



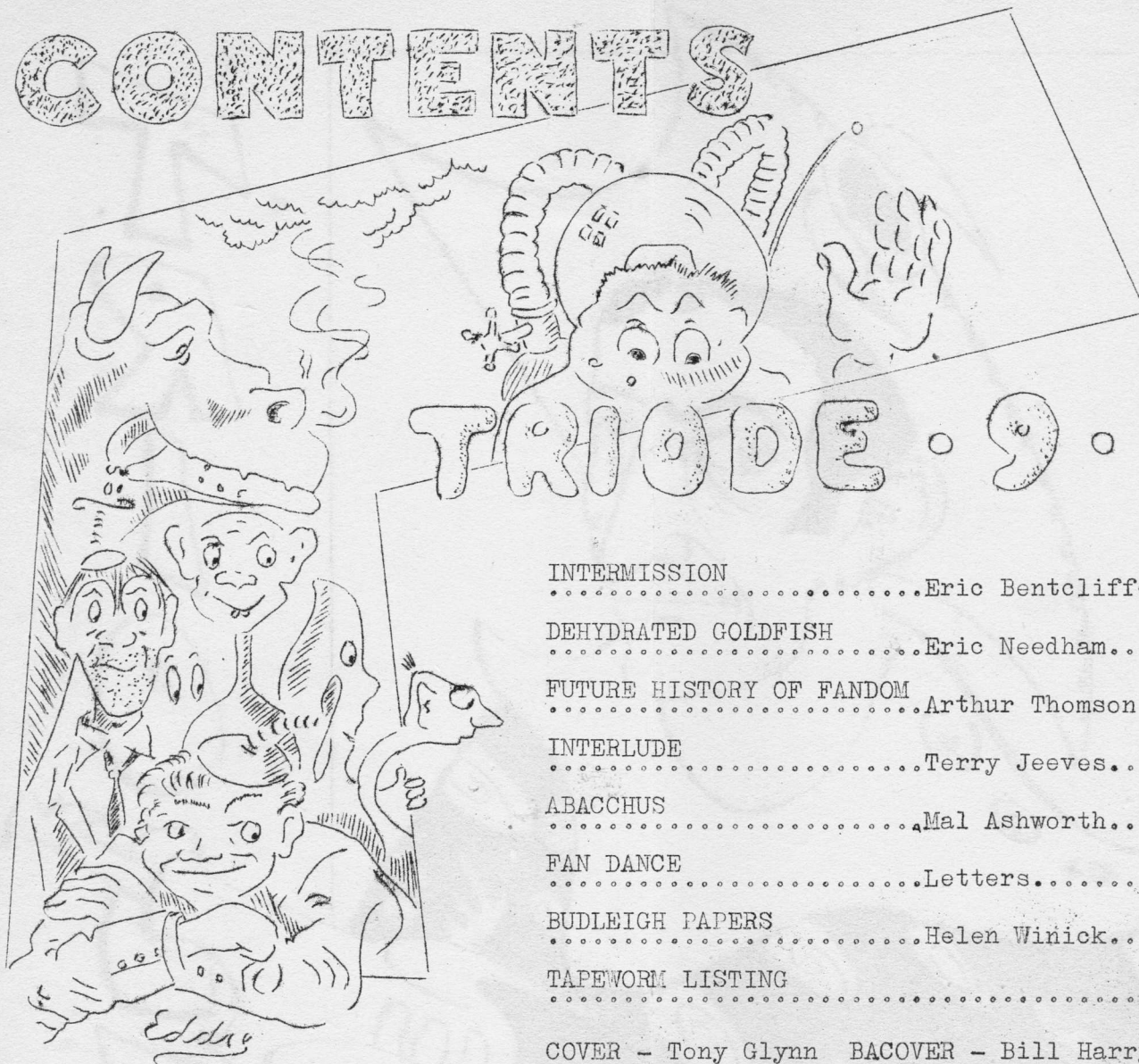
TRI-O-CLE

#

9

Glynn

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TAPE RECORDINGS WELCOMED  
BY EITHER EB or TJ.....

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Art

BY ERIC BENTCLIFFE

As I write, I've just returned from a Liverpool Fan Party and feel that I must warn you that there will be no Profound Thoughts or Great Ideas propounded from this source for a few days. The heading which Art Thomson has drawn up above is purely coincidental but relevant nonetheless.

I've strived several times to write an account of a Liverpool session but so far with no success. Either my memory's been too occluded by the after-effects of alcohol, or I haven't had the time. This same ennui seems to affect other attendees at LaSFaS parties for I know of only one coherent report that's appeared so far, and this was obviously typed with one finger whilst the author held-head-with-other-hand.

As a survivor of a dozen or so of these sessions I feel it's my duty (?) to my readers (??) to try and give a brief idea of what usually transpires. A LaSFaS party is like any other party, only more so. They are held every few months on the slightest of pretexts, ie..to celebrate the fact that Xmas is over, or that someone has discovered a new drink. They are also usually held the weekend after Norman G. Wansborough has travelled up in the hope that there will be a party on!

The sessions usually start with dinner at one of the restaurants in Liverpool, usually a different one each time...resultant of Dave Newman having chased the waitress with a sabre, or John Roles having asked for some imaginary dish.



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After the meal, the gang head for the house of whoever's host for the session, Ina & Norman Shorrocks were for this one. The Shorrocks residence is on the Wirral peninsular and is reached either by subway and bus, or ferry and bus; depending on how much has already been imbibed. The fact that we took the ferry on this occasion intimates that we were still rather sober at this time, apart from one of our number, who shall remain nameless ( he lives in Sheffield but I'm sure I'm not giving anything away by telling you this!), and who insisted that this was a ferry poor ship and that he wanted to sea the captain!

On arrival at Hr. Bebington, the party proper began replete with various types of booze and female type women. I spent several hours indulging in both and also talking. At around 11pm we had a film show, Norman projecting one or two films he had made of previous fannish affairs. By popular demand he did not show the film of Sabrina which has been a prominent feature of other parties.

From this time on things began to get a little 'indistinct', however, when, close to three o'clock, someone cried " Off To The Woods", I was at one alert again. There's a sort of tradition at Liverpool parties that one heads for the woods in the wee sma' hours, usually we roast (Ha..) potatoes and fry sausages around a home made fire but this time the woods were a little too damp for a barbecue to be held in comfort. Back at the house again, the Brag-school got organised...this is fast becoming one of the highspots of the Liverpool parties for those who play the game. Dave Newman, Ron Bennett, John Roles, Eddie Jones, Norman Shorrocks and myself were the players and untill dawn broke we made and lost fantastic sums of money. I came out about two bob' ahead and I believe Ron Bennet\* lost fourpence....due to this the next issue of PLOY will be somewhat delayed.

Whilst we gamblers (?) played, and made horrible puns ( I can remember several of these but cannot recall the context they were made in, I know someone made a crack about "Sense of window" which seemed terrifically funny at the time) the others caught a little sleep. By 10am almost everyone was awake again and several of us even took a brief stroll. Breakfast, was indulged in and then we listened to a tape recording of the previous evenings debauchery.

Here you have the bare bones of a Lasfas session and in cold print it doesn't sound particularly exciting, this is not because the party wasn't good but because the writer is typing with one finger and holding-head-in-other-hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems that science-fiction has now affected and influenced even that very traditional British entertainment the Pantomime. For the benefit of people unaquainted with this media of entertainment (sic) I'll mention that the pantomime is a Xmas time show freely adapted from one or another fairy tale. The current production at that refuge for over taxed Hollywood stars the London Palladium, is Aladdin and it's hep to the space age. The villain of the piece, one ~~Abanazzer~~ Abanazzer steals Aladdins magical lamp and uses it to abduct the Beautiful Princess to the Moon, where he intends to set up a palace and rule the universe.

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Aladdin, not to be outdone, dons his space suit, boards his rocket-ship and blasts off. He rescues the Fair Princess, and they all live happily ever after.... This doesn't seem in the least bit uncommon to those of us who've ever delved into the pages of Amazing or Fantastic but it is a big change as regards panto' presentation which has stuck to the same old format for quite some years.

I wonder if we can now expect to find that 'Humpty Dumpty' is in reality a time-fused H-bomb, and that the Wise Old Man ( or Good Fairy) who visited the King in the past and warned him of Humpty was really a member of the benevolent alien race which watches over Terra! Perhaps the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe (and didn't know what to do..)", will be a future vehicle for propagandizing Birth Control. The way things look almost anything can happen!

Even, " Puss In Bootes!!"....

\* \* \* \* \*

Of recent weeks I've been indulging in a little redecoration, and in the process sorting my collection of fmz,s-f and other stuff out. My intention was to sell off or give away all the stuff I no longer wanted, after several days spent sorting I could find only two items that I no longer wanted and by the end of a week with a pile of throwaways containing four mags I decided it wasn't worth the effort. However, whilst leafing through stuff to decide whether I still wanted it I came across a little item which rather shook me. This, was the 1949 issue of RAG RAG a publication put out by Manchester University when they hold their annual Rag in attempt to gain funds for charity. The reason I was so shaken was because this contains honest-to-goodness interlineations! I'd always been under the impression that this was Our artform. And, I've never, with this exception seen interlineations anywhere else in print.

Not only does the RAG RAG have the ordinary style lino', it also has several which are carried on from one page to the next....a relatively new innovation even in fandom! This was in '49.

Is Fandom being 'Got At' ??

Sample...

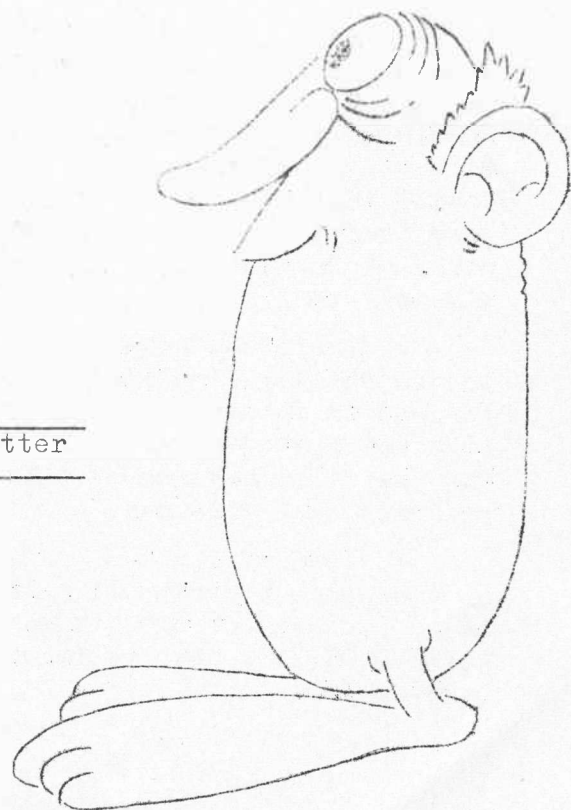
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'Tis better to have loved and lost - much better

---

Can anyone enlighten me on the history of interlineations ? Can anyone tell me if Chuck Harris went to Manchester University ??

Is this a case for the Goon ?



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Around this period one is prone to either look back at the past years high spots or look forward to the good things to come This Year. As far as Fandom was concerned, 1956 seems to have been a pretty average year, one or two Old and Tired Fen dropped out of sight but plenty of new blood is around. Whereas they haven't exactly stopped publication Hyphen, Eye, and Opsla seem to be flagging a little, Orion, too. I'm hoping they'll be back to full strength again this year. From the fan pubbing point of view I'd say that the most outstanding occurrence has been the impact of MEUH and Jean Linard on fandom...you can maybe fault MEUH on reproduction and format (if you happen to be feeling niggley) but it's enthusiasm and sheer size is quite something.

I haven't bothered to conduct a poll of opinion of Stockport fandom but I'd like to convey one or two accolade's. Best, and most consistent fmz of '56, GRUE. Most promising newcomer, MEUH. Most consistent fan-writer, John Berry. Most promising newcomer, Walter A. Willis. Best fan-artist, Arthur Thomson. Most regular, irregular fanzine, TRIODE.

Looking forward, This Year looks like being a most interesting one. Two convention in U.K. both 'musts'. Easter at Kettering, and The Royal (?) in September. The former is eagerly awaited as a tuner up for the 'Big Show'....and the latter for the pleasure of meeting all the Stateside fen who will be there. I've not received many fanzines this year so far but one publication that definitely earns a bouquet is Ron Bennett's FAN DIRECTORY. This is an invaluable guide to anyone who is thinking of putting out a fanzine, and a great help to people like me, who are always mislaying addresses. 1/- (or 15cents) a copy from the above named Bennett; 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last issue I published a list of fen with tape-recorders and as this seems to have been of help to quite a number of folk, you'll find on pages 38 and 39 this list brought up to date. To the best of my knowledge the addresses, and information given as to speed of machine is correct, however, some of the information came to me second-hand so, I'd advise that if anyone intends to contact by tape someone they haven't previously been in contact with, they drop a line first just to make sure. Incidentally, if anyone knows of fen other than those listed who have tapers, I'd be pleased to have the information.

There's a possibility that a one-shot on and about tape-recording may be published by Terry and myself sometime in the future. This will be sent to those fen we know to have tape-recorders, if there is anyone else interested in receiving it...let me know. The contents page for this is still a blank at the present and articles on any facet of tape recording are welcomed.

Before I get on with the listing here are the vital statistics on a couple of pro' pubs which will probably be of interest if you happen to possess (or are thinking of buying) a taper. Magnetic Film and TAPE RECORDING, Severna Park, Maryland. Hi-Fi News, 99 Mortimer St, London, W.1.

