

RIDE

3



ANTHONY
GLYNN

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Illustrations	Glynn,McIntyre,Berry, & Jeeves	

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TRIODE is an irregular effort, upon which we lavish all our care and affection. The rough schedule is quarterly, but don't quote us on that

APOLOGIES DEPT. The loyal comrades of the United Triode of NonSoviet Fanzines offer their condolences to party members, both inner and outer, and to the proles who have been blinded by our colour scheme. The difference lies in the price dear fandom, not in our politics. 8/6 a ream, as against 13/7. We ain't going to argue with that.

THIS IS A FIENDISHLY FANNISH FANZINE

INTERMISSION

By ERIC BENTCLIFFE

Having this week received the latest Hyphen, the Mad Reader, and a letter from Norman Wansborough, I feel supremely fannish. I fear that this Editorial-column may confound those who believe that at heart I am a serco, serious and constructive, fan. Not that I dont have serco tendencies at times, I do but there is usually a good reason for them. I just have to be serious about some things, women for instance, you just have to be constructive with women, otherwise how could you erect anything!.

Which profound thought leads me to bemoan the lack of Femme fans in the Stockport area, to bemoan in fact, the lack of any fans in Stockport! For after considerable investigations, time spent hanging around the local bookstalls, time spent hanging around the local library, time spent in the local Jail for hanging around! I can 'affixitely' state that there are no fans in this burg.

I can also state that with the exception of a blonde named Jeane, the Stockport librarians are very unattractive.

I did once almost discover a fan, I think. About six months ago I was travelling home from the firm one evening on a rather overcrowded bus', it was so crowded that even the men were standing. I was wedged between a bod with a parrot cage (empty) in one hand, and an extremely fat female whose breath smelled of yoghurt. I know it was yoghurt because her tongue was obviously at least ten years younger than the rest of her. But I digress. Yes.

Suddenly, from somewhere near the front of the bus' I heard "Yes, but I dont think Dianetics are to be taken too seriously". Laying back my ears I attempted to worm my way towards the speaker but was thwarted by the chap with the parrot cage. And during a squabble for an empty seat with a couple of dear Old Ladies (which I won) for an empty seat, the 'fan' got off the bus'. I've looked for him since but never seen him.

I have seen the bloke with the parrot cage though, several times since and the cage is always empty!

There are fans in the hills around Stockport. Harry and Marion Turner, who live at Romiley are only about five miles as the crow flies from here, due to the perversity of the Cheshire roads however, you have to travel at least half again this distance to get there. I have reasons for not visiting Romiley too often, too. Harry and Marion have only recently moved into the area, and an unsuspecting fan visitor is apt to find himself painting walls or breaking paving stones for the crazy mixed up garden paths.

NORMAL MATERIAL WILL
BE RESUMED AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE.

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It was at Romiley I had my first introduction to the fandom of the future, Phil, Bill, and Bob, three robustious youngsters whose standard of swordplay would'nt discredit a Planet type hero. And I have bruises to prove this!

There are fen in Manchester also, Manchester being a village some eight miles down the road. It's also known as the Wet City, and one of the reasons I dont see much of the Manchester crowd these days is that I have always been a poor swimmer.

Stockport never seems to get written about either, s-f wise that is. No aliens have yet landed their spaceship in this area, no giant ants have been found in the local sewers, no galactic minded humanoids have offered the keys of their planet and unlimited scientific knowledge to the Mayor and Aldermen of Stockport.

Please, wont someone write a story with Stockport as a background.

Stockport did once momentarily forge a connection with space. About two years ago the cast of Take It From Here did a skit on the flight to the Moon theme. After several good gag lines they reached the satellite and landed. Dick Bently, was first out of the rocket and as he set foot on the Moon he said to Jimmy Edwards, "Jim, is'nt it lonely and desolate",....the reply from Jim, was, "Yes, just like Stockport on a Sunday afternoon!".

Hhmmmm, if I remember correctly the Mayor and Aldermen were rather peeved at this comparison, so perhaps the galactic minded humanoids had better not pick on Stockport as a contact point!



Hope you enjoy this issue of Triode, I think that there's a fair amount of goodly stuff within these fourty odd pages. My own preference this issue is for John Berry's very funny piece about Ghoodminton. But I got quite a few chuckles and assorted belly laughs from Hal, Mike, and Eric Needham.

Sparked mainly by this piece of prose on Rockbuns, I am wondering whether to inaugurate a Tall Story Club in Triode. The idea being that if any of you have a favourite yarn, length and subject immaterial, you can send it along and at the same time let me know whether it really happened or not. I would then publish it without any comment as to it's veracity, the following issue I would state if true or prevarication.

Anyone care to start the ball rolling with an account of, 'When I was in Poona...' ???



The next issue will contain reports on the Cyrtricon, providing the Triode editors and columnists are able to remain sober. And as that event is very close as I write, I'll wish you a very pleasant time in Kettering.

OH Yes...and if you are bringing a female along to the con, tell her to watch out for Jeeves Black Panties!

The Turning Of The Tide

by

MAL

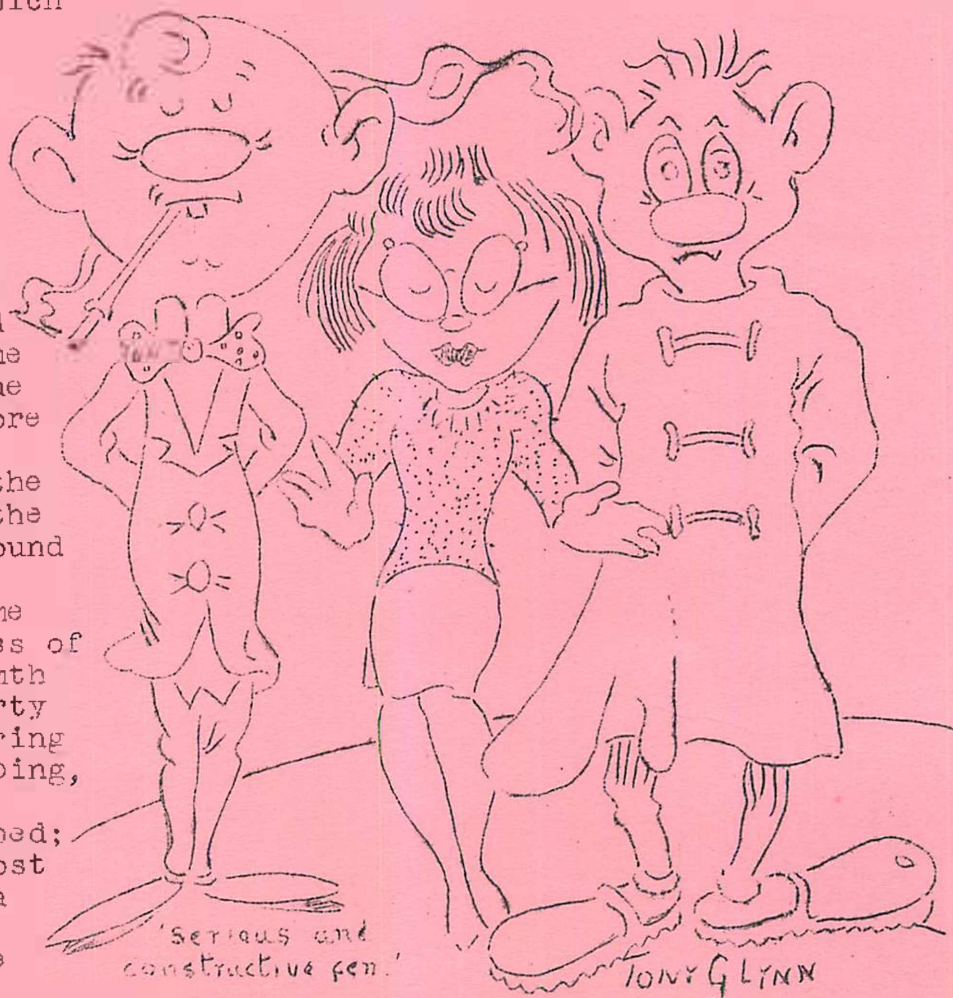
ASHWORTH

I awoke gently, that first morning aboard the American vessel, as the early light of twelve o'clock crept through the cracks in both the cabin walls (a very efficient air-conditioning system was in operation and there was no less than one fan in each cabin), to the soothing realisation that I had at last exhausted All the possible connotations in Bert Campbell's statement about the climate of a South Pacific Isle being ideal for duplication (and very pleasant connotations some of them were too!). It was my usual wont to take an early morning stroll but this morning I exerted my will and did.

I was rather surprised, as I walked over the decks, to find 'Courtenay's Boat' still afloat. I hadn't really expected it to grow in size and it had hardly been more than a mere float when we had come aboard the previous evening, but I was slightly surprised nevertheless as there was so little of the actual craft and such a lot of sheer good luck. The vessel had a wooden foundation, having been constructed on the Atlantic sea-board from the wreckage of the Weyauwega hotel which had been removed Bloch by Bloch. The name 'Courtenay's Boat' was painted on the Leeward bow and a chart of the heavens which served in navigating, had been constructed on the starboard side. The engines were situated on the port side of the ship and produced a continual whine which

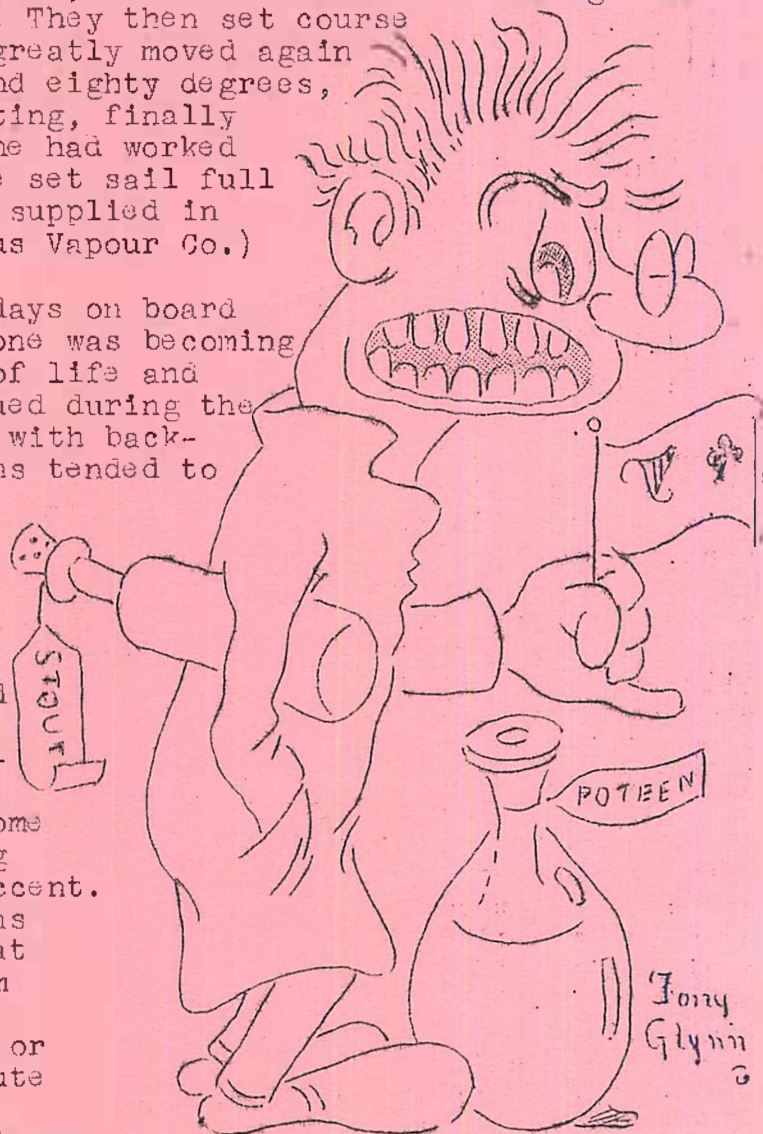
gave almost everyone aboard, at various times, a colossal headache and very often, sea-sickness or as it was technically called, a 'hangover'. The Serious Constructive Fans had established their quarters in the stern, while the True Fans were centred more around the funnels.

As I sat on the rails and gazed at the Great Grey World around us my vision slowly cleared, and I became aware of the blueness of the sky and the warmth of the sun on my dirty knees; of the murmuring ocean and the throbbing, pulsing life which inhabited it. I sighed; being alive was almost as good as reading a Ray Bradbury story. As I sat there alone



with my thoughts and a copy of 'Futuristic Science Stories', Eric Bentscliffe wandered along the deck and we got into conversation. He said that some of the English fans were already tiring of the trip and that despite difficulties of arranging amusements in such a crowded Space, Diversions were being provided at irregular intervals by the Liverpool fans, and the foredeck had been cleared and was being used for miniature golf. He mentioned quite casually that Pat Doolan had been made the official ship's siren and I went clean off the rails. I strolled along towards the bridge in the hope of finding a game of pontoon, or at least of finding one of the decks in use for a card game. Sounds of commotion were coming from the bridge and when I got there I found Vin/ Clarke apparently interceding between Bob Tucker and Jesse Floyd. Vin/ told me they were arguing about which canal we had to pass through to reach the Pacific, one maintaining that it was the Suez Canal, and the other that it was the Panama. I joined Vin/ in trying to point out to them through the use of semantics, that it didn't matter in the least what they called the canal, that the name just wasn't important at all. We were both greatly moved when they eventually saw our point in a wonderful flash of enlightenment, and thanked us for showing them the error in their reasoning. They then set course for the Suez Canal. We were greatly moved again to the extent of a hundred and eighty degrees, when Bertram Chandler, navigating, finally corrected the course, which he had worked out by the Cuba route, and we set sail full steam ahead (the steam being supplied in buckets by the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.) for Central America.

