



# TRIODE

No 2

## CONTENTS

Intermission . . . . .	Eric Bentcliffe . . . . .	2
Photopage . . . . .	Assorted Fen . . . . .	4
The Future History of Fandom . . . . .	Walt Willis . . . . .	5
The Unexpurgated Fan . . . . .	Norman Wansborough . . . . .	9
The Art Folio . . . . .	K.T.McIntyre . . . . .	10
Grab Up That Torch . . . . .	K.F.Slater H.J.Campbell E.J.Carnell . . . . .	.14
The Unexpurgated Fan No.2 . . . . .	Peter Reaney . . . . .	20
Book Club . . . . .	Tony Thorne . . . . .	21
Collecting Science Fiction . . . . .	Dale R. Smith . . . . .	23
Disillusion . . . . .	'Ramsey Carson' . . . . .	26
Abacchas . . . . .	Mal Ashworth . . . . .	32
Interlude . . . . .	Terry Jeeves . . . . .	35
Hymen . . . . .	Mike Wallace . . . . .	37
Fan Dance . . . . .	Letter Column . . . . .	39
Book Reviews . . . . .	The Triode . . . . .	44
Cartoon . . . . .	Don Allan . . . . .	46
Front Cover.....Don.B.Gooch	Bacover.....Tony Glynn.	
Illustrations by :- Glynn, McIntyre, Allan, Lewis, & Jeeves.		

TRIODE is printed and published at 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield.12. by Messrs. Bentcliffe & Jeeves. Comrade Jones is suffering from enforced Gafiatism, so your subscription should be sent to Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Greatmoor, Stockport Ches., together with any story, article, or what-have-you that you would like to lay before fandom. If you also happen to be an artist, then shoot your wares along to Terry Jeeves at No 58.

Subscription rate, 9d per copy, or 4 for 3/- (post free)

In the U.S.A., the price is 10¢ a copy, from Dale R. Smith, of 3001 Kyle Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

TRIODE, is an irregular publication, which sees the light of day whenever we get around to it. Our rough schedule is quarterly, but that can slide either way, depending on time, money, and material.

APOLOGIES DEPT. We lay most humble regrets on your honourable doorsteps, and coals of fire on own unworthy heads. Delay over this issue due to :- Gafia of honourable Jones, Loss of cover blanks by worthy B.N.F.(Big Name Firm) of printers, Total absence of worthy shekels in revered treasure chest. So Sorry .

THIS IS A FLENDISH CHINESE FANZINE



# Intermission

This is being written on Boxing Day, and having just finished off the Family Fowl I feel somewhat sated and at peace with the world. I don't even feel like maligning Bert Campbell, or baiting Stu Mackenzie! Let me then discuss on something good, clean, and wholesome. Namely, TRIODE.

The first issue of T was pretty well received, and gained far more plaudits than brickbats, for which I and my co-eds are duly thankful. However, this has not gone to our heads to such an extent that we have made a solemn resolve to make each issue Bigger and /or Better. TRIODE, will plod an irregular path across the plains of Fandom, and each issue will very rarely contain more than fifty pages. This issue is admittedly larger than number one, but this is due to it's rather belated appearance rather than deliberate intent. I like to start each issue with the material file empty of dated mss, so there is some material within which you might have had to wait months for if this issue had't been late. TRIODE, you see, is way ahead of itself, and may well bring you material months before it intends too.

I think that the first issue could almost have been labelled a 'Contrast in styles of Humour' issue. I guess though, you will have to think up your own label for this issue, the material within is varied, very, and ranges the gamut between what might almost be construed as serious and constructive (Hush!) stuff, to a column by the immortal NGW. Incidentally, a point of clarification: The FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM, is not being written solely by Vince Clarke but by a gaggle of fan, Walt handles the current episode, and next issue Mal Ashworth will elaborate on the theme.

I'd like your reactions to this issue even more than for number one, I like fanzines which are varied in content, and I have tried to put a little of everything in this issue. You, by the way, are invited to help keep the mag this way. If you have any odd works of genius lying around the house, send 'em along. It doesn't matter who you are or what subject you discourse upon, though, preferably the topic should have some connection with either s-f or Fandom.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems to be the current Thing for Fan-eds to invent new games, up in Belfast there is the celebrated game of Ghoddminton, and in London, the Editors of EYE are becoming quite proficient at Sniping. TRIODE, not to be outdone, has it's own sport. HAZARD BILLIARDS. This is played when either EJ or myself, or both of us, manage to visit Terry for the weekend. The game is played on a large billiard table in a small room, and whether you play Billiards or Snooker, the main gambit is the same. Namely, to force your opponent to take his shot from the side of the table nearest the wall. At this side an ordinary cue can not be used, and a special device designed by Jeeves is used. This is laughingly termed 'a short-cue', but is more of the appearance of a warped knoberry. This is not the only hazard of the game by any means. Jeeves, as you may know, is something (!) of an electro-nic wizard, and he has discovered how to magnetize slate. When his opponent is about to make a shot, a cunning adjustment by Jeeves to a little device disguised as a sideboard will cause the bed of the table to ripple slightly.

This will either: a) decide his opponent to make an early appointment with the optician, and meanwhile close his eye's every time he takes a shot, or b) seek solace in the Rhum bottle left conveniently on the mantelpiece -- whilst his back is turned, Jeeves will make a 'break' and gain himself an unassailable lead. This HAZARD BILLIARDS is quite a game, during it you are liable to hear such statements as: " I am not going to allow that cannon off the duplicater" --- " I don't care if you did achieve escape velocity, you still ripped the cloth" --- " I am going to put the white ball into an elliptical orbit, and 'pot' the Red in the top left hand pocket". It's a game in which you have to be pretty nimble too, amongst other dangers you are quite liable to get a badly bruised back -- Jeeves, always hits the wall first! You know, we don't think much of these people who play games with soft things like Shuttlecocks!

\* \* \* \* \*

At one time it was our intention to put out this issue around Xmas, but things ganged up on us a little. For instance, Eric Jones has been unable to lend his strong right arm to the production of this issue. He is spending all his time either at college, at home, or with a group of USAir Force types who get him s-f magazines from their PX. This means that the pages typed in Elite type have been stencilled by yours truly. The ones in Pica have been committed (to stencil) by Terry. Just so you know who to blame which typos on!

Although we could'nt get this issue out in time to wish you a Merry Xmas. I don't think it is too late to wish you...and this goes for Eric Jones, Terry Jeeves, Dale Smith, and our contributors too...

A VERY PROSTEROUS AND FANNISH 1955

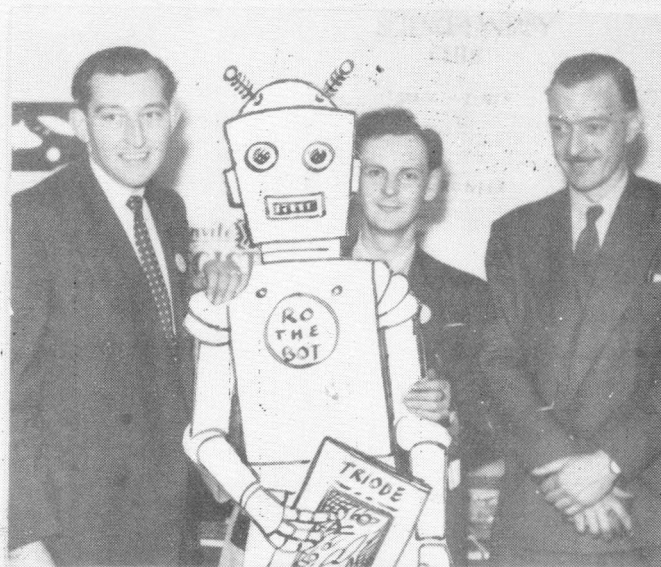
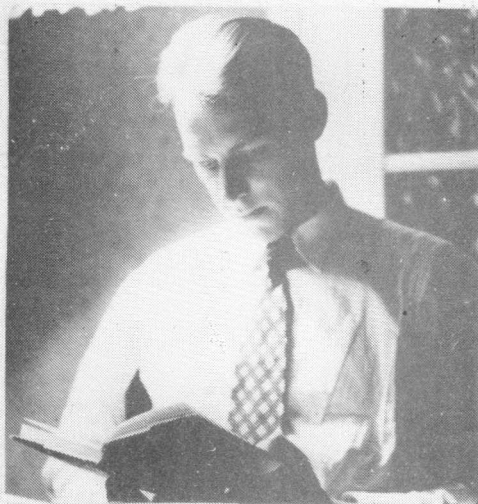
Eric Bentcliffe.

---

PHOTOPAGE      KEY

At the top-left of the page, you will find Bob Bloch. The three smaller pics at the top of the page, are from left to right :- Mal Ashworth (BEM), Tom White (Ditto), and Pete Campbell who perpetrates ANDROMEDA. Directly beneath Bloch, is Jan Jansen, of ALPHA, not the intellectual look on this geezer's face as he pretends to read. The group photo' to the right, depicts Eric Jones, a friend of Mr. Jeeves, Eric Bentcliffe, and Terry Jeeves. The small pic beneath, of a femme with a Godiva hair style, is Carol McKinney. The bottom page photo' on the left was taken in a remote spot in Northern Ireland, and left to right, we see Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, Chuck Harris, Peggy Martin, and Sadie Shaw. The device in the background is a convertible bicycle cum duplicator, which serves as Mr. Shaw's rusty steed apart from the times when (as now) it is used to prop up the walls of Oblique House. The handsome character in the bottom right is none other than Dale R. Smith.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-







THE

FUTURE HISTORY

O.F.

FANDOM

## PART TWO

Walter Willis

THE BEMIGRATION

Undaunted by the strange cosmic cataclysm which had resulted in the sun setting behind the mountains of Mourne, Irish Fandom hastily concluded its preparations for departure. George Charters, rowing out from Bangor in a small coracle he had constructed from the hard covers his name had appeared in, was already halfway to the English fans' raft when the small group of Belfast fans arrived on the Queen's Bridge. Bob Shaw led the way on his bicycle, with the others following close behind picking up the parts as they fell off. They took up their position on the middle of the bridge and waited until the raft was fanou~~ered~~ beneath them, and then jumped. Madeline Willis, Bob Shaw and Walt Willis landed safely, but an unfortunate mishap befell James White, who jumped onto a part of the raft composed of copies of New Worlds containing one of his own stories. The plot gave way beneath him precipitating him into the water. He was fished out in the nick of time, still hurling recriminations at Bob Shaw.

George Charters had by now completed his journey from Bangor, and the raft set sail along the coast of County Antrim. Charlie Duncombe rendered yeomen service during the night in the capacity of foghorn and no collisions occurred, except for some small coastal vessels which ran themselves aground in terror at the sound. During the next two days the raft sailed peacefully round the coasts of Antrim, Derry and Donegal, firing a shell over Port Ballintrae in honour of Bea Mahaffey, and then struck out across the open Atlantic.

The sea became choppy, and some of the English fans, unaccustomed to any body of water wider than the Thames or Manchester main street succumbed to sea-sickness. It was at this extremity that the Irish fans, all experienced seafaring men, showed the never failing tact and sympathy which made them so popular. Passing among the victims with plates of boiled mutton and pickled onions, they exhorted them to keep up their strength because there was much worse to come.

Meanwhile, Chandler had been removed from his position as Navigator, partly because Dorothy Ratigan objected to the sex in his sextant and partly because he was playing strip poker with the Liverpool Group and Jesse Floyd, and had already lost his bearings. He was replaced by a three-man Steering Committee consisting of Ted Carnell, Bert Campbell and Walt Willis, all of whom had made the journey before and were expected to know the way. Unfortunately Bert Campbell at once got his beard entangled in the



steering gear and the raft sailed round in circles for three days before he could be extricated. Bert Campbell was then removed from the Steering Committee and tied to the mast as an auxiliary sail.

Unhappily many of the neofans, already weakened by seasickness, had been made giddy by sailing round in a circle for three days and began to collapse on the deck. "Have we vertigo?" they cried piteously to Willis. "About 500 miles" replied Willis callously, unable even at this moment to resist the opportunity. This was a terrible shock to the English fans, who had though

America was quite near. As the days passed, a movement grew among them in favour of turning back and abandoning the attempt to join with U.S. fandom. A rumour even gained ground that American fandom did not exist, being merely a figment of Willis's disordered imagination created because British fandom could not satisfy his insatiable appetite for egoboo. The muttering grew. One Sunday, later to be known in fan history as 'Muttering Sunday', it grew to such proportions as to carry to the ears of the Steering Committee. Ted Carnell attempted to address the crowd, but amid shouts of "vile pro", the fans overpowered him and threw him into the bilge. Frank Edward Arnold begged to be allowed to join him. This motion was seconded by Harry Turner and Arnold was accordingly thrown into the bilge too. There they spent the time happily selecting stories for future issues of New Worlds. Meanwhile, Willis addressed the



mutineers in one of those flights of fiery Irish oratory which had swayed one British Convention after another. For two hours he spoke, passionately outlining the high destiny of British fandom, painting in moving words the glory of its traditions, and declaiming the noble purpose on which it was engaged. At the close of his oration, the audience was obviously profoundly impressed. They drifted away peacefully whispering among themselves such awed remarks as "What did he say?", "Did you get any of it?" etc, each convinced that the other had heard some completely persuasive argument. By the next morning however, they realised that no one knew what Willis had said, and the movement towards mutiny gained force rapidly. By this time however, Willis and a trusted band of followers had barricaded themselves on the bridge. James White and Chuck Harris kept guard, water pistols at the ready. Willis himself paced up and down the quarter-deck (Composed of the American reprint edition of New Worlds, retailing at 25¢) shouting "Flog the mutinous dogs." Ted Tubb attempted to hold an auction there and then, but no one wanted to buy them.