Continued on page 38.....



# The Dehydrated Goldfish

By

Eric Needham

If ever fans visit Romiley at 3.15am. on any November 15th, they will find all the people in bed, behind bolted doors.....  
...and this strange tale explains why.

Years ago there dwelt where Carlton Avenue now exists a Venerable Philosopher, who sought the solution to eternal life. With him dwelt his servant and friend, his tame goldfish. The Old Philosopher had no need of other company, save when he mounted his milk-white steed and went carousing at a certain tavern. When sozzled with alcohol, a noted antiseptic, and therefore a method of prolonging life, his milk-white steed would seize his collar in it's teeth and haul him back home to his goldfish...for it was no ordinary goldfish.

Several hundred miles up the road, in Scotland, a protesting executioner was slung out of a boarding-house for non-payment of rent. " Och! " he cried bitterly, " Would you fling me oot intae the streets because I've no the bawbee tae pay me rent ? " " Aye," said his stony hearted landlady. " If ye canna get work and canna pay your rent, I canna keep feeding ye. Ye'd better take yon great axe and gae where there's plenty of criminals to execute. And the number of criminals tae be executed will be higher among they southern Sassenachs, since there is a proportionally greater population. " " Mebbe yer right," said the unemployed executioner dolefully, and hoisting his axe, tramped on his way south...toward Romiley.

A student of Pavlov, the Old Philosopher had trained his goldfish for years to live on less and less water, until eventually it lived in it's empty glass bowl quite happily. It floated around in it's glass bowl just the same as ever, and continued to swim in the air with it's fins, for since the glass bowl functioned as a dielectric insulant, the goldfish built up a powerful electrostatic charge with any physical activity and the electrical repulsion kept it afloat.

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But it's chief feature of appeal was it's magnetic personality, which attracted some people and repelled others. Around the house, it was extremely useful, and performed many strange tasks while the Old Philosopher laboured incessantly on his perpetual life machine.

On the heather-strewn Clyde delta our out-of-work headsman rested his great axe on a convenient cromlech, and enquired of a passing dock-worker if he knew of any city with criminals in need of execution. "Manually?" enquired the dock-worker. "We generally combine business with pleasure round here. The executioner we used to have now earns a living chopping fire-wood in the forests, and we burn our criminals at the stake. It's a grand spectacle, keeps the bairn off the street corners, and the wood ash when mixed with calcified criminal makes a very fine fertiliser for Haggis growers. We get every benefit we can from our evildoers, ye ken." The headsman sighed wearily, thanked the dock-worker, and grimly tramped on towards England....and Romiley.

Within the tavern the Old Philosopher explained to a local yokel his theory of how to obtain immortal life. "Drink lots of ale and liquor," said the philosopher, "destroy the germs with alcohol, and live longer. Remember Nelson - he was embalmed in rum." He sighed a deep sigh and took a gulp of ale. "By that time, however, Nelson was dead. Such machines as mine were unknown in those days." "Tell me more," said the yokel, accepting another pot of ale.

"My method is electrical," continued the philosopher, pressing yet another pot of ale on the yokel. "As you know the human body has definite electrical resistance. This resistance limits the current which can be passed through a human body, as you well know. But germs, being far smaller, have less resistance, and can pass a greater current, which will destroy them! My machine can pass an electrical current through the human body and destroy all germs. Have another drink." "What ye do say sounds eminently reasonable to I,"

reflected the yokel, "but do it work in practice?" Here the Old Philosopher pounded himself on the chest with both hands. "Look!" he cried. "Am I not older than you? Have I not lived before you were born? My longevity I owe to my machine...but I am not satisfied. No, not until I find the secret of eternal life. Have another drink." "That I will," said the yokel, working out compound interest sums based on a thousand years - for like many rustics, he was no fool.

And so it was that later that night the milk-white steed carried home a sozzled rustic and a sober, icy-cold scheming philosopher.





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Still the starving executioner loped-southwards in search of criminals to execute, and wild of eye, accosted a tourist in the Lake District. " Pardon M'sieu ?" asked the puzzled French tourist. " Is it that M'sieu is unwell ? Is it perhaps the heat which makes you seek felons to execute ? In my beloved France we employ the force of gravity to execute criminals with Gallic despatch and efficiency. Can you not imagine how a man would feel to live in the shadow of the guillotine ?" " Losh, mon, I ken fine," muttered the headsman, resuming his steady march southwards....

"Sad," mused the Old Philosopher, standing bareheaded beside the newly dug grave. " So often in life is there this discrepancy between theory and practice. Perhaps more than two electrodes are necessary to ensure equal current distribution throughout the human organism." He entered his little house in deep thought, viewed his germ-destroying machine pensively, and gently stroked his industrious goldfish with a glass rod. Happily the goldfish floated over the carpet, smiling on the dust in it. Immediately the dust was attracted to the goldfish, which flapped it's way out of doors, to frown fiercely at the dust on itself and so repelled it into the dustbin. Broodingly, the Old Philosopher took his milk-white steed and set a course for the tavern.

In the great city of Manchester the foot-worn headsman asked if he knew of any criminals to execute. "No," replied the copper disdainfully. We suspend them by the neck from a rope, a highly efficient method, since it breaks a mans neck, ruptures his arteries, strangles him and snaps the spinal cord, all in one go....and with no blood spilt. What do we want with archaic methods such as yours?" " Men," almost sobbed the headsman, " is there nowhere a man can earn a living these days ?" The copper frowned. " There are no headsman in the United States," he reflected, " but lots of American tourists collect curios and relics. I'd try one of those! " " Aye," muttered the headsman, " mebbe yer richt at that." And he found a camera-slung, cigar smoking, fedora-hatted tourist and asked his question.

" Aint much demand for headsman in the States," opined the Yank. " We got automation and cheap power to spare. Our generators run all round the clock, and round about dawn there's no demand for power anything like the output. So, we use off-peak power to supply revenue to the power companies and fry our criminals in electric chairs. " " What's an electric chair ?" demanded the headsman. "Heck, it's just a strong chair with a metal head-cap, and metal strips round the wrists and ankles to ensure equal current distribution through the human body," said the tourist proudly. " Mr. Edison's rockin' chair, we call it."

Sadly the headsman hoisted his axe and silently wandered southwards through Stockport, through Bredbury, and into Romiley, where he entered a tavern and ordered a glass of beer. " Have a drink," offered a hospitable Old Philosopher with a smile. "You look run down. You look downright unhealthy and full of germs and bacteria. You a stranger in town ? "

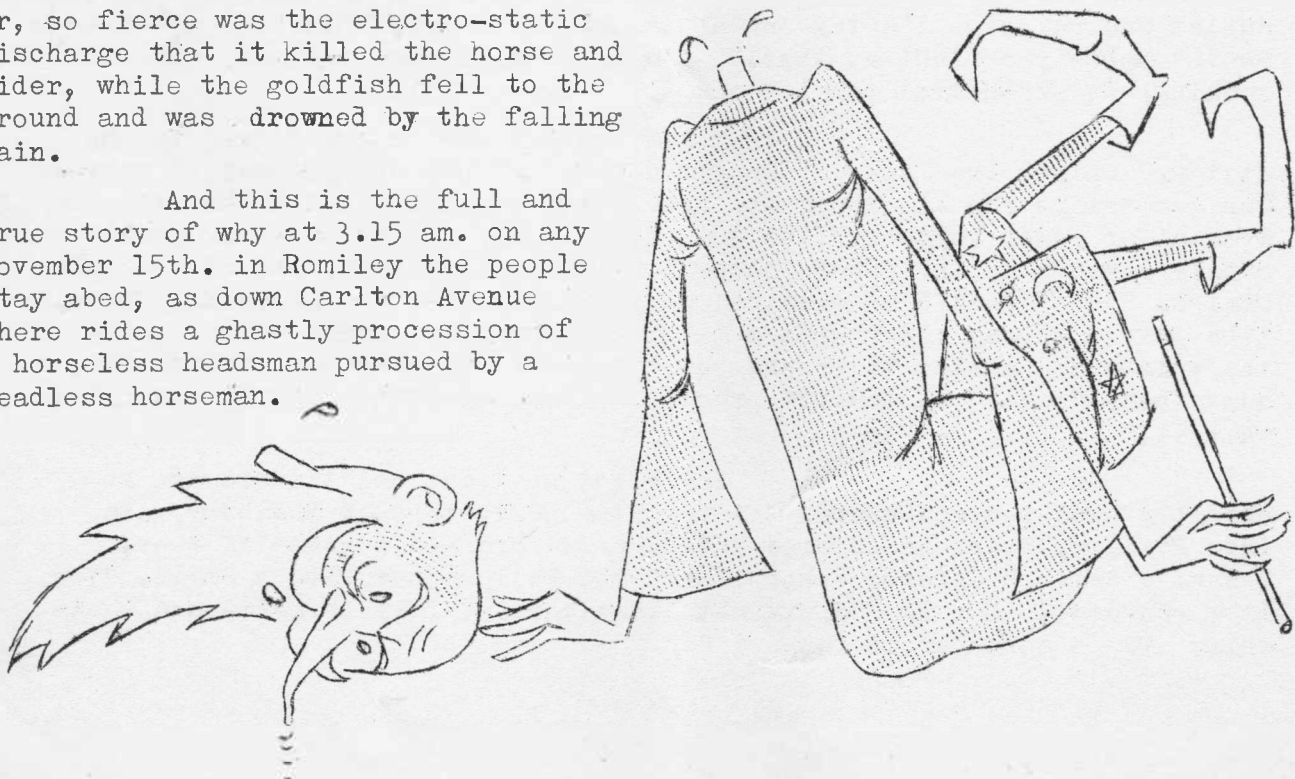
That evening the milk-white steed brought hom a double load again. In the little home of the Old Philosopher the headsman gazed around at the furnishings, the goldfish in it's empty bowl...and a substantial chair with a metal head-cap, metal wrist and ankle straps and a power cable attached to a large switch on the wall.

" CRIVVENS !!" howled the outraged headsman, " IS THAT YER PERPETUAL LIFE MACHINE ?" With an assortment of oaths he swung his great axe and beheaded the old philosopher most neatly, watched by the disapproving goldfish.

In fury the headsman strode out of the house, into the falling rain, into the stable, and grabbed the milk-white steed. Angrily the goldfish flapped it's way out of the bowl and towards the headsman as he mounted the steed...and batted him with a fierce fin...

There is little need to tell you that a horse and headsman soaked with rain constitute a conductor, so fierce was the electro-static discharge that it killed the horse and rider, while the goldfish fell to the ground and was drowned by the falling rain.

And this is the full and true story of why at 3.15 am. on any November 15th. in Romiley the people stay abed, as down Carlton Avenue there rides a ghastly procession of a horseless headsman pursued by a headless horseman.



# THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM

EPISODE 9

BY

ART THOMSON



THAT WHICH HAS GONE BEFORE - Fandom, establish on a South Pacific Island where they can at last pursue the fannish way of life unhindered by mundane happenings. Receive an ultimatum from the U.N. The American Navy under the combined command of Admirals Wetzel and Hall, two renegade fen, has been sent to the island to round up all the fen and transport them to Northern Alaska to a reservation. Under the direction of Arthur 'Coral Bounce' Clarke, some fen manage to escape to sea disguised as Portugese Men O' War, in an attempt to evade the U. S. Fleet and find sanctuary elsewhere. READ ON ---

Though several fen did indeed run the gauntlet and escape to sea the majority were unlucky, and were captured. The prime reason for this was the fact that George All The Way Charters had insisted on taking his bathchair to sea with him, an American marine engaged in emptying slops over-side had spotted him sailing past. Being a Top-Sergeant and having twenty-five medals for riflshooting, crossing the Atlantic, long distance spitting, and being a house detective at a convention hotel, he was intelligent enough to realise that Portugese Men o' War did not usually travel around in bathchairs. He raised the alarm immediately, resulting in the wholsale capture of fandom, and another five medals for himself.

In the company of several other fen, including Vince Clarke, Cliff Gould, Ron Bennett, and Rick Sneary I was hauled aboard a large Battleship. My last impressions before being taken below decks was of a myriad searchlight beams sweeping the waves and the anguished cries of fen as they were captured and taken aboard the vessels of the fleet.



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Once below decks we were thrust into a small steel cell, already crowded with other fen captives. Vince pacified a stricken Ron Bennett by assuring him that he'd seen Ron's pet Elephant Cecil, being hauled aboard a large aircraft carrier. Huddled together, cursing our fate, we heard the dull throb of the ships engines and realised that we were under way.

We kept an account of the days as they passed by scratching an interlineation on the steel walls of our cell each morning after our breakfast had been thrown into us. We had just completed the fifteenth when we heard the engines slow down, then finally die away. A few moments later, the door to our prison opened and an armed party of marines ushered us out and onto the upper deck. On deck, guarded by more marines were many other fen. As we were marched up to the main body I saw that close by were other vessels of the fleet. Gazing out over the sharp end of the boat I saw in the near distance a grim forbidding headland, it's bleak slopes covered in snow. With a chill in my heart, as well as my bones, I turned to join the other fans.