The initial few days on board were the hardest while everyone was becoming accustomed to their new way of life and the first 'Hyphen' to be issued during the voyage was completely filled with back-cover quotes. The British fans tended to look upon the Americans, now that they had come to accept their real existence, as something more than human, more than fannish even, due to the fact that they were apparently able to understand Willis's speech almost without difficulty. A nasty situation threatened for a while due to the tactlessness of some of the Americans in asserting that Willis had an English accent. Other minor upsets occurred, as when one faction insisted that woolen blankets were too warm for the steadily increasing temperatures and that cotton or printed covers were an absolute necessity, but most of these troubles passed without any large



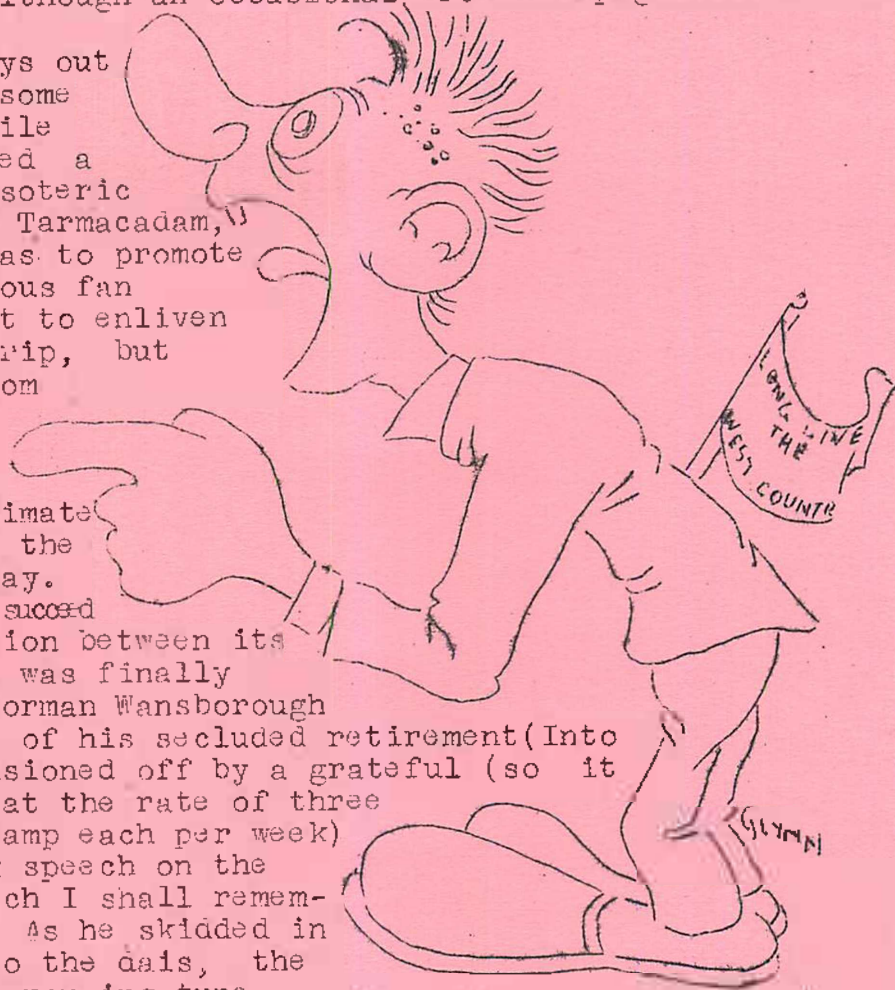
scale disturbances, although an occasional broken zap-gun littered up the decks.

A few days out from the rendezvous, some members of the erstwhile London Circle organised a secret and slightly esoteric plan called Operation Tarmacadam, the object of which was to promote strife among the various fan factions in an attempt to enliven the monotony of the trip, but Those Who Had Come From The North merely

smiled in united and tolerant amusement and continued to sublimate their sublimations in the usual Truly Fannish Way. The plan did however succeed

in causing some friction between its inaugurators but this was finally settled by Good Old Norman Wansborough himself, who came out of his secluded retirement (into which he had been pensioned off by a grateful (so it was claimed) fandom, at the rate of three prozines and a 2nd stamp each per week) and gave an uplifting speech on the unity of Fankind, which I shall remember as long as I fan. As he skidded in a stately manner on to the dais, the band struck up with a rousing tune, 'Cretin's Awake; salute the happy moron' and Norman stood, a tall and noble figure against the smoky chimney stack. After his speech, Chuck Harris reverently proposed that Norman be voted a BNF and the motion was carried almost unanimously although there were several abstainers (for whom a special supply of orange juice had been acquired) and one or twodissenters, whose votes were discounted due to it being definitely established that they were in no condition to express an opinion at the time as they were suffering from dysentery.

Only a few days later came the first sign of technical trouble when, early one morning, the boiler firer emerged from the engine room covered in grime and dirt and reported that the only reaction he could get from the engines was that of belching filthy smoke in his face. The ship's speed dropped alarmingly and grave fears about Fandom reaching its destiny and its destination were expressed. It became obvious that recourse to a sail would be a necessity and Ted Tubb again attempted to hold an auction. As all the neofen were down below obtaining John Russell Fearn's set of autographs and had been so since the beginning of the voyage, this did not meet with any success and became more in the nature of a meeting devoted to telling the Captain what to do. Many, many impractical suggestions were put forward before someone suggested that we row, to which Ted Carnell pointed out that it would do no good to fall out over the matter. Having been at one time rather



'Speech from Norman'

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keen on canoeing, I suggested that we paddle but Ted Tubb quashed this with a caustic comment about water being too deep to paddle, though we might manage to swim. It was becoming increasingly obvious that Fandom was just drifting, and bitter recriminations for this state of affairs were hurled at the True Fans by some Serious and Constructive Elements. The meeting gradually dispersed after having ultimately decided, almost unanimously, that 'Something had gone wrong', and a black despair took hold, quarterdeck and bridge alike, until Lou Mordecai, collecting empties, found that a large number of empty bottles had been pushed down the chimneys.

As we approached the Indies several Caribbeanies came out to meet us in their canoes on the Gulf Stream and attempted to sell us some current promags, but they met with little success as many of the fans on the venture had by then Seen The Light and become Truefans, so that they just responded woodenly with 'What's it got to do with Fandom ?'

The episode of how 'Courtenay's Boat' took the wrong opening and found itself six hundred miles up the Amazon before it was realised that something had again 'gone wrong', has no place in Fannish History as it would only be distorted at some future date by a jealous humanity. Suffice it to say that when monkeys crossing the river, swung from a branch on one bank to a branch on the other via Bert Campbell's beard, we realised that we were no longer in open sea, and retraced our course.

Eventually we sailed into the calm Pacific and there was nothing but blue sky, birds and James White above us, whilst in the placid water below we watched sea-horses in the corals, and all sorts of things happening on the sea-bed. Danger lurked there among the beauty though; monsters dwelt in those deeps compared to which jellyfish were a mere trifle; it was impossible to trust even the closest fronds

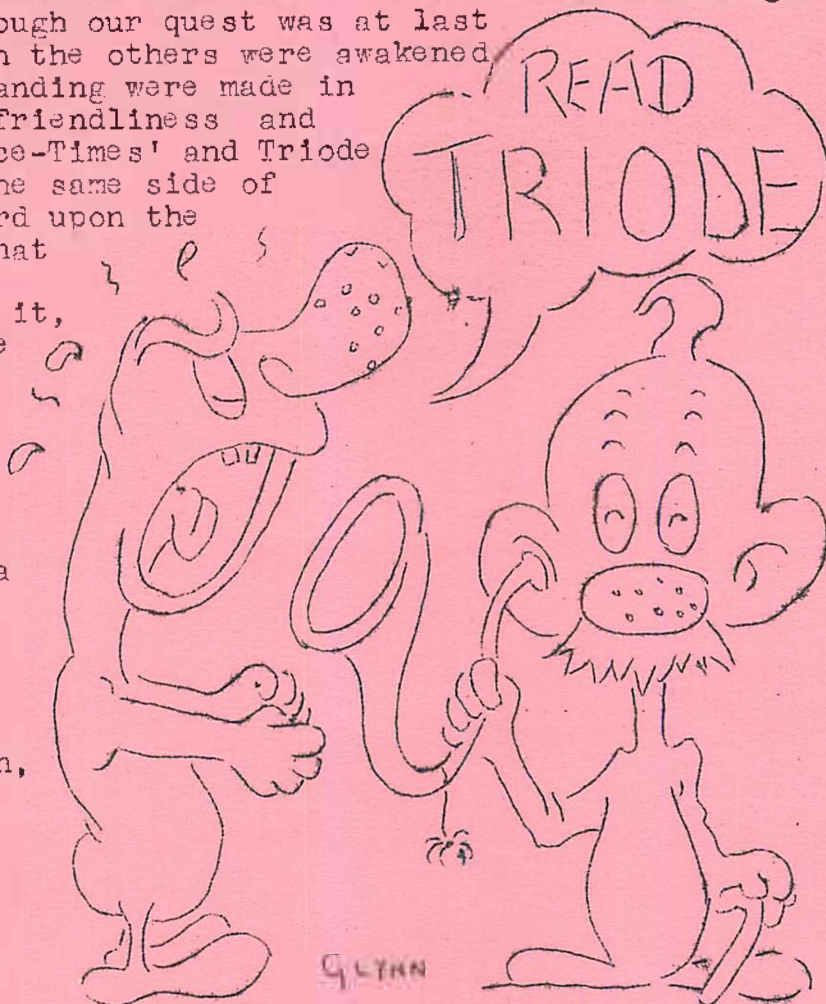
As the ship turned the corner at the top of South America, we suffered our first contact with the outside world since leaving and the episode nearly ended in disaster for Fandom. Another vessel appeared on the horizon and very shortly sailed alongside 'Courtenay's Boat' and hove to. Too late did we realise that bookaneers were upon us and before we had time to raise a single zap-gun, grappling hucksters had been thrown across and had engaged several fans. Ted Tubb got into a towering rage over this, declaring that it would ruin his Group Marriage system and the bookaneers left hurriedly and soon disappeared over the horizon. Those hucksters who had been left aboard the fannish ship were thrown into the sea and left to the mercy of the other sharks.

We all felt now that we were nearing our objective and despite the small (even if excellently positioned) proportions of the femme fans (a factor which later had a widespread effect on the development of the fannish colony), Willis's pun that we had all had a maritime, found general acclaim. For some while, however, dissension had been brewing regarding the food which was being served continuously and monotonously in the shape of ham sand-wiches. One faction maintained that no finer diet could be asked for, whilst their opponents averred that the staple diet should be

potato crisps. The situation boiled to an ugly head but Burgess was unable to affect it in any way, and it looked as though The Second Staple War must inevitably break out. Then, at the eleventh hour, one morning, came salvation.

LAND WAS SIGHTED !

At the tumultuous cheering which broke out from the four fans who were on the deck at that time! After all the heart breaking months it looked as though our quest was at last fulfilled. Quickly then the others were awakened and preparations for landing were made in such an atmosphere of friendliness and co-operation that 'Space-Times' and Triode were both on sale at the same side of the ship. I leaned hard upon the rail trying to guess what the future might hold, (and secretly, I admit it, hoping that it might be Pat Doolan or Shirley Marriott, and that it wouldn't be only the future which would do the holding), as the smudge on the horizon became a blot, became a blur, became a dirty mark, became a flatbed rollerpad. I fancied that I could see the sun glinting on the white sand of the beach, and I nudged Tom White who stood next to me ; "Shingle", I said. "Don't be a fugghead," he answered, "You know I'm married, have you been drinking...?"



To Be Continued Very Soon.

And here is the next part.

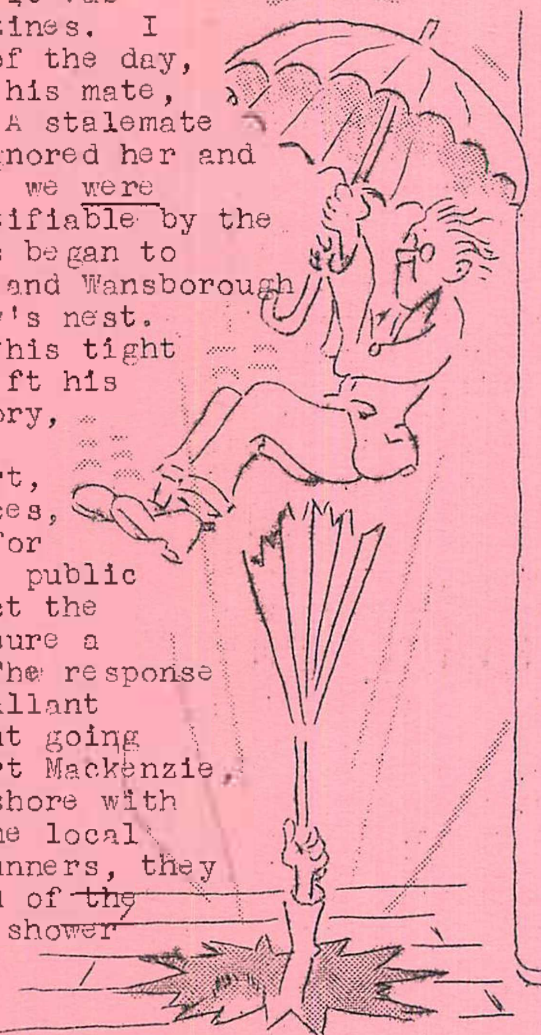
PART 4

AN EASTER ISLAND IDYLL by Terry Jeeves

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE :- For a fuller understanding of this part it is necessary to have read the preceding five pages, including this one. T.J. Now read on.

Throughout the length (and breadth) of the voyage, I had been sleeping off the effects of the Supermancon, but Mal Ashworth's cry of 'Shingle' now awakened me. I hastened up the cabin steps (Vols. 1 to 99 of Authentic) paused on the top one to read a new serial by Ken Potter, and then hastened once more (but faster) past the new

mast (The old one had been mizzen for ages), to the quarter deck which was so called, as it was entirely constructed out of 25¢ magazines. I snatched the glass from the captain of the day, it was empty, so I snatched one from his mate, she resisted which made a stalemate. A stalemate is no use to me, or Ted Tubb, so I ignored her and looked towards the land. True enough, we were approaching land. It was easily identifiable by the amount of soil which covered it. Fans began to cluster on the quarterdeck. Burgess and Wansborough descended from their home in the crow's nest. Ted Tubb, issued out leave passes to his tight little group, and even Ron Bennett left his unfinished article, 'The Bradbury Story, part 97', to come and gaze. Seconds later, we struck land, no one was hurt, and Captain Ken Slater O.C. Land Forces, took command. He immediately called for two volunteers. "I want two fearless, public spirited fans, two men who can contact the natives in a friendly manner, and ensure a peaceful reception for all of us". The response was only .1% short of 100%, as the gallant captain could not step forward without going overboard. He finally selected Stuart Mackenzie, and Bert Campbell. They were sent ashore with strict instructions not to provoke the local inhabitants.....Being practised runners, they gained the ship with a 100 yards lead of the howling mob. We sailed away amidst a shower of spears, war clubs, and copies of 'Eye' which had been offered for barter.



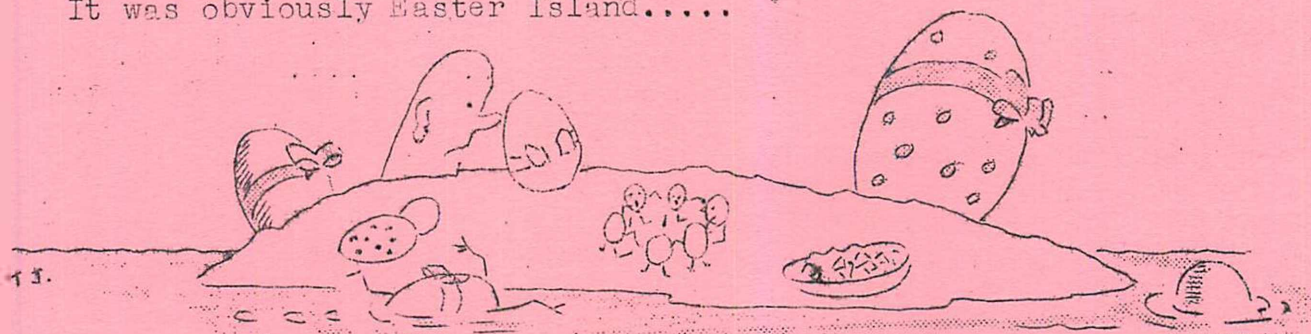
/ Burgess and
Wansborough descend

Onward we sailed, ever onward. We awoke one morning just in time to see the Panama Canal falling behind us, we had inadvertently drifted through during the night. Even so, a careless key orderly must have left all the locks undone. Days passed, more and more of the fen emulated Mr. Campbell and joined the ranks of the anti-Shaverites. Ennui set in, followed closely by Beri-beri, and its mutant variation Razz. Luckily, Doc Smith put aside the final saga of the 'Great Grand-Children of the Lens' and devoted his talents to the healing of the sick. By an intravenous injection of bichlorophenoltochelwivit and a policy of segregation, he soon had the diseases under control. The only setback came when one of the sufferers refused to be segregated until he had consulted a large dictionary, apparently under the impression that segregation might hamper his group marriage activities.