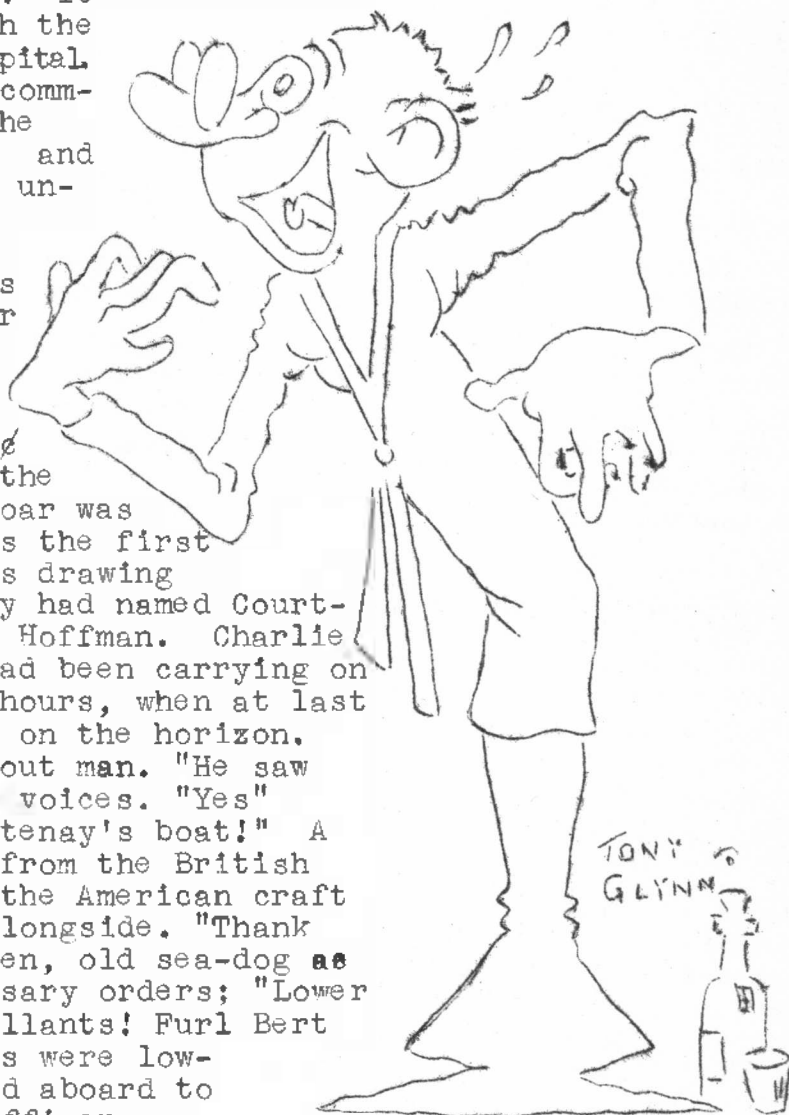
Crestfallen, the mutineers retired and began to lay plans.



A committee was formed by members of the NSFC to plan a revolt. It held one meeting, after which the survivors were removed to hospital. It was replaced by a joint committee of the Lakeland SFC, the Surrey group and the NESFC, and drilling of volunteers began under the tutelage of Captain Slater. Vince Clarke who had been held by the mutineers as a hostage, was commanded under threats of injury to Trixie, the raft's cat, to publish a manifesto forthwith.

Three weeks later Vince was on the point of cutting the first stencils when a deep roar was heard in the distance. It was the first sign that American fandom was drawing near, in the craft which they had named Courtenay's boat in memory of Lee Hoffman. Charlie Duncombe and Sam Moscovitz had been carrying on their conversation for some hours, when at last the Americans' sail appeared on the horizon. 'Ship Ahoy' shouted the lookout man. "He saw something" exclaimed excited voices. "Yes" cried others, "He sawed Courtenay's boat!" A storm of cheering broke out from the British fans, who peered eagerly as the American craft came near and finally drew alongside. "Thank Roscoe," said Willis, and then, old sea-dog as he was, barked out the necessary orders; "Lower the mains'ls! Drop the topgallants! Furl Bert Campbell!" As the gangplanks were lowered the British fans swarmed aboard to be greeted by the American officers, Bob Tucker and Forry Ackerman. They were also shown the sealed off portions of the ship occupied by the

Los Angeles Insurgents...Burbee, Laney and Rotsler...and asked for the intermediary, Redd Boggs, to convey their fraternal greetings. Some of the older British fans attempted to approach the insurgent part of the ship themselves, bowing obsequiously, but the only result was that Burbee fired a rude one-shot across their bows. But before the British fans settled in, there remained the problem of what to do with the raft Frank Milne had already tried to sell it copy by copy to the American fans but it was thought that this was an unfitting fate for a craft which had served the cause so nobly. John Beynon Harris wrote a message on it, and it was consigned to the bottom of the sea. Tears in their eyes, the British fans watched the last copy sink below the waves, and then retired to their quarters for a well earned rest.



"YES I WAS ATTEMPTED TO HOLD AN AUCTION."

# UNEXPURGATED FAN

By

Norman George Wansborough

It seems lately to be my lot to warn fandom of danger. Have Aliens invaded Terra from the star? Listen to this and judge for yourselves.

In Lancaster a city in the NORTH of England there is supposed to be a "Furness St". Up to the time of going on my holidays this summer/winter ( I reckon it's been half and half). I was quite sure if I went to Lancaster, I would find a "Furness St", so on the following Monday (as I started my holidays on the Sat (Aug. 14th I think it was) I went over to Lancaster from Morecambe.

Arriving in Lancaster I enquired for "Furness St" NOBODY HAD HEARD OF IT. London Fans please not. E-even a taxi-driver had never heard of it. To make sure no mistake had been made on the name I showed it to the taxi-drover. "There it is I said", in black and white "Furness St". Never heard of it he answered. I asked Bus drivers, Bus conductors and other people. Furness St? Never heard of it, was always the reply. By this time the Aliens were seeing they had made a mistake for after a search of two hours, I found "Furness St" was only a tuppence-happeney bus ride perhaps from were I was or a tuppenny bus ride from Lancaster Bus Station.

Would a taxi-driver, part of whose living, even in a country town (or perhaps City) is to take people anywhere within a couple of miles from Lancaster, fail to recognise a street only approx  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Lancaster, where he'd most likely been most his life, where perhaps he had even lived half his life? Try and find a taxi-driver in London which I beleive is one of the biggest (if not the biggest) cities in the world, who could'nt take you anywhere within a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2m from where his rank was, and I'll be very surprised.

It looks very much like aliens from the stars are in Lancaster posing as fans !.

.....  
Potter...Have you been laying Red Herrings in Wansborough's path?

## CONVENTION 1955

=====

The main event of the fannish year will be held at Easter, the venue being the GEORGE HOTEL, Kettering. The holocaust will begin on the morn of Good Friday, during which day "an informal session" will be held. On the Saturday, those of you who have managed to escape the nights activities with only slight hangovers, will be entertained by a program of "usual pattern". Talks, Discussions, Films, etc., this will be continued on the Sunday. Send your 2/6 now, for registration, to; Joe Ayres, 7, Doris Rd, Kettering, Northants. If you require accomodation write to the Consec, Denny Cowen, at; 42, Silverwood Rd, Kettering.-----\*\*\*\*\*

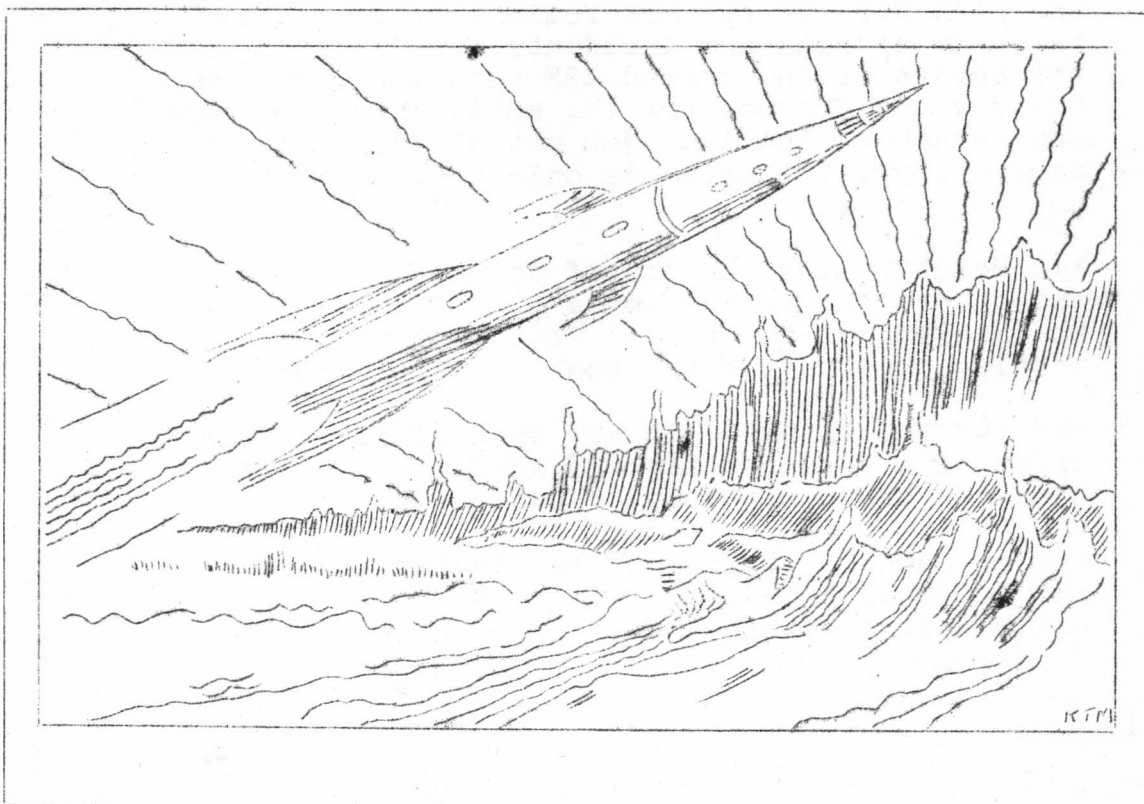
# KEN MCINTYRE

Nebula's popular cover artist tells his own story :-

"Arrived Feb; 23rd, 1911. ..Lichfield, Staffordshire. Father took a look, screamed, and took off, and he's not been seen since. Some hold that he joined the French Foreign Legion. From earliest memories have always had a keen desire to be a successful artist. First became acquainted with s-f around about 1930, when I acquired a pile of WONDER STORIES and AMAZINGS from the old Caledonian Market in King's X. (Since bombed into oblivion) I shall never forget that first thrill, and the wonder of this refreshingly new form of literature...the magic name, Hugo Gernsback, and the hypnotism of Paul's covers, and all those other fascinating artists, Morey, Dold, Wesso, Marchionni, H.V. Brown, and so on, and so I decided that there was nothing I'd like better than to illustrate s-f.

"Crashed fandom by visiting the White Horse, from whence I learned about CONVENTIONS,...attended the '52 Con, met Alan Hunter and the F.A.S. and to Alan I tender my most sincere gratitude for any success that has come my way."

Modest as ever, Ken hardly mentions himself, but watch out for him at the Cytricon. Of average height, good looking, with a small moustache, he'll be hiding in a corner drinking Guinness, and with a packet of Alka Seltzer sticking out of his pocket. Don't leave him in that corner, drag him out to join the fun. He is not trying to ignore everyone, he just doesn't want to intrude. ....TJ





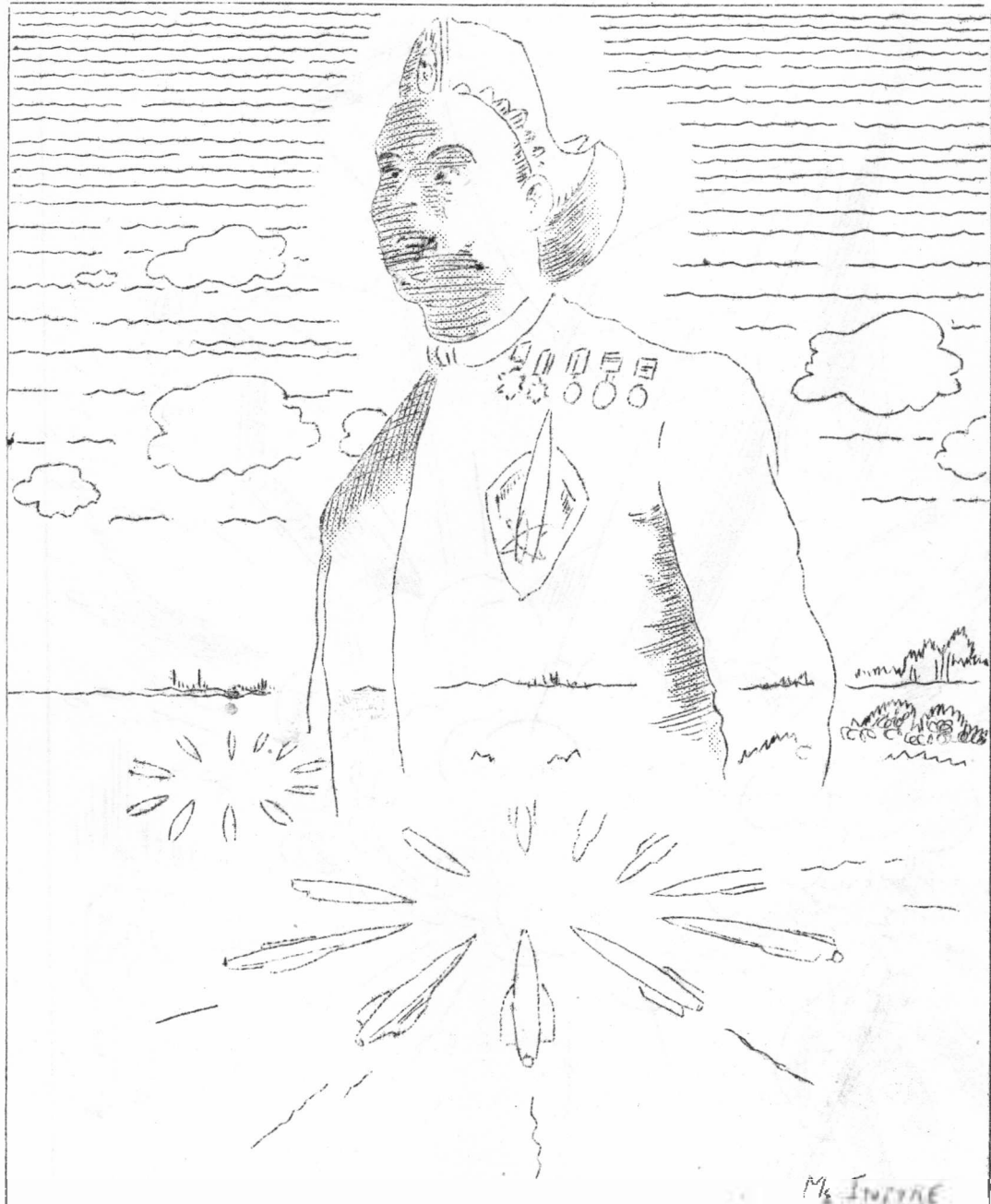
THE SECOND ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION ANTHOLOGY ... 9/6