As I wormed my way through the crowd, looking for any members of the Belfast Group who might be aboard, I was brought to a halt by the sight of one happy, smiling face amongst the woebegone expressions that surrounded me. It was Eric Bentcliffe leaning nonchalantly against a gun-turret. Apart from the smile that twisted his lips he looked the same as he always does - white faced and haggard. I managed to struggle through the crowd to his side. "What the hell have you got to smile about?" I gritted through half frozen lips. Eric rolled his eyes upwards and rejoined, "I was picked up with six other fans and locked in a dark cell for fifteen days". "And you are happy about that?" I queried. "Well, it so happened that the other fen were Pam Bulmer, Annie Linard, Phyllis Economou, Pat Doolan, Shirley Marriott and Pat Lyons." He rolled his eyes upwards again. I felt around in my jacket pocket, dug out my old sex fiend badge, pinned it on him and staggered away.

Hearing a slight ruckus in the crowd I pushed my way through to find out what was happening, and found George Charters crouched in his wheelchair, being berated by the fen around him. Taking the ear-trumpet from his trembling fingers I went to his aid and laid about the crowd around him. He looked up at me in grattitude, "Thanks, Art, I..." I smashed him on the Max Brand tattoo emblazoned on his wizened bonce with his ear-trumpet. "Fergit it" I growled, "iffen it wasn't for your great age you'd have been over the side by now. Wait till Walt gets Irish Fandom together and holds a court martial on you". "He, he, he, that's good, he, he, Max Brand was a..." I raised the ear-trumpet again but he was saved by the sudden blaring of the ships loudspeaker system. "Now hear this, now hear this...All Science Fiction fans will be disembarked from the fleet in one hours time, and will be taken to the reservation which has been set up to receive them. There they will be kept under armed guard for the benefit of the human race. The few fans who managed to escape from the island and the fleet have been recaptured and are waiting the main body on shore. That is all."

Soon, from the shipe of the fleet small boats and landing craft began to put out towards shore, each vessel filled with fen under guard. Our turn came and I found myself in a boat with Sandy Sanderson, Ron Buckmaster, Harlan Ellison and others. As we pulled away I saw for the first time the name of the ship we had been imprisoned aboard, "U.S.S. Courtney", and gnawed my lip in frustration.



Harlan, stood up in the boat and, defying the guards, offered his opinions of the ship, the U.S. Navy and Admirals Wetzel and Hall. Hardened Goon agent that I was I covered my ears before he was halfway through stating Wetzel's ancestry. Ron Buckmaster said later, that though he had been a staff sergeant in the British Army and a frequent visitor to the Globe, he could not attempt to compete with Harlan's expletives.

We finally landed at a small quay and were marched up the dock to a large open space to join the vast crowd of milling fen who had already landed. All over the area fen were calling out names of missing fans in order to locate them. I saw several hastily made placards and banners go up bearing fan club names and insignia, to which the fen rallied. An ironic cheer went up as Claud Degler raised his Starbeggotten banner, but it died away in awe as from the seething mass, groups of fen slowly moved out and arranged themselves around him. I found Pam Bulmer gripping my arm, "Look, Art, who would have belived it", she cried, pointing at several prominent British fen who had pinned Cosmic Circle badges to their lapels and joined Degler. We turned away from this horrfying sight and cast about for the London Circle. Hearing Charlie Duncombe's voice, we struggled through the crowd for a quarter of a mile and found them grouped at the far side of the field. When we thanked Charlie for calling out the whereabouts of the group he became most indignant and stated that he'd merely been whispering to Vince about the state of the London O's finances.

Soon, others were rolling up and joining the crowd. Bobby Wild and Ethel Lindsay arrived, then Fred Brown, Joy Clarke and John Brunner. By the time we had all exchanged experiences night was falling and it was time for fandom to spend it's first night on the tundra. I finally found Irish Fandom and settled down to pun away the night with Walt, Chuck and the rest of the group. The punning got off to a fine start when Walt asked Madeleine if she were comfortable on the bracken we had heaped up for beds. " Moss' comfortable", she replied.

Day broke to the accompaniment of the tinkling of ice as fandom stirred. With the aid of Chuck's cigarette lighter we thawed out Berry's moustache, then joined the long line of fen which had formed near the camp kitchen which had been set up. After breakfast a light snow began falling, and we were formed into several columns ready to march off to the reservation. Many wild schemes were formed to try and escape the guards as we were forced to slip and slithher at the command of the marines, to ghod only knew what destination. Howard Lyon's formed a little group which intended to break away as soon as possible to try and find it's way across country to Canada. Others, were all for trying to get away to the north to join the eskimos. But as the march went on and the snow began falling ever harder most of us concentrated on getting to the reservation and thawing out before making final escape plans. All that day we marched, until, a few hours before nightfall we rounded some snow hummocks and saw a collection of large sized igloo's. The column came to a weary halt as the leading guard raised his hand, " This is it, you will find food and beds inside". As we trudged the last few yards Willis raised a weary and befrusted head and said, " Ours is an ice hours ours is", but it wasn't really apreciated by the rest of the group.

During the week that followed the weather went from bad to worse, and it was decided that any escape attempts must wait until better weather arrived. It was voted that a convention should be held whilst the snow and sleet persisted and, on the Friday evening the largest igloo was filled with fannish good cheer and crowds of fen making the best of things. The convention was called the Snowcon. It began well when Ron Ellik and a few other west coasters put into action a small still



they had been working on. Home brew was manufactured and consumed by all, a fine fannish spirit was beginning to prevail when, suddenly, the door of the convention igloo burst open and a flurry of snow and a horde of figures burst in upon us. The first fen who noticed the figures swore of home-brew for life believing that they had the DT's. As the figures advanced further into the room people realised that they were real, cries of "Martians!", "Mighod, BEMS!!", went up. Indeed the figures struck terror into everyones heart, short, dark, furred and brandishing fearsome looking tridents, they were terrible to behold. Uttering crude guttural noises with an accent similar to that of parts of Wiltshire, they began herding fen towards the door, prodding the reluctant with their tridents.

Gregg Calkins, and other fen who had been members of the fighting forces rallied together and rushed the invaders, alas, they were no match, unarmed as they were, for the wierd creatures. Soon, we were hemmed in by a shining arc of trident points and forced through the doorway into the night. With more guttural cries the creatures forced us into a rougg column and proceeded to hustle us away into the stormswept night.

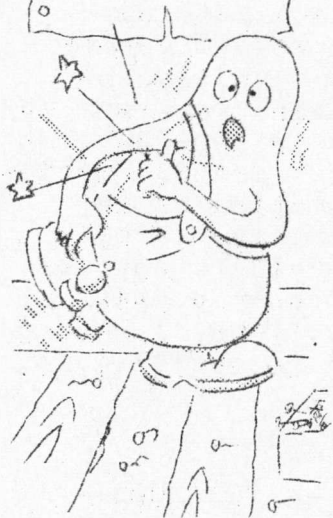
I found myself stumbling along beside Lee and Larry Shaw. "What the heck do you make of it?" I queried of Larry. "Ghod knows", he replied, "even INFINITY never featured anything like this!". Towards the dawn we finally stumbled to a halt beside a rocky, sparsely treed hillside. Some of the creatures went forward and started clearing the snow away from around a large boulder. Once it was cleared, the boulder was pushed aside and a gaping cave mouth revealed. We were herded into the cave and down a long winding, rockwalled tunnel, the floor of which sloped gradually downward. As we went over downwards the temperature began to rise gradually, and in the distance I could see a faint gleam of light. The heat became oppressive and fen began to shed their outer garments as they stumbled forwards.

Down and down we went, but to what, I wondered, to what.....?

TO BE CONTINUED.

# INTERLUDE

by  
Terry Teeves



It seems rather late in the New Year to 15  
commence making Resolutions, but who cares (No  
doubt someone does) about a few odd weeks? To  
show that I have the right spirit, here are my  
Resolutions for 1957..

1. To attend every possible fannish 'do'
2. To listen attentively to all dissenting fen
3. To ignore them immediately after.
4. To do nothing that I would not have done (given the chance) in 1957.

And there you have the lot, so A Happy New Year  
to everyone..even 'old Misery'

Resolution No.1. received an early testing, in the shape of a party held at the Shorrocks domicile, on January the 5th. All the usual bods were there, and as usual, Ina and Norman laid on a goodly shindig. After a dinner (with champagne) at some place called 'La Bog' (or it may have been 'La Bloche') (we ferried fannishly over to Birkenhead..much to the chagrin of the ferry skipper, who took objection to our attempts to throw Eddie Jones overboard. Eddie objected, owing to the fact that his boots leaked, and refused to be swayed when I kindly offered to throw him head first. Arriving at Norman's via another bus-ride during which Dave Newman read all the commercials on the backs of the tickets, we began to swill hooch. The usual safari to the woods took place around 3 a.m., and was followed by a brag school which lasted until 8 am. I dodged this, and 'got me heed doon' The party crumbled slowly during the day, as various fen went their various ways, but as usual in Liverpool, a goodly time was had by all.

Latest news from Peter Reaney is that Biped will be slightly delayed, owing to the fact that although the stencils (some of 'em) have been cut, Bill Harry hasn't been able to lay his maulers on a duplicator. Peter had the bright idea of letting me do the job, but apart from the obvious snags (such as Peter) there still remained a very large snag..40 Camber stencils awaiting illo cutting, 40 'riode stencils for duping, and a promise made to Dave Cohen to run off his new zine 'Once in a Blue Moon'. Written by your best loved fen (such as me) and illoed by my pal Cyril Evans, this zine promises to be something to remember. While speaking of Cyril, I would like to give thanks to him for offering me shelter the last time I visited Manchester. Admitted, he dodged me all Saturday, and I was forced to finish up staying at the Grosvenor

on the Saturday night. Dave Cohen rescued me on Sunday, and handed me over to Cyril, so in view of this, I hereby award Cyril the Jeeves Cross and Bar. At this stage, I would like to go on record (right in the groove this boy) and state before one and all :- CYRIL EVANS IS A FANNISH TYRE TRUEFAN, even if he isn't fitted with production type 'Firestone' tyres. .

Other fan to receive the Jeeves Cross and Bar, will now be nominated. First, we have Eric the Jones, one of the Cheltenham boys. Against terrific odds, Eric has finally managed to send me a letter. (Only kidding Eric, (actually it was a pocsard)) Last words from Eric were...."I will now be able to give you some help with Triode"...this communication was followed by a loud silence, during which EB and I managed to produce two issues of Triode without hindrance...I wonder if that was quite what EJ meant. Next communication said...."I am dropping out of Cheltenham fandom", this was followed two weeks later by a tape recorded by Eric at a meeting of his new Cheltenham s-f circle...My regards to Anne and Audrey. Peace followed, Eric had told me that he was building a tape recorder using a Collaro tape deck....I waited impatiently for his first tape...it arrived...I played it...The recording was marvellous, I began mentally composing a letter-tape of praise, but scrapped it when Eric wound up...."I have bought a Ferrograph"

Another fan to be elevated to the Roll of Honour, is Dave Newman for organising the third NON)PROGRAMME Lettering con. For once you can avoid the dilemma of wondering whether to have a beer or bid for six second-hand moth-chewed BRE's. Details of this con may be found elsewhere in this issue. Wake up blokes and get on the nominal roll.

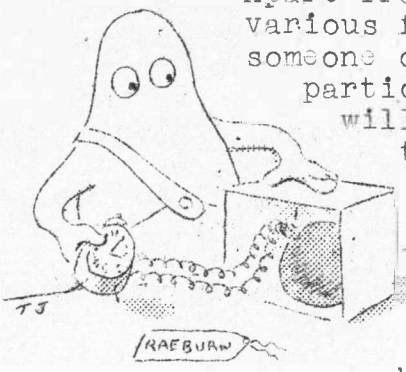
Honourable mention goes to Ted Carnell and the London boys who are still working like mad to make the 57 Worldcon a success. They have a tough job, and are doing their best to see that you have a good time in September. This affair needs your support if Britain is to keep it's acknowledged lead (feud anyone ?) in fandom, so dig out your shekels. With a guilty conscience, I must admit that so far, I have forgotten to cough up, but I will do, so you've been warned. Right now, you have about eight months

in which to sort out your con equipment, and remove the moth balls from your beanies. Those with refrigerators may commence de-freezing their zap-gun ammo around the fifth month. Further valuable information on the essential equipment may be obtained by buying a copy of Con-Science from Mr Eric Jones (advt.) who, I am sad to say, has no copies left.



SUPPORT  
THE  
WORLDCON





Apart from the thousands of letter received from various fen, we occasionally get a tape recording from someone or other who can't afford asbestos paper. One particularly nice tape came from Boyd Raeburn. Boyd will be receiving a little something from us in the near future. Apart from praising Triode to the skies, Boyd apologised for the vastly inferior magazine he produces (at least, he did praise one and pan the other). Boyd's zine has a pretty little title..he calls it 'A Bas'...I believe Boyd likes this to be pronounced 'A Bass', because it appeals to his taste that way. I'm afraid that Boyd has

some very unkind friends, some of them were with him when he made the tape. Every so often, they would interrupt his speech to yell at him.."You ain't nothin but a houn' dog"..they even played it on a record. Poor Boyd was quite touched. Boyd went on to say that he knew all about 'Life with the Lyons', which shows he must be something of an eavesdropper..However I feel sure he will be pleased to hear that we found his message very nice and cheerful, and we hope to hear more of his pleasant little fireside chats in the near future. They are so very cosy Boyd, and you are a very clever boy. (THINKS..Oh boy, Boyd's next tape will really be out of this world)

And now a word about science-fiction from our sponsor. I happen to have a set of Amazing containing the first Skylark story. As Ellis Mills (WAKE UP AT THE BACK THERE ELLIS) is ordering this for me in hard covers, I wish to dispose of the mags. Any offers ?? Still speaking to Ellis. WHAT ABOUT THAT TAPE CHUM ?? Back to the Skylark of Space, this story runs in 3 instalments, and when you have read it, there are still some other stories in the magazines to keep you going. This offer does not apply to readers living in Russia, Lower Slobberania, or Syn.