On the morning of the 973rd day, we again sighted land. (We would have sighted land much earlier, but Bertram Chandler's slide rule had a scratched cursor, thus introducing a cyclic function, and we had been going in a circle until it was discovered when someone pointed out that the sun set on different sides of the ship on alternate days). Slowly, we approached towards this little

lump of land. Nearer and nearer, then even nearer than that, at last we were near enough to have a really good look at our newest discovery.

It was obviously Easter Island.....

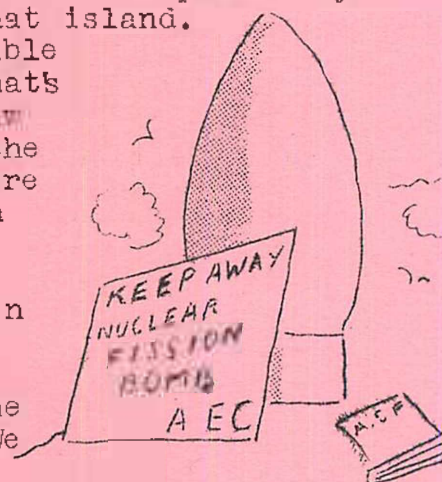


Profiting from our previous error, we did not strike land, nor did we send out the two previous missionaries. Not that it would have mattered, as we soon discovered that the inhabitants, having spotted our approach on their radar, had evacuated the island. Led by Cap'n Slater, we began to explore. The weirdly carved figures became the butts for many witty puns, quips, and merry jests, but as usual, Willis made the best crack by inserting a stick of dynamite in one of the figures. The island seemed to have everything we could possibly need with the exception of food, women, and water. In spite of these minor inconveniences, various fan began to establish themselves on shore. Norman Wansborough, offered a trip in the first moon rocket to everyone who delivered him onestone statue a week. A statistically minded fan conducted a poll, and after carefully marking each questionnaire, published the startling results that out of all the femfen on the island, 100% of them were females. He also discovered that every fan on the place had either heard of TRIODE, or had not, and that every pioneer fell into one of three clearly defined classes, viz: 1. Aged 9 years, 2. Under 9 years, 3 Over 9 years. One or two fan, lacking the truly statistical mind were inclined to question the usefulness of these results, but were punished for their lack of faith, by having their zap guns trampled in the dirt.

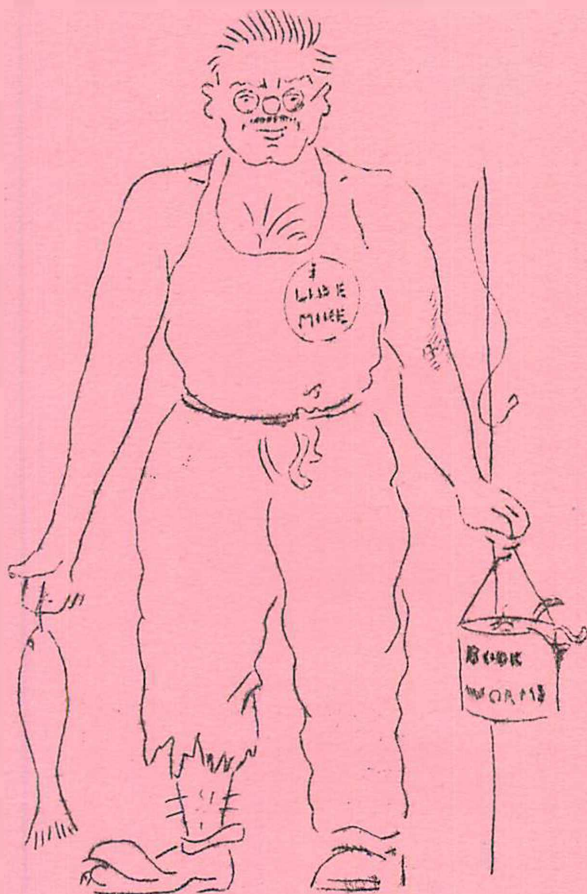
Meanwhile, other fan were buckling down to the essential work of setting out the first fanzine, Willis, with dogged persistence, was busily engaged in sandpapering the back of a stone idol, with the intention of converting it into a flatbed duplicator. Chandler was polishing the scratch off his slide rule, and Bentcliffe was busily composing a sonnet cum calypso on the blue skies of Manchester.. Frances Evans, as cook general, was splitting some corn into two neat piles. Covers in one, stories in the other. The gamblers in the Fantasy Art Society were organising a draw, and the authors had hired gardeners to dig up plots for them.

Picture this peacefule scene. Fandom, love, and healthy living (Ignore those drunken sots fighting in the corner with whisky filled zap-guns). Nirvana (unpaid advert) at last. It seemed as though the true worth of fandom was finally getting its chance. Into this peaceful scene a fan comes staggering. For a while, no one realised that he was sober, but had been running. His breath was coming in short (black) pants, (room 140, ten o' clock), but as he began to regain his composure, the story began to emerge a bit at a time. "Up on the hill...puff", swig of whisky. "A huge metal tower...puff" swig of whisky. "Notice on the side...puff" another whisky, "Luvverly notice...puff.....puff, puff" Very reluctantly, Sanderson

passed the whisky. "Printed on a Roneo 500...puff...puff, etc,etc" Sandy gave in again. "Sez that the tower wosh put there by Alec ", More puffs emerged, until the distraitt fan sounded like the Flying Scotsman, but to no avail. He tried a further gambit, "Silly clots doan nowow to spell ALEC, missed out the L...No LNoel, Noel, born is the.." This musical interlude was cut short by Slater passing the gin. Sandy also offered to pass the rest of the whisky, in the bottle, and fast, if the rest of the story didn't come quickly. "Well, the notish sez that this tower is a new clear fishing bomb, signed AEC. Not sporting to use bombs on fish ish it? No L éither Noel, Noel, born is the king of Iz-er-aye-all..." But nobody heard the final ditty, they were all piling aboard ship. Sail was hoisted and ignoring Newton's law of motion, each fan began to puff their hardest into the sail. thoughtful fan (Burgess?) lassooed the musical messenger, yanked him aboard, and set him to puffing on the sail along with the rest. One or two fen not only ignored Newton's Law, but also ignored the more recent Law of Motion passed by Beecham. We literally streaked away from that island. Behind us, the sky flared with the unutterable brilliance of a thousand suns, at least, that's what went into the log. Actually, no one saw it, as we were all too busy hiding behind the hastily erected radiation barriers. They were constructed out of every story ever written by Cargo Shotgun. Not even a neutron could get through that lot. Finally, our syren wailed the 'All Clear', and twenty-three men tried to crowd into her cabin, thinking it was a personal call for them. Finally, a rota was established, order resumed, and the radiation barrier re-stowed in the bilge. We sailed onward into the unknown.



Less than three months after the explosion, food became scarce, scarcer, and finally non-existent. Famished bodies lay around the decks. Fans chewed their nails (lucky fem fen), others chewed the rag, and one pro-ed ate his own words. Starved bodies writhed in agony. The captain could ignore the symptoms no longer. With a bold hand, he made a stoical British entry in the log. "We are getting very hungry". Valiant attempts were made to provide some sort of synthetic substitute. Mathematicians served up pi, meat was carved from the bulwarks, the dead lights were pried (courtesy of Peter Hamilton) The crow's nest was raided for eggs, and even a few young scuppers were skinned and popped in the pot. These measures were only temporary however, and then they only lasted for a short time. Finally, there was nothing left to eat, every suggestion led to frustration, and even the thwarts were thwarted. The final straw that nearly broke Pete Campbell's back, was the discovery that Bert Chandler's cursor had developed another scratch. Once again, we had been sailing round in circles. Pete had discovered this by noticing that we had been following a groove in the water, obviously worn there by our repeated passage over the same place. Chandler's plea that a stray neutron had ricocheted off his cursor, scratching it in the process, was not accepted. The lynching over, our hunger relapsed for a while, but very soon, we drifted back into apathy, coma, sloth, and general hungriness. Life held nothing for us, Death looked us in the face (collective) and turned away revolted,



Jan Jansen piloted the 'Flying Dutchman' right past us, but refused to hand us so much as a few sliced carrots. Heaven could not claim us, Death could not claim us, Hell was too hot for us, the sea too wet. It was a bleak prospect. The captain made another bold entry in the log. "YNOVI IN LOUS". Then a thought struck him, and he left the cabin. He returned munching a succulent morsel, and made another bold entry in the log. "YNOVI AS LOUS".

Just when things were beginning to look black, Mike Rosenblum had an idea. (Mike is a man who has read books) Mike remembered reading somewhere, something about there being fish in the sea. MR. DAVID. Mike was awarded the Finnish Cross (XX) which was pinned on by the staff of Space Times, two pints of duplicator ink, and a free sub to Triode, the final gift

reducing him to tears of thanks, although the fact that it was the Spaceman's edition printed on onion skin paper may have been a contributory factor. Whatever the cause, Mike remained the man who saved us, and thus through him, we were spared to continue this saga. Tune in next issue for another gripping instalment of your favourite cereal. Remember, if you are a subscriber, you get your copy earlier. Be a man and get it over with, sub no.

TO BE CONTINUED

SUPPORT THE CYTRICON KETTERING 1955

The editors of Triode wish to inform all and sundry (fans included) that anyone who wishes to buy them a drink, should not miss attending the 1955 Convention, to be held in the George Hotel, Kettering.

Hostilities and frolics will commence on Friday, April the 8th, and Armistice will be signed on Monday Morning, April the 11th.

All the important ~~XXXXXX~~ battle parties will engage the enemy on the Saturday and the Sunday.

For full details, write now, to Joe Ayres, 7 Doris Rd., Kettering, Northants.



CLYNN

You will also find ME !
What more do you want ?

Reprints are not going to be a regular feature in TRIODE but I have two valid reasons for reprinting from Nova publication SCIENCE FANTASY, the following article by Alfred Bester. First, it's a darn good article, and T does reach a few places SF does not. Second, it simply cries out for comment, and as SF does not have a letter section, it can not be discussed therein. EB.

P
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WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE

By

Alfred Bester

For the past few months I've been reading English science fiction with interest and enjoyment. I've been reading the comments and criticisms of English fans with even more interest and enjoyment, particularly the inevitable comparisons between English and American stories and authors. (I had almost, like St. Tony Weller, said "invariable").

Invariable might be the better word after all, for fans, despite their good will, cannot help being enthusiastic partisans, and all readers who are not also authors must be forgiven for making the natural mistake of classifying authors in order of merit. We, who are brothers in our exacting craft, are more understanding. We know that the one difficulty is to become a writer, and, having passed that final test, all of us and all of our stories are equal in the eyes of our profession. All else is merely a question of personal preference and taste.

Comparisons of stories and authors are worthless and unfair. You may prefer A to B and insist that A is the better writer. Of course you mean that A is more to your taste, and there will surely be someone else who prefers B. I myself have certain favourites among science fiction authors, men who can do no wrong in my eyes. I also have 'Bete noires', writers who can never please me no matter what they do. But as a fellow craftsman I respect both and would never dare evaluate them. It is simply, I repeat, a question of taste.

Now a man's taste reflects himself, and he reflects his 'milieu', and if we explore this briefly it may throw some light on the interesting difference between English and American science fiction; but always provided we agree that we are not asking which is the better. Neither is better; we are simply trying to discover why the two styles have different qualities.

The American and English cultures differ tremendously. We in the States are a nervous, high-strung people, anxious, insecure, generous but confused, painfully eager to get places but not exactly sure where we are going. We're very much like a small boy in his first term at school who has a tendency to run and shout excessively for fear of being left out of he knows not what.

Our science fiction reflects this. It is nervous, high-strung, generous out confused. It is a painful striving for The Answers. We in the States want The Answer to Everything. It must be definitive, short and quick. Eternity must be explained in a sentence, our galaxy in a phrase, our place in it in a formula . . . and then off to other important Answers.

English culture, as reflected by it's science fiction, might be likened to the big boy in his last term at school. It is assured, relaxed, aware of it's own value, conscious of a long, honourable history, and doubtful but not afraid about it's future. It is too sophisticated, or at any rate too well bred to run and shout.

This manifests itself in the quiet tempo of the English stories, the leisurly developement, the emphasis on character rather than action. To me, the physical action in English stories never quite rings true. I have the feeling that it has been fabricated by a people who have forgotten the terrifying violence which we accept as every day commonplaces in the States. And the conflicts of character in English stories rarely approach the violence of character conflict in our American stories, again for the same reason. The unmerciful warfare between human beings which we accept as the natural order of things in the States has long been bred out of English civilization.

Both styles have appeals and drawbacks. American science fiction is exciting. To read it is like being cooped up in a room with an hysterical stranger. No matter how ignorant of the situation you may be, no matter how calm and poised, you begin to absorb the stranger's tensions (by osmosis if you will) and tremble in harmony. No literature in the world can approach the tension and excitement of our American product because no people in the world are as tense and excitable as ourselves.

But the drawback of American science fiction (outside of the fact that you may not care for hysteria) is it's devotion to The Answers. Too many stories attempt to define God and Man, end war, perpetuate peace, and make definitive about the future of the cosmos. In their impatience to find short, quick answers, American authors have a tendency to reduce life to round numbers. "All men are M", they say. "All problems are P. Therefore $M + P = A$ (The Answer) and now lets get onto the next problem".

Now this sort of thing is wonderful if you happen to have a taste for tension and pat answers. Many people, both in England and America, do; many dont. To the latter, the English style in science fiction will appeal more strongly. It is calm, slow, relaxed. It does not search for The Answers. It attempts to explore human behavior, and brings to it's exploration a mature sense of values and a confident courage. It makes a realistic appraisal of the future undistorted by the infantile dreams and delusions that afflict America.

But at the same time, this relaxed tempo and mature interest in character which are the glory of English science fiction, are it's drawback. Too often English authors are content to mine stereotype story situations which were abandoned years ago by their American colleagues. It is true they often dig up new and fresh aspects of human behavior from them, but they impose a dreadful burden on the reader.

We all know the venerable science fiction cliché of the mad professor in the laboratory, his lovely daughter, his handsome young assistant, and the

monster born of his experiment. We all remember how those stories invariably (invariably) began: "Explain your experiment to me again, Professor . . ." Dear God! I can remember writing a turkey of that sort myself long ago.