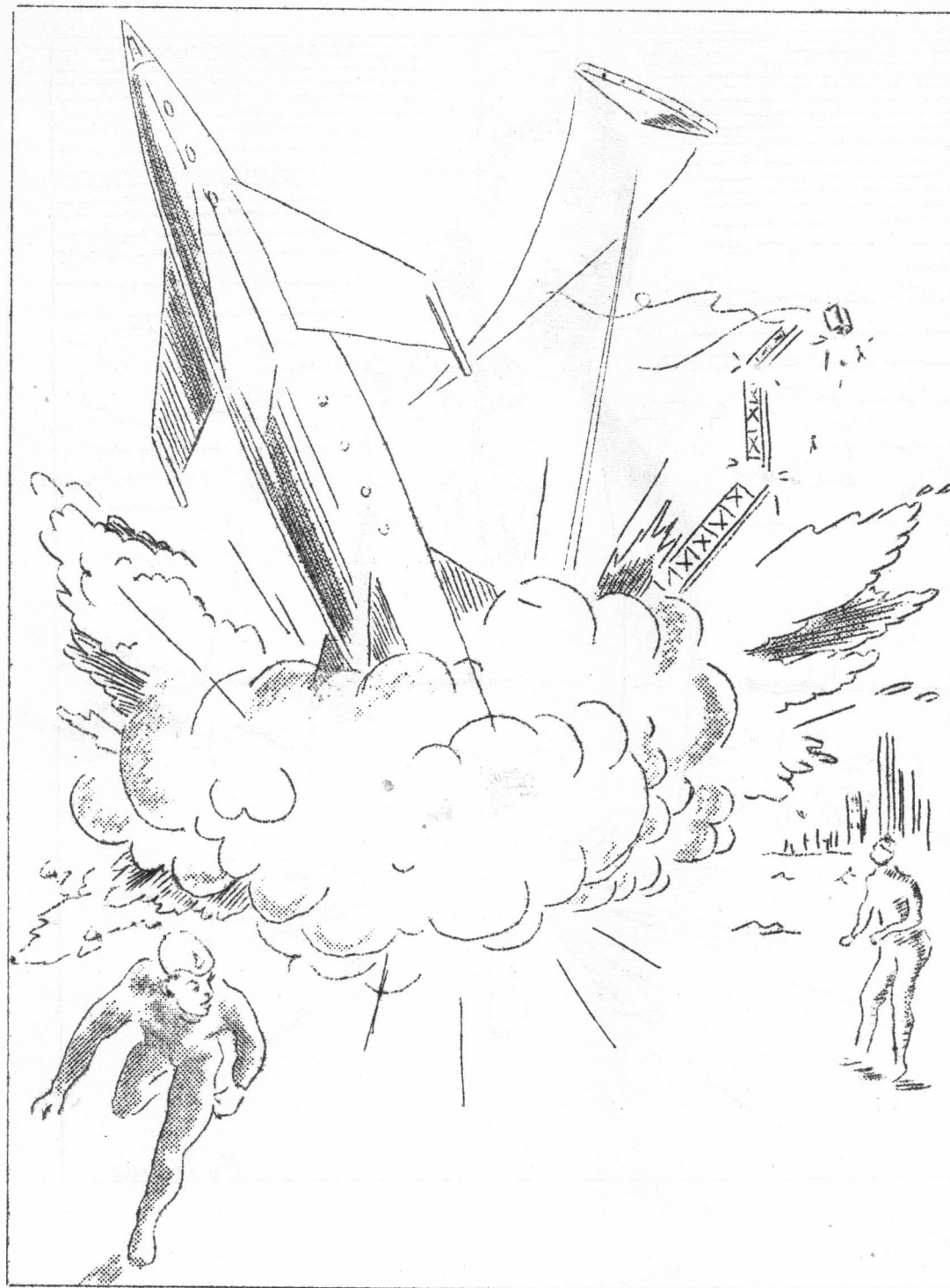
The pictures for our art folio this month, are based on stories and incidents found within the covers of the second ASF anthology. Messrs Grayson and Grayson are the publishers, and have made another excellent job out of it. If you want a copy, the price is only 9/6, so what is holding you back?

Ken McIntyre got the job of doing this folio, and of course, before doing the pictures, came the reading of the book. That left us with a problem, how to get the book away from him?

The answer, in case you are wondering, was the offer of a dozen bottles of XXXXXX, we can't name the brand or we might get sued.

And of course,....if you want to buy any of the original illos, they'll go to the best bid received within a week of your receiving this issue.







# GRAB UP THAT TORCH

Here we present, a sort of Symposium. In which Ken Slater tilts at a few 'Traditions' of publishing, and is given answer by Bert Campbell, and Ted Carnell. Read on.

---

Gradually it seems more and more science fiction is being published in the U.K., and less and less comes out in those United States. Possibly the fanatical follower of Space-ship Sam has turned to the Marvellous McCarthy for his, or her, entertainment (I'd say that McCarthy has nearly as many plots up his sleeve as Henry Kuttner), but it may also be true that there is a saturation pint, and in the states it has been reached !.

In U.K., we have AUTHENTIC, NEBULA, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, and the erstwhile Vargo Statten Magazine, now the BRITISH S-F MAGAZINE, appearing with regularity. In the second line, the John Spencer mags, now five in number, are appearing at intervals of six-weeks, with reasonable regularity. You can sat that we have ten s-f and associated mags over here, five in the foreguard and five in the rearguard.

Now, from a figure of some 35 'regular' publications in the U.S.A., just over a year ago, very few remain, and of those that are still with us many, oh so many, have decreased their frequency of publication. ASTOUNDING and GALAXY astonish me with their steadfast monthly turnout. PLANET, STARTLING, TWS, all these three old timers still remain, but have returned to the quarterly schedule which was enforced upon them by paper shortage during the war, and is presumably caused by reader shortage today. F&SF went monthly, and seems to be staying that way; IF recently went on a monthly schedule, and having kept to it for quite some time now, it seems only reasonable to suppose that it will be able to hang onto the readers it must must have, who can produce 35¢ each, and every month.

WEIRD TALES, the oldest of them all, still gets along, but strictly 'weird' these days. Ray Palmer, hopping around amongst his multitudinous titles, has shelved that remnant of Other Worlds, SCIENCE STORIES, and says he will continue UNIVERSE and the new MYSTIC, but Ray has said a lot of things in the past which subsequent events have not borne out. The future of SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES seems uncertain, the latest issue to appear is dated May '54, and the previous dates of issue were December and March '53 ((Correction, there were Sept, and July issues too. EB.)), so it seems to be only just hanging on. DYNAMIC has died. SF QUARTERLY is reported to be turning into a semi-annual, FUTURE (which has gone digest size) may go quarterly. A sorry state of affairs, for although the titles are still numerous, the frequency slumps. You get more issues from three monthly-produced magazines in a year, than you do from six quarterly publications, even if the array of titles is more impressive in the latter case.

So it seems that in the magazine field, Britain could take the lead. But unfortunately, we have some peculiar conventions tucked away somewhere which state that a mag costing 1/6 in U.K., simply can not be sold in the U.S.A., or Canada for less than 35¢. There is another one (which I think Authentic at least ignores) which says that any person who is sucker enough to subscribe to the magazine, must pay more than the chap who buys it at a bookstall.

Turn page.

The difference in price is usually 2d or so, and theoretically this covers the postage and costs involved in handling your subscription. If you are lucky enough to live in the States, you can have twelve issues of ASTOUNDING delivered to you through the mails for \$ 3.50. A saving to the customer of 70cents over the year, and cash in the hands of Street & Smith which otherwise would go into the pocket of the wholesaler and the retailer. Not mind you, that I want to do the wholesaler and the retailer out of their jobs, of course....

Living in Britain, as a large percentage of you do, you'll be happy to learn that Nova Publications will mail you nine bobs worth of Science Fantasy, for 10/- post free (so they say!). I quote Nova just because I happen to have a copy here besides me with data in it, but you'll find the position is the same with most British periodicals. Good Housekeeping, for instance, are overjoyed to send you a years issues (post free) for 27/6. That costs 2/- per issue and there are twelve issues each year. You see ?.

So it is hardly likely that many folk, other than those too lazy or too wealthy to worry about an occasional visit to the bookstall, will subscribe to magazines. Oh, perhaps to one mag, or maybe two, but when you start getting past this number the extra shillings start mounting up, and with income tax at nine shillings in the Pound, the shillings have to be looked after.

If you happen to live overseas, brother sucker, the position is worse. For not only do you have to pay a little extra to cover the cost of postage, etc., (post free), but you also get stuck for an increase in price of something over 50%. Even Authentic who, as I said, don't charge this conventional 'handling' fee, want 35¢ out of you if you live in U.S.A., or Canada. According to my newspaper the US Dollar stood at almost 2.82 to the £ on Saturday (Oct 2nd). The Canadian was nearly 2.78 the same day (the differences are in 32nds of a cent). That makes the retail price of a two shilling mag near enough to 28¢. Call it 30¢ for a round figure. On the same basis you could evaluate the 1/6d mag at 25¢. The additional figure the transatlantic subber is called upon to produce is 10¢ under this cockeyed 'convention', I reckon that a vastly increased sale could result from a somewhat more reasonable, and realistic pricing. A reduced profit per item can soon be offset by an increased turnover.

Naturally, bringing the price down to a more reasonable level is not the only factor. A slightly less parochial outlook would be needed in some of the magazines, but that is not a great difficulty. A little care in selecting the stories, to ensure that they had not already appeared in some magazine on the other side of the Atlantic.

Now Hugo Gernsback, stated that most of the American mags averaged a circulation of 60,000. Not a bad figure, I feel. A British mag that could add 20% of that circulation to it's own sales in Britain, would be doing quite nicely-thank-you. The Torch seems to be slipping out of the hands of the USA magazine publishers. Anyone over here care to make a grab at it ???.

Kenneth F. Slater.

If you care to turn over the page, you will find that Bert Campbell does not agree with Ken, at all, at all. In fact he seems to have the impression that Ken is up the creek without a paddle. You'll learn, whilst reading Bert's rebuttal, that the good stories you occasionally see in Authentic, are there because the author has been only recently, enamoured of a genus of Pink Elephant. EB.

# CAMPBELL'S REPLY

(1) Most British magazines charge by the 'handling' fee because, they'd be in trouble with the newsagent if they didn't. The newsagents want to dissuade people from subscribing to mags, and often refuse to handle a product that is really sold post free direct from the publisher. Authentic can do it because it is in to strong a position, to be dictated to by newsagents - who do pretty well out of it anyway !.

(2) The increase in USA price is not solely due to economic factors, if by these Ken means cost of packing, shipping, etc., though these charges are very high. But the main cause of the discrepancy is that American distributors and newsagents refuse to sell a British magazine at a price less than that of equivalent American mags. It is not the British publisher who gets the extra money, but the American distributor. It must be borne in mind that the original publisher always receives less per copy on foreign sales than on domestic. The reason the American newsagents insist on the price of equivalent magazines being the same, is to safeguard the home product from unfair competition.

Thus the only way in which British science fiction magazines could sell in the States at a price similar to that in Britain is for a British publisher to set up shop in the States. And I do mean shop, for he would have to have his own selling system: no American vendor would handle his wares. And even then, the blisters would probably call a shipping strike or gum up the works some other way!.

(3) The idea of British magazines taking the lead is a bit silly when you consider the disparity of payment. The fact that even the 'smallest' American magazines pay more than the biggest British buyer means that the Americans will have first call on the best stories - apart from the odd story that is sold to a British publisher, out of kindness, drunkenness, or sheer stupidity.

If I may be allowed to be a little more personal - I'd hate to see Britain take the lead over American magazines: because British science fiction is not good enough for that. Our best does not compare with their best, though it is considerably better than their worst. Nor have we enough authors to keep up the supply which fandom demands. If Britain tried this thing now and succeeded, then science fiction as a magazine genre would be doomed. I hate that too and I'm doing my best to change it. The editors of the better British science fiction mags are all trying to boost British S-F. I hope that one day this idea of Kens will be feasible. But it is not, right now.

Bert Campbell.

And so to Ted, Cernel of the ilk. Editor of the two most popular British magazines. Who feels that anyone who cares to carry this Torch would be advised to wear an asbestos suit. EB. Pick up that Torch...

Ken Slaters comments in the foregoing article are, I feel, designed primarily with the intention of stirring lethargic fandom into some kind of crusade rather than an attempt to influence any existing or would-be publisher into a price drop or a reconstitution of existing subscription rates.

After all, he has been trouble shooting for many years now, his efforts appearing regularly like measles spots --- even so, I don't think I have read quite so much bull in all my years in science fiction.

On the surface he has a legitimate argument, if one totally ignores the true facts of professional publishing --- and if one assumes that all any publisher wants is a private circulation to subscribers only. If however the would-be publisher is going to play the game by the accepted standards as laid down by the publishers' Association and the National Federation of Wholesale and Retail Newsagents then his subscription rates will conform to their rules and regulations, and any pipe dream he may have of boosting his sales by thousands of direct subscribers will remain just that --- a pipe dream. Because he can not have both.

Let me discuss home-subscriptions first. From Kens remarks one gets the impression that publishers thoroughly enjoy sticking the odd postage onto a subscription. That by so doing they are offering the reader a service (at the readers expense). That is not so. I know dozens of publishing houses who would willingly pay all postage costs involved (after all, on a direct subscription they do take all the middlemans profit), and offer a reduced rate to encourage the direct subscribers --- if they dared! But if they belong to one or another Federation in the trade they are governed by regulations, and one of the rules is that a publisher shall not offer a publication at less than the advertised price or post free because either or both are a direct threat to the livelihood of the wholesaler and retailer.

If my facts are right, I beleive that it was W.H.Smith & Son Ltd., who produced this protective clause during the 1914-18 War as a safeguard against the general public sidetracking the retailer and more often than not getting his publication before the official release date. Since then it has become a hard and fast clause of British publishing ethics.

All right --- so the publisher says "To hell with it - I'm going to offer my merchandise post free". What happens ?. The Federation eventually catch on and politely notifie him that he is directly competing with the retailer. If he ignores that friendly warning the next thing that happens is that all the national wholesalers suddenly drop their standing orders, and go to 'Firm' orders only. If you don't know what that means in terms of circulation let me give you an instance.

For the past six months there has been a terrific furore in the publishing trade because the Readers' Digest Association have been offering cut-rate subscriptions to the Digest by direct approach to the reader. The whole thing has been thrashed out at the highest levels in area conferences with Federation officials, with the Digest standing firm in it's theory that what can be done in America can just as well be done in this country. Two months ago the Federation ordered all members to cut their orders to 'Firm' only. The retailer does'nt have to comply, of course, and many small shop keepers object to having their regular profit cut into by edict. Some obeyed, some did'nt. But let us take the keen Federationist who complied with the order.

He has twenty-four copies of the Digest each month, six of which are on firm order by customers to whom he delivers the magazine, the other eighteen are copies he puts on show knowing that he will sell them to casual customers. He always has every month. He obeys the edict, and cuts his order down to six copies --- because he has only six official orders in all. Multiply that small figure by some 20,000 or more --- the number of retailers in the country ---

and you begin to get the staggering total of an approximate drop of 150,000 copies.

The Digest Association are Big People. What do you think happens to the small publisher?. Can he afford even a 25% drop in circulation?. Of course he can not. So he puts the 2d postage on his subscription rates. And doesn't expect to get any home-subscribers.

His subscription rate is primarily for overseas readers who have difficulty in obtaining the magazine. Yet he cannot afford to offer his overseas subscriptions at a reduced rate if he is extensively wholesaling abroad, because he then runs into the overseas wholesaler who will point out exactly the same thing as the British wholesaler. Unfair competition. So he agrees with the overseas wholesaler --- but he does pick up considerably more overseas subscriptions than he does British.

