - in desperation. Ah well.

"Thurber" and "Lifemanship" and "Tom and Coconut" - what a fascinating list they make! What promise there is in these few simple words! What wealth of literary inspiration they conjure into the jaded mind! Don't they ? Huh.

"Woman and kids in market". It is these mysterious ones which have the deepest interest for me. Thurber, one can conceive of finding in a fan column, likewise Lifemanship. Tom White is no stranger there, and - in relationship with him - a coconut need not surprise us unduly. But "Woman and Kida in Market" is of an altogether different ilk; this we should hardly expect to encounter. What was so unusual about a woman and some kids in the market that would make them fit subjects for fannish mention ? Whatever was the woman doing to the kids (in the market) that she should be immortalised in some obscure piece of fannish literature ? Or - more likely - what bizarre and monstrosous thing were the kids doing to the woman (in the market) that they should achieve that same distinction ? What kind of a market ? What kind of a woman ? What kind of kids ? We do not know - alas!

Voila. As I say, I do not lack ideas for columns and articles. The day after this is posted, my mind will be replenished with a radiant new stock; some of them may even get written down. These will be the ones which I shall forget about in time for my next column. It is quite a long time now since Dean Grennell opined in a letter that - nowadays - to write a column about writing a column - the difficulties, pitfalls thereof, etc., - is a cliché. I agreed with him then and I agree with him now - but I have been clichetting like mad ever since. You now know why.

Even the mystery of the "Yo-yo", the implications of "George Gibson and New Club Room", the sinister suggestion of "Woman and Kids in Market" - even these are not the things that really break my heart. They were, after all, ideas which might only have filled a few paragraphs, a page, perhaps, at most. It is the lost and outdated, the antique and unusable ideas for full blown articles and columns, sitting forlorn and unnoticed in dusty corners, that really sear my soul.

It is all very sad.



There is, for instance, the one I actually began to write which starts off: "Up until now I thought that Crool Fate was just a character in a Pogo comic strip." Even though I didn't get very far with it, I know what it was going to be about. It was to be a Tragic Romance, a story of Lost Fannish Love. But, since I have now been a rather woo-some type crittur for something over a year and a half, to write the article now would only be out of date, but perhaps even mildly disastrous. I remember well, though, how the idea came into being. A friend of mine, who is a body-builder dropped into the office for a chat one Saturday morning. I mentioned that I had met a girl at a dance (these strange coincidences happen once in a while you know - even in real life), and that she, also, was a body-builder (and somehow it always seems to look so much better on them). Nobly enough, he had, it seemed, reciprocated, by meeting a girl at a dance who read science-fiction! Moreover, he had had the presence of mind to mention me and to give her my address!

Now, I think you will agree that nothing could have been more perfect than this as the basis for a fan article. It would have started with an introductory paragraph or two, setting out the framework I have just mentioned. It would have passed on to speculate as to what this Dark Woman was like and what Inner Secret had made her turn to science-fiction; what kind of science-fiction she read; whether she would ever contact me; what would be my reaction (and - more important still - her reaction) if she did; what would be the outcome of it. It would have languished and speculated and imagined, it would have been tragic and humorous and touching. Oh, I would have had a great time writing it. But, of course, as I said, the idea is out of date, and I shall now never be able to make use of it in a fan article or column.

Shall I ?



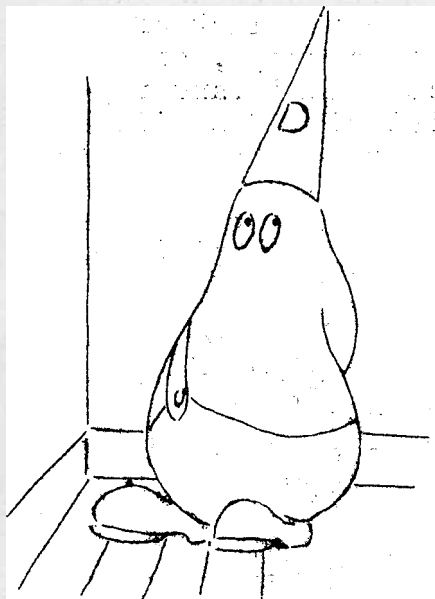
THE SPACE CLUB

One of fandoms most valued letter-writers has got herself involved with a new venture, that of running a club in Soho. Helen Winick, who is half the management and two-thirds of the staff of this 'establishment' is attempting to provide in a room above the club a fannish haven...where fen can drink, talk, and be merry. Membership is 21/- per year if you live in London, 10/6 if you happen to be a 'country' member. If you join and the club does not become a success within six-months the balance of your sub will be returned. Sounds like a good thing, if I lived within easy reach of London I'd join...as it is I'm fortunate (?) if I get to London once every twelve months. T'would be worth the sub to have a ringside seat for the nightlife in Soho....