Nobody does it today. Imagine then, the burden you would be placing on a reader if you placed an interesting and novel idea about human behavior in such a framework. I doubt whether any reader would get deep enough into the story to reach the idea. "Explain your experiment to me again, professor," he would read. "Oh hell! Not That one again," he would exclaim and flip the pages to the next story. Yet, alas, this is what English science fiction has been doing too often.

I have struggled through scores of English stories, chest deep in cliché continually tempted to give up in disgust. Almost always I have been glad that I didn't give way to the temptation because I've found tucked away in the stereotyped plot, a fresh and interesting idea. Just to balance the equation I might add that I've ripped through scores of American stories, enchanted by the air of excitement, only to be bitterly disappointed in the end to discover that they were all excitement and no idea.

An English editor (who shall be nameless) tells me that this English weakness is a reflection of the taste of the English science fiction fan. I believe this. Just as I believe that the idea-less excitement of American stories and/or the pat answer is a reflection of the taste of the American fan. And in a larger sense, both are reflections of our cultures.

It would seem that the obvious solution would be a compromise. Let us combine the virtues of both styles into one great international style which will be a credit to science fiction authors and a joy to science fiction fans. But this is impossible. Our cultures are too widely separated, and are growing steadily apart. Both are in transition and the end-products of these changes may be totally incompatible.

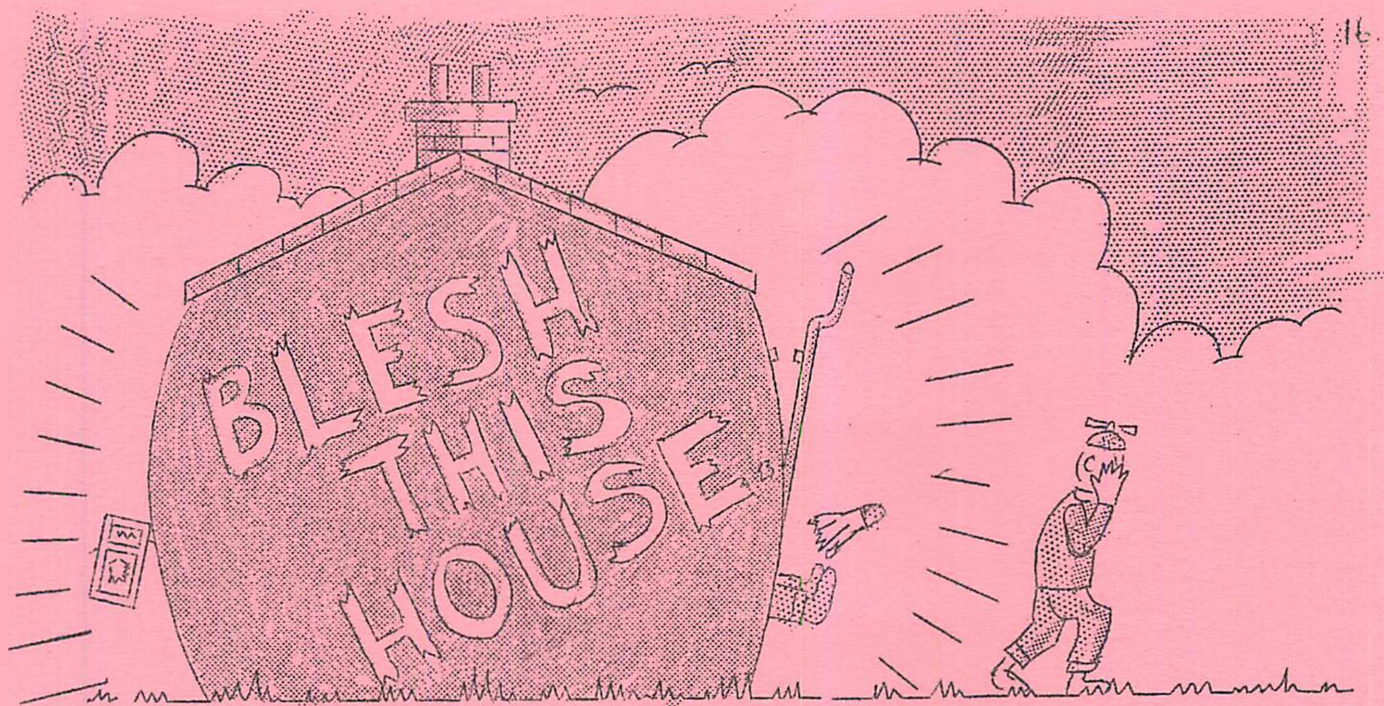
Moreover, I'm against any such amalgamation. What's the difference if we're different? I said that one style was no' better than the other. I should like to see them continue on their separate ways, developing and maturing apart. I would be unfaithful to science fiction, the expression of these turbulent times, the promise of a fabulous future, if I were to advocate anything that smacked of sameness, imitation, loss of individuality.

As an American, quite naturally I prefer our American science fiction (with all it's faults and omissions) to any other. We are different, and so long as we remain different we shall both be the better for it. Let us be friendly rivals, if you will; let us envy and admire each other; but let us make no comparisons, no evaluations of good and better.

So long as we are different, we are both the best.

- Alfred Bester

There are quite a lot of statements in this article that I don't agree with. For instance, if writing is a craft (as Alfred asserts) then there must be degrees of craftsmanship! I declare, this article OPEN FOR DISCUSSION. eb.



By.....JOHN BERRY.

I have always been impressed by the atmosphere at 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast. I don't mean the twice weekly fanac session. I am referring to the Willis family itself. Walt, for instance, a big-name fan, permanently attired in ink stained trousers, telling everyone about his visit to America. Madeleine, the fans Perfect Wife, eager to fight for her husbands prestige, and a veritable cyclone when it comes to the Ghoddminton Court. Carol, a pretty girl aged seven, already familiar with such scientific words as 'blast-off', 'extra-terrestrial', 'positron-pistol', and 'Chuck Harris'!

I decided to bring my household up to the same fannish standard. The first thing I did (to create a general impression of fannish good faith) was to invite the stalwarts of Irish Fandom to my house. The evening went splendidly. My wife Diane, was delighted. She said that Walt, Madeleine, BoSh, James, Peggy and George were all very nice people, and if they were fans, there must be something in it.

So far so good.

My next step was to get Diane to read Hyphen. To try and whip up a bit of enthusiasm, I told her Walt had printed an article of mine in it. She replied:- "Just goes to show that you can't always go by appearances. I thought Walt looked very intelligent."

She was serious, too.

Well, eventually I persuaded her to read Hyphen after she persuaded me to buy her a pair of Nylons. I like to think that I got the best of the bargain, reasoning that I would have to buy her the nylons, anyway.

Progress was slow but steady.

My next attempt at indoctrination was rather subtle. I decided to try and introduce fannish jargon into our conversation. I arrived home from work one evening, smiling cheerfully, and as I crossed the threshold, I

asked:- "Any egoboo ?" "No," she said, "You'll have fish and chips and like it."

I resorted to psychology. I gave the matter a great deal of thought, and decided to interest my small son in space ships, rockets and flying saucers. I explained how they worked, what they were for, and what they looked like. My theory was that whilst I was at work, he would talk to his mother about them, and so make her used to hearing the expressions, and gradually come to accept them.

The following night I sat down to my evening meal, and as Diane poured the Tea, she seemed rather pleased. "Colin has been talking about inter-planetary flight all day, have'nt you,?" she said turning to him. I chuckled to myself. Success at last. I turned to the wee boy, to pat his arm. Something hit me between the eyes. I saw brilliantly coloured lights and beautiful flashes. Slowly, removing buttered crumpets from my lap, I managed to reach a sitting position on the floor. Colin was screaming. "Daddy has broken my flying saucer with his head," he screeched.

My wife held up the remains of one of our best china saucers. She shook her head slowly. I felt rather despondent. I mean, I had tried so hard. (Excuse me a sec, the bandage has just slipped over my eyes, and I can't see to type. Ah, that's better.)

So I went up to 170 again, to see where I had gone wrong. Yes, there was that delightful atmosphere again - fandom personified. I looked at Madeleine, as with typical feminine disdain, she tried to hack Bob's fingers off with her Ghoddminton bat - then suddenly I remembered. Of course, Ghoddminton, that was the secret. That was where I had made my mistake.

I ran downstairs, mounted my bike, raced home, screeched to a halt and rushed into the house. With perspiration flying off me, I yelled, "Ghoddminton!"

My in-laws were in the house. I had'nt seen them at first. My father-in-law is a big man. He is also a sportsman. "Ghoddminton?" he said incredulously. "Yes" I panted.

My brother-in-law was also present. He is big and broad and young and strong. "Ghoddminton?" he asked with eyebrows raised. "Yes," I faltered.

"Where is it running," asked the father-in-law, "Epsom or Aintree?". "It isn't a horse," I said, somewhat exasperated. "It's a game. Willis invented it."

"A game" they cried in unison. "How do you play it?". I explained the basic rule that really, all there was to it, was that you had to knock down a shuttlecock with your bat into your opponents half of the court.

They looked around my dining room pensively. Suddenly, they moved as one. The china cabinet, mirror, pictures, and other miscellaneous and breakable articles were dumped under the table, which was placed in the middle of the room. In no time at all, the carpets and mats were rolled up, and placed against the walls. Somehow, I sensed impending doom, especially when they asked for the Ghoddminton bats and the shuttlecock, pointing out that they had prepared the court.

I explained that those items were the monopoly of Oblique House.

"We must improvise," they said.

I was powerless to check them. As his bat, my father-in-law chose

volume VII of the Encyclopedia Britannica, which looked very small in his huge fist.

My brother-in-law, chosing to ignore his fathers itellectual bent, selected the fire-screen. Their eyes flashed round the room, looking for something to use as a shuttlecock. I dont quite know why they picked on the marble ashtray - they dont smoke.

Need I go on ?

We got £27 from the insurance company, claiming rather untruthfully that the floor had caved in. And we wanted a new dining room suite, anyway.

But one thing bothers me.

I still cant seem to get my wife interested in fandom.

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I'M IN RECEIPT OF....

Le Zombie. Published by Bob Tucker everytime a Zombie awakes, and duplicated by Dean Grennell. It's a pity that Bob has'nt the time to put out LeZ more often these days, it's a very excellent publication. And, about the most legible duplicated fanzine I've ever seen. Highspots of this issue are Bob Bloch's con report. And a piece by Walt Willis on UK fan pubbing which must surely make the USA fan-od glad he dont live this side of the pond. If there are any copies left, you can get them from; Box 702, Bloomington. Illinois.

Lyric. Which emanates from Jim Bradley (545 N.E. San Rafael St, Portland, Oregon.) is a Lithoed zine, the make up of which is very attractive. The artwork too is very impressive but I wasn't particularly impressed with the material herein. If you like poetry, you'll probably disagree with me but apart from the excellent drawing by Jim and Bob Kellogg, I cant enthuse over this zine. I prefered it when it was duplicated, and less pretentious.

Abstract. Is also now done by the Litho' process and the resultant zine definitley cannot be faulted on reproduction. Because of the cost of this process, Pete Vorzimer has made Abstract a vest-pocket sized mag (5 "X4"). It's a little difficult to read on the bus but none the less attractive for the reduction. The material is of a fairly high standard, best item, once again by friend Bloch. Worst item an over-casual column by Terry Carr, who does better with the stylus than the pen. - 104 Toyon Hall, Goleta, Calif.

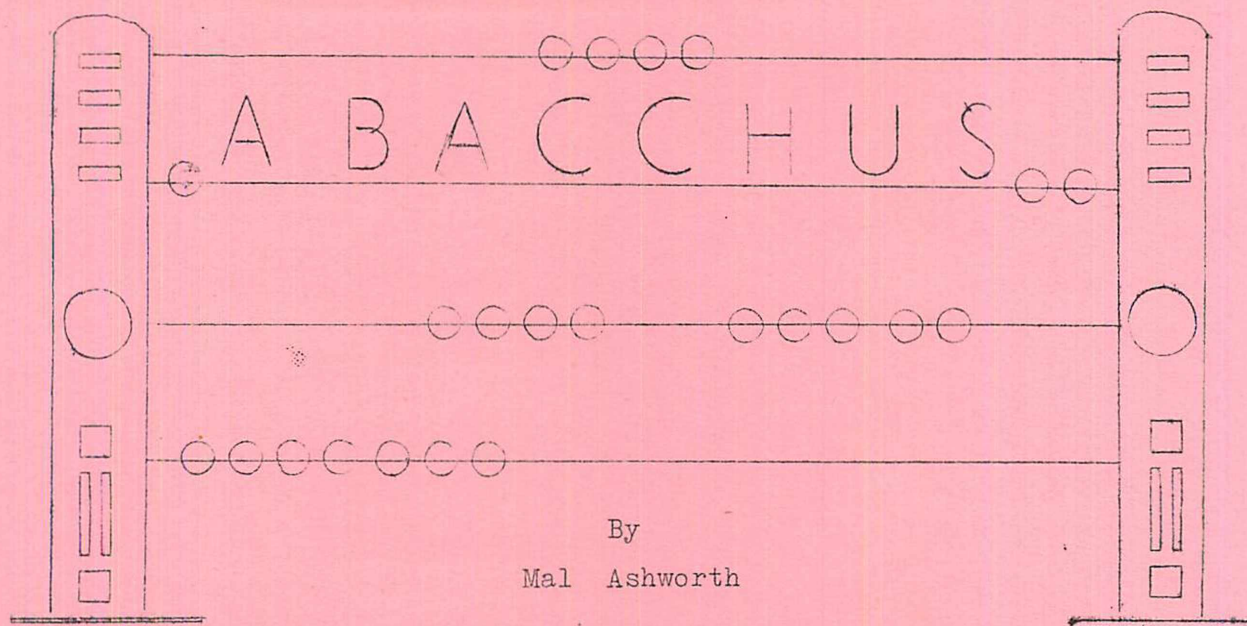
Frontier. Is the official bulletin of The Society for the Advancement of Space Travel. It's edited and produced for the society by Dale R. Smith at 3001, Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn. This first issue is concerned mainly with presenting the society Charter. If you are interested only in the lighter side of fanning then Frontier will not be of interest to you, but if you are seriously interested in Space Flight then write to Dale for a membership application blank. This society (it's a merger of the STARDUSTERS and the Society for the Conquest of Space) could, with the B.I.S., help to advance the cause of of spaceflight, and the dream of many fans. The UK representative is Mike Wallace, 267 Hessle Rd, Hull, Yorks.

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It shall be the duty of the secretary to execute the following....

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## THE COLUMN YOU CAN COUNT ON



By  
Mal Ashworth

"No Claude dear - you must go straight to sleep tonight - I wont tell you about Tucker's first death; and I certainly shan't say a word about Moskowitz and Wollheim just before you go to sleep. I wont even read Pogo to you tonight. I have a column to write for TRIODE. You just go peacefully to sleep and dream about having an article in Quandry!"

Tap. Tap. Tap. ABA---- " All right brat. Stop making a row like a Methodist minister coming unexpectedly upon a London Circle party. I'll tell you some fairy stories then if it's the only way to keep you quiet; but they will be fairy stories of my own and they wont have any point, probably no hero's or heroines, maybe not even a villain, definitely no plots and no morals. Certainly not any morals. Now let me see.....