Finally, on this particular facet of subscriptions, it is a fallacy to think that because there is apparently more profit to the publisher if he takes direct subscriptions --- even with all the suitable machinery for mechanisation --- costs money in labour, packing, upkeep of machinery, filing systems, and people to work them. The overheads pretty well eat up that extra profit. From the publishers point of view, therefore, it pays him to keep in with the wholesaler than to chase the mythical circulation figures at the end of Ken Slater's rainbow.

Now let me discuss the question of equivalent selling prices in foreign, countries --- a windmill against which Don Quixote Slater is very keen to tilt. His statistics, on paper, are of course, quite correct. In fact, a 1/6d British magazine is actually equal to 21¢ US or Canada, par in New Zealand, and about 1/9d in Australia. The only little snag is that the magazines are in Britain while these 'foreign' countries are anything from 3000 to 13000 miles away, and even when Port of Entry has been reached there are still fabulous distances to be covered before the magazine reaches its destination. Short of a free matter-transmitter there are a lot of carriage costs involved.

And I do not mean the 6 ounces for 2d Universal printed matter rate carriage that will take a magazine to any part of the World. I am talking about bulk shipments to countries overseas --- any publisher in his right mind would rather ship (and sell), in bulk through normal trade channels than attempt the impossible by expecting he could sell more copies on direct subscription.

Let us take Canada, where the Nova magazines have Canadian editions. Firstly there are the freight and insurance charges from London to Toronto --- for some 'conventional' reason the shipping companies charge for this service. Then, having reached Port of Entry, there are a million or so square miles of territory the magazines have to be channeled into by road and rail. Freight charges are higher in Canada by proportion to here. Who pays this?. North American distributors work on a much higher discount than their British equivalent. Where does this extra percentage come from?. We have a resident representative in Canada who personally looks after shipments of magazines from the time of their arrival, and, during his travels about the country, increases sales. For some unknown reason he needs a commission. I believe that he actually has to buy food and clothing with money out there. At any rate, Nova did not set the Canadian selling price. The distributor did.

The same applies to New Zealand, where the local Federation set the price of a 1/6d English magazine at 2/-. The additional price is to help towards the increased freight costs of a 13,000 mile journey and for internal

distribution charges. In Australia, owing to the difference between the English and Australian pound there is both a monetary difference of value and internal distribution costs to be applied. I don't know what the Australian price of our magazines are, but I wouldn't be surprised if they were 2/6d. We do not set that figure.

I have purposely omitted any mention of the USA because Nova magazines were not designed for that country at all --- and, considering the unprecedented slump in science fiction sales there during the past year I am more than glad that we decided to concentrate on the British Commonwealth and Empire. Only hard-core fans and completists would take the trouble to subscribe to a British magazine --- and even if it were given away free I still doubt whether more than one thousand copies of any British magazine would be needed to cover such a distribution.

Theoretically, Ken's assumption that by bringing the price down the sales would go up looks fine. In practice it doesn't work. There is always the wholesaler to be taken into consideration, whether he is British or some other nationality. On bulk supplies the wholesaler says that he has to sell more copies of a magazine to make the same profit. Why should he bother to work harder? So he leaves his order at the same number and the overall distribution figure stays the same. I just can't help harping about the wholesaler because he is the person the publisher has to woo with velvet gloves. He has more to say about cover designs (but nothing about contents), Day of Sale, the methods of packaging, which way the magazines should be turned, stacked and packaged, and everything connected with his personal delivery, long before it gets to the retailer and ultimately the poor down-trodden reader.

Ken very glibly quotes American subscription rates in force for Americans living in their own country, but omits to quote the subscription rates for 'foreigners'. It is a far higher percentage than the one the unscrupulous UK publisher is charging his overseas subscribers. Like most British subscribers to Astounding (who were already paying about \$1.50 more on an overseas sub), I was vastly incensed over the price-hike they instituted a year or so ago. Even when they 'adjusted' it the sub rate was still out of all proportion to the value of the magazine and it's 4¢ postage. So, after having been a regular subscriber for over 16 years I dropped it.

A few weeks ago I had a 50¢ monthly slick magazine sent to me from Chicago. Inside was a subscription form offering 'foreign' subscriptions at \$12.00 a year --- that made each copy one dollar. It is a universal American publishing practice which at first I deplored, but now can fully appreciate the reasoning --- because of the high cost of filing, mailing, and generally running subscriptions.

However, to prove that Ken is all wind and pretzels in his theory, you have only to reason out his last two sentences carefully. He should still have a nice little business network throughout the USA and assuming this is still in force since he returned to Britain then he should be sending British magazines to the States at 21¢, 25¢, and 30¢ a copy. Therefore he is successfully undercutting the 'official' publishing prices of British magazines and he should be increasing his sales all the time. In actual fact his sales haven't changed in two years --- or if they have, then it has been a decrease.

Another factor with regard to US sales is a little matter of State Tax and Port of Entry Taxation. If magazines go through New York there is a 2½% State Tax to be paid before the magazines are released from Customs.



Other states have varying taxes. So what happens when a small dealer is handling a British publication? He just sets a flat 50% selling price on it and to Hell with the customer. If his own customers are that nutty about 'foreign' science fiction then they can pay him the extra for accomodating them.

I'd like to see the British magazine that could get a 12,000 circulation in the States (the 20% of the mythical 60,000 copies each American magazine averages --- they don't break even at 60,00!) just by adopting a parochial attitude to our good friends across the Atlantic. I imagine the American wholesale and retail trade have enough troubles of their own wondering where the science fiction bonanza has gone to without us adding to their troubles!.

Finally, I will say this officially --- Nova Publications are not looking for direct subscriptions except to accomodate readers in remote places around the World where they have great difficulty in obtaining our magazines. We are fully supporting the wholesale and retail trade Federations both at home and abroad. We would far rather the readers bought the magazines regularly at their local bookshop or newsagents. Cadging direct subscriptions by offering a reduction won't place half a dozen copies on show at a retailers for the additional casual sales --- but it will antagonise the Trade.

So if anyone with more money than sense wants to grab the Torch that has slipped out of the hand of the Statue of Liberty and give a British lead of lowered prices to the World, I will warn him now that he is due to get badly burned where it will hurt the most --- in the pocket!.

Ted Carnell.

===== \* =====  
THE UNEXPURGATED FAN No.2. (Sheffield's answer to Wansborough)

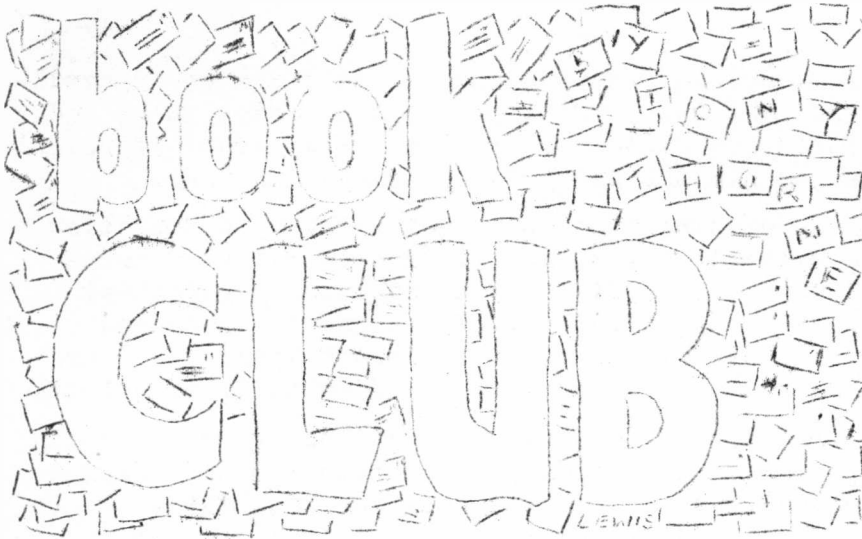
This material is reproduced exactly as submitted and has not been profaned by the touch of the editor, or any other human hand.

MARY'S FRIGHT by Peter Reaney.

Now Mary had a little pet,  
 By gum it was a darken,  
 It was always asleep and when it awoke,  
 Mary found out that it was a kraken.

"Oh dear, oh dear," Mary said,  
 "It will give me such a fright,  
 With it's howls, it's moans and it's horrible  
 screams  
 I'll be kept awake all night."

"To the zoo it will go," Mary said,  
 "And be exchanged for another,  
 To be kept awake all night's no joke,  
 And I'm not kidding brother"  
 So to the zoo it went, and Mary did find  
 Another pet, oh so livid,  
 It was a horrible green, and yes, you've guessed  
 right,  
 Mary's worse off, she now has a triffid.



I once knew a chap who joined one of those book clubs. Actually, I think it had only then recently been formed and he was one of the earliest members. Anyway he got his first book, and as it was quite interesting, he decided to send off a postal order for the next few selections.

A month later the second selection turned up and my friend was very pleased with it. As he said to me at the time, his one regret was that he would have to wait a month for the next one. Imagine his surprise, when the very next morning the postman delivered another book identical to the one he had received the day before. Now, being rather an honest type, my friend sent it back immediately with a covering note. At least he thought he had sent a covering note but when he returned from the letter box, there was the note on the table, forgotten! Most annoying of course, but typical of him I assure you.

Well, he didn't hear a thing for about a week and then one morning the postman delivered another parcel. Yes, you've guessed it, it was another copy of the same book. There was a letter with it too. It said that they were sorry that the book had arrived in a bad condition and would the member kindly accept this replacement copy with their compliments. My friend was still feeling honest, so he decided to save himself a lot of further trouble. He wrote them a letter saying that he had decided to keep the extra book and enclosed a postal order to pay for it. It was a good selection and he reckoned he could easily sell it to someone. Again nothing was heard for a few days. Then along came a letter. It said they were very sorry, but the second selection was now out of print. However, my friend could consider himself in credit for one book and here was a list of alternative titles from which he could choose. Well now, you can imagine this friend of mine was beginning to get a bit fed up with all this, so he just ticked off a selection and sent it back. Three days later, the postman delivered another parcel. In it was the book my friend had chosen plus another copy of the second selection which they said was a gift due to surplus requirements.

Naturally my friend didn't know what to think about this, so on my advice he decided to say no more about it. The following week, the third selection was due and my friend waited eagerly by the front door as the postman came up the path. But he was disappointed.....no parcel. Three hours later a mailvan drew up outside and the driver delivered a large parcel containing three copies of the new selection.

That really did it. My friend threw all caution aside and with a muttered comment that he would see this thing through to the bitter end, he accepted the lot and put them in his bookcase. I said he ought to get rid of a couple of them to hide the evidence, but it

was no use, he was really past caring.

Now I should have mentioned that this friend of mine was a bachelor and used to travel about a bit. Well, a few days after the three books were delivered, he changed his address. Being a methodical sort of chap, he sent details of his new address to all his correspondents, including the bookclub. They did him well I must admit. When the fourth selection turned up, not only did he get three copies as before, but also a fourth copy and a free book which they said was for getting a new member! On top of this, a few days later the postman delivered another parcel forwarded from his old address, containing three more copies!

I shall always remember that moment, I was there and I never want another experience like that again. He turned quite red, and began to shake all over. It gave me quite a turn at the time I can tell you. Anyway that really did it. I think he became unhinged you know, because he sat down there and then and wrote them a really nasty letter. He accused them of not sending his books on time, and when he did get them they were in bad condition, and anyway the selections were awful - oh yes, he really laid it on thick.

Well, nothing happened at all for nearly a month, then one day a large van drew up with the name of the book club firm on it. As we watched, three men got out and began to unload case after case of books.

It was an amazing sight, there were hundreds of them all over the front lawn. My friend went really wild, he stormed out and bumped right into the man in charge. This chap handed him a letter and then just got into the van with his mate and drove off.

While my friend was trying to calm down a bit, I opened the letter and read it out to him. It announced the fact that in view of his ceaseless efforts on behalf of the firm, he had been made the manager of a new branch and that a small stock of material would be arriving the next day. My poor friend almost lost his reason, he yelled out that they had already brought them and what would he do with all those books all over his lawn? But it was no use, the next day, 30,000 books arrived by convoy and this friend of mine was led away sobbing his heart out. It was really pitiful to see him.

I stayed on for a few days at his place to see what would happen next. I wasn't disappointed. Two days later, a large registered envelope arrived. I signed for it but after staring at it for a few minutes, decided I had better take it up to the hospital for my friend to open. I gave it to him and prepared for the worst. He opened it, read the first few sentences, and then with a scream of maniacal laughter relapsed into a coma. I took it from him with trembling hands. It said that the firm was not doing too well, so that as major shareholder, would my friend like to take charge of things right away? Also, would he consider keeping the present staff employed as they had always been the very models of efficiency in the past.

They won't let my friend have any visitors now, somehow, I don't think he'll ever get over it.

THE END



# Collecting Science - Fiction

By

Dale R. Smith

## Part 11. Books

Books are highly important to the literature of Science Fiction in that they generally provide a medium of more permanence than do the magazines. And, fortunately, much of the best material originally published in magazines has now been published in book form.

George III had a library of 60,000 volumes while Bonaparte is said to have carried his library in his pocket. Somewhere between these two extremes would seem to apply nicely to a science fiction library - depending upon the range of interest and funds available to the collector. Each collection is going to be different as a direct result of these factors but even a small library can be most enjoyable. "Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select the more enjoyable," wrote Bronson Alcott.

Books can be collected according to a myriad of criteria: subject, age, authors, size, illustrations, publisher, etc., etc. However it can be safely assumed that the library of anyone reading TRIODE will contain a respectable section of science fiction. To enhance the enjoyment of such a collection and to assist its growth the following books should be close at hand.

THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE, A Bibliography of Fantasy, Weird, and science fiction books published in the English Language, edited by Everett F. Bleiler and published by Shasta in '48. This book lists over 5,000 fantasy books and will prove of great value to all book collectors. Information is given on each title as follows: author's name, title of book, publisher, place and date of publication, number of pages, illustration status, and special information such as number of copies, etc. - About two years ago Shasta announced that a companion volume, THE GUIDE TO IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE, was in preparation. But we haven't seen it yet.

333, A Bibliography of the Science-Fantasy Novel, by Crawford Jr Donahue and Grant, The Grandon Co., Providence, R.I., 1953. This consists of 80 pages with a paper cover and is "concerned with those novels which are generally considered the best efforts in Science-Fantasy up to and including 1950.- Each title of the 333 included has its plot digested and discussed in wordage totaling between one hundred and one hundred and fifty words."

FIRST EDITIONS OF TODAY AND HOW TO TELL THEM, American, British, and Irish, by H.S. Boutill, Univ. of California Press & Cambridge Univ. Press, 1949. This little book can often be of great help in doing just what the title suggests.

"Campbell reminds me of nothing so much as a sort of utility Dr Johnson"

Frequent reference to the listed volumes will most certainly enable one to collect more intelligently and so derive more pleasure from a collection. Where you keep this growing hoard is strictly your problem and one upon which I can offer no suggestions - I've got my own problems. But according to Edmund Gosse, "Books are not entirely valued or intimately loved unless they are ranged about us as we sit at home."