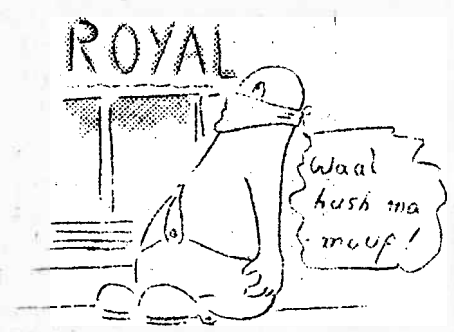
And here may I introduce our guest sponsor.

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS...by Robert Sheckley. a Ballantyne 1st edition published at £2.50 in '54.....8/- post free  
SPACE LAWYER...by Nat Schachner. (Gnome, 1st ed. '53 published at £2.75) New, with dust jacket.....10/- post free  
THE BRIGHT PHOENIX...by Harold Read, a Ballantyne p.b., new, at 3/9

No doubt these will have you reching for your wallets, but even if you already have them, don't hold back. Many other bargains, plus any of the above, may be obtained by writing to :-

FANTAST (MEDWAY) LTD.,  
Leach's Farm,  
Lynn Rd.,  
WALSOKEN,  
Wisbech,  
Cambs.

Support Ken Slater in his dotage. Remember the motto of F(M)L...If you want it, we'll get it.

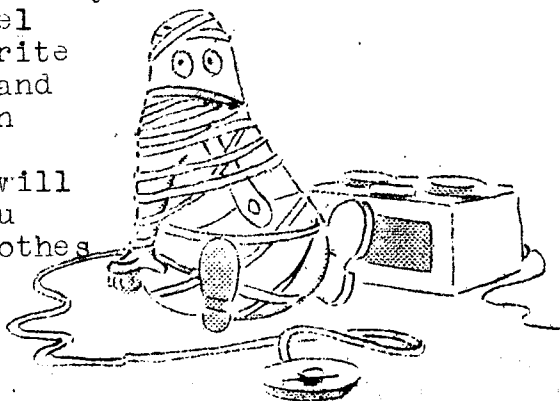


18 The Transatlanticfanfund is still in existence, and if you haven't voted yet, you damn well ought to. Anyone who hasn't yet coughed up his akkers wants horsewhipping..and that includes me. Naturally, having gone to the trouble of getting a Postal Order and addressing the envelope, you don't want to have to go to the additional bother of wondering who should get your vote. Triode saves you the pain of thinking.. we support BOYD RAE BURN, we have always supported him, and always will..at least until he signs the pledge. Remember the name BOYD Raeburn, and vote for him; even if he is hopping mad at me for mis spelling his name so many times. Remember, a vote for Boyd, is a vote for ~~your dog~~ democracy.

Going over from Taff to matters nearer home,.I gather that Xmas and New Year promises to be a vintage season for fanzines. Apart from the regular thump of Contact as it drops through the letter box, Ploi managed to elude my fanzine detector. The New Futurian has appeared. Ron Bennett has published his latest fan directory (send him a bob for a copy, tis well worth it) Biped may yet appear, Blue Moon will, Triode has(you're reading it ain't ya ?) Camber should be out now. Amidst all this boom of good reading, it would be quite easy to miss a copy of 'x' if it appeared. As a matter of fact I believe that the third, or is it the fourth ? issue has just been released. Another one-shot which appeared about the same time, is the latest thing from Ellis Mills. Jean Linard continues to produce reams of interesting material by way of Meuh, and to crown the lot, owing to an excess of zeal from Gavin Brown, Explorer may yet have TWO January issues, one put out by Racy Higgs, and the other by Gavin Brown.

Here at palatial Triode house, we are considering the pub ~~next door~~ lication of a one-shot aimed at tape recording. This should be a smash hit in some quarters. Eric has worked out the idea, and as the list of tape worms now numbers around fifty, it seems about time such an effort was undertaken. So far, we hope to include material on home sound effects, how the Liverpool boys make their epic plays, circuit details for additional gear, and of course an up-to-date tape list. If any of you have any other ideas as to material, we'd love to hear from you. The zap-gun is on the way out, the beanie prop spins more slowly, and to replace these relics of fandom, the tape recorder is fast coming in to its own. The more you play with the things, the more wrapped up you get. In addition, if you find a two hour reel of tape is not sufficient to contain all the remarks you want to make, you can always unreel the tape on a flat surface, and write additional material on the back, and even on the front if you use a non metallic ink.

Believe me, tape recording will captivate you,....what's more, you can always use old tapes for a clothes line, or cover 'em with soot and use them in your typer.



Bess twitches,  
Terry



By  
Mal Ashworth

Four of us sat in a train compartment and the hot sun stifled in through the window. We sipped Creme de Menthe, brandy and evaporated milk out of half a chocolate Easter Egg to allay our thirst. Ken Potter sprawled in one corner, glooming industriously as he brooded on his impending return to the noble life of a National Serviceman in the army, and, every once in a while, vocalizing his misery. "Ghod!", he would say, "I feel as though I've shot an albatross!"

That was Easter Monday and we were coming back from Kettering and the Convention; it was one of the few things about the convention that I can remember. Now, in case you are the Worrying Type, I would like to trot out the bland assurance that you need have no fear - I do not intend to write a Con Report here ( or, for that matter, anywhere else). Having trotted out this bland assurance, I intend to follow it up in the best traditional manner and ignore it. That is what all the Best People do with bland assurances. (Personally, I prefer the treatment the Worst People give them, but unfortunately that's unprintable.) However, I do not intend to write a report of the 1956 Kettering Convention. I could not have written one the day after it finished, and I certainly could not do it now, so you may stop palpitating so. There was a time when I thought of trying to write an account of it, but that was mostly before it took place. How I felt about the task when I made notes - afterwards - of possible 'angles' from which to write it, can best be judged from the notes themselves:

" I lost a weekend. That's not good. But why should it be the weekend of the convention ? A very special-type weekend. Others, maybe, I could spare, but not that one. But I lost it all the same. "

" Pathetically looking at con-programme to try and find some glimmer of reality, some memory-trigger. Something to convince myself that the convention really happened. "

" A hazy, unreal bemusement. A shoal of faces, a sea of people and an ocean of puns."

That was how I felt immediately after the convention about trying to write about it. I had made notes, of course, of the sequence of events at Kettering. You can judge the immense help I got from these:

" When we came out I think we parted from Eric and Terry and the three of us went back to the Royal where Walt checked the register and discovered Lee and Larry in. Or did he? When did we find Jan and Ellis at the desk? And when Vince and Joy? At the same time as Jan and Ellis? When any of them?" Yes, my notes were a great help.

I have now attended three major conventions and each one has faded faster than the one before, but this one was a lulu. It was fading even while it was happening. It's just about dogboned time that someone invented a durable type of convention - one that would stand up to a little wear and tear. Something guaranteed to last for at least three weeks or so. If conventions go on at this rate, next thing we know they are going to have faded even before we get there. After the Supermancon in '54 I wrote a report called MY FIRST REAL CONVENTION. Over breakfast at Kettering this year, Walt Willis, with whom I was sharing a room (for sleeping in, that is, not for breakfast) suggested that I write a report this time and title it MY FIRST UNREAL CONVENTION. The fact that even the lure of using such a beauty of a title couldn't induce me to do it shows something. I'm sure. Considering all these facts, then, I did the easiest and most logical thing and let it drift; I did not write a con-report, which was a very happy state of affairs.

Then however, over the months since convention time, I would keep remembering some extremely chucklesome incident, or re-reading some quote that struck me as a distillation of pure genius, and I would think that it would be a great shame if such things got moldered into musty archives and - to all intents and purposes - wasted. Eventually I came up with the conclusion that, even without a coherent account of the convention, these things should be put down somewhere. I considered the most humane possibility of putting them down, say, in a bus and forgetting to pick them up, but I decided against it. You have probably guessed by now where I finally decided to put them down. Have you?

Prime examples of these Things, for instance, were two remarks of Pam Bulmer's - "We should go into my room and guggle to them through the sink" and " Sit down - you're rocking the bed" ( For the peace of mind of the bearded founder of the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company - just in case he didn't hear it - maybe I should mention that this remark was made in the middle of an all-night party and the 'you' in the sentence was a plural 'you' applying to roughly six hundred and seventy five people.) Then there was Terry Jeeves struggling to break the all-time tea drinking record in one of the cafe's nearby, and breaking off to exclaim "Phew - I shall be glad when I've had enough! "



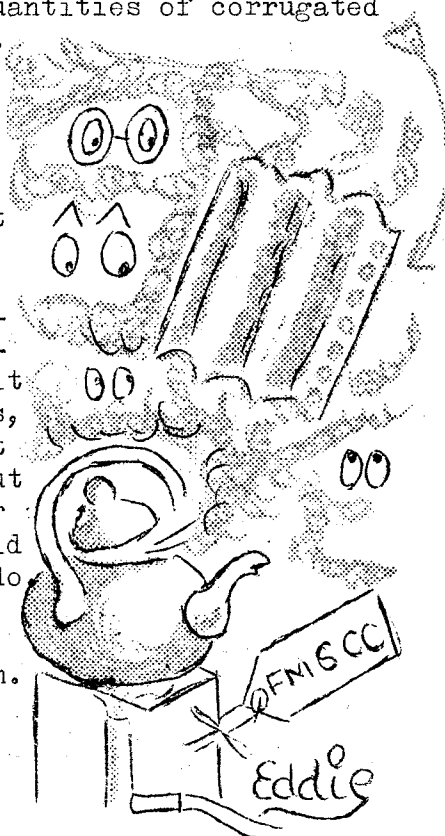
Or Lee (Hoffman) Shaw asking Walt, "Walter, why didn't you speak to me when you first saw me ?" and Walt replying " you hadn't got a hamburger in your buttonhole." Or Larry Shaw explaining "INFINITY was late because of a genuine, honest-to-goodness shortage of paper" and Lee adding drily "Yeah - the green kind."

There were incidents too, which seemed as though they ought not to be allowed to fade into The Mists of Time - or whatever - without at least a little struggle. There was Ted Tubb Buying A Book At The Auction, for one. He didn't really intend to buy the book - he just bid for it himself (he was also doing the auctioning, of course) to push the price up a little and everyone sat stolidly like good fans and forced him to knock it down to himself. Ever after that there was Ted Tubb wandering around trying to sell a book with a mildly astonished look on his face. And there was a femme fan-type remark - " Ted Tubb doesn't speak to me unless I'm drinking", and a bit in the notes that Sheila made about the convention, which went: " We went to the con hall where Irene was searching for a glass to drink the revolting punch Ted Tubb was concocting and he proffered me a loving cup which I in turn proffered you (what would Laney say?)."

Then of course, there were top-level discussions on Steam, in all its various and invaluable aspects, and the best uses to which it might be put in modern society, with Ken Bulmer representing the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company (whose product is all right, of course, if you like that sort of thing, but completely colourless, you know), Lee Shaw for the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company, and myself on behalf of Ashworth Amorphous Abstracts Associated (Coloured Steam Division). The preliminary talks came to a gurgling conclusion with Lee saying that the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company was in the market for large quantities of corrugated sheet steam, punched with holes down the sides.

It was at Kettering this year, too, that I became Probably The Only Fan Ever To Keep Ghod Waiting On The Doorstep. Like so; As I said, I was sharing a room with Walt. When Sheila and I arrived on the Friday, Walt hadn't so we collected the keys of both our rooms (Sheila's was a single room next door to ours), dumped our luggage and ate a sandwich tea sitting on the window-ledge in Sheila's room, looking down into the street below to watch for Walt arriving. Someone - maybe cleaners, or porters, or rickshaw boys or diamond miners maybe - kept tramping up and down outside in the corridor, but we saw no sign of Walt arriving. After an hour or so we decided to go out and see whom we could and - what do you know ? - yes, of course you do Walt had been walking up and down the corridor for about an hour, waiting for me to turn up with the key so that he could get into his room.

Ane there was the fan Who Lost Kathie Youden. ((Turn page, to find out why....))



We were sitting and discussing odds and ends in our room - several of us - and I had just tried to suggest an answer to Ken Bulmer's wonderings as to how he came to be the second most popular author in the NEBULA poll when he had had only one story published in NEBULA, by offering that maybe it was because he had had only one story published in NEBULA that he was the second most popular author, when, The Fan Who Lost Kathie Youden first appeared. He knocked on the door and asked if Kathie Youden was within. Walt told him no and he went away. Half an hour later he came back. Were we sure Kathie Youden wasn't in there? We looked around; sure we were sure she wasn't there. He went away again. Half an hour later there was a knock on the door. Well, had we maybe seen Kathie at all? No, we were sorry, we hadn't seen her anywhere. Another half hour went by and another knock came at the door. Well - rather wearily by this time - did we perhaps have any idea where Kathie Youden might be? Again we were sorry but we didn't. He went away and didn't come back that time, so perhaps he found Kathie Youden after all, or, on the other hand he might have joined forces with Sir Galahad. Certainly Sir Galahad would have found things a lot easier (the Holy Grail in particular) with that fan for company.