" Well once upon a time there was a fan called Mal Ashworth. He looked rather like me, acted rather like me and even wrote rather like me. The Silly, Twisted Boy. Among the things that he wrote was a column called ABACCHUS for a fanzine called TRIODE published by fans called Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves. Well, when this Mal Ashworth was'nt fanning - which was'nt very often - or doing other things - which was even less often - he took an interest in a subject termed General Semantics and actually owned a book called SCIENCE AND SANITY which he thought to be one of the diffilcultest and most complicatedest books ever written in the English language.

He also thought it one of the most valuable, so he tried to understand it and of course he liked to mention it surreptitiously in his articles and columns every once in a while just so that everybody would know that he was 'erudite' and 'learned' and 'had actually read SCIENCE AND SANITY' ( which he actually had'nt ). This was All Very Well and Everything In The Garden Was Loovely. And then one time he happened to mention the book in one instalment of this column he wrote for TRIODE - and that was the beggining of the end. Ever after that he was ostracised from the heights of Truly Christian and Moral Fandom and condemned to the depths of ignominy with noted sex-fiends like James White and Chuck Harris. No longer was he able

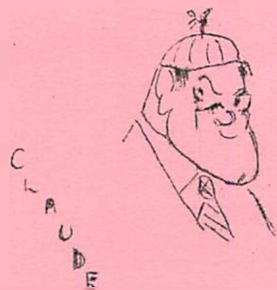


to pass himself off as a learned and erudite, innocent young fan concerned only with egoboo, producing O'Pazines and reading THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. No longer could he write romantic, pedestalsing poetry to beautiful femme fans without being laughed to scorn. Because - you see - the person who stencilled his column ( and for some biased and whimsical reason like the fact that it was done on Terry Jeeves typewriter, he suspected Terry Jeeves) typed the book title as ----- "SEX AND SANITY".

"That story certainly has no morals. But then it doesn't stand alone."

"And perhaps too you'd like to hear about the two fans who went to see Ghod? Yes I thought you would. Well one of them was this Mal Ashworth again and the other was Mal's Old Uncle Tom White who was a venerable old fan with a flowing white beard, red hair, pink eyes and a semi-rotary duplicator. Mal thought a great deal about his uncle Tom ( Mal had - as you may have guessed - a morbid mind ) and used to chivalrously defend him against innuendos by Lancaster Fans as to him being old and decrepit. But to get back to the story of how they went to see Ghod. Well they went on a train to Heysham and on a boat from Heysham to Belfast; they had been looking forward to the trip for several weeks and Uncle Tom had been telling all sorts of wonderful stories about ships and the sea and people who were so sick they vomitted up their entrails, and people who, after their first sea journey, would never travel by sea again and about ships having trials in the Irish Sea which had had gun-turrets weighing many tons and which were rivetted to the decks, swept clean over the side by the seas. Because of course Uncle Tom was in the navy. Somewhere along during the early part of Uncle Tom's story-telling Aunty Betty decided that the place of the wife of a fan was not in going to see Ghod with her husband after all but in staying at home and collecting the post of the doormat every morning."

"Well anyway after a very uneventful journey during which they nearly froze to death on Keighley station and mortally insulted two Irishmen on the train when they suggested that a porter at one station should learn to speak English, they got to Heysham and boarded the Duke of Argyll. A steward opened the door of their cabin for them and promised to call them in the morning. Long before then they were calling him and everyone else aboard the ship. The trouble was a minor one really but to these fans who were so excited at the thought of meeting Ghod next morning and wanted to get some sleep so that they could spark and scintillate with fannish wit in the early morning Belfast sun, it seemed important. It was just that whoever had built their cabin in the first place had fixed one of the walls of the thing onto some piston or other in the engine, so that as soon as the engine started up, the walls jived back and forward and clattered and vibrated all over the place. And they kept it up all the time the engine was running. And whenever the engine changed gear or whatever engines do on ships the walls jittered and bopped with a different frequency. Which was probably great fun for somebody but just didn't appeal to the fannish sense of humour. But eventually they got to Belfast and - while the two fans stood on deck and looked at the snow-covered hills around Belfast in the early morning light - the ship, obviously realising the fact that it ought to act in accordance with it's geographical location - went into the harbour backwards. And as they



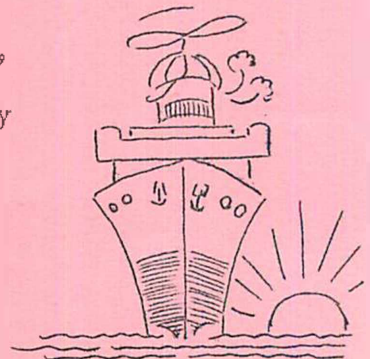
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prepared to disembark - or as we say on dry land, 'get off' - these fans noticed two figures standing on the quayside looking, as Uncle Tom put it, like "two detectives waiting to arrest Crippen". They quickly deduced that the one supporting the bleary-eyed one with a halo was Bob Shaw; this meant that the bleary-eyed-one-with-a-halo was probably Walt Willis. It was. They got off the boat, said "Hello again" ( it was only about eight months since they had last met), asked if they were in the right country for Belfast and climbed into the Heavenly Chariot which was most successfully disguised as a Morris car."

"Then Walt climbed behind the wheel, tickled the car, and it scuttered off up the road. The two country bumpkin fans in the backseat held tight, tried to make witty remarks through clenched teeth and closed their eyes every time a bus loomed up two inches in front of Walt's shoulder. Time was when they had wondered if it was really true that there was no such thing as a driving test in Northern Ireland but inside of three minutes after leaving the quayside they were convinced that it was one of the most Eternal Verities of all time. But it was, after all a Heavenly Chariot and, as it turned out, everything was All Right on that account and they need'nt have worried. So it was that in the early morning light they came to the house numbered 170 and paused outside for a moment of silent contemplation and a quick look round for hidden booby traps, before passing through the portal and meeting Madeline Willis and Sadie Shaw, both of whom had also been dragged from their beds at a ghastly and unearthly hour. They sat around and chattered, read a poetsarc from Jan Jansen, met Walt's daughter Carol, who was the very epitome of everything a wonderful Irish colleen should be, and had breakfast."

"After that the day set out to prove to them just what good quality time they had in Ireland and how fast it could flow through the clocks. It flew. They were wisked, skidded and caroomed around the countryside near Belfast, in the car with Walt and Bob, saw the very impressive seat of the Irish Government which looked like the palace of the Games Machine in 'The World of Null A', old world towers and things perched up on hilltops, castles and "quaint old corrugated iron thatched cottages", as Walt said. They saw the fannish den and the Enchanted Duplicator and the Marilyn Monroe calendar. They listened to such brilliancies as "it's no good learning to touch type if you cant touch think" (Walt). And they played Ghoodminton."

"The carnage of this folly was indescribable. These two innocent, sheltered fans from the sheep country came to Belfast and actually played - Ghoodminton! These two serious, constructive co-editors actually stood at opposite sides of a table and batted each other over the head with pieces of stiff cardboard, tried to dismember opponents and poke a few eyes out. And of course not being prepared for such an unfannishly active occupation the result was awful to behold. After this they were given refreshments, led across the road onto ( and strangely, not under ) a bus, taken down to the quay and put onto a boat - which was, fortunately bound for Heysham. They stumbled into their cabin and fell asleep. The next morning there must have been an earthquake in Heysham because they actually woke up. And then it started to come back to them. Ignoring the engrams they had aquired in the Ghoodminton games they realised, as they hobbled towards the train, that they





had had a wonderful time, that anybody who had been and met the Willises, the Shaws, John Berry, George Charters, James White, and Peggy Martin could not possibly have done anything else, that anyone who had been at the largest meeting Irish Fandom had ever held must have had a great time whatever lies their broken tibias and cracked fibulas tried to tell them. If the mundane world had'n't said a very forceful "No" they would have taken Walt back the POGOS and MADs which they had borrowed, the very next weekend."

"And now I suppose you want to hear about how two fans were nearly frightened to death in Leeds by a vision of Bert Campbell? Well curse you Claude; I'll bet you've been asleep from the second sentence !!! "

Tap. Tap. Tap. ABACC-----.

The End.

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\*\*\* The White one, showed his enthusiasm by spouting blood all over the floor.

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#### I'M IN RECEIPT OF....

Orion. Is an unpretentious but very entertaining zine published by Paul Enever from 9 Churchill Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex. The material is always of a high standard, and the best of it is quite often by Paul himself. There is a Grecian Column contributed by George Whiting, and a very nice thing from John Berry in this current issue. The letter section is excellent.

Satellite. Published by Don Allen (3 Arkle St, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham.), is a far more pretentious zine than the above but not nearly so entertaining. The duplicating and layout is very good, the artwork really exceptional but the material is not up to the high standard of reproduction and art herein. If Don can shake a few of his writers up, he could have a really terrific mag. I think the letter section needs a little enlivening too.

Confab. Emanates from Bob Peatrowsky, and is one of the two top letter-zines currently being published. (The other is Vernon McCains REVIEW.) Within the pages of this mag you'll find interesting discussion on just about every topic both in and out of the fannish range. In the current issue there are letters from Bob Tucker (on the evils of Cinemascope), Red Boggs (on the importance of being Evans), Vern McCain (on everything), and sundry other folk. Get it! From Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska.

Alpha. Belgium's and definitely continent'l Europe's only fanzine is a very nice zine. Well produced and always full of interesting material. Number nine, the most recent arrival has material by Dean Grinnell, Nigel Lindsay, several people called Jan Jansen, and, of course the other editor, Dave Vendelmans. There's a nicely presented column by me too. UK subs should go to Ron Bennett. Material to Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium.

Operation Fantast. Has reappeared on the fannish scene, the zine of that name I mean. OF is an interesting mag, you never quite know what to expect within it's pages but the content is always well written and usually quite provocative. There is rather a surfeit of reviews in the issue I have here (No.17), and I'd suggest to Ken that he features his reviews in the duplicated FANTAST bulletins, and keeps OF for other material. IT'S A SHAME too not to use a little art with Litho at your command. /22, Broad St, Syston, Leics.

# COLLECTING SCIENCE-FICTION

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## Part 3; MAGAZINES

By

Dale R. Smith

Professional magazines are the colourful backbone of the literature of Science Fiction. This swift parade produces a range and quality of material that is truly enormous. It sweeps by, and will soon be lost to us unless we are prepared to save, catalogue, and shelve numerous issues. 1954 alone produced nearly two hundred english language issues. But what can be more colourful and intriguing than such a collection? Certainly little, if anything, that falls within the financial scope of most of us.

April, 1926 marked the real beginning of the science fiction magazine with the first issue of Amazing Stories. And since that most important issue, over two thousand issues of over sixty different titles have been published dealing primarily with science fiction. Fringe magazines ( DOG SAVAGE, GHOST STORIES, GOLDEN FLEECE, HORROR STORIES, SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE, WEIRD TALES, etc., etc.) will increase those totals considerably. And there are also plenty of issues prior to April, 1926 containing material of value to a Science Fiction Collection. SCIENCE & INVENTION, a monthly preceeding Amazing Stories, is but one notable example.

No explicit rules can be set forth to guide the collector of magazines. Taste, available funds and space, and other factors, will dictate the size and scope of each collection. Some collectors insist on complete magazines in near mint condition whils others will tolerate an issue missing a back cover. Most will collect continuous runs while others will be interested only in issues containing stories by specific authors or illustrations by a specific artist. Numerous combinations and variations are possible. The well planned collection will have a definite pattern. In one the owner will point to a shelf and proudly proclaim that the twenty-three magazines so neatly arranged contain the sum total of published fiction by a favourite author. Another may do the same concerning an artist, but the most popular type of collection is that of complete sets of one magazine.

Of great importance to each collector are the checklists and indices that have been compiled. None is perfect or complete but all contain information of value. The following are a few of the most important.

INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926 to 1950

compiled and arranged by Donald B. Day

Perri Press, 1952, 184 pages.

"The index contains the information you need to find whatever interests you most in the field of science fiction magazines. The entire field is covered: all the science fiction and most of the fantasy magazines, from the first 1926 AMAZING STORIES thru 1950; over 1275 issues under 58 titles, all cross indexed by author and title."



The years following 1950 are covered by the following:—

1951 MAGAZINE INDEX

and

1952 MAGAZINE INDEX

both by Edward Wood

The Journal of Science Fiction

Vol. 1, No3 & No4.

THE 1953 CHECKDEX

by Charles Lee Riddle

Peon Press.

\* \* \* \*

Unfortunately there is no complete index to the British magazines. Some energetic fan can do a great service in this respect.

CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC MAGAZINES  
by Bradford M. Day, 1952, 23 pages  
This is one of the best and most  
complete of the general checklists.

CHECKLIST OF BRITISH S-F & FANTASY  
(Magazines; original & reprint)  
by Eric Bentcliffe, 1952, 12 pages  
This is the only comprehensive list  
of British titles available.

A HANDBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

by Donald H. Tuck, 1954, 151 pages This contains a very excellent  
magazine checklist.

Collectors interested in the fringe titles will find the following  
of value:

AN INDEX ON THE WEIRD & FANTASTICA IN MAGAZINES  
by Bradford M. Day, 1953, 162 pages

MACABRE INDEX, No.1  
By Wm. N. Austin, 1952

The future prospects for magazines is anything but good. The paper used is generally cheap and subject to fairly rapid deterioration. Sunlight and oxygen reduce it to a brown ash in just a few years. The ideal solution, where permanence is concerned, is a light and gas tight vault, where the magazines may be stored in an inert gas such as Helium. Only in this way can the magazines be preserved for future generations. But this would be quite expensive. Microfilm, would be next best but still far too expensive for the average collector. However, the concerted efforts of a large group of fans sincerely interested in the preservation of the literature of science fiction, might be able to interest some philanthropic organization in such a project.

Well, have fun with your collecting but don't overlook the fact that magazines in good condition often bring nice prices. Keep the magazines you buy today in good condition, and if you ever decide to give up collecting, you should be able to have a nice vacation on the proceeds from their sale.

Next issue we will explore the fabulous realm of the Fanzine.

\*\* This checklist I compiled. I still have a few copies hanging around the place, and if anyone cares to write for one, and enclose a quarto, stamped envelope, they can have a copy with pleasure. If you happen to have the 'misfortune' not to live in the sterling area, write in and just enclose an envelope. EB.

=====

# Interlude

Terry Jeeves

Apologies are due to Vinz Clarke, for my unkind remarks in the second issue of TRIODE. They were made in haste, and run off in the same manner. Since then, Vinz and I have sorted out the matter, and as often happens in such cases, found the trouble due to a misunderstanding, and mainly on my part. It was too late to alter T2, so I am taking the first opportunity to apologise to Vinz here and now. Sorry Vinz, and I'll try to count ten in future

Lack of an art-folio this issue, is due to three things, in the first place, we haven't one to hand. Then the running of two episodes of the Future History has consumed a load of our available space. Thirdly, we wanted to get this ish out for the Cytricon. This month's cover, is another picture by Tony Glynn, our third attempt with a brush stencil. Comments would be appreciated, but when I think what Tony Thorne had to say about these stencils, I'd like to hear what he has to say now. Last month's cover was hurriedly faked up from a Glynn illo, as the original one by Gooch seemed to have got lost inside Messrs. Gestetner's offices, they were doing it by their own process, which seems rather slow, as it hasn't arrived in the TRIODE printing dept. yet. Maybe you'll see it someday.