Write to Helen, at; The Space Club, 67 Berwick St, London W1, if you are interested. But, a word of warning if you decide to go along unannounced, make sure you go to the right club. There's an awful lot of 'clubs' round there. Right, Chuck ?

EB.

I must apologise for those reader's who didn't get Triode 5. They should have written earlier, however, I have found about six copies, (I was hunting for somewhere to hide my asf from Eric) so if those people in search of T.5. would write again, it's first come, first served..the same goes for eight spare copies of T.7. I'll be heavily tempted by those who enclose a P.O.



By the way, in answer to numerous requests, Eric Bentscliffe has not taken up boxing. The recent reference in a fanzine to "Eric came out of his corner fighting", referred to a different kind of corner, the one at night school where he is studying wrestling theory with a view to astonishing fandom...this time, the male half.

Since starting this column, a phone call from Peter Reaney informs me that he now has a new job (unless I get another message before I finish). Seems that Peter's latest field of labour is in the building trade. I couldn't quite makeout whether he sweeps up after the builders, or merely sweeps up the builders. Whichever it is, here is a great chance to have your fanzine laid under a cornerstone and left there for hundreds of years. I've already mailed Peter a copy of Triode with

instruction to do this, and hinted that it might be an idea to hang on to it. If any of you have pet fanzines worthy of saving, why not send them to Peter at 53 Bromley St., Sheffield.

Lecture season seems to have caught up with me again, that natter on Space Travel I gave last year, has resulted in being requested to give three more this year. The only catch with all this being that I never seem to have any fannish types in the audience. Oh yes, some read s-f..some even buy it, one even admitted to listening to Jet Morgan, but that was the limit. I can only hope that I find a few at the December natters. Only too true is the saying 'tis a proud and lonely thing to be a fan' I can only think of one way to remedy this situation. Take your old fanzines round to a friend (non s-f reader natch) and ask him to read through them without skipping a sentence, making notes of any item he doesn't understand. Picture his eager face awaiting your return, he may even have a gift for you hidden behind his back.

Another brilliant idea of mine is to have a hate week. All we have to do is to pick some fan..anybody will do..say Cyril. Evans for example. Then, at a specific time, we hate him. What could be simpler than that? Mark you, don't think I'm biased against Cyril, just because he pinched my girl. Oh no, it didn't hurt me a bit, although I noticed her rubbing the spot where she was pinched. No, I must say Cyril is a fine upstanding fan.. I must say that or he'd bash me...in any case, a copy of this goes to the lady in question, so I simply have to show my stoicism. And that's yer lot.....Bess twitches,

LUND ME YOUR EARS

By

Lars Helander

Early on a chilly, grey and miserable morning in August the train arrived at the railway station in Lund, drowsy, and heavy eyed I climbed down out of the sleeping-car. I managed to discover the exit, and, having found my way out of the station building stumbled straight into two sleepy looking characters carrying something which looked like a warning-roadsign. But, instead of the black vertical line you would expect to see on such a sign, there was a black vertical spaceship. I recognised it at once from the convention program booklet I had received some days earlier; it was the famous LUNCON sign.

The two guys turned out to be the two leading fans behind the Lund club UTOPIA, Borge Larsson and Kjell Pettersson, the latter being the editor of the clubs fanzine UT and an old correspondent of mine. They had come to the station at this unearthly hour to meet arriving fans, and they told me that several other fen were expected to arrive on my train. So, we waited for them and found that among them was Roland Adlerberth, who writes s-f and science reviews for HAPNA, Sweden's only promag. He's a very nice guy and I had met him previously in Eskilstuna. Finally, all who were supposed to arrive at this time had done so and gathered around the Luncon sign. As the con wouldn't start untill 3p.m. we had nothing to do, so we decided to take a walk through the town up to the Physical Institution to look at the mathematical brain "Smil" (Smile) and other interesting things. Lund, is an old university town with lots of famous places and learned institutions. However, I had brough two bags filled with foreign s-f mags and fmz for the con exhibition so Kjell and I went to the Lunds Hemgard, where the con was to take place, to arrange the exhibition and left the others to wake up the scientists at the Institute. Later on they came back alive. Some other fen had arrived the previous day, but they had gone to the nearby town of Malmo to do some sightseeing.