Selecting Books for your library will depend, of course, on your tastes. However, it does no harm to consider other opinions and there are plenty of them. For example:

A BASIC SCIENCE FICTION-LIBRARY

A Symposium. The Arkham Sampler, Winter '49

THE BEST SCIENCE FANTASY BOOKS OF 1953

The Editors Mag. of Fantasy & Science Fiction March '54.

TEN BEST FANTASY BOOKS

Sam Moskowitz Sky Hook, No 13, Spring '52.

These are samples of the types of articles about books which should be of interest to the collector. They can be found regularly in many prozines and fanzines.

A short consideration of the question of where to buy might be of value to some of the fan recently afflicted with bibliomania. Books can be bought from publishers, new book stores, old book stores, friends, book clubs, fan clubs, enterprising fan, broke fan, former fan, and almost everyone else. If you are interested in a strictly mint copy the best source is usually the publisher or a new book store. If some lesser condition will do then you may save money by buying from another fan or dealer who specializes in used books. There are many good sources and ads appear regularly in most fanzines. If you are looking for titles that have been out-of-print many years you may get good results by sending want-lists to book dealers who offer a search service. And there is a certain joy in tracking down an elusive title that is hard to match.

One of the numerous products of this Atomic Era is the Pocket Book or Paper Back. And they form a considerable segment of the literature of science fiction. Even the collector who considers that hard covers only are worthy of a place in his collection may be forced to relent a bit with the advent of some first editions - and very passable material too - being published with paper covers. For example:

I AM LEGEND

by Richard Matheson  
Gold Medal Books, '54

YEAR OF CONSENT

by Kendell Foster Crossen  
Dell Publishing Co., '54

Many pocket books are reprint editions of hard cover or magazine material but they do provide a vast pool of material from which a most interesting library can be assembled... Only one comprehensive list of pocket books exists at the present time and that appears in:

A HANDBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

compiled by Donald H. Tuck. Hobart, Tasmania, '54

British imprints account for the majority of the pocket books but this is quite understandable when one realizes that John Russell Fearn (Vargo Statten, Astron Del Martia, etc.) has piled up a total of over fifty titles alone.

In my opinion no science fiction library should fail to contain several volumes of non-fictional background material. Information in these volumes will help to produce a fuller appreciation of every really good science fiction theme. I would suggest that the following are a few of the titles that might be considered in this respect:

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE

by Arthur C. Clarke  
Temple Press, 1951

ROCKETS, MISSILES AND SPACE TRAVEL

by Willy Ley

Viking Press, 1951

THE NEXT MILLION YEARS

by Charles Galton Darwin  
Rupert Hart-Davis, 1952

BORDERLANDS OF SCIENCE

by Alfred Still

Philosophical Library, 1950

NEW WORLD OF THE MIND

by J.B. Rhine

Wm. Sloane Assoc., 1953

THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE

by Harrison Brown

Viking Press, 1954

A discussion of many aspects of book collecting have not been attempted in this article due to lack of space, time and knowledge. But if just one library is started or improved as a result of these rambling remarks they will then be fully justified.

Next issue we will consider the collection of magazines.

- 0 -

H O M O S A P

.....Deing quotes and extracts

ASTRON A new outer space game with a patented moving universe. Your space ship defies death and danger, fighting its perilous way to the mystery planet Saturn  
Advt.

SHOULD YOUR DAUGHTER MARRY A SPACEMAN...The problem of mixed marriages is hard. But with the not very remote possibility of inter-planetary travel, it is likely to have a rival in the storm that will arise over inter-planetary marriage... Ltr. PicPost.

\*

"..Unless of course we take the 'i' road and found a new religion"..

PROGRESS ?...Saint Jerome pictures the "modern girl" of the fourth century:"The very ruffling of her clothes is designed to make men look round. Her breasts are tied up, her waist is pulled in".....  
..History of Courtship

"For neurosis, primitivism and childishness consist in a cleavage between 'I' and 'IT'. Immob makes possible a sort of cosmic hyphenation, which is the cure for neurosis"..Limbo, Pl37



# SOME THOUGHTS ON DISILLUSION

Page 26

by  
'Ramsey Carson'

According to reports which have floated across the Atlantic recently, the British Fan (in the strictest interpretation of the term) is now almost extinct. If one can believe all one hears the British conventions will paper all hotel bedrooms with royalty checks and Carnell, Campbell, etc., keep their fountain pens uncapped just in case some BNF has taken a half hour off to whip out a were-wolf story; it is indeed a rank neofan who hasn't sold at least one story to Vargo Statten or some similar market.

Well the picture is hardly that bright (or dismal?.....depends on whether you're a would-be writer or hapless reader) on this side of the pond. SF in Britain is undergoing an unprecedented boom whereas in the U.S. we're in the midst of the severest slump in a dozen years. 1954 will probably see less than half as much sf wordage published than in 1953 in this country. Thus the competition is getting tough and the established writers are the ones who sell; your marginal writers who rework hackneyed ideas in a stilted fashion (a definition which includes most beginning writers/fans) get squeezed out. In Britain, sf lacks the wide currency which it has here. The sudden boom finds only a small handful of established pros plus the fans sufficiently familiar with this type of fiction to try filling the demand. Plus which, in Britain there is a far closer liaison between prodom and fandom. All fans may not quite yet be pros, but it is a rare pro who lacks a long (and current) history of actifanning. Here, not more than 50% of your pros have ever fanned and probably only about 15% were fans prior to their first professional appearance.

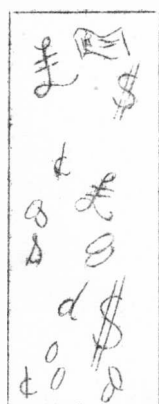
But on the offchance that somewhere amongst TRIODE's readership there is a would-be writer or so who is still 'Would-be' I am going to indulge in some personal history and observations on the sensations or lack of same which accompany those first feeble flutterings which signal the breaking-through of the chrysalis when the fannish caterpillar begins to turn into a professional butterfly (hmm, those last two words have an interesting sound, as though I were referring to fallen women.)

I first conceived a passion to become a writer at the age of



eight, and promptly Did Things about it. I commenced a novel the same day, writing an introductory poem for the front of the book and doing my own illustrations as I went along. I believe I completed two pages before gafia struck me, and being rather short of ideas (except for the strong one that I had discovered my purpose in life), I cribbed liberally from Mr. Lewis Carroll in those two pages.

This early experience served as more or less a blueprint of my writing career to date. Lots of ambition and ideas accompanied by an assuredness that I would someday be a writer, and the whole swallowed into a quagmire of laziness and inertia. It was so much easier to read something by someone else than to pound away at your own typewriter.



Oh, from time to time I've completed stories. I did my first complete one at the age of 12 or 13, patterned after the vignettes (short-short short-shorts, taking up only a single column of type) then running in the American magazine. I ticked it inside the current issue and went around reading it to various members of my family. My unsuspecting and unsophisticated relatives were completely taken in (in retrospect I find it incredible they were that unsophisticated) and the story was duly submitted to the American. The editors weren't that unsophisticated. I tried them with another surprise-ending vignette the next summer (my patience wasn't sufficient to sustain more than the 300 word length of these stories) and when it also failed to sell, more or less gave

up writing until the age of 16 when I submitted my first story to a science-fiction magazine.

Since then my diligence in applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair could well serve as a horrible example to young fans who wish to sell; but I made up for it in the daydreams about the glowing future in store for me when some bright young Editor would discover me and I would become famous overnight.

I became particularly addicted to those reminiscences (you must have read dozens of them yourselves) by successful writers fondly recalling the tremendous thrill which accompanied their first sale. There is remarkable unanimity in these memoirs; 100% in fact. Each writer speaks of the exhilaration when he opened the envelope, the heart stopping moment when the cheque fell out, the unspeakable exaltation of knowing that at last he had SOLD, he was a Professional Writer, one with Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and Truman Capote.

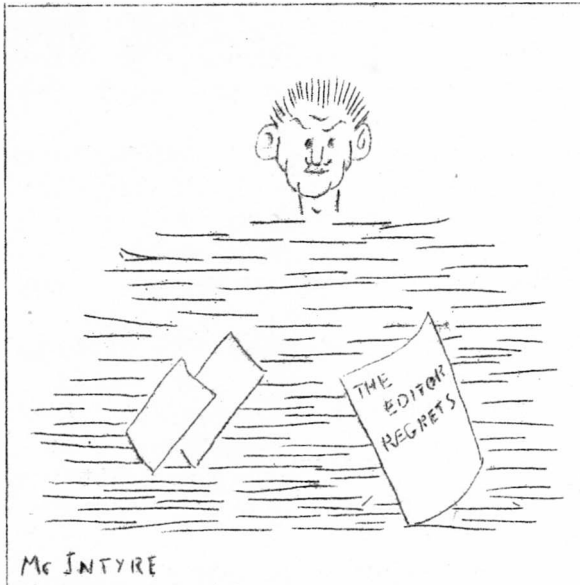
Vicariously I relived every moment of the experience with them. Who cared for mountain scaling, wild game hunting or atom splitting? What paltry sensations were these? This was my destiny. Not that it was necessary for anyone to tell me how it would feel when I made my first sale. It hadn't happened yet but I knew, unquestionably, how it would be. I

knew myself, my own reactions, my own desires well enough to predict and had thought it out before I'd read the first of these authorial memoirs. It would be the biggest day of my life since the time I was discharged from the service. Even bigger, maybe. Maybe the biggest one in my life. I'd be ten feet tall and one hundred feet high, floating on a downy pink cloud.

You know, it never occurred to me that my analysis of my own reactions could be 100% correct and still completely unusable as a basis for prediction. I'd never heard from so many others of the routine of endless submissions which are rejected followed by that bolt from the blue, the first acceptance cheque, that I'd never considered a different



sequence of events. From rank amateur to established (or at least selling) professional was the leap I expected someday to make, as I thought all writers did. My prediction was bona fide all right, but who could have foreseen that the editors would chip away at it a little at a time, giving me lots of small satisfactions, but depriving me of the big moment I'd so long anticipated?



Here's how it happened.

Most s-f writers sell their first stories in their teens. By the time I'd reached 20, however, I had precisely one s-f submission to my credit and wasn't even working at trying to write any more (I was going through a period, when I had convinced myself I'd never be able to write). I've found it rather embarrassing to contemplate my 100% amateur status in my advancing years, with that of the usual s-f writer, and the age when he first started selling. Despite my inflated ego every once in a while I'd ask it, "Have

you been kidding me all this time?"

But in my early twenties I did make some attempts to sell. As is usually the case I got back prettily printed and politely worded little rejection slips. Somehow I'd expected this to continue until my first sale. But one time an attractive young Assistant Editor named Bea Mahaffey scribbled a couple of lines at the top of one of these slips pointing out the most unsaleable feature of the story. Said a fannish friend, with more experience at such things than I, encouragingly, "You got a written rejection slip!" Which was perfectly true but which didn't thrill me as the usual first indication of personal editorial attention should have, since I had become rather well acquainted with the young lady at a convention a few months earlier and had even received an invitation from a mutual friend to spend my vacation visiting him at the same time Miss Mahaffey was planning on spending hers there. It would have been an exaggeration to call us 'personal friends' but there was the acquaintanceship and I felt sure it was recognition of the author's name, not of any quality in the story which had inspired the alleviation of the impersonal quality of the printed slip by a written note. So, in this fashion was the significance of my first written note reduced, and no later notes could have quite the same effect.

This was followed by more personal replies by both Miss Mahaffey and her boss, Ray Palmer....again discounted on the personal angle. I received a complete letter from the editor of one semi-pro magazine regretting he was overstocked and couldn't buy my story but assuring me I should have no trouble selling it elsewhere. Either he was a hypocrite or a very poor editor. It drew nothing but printed rejection slips elsewhere.

Then came the first rejection slip which actually gave me the satisfaction of feeling I'd produced something good enough for personal attention. It came from the editors of F & SF and voiced a compliment within a greater criticism. But I accepted the criticism as justified, (I later found I'd picked the plot which was this editor's chief hate) and rejoiced that they had found anything worth complimenting. Only later did I learn this magazine was noted for the extreme kindness of its rejection slips.

My spasmodic career of occasionally writing stories which regularly brought rejection continued monotonously. The written notes became more frequent and I began to regard them as my due, and was rather insulted by a printed one. But, by now, I was either known to, or known of, by most of the editors; some of them would even use my first name in explaining why they couldn't use the story. So, I continued to discount some of these because of personal acquaintance, and the rest because the notes were no longer a novelty.

Then, just at a time when I'd lost interest in s-f and decided to devote my efforts to a different and more serious branch of writing, a submission which had merely been sent out as an afterthought on a "What do I have to lose?" basis, brought a rejection which said the editor liked some of the things about the story, and asked to see more in the same length.

Well, once again, a bit of the thrill of the actual first sale was being chipped off. The magazine wasn't a very good one but still this was the first time that any professional editor had actually asked for a chance at something from me. There was a definite ego boost, sufficient to send me scurrying back to the s-f field. I banged out a couple of shorts and about two months later mailed both to him on the same day.

Time passed. And passed. And passed. And not a word did I hear. Another issue came out. Still nothing. After three months I sent a tracer on the stories. My card wasn't returned. After four months, another tracer. Meanwhile I had learned the magazine had suspended publication.

The s-f market was slumping and I decided the stories weren't good enough in the tightening market to be worth re-submitting them even if I ever did get them back, which I didn't expect. After five and one half months they were returned with notes informing me that the editor had intended to buy both, but was unable to do so, because of the suspended publication. Apparently this was one of those magazines which buy on acceptance, but don't accept until they're ready to print the story. Once more my ego zoomed. Once more I was given a bit of the thrill of that first sale in advance. This was the first time anyone had seriously indicated they thought anything that I'd written was worth paying for. It hadn't sold, but still, part of the thrill was there.



Casting my good resolves aside I promptly resubmitted both stories to other markets. One was returned in double quick time by two markets with printed rejection slips and promptly sent out again on it's fourth submission.