Plans are going ahead for our anniversary issue, and Eric and I hope to stagger you with the front cover. If our plans work out, that issue will be in great demand, so if you want to be sure of a copy, subscribe now.

Harking back to the art-folio for a moment, we are both gratified to note that a certain pro-mag is copying us in the production of an art supplement. Of course, the professional job is done on nice paper, and uses photographs, but like our mag, it has teething troubles. The page numbering seems to be completely disorganised. Incidentally, the same magazine has also got a lovely little story line.....'the intermediate frequency amplifier, a diode.....Now I'd hate to argue with any character who puts half the alphabet after his name, but it seems careless, to allow such a slip, when it only needed a few marks on the margin of the ms., to convert 'diode' into 'TRIODE', but in this case I'll stick my neck out, a diode can't amplify, (Not even in a voltage doubler circuit) but a TRIODE can. I wonder if the editor has a semantic block which prevents any favourable use of the latter word...? Anyway, it is more usual to use pentodes in the stages of I-F amplific-ation.

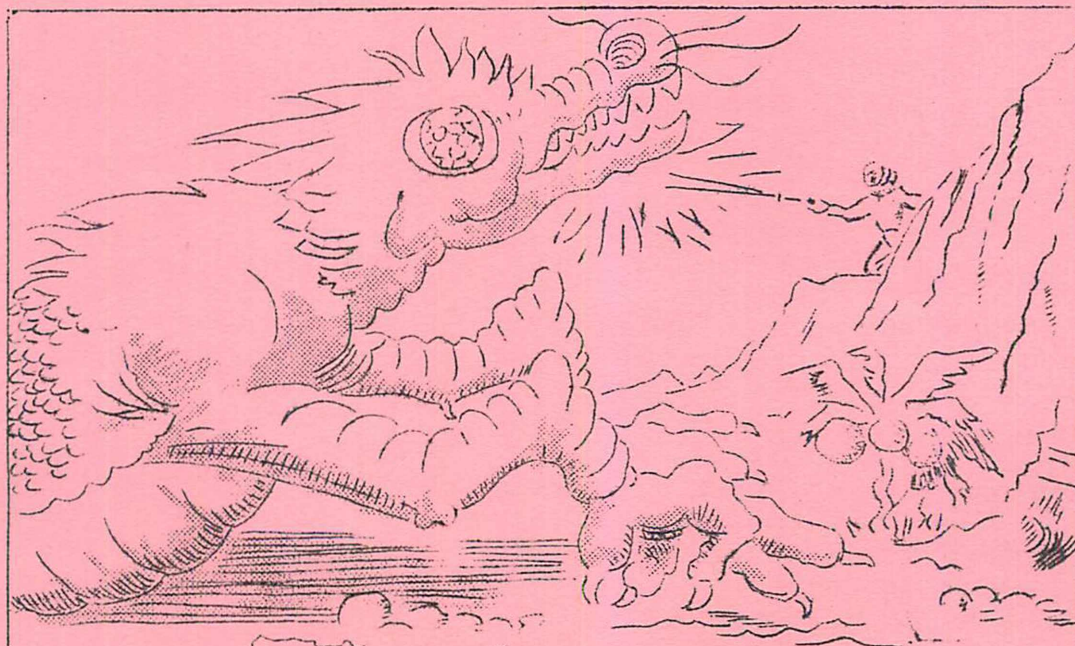
Random thoughts dept., I wonder what the cover pic on the latest issue of Fez is meant to provoke ?..charges of putting out a 'smutty' 'zine..? I'm afraid that cover gal is not so hot (needs more clothing)...."onder why my mail has dropped, ever since my 'photo appeared in the Vargo Statten mag...?

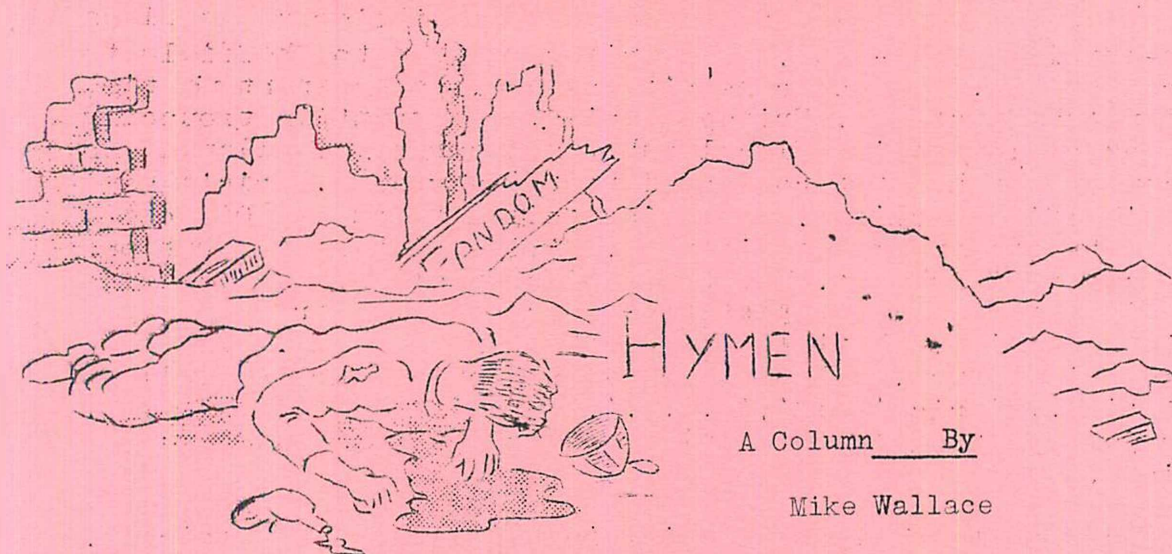


The royal and ancient game of hazard billiards was given a work-out last week-end , when Eric came over to Sheffield to help run off T3. The paper hadn't arrived, so we spent the time in unfannish practices. Friday evening, was spent in trouncing the snooker players in a local pub. On Saturday, I allowed EB to accompany my heart throb and I to the pictures. Eric's name is now 'Wolf' Bentcliffe, as having failed to run TRIODE off , he attempted to run me off instead. Silly twisted boy, but one who asks for punishment. The three of us went for a quick spot of giggle water on the Sunday, and Eric was so entranced by a plunging neckline, that his name got extended again. Please note that in future, all letters to EB should bear the full inscription.. 'Eric 'Wolf', 'B.E.M.', Bentcliffe' Esq. The Esq. bit is just part of our free plug service for contemporary magazines.

Ron Bennet and I are meeting in battle at the Cytricon , that is, if the place boasts a snooker table, and a table-tennis table. Ron issued a t.t. challenge, so I reciprocated (?) by issuing a challenge of my own. All proceeds (?) are to go to the Transfan Fund.

Gafia (and sunny Spain) will claim me for two weeks in June, when like other famous people such as Arthur C Clarke, I will be doing some under water swimming. What a chance for a certain nameless one to sabotage my aqua-lung ! Now let's get everyone arguing over who I owe names Esq....  
 Ans. 'Wolf' Bentcliffe Esq. ....





A Column By

Mike Wallace

I am afraid. My hands, once so steady and firm on the keyboard, are shaking and palsied. My thoughts are sere and filled with a nameless dread. Through every waking hour I feel the shadow of some awful foreboding.

SOMETHING is happening to fandom! I know not what it is I fear, only that it may spell the doom of the fannish world. The evidence is there for all to see: A look at the letter-column of TRIODE No.2 gives ample indication of the fearful change which has come upon us: Ving Clarke, the gentle understanding, and kind old uncle of all followers of the fannish path, writes bilious and irritable letters of comment containing such words as "tautology" included, so it would seem, merely to inform the illiterate and un-cultured minions of fandom of his superior education. And, if this were not enough, the divinely murderous Harris - famed throughout fandom as the chosen Executioner of Chu - writes a letter, the like of which might well have been penned by a sincere and friendly little femmefan with a love of all fankind.

There is something ALIEN about all this! The very traditions of fandom are in the process of being destroyed, and I dare not try to forecast the outcome. I feel that one awful day, I shall walk tearfully through the ruins of Trufandom. Or to express it another way - by shamelessly mutating a poem of Poe's (that well known collaborator with Bloch):

"And the Fan-Ghods, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, looking half-dead,  
Say the play is the tragedy 'Faan',  
And it's hero the conqueror Fugghead."

It only remains for me to read a scathing letter of comment which has been written by Ghod, to make my disillusionment complete. Then, sobbing bitterly, I shall trail my broken body away and volunteer to form a Local Chapter of the Vargo Statten Fan League....

And it is regarding Mr.J.R. Fearn that I now intend to stick out my lilly-white (well, dirty-grey) neck: Why does everyone keep on picking the Vargo Statten Mag to pieces? Sure, I know it puts out crud, sometimes lousy crud, but it does try to be pleasant - even if that pleasantness has a basically mercenary motive. I have read parts of several copies of the mag, and (unlike Mike Jonkinson in ORBIT No.5) I am quite happy to let anyone who considers that such a terrible offense ignore me to their silly



little hearts content! Up to a couple of months ago I used to send copies of every prozine published over here to a fan in the states, and in the process I became acquainted with the real villians of the British s-f field; the purveyors of the lousiest crud, printed on the worst quality paper and sold at an exorbitant price:- The John Spencer Publications! They publish about five titles of so-called s-f and fantasy, and it might do some of our Statten-baiters good to take a look at one of their blots on the bookstall, - a perusal of SUPERNATURAL STORIES might really give them something to complain about!

In case the Cyrtricon all-night parties come over dull at any time, I'm considering taking to the con with me, a certain piece of property belonging to the shop. Said piece is a sort of, kind of, electric-hot-plate type of thing. "How would this liven up the proceedings?", you ask. Brother, if you only knew! A few days ago, we - that is me and our young assistant who goes by the name of John - decided we'd like some hot soup with our sandwiches, so we got out this hot-plate (forgetting that when we last tried it two years ago, it took an hour to boil a kettle) (( Do you eat kettles regularly? EB)). Anyway we plugs the thing in in the middle of the shoe department (it wouldn't fit the plug in the office) and I goes out and gets two cans of Ox-tail soup. Chu! Until you've seen our assistant, resplendent in black jacket and striped pants, squatting like a hobo over two cans of soup, you have'nt lived!

All is peaceful for a few minutes and then a bloke comes into the shop and asks for a pair of socks. John, thinking he heard the bloke say shoes, picks up the two cans of sou, and starts wandering up and down the shoe department emitting little whining noises, because he can't find anywhere to put the things. I sell the bloke some socks and he goes out. John goes back to stirring the sou in the hobo-jungle the department has now become.

After a half-hour we notice that the atmosphere is becoming kind of thick, there is a lot of blue smoke drifting around and also a rather strong smell of burning metal. The sou cans are standing in a metal dish on to of the hot- late, and it suddenly occurs to me that it might have been a good idea for us to have put some water in the dish! This I do - there is a violent hiss and another cloud of va- our goes to join the rest of the cumulous which is hanging affectionate around the flourescent lights! We have now been cooking the sou for some 45 minutes. A little while later, John - his face pale with fright - tags me nervously on the arm and tells me he thinks the sou is starting to fight back: the stuff is spitting at him!! I go into the shoe department and take refuge behind a pile of shoe-boxes in order to safely observe this phenomena. Sure enough, the sou is giving way to severe and unconstitution- al tendencies; every now and then the cans emit a sharp clanking noise, jum an inch or two into the air, and s it in a



29  
most uncouth manner! With the intrepid courage of a neo-fen trying to sell a raffle ticket to Chuck Harris, I approach the hot-plate from down-wind and grab one of the cans before it has chance to defend itself. I test it's temperature - luke warm! The soup had then been on the hot-plate for some 55 minutes! We...er did'nt have soup for dinner after all....

The magnanimity of publishers Grayson & Grayson is getting just a little too much for me, in fact I dont think I can stand it any longer. I see from the book-review column in NEW WORLDS, that they have brought out a publication which they call 'The Secind Astounding Science Fiction Anthology'. Well, I suppose it is the second British aSf anthology, but it bears no relation to the second American one. ((Which!?!)) Leslie Flood, in the review, mentions eight stories (surely that cannot be the entire contents of the book!), all of which (among 15 others) are included in my original edition published by Simon & Schuster in '52. If I recall rightly, the first Grayson edition was likewise made up of certain stories from the '52 USA edition. Now this is by no means good enough, in fact it is not good enough by half. While I can accept that cost would be quite a factor in the production of a complete reprint of the USA version (583 pages), I'm still unable to see any really valid reason why this should be an unsurmountable difficulty. After all, some, perhaps most, of the stories published in the original edition had already been reprinted over here ( I personally remember reading at least 10 of the yarns in the old 64 page BRE's), so the cost of the stories themselves would not be prohibitive. I dont know whether aSf buys it's stories outright or only buys the First Serial Rights (Serial Rights, have nothing whatsoever to do with serial stories. "First Serial Rights" simply means that the magazine concerned buys the right to print a story once; if they wish to reprint the story they must pay the author for the Second Serial Rights. And so on), nor do I know how the copyright system works.

However, I just cant believe that stories which have been already reprinted three times ( one over here) can cost very much. As to production costs on such large volumes: Well, surely the cheapness of the stories should offset those costs. If Grayson & Grayson can afford to publish new books at 9/6d then their reprints should be cheaper, or so it seems to me. In which case I see no reason why they could not have published a complete reprint of the USA aSF anthology to sell at about 12/6. Would any member of the firm care to enlighten me ???

HYMEN SUPPLEMENT. Charm for Chick Femmefans:  
With apologies to a "New Sunday Paper for Women".

So you want to be the belle of the con! You want all those tall, handsome, unreachable BNF's to flock to ards you like moths to a magnesium flare, and wealthy pro-authors to buy you Gin and Orange! Well, li'l girl, you've a lot to learn. Your main ally in the charm-chase is a good, truthful, sometimes CRUEL (Brrrahaahahahah..ha..ha!) full length mirror. Stand in front of it. Walk away from it and then look back through the eyes of a stranger (Telepaths among our readers will find this very easy. - though, of course, we do not recomend that you should let strangers into your rooms. Perhaps you could get some high-minded BNF to help you) at what you see.

Not so good is it? Look at that right arm! Muscles which would'nt discredit Lex Barker! Thats what comes of not distributing your duplicating evenly between one arm and the other. From now on make it a resolution



always to alternate between both arms ( more if you have them) when cranking the duper handle. Now look at your hands. Are't they a lovely shade of black! Dont you know there are methods of getting ink off your hands? Well use 'em!

Which ends our little charm school for this time. But remember, if you have any problems, no matter how personal, 'Charm for Chick Femmefans', is always ready to help you.

Finis.

It's UNEXPURGATED!