Lunds Hemgard seemed to be an ideal place for a con. A Hemgard is something especially Swedish which is hard to describe, but it has about the same functions as a London club - you can go there to play games, read, chat, and so on. Now, however, the whole Lunds Hemgarde was reserved.

32 On our way to the Hemgard, Kjell told me that some time ago some members of the con-committee had written to Kruschev, inviting a Russian scientist to the con - they did it merely for kicks, of course, and did not expect any reply. But, one day they got a phone call from the Russian Embassy in Stockholm. However, as the guy at the embassy spoke neither Swedish nor English (intelligably) nobody understood much. Nothing happened though, no Russian scientist came to the con, even though the committee members had offered to pay for his plane ticket and expenses. On the other hand, no angry diplomatic notes were sent from Moscow! The LUNCON is unique in that it is probably the only s-f con to be entered in the files of the Soviet Government.

Finally, we managed to finish the exhibition arrangements, and whilst Kjell went to make some further preparations I sat in his study writing labels for the s-f on show. After a while Alvar Appeltoft, a very active fan from Halmstad, arrived at Kjell's place. At first I thought he was Kjell's kid brother (forgive me Alvar!) or something, but he couldn't have been because his dialect (at first I thought it was German) differed greatly from the Lund dialect - which is also cryptic; sounds like Danish. Alvar had brought his whole collection of Swedish fanzines and we looked at these and chatted untill Kjell came back to fetch a pile of books he wanted to include in the exhibition. Staggering under an enormous load of books and mags Alvar and I were shoved away to the Hemgard with Kjell close behind with whip, and Borge Larsson.

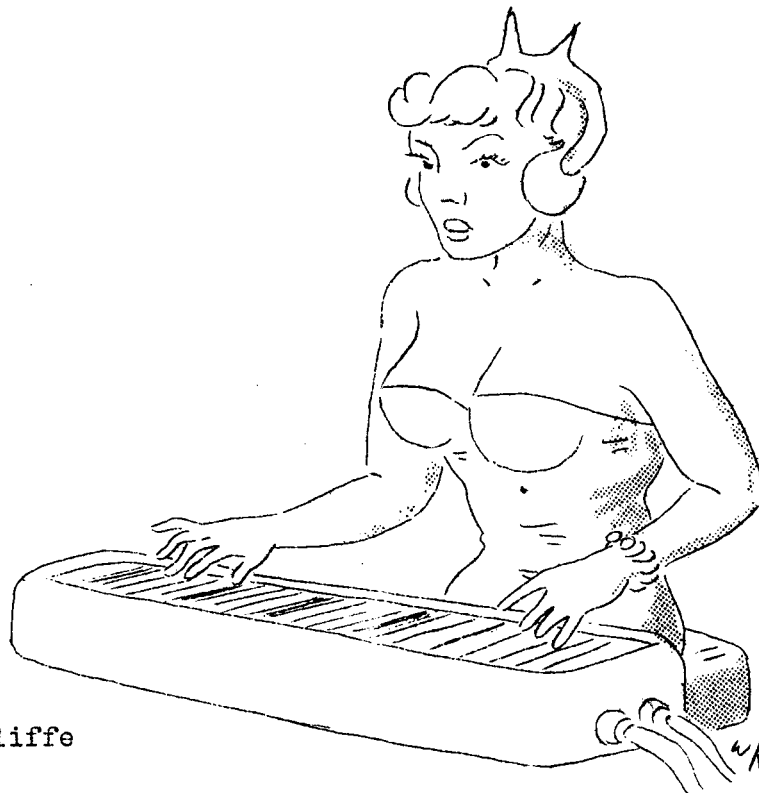
At two o'clock everything seemed to be ready and in order. Lots of people had already arrived; among them were K.G. Kindberg, the editor of HAPNA, my old pals Carlolof Elsnér, HAPNA's film reviewer, and Torsten Malmqvist, together with representatives from the various s-f clubs. There are ten more or less active groups in Sweden now. The total con attendance was around forty.