There was lots more to the convention than these little things, of course. There were some very excellent all-night parties; or - rather - there were some very excellent sounding all-night parties. Alas and alackaday, however, - being in the Royal Hotel whilst the main body of the convention was in the George we saw comparatively little of these fine, fabulous, fannish affairs. We stopped by them once early in the evening and once they actually penetrated up to the Royal but the courteous and tolerant manager there threw them out with some remark about not wanting any bloody circus in his hotel. We did the next best thing and sat around in the lounge of the Royal - a fairish sized band of us - having a minor party on our own. It was only about one o' clock but the fact that anyone should actually still be awake at that hour obviously horrified the manager. He popped his head around the door, looked around the assembled fans (who were being hellishly decorous for fans - mere sitting and talking, they were), 'Tch Tched' and went away again. All in all we found the

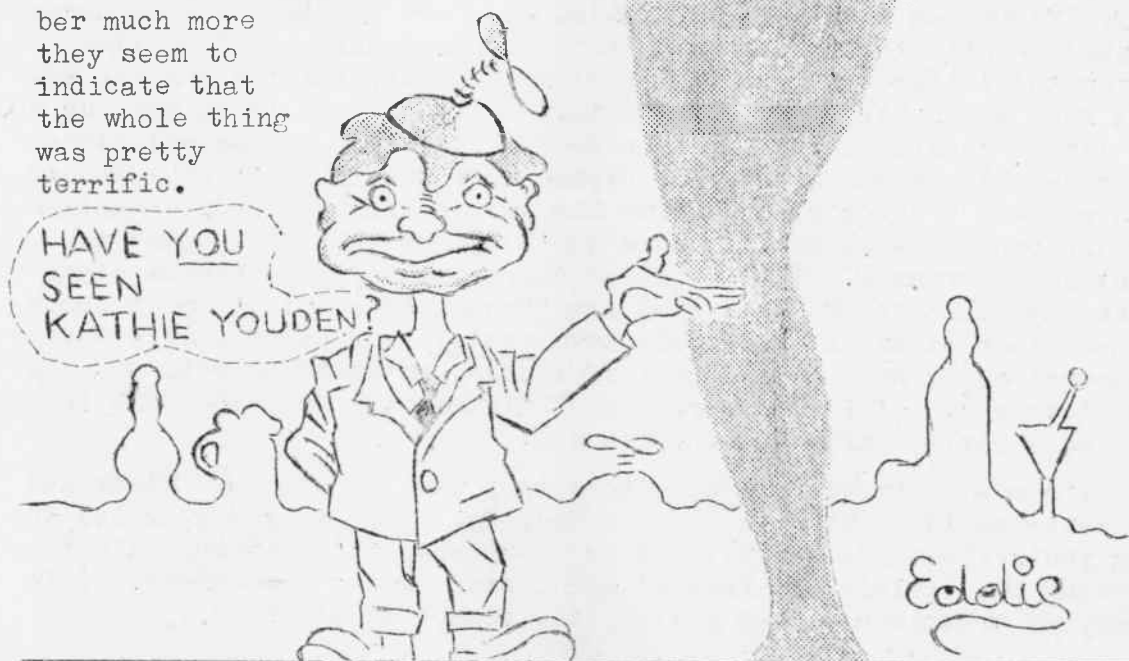
Royal to be strongly recommended - if you ever get the chance to visit Kettering - stay somewhere else. The manager - judging from our stay - will probably be very glad not to see you. Then there was the convention programme. The programme was fine,

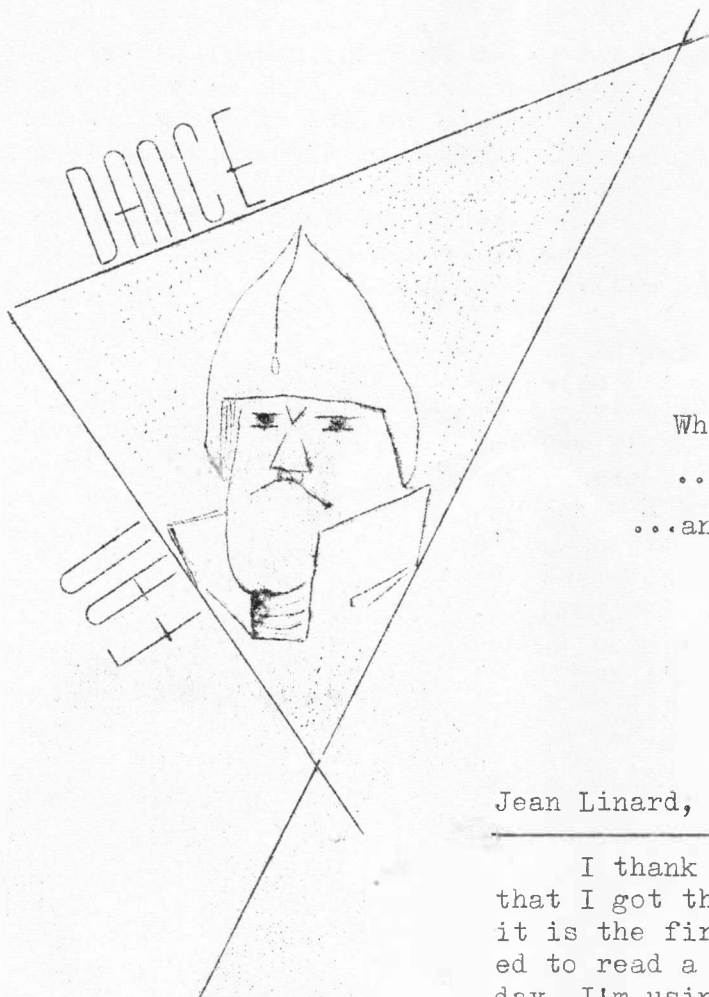
too. I seem to recall reading somewhere that the height of praise in Cool Cat Bop Type Talk is the phrase 'It didn't bother me'. That's how the programme was. It didn't bother me; it was good. It was interesting if you wanted it and unobtrusive if you didn't. And, to ask more than that of a convention programme is asking a lot.



One bit of it I do remember ( apart from the superb Liverpool tape-recorded play, which was far too excellent to be skimmed over in a mere couple of lines) was Dave Kyle's outline of the plans for the New York World Convention. His listing of all the committees and sub-committees they had lined up for this affair caused me great doubts as to whether we should have enough fans in Britain to have one on each of these committees if London got the Worldcon in '57 (which, as you know, it did).

Things like the all-night parties and the programme were the mainstays of the convention, naturally; the frame around which the rest of it was built. But it is the odd little things which I remember most clearly - Peter Reaney for instance. Er - Peter Reaney's jokes and the jokes made to and about Peter Reaney, I mean. And remarks like Chuck Harris's " I said I was an ex-sex fiend; I didn't say anything about giving it up" and Ellis Mill's " You have to be in bed by 7am to get your early morning tea"; Ken Potter's "middle-aged sandwich spread" and Irene Gore's "You wouldn't want me to get sober, would you ?". Those are the parts of the convention I still remember; and added to the fact that I can't remember much more they seem to indicate that the whole thing was pretty terrific.





Where those who can  
 .....write.  
 ...and EB makes reply.

Jean Linard, 24 rue Petit, Versoul.

I thank you very much for T8,  
 that I got this very morning, and as  
 it is the first time that I'm allow-  
 ed to read a whole fmz in one single  
 day, I'm using this very special  
 state of licid mind to write to both

of you this even day. Things I read first in fmz are the letters, when-  
 ever they happen to have a lettercol in them. But, as you may suspect it  
 already, TRIODE has a rather well filled one. On my side, I even suspect  
 it is quite a pity that you can't afford to print three or four times  
 more from the letters you get, as they are all very fascinating for me.  
 I don't know Ellis Mills, and I regret it; only I heard it is the guy who  
 leaves little tapers behind him wheresoever he passes by, as milestones  
 ((Millstones ?)) or such; but, and please note that I don't know about  
 any con either, I agree plainly with him when he alludes a disorganized  
 con as the best type of con. Please don't ask me why, it is just an  
 ignorant French remark. I think I see approximately what Daphne means  
 when she says that the Rotsler BEMS are "Unhealthy", but I'm most shock-  
 ed at her discrimination as I would have easily, far easily, over easily  
 have thought could have been a part of fannish interest as well as the  
 "healthy" things. (( Personally, I wouldn't exactly describe BEMS in  
 general as a particularly Healthy breed.))

I'm most contrited to hear that they used to say that Steam and  
 Horses never could be able to replace fmz, Eric; ((Have you ever had the  
 feeling you're being Gat At ?)) but in one sense, it's better, with the  
 forthcoming coal crisis (in France) and postage rates for horses. (( In  
 the mane, my trouble has been getting the stamps to stick on.))



Personally, I don't find A BAS nor "arty", nor bohemian, and it is one more matter or point of view, with this time, to dark it, the French angle. As so far I can't dream calmly of any sensible French translation for any either of those two terms. Raeburn's style maybe, may seem some "bohemian" to me. Such a style was quite a vogue some years ago between some couple of idly intellectual ones, when exchanging letters. Fascinating technique, since always vivid, but if you stand it twenty or thirty years, that's you that don't remian very vivid. Brave Raeburn. Brave New Raeburn.

CHANNEL No NINE is long, long...but I must confess, spite of the thoroughness and the exclamation marks, I was interested all it's length. The recounting souns too true to not being interested. I don't like the style, just as a matter of personal taste, but I understand that it is a very good 'report', true report tone. Having worked on movie stages and radio stages once, I was very interested to see that all the stages in the world seem to be in the same messes. Realised only what an organized country England must be where only four out of fourteen upon a stage are seeming to do nothing. When I began the report, I expected to bore, owing to the style and approach. Well, I read it all through without being bored and I find it is a very good point for Dave Newman, during 9½ pages, as I'm not as patient as MEUH's readers, not even so indulgent, myself. Very Thoroughful is the word, and I always bow before it.

No use for me, nor to you, to tell about FUTURE HISTORY by John Berry for the 8th episode. I don't know of the first six ones, but so far Atom's and Berry's episodes are quite excellent to me as I always love these two people. More of all, the subject is of the most interesting for such an alien creature as I am. I loved all of Eric's INTERMISSION. I think it is still the editorials (including INTERLUDE) I prefer in this. Sorry you couldn't be able to put my name on the list for tape-exchanges, Eric. Suppose I should have written you sooner. Couldn't you figure, on your next list, those of peoples tapers that have the twin-track on the reverse spools system? It is sort of important I guess, as if it doesn't work from one taper to another, a whole side of the tape recorded is lost for the correspondent. (( Jean Linard is a Fannish Fan. Jean, had been under the impression that UK machines played in the opposite direction from French tapers...and, apparently, he's been playing the flipping things backwards. No wonder, he asked for a written transcription with each tape!))

Anne and I are very pleased by that version of your respective parts of publishing, Your's and Terry's both. Interesting highly, for us. We've quite other methods, you know. Too bad, and that is what could explain the sordid quality of our zines so far. With experience, we'll see to correct it. As for the artwork, I neatly love, and so does Annie, all Rotsler and Jeeves touch. All. Just in our nature, so we'd be sort of partial to emit some opinion on those two points. Perhaps I would be more reserved on the nude pages 41, 40, and 21, being not subjective enough..... to me personally. Atom's illos...nothing can be said about them. It is the Masters Touch. I never liked any drawing or illos by Eddie. I love his ideas. Often. but I hate that touch of drawing, pardon me.



The Market Stuff being the best idea, to me. Don Mackay's work is Potable. The cover by Terry is terribly gentle. I mean filled with gentleness, but naturally, I'm not sure of the word. Euh. Didn't grasp "sloppo", excuse me. ((This is his favourite beverage...has a taste something like Essence.)) I lack a terrible lot of things, I know.

Only I wish you wouldn't mind these comments too much, messieurs. I know the misuse of a hardly caught rudimentary new language often uses to bring misunderstandings and pretexts to laugh. So I like you not to laugh at my poor attempts to make myself readable. (( Far from laughing, Joan, I most certainly applaud your most sincere letter. Throwing English Grammar overboard...which gives me great pleasure...language is a means of making oneself understood and although you maul a few phrases I'd no trouble at all in following your letter. Viva le Entente Cordiale! ....Note to Ellis Mills, Entente Cordial is nothing like Imitation Pink Lemonade Flavour Kool-aid.))

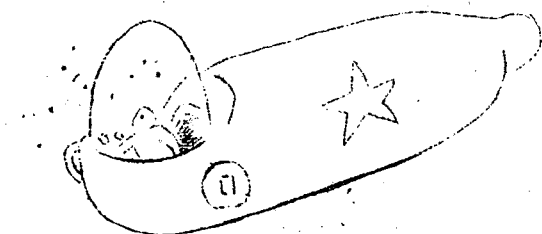
Larry T Shaw, 545 Manor Rd, Castleton Corners, Staten Island 14, N.Y.

Very belated thanks for the copy of Triode... I found it excellent throughout...would indeed appreciate being put on the list for future issues. For one thing, I'm having a very hard time finding fanzine material that's good enough to fill the Fanfare spot in INFINITY: and I suspect that the contributions in future issues will often come from the UK fmz, which seem to be in a much healthier state than ours these days...(( For those of you who don't get YTINIFNI; the latest excerpts an Eric Needham piece from NOW&THEN.))

Yes, it was nice meeting you, too. Our biggest regret about the trip is that it was so hurried...not only brief but rushed in every way. We were both somewhat nervous throughout, Lee particularly, and often discuss all the wonderful things and people we sampled but didn't have time to really get to know. Well, there's next year. I don't know if we'll be able to make the next trip a longer one or not, but I hope we can.