## THE WANSBOROUGH COLUMN

By

Norman G. Wansborough

On the 18th of December, in the year of our Lord, One thousand, Nine hundred and fifty-four I went to London, as I often do to hob-nob with the fen resident there. This time I spent a couple or three hours with (Fanfare of of trumpets) The Great (Roll of drums) The Illustreus (spelling reform) (Clash of Simblulls) E.C. Tubb. That King of SF writers (So what if he did bribe me with tea & cakes) Also there was the equally great etc. etc. Ron Buckmatser As Ted was going out and Ron and Daphne were going home they offered me a lift to the station where I got a train and returned to the city. Undecided where to go, I at last decided on Charing Cross (Whoops forgot something) ((Who is 'Whoops'?)) First I dropped in on Stu Mackenzie, Stu was just going out, and his wife opened the door, and said they were going to a party, so it was then I was undecided where to go and then decided on Charing X.

Think what might have happened! Stu might not have been going out, and I might not have seen what I did see. Ah! I see your trembling with suspense and wondering what is to come next. A certain Rainham Fan has told all! Well I'll not keep you in suspense any longer. So here goes. Arriving at Charing X I came out of the station and crossed the road to a book store. I idely loocked in the window, then a name caught my eye (prepare yourself) IT WAS WILLIS At first I could'nt believe this, surly Ghod could not stoop so low as to become a filthy book writer. Then I loocked again yes the name was Willis, but even now I cant believe it, it seems to impossible to be true could I have been mistaken I admit I was suffering a little from shock at the time so the name could have been Wills, but I think I'm only cluching at straws and the name was Willis. There is some consolation. The name was 'N. WILLI and the name of the book WHITE'S SLAVE MARKET. ((James!?!)) That is why I enquire has a well known Rainham Fan told all? I believe it's widely known that this fan has extensive knowldge of same (sorry I should have said the fair sex) I'm afraid I could'nt get the book as the shop was closed. So if anybody gets a copy of this book I should be interested to read it.

Slanted towards the fan by NGW.

It's time for all good fen, to come to the aid of....

# THE FANS' UNION

Saya

Nigel Lindsay

The other day I was going quietly about my business when it suddenly struck me:

FANAUTHORS ARE NOT GETTING ENOUGH EGOBOO!!!

Furthermore they have too long to wait for it. Just consider; you sit up half the night writing a lot of twaddle ( I know it's twaddle because my girl friend says so, and she's always right - even when she's wrong). Then you send it off to whichever faned has been screaming the longest, and if he's not too busy he'll send you a bit of egoboo on account. Next there's a long, long wait for his next issue to come out, and like as not the damn thing's behind schedule! When it arrives you spend a few minutes cringing over the typos and omissions, hoping that the rest of fandom will be discerning enough to realise where the blame lies, and then turn to the letter section for your egoboo. No doubt the editor has omitted most of the letters which in any way praise your work, thru "lack of space". Even so, what egoboo you find will be for your last effort. This one won't bring results for another three months. Oh, you may get a few crumbs in letters recieved - " saw your piece in so-and-so. Hmm! Not bad..." But you can rest assured it will be several months before the last morsal is gathered in.

Something must be done about this, I thot, and thereupon concieved the idea of a Trade Union for fans, and spent that night drawing up the rules. This will be a closed shop, and all engaged in fanac must belong. In effect the Union will ensure a uniform rate of egoboo for all fanauthors, based on a national scale. All egoboo to be paid promptly on receipt of material. Faneds who dont comply will be drummed out of the Union, and no members will be allowed to write for them. Drained of their very life blood their zines will fold. If they try using non-union fans at out prices we shall take strike action and then all zines will fold, and where will fandom be then ? All to Hell I say, and I think you will agree.

Anyway, here is the price list I've drawn up, and I think that one and all will admit it is very fair considering the amount of sweat and loss of sleep incurred in fan writing. Currency, is based on the scale laid down by Dr. Linsey in his celebrated book "Fanactivity of the British Male" and it's equally reknowned sequel "Fanactivity of the British Female". The unit of egoboo is the "Bhoo" ( spelt thusly to distinguish it from it's antonym "Boo"). A Bhoo is the amount of egoboo required to effectively increase the pulse rate for one hour. The Bhoo Table is as follows:

|                    |            |               |       |             |
|--------------------|------------|---------------|-------|-------------|
| 10 Milliboos equal | 1 Centiboo | 10 Bhoos      | equal | 1 Decabhoo  |
| 10 Centiboos       | "          | 10 Decabhoos  | "     | 1 Hectobhoo |
| 10 Deciboos        | "          | 10 Hectobhoos | "     | 1 Kilobhoo  |



## PRICE LIST

Important: Prices vary according to the grade of zine in which material appears. Duplicated zines and all one-shots are Grade A; printed and hectoed zines are Grade B.

|                                                                  |             | Grade A      | Grade B      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| <u>Articles</u> (casual single articles not exceeding two pages) |             |              |              |
| (a) Serious and Constructive.                                    |             |              |              |
|                                                                  | BNF's.....  | 1 Deciboo    | 5 Centiboos  |
|                                                                  | Others..... | 7½ Centiboos | 2½ Centiboos |
| (b) Humorous                                                     |             |              |              |
|                                                                  | BNF's.....  | 8 Hectobhoos | 5 Hectobhoos |
|                                                                  | Others..... | 4 Hectobhoos | 1 Hectobhoo  |
| <u>Fiction</u> (casual short stories not exceeding two pages)    |             |              |              |
| (a) Serious.                                                     |             |              |              |
|                                                                  | BNF's.....  | (Forbidden)  | (Forbidden)  |
|                                                                  | Others..    | 2 Centiboos  | 1 Centiboo   |
| (b) Humorous.                                                    |             |              |              |
|                                                                  | BNF's.....  | 1 Kilcbhoo   | 8 Hectobhoos |
|                                                                  | Others..... | 7 Hectobhoos | 5 Hectobhoos |

NOTE: Special contract rates for series, serials and regular contributors may be obtained from the organizer (me!)

Overtime (i.e. extra pages) per page or part of, 62½% of flat rate.

Doubling (i.e. cutting own stencils) 1 Decabhoo per page.

|                                         |              |              |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| <u>Cartoons and illos</u> .....         | 3 Hectobhoos | 5 Deciboos   |
| <u>Editorials</u> .....                 | 1 Bhoo       | 9 Deciboos   |
| <u>Poetry</u> .....                     | ½ Milliboo   | 1 Milliboo   |
| <u>Reviews</u> Books.....               | 6 Milliboos  | 5 Milliboos  |
| Mags.....                               | 2 Milliboos  | 1 Milliboo   |
| Films.....                              | 2 Decabhoo   | 1 Decabhoo   |
| <u>Letters to the Ed</u>                |              |              |
|                                         | BNF's.....   | 7 Hectobhoos |
|                                         | Others.....  | 2 Bhoos      |
| <u>Quotes and Interlineations</u> ..... | 1 Deciboo    | 1 Deciboo    |

Reprints..... 50% of flat rate.

N.B. The above rates are minimum. Fans are entitled to ask for and receive higher rates where possible.

Prices to Subscribers: Fanzeds must obtain from their subscribers not less than 10% over and above the minimum rate to cover overheads.

Gafia with Pay: Regular contributors are entitled to two weeks egoboo per year for writing damn all.

### RULES

Before submitting or publishing mss, members are to strictly observe the following rules. Ant default in this connection will be severely dealt with.

- (1) No member of this union shall write material for a non-member, nor publish the work of a non-member, without the written consent of the Secretary(me!)
- (2) Before submitting or accepting material members must ensure that the fan concerned is listed in the F.U. directory. Failing this, enquiries must be

made to the Secretary.

(3) Proof of membership is the production of the current years membership card.

(4) Every precaution must be taken to safeguard publication for "UNION FANS ONLY."

Subscriptions One prozine per month to be sent to the Treasurer (me!) together with the membership card which will be stamped and returned.

#### ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

Insurance Members are advised to insure their typers, duplicaters, and beanies. The F.U. will insure them at a reasonable cost against all risks.

Sickness Scheme Contributors to the scheme will be kept supplied with ego-boo during sickness, but not during convalescence when opportunity for fan writing is unlimited.

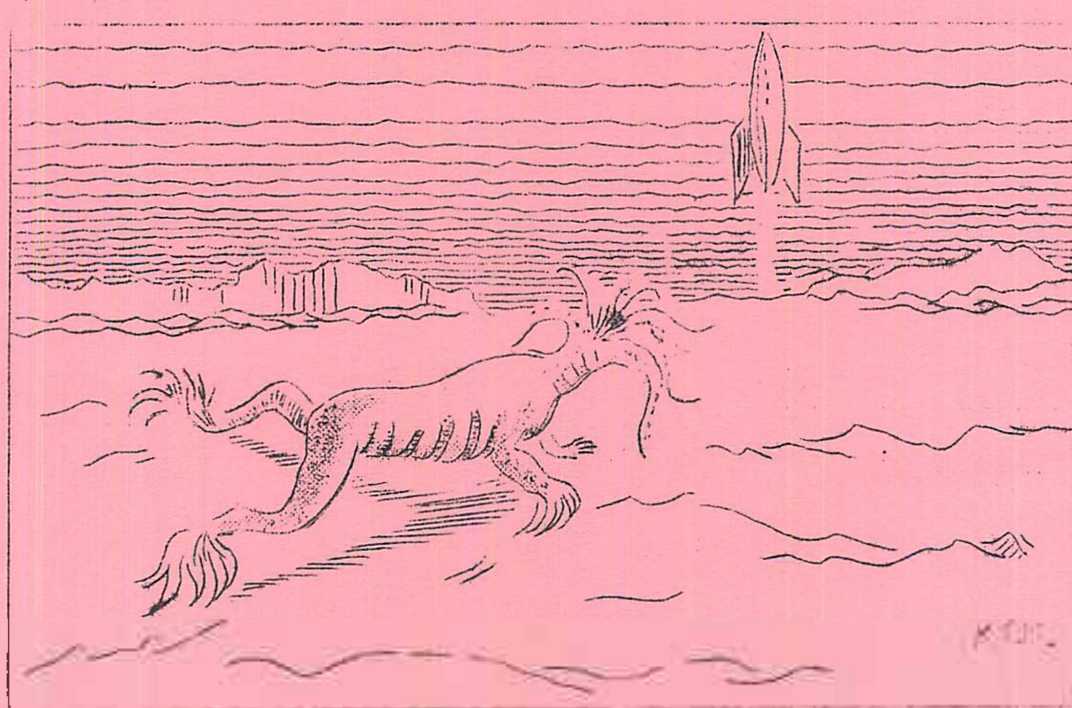
Compensation A lump sum will be paid from Union funds for any injury to the two typing fingers incurred whilst engaged in fanactivity.

Superannuation This has been inaugurated to provide a small weekly egopen-sion to o-o-old and tired fans upon retirement.

A few notes on policy. Briefly, the union aims to protect the trufan from exploitation, to encourage fanac by ensuring fair egoboo for all, and to settle all disputes by arbitration. It will vigorously oppose price-cutting by crud writers and word-cutting by editors. It is affiliated to the TUC and will therefore enter any National Strike which may be called. It supports no political party.

Folks, this is the biggest step forward in British Fandom since the advent of OMPA. To achieve our objective, 100% support is needed, so send in your subscription now! Remember our motto:

" UNITED WE'RE GRAND - DIVIDED WE PAJL. "





The Story of....

The Inedible!

THE INCREDIBLE!

# ROCKBUN

By

Eric Needham

I remember this incident very well, because I was working near the gun-range when the Rockbun made it's first appearance. The Church Army van which delivered it bore on it's side the legend, "Presented by the Rotary Club of NEEDHAM, Massachusetts." Outwardly indistinguishable from other Rockbuns, it only came into it's own when an unfortunate, and unsuspecting armourer, working on the 20mm guns of a Spitfire, brike his top set on it. In indignation, the armourer placed the Rockbun on the sand of the gun-range, and gave it a burst of canon fire.

While this treatment might have damaged beyond repair any normal Rockbun, it had no appreciable effect on this mutation. And, in the course of several weeks, the Rockbun slowly, but surely, perclated downward through the sand, and eventually made a reappearance undamaged at the foot of the range in a litter of spent .303, and mangled 20mm ball cartridges. From that day, tha Rockbun became the scourge of 620 Squadron, R.A.F., Great Dunmow, Essex.

Undaunted by the Flying Bombs, and the occasional V2, us Erks were a pretty case-hardened bunch by then, but the injustice of this Rockbun surviving when ME's and Focke-Wulfe's had succumbed to the guns of a Spit seemed little short of pure arrogance. We vented our spleen on it for several days by using it as a football, but hen this made no impression on it's adamantine surface we foolishly tried to get rid of it by throwing it into the prop' blades of a Stirling bomber whilst it was being revved up. A few seconds later there came an almighty clang as the Rockbun made a dent in the side of "B" hangar, a quarter of a mile away. This, so far as we were concerned, was the finish of it for us, but we had'nt seen the last of it.

On an aileron change in "B" hangar, some fe. days later, I saw a strange sight. It was a seagull, nose heavy with Rockbun, lumbering down the perimeter runway, trying to gain air speed. It abandoned hope after several attempts to take-off and subsided, frustrated, on the concrete. A humane medical orderly collected the seagull and carried it off to the M.I. room, where it was put out of it's misery.

On the runway, the Rockbun remained triumphant, until a taxying Stirling with a Horsa glider in-tow, blasted it with it's slipstream down towards "E" Flight. It hung around the dispersal area there, until the first of the Winter snow falls, buried it.

The winter dragged on, and spring came with the thaw and unholy mud in which the Stirling's and gliders bogged down daily. One day, seated on the tailplane of a taxiing Halifax which was carrying me around the perimeter, I saw the Rockbun again. Preserved by deep-freeze or suspended animation I do not know, but I felt a qualm of unease rise within me. Some things a man can face, but this.....

Over the months the Rockbun was kicked, Knocked, blown, thrown, flung, hurled, and even fired from a northover projector round the airfield. On the occasion of the great assault on the Rhine, which carried the Allied Airborne Force's deep into Germany, the Rockbun still made it's appearance on that day of man-made winds when a mile and a half of Stirling's and Halifax's, faced a mile and a half of Horsa gliders. When the airfield was empty, and the fantastic air armada was droning endlessly overhead, the Rockbun remained.

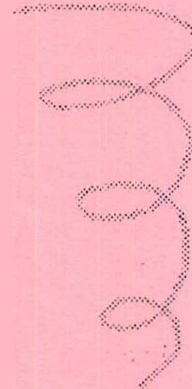
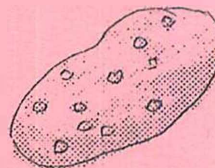
We felt depressed that no-one had thought of dropping the Rockbun on Berlin. But finally the war in Europe drew to a close, and on the day when all the enemy forces laid down there arms in total surrender, we rejoiced and got drunk, then sobered and remembered Japan, and the Rockbun.