By three o'clock everybody had gathered round the enormously long conference table, and Kjell welcomed us to the first Scandinavian s-f convention and expressed hopes that we would all enjoy ourselves. Then the time for me to speak came, about my travels on the Continent and in Israel, and about the s-f and fandom situation in the countries I had visited. After I had finished and everyone had woken up, Mr. Kindberg reported on anti-gravity experiments in the U.S.A. in a very interesting lecture which was keenly discussed afterwards.

Then there was a break while we partook of a little refreshment and chatted, looked at the exhibition. Quite a few newspaper men were there, interviewing us, taking photos and simultaneously displaying their ignorance of the media. The Luncon actually received quite an unexpected amount of publicity both in the local and national papers, and on the radio. The TV service didn't seem to give a damn, though. Well, you can't have everything.

During the break, the Malmo fans from the METEOR and CHAOS clubs had arrived. Denis Lindbohm, "The Aurarc", who's the boss behind Club METEOR and their mag CLLOEV, and also a filthy pro' (one of the few really fan-ish fen in this country) arrived disguised in a BEMish mask, through the eyes of which he kept blowing cigarette smoke. Club METEOR produces amateur s-f films both in color, and black and white, and the mask was to be used in one of these.

F A N
D A N C E



Caller - Eric Bentcliffe

Helen Winick, 12 Budleigh Cres, Welling, Kent.

The trouble with something as brilliant as 'Last and First Fen' is that it sets up too high a standard - nowone will ever be able to cap this, surely? ((I thought the same about the March Of Slime, until LaSFaS produced this later Tapera. I'll qualify and say nowone, as of now, other than the Liverpool group could cap it - and it'll be hard even for them.)) I can't understand why, with radio and TV stars going out of their minds for lack of new material, the half-dozen or so fen capable of writing such inspired goonery don't cash in on it? Believe me, if I could do it I'd be making the odd couple of thousand a year - even the normal ((Sic)) evenings conversation at the Globe would provide a weeks scripts, especially when John Brunner and Lawrence Sandfield get together!

Speaking of which, last week at the Globe was really remarkable - for being pure. White Horse! ((Horse of a different colour?)) Of recent years it's got rather clique-ish and disintegrated: I think a little of the trouble - apart from what Stuart Mackenzie did to the Globe - is that all the people who've been together for eight years or so (and remember that's approximately 500 thursdays - about 2,500 hours!) have argued all their arguments, discussed all their discussions, blunted the edge of their anger or idealism, lost the fine careless rapture of their first discovery - and just sit around accepting each other. (Or not, as the case may be!) Last week, somehow, everyone hit a peak simultaneously

- Sam holding forth earnestly on philosophy to a group of the young; Frank, Charlie, and some others indulging in table pounding on politics; and a seething mass of fen centred around Sandfield - quite a catalyst this boy!

- actually talking science fiction, and at the tops of their voices forsooth! (Not to mention that my shoes landed on display on the sandwich case!) ((Your sole, indulging in a free flight of fancy?)) One still gets recruits from odd places - the following night Phil Duerr and I were wandering around Soho when a blast of jazz hit us from the top floor of a pub.

I don't have any high tones. It may interest you to know that I sing Lead Bass in the local choir ((Girls choir?)) and have one of the lowest voices in the school I attend. 37

Assuming that Ellis Mills played the tape for you, I'll have you know that I possess a deeper voice than Ellis himself. ((Could it be possible that this is all a plot on the tape, perpetrated by Ellis ? He's some kind of an electronic genius I know, could be he 'bled off' the low tones and left only the high tones. It's a thought that somewhere around his barracks there may be a tape consisting of the low tones of Greg Benford. A Low-Infidelity tape ?))

The foto-page, LeeH was astounding. So was WAW. And Art Thomson..uh ...mm, who's the fellow with the big eye ? I see Terry reaching for the bottle of juice before Mills is rescued and a big lug looking like he was about to take a truck apart piece by piece with his bare hands. You? Ghod, you're a huge brute, aren't you? ((No, that was the Jones boy you were looking at)) By the way, Eric, how do you manage to set those stars out in the middle of all that blackness without something to hold them to the stencil ? Looks impossible from this end.... ((Frankly, it is!))

Mike Wallace, 14 St. Denys' Rd, Evington, Leics.

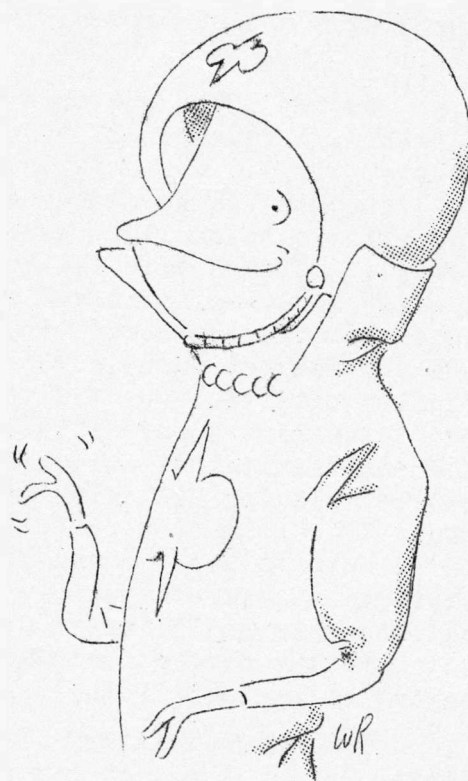
----- 'Fulfillment' is definitely worthy of professional publication. I do not recall reading anything of nearly this quality in a fanmag before, although I must admit that I very rarely read fan-fiction for that matter. Still, I think I'd change that habit if I had much hope of reading other pieces this good. Congrats on pubbing it. ((Julian's piece certainly got plenty of comment, folk were either violently for or against, with one exception.....

PETER REANEY

After reading Julian Parr's FULFILLMENT two or three times I came to the conclusion that Julian is an insect lover. ((If there's anyone who'll volunteer to pschoanalyze Peter, and find out just how he reached this conclusion, I'll be most pleased to pass along his address.))

Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Ave, Romiley.

Rather an uncharacteristic Atom cover drawing...Terry tried to convince Eric ((Needham)) that it was Peter Duck, but we are both convinced that it is Donald, and suggest you seek legal aid before you have trouble with Disney over copyright infringement! ((Never thought of this until after the mag was out. Law books will now be accepted as subs to Triode.)) I liked his illos for the tape script, but found the script itself hard going - while it's nice to have these things "for the record"



30
the written script is a poor substitute for the original. Even the Goon Show would not be so lively if experienced only through the script.. Terry must have accidentally got a well-reproduced copy of NOW & THEN, as he sig's over it's perfection. I don't think he need worry - he does an excellent job on TRIODE, which is as cleanly printed as GRUE, the immaculate zine. If you used films when typing your stencils, blue ink and heavier paper you could out-Grennell Dean! If Terry and yourself used films, they would help thicken your type slightly and give a blacker letter - I wonder if this is what Terry wants? Of course it means you get heavier inking and may have to interleave to prevent the pages setting off. ((Inthat case films are out.))

Don't know if Archie still suspects me of being a hoax. As Mike Wallace has gone so quiet, I have worked off a little fanarchist feeling by writing an experimental letter to Archie encouaging his hoax theory. It ma^t liven things up a little, they've been quiet of late! ((Sorry to blow the lid off things by pubbing this bit but I'm much intrigued as to Archie's reaction - who know's it may even further the hoax. Such devious minds fen have!))

Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9.

Enjoyed very much LAST AND FIRST FEN. Done competently this could sound very good on tape, but it would need to be done most skilfully. ((It was, Boyd)) I'd like to hear this on tape. ((See INTERMISSION.)) Re the photopage in Triode, is that saturnine figure in the upper left-hand corner of the bottom l-h photo, really you? Gad, it summons up impressions of zithers and chases through echoing sewers and trench coats and all sorts of cliches generally. ((Just call me the Third Fan. Actually, I was wearing a Gloak, and carrying a notice proclaiming 'Damn Robert Bloch'...have you read UNKNOWN ??))