I can't say how happy I am that London got the con. I would say that I'm happy, too, that I played a small part in the Big Push..but, while I did get highly impassioned in my seconding speech, I'm sure London would have gotten it even if there hadn't been any seconding speeches. It was a sure thing...

You're right about me being busy. A full-time job, with another monthly magazine on the side...then moving to our new apartment and other assorted carryings-on...I'm tired! All this is especially surprising when you consider what a lazy slob I am by nature.



KETTERING IN '57...there'll be an unorganized con at Easter. Send 6/- to Dave Newman (6 Marine Park, West Kirby, Wirral, Ches.) and get your name down. The six bob will be spent on BOOZE...FOR YOU.

GORGE AT THE GEORGE IN '57

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Harrogate. Yorks.

I'll pass over an evening at the chess club to acknowledge TRIODE 8, a very worthy effort. I've been awaiting this eagerly since your letter - and the one from Terry - last week, but I wasn't quick enough even then; the postman managed to get it through the door before I could reach it. It actually fell to the floor. I must be losing interest in my morning mail.

I notice a distinct difference in interior paper qualities in this issue. And yet the cheaper-looking paper (which probably cost more than did Chapman's) came through ok. Or was this Chapman's also? ((Yes, and t'was all supposed to be the same, but it did vary..fortunately not in the way it took the print tho'.))

This is the first issue of Triode which has had for me an overall atmosphere of fannish goodwill. This is hard to describe; perhaps the tone editorially has been a little condescending in the past ((Not intentionally so.)) or somewhat superior. This issue it showed up to compare, no to coincide with what is to me a perfect atmosphere and yes, personality, in a fmz. On which attainment I congratulate you. For example that note on page two "we're not proud," and a bit in the editorial which made me laugh out loud - and on the bus, too - the imagery depicting Terry confronted by next-door-neighbour doing a GDA act. Very nice. A damn good comprehensive editorial too, the best I've seen from you, which you can consider high praise. Lovely analysis of the production side of a fanzine. And one which I can naturally appreciate.

Your production programme more or less coincides with mine except that I've no Terry to meet. I usually have a little talk on finances with my Bank Manager. I use the put-down method too, tho' Michael uses (used ?) the pick-up method with Nu-Fu. There'd be piles of pages round his office. Each member would start at one end and pick up a sheet from each pile. Then at the end the collated maps would be passed to Chief-knocker-up Dick Smith and thence to Stapler Jack Smillie. High production. With power and all. These colonist yankee's had nothing on us. Of course the LSFA ((Leeds Mob)) collating is a far different concern from an individual having to collate the magazine single-handed ((Try using both your hands...it's easier!)), as happens with PLOY.

Then there's the method of illustrating pieces. By far the best I thing. Unfortunately, I've currently got an art editor who shows great promise both as an artist and someone on who no one can rely. (( Yes, it isn't always possible to get the artist to do his own stencilling but as far as Triode is concerned the only artist who doesn't is Bill Rotsler. Obviously, 3,000 miles are a little too far to send stencils...3 weeks each way would really muck up the schedules.))



28

Dave Newman's piece proved what an able writer he is. A very competent and amusing bit of reportage. Loved the usage to which you put the Rotsler illos in the Trichinosis strip. A parallel use to which I've put them in PLOY really, but without such an impact as here.

But to the Burning Question Of The Moment! Now, Eric, you've asked for an unbiased, judicial and unprejudiced report of the Voix a la Benford. Discounting completely the fact that Greg and Jim met me with much hospitality (( I heard it was a twin-bore shotgun!)), brushing aside the fact that I'm their British Representative for VOID and ignoring absolutely the fact that I owe both the Benford's money, I can say, more or less, without too much fear of contradiction that the twins do not have high-pitched voices and that in fact their voices are as normal as are their other personal qualities and attributes. Bearing in mind of course that one must cast aside completely that I'm their representative, friend, and also owe them money, you understand. (( Uhu...the Benford's have high pitched voices...))

Greg Benford, 10 Liliencron Strasse, Frankfurt, Germany.

Quite a good issue really, even tho' I missed a little touch of atmosphere..can't rightly figure out what it was, but the zine didn't seem to hold together and look like the Dear Old T we know and love..(( You and Ron had better fight out this atmosphere biz between you, it's a little too thick for me in there.))

Berry's Future History was, natch, very good...but where is the thing going to end?(( In Triode... TLO, to be exact.)) Hell, it goes on and on and on and on more than Geis did in the Padded Cell, but eventually I'm sure Berry's going to wind up in some situation where no fannish method whatsoever can help him. (( You mean, Wiltshire ?!)) What I'm really worried about, tho', is when Jawn employs me in this History and I get drowned or something...

By the way, Kirs has asked me to politely request that you send him a copy of Triode right quick-like. Y'see he being a writer and all, and natch interested in other peoples opinions of his work, Richard lad wants T. Methinks he'll be glad to comment or something...so, could you send him a copy of the latest? Huh? PLEASE? ((Yes, send me his address will you....))

One thing I hate to say is...well, I get vaguely sick when I read Triode. Not because of the contents, but these sentences! Ghod - "He was going to come over here, but I didn't know when, I went anyway." OOoog. Please don't combine two sentences from now on...my Fine Ol' American Sense of ~~Wonder~~ Diction and Correct Punctuation is wounded. (( I get the same feeling when someone spells punctuation the way you just did....))

This argument about the American fmz having "dirty cracks" in them is interesting...especially judging the British opinion of the rather cynical fmz we have - like A BAS. This probably indicates something of a break in the reasoning and standards of the Yanks and English. I take it you don't like satire too much? (( Depends what you mean by satire...I'm all infavour of debunking where it's needed. I'm not in favour of public name-calling.))

We, ((Who ?)) on the other hand, like Raeburn's Derogations and all the rest of the fueds and stuff, if the arguments (say, between Clod Hall and Gould) don't get out of hand... (( If you're going to make distinctions on this, I think you should make it in age groups rather than nationality. You don't find the Grand Old Men (if you'll pawdon the expression, suh) of USA fandom any more eager to take part in or applaud these silly fueds than the UK fans...who it must be admitted are a pretty senile and b\*stardized bunch. From where you are standing with your feet in the time-stream.))

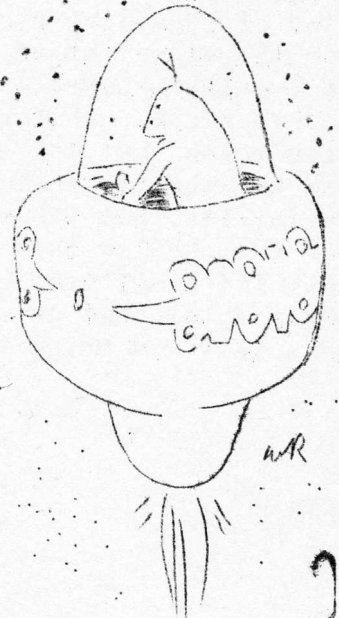
Tony Glynn, ((Welcome Home, All Is Forgiven)) 144 Beresford St, Manchester 14.

I think Bill Rotsler's nudes make a change from the bra' and girdle ads that seem to be filling the nespapers these days, since only one, that on page 21, is wearing a halter - and then only just. The wench on page 39 had me guessing for a while - the one with her head in the porthole thing in which a Moon can be seen. At first, I thought she was violently spacesick, then I remembered Dennis Wheatley's novel in which the spaceship crew get their bearings by staring into space by way of the waste-pipe in the bog. Is this an illo to that yarn ? ((Dunno, but it's a nice thought.))

I'm rather inclined to agree with Daphne Buckmaster with regard to Bill's bems being somewhat ugly - I think it's the "frogginess" of them that fails to have any appeal. In direct contrast, the round bounciness of Terry's Soggies makes them lovable. (( But why, should an alien be appealing ?))

What have we hear? Helen Winick starting a Soho Club? Hope she doesn't find any spotty characters with the map of Greek Street carved on their faces standing on the doorstep demanding protection money. Judging from what we provincials read in the papers, fandom will need something more lethal than zap-guns if it's to survive in Soho. (( Be interesting to know if any mail went to the wrong addresses we printed last issue for Helen's club (courtesy of la Winick), and if there are any mobsters trying to puzzle out the 'code messages' they received. Good fannish plot here for some bod or other.))

Can't say I'm keen on the hotel in London having a glass roof, ( the place where the '57 con is to be held, that is) as Terry says in his column. I know how dear Roofcons are to the heart of Jeeves ((Him! He's never been to one....the manager found him and Slater before they found the roof.)). My own roofcon experience is limited to blundering through a door which turned out to open onto the fire-escape at the '54 con in Manchester. Tubb was the one who opened it, I think. Anyway, it was in the wee small hours and a bunch of us were searching for someone's room, and we suddenly found ourselves out in the rain and the river Irwell ((Later renamed the Unwell, after Burgess's Lights were seen floating downstream.)) was drifting along miles below with an icy glitter on it's oily surface.(( It could be rather paneful having a roofcon oh a glass roof I suppose.))





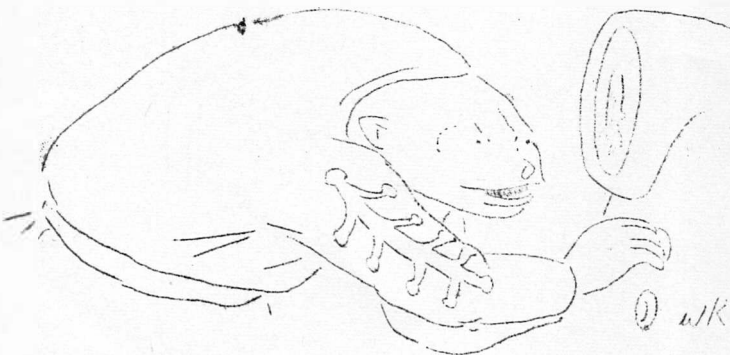
30  
Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9.

I seem to keep running across references to how quiet, reformed, and - implied - downright dull the London con is going to be. Why? Does it have to be this way? If the Royal is going to insist on absolute quiet after 10pm or something like that, why is the con being held at the Royal? ((Search me...)) It seems that a typical English con is going to be held earlier in the year at Kettering, and then the visiting North American fans, who have probably been panting to attend such an affair, are going to be served up a Serious Constructive gathering replete with masses of serious constructive program. Of course, I maybe completely wrong, but if I manage to make my way to London, I don't want to have to spend all my time sitting on a hard chair listening to discussions of What Is Wrong With Science Fiction. (( I get a similar impression of the con-committee's aims. It greaves me. I think it's time it was realised that the folk from the USA and Canada will be coming over for one of two reasons; a) Pro's, who are coming over in the hope of making new contacts and having a little fun on the side, b) Fans, who are coming over to meet the UK and Continental fans and have fun. Neither faction are going to be particularly interested in the program as such...their main desire will be to circulate and talk. However, it's of little use talking to the con-committee on this...if you express any opinion contrary to that held by the committee you merely get accused of 'sabotage'. Here's the official viewpoint for you...))

#### THE WORLD CONVENTION COMMITTEE

were a little shaken to see some of the statements in Triode referring to the possibility of the Royal Hotel management clamping down on fan parties and other goings-on at the '57 con. There are plenty of factors to be taken into account when running a function of this size apart from the smoke-filled room angle, but we don't intend going to bed at 10.30 each night either. We made a particular point of regarding each hotel of the dozens that came to our attention from the viewpoint of the partywise, and received personal assurances from the Royal's manager that as long as we didn't burn the place down we would be left alone. As far as possible all attendees rooms will be together, which means that the central units of the block will be sound-insulated from the mundane world by...well, probably scores of rooms. Also, it's a possibility that the rooms will be over the halls, eliminating any fear from folks below that the ceilings are about to descend. Of course the Royal isn't all that could be desired...nothing would be, apart from the Tucker Hotel, but as with all cons, your enjoyment is 99.6% dependant on the spirit you bring to it...and we don't mean whiskey either.

(( Even the most high-spirits can be dampened if the atmosphere is uncondusive to fannish doings...however, I hope that the con itself will prove the doubters like myself wrong. Triode will refrain from further comment until it's all over. Then? Only time will tell.))

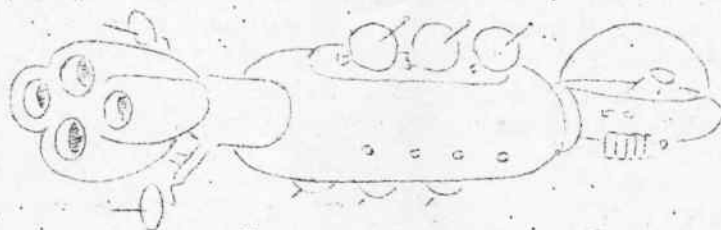


Helen Winick, 12 Budleigh Crescent, Welling, Kent.

No, I don't think it's possible to have too many Soggies: the thing I like particularly about them is that they share with Pogo the habit of having lots of things going on in corners (( There's always odd things going on in corners when Jeeves is on hand!)), so that one goes over them figure by figure to see the details, instead of looking, laughing, and going on. Know what I'd like to see? Jeeves locked in a room with several bottles of beer and Hieronymous Bosch's 'Garden of Delight' to work from, producing a panoramic Soggie version of it!!! Bosch is the most purely fannish example of great art that I know - I've sat down and laughed myself into a quiet fit of hysterics over it when I've been in the mood. It's a lovely feeling when you can share a private joke with an artist. - you walk into the gallery with the correctly funereal expression on your face, in company with other earnest types, and then, suddenly you're rocked back on your heels by a picture which is obviously funny that your next reaction is to look around in a hunted way to see whether you're crazy for laughing or other people for not! Stanley Spencer's resurrection scenes do this to me, and almost all of Paul Klee...