One day, about a fortnight after VE day, I saw the Rockbun on the narrow lane leading through the bomb-fusing sheds to the bomb dump. In the NAAFI, getting something to eat after an RAF dinner, we heard a series of explosions and the familiar scream of red-hot scraps of iron whanging through the air. It was said at the time that armourers were stripping fragmentation bombs in the dump. Fire-fighting apparatus from six towns was called in to pump water on the furiously blazing dump, and all whitewashing of fences and painting of white lines on roads came to a halt on that side of the airfield.

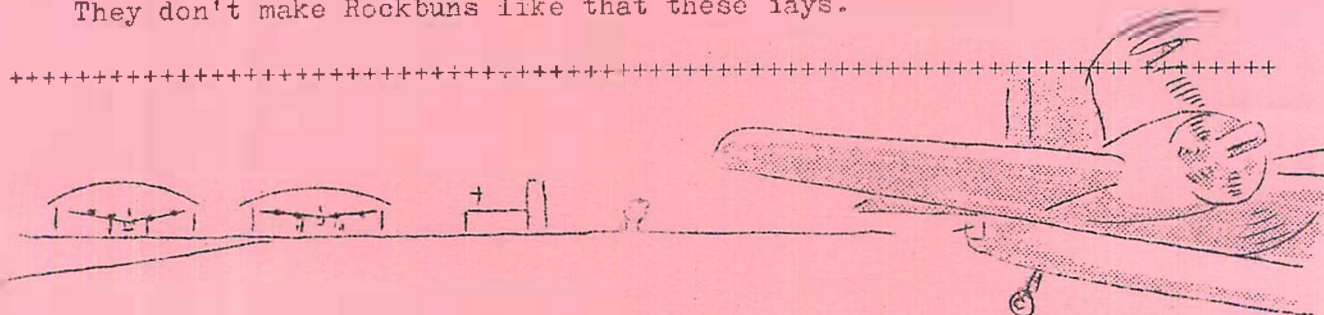
That night in bed, wearing my tin helmet, I thought of the Rockbun

As the popping and the banging went on into the night with an occasional hut-shifting Slaaam... I wondered just who was the armourer engaged on stripping the bombs, and whether the Rockbun.....but I'll let you think about that.

They don't make Rockbuns like that these days.



+++++





by  
Bill Harry

WAKEN

UNAWARE

The night is cold, and dark, and damp, and when the rain spatters against the window panes, there is terror in my heart. I am afraid of what is lurking in the night outside, what is watching and waiting....

I caress my gun tenderly, with loving care, for when in fear of death, man's best friend is his gun. When I look at her long sleek snout it gives me comfort, at least I know I am not helpless. But the fear, the dread, never leaves me. I know they are outside, wanting to come in.

When the alien ship landed in the field to-day, I went out to welcome it. But when I saw those crawling dripping things, my heart turned sick. Anything that looked like that had to be evil. I fired at them, and they retreated. They knew I loathed them, they picked from

my brain the hate that I held in my heart. These beings that had come from outer space were intelligent beyond my comprehension. They must have had weapons yet unborn in the minds of men. They could have levelled my farm in the twinkling of an eyelid, but they didn't. They want me, I know not why. Perhaps to cut up my insides to see what makes me tick. Perhaps to find out how intelligent humans are. Perhaps for a hundred other ugly reasons.

Now it is nine o' clock and it is raining heavily outside. My wife should be back with some help soon. Six hours have passed since the aliens landed and I told her to bring the police. God! what it is to wait and know that you are surrounded by pink blobs of heaven knows what. But they're afraid of me. These lords of the universe are afraid of a little earthman and his popgun, because they want him alive. Makes you laugh don't it?

"What's that? Oh it's you Rosie, thank goodness. Hello constable. Hello Mr. Freeman. Gosh it's good to see you honey, how about a kiss? Hey there Mr. Freeman! What are you doing with my gun?"

Good lord! why didn't I realise it before? Those wobbling jelly shapes can take any form they like. They are able to pick my mind, so they knew what I was waiting for. And now I am standing here, defenceless, surrounded by three dripping, slimy horrors.

THE END

FAN  
DANCEVeiled Comments by EB.

the word. I had to skip Photopage this issue for lack of photo's, seems Fen have a tendency to be modest or something. However, Dean Grennell has promised a pile of snaps so the feature should be back next issue)) I'll be able to recognise you now in July, without you having to carry a copy of the Vargo Statten Mag or something ((Preferably, something)) for identification. The Symposium seemed rather too long to me - 6 pages to put over one idea, and a good bit of repetition. And Ramsey Carson's article ditto. These are the sort of items I call interesting, I read through them and was not bored - they all add to the general interest of the magazine but I don't rave about them. Oh, I do hope Mal spends that night in Bolling Hall. The report will be worth waiting for. Mike Wallace, has a nice point in his co Even schoolboys have a fair knowledge of space conditions yet the editors of the juvenile mags continue to let stupid inconsistencies slip by. In Mickey Mouse Weekly, some moron is writing a space-opera strip, with people getting gassed by poison-gas pellets while wearing space-suits. Dodging flaming ((Please, no cuss words, this is a family magazine)) meteors in space, the asteroid belt is as crowded as Piccadilly. The even dodge a meteor by pressing down a disabled steering vane while floating outside in free-flight. I ~~ask~~ you! Yet the bloke who draws the pictures is a genius. Oh well, I was very pleased with T2 all round. Tony Glynn's artwork is quite pleasing.

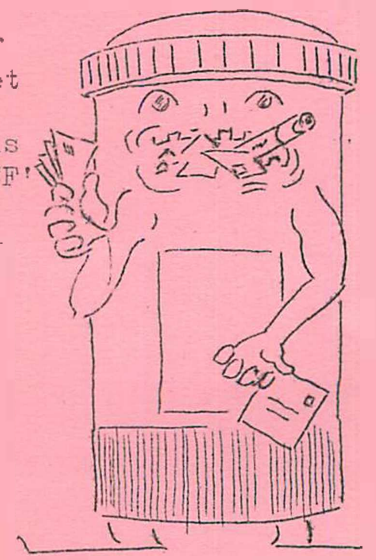
WALT WILLIS...How pleasant it is when just for a change something if Fandom works out exactly as you had hoped. Pete Hamilton gave me three days notice of his deadline for Nebula and since I hadn't got time to write to you I held on in the hopes that TRIODE would just happen to arrive. It did, just in time. Congratulations on this farsighted piece of clairvoyance. From your reference to "people playing with soft things like shuttlecocks" it's only too obvious that you have never been struck in a vital spot by a shuttlecock travelling at a speed approaching that of light. At this velocity according to Einstein, ((Who's he?)), objects tend to acquire infinite mass and there are seven people here ready to swear black and blue that this is true. ((I thought "Hyper-space" was out!)) Very much appreciated the photopage, but Chuck and I are in the doghouse because the picture of NI-fandom does not include Madeleine. Could you fix this up next time so I can get something to eat beside square meals? These dog biscuits hurt my teeth. ((Tell thy sweetest spouse to send a facsimile along. And try dunking the biscuits

NIGEL LINDRAY...The outstanding thing in this issue is Tony Thorne's "Book Club" I love that sort of humour, and this had me in stitches. In this particular issue I think he has even out-Willid; Walt, just slightly. ((Tony has since sold "Book Club" professionally)) And that is saying something because "Bemigration" is not to be sneezed at (( Hay!)). It's a treat to see the occasional works of Walt in a British zine. I'm gradually getting round to the U.S. zines in the hopes of reading more of his efforts. Liked the Photopage better this time, there where more fans that I know in it. I'm glad that this is going to be a regular feature. (( Frequent, is



in Monatomic-hydrogen, I believe this may help to soften them)) Someone cut a sentence or two out of my masterpiece, but obviously Wansborough's column is untouched, ( which is more than can be said of it's author). I protest against this discrimination; what has Wansborough got that I have'nt got ? (( I'll ask him)) I know that he's the Vice President of SAPs, but power and influence should'nt count in these matters. I've already given off about Hairbeard in Nebula, so I wont say anything here except that this was very interesting indeed. Thorne was quite amusing, but the funniest thing in the issue was Vinç's letter. This, I take it, is your first acquaintance with the New Vinç ?. (( Almost. But I have a good stock of heartburn pills)) Who is Ramsey Carson I wonder ? Vernon McCain ? ((He lives in the same box)) Anyhow this was very good. Mal was'nt up to his usual standard ((Flagging a little)) but this was very readable. I dont think he could write a bad article if he tried. This issue has'nt got anything as outstanding as the Economou thing last time, but the general standard is very high and the readers' letters round it off nicely. A very fine job. (( Thanks Walt. Phyl Economou has been busy moving to New York, but I am hoping she will find time to write something in time for next issue.)) P.S. Did you notice that in the latest DAWN, Russell Watkins reports that Stuart Mackenzie " was very congenital and hospitable to me ". (Sic.) Haw. ((Does he mean Stuart 'Took him in?))

MIKE WALLACE...Your duplicating and paper are excellent, the only trouble being - as WAW remarked in the last Hyphen when explaining why he used that ghastly paper - that it shows up every little typo or mistake. Also; I think justifying margins is rather a waste of time (( Me too)), and I find it a bit irritating to find commas sitting all by their li'l selves between two words, ie; "...edible , with...". I dont mean that the pages need be as uneven as this letter, but I do think you are taking an awful lot of trouble without gaining anything from it. (( You should see my collection of letters which wouldn't quite fit in!)) Still, I notice you have'nt bothered to justify most of the margins. Things I liked best in thish were 'The Future History of Fandom', 'Book Club', and 'Disillusion'. 'Abacchus' was also tops - flat tops. I'd just love to see Ashworth after he'd spent the night in a haunted house! ((Having seen Mal after an all-night party I dont share this desire of yours)) The bits which did'nt interest me much were the art section, 'Collecting S-F' and the book reviews. The pictures in the art section were not as good as those in Tl. And in any case, one decent pic of a spceship is very much like another, so I personally get tired of loocking at them. If I were you I'd just run one 'art' pic per issue; one which you really consider is the bee's knees. I've no complaints about 'Collecting SF' just that it did'nt appeal to me because I dont really collect. For anyone interested it was quite a good article. Same applies to the reviews, I cant afford hard-cover stuff. Photopage was excellent; I'd like it if you'd publish a picture of Carol McKinney on a white-horse, wearing (!) genuine Godiva costume ((Why a white Horse ?)) - Carol, I mean, not the horse! Re 'Pick up That Torch': Well, I would'nt know anything about the shipping costs to USA, but I do know that one can send some twenty mags (which weigh about 6lbs) to the USA for 2/0<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d, which works out at just over a penny per mag. 6lbs is the maximum 'printed matter' weight.



If there was enough demand, I don't see why British mags could'n't be posted direct to the Stateside newstands that were going to flog them. Still, there ain't any demand worth mentioning, so it hardly seems worth worrying about. Are you turning your covers into a sort of extra-terrestrial Willow Pattern? ((Whatever would Confusious say!)) No, TRIODE does not seem to have much of a 'personal' atmosphere, but I can't make up my mind whether this is a good or bad thing. It is certainly better for the newcomer to fandom, since it makes his entry much easier. I came into both s-f and fandom the hard way; my first s-f mag was Astounding (at 11 years old!)((You must have been a wonderful baby!)) and my first fanzine was HYPHEN No2. Of course one could start an interesting discussion by saying that we don't want to make it easy for people to enter fandom, because the only ones worth having are those who are prepared to fight their way through the esoteric-morass until they reach understanding. Mind, I don't say that, I'm not saying anything! I'm too frightened of Turner! Incidentally, I'm just crazy about Glynn's picture of 'Campbell before the mast'; real art, that is... Does he really wear spats? ((Only when motor-cycling))

ALAN DODD.... Many thanks for T2, it certainly is a big production. Lovely art paper you are using it for printing on. ((Alas, no more of this classy paper for a while. It costs too much, and I hate paying out to a firm who is making over a hundred per cent profit out of me. This 'Cerise' stuff is only half the price, 8/1d per ream to be exact...if anyone is paying more than this drop me a line for the address of suppliers)) The oriental slant of the cover is certainly brought out by the use of those brush stencils. Seems very reminiscent of the method used by Charles Lee Riddle for an Emsh cover on PEON a year or so ago. This too, was particularly effective for bringing out large areas of black shading. ((I think that the PEON cover was a photo-lith job)) Bacover admirably shows how an outdoor nocturnal scene can be used to great advantage with this method. Would have been better tho' if cover material had been coloured i.e. a Hyphen yellow. ((Willis, now look what you've started. Next we'll get a BEM Green, an OOPSLA Orange, or even a Vinø Lemon!)) This would have made an excellent background for the night sky scenes. Coming to page five we have a scene reminding us of the mug shot books in Jack Webb's Dragnet. Watch out or you'll get T banned as a horror comic book. AAAAAAA Ahhhhhhhh! ((!!!)) Willis on a raft is funnier than ever, though the really riotous item is Tony Thorne's book club. It might have come from the Mag of F.&SF. ((Jeeves, remind me to send a copy of this issue to that bloke what's-his-name, Bouger (?) Voucher (?) Boucher)) I seem to remember a story about an Egg of the Month Club in the same mag. Thorne and Lewis however, were much funnier if not so polished. 'Disilusion' was wonderfully inspired, I'd really like to know who wrote it. Poor frustrated author! Dale Smith's column on Collecting reminds me that I missed T1, none left I suppose? ((Nope. Sorry Alan)) I hope you'll get Mike Wallace to delve into more juvenile magazines next issue. His article certainly brought forth a few memories. I found the cartoons pretty gruesome but Bentcliffe was on top of his form in the letter column. A.V.C., seems to have been effectively quashed by all and sundry. Hope you've removed his sniper's weapon. ((No. I am hoping he will throw it away all by himself.)) I felt the heat come off the pages like a H-Bomb blast in the triangle discussion between Ted Carnell & Co. But why do we have to soil the mag by talking about such a sordid matter as money? ((If you think it's sordid, I'd be willing to free you of all taint!))

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What would Campbell be without his beard ???

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40

Jim McArthur...I enclose 3/- P.O.((This is always the best way to start a letter to a fanmag)) please send me the next four issues of Triode. You need not do this immediately as I am quite willing to accept them just as and when the requirements of Gafia and other hindrances (( there's only one and her name is Vera)) to publishing permit. The fact that I am willing to part with such a colossal sum is due mainly to the excellence of T2. I was particularly impressed and amused by Tony Glynn's illustrations to the Future History of Fandom. Having been in the newspaper trade at one time I can state that the excuses of Messrs. Campbell and Carnoll for the extra charge on Postal Subs is genuine. I remember reading a few years ago of a scheme whereby subscriptions were to be given to the newsagent for postal supply of some magazine. By this scheme, the wholesaler and retailer were not entirely done out of their pound of flesh, while the customer got the magazine through the post without any extra payment. This idea doesn't appear to have got very far probably because of general disinterest.

JOHN BERRY((Who did the heading for his BLESS THIS HOUSE))...The delay in sending the completed job to you was due to the fact that I had to use the Willis equipment ((!)), which was being fully exploited to produce the next HYPHEN. However, having the interests of TRIODE at heart, I was able to cause a slight diversion, and thus was able to swoop on the equipment and rush the stencil off before an irate and out of breath Willis returned to deny that the Ministry (where he works ) was burning down.

(( It's getting close to convention time in U.K. again