August 15th, and this time I must make a large effort and get this finished. I found on looking over T7 that I hadn't read a couple of items, so promptly did so, only to find that as usual Bentcliffe is doing his rock chucking while standing in the traditional crystalline structure. You print a thing like "Fulfillment" and then have the gall to call A BAS "arty". I found this the height of pseudo-artiness. In fact, with the opening line, so hackneyed was it, I expected the item to be one of those juvenile efforts wherein the writer caresses coal flanks and so on and on, and the subject turns out to be a bottle of beer or a cow or something equally bathetic. ((You think Julian writes 'arty' stuff, I don't agree but think Kirs does. This leaves us in check, anyone else got an opinion? You must admit that Julian's piece did have an ending, which is more than can be said for Rich Kirs usual pieces. I admire Kirs poetic style but would like it much more if he used it to say something rather than just to illustrate his command of the language. I don't want him to make any profound statements just to get somewhere. As you are confounded by my calling this style 'arty' and 'pseudo-bohemian' (possibly the words do not have the same connotation in Canada as here) I'll add to this by saying he's also 'frothy', and see where this gets us.))

The Future History of Fandom was the best episode I have read yet. Really good. I wonder how Arthur Thomson know's of the Derelicti Derogations. I have never sent him a copy of A BAS.

Daphne Buckmaster, 11 A Block, Married Qtrs, Warley Barracks, Essex.

Needless to say the first thing I turned to was "Last and First Pen", it would be the understatement of the year to say that it was well worth printing - this alone will make T7 worth keeping for a long time. I found plenty in it that I had missed when listening to it. ((It's rather strange but the people most enthusiastic about this Tapera in printed form, are those who have also heard it - or perhaps it's that having heard it makes it easier to imagine the music and effects which couldn't be put across in print.))

Your idea of publishing a list of tapefen is a good one and we hope to put ourselves on it in the not-too-distant future. Ron is making a taper (ha! it's practically a standing joke in the London Circle because he's been on it for about four years now). However, he's getting well away with it at the moment in the hope of finishing it before we go to Malta. You may be right about tapers featuring largely in the next fandom but, of course, they can never take the place of fanzines. ((They used to say this about Steam and Horses.))

I seem to keep seeing, in various fanzines, disparaging remarks about Rotsler Nudes. The only two I can remember seeing were in T6 and they didn't look offensive to me. On the other hand, his BEM's definitely do. They look like distorted human beings more than BEM's and are ugly in an unhealthy sort of way. What do you see in them that makes them worth printing? ((I just like them, Daphne. In particular, there is a wonderful economy of line about Bill's work which appeals to me.))

Arthur Thomson's instalment of the Future History is well up to standard, especially where Walt says: "This was my best ever (Speech). They heard me. THEY HEARD ME." His illos, of course, are uncriticisable.. It is a sad fact that when a person consistently does remarkable work (as Art does) one finds it difficult to say anything about it at all. It becomes taken for granted that anything he does will be very good and it seems almost superfluous to say so in every letter of comment one writes. Yet not to mention it seems like disregard of some fine work. Oh well!

I'd like to say how much I agree with your remarks in T6 about indiscriminate publishing. One might forgive a faned for genuine lack of judgement, especially if he's young, but the one who published something you had purposefully underlined as not for publication comes in a different category. I hope he has apologized now. ((He has.)) You are right, too, about the way in which some names are used as butts by everyone, though I think this is mainly confined to America. I may be wrong, but I get the impression from the little I have read of U.S. Fandom that they are always having really serious fueds over there. I don't know; perhaps they are just more high-spirited in the way they write about each other.



I can only think of one person in this country whose name became for a while the target for anything going ((And he deserved it.)). Apart from that, what few personal fueds there have been seem to have been kept very much to the persons involved, and that's as it should be. ((Possibly, the USA fen may get the wrong impression at times of UK fen banding about the names of Wansborough, Reaney, and Burgess. We all make cracks about these three characters, in fun, but this could be misleading to folk unaquainted with UK fandom. It's only fair to state that the reverse may be true and that many of the 'dirty cracks' we read in USA fmz may also be of this nature.))

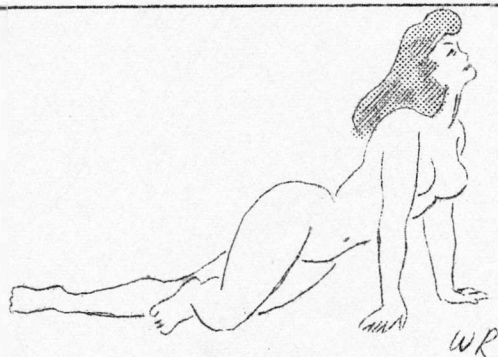
Charles Lee Riddle, PNCA, USN, U.S.S. Cascade (AD-16), Fleet P.O., New York.