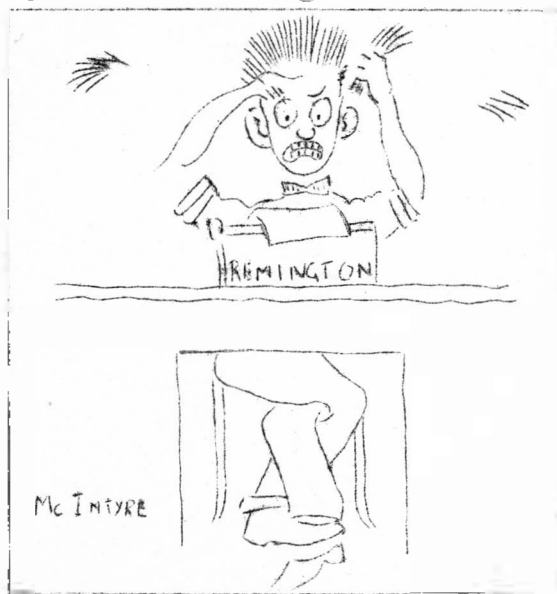
The other went to one of the more reputable magazines on its second submission and once more I went through the routine of months and months passing with no word. When the next to the last issue of this magazine appeared the first thing I did was to scan the contents page. Sounds silly doesn't it? I felt silly too. But that isn't quite as ridiculous as it sounds. Well known American fan, Dean Grennell found it a complete surprise when his name appeared on the cover of Universe Science Fiction early this year. There were two stories inside

by him which he not only had never received any response from, but which he'd just about forgotten submitting. So, silly or not, I looked. Naturally my name wasn't there. Just a lot of old familiar pros who grind out the same old readable stuff. And, again feeling silly, I glanced through the contents page of the next issue when it appeared. Again no unusually familiar name, just Names. But this is a magazine which usually uses some spare space blurbing their next issue, so I riffled through the mag. trying to find it. I'd just about decided there was none this time when I found it. I glanced at it. Nothing. Well I knew it was an off-chance. After all, this magazine isn't a haphazard, unreliable affair like Universe. Naturally, the same thing that happened to Grennell won't happen to you. And I really wasn't expecting anything, so you couldn't say I was disappointed. There was a little let down however especially as a friend of mine had once remarked on the creative spurt he received from seeing his name plugged in this fashion in the same magazine. I hadn't actually read the blurb except to notice who had the lead novel. I didn't really give a damn who was appearing in the next issue, as long as I wasn't. But I decided to glance at the list of names unrepresented by any title, even though I knew from long experience that one's own name shows up like a beacon in even the smallest print, no matter how casual a glance you give the page.

So I skimmed through them. And got a slightly delayed reaction shock. For my name was there after all...written out in full (somehow I expected them to use just the initials, despite the fact that was the way I'd written it on the story

It took a while for the significance to seep in. At last I had sold a story. One swallow doesn't make a spring, nor one sale a writer, but still I had sold. There couldn't be any doubt about that. They wouldn't have my name if the story had been **lost** in the mail, nor would they have used it in their blurb unless they had definitely decided to accept it. Apparently this was one more magazine which paid on acceptance, but didn't accept until they were ready to use it. I still hadn't heard a word from them but if they were blurbing my name I felt I was safe in considering myself a selling writer. This in effect was the moment I'd hoped,

planned and dreamed of for years. It was the first definite knowledge that I had my finger hold in prodom. But where were those sensations I'd anticipated? Oh sure, I felt fine. Wonderful in fact. But I wasn't an inch over seven feet tall and I was walking barely six inches off the ground. And the fluffy pink cloud? Nowhere to be found. In fact I looked up and found there quite literally wasn't a cloud in the sky. 'Nothing but blue skies, all day long' which was fine, but not what I'd ordered. I went around in a golden haze all daylong, sure, but it wasn't too much more egobooful than, say coming into possession of a highly flattering letter written



by some such prestige laden fan as Tucker or Bloch.

The step between being advised that the editor was going to buy a story but can't because his magazine has folded, and discovering that another magazine has accepted the same story but not bothered to let you know about it is a small one. The latter is on the other side of actually selling...the point that marks the 'want to's' from the 'haves', but it fell far short of the sensation I'd expected. And I didn't even have the satisfaction of a check for some nominal sum, undoubtedly far less than my weekly wages, over which I could gloat and ultimately cash and spend. As of this writing I still have yet to hear directly from the magazine that they have accepted the story. And for years I have been dying of curiosity to find out just how the magazines indicate what their cheques are for.

Well, I have sufficient faith in this magazine that I believe the cheque will ultimately arrive, unlike certain American and British prozines, which find it more profitable to operate without paying their contributors. And when it does there will once again be a certain satisfaction and gloating at receipt of the proceeds of My First Professional Sale. But this will be just the final dregs of the thrill I expected to come once in a lifetime and which instead got split up into about six different portions of moderately satisfactory egoboo.

I been cheated ! I want my money back !

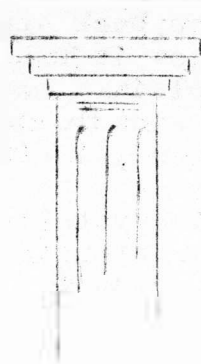
On second thought I'll settle for just my money. But I must say I feel it definitely unfair that of all the people who've ever sold a first story I seem to be the only one who's been deprived of that fishing the unexpected cheque from the envelope. It's a cold cruel world.

But maybe that's what I get for failing to stick to my type-writer and apply myself according to the proper rules for would be writers.

££££££££££\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$ THE END \$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$/\$







# Abacchus

A FLAT-TOPPED COLUMN

by  
Mal Ashworth

One evening, a while ago, Derek Pickles, Tom White and I were sitting in Tom's living room discussing the usual incredible odds and ends when the conversation ambled, or got pushed, towards the recent furore in Glasgow when five hundred school children, armed with sticks, truncheons and other instruments of thuggery, clambered over a cemetery wall, determined to do mischief to some creature which was supposed to be in residence there and was variously described as a Martian wearing a green mask (Burgess, have you been anywhere near Glasgow recently?), a twelve foot monster, and a child eating ghost. Charles Fort's spirit must have screamed in anguish when the 'Authorities' blamed the whole affair on the 'horror' comics and automatically assumed that one of these debased magazines had actually been the cause of five hundred children uniting with a common aim, (an idea which I find almost Stranger Than Fiction) and climbing over a cemetery wall to seek out some creature that might be like - well, literally anyThing. (Fandom of course could have offered them some far more reasonable possibilities, such as the Burgess theory, or Chuck Harris conducting an archaeological survey in search of gold teeth.) Anyway this episode was followed up in the conversation by such meaty tit-bits as the story of the Scottish Vampire, and the 'Thing' in Glamis Castle mentioned by Lord Halifax (not in our conversation though; I mean he mentioned it in some book), and one or two Lovecraftian morsels, and when we found ourselves in the centre of the room clutching at each other's lapels for moral support and gazing fearfully towards the window, Tom suggested that it might be an idea for us to try and spend a night in Bolling Hall sometime.

Now here in Bradford we don't seem to have many ghosts somehow. I have always been rather sorry really as I'm curious about the outcome of meeting a real, dead GHOST face to piece-of-linen as it were, but nevertheless for some reason, we don't seem to have many. It may be that the grime in the air of an industrial wool town makes the upkeep of clean white sheets difficult, I don't know. However we are not completely ghostless; Bradford is not as up-to-date as all that. We have, to my knowledge just one solitary ghost in the vicinity and that hangs out in Bolling Hall. I don't know very much about the history of the hall, except that it has got one, and, strangely, I can only remember visiting the place two or three times in my life, although it is only about two miles away from our house and about a mile from Tom's. It is now a miniature museum, open to the public, and I suppose it must be quite an old place really; there are supposed to be secret passages originating in the Hall and travelling for some distance across Bradford (or under Bradford) to end up in a private house.

I seem to think the subject of spending a night there some-time had been brought up before and decently allowed to drop back again but there was no deterring Tom from enlarging on the idea now it had got hold of him. His eyes agleam with an unearthly light, he explained how we ought to find out if There Was Anything In It; whether he meant the story or the hall itself I wasn't too sure. Derek, on the other hand, didn't seem greatly enamoured of the idea at all. At least from the way he clutched his throat and gurgled inarticulate sounds with his eyeballs protruding a couple of inches, I gathered he wasn't exactly enthusiastic about making it the very next night - or even the next decade ! Naturally then we started to dredge up from our memories what little we knew about Bolling Hall. Nobody seemed to know what sort of ghost was in residence there, or why it was haunting the Hall, or even its particular haunting technique. At one time though, a few years ago, I had been very friendly with the eldest son of the caretaker (a fannish type if there ever was one!) and even in those dim distant days I had always intended to get Pete to persuade his father to persuade his father to let me spend a night in the Hall - though not necessarily on my own! I remembered stories Pete had told me about the place ( and he was quite a reliable individual), of how he had seen doors open of their own accord and how his father was quite used to that sort of thing and it was almost a regular occurrence. The episode I remember most clearly of those he related, happened during the war when fire-watching was the order of the day. Pete's father was firewatching on the lower floor of the Hall and a fellow who had come from Cartwright Hall (Bradford's other hall cum muse ) was there to assist him, and was in an upstairs room. When the visiting fire-watcher came down in the morning (oh yes, he did come down it's not that good a story) he said to Mr Wigglesworth, "By hell Joe, you were doing a lot of tramping around last night weren't you ? I heard you walking up and down t'stairs a lot, and once I thought you'd come into the room but I switched on the light and you weren't there". Mr. Wigglesworth didn't tell him, but he hadn't moved out of the downstairs room all night.

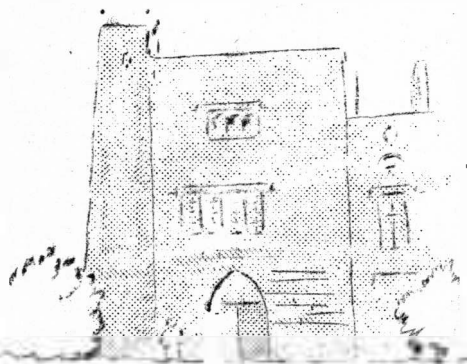
Well, we went on to discuss the matter of spending a night there and Tom said three would be better than two and I said maybe we could get together a little band of three dozen and Derek still wasn't urging the arrangements at all. Tom also said that he couldn't see the caretaker giving us permission off his own bat, to spend a night there. It could be slightly embarrassing for the poor man if he started to clean up the Hall in the morning and found three mangled and mutilated bodies cluttering up the place. Tom thought that the Parks and Cemeteries Committee would be the people for us to contact; that seemed reasonable enough. Some of the Cemeteries part of the Committee might be on moaning terms with any nocturnal denizens of the Hall. Anyway the time came to break up and hie to our respective homes and I stood up and watched in amusement when Derek poked his head out of the door, looked both ways and then belted like the very Devil along the street. Just fancy anyone being able to make themselves imagine all sorts of things like that. Fantastic! Certainly it could never happen to anyone who had read three pages of 'Sex and Sanity', as I had. I left a minute or two after Derek wished Tom good-night, and had to go round the back of the house where there are no street lights or any sort of lights. Look, you don't think I'd be scared of nothing do you? I tell you something grabbed at me and I was lucky to get away; surely you don't think I'd run like that for no reason ?

The following Sunday, Brian Avis came over from Blackpool to visit us and as it was a sunny, blue-shyed afternoon and Tom and I had

some unused film in our cameras, we decided that the three of us would take a stroll down to Bolling Hall. We had a look around the place and took a few photos (I took one of Tom in what he said was the haunted room; anyway, if it wasn't then, it should be now). I remembered a quotation in an old paper we'd unearthed in one of Mike Rosenblum's long forgotten attics a few weeks ago. "I don't believe in ghosts but please God don't send one just to prove it", and drifted off to try and find a bloodstain on the stone floor beneath the balcony, but I didn't meet with any success. As I remembered the story, someone had been thrown over the balcony and spilled out blood and brains and things on the stone floor; it also seemed reasonable that this might be the origin of the ghost. As a matter of fact I can hardly think of a better excuse for haunting a place. I had a feeling that when I was very young, they even used to polish the bloodstain to keep it nice and spruce for people to look at. Maybe some of it was just a macabre imagination. Anyway Tom said he thought that the story was just a sort of local fable to give the ghost a respectable, traditional background and that as far as he knew, whatever it was that wandered around there was the same ghost that is recorded as having appeared to the Earl of Newcastle when he spent the night there in sixteen-hundred-and-something-or-other, prior to eliminating all the roundheads or cavaliers, (I don't even know which side he was on) in Bradford the following day, and wailed "Pity poor Bradford. Piteeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee poor Bradford". Apparently the old boy considered this good advice or a pretty forceful sort of threat, because it seems that he did Pity Poor Bradford. Anyway I figured that if the ghost was knocking around in sixteen-something it must be getting pretty old and senile now - and who's scared of an old and senile ghost? Well, there's .....

As we walked back up to Tom's the sun was still shining, the trees were still rustling in the autumn breeze and even a few birds were still singing. As I told Tom, "On a sunny afternoon like this I'd spend a night in Bolling Hall on my own anytime". He wouldn't speak to me the rest of the afternoon.

And that is where the matter rests as the moment. We may get around to doing it sometime or we may stay among you and peacefully publish our fanzine. Which would you rather? On second thoughts I revoke that question. If we do ever spend a night there I just might not be able to tell you about it in this column, even though this is a spirited fanzine. I would suggest that just in case, you take out a subscription to the 'Psychic News'. The one thing I don't like about the whole affair is the leering way in which my younger brother says, "I'd like to see you after you've spent a night there". Almost as though he thinks he probably won't - or thinks he probably won't dare to look even if he can. That vaguely disturbs me.



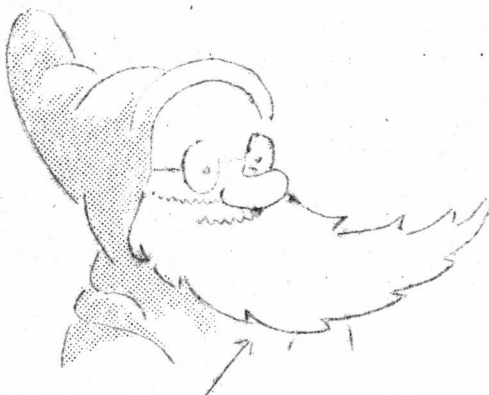
THE END

# Interlude

by Terry Jeeves

Although as I write this, Christmas has yet to come, by the time you start to read it, the New Year will have probably begun to show signs of wear. Nevertheless, I'll still take this chance to extend my heartiest Christmas Greetings to all of you. The benevolent old man with the beard ( NO, not Bert Campbell ) will, I hope, have brought you many gifts, some useful, some otherwise. The latter, may as usual be sent to me post-paid; as part of my annual sacrifice for fandom. Like a pawn shop, I take all in, and that even includes Authentic. Having spread good cheer to all and sundry, (with one possible minor exception) I can now proceed to borrow a toy trumpet from anyone who doesn't spend all his time blowing one, and copying the pro-eds, commence to praise this issue of TRIODE. For our second issue, we have procured many varied items, some you'll like, others will doubtless make your hair curl (Femizine, please note). We can't please all of the people all of the time, it's hard enough to please some people for any of the time, in fact, some clots just can't be pleased, but we'll ignore him shall we ?