That query over low jokes on tape came rather opportunely, as I'd been a few weeks before, to a national Book League session on Censorship at which more or less that point came up. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the sender of obscene tapes was legally open to prosecution, as it's not a question of how it's sent but of using the mails for the conveyance thereof. Presumably, if one of Bosh's budgerigars were trained to carry denunciatory messages to Chuck, that would come under the same heading. With this latest thing of America's censoring incoming mail for seditious political matter, I can see fen falling back on carrier pigeons yet! (( Must remember to label my next parcel for the USA 'Seditious Political Matter' to see what happens. Does it go at reduced rate, like Printed Matter, you know? ))

I liked Helander's conreport very much. Such a lot depends on the character of the country involved, and when you get that mixture of temperament and stability which comes out so strongly in Sweden, you've got the makings of a really outstanding fandom. (( Agreed. As a case in point I've photo's here taken at the NYcon and at the recent Swedish con. The Swedes look as tho' they're enjoying themselves....the American's as though they are just going through the motions. )) Imagine trying to run a fanzine in any latin country, where duelling was still the vogue...or in Japan with it's insistence on 'face'.....corpses of columnists would litter the streets like autumn leaves! How about doing a Punch style take-off - single sheets from imaginery 'typical' fanzines in various countries? ((You write 'em we'll publish them.))



32  
Jack Wilson, 17 Pennygate, Spalding, Lincs.

Triode, old boy, number 8 of that ilk, to be precise. Your brain-child is definitely on the down-grade, I maintain and a few more issues like that one will just about plunge it down to rock-bottom in vulgarity. I do not refer to the reading matter, (( Can you then make such a generalization without taking into account the greater part of the mag ?)) which is reasonably good, sometimes funny, and usually entertaining. It is at times even informative. The layout and duplication are excellent. But the artwork!!! Really, when I looked thro' T8, I began to wonder if you'd sent me a copy of a magazine issued by a female nudist colony! ((Why 'Female' ?)) Do you have to include such rotten stuff and thus spoil an otherwise good zine ? It's not as if the drawings were good. (( Don't agree with you Jack, Bill Rotsler's illos are good enough for the pro' field, and his line work is far superior to that of most fanartists.)) Altho' I'm no hand at figure drawing myself, ((Agreed)) I can tell a good example of it when I see it, and really those atrocities in T8 are nauseating! I have strong views about this kind of thing ((The fact that you can't even bring yourself to name the drawings to which you are refering directly, is ample evidence of the type of views you hold.... I'd call them mid-victorian. I assume it's the nudes that have your back up ?)) and T8 is not the sort of magazine one would care to leave about the house. (( Better hide it away...with the Medical Dictionary, etc.))

I feel sure that if you were to take a ballot of your readers, the majority would vote for the exclusion of drawings of this type. (( The maj-ority of readers don't write in, they just keep subbing....I've had no complaints, other than this letter of yours, from those who comprise the vociferous minority about the nudes in Triode.)) So please clean-up your zine, and lets have it's original tone restored. You are intelligent enough to know the difference between good taste and vulgarity. (( I'm intelligent enough to know that these are indefinables, and exist only in the 'eye of the beholder'.)) Honestly, if I wished to convert anyone to fandom, Triode is the last argument I should use. I am quite sure that if shown to a person who doesn't know what fandom is, the magazine would definitely turn them away. (( Triode quite often goes to people unaquainted with fandom, for one reason or another...T8 went to Maurice Goldsmith of ITV, the current girl-friend named Shirley and several other folk who'd not had previous contact with fandom. None of them found anything in the least bit objectionable therein.))

Until you have had a good bath and clean up, Triode, you and I must say goodbye! I'll renew my sub when you are worth becoming re-aquainted with. At present I don't like your smell. (( For the record, there were 3 nudes, and five semi-nudes in the last issue. I don't think you could say that 8 drawings spread over 42 pages could lend the magazine much of an air of 'vulgarity'...unless you happen to be looking for it. As neither Terry or myself find anything particularly repugnant in the female frame when unadorned, I doubt that the 'smell' of Triode is likely to change. Anyone who finds it repugnant can have the balance of their subs' refunded ...providing, like Jack's, it hasn't expired, anyway.))

KETTERING AT EASTER!!

George E. Metzger, 2637 Nevada Ave, Oroville, California.

Regarding this listening out for a message from the Flying Saucers..... To begin with our own radio station here, where I live, announced that on Nov.7th in cooperation with other radio stations, they would leave the air around 10.30 of that night to listen for a radio message from Flying Saucers that would be hovering over Los Angeles or that area. Besides our local station (KMOR) there were at least two other Californian stations which complied by going silent and listening that night. One that I know of was KATY in San Luis Obispo, which is around 170 miles up the coast from Los Angeles. There was quite a lot of public interest in this for the stations had publicised it a bit in advance, and asked for listeners to listen hard and keep their eyes to the skies...

Radio Station KMOR is located up on a levee, overlooking a river and on Nov.7th, the night after the election, it stayed on the air about an hour after regular sign-off time. That particular night was dark, and biting cold. At 10.30 one of the radio announcers, Vic Ives, who is a friend of mine, and several others went outside the station to their mobile station unit on the river levee and went off the air for several minutes. They listened on as many different frequencies as they could. And they listened. And they looked. And they were cold. I had one regular radio, and a shotwave set going. All I got was an old mystery story on an out of the way station, I'd heard about five years ago. No one else heard anything either. But down at KATY, San Luis Obispo, several people reported that they heard one sentence. (( Yngvi is a louse ?)) What that sentence was I do not know.

But Vic and the others did see something. They saw, for just a second, a flash (orange) of light in the sky, like a shooting star or a meteor burning up. " But it was to low to have been a falling star". They saw one or two of 'em and a few days later someone called in and said they'd seen three flashes. They speculated that it could well have been some idiot shooting off flares.

Nothing else seems to have happened. Apparently the space-ships just didn't show up. Things have dropped off since then, although they still ask people to send cards or letters on saucer sightings to KATY & KMOR. On talking to Vic Ives on the phone tonight, I was informed that the station was doing this "just for the heck of it". (( A few weeks ago the BBC did a TV show on the merits and demerits of UFO's and also went to the trouble of putting cameras and a couple of expert's on the roof in case anything showed up. They were equally disappointed. Can it be that the little green men are...Bashful ?))

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

...Then there's this Turner Hoax. Can I further it? Dunno. What I received was a card in Turner-type calligraphy signed "Patricia M Darrel, Miss" stating that she wasn't carrying on with the hoax any longer, any further letters for "Harry Turner" would be forwarded to Eric Needham who would, no doubt, soon find another accomodation address for his pseudonym. Now, said Pat Darrell, Miss character may be a hoax him, her, or itself - because the formula used is usually plain "Pat Darrell" without any indication as to gender.

Pat Darrell (female variety) was, of course, a character in "One in Three Hundred", but the name has appeared in fanzine lettercols etc - and "P. Darrell" appears in the the Anglo Fan Directory - though not under a Rom-iley address. (Dukinfield, wherever in Cheshire that happens to be ((Near Hyde...which will probably appeal to suspicious minds)) is the address quoted) Anyway, what the hell am I supposed to do ? Guess ? (( Don't be filthy, you'll bring Jack Wilson down on us..))

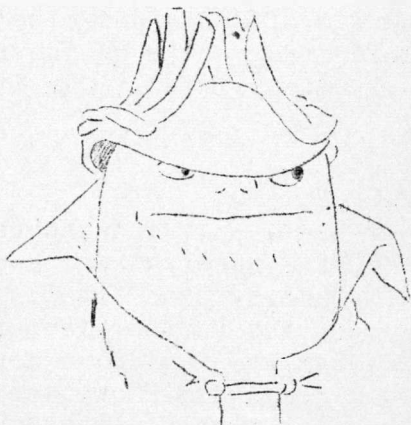
Thing is, fen fall into three clearly defined categories: (a) people one meets, (b) people everybody seems to meet bar oneself, and (c) the people that NOBODY ever meets. And for practical purposes, I think that categories (b) and (c) can be considered together. I mean, I believe in Eric Bentcliffe. I have satisfied myself that an individual exists who consistently uses that name, at least in certain company. Similarly I'm personally aware of the existence of Terry Jeeves, Peter Reaney, Eric Needham, Mal Ashworth, Mike Wallace, Ken Slater, Joy and Vince Clarke and all. If - as, for all I know, may well be - some of them are known to their parents by different appellations altogether, ((You insinuating....)) that doesn't affect their fannish identity one bit.

But when it comes to fen who I keep hearing about, but NEVER see face to face, then I do - from experience - tend to become mighty suspicious. I've never met Harry Turner, John Berry, Nigel Lindsay, Fred Smith, Con Turner, George Richards, Alan Dodd, Bill Hurrell, for example. They never seem to turn up at the cons - always with the best excuses, of course. They're never at the Globe when I'm in town. In fact, wherever I happen to be, they never are. Hence suspicions begin to appear, continually reinforced as the twain never meet. (( Perhaps you're on the wrong twack ?))

If Harry Turner, therefore, WANTS me to believe in him, it will be necessary for some recognisable body to turn up at several different fan gatherings at which I happen to be present, and be - apparently - accepted by all present as Harry Turner. Logic (Mercatorial variety) will permit of nothing else. (( Does the body have to be alive ?))

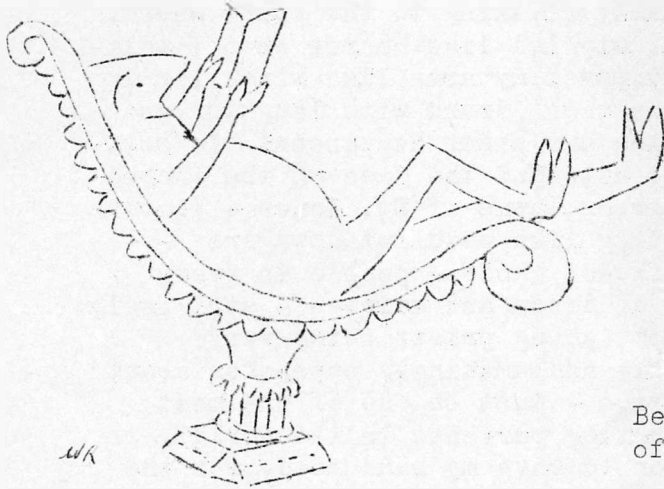
Eric Frank Russell, 3 Dale Hey, Hooton, Wirral, Ches.

Many thanks for a look at Triode 8. I read it with interest, found it good, bad and indifferent. The good bits were where my eyeballs moved as though oiled. The bad bits were those dealing with the interests and activities of stfdoms tapeworms - not having a hiss-piss-and moan machine myself, nor wanting one either, I'll remian peacefully and splendidly out of contact. The indifferent bits were the female backsides shown in various poses hith-and yon. I can see real meat ones, warm, rosy and twitching with eagerness, any time I want and, what's more, I can actually place my crude hands on same. (( Which seems as good a point as any to say...



END.





# BUDLEIGH PAPERS

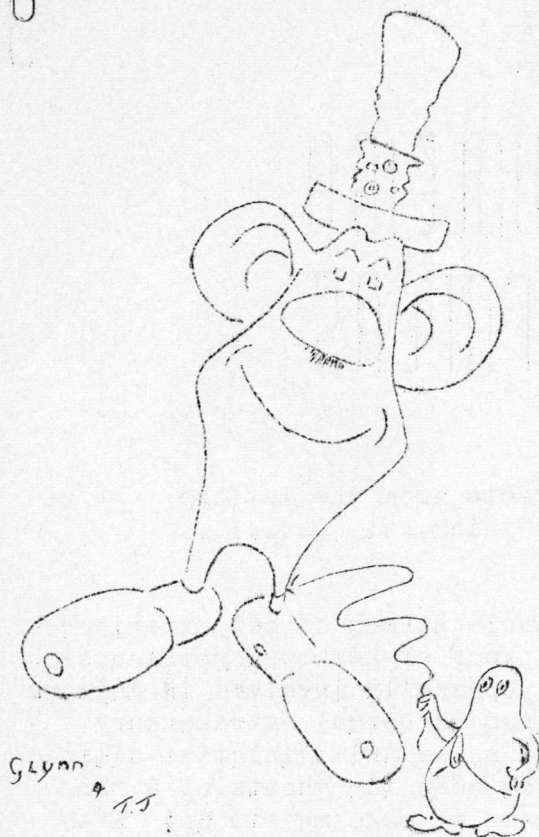
Being extracts from the letters  
of Helen Winick.....

I seem to be running up against a whole stream of odd experiences lately - a girl friend who has documentary proof of her own experiences of astral projection, another who has been personally involved in poltergeist phenomena - well, these can be explained in normal extrasensory terms. But, when today my brother, the most solid unimaginative citizen possible, mentions quite casually that he has seen the ghosts of a man and his dog - that strikes near enough to home to make me sit up! Even then, of course, leaning over backwards, there is the theory of visual hallucination, sometimes accompanied by auditory and tactile - or, further that the inorganic substances such as walls and furniture absorb the vibrations from organic bodies and can be triggered off like a tape-recording which accounts for the purely repetitious nature of many hauntings..... But I'd like to believe in something. It must be a great help to be Irish - one of my friends was describing a family of neighbours and just added quite nonchalantly, "Of course, they have a banshee, too...", not even an exclamation mark on the end! It's apparently originally Ban Shieldh, or Woman of the Shieldh, the mourners and warners of death... It's a good job they never laid on a special banshee for fanzines, their union would be complaining about overtime!