We left the States on the 11th of June, and although it has been just about two months since we left port, already it seems more like three years. We operate mainly out of Cannes, France, and will be back in the States on the 6th of November - I can hardly wait. Seeing other countries is fine and dandy for a while, but for a family man like myself it aint too darned good! We have so far been in Cannes, and Livorno, Italy. From there we go to, Barcelona, Palma, and Athens, from Athens we head back to the good old home port, Newport, Rhode Island. ((Isn't this the HQ of the American Commie party, Lee ? The Rhode Isl- and Reds!))

While in Livorno I was on duty with the shore patrol over in town, and got every other day off. I managed to take in tours of Pisa, and Florence ((A girl friend?)), but didn't have time to get down to Rome, nor am I going to have time to get to Paris either. It also looks like the proposed trip to England is off, as your authorities frown on us U.S. sailors coming up there in uniform on leave - and I don't have permission to have civilian clothes with me on the Cascade.

Incidentally, you asked what the 'AD' on the ships name stood for - no, it isn't Anno Domini ((Pity!)) - but means an Auxiliary, Destroyer Type. What we are is a repair ship for the destroyers of the U.S. Navy - a Destroyer Tender to be exact. ((Now all the folk who get PEON, as well as TRIODE will know why they haven't seen an issue of late. The Head Man has been too busy patrolling beaches in France - how does one get to join the U.S.Navy?))

Con Turner, 14 Lime St, Waldrige Fell, Co. Durham.



I'm glad to see Ted Carnell's piece in the mag. I still read s-f although I read quite a lot of other stuff besides. I imagine that most of the folk who claim not to read s-f are telling white lies, or else they are the type who would join any organization, literary, or otherwise, just because it is an organization. There may of course be the odd genuine one who has lost interest in the genre, but not in fandom. Myself, I haven't much time for these "I'm different,

41

I don't read s-f" types.....Knew about Joan Carr a while before the news broke. Unimpressed. But why, in Fan Dance, do you say that you know Joan Carr does exist ? ((That was before I knew she didn't!))

The Future History episode is better than the previous one, methinks it is beginning to pall a little. This may be because of the fact that it is in serial form. Probably if it were produced as a complete item it would be a lot better. In fact I'm sure it would. How about that Eric, why not try putting it out as a one-shot, for cash only. ((May do just that, after the thing is finished. In fact, we probably will, it's just a case of finding time to re-stencil the earlier chapters - and those which Terry has lit the fire with!))

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorks.

Now that I've returned from my annual jaunt looking up Jan and his blasted collar-bone and Ellis Mills and the Benford's ((As a witness for the offence, do you agree that Greg B, has a high-pitched voice ?)), I can get down to thanking you for the last Triode. I don't know what you'll want me to say. You must know by now that you are running one of the best fmz in the country ((That'll do.)) and anything I say will be on the lines of....you're running one of the best magazines in the country!

Yes, TRIODE was waiting for me when I got home from Liverpool. There was only 8d to pay on it as postage due, so I suspect Terry had taken my advice of circumventing the Post Office by dropping the bundle in the nearest post box without checking the stamps thereon. ((Well, it was your suggestion, and we needed a test case! Incidentally, if any of you did have to pay postage due on the last issue would you let us know....the postal folk gave us two different estimates on the cost of posting out Triode last issue, and naturally we chose the lowest.)) For myself I don't even bother to put stamps on usually (especially when writing to Mal Ashworth), the gum on them these days isn't up to the standard of the days when I was teetotal. ((You mean the after-alcoholic deposit on your tongue disintegrates them?))

I note you've attributed personality to the nameless Voices on the tape in LAST AND FIRST FEN. Damn good idea. Did you match me with the tickets thing because of my lamented ((Who by ?)) bus conducting activities ? ((Partly....but mainly because your second line, in the script seemed to have all the true essence of the Bennett wit within it.))

PLOY, will have to skip it's usual September issue. The jaunt cost me more than I bargained for, what with suddenly belting onto Germany instead of staying in Antwerp and what with taking bloody colour films of the trip ((Where did you get the blood?)) ...still it's nice to have a hobby to get away from fandom isn't it ?