Tony Glynn, whose art-work drew so much praise when it appeared in our first issue, is back again, and we hope you like his bacover. This incidentally, was a first, and very hurried experiment on the possibilities inherent in the brush stencils kindly provided by Messrs. Gestetner ( Free advt. for free stencils ). Comments on this bacover would be greatly appreciated. Ken McIntyre, though busy as a callgirl at Convention weekend, has also taken time out to produce some illos for us, and at the same time, undertaken his regular task of whipping the Art Folio into shape. Our cover, is the work of Don Gooch, a bloke for whom we venture to predict a valuable place in fan-art. The colour blanks were printed by the wizard of Romiley, Harry Turner, and the illo electronically stencilled and run for us by Messrs Gestetner, with absolutely no strings attached. Tony Thorne and Brian Lewis combined to give us the words and pictures for Book Club, and are now applying for a separation. The Future History of Fandom still unrolls, who can tell what is in store for our intrapid voyagers ? Only way to find out, is to get your subscription in the mail NOW.



an authentic beard

A word in passing, on the subject of the Transfan Fund. Those whom love of Ghu has blessed, are as follows :- Ken Slater, Ted Tubb, Eric Bentcliffe, Stuart Mackenzie, and Terry Jeeves ( me ). Far be it from me to try and influence any of you intelligent and upright readers, but if you are really that flaming clever, then you won't need me to tell you to vote for Ken Slater. It is damned hard to discriminate between Ken and Ted, but I think that most people will agree that Ken is a bloke who really deserves to be elected.

Stuart Mackenzie has very kindly sent me a complimentary copy of i3, and I'll warn you here and now, this is no fanzine, it's a BOOK ! The pages are un-numbered , indexing being carried out by various coloured papers , a very crafty idea. I haven't counted the number of pages, but at a guesstimate, I'd say around 200, which will no doubt be a long standing record. I haven't time to do i3 justice here, but the most cursory dekho indicates material of high quality. Apart from Vinz Clarke , everyone seems in a high good humour. This latter wight appears to have a king sized chip on his shoulder, and keeps begging me to knock it off. Grow up Vinz , if you have to hate me, (why, I don't know), go ahead and enjoy your little self , I couldn't care less. It's a pity that you had to inject the one sour note into an otherwise excellent issue, but since you have lately taken to sniping at me (and Triode) in whichever fanzine you can , it isn't unusual. To Stuart and Ted , however , my heartiest congratulations for an excellent issue. I hope to devote more time and space to i3 at a later date.



Also to hand , is the latest ish. of Orbit , bearing a cover by Turner...luvverly. Duplicating is greatly improved , and the use of colour inside adds to the issue. Here again, I haven't had the time to read enough to give a more comprehensive review, and will try to fix the matter some time in the future.

One more Xmas card arrived to-day , the most original that I have ever seen. From John Roles , it takes the form of a two page fan-menu, is printed on rice paper, with the title YUM in (I think) icing sugar. The whole goddam thing is edible , with the possible exception of the printing ink.

Other things being equal, unless one is greater than another, in which case the other is probably smaller, this issue should get it's final bashing about over the New Year, when EB will be over for a few days. Our first issue suffered from several teething troubles such as the cover blanks and photopage being smaller than the rest of the paper ( we had to guillotine the whole ish with a chisel). The use of three typers in widely seperated parts of Britain, also caused much margin trouble, and (Vinz please note) for both EB and myself, marked our first hesitant steps in the gentle art of justifying margins. And for the record, I DID NOT write 'Hydrocide', it is credited on the contents page to K.T. Mc'Intyre for anyone who reads ye mag before reviewing it. The bacover was a bacover cos it was too big for the fron cover frame , and I had to fiddle summat? the right size. Oh yes, and I turned the handle Vinz

This issue has suffered by an enforced attack of 'G.A.F.I.A' descending on E.J., which has tied our anode to the grid and made this ish really a DIODE product. We hope to have him with us again for T3. Meanwhile EB and I batter along under difficulties, as is very apparent with this issue. If you have any harsh criticisms , bear in mind these facts, and be gentle. At least we are keeping up the 'zine and have no intention of allowing it to be driven to the wall. And on that uplifting note (Femizine, again please copy) I'll leave thee all, and I hope that you stayed sober over Xmas.

Luv,

Terry

# Hymen

By

Mike Wallace

No doubt you've wondered --- and what fan has not ? --- just how in Ghod's name anyone could read the "Boom-type" science fiction which we have been plagued with during the last two years or so. You have wondered how --- apart from the lousy science --- anyone could stand the illogical behaviour of the characters and the purileness of the plots. Well, after months of research (well, weeks... 'er days... All right, half an hour reading HOTSPUR!) I can disclose the ghastly truth: They Are Trained To It! Not only by the most juvenile comics, but by the "boys papers", such as Hotspur, Wizard, Adventure, etc, etc.

Whilst looking for the teapot in the back room of the shop, I came across a copy of Hotspur ((If this was inside the Teapot, it is possible that you have unearthed the Immortal Teapot! EB)) belonging to the junior assistant. The cover of this issue is a wonderful piece of work. It is supposed to depict a sort of space-station, with six lenses (more of these anon) on poles sticking out of it, and the Earth in the background. The station itself is a pretty red colour and looks real nice against the light-blue space, while the Earth --- at, judging by it's relative size, a distance of about 500,000 miles --- apparently has no atmosphere, since no clouds are visible.

As always dedicated to the cause of fannish research, and giving no thought to the fact that I was exposing myself to the danger of contracting severe gafia, I read the story.

It seems that this 'ere space-station has been built secretly ( it omits to say just how one builds a space-station in secret; no doubt this information is classified) by some Nazis (!) left over from the last war. The station has six large (very) lenses mounted on poles, and the light of the Sun through these can be used to burn everything on Earth to a cinder (Bom de bom...Boomb!!).

We'll pass over certain little inconsistencies ( like how to get the gigantic lenses up to a space-station --- and in secret, the size of the lenses needed, what happens when the station gets into the Earths shadow, et al), and take a peek at one or two others.

Jack Sim G-man (what else!) and the Iron Teacher (yeah, same one as was "Fighting the Crooked Cross" in 1942) have found out about this little game, and somehow or other have persuaded the 500-or-more strong garrison of the secret launching site (in Brazil) to leave the fortified site. Sim and a gaggle of kidnapped scientists are holding it against the 500 Nazis who are trying to batter down the electrified fence to get back in. The Nazis are particularly keen to get back in because they fear an attack by the local indians with their blowguns. Why 500 plus Nazis with machine guns, grenades, and mortars should fear some indians with blowguns, is a good question.

The Fuehrer, who is up in the space-station ( and can't get down, for they have'nt yet made any rockets which can return to Earth from the station --- another good point), gets suspicious (well, wouldn't you?) and

turns the Sun-Ray on the site. But the scientists just get an Atom-rocket ready in time. "Is it aimed in the right direction?" Cries Sim. "Yes", gasps the scientist. Just as they are about to be frizzled to death, the Iron Teacher pulls a lever and the rocket destroys the space-station. The World Is Saved!

I know several 17 year-olds, some 18 year-olds, and even one 22 year-old who read and enjoy Hotspur. Now do you wonder who grow up to buy the crud science-fiction ?

At risk of driving your cosmic minds to distraction, I'd like to mention something else I noticed. In the same "comic" there is an illustration for a Western epic. One tough hombre is shooting a gat out of another tough hombre's mit. The hombre doing the shooting is crouching behind a long horned Western steer with his .45 about 4 inches from said Steers ear-hole. The steer is gazing peacefully into the middle distance like a 15 year-old Jersey cow. I ask you!!!

Plug ----- Plug

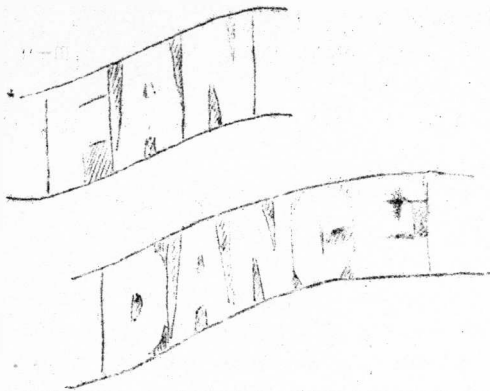
And now your exclusive TRIODE reporter brings you the scoop of the century! The news that will shake fandom to it's very core! CAMPBELL HAS BEEN TO MARS!! Not only has the hairy-one been to Mars but he has carried out a thorough investigation of the Red Planet, and has printed, in full colour, what is doubtless a genuine picture taken by the great and intrepid explorer himself. All your humble scribe can do is bow his head in admiration, and quote the words of the Great Man himself from "This Months Cover" in AUTHENTIC No.51: "...shows us the fabulous planet Mars. No princesses. No crystal palace's. No picturesque ruins of a bygone civilisation. The is Mars as it really is". (My underlining) Me being just a poor ignorant faan, there is just one question I would like to ask The Greatest Man Of Our Time, and that is: How can the thin snows of Mars --- melted slowly by a weak Sun --- ever become "...A raging torrent of slush..?" Still, this question, among others, will no doubt be fully explained when THE CAMPBELL BOOK OF MARS is published. I trust that the work will be carefully checked to see that nothing "smutty" appears in it.

FINIS.

### CONVACATION

The first of what could be a yearly fannish get-together during the vacation period. Will be held at Torquay, the last two weeks in July this year. Convacation, is not just another convention but a new addition to the fannish scheme of life. There will be no organization, no program. The idea being that those of you who fancy the joys of spending your vacation with other fans, in a congenial resort, can now do so. I don't think there is a nicer place in England than Torquay for a vacation, and if anyone wants to go gafia for a few days of their stay, well, there will be plenty of other distractions around. Quite a few fans have already expressed a desire to attend; Mal Ashworth, Ron Bennett, Mike Wallace....and I hear from Nigel Lindsay that Walt Willis has written for further information. If you want to join the gang it would be adviseable to book early at; THE BURLINGTON HOTEL, Babbacombe Rd, TORQUAY. Write EB if you want further gen.





Cracks in Brackets, by EB.

your answer do. If so you can count on me for some whistling and stamping for this TRIODE. The only fault I can find with it, and anode before I mention it that it is of no grid importance, is that you've nothing to heat the cathode with ((We are using a brazier, loaned by Bergey))...unless Phyl Economou's article is regarded as a phyl-lament. Are'nt you sorry you picked that name ?? ((Almost)) The cover was striking and a good idea. I take it you got a thousand or so printed with that coloured band (in different colours), and will just mimeo in a different picture each issue. A fine idea; I wish I'd thought of it. Best among the contents was Phyl Ecomomou's thing. Very, very, good. But if it isn't true that it's okay to send dollars here (and I've been doing it for ages) I hope that U.S. Fans don't take it too seriously. ((There must be an easier way to say that)) I'd hate to go back to flogging prozines by mail. ((A most torturous process)) I think I liked Mal's column next best. Very fine stuff. Vince's instalment was good too, but I found the bit at the end, about your stage appearance almost more fun than anything else. I suppose I would have to read Hank Janson or whatever you call him to understand McIntyre's parody. Incidentally, I understand that this Janson fellow has fled to Belgium where he is publishing a fanzine. I have not found any pornography in the English bits in it so am starting to learn Flemish in the hope that he is writing his memoirs in them -- all about his flandering with his old flems. Seriously though a very good issue. Some terrific stuff in it which I only wish I had been able to get my hands on before you. ((Thanks Walt. I understand, from an acquaintance in the banking racket, that it is a technical offence to send any countries currency through the mails to another country. Prosecution, though is unlikely where small amounts are concerned)).

MAL ASHWORTH...TRIODE is one of the neatest productions I have seen in a looong time, and all the artwork is really great...Vince effort and Phyllis' were just great, and that and other superlatives ( no ordinary latives for this !) apply to the Alien Arrives. I enjoyed it even more on paper than at the con - maybe this is evidence of slow wits or something, appreciating it more on paper than spoken, i.e. when I have more time to digest the humour. Whatever the signs that

WALT WILLIS...I notice a list of people in the inside front cover to whom one should send subscriptions, artwork etc (if I draw a cheque, which will that count as) ((Probably Forgery!)), but nobody seems to want letters. I take it you have all been so intoxicated with your stage success that nothing will satisfy you anymore but the aural administration of ego-boo and that you will all just take a bow at the next convention. Gauging public reaction by the volume of applause, as in the old song, Decibel, Decibel, give me

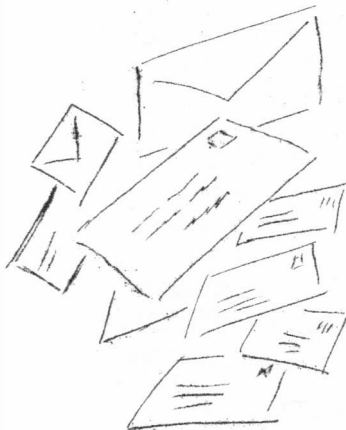
it was terrific - and the ending was absolutely marvellous. I don't remember that on it at the con I don't think (the things I don't remember about the con!) - was it ? (( I think so Mal - it was in the script anyway))

TOM WHITE...Yes, you certainly have a fanzine here; I have just read through number one, and enjoyed it thoroughly, the cover of BEM will have to remain green in future as token of our envy. It was a good idea to publish the 'Future History of Fandom' and the script of the Alien Arrives. This type of writing is not easy to come by. Most fan-writers naturally have't the time to spend on immortal epics, and I, for one, found the Willis piece even funnier than the recorded version. Vince puns on happily in the first chapter of the Future History - by the way how many chapters are there in the finished mss ? (( Seven up to now - but this could go on for ever. Future issues of TRIODE will probably contain more than one chapter)). The illos were very apt too. I don't pretend to understand fan-art, but the folio on pages 10-13 appear to me to be outstanding, especially the full page illo, they would not have looked like that if I had cut the stencil. ((TJ uses a six-inch nail, what the heck are you using ??)) Mal, of course is excellent, but he's lying, it's the 5.35... Photographs now!! And they've come out very well, too, tho' the very small ones do not show much detail, number two should have been full page so that we could appreciate the Cosmic Significance of those features ((You mean Joys, ahem, features, or the ones belonging to I've-just-been-zapped-Burgess??)). Behind Bars, in places approached the hilarious, very, very good, and with a marvellous last line ((Agreed)). More Wansborough... Don't show your inside-bacover to Cartier. Congratulations on a beautiful job, I sincerely hope that number two will be better. ((BEM, the funicular fanzine, is available from Tom, at 3 Vine St, Bradford 4...or from Mal in care of Tong Cemetery. Get It.))

DAVE COHEN... Congratulations is certainly forthcoming ((From the Vood Vurk out ?)) for the wonderful issue of TRIODE. A truly all round treat. Cover...where did you get that printed ? ((Redfern Rubber Co Ltd)) The red frame layout certainly brings out the best in the cover. One puzzle, how did you manage to reproduce the con-photos so well ?? (( These were reproduced by Photo-lith, courtesy of Harry Turner))...The

layout is generally good, and I do like the drawings, especially that Jack Wilson Folio. Tony's effort, well I suppose that will improve with time.((So, next issue we will get him to illustrate a sprig of mildew for you))With all this I guess you will have presumed I liked TRIODE. I did.