Incidentally, am most distressed to find that the London Flying Saucer Research group has amalgamated with the Fortean. These things get murkier and murkier - there is now a First Church of Scientology in the States, complete with Bishops - and they counter the Fortean magazine 'Doubt' with theirs called 'Certainty'!! This all makes me feel as though I have suddenly found my bed full of those wriggling white grubs you find under stones!

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm beginning to feel like a seasoned campaigner at the Soho Fair. One wears as little as possible - one carries codeine, face-packs, note-book, chess-set and eau de cologne - one leaves behind dignity and the inclination to object when one is pinched!! So equipped, you can face a positively Mediterranean blaze of sunshine, wine, dancing in the streets, and thousands of people all bent on whooping it up to a degree that would make an average fan-party look like a convent outing!



This year I wandered for several hours just soaking in the atmosphere and gradually relaxing to the point where, I too, wiggled like Monroe when I walked and waved my arms like windmills in conversation, drunk with laughter and sunshine and sheer happiness! In between, I attended the Mass on the incredible green lawns of St. Annes - pigeons strutting like petulant dowagers - magnificent choir - people in every stage of dress and undress - strikingly handsome young priest being very sensible and amazingly outspoken about Soho vice - must be one of the most fascinating parishes in the world? Went on to have my hand read, for the first time in my life - and all I can say is that when someone reads off as casually as a tram-ticket about a dozen things that have already happened, including one which only I and one other person in the world knows about, I am inclined to place credence in her predictions for the future....

Then to the fair itself - which was the most fabulous thing you can imagine! Led by a monstrous Chinese Dragon, moving amongst swaying battalions of richly embroidered banners, with formally endearing clowns capering before and after - followed by a float of incredible beauty and dignity: all this from the Hong Kong restaurant ( they say it took three months to learn to handle the dragon alone... ). Then a stream, confused in my mind - Cy Laurie and Ken Collyer blasting away in two separate jazz sessions, surrounded by tireless jiving fans - everything from Mayfair debs to one girl with bare feet and (as far as I could see) nothing else but a man's blue shirt! The Visual Arts Club models just not wearing ravishing costumes as Rhetoric, History, Romance, etc... quite one of the most popular displays! Spanish dancers, with boys treading the grapes in a huge tub - the utterly incongruous serene beauty of the two horses drawing Rothman's famous stage-coach, with two riders in immaculate uniform - one woman (?) all of her own, massively coy, with rippling amazonian muscles, scarlet breastplates, platinum hair, fan, cigarette holder, rouge, false eyelashes - the Lot!! A super Mae West de luxe, colossal, stupendous, vamping it up to roars of laughter. A group of Morris dancers, who, with the best will in the world can't really look other than ludicrous.... Strolling players, strumming idly at guitars... Just about everything you can think of but a science-fiction float - what a pity the Globe doesn't come under Soho territory!

Well, it ended up with my being drawn into the Cy Laurie jazz group and happily walking, jiving, and occasionally running, about four miles with them: if you can imagine doing Swedish drill in a Turkish bath! I lost three pounds of weight that day, which leaves me only about another stone to go!

At one point a wonderful situation developed when the two bands ran into each other and stood facing and blazing away! In the melee I got swept into the Collier crowd, where I found Shirley Marriott - fully dressed! I was rather pleased, being an Old Fashioned girl at heart, when one unarmed policeman was able to disperse a madly jiving crowd of about two hundred. But then that's a thing I've noticed - outside the jazz session the members may go in for drink, drugs, rape, arson, pillage or editing fan-mags - but inside a truce seems to be declared, razors are sheathed, and it's even safe to leave ones handbag around.

Staggered out totally exhausted and ran into an old friend who crowned the day by taking me to see the 'Forbidden Planet', you'll have seen the reviews, if not the film, so I'll skip details. But, so refreshing to have Hollywood s-f with a sense of humour and mental perspective... of a markedly more mature standard than any other I've seen...brilliant mood accentuation with electronic music.

- \* \* \* \* \*

All this business of people in fandom not really existing makes me wonder. Recently a customer of mine came into the bookshop in great glee and told me that a few months ago he'd bought a book on cars in a certain series, and thought it so good that he'd decided he'd like one of the same series about films. The fact that it didn't exist failed to deter him: every town he's visited, he's systematically ordered it from every bookshop - all of whom have subsequently reported it 'Not Done'. Until the last - when the order came back marked 'Under Consideration'! In other words he's a one-man public demand! On this subject it's not so bad, but as a bookseller I wonder a little bitterly whether it is bands of dedicated characters like this who account for the 20,000 books every year, of which 18,000 are either duplicates or trash... I wake in the small hours of the morning with my ears ringing with the fiendish laughter of the Small Faceless Man who spends every day of his life dashing from bookshop to bookshop creating a purely imaginary demand for titles on tropical fish and concrete paving, and the dialects of lesser Turkestan...

End.

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INTERMISSION...cont.

Hereunder, a list of tapeworm type fen. Except where stated the folk can cope with both  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and  $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips. xxx, Means not own machine but easily accessible.

Wrai Ballard, Blanchard, N. Dakota, USA.

Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  only.

Fred von Bernewitz, 12006 Remington Drive, Silver Springs, Md. USA.

Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford, London SE6.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  only

Charles Burbee, 7628 S. Pioneer Blvd, Whittier, California, USA.

Ted Carnell, 17 Burwash Rd, Plumstead, London SE18.

Vince Clarke, 7 Inchmery Rd, Catford, London SE6.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  only

Bill Danner, 720 Rockwood Ave, Pittsburgh 34, Pennsylvania, USA.

Sheldon Deretchin, 1234 Utica Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y., USA.

Frank Dietz, 1721 Grand Ave, Bronx 53, N.Y., USA.

Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, USA. xxx

Nick & Noreen Palasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio, USA.

Les Flood, c/o 52 Stoke Newington Rd, London N16.

Clifford Gould, 3741 Liggett Drive, San Diego, California, USA.

Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, USA.

John Hitchcock, 300E. University Parkway, Baltimore 18, Md, USA. xxx

Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium.

Lee Jacobs, 984 S. Normandie Ave, Los Angeles 6, California, USA.

Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  only

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

Jean Linard, 24 rue Petit, Vesoul, Hte Sne, France.

Maurice Lubin, 45 Granite St, Worcester 4, Mass. USA.

Ellis Mills, T/Sgt, AF15259311, 7406th Spt Sqdn, Rhein Main Air Base,  
Frankfurt/Main, Germany. ((Blast you and your long address!))

Dan Morgan, 25 Park Ave, Spalding, Lincs.

Dave Newman, 6 Marine Park, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire. xxx

Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyaatsville, Maryland, USA. xxx

Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.

Bill Rotsler, Route One, Box 638, Camarillo, California, USA.

Lee and Larry Shaw, 545 Manor Rd, Castleton Corners, Staten Island, N.Y.

Norman & Ina Shorrock, 2 Arnot Way, Hr. Bebington, Wirral, Ches.

Harry Warner jnr, 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland, USA.

38 Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California, U.S.A.

Mike Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Chapel Allerton, Leeds 7, Yorks.

Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St, Falls Church, Virginia, USA.

Jean & Andy Young, 10 Sumner Rd, Cambridge 38, Mass. USA.

Red Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn. USA. ((How did you get down here with the 'Y's Red ??))

And that's the list so far, there are one or two folk on the fringe of fandom who I haven't listed, people like Arthur Sellings and Arthur Clarke, the reason I haven't listed them is obvious enough...they're not likely to be much interested in the esoteric stuff we indulge in.

And now, a word from our sponsor....

---

Gentle reader, may we prevail upon you to give ear to this our announcement about the proposed scandalous goings on at Kettering this coming Easter....? May we ?? Oh, jolly good show....

Well, 'tis thiswise.... It seems that most of the fans who aren't on the Worldcon Committee ( and some who are, incidentally) want to have some sort of a fannish occasion at Easter and where better to hold this shindig than at the George Hotel, Kettering ??

We don't propose to have any sort of programme at all... Makes it a lot easier for the organizer, you know! Instead of this we're going to have a big party on the Saturday night where fannish goodwill, boozing and even perhaps a little snogging will prevail.

If you want to come along, all you have to do is to write to Dave Newman at 6, Marine Park, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire telling him you're wanting to attend and telling him which nights you want accomodation reserved.

We're charging six bob per head for this lot - a little bit of which will go towards unavoidable expenses ( postage, etc) and the rest on the ingredients for a real old fashioned Punch for the party.... We might lay on some draught ale too, if the funds run to it!!

Just one word - please don't write direct to the George Hotel. Make all your bookings through Dave.

REMEMBER.....APRIL 19th - 22nd. AT KETTERING!!

WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU....

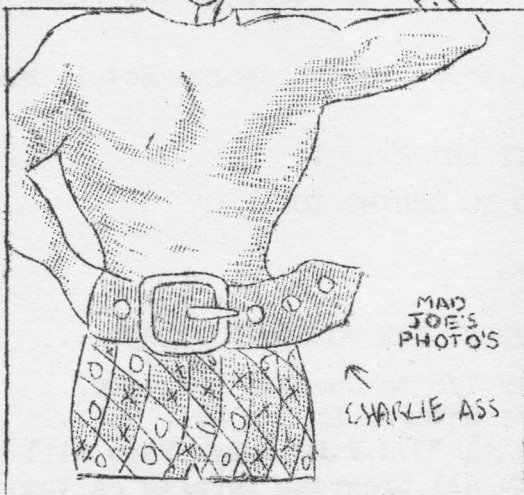
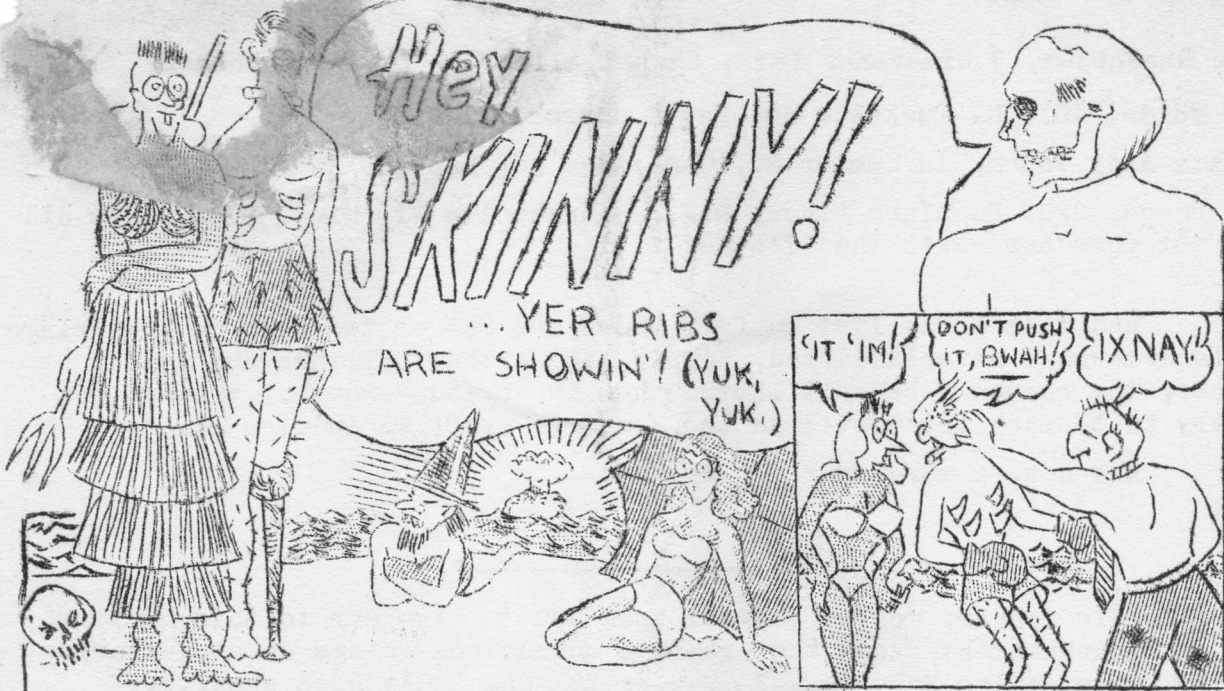
Oh, yes.....

DON'T FORGET THE WORLDCON EITHER....

Send your 7/6 to Charlie Duncombe,  
82 Albert Square, London E15, NOW...

And join the W.S.F.Society. This will bring you all progress reports on the convention plus other benefits.





MAID JOE'S PHOTOS  
← CHARLIE ASS

IN ONLY 15 HOURS A DAY FOR 26 YEARS I CAN CHANGE YOU FROM A DESSICATED, EMACIATED, PRO-CRASTINATED WORM INTO A EMANCIPATED TURKISH BATH TOWEL WRINGER-ALL YOU NEED IS PRACTICE BWAH! SEND ME, ALONG WITH THE COUPON BELOW-25 BUCKS-AND IF YOU WANT A REPLY, ENCLOSE AN S.A.E.

(NAME'S (IF ANY)  
ADDRESS (IF ANY)  
DATE (IF YOU'RE A GOOD LOOKIN' BLONDE)  
LAUNDRY TICKET NUMBER  
BANK BALANCE