ETHEL LINDSAY... The con-photos were a great scoop, and have come out very well...there was one taken on Dave Cohen and I that I would like to see - the long and short of it would be an apt title. ((Who was short of what?)) I don't know where I was at the time ((Anyone else know ?))but I missed the Alien Arrives at the con; so was very glad of the opportunity to read it. Phyllis was very funny - can you



receive parcels in Goal ? If so I'll send you a Haggis to cheer you up. ((The idea being that I could give a piece to each of the warders and escape whilst they writhed helpless with agony ?))...All in all I enjoyed it a lot, congrats.

VINCE CLARKE...TRIODE. Frankly, this was a disappointment. It seemed to me to be good material spoiled by slipshod editing, and considering the amount of time you have been preparing this it surprises me. T, has given me rather more to think about than almost any recent zine, trying to explain that disappointed feeling. It may be that there is a distinct "print it to please the readers air" rather than "print it because it is good", (( This is rather a contradiction Vince, for the two statements are complimentary. Material is chosen because it is thought to be good, and because it is hoped that the readers will like it)) but it's really hard to put ones finger on the cause. Let me take the thing apart. Cover: the idea of the surround is good, and is spoilt by the puerile "Number 1". The picture is fair, but laid out as it is and on the cover of a number one, one expects an excellent drawing. Besides the discrepancy in the size of the characters feet, ((This is not a discrepancy, TJ reports that his model had a Club-foot)) Jeeves has'nt yet realised after all those years, that the hardest thing to achieve in duplicated artwork is an even tint over a large surface. Or maybe he has realised it, but the cover is not the place for experiments like that. Contents are unimaginatively laid out. Quo Vadis Fandom; horribly muddled, four fifths concerned with what causes fandom rather than the title, and it needs a rather surer hand than yours to mix phrases like "moronic crud" with "The World of Sol Three (a tautology) (( I tawt I saw an 'ology a creeping up on me!)) is, today, at a crossroads of alternate time". This editorial suffers too, as does practically all the material in the mag, with no double spacing between paragraphs. This is bearable in an unjustified page, but this presents the reader with a solid squared off block of print. ((So, we give the readers value for money...and, if you care to make a re-check, you will find that there are only THREE PAGES which present a "solid squared off block of print", all others are broken up either by spacing, or illustrations))...Trudi. Excellent drawing, at least...Photos. Good, tho' the small ones were virtually useless...Race Apart. Interesting and a natural....Alien Arrives. Excellent, except for the illo. The stencil cutting is much better than most of the zine, tho' a number of words are split awkwardly. ..Collecting Science Fiction: one of the funniest things in the issue ((Which seems to be rather a silly statement))...Prof' Ettic. This is about the standard of the title, BEANO reject ? ((No, DANDY))...Behind Bars. Excellent; a good idea well carried out, and no justifying, thank ghod...Poem. Deserved better presentation than this. Good...Vaudeville a la Space. Very interesting and good reporting...Bacover. Excellent. Spaceman after Beardsley. This should have been used on the front...The duplicating throughout is excellent...One of the major troubles, I think after reflection, is the lack of unity in TRIODE. The thing does not appear to be held together by any sort of integrating force (except staples). At present the lack of character in the zine is too evident. I sincerely hope it will attain one in short order...My preference is for a zine that has enough character of it's own to be readily identifiable if someone tried to satirise it: BELL,

HYPHEN, 'i', (('i' has a personality, but not one that appeals to me or to my co-eds)) FEMINIZINE, ORION, and ALPHA all fall into that category. TRIODE, as yet, does not. ((Thanks for the nice long letter of comment Vince, and forgive me for cutting you short. About this character business, T will develop a flavour all it's own, but just that a 'flavour'...it will not become personalized to the extent of say "-" or BEM. Though no slander on these magazines is intended. Once a magazine becomes highly personalized, it also becomes esoteric to many of it's readers...true they can still enjoy much of the content, but it is inevitable that much of the 'undertow' becomes meaningless, to all but a few recipients of said mag. You may, or may not agree with this, but after a little thought you will realise the truth of the statement...let us say that TRIODE aims to have a little wider appeal than some fanzines, by their very nature, can have)).

CHUCK HARRIS... The con-photo page was very fine indeed. It must be pretty expensive, but it is certainly a big attraction. I've seen similar efforts in the past, but I don't think I have seen such good reproduction elsewhere. I was relieved to see that although I was in the background of one of the photos, I still looked reasonably sober and presentable. I guess Fred took it early in the evening...I enjoyed the "Future History of Fandom" - it will be interesting to see how the thing finishes. Mal Ashworth is good as usual, and is most certainly an asset to any fanzine. He writes in a nice intimate style and rarely lapses into serious constructivism...I know I've got a thing about this, but Art Folios in fanzines invariably infuriate me. I know Jack Wilson is a fine artist and the duplicating is perfect, but there just isn't any point in using the stuff. Pornographic art has it's place in fandom, but whoever wants to think about Spaceships of all things. ((They may look like Spaceships to you, but to someone else they may be a Phallic symbol)) The same applies to the two comic-strips. They did not appeal to me, and I was surprised to see one of them under Terry Jeeve's byline. Usually his stuff is first rate and his sense of the ridiculous a lot sharper..."Behind Bars" was, to me, the best piece in the issue. I don't know whether it's a genuine exchange of letters, ((It started that way, but the end product - and I use the term courtesy of Eammon Andrews - is all Phyl's)) but it was one of the best things I have seen in all fanzines. If you can get Phyllis Economou to write regularly for you I shall be happy to write in and tell you how good you are for all issues...Apart from this stuff I think I enjoyed everything, and I nodded approvingly at the editorial policy.

DENIS MOREEN... Received TRIODE the other day and I must say that it has certain qualities about it different from the ordinary fanzine, most of them, thank goodness, good ones...Your cover is very intriguing, the mimeoing was quite good, but how was the red effect produced? I really can't place it unless it was done by blocks ((Don't know him - Turner's our bloke)) (I really know so little about forms other than mimeoing that it is pitiful). Anyway the Spaceman looks like he is going to take a big healthy dive into the deep black, ((Deep Black! That sir is the indescribable grey of hyper-sub-space)) but it seems with all those ships so close together that it would be kinda dangerous...Your fiction is good on the whole, though it

is not my month for Fiction, will re-read it next month and see if it appeals better...WELL Well well...now that I look again HYDROCID is not fiction ((McIntyre!! You've been fooling me)), hmmm, it still sticks: I didn't like it...Clarke, does not do so well either, I'm afraid. Maybe I'm just not ready for it. But no, that isn't it for TRIODE improves as one goes along. A.Vincent just didn't click((He rattles a little at times tho')), for that matter Ashworth bored me, the only item which did so...Now to the brighter side. Jack Wilson, whoever he is,(pity that we Amerifans don't know more about you all) is perfectly marvellous and does the best detail work on stencil that I've seen for a long, long time, perfectly beautiful. I nominate the full page pic on page 12 for the art award for the 54 Fanzine awards...Did Walt actually write the ALIEN ARRIVES ((He says so, but I think it was James White)), very good. But I thought the BBC did not carry commercials, or am I a misguided fool there too?((No, the commercials were part of a relayed broadcast from USA,remember)) ...Dale R. Smith handles his topic very well, and his choice of bibliography is well taken. I'll look forward to the next installment, not that I'm collecting, but it does look interesting...I really can't figure out what Wansborough said, but it was definitely said... I have however read PH Economus gem three times through so far, and each time brings to light new witticisms, here is by far a very good job of stretching out a single pun, if I may be so cold, and it's excellent. All in all, I liked TRIODE.

DALE R. SMITH...Quo Vadis Fandom, was well stated and the conclusion intelligently reached. Fandom will expire soon after man establishes a manned station in space and makes a landing on the Moon. Science fiction will then be absorbed into the main-stream of literature. The hard-core fan will degenerate into just another collector. This condition will be well underway soon after 2000AD. And I intend to stick around with my collection just to be part of it...Hydrocide, by Jetson kept me amused. Clarke's Future History was delightful reading and I will be looking forward to future installments. But I do not agree with Mr Clarke in one particular. A Popular History of the Galactic Rim by Samoskowitz is complete in 277 volumes, and not 278 as stated. The mistake however, is understandable as the publishers, Galactica Publications Ltd., had announced publications of volume 278 in a recent issue of the Cosmic Press, But since the horribly brutal demise of Mr Samoskowitz on the planet Floor the publishers have definitely decided to terminate the series and let the 277 volumes published stand as a memorial to the greatest historian of all times...The artwork by Jack Wilson is much better than one finds in the average fanzine, but then, TRIODE is not an average fanzine...Abacchus by Ashworth was refreshing. I am glad to hear that someone else does not have enough time. Do you suppose that if all fans stopped work en masse so that all their time could be devoted to fanning, their respective governments, or maybe the UN, would be forced into supporting the group?((No doubt they would find us somewhere to stay and provide Bed and Breakfast, but it might be a little difficult typing with ones body enrobed in a strait-jacket))

\*\*\*\*\* THESE THINGS WERE SENT TO TRIODE \*\*\*\*\*

# Book Reviews

DOUBLE IN SPACE by Fletcher Pratt. Boardman, 9/6.

This book contains two novels, one from STARTLING, the other from TWS. Two thirds of the 200 plus pages are taken up by 'Conditioned Captain', a smoothly written space-opera concerning Captain Paulsson, and his Odyssey in search of re-instatement after being framed as psychologically unfit. Judging by his activities, the charge was justified, as all his exploits would have been disastrous without the help of various characters. Beset by pirates, the winning strategy comes from the navigator. A newly acquired love interest saves him after he succumbs to hypnotism, and later reveals how his ship has been sabotaged. He finally gets the girl, but here again, not through his own efforts, but by an act of surrender on the part of his first love. Captain Paulsson may be a bit slow, but the rest of the story is 'nt, and the plot packs in F.T.L. travel, Galactic civilisation, power politics and two love affairs for good measure. Above Average.

'Project Excelsior' (formerly 'Asylum Satellite') concerns two artificial satellites. One American, the other Russian. The American one suffers from short rations and radiation sickness. The Russian station was daft enough to choose an orbit where it will get swatted by Albert the Asteroid. The two are linked by threads of espionage, and a love affair between the USA Torpedo Calculator operator and the Russian spy cum rocket technician. Here again, the hero is not exactly a knight in shining armour, but not many humans are, so the story gains accordingly. I liked this yarn far more than 'Conditioned Captain', possibly because it is almost in the ASF mould. TJ.

THE FIRST ASTOUNDING S-F ANTHOLOGY. Grayson & Grayson, 9/6.

By splitting the American anthology into parts, Messrs G & G, have supplied 7 of the original 23 yarns, at a price well within the reach of most readers. Starting in high gear with Heinleins 'Blowups Happen', concerning the occupational (and other) hazards of an Atomic plant, the pace slows slightly for Eric Frank Russell's 'Hobbyist'. This a favourite of mine concerning a planet with unique flora and fauna. Next comes 'First Contact' by Leinster, telling of a meeting in deep space. 'The Witches of Karres', and the gloomy Sturgeon peice 'Thunder and Roses', did not appeal to me but I liked 'Invariant', that yarn of an immortal man, whose very immortality makes his life useless. Last in the book, but very nearly first on my scale comes 'Childs Play', by William Tenn. If you can read this without wanting a Bild a Man set, then you ought to be reading Westerns. A good buy. TJ.

THE ROBOT AND THE MAN. Grayson & Grayson, 9/6.

Once again, an anthology draws heavily on ASF, for nine of the ten stories in this case. 'Self Portrait', the tenth comes from Galaxy, and gives an unflattering picture of a scientist engaged in the design and construction of a robots legs. As the title implies, the other nine yarns also concern robots, starting with 'Mechanical Answer', in which a practical man is saddled with the job of getting an electronic brain to think. Then Padgett presents 'Deadlock', indestructable robots posed with the problem of how they can be destroyed. The usuform robots win through in 'Robinc', and then in 'Burning Bright', atomic piles, telekinesis, God, and the birth of robots are all mixed together, and out comes another good yarn. Van Vogt, describes

the robot struggle for equality in 'Final Command'. Lester del Rey presents 'Though Dreamers Die', and.....!Into They Hands', Robert Moore Williams supplies a sequel to del Rey's story of the Thoradson robots, in 'Robots Return'. Well worthy of a place alongside, I ROBOT. TJ.

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN SCIENCE FICTION. Grayson & Grayson 9/6.

Yet another anthology, but this time, only three of the nine tales are from ASF, namely 'Environment', with a city that changes. 'Recruiting Station', by vVogt, and 'Plague', a rather pedestrian tale by Leinster. The other six tales comprise; 'The Box', which is really an enery screen around New York. 'Catch That Martian', or if you annoy him you'll vanish. That old but excellent bit of horror, 'The Doorbell', Ted Sturgeons tale 'Never Underestimate', where sex goes on shifts, probably with disastrous results to group marriage. 'Choice', is a choice two pager culled from PUNCH, and finally 'Spectator Sport', a rather unsettling story of the future. Nothing really outstanding in this anthology, but not a duff yarn in the lot, which alone is rather out of the ordinary for an anthology.TJ.

CHILDREN OF THE ATOM. By Wilmar H. Shiras. Boardman, 9/6.

This is an excellent book, and one which I can recommend ( without any reservations). It tells the story of the after effects of an explosion at Helium City, not on the persons who were employed there, but on their descendants. The Children of the Atom. Slightly over half of the book appeared originally, in three parts, in ASF. The balance is new and continues the adventures of the Children, and relates their impact on society. If I were a member of the International Fantasy Award committee, this book would have been placed fairly high on my list. Miss Shiras, has not the neo-poetic style of a Bradbury, nor the swift imagination of a Sturgeon. She has however, the gift of making a story completely credible. Many, many stories have been written using the theme; if irradiation of the genes occurs what will result. Some have been good, some have been not so good. THIS is the most beleivable I have yet read, and leaves one with the feeling that-this-is-the-way-it-will-happen. EB.

For some time I have been cogitating whether or no, to feature Fanzine reviews in TRIODE. And, I must admit that I am still woolgathering on this subject. I don't think it fair to give a zine which has taken several weeks of work to produce only a few brief lines of review. On the other hand, I don't want to review just one fanzine each issue, giving the zine chosen a thorough dissection, because I should only be able to review some four zines each year, and the choice would be influenced by when the zine arrived. I'd like the folk who receive T to give me a little guidance on this, let me know what you think chums. Until a more satisfactory arrangement can be made, I will list what I consider the ten best current fanzines for, I hope, your edification. These are listed opposite, not in order of merit. EB.

NEW FUTURIAN(7 Grosvenor Park, LEEDS 7. Yorks)  
BRENNSCHLUSS(5 Furness St, Marsh,Lancaster)  
CONFAB(Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska)

HYPHEN(170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast)  
BEM(40 Makin St, -- Bradford 4)  
ALPHA(229 Berchemlei,Borgerhout, Antwerp,Belgium)  
OOPSLA(2817-11th St,Santa Monica, Calif, USA)  
PSYCHOTIC(2631 N. Mississipi,Portl-- and 12,Oregon.USA)  
PEON(108 Dunham St Norwich,Conn.USA)  
ORION(9 Churchill Ave,Hillingdon. Middlesex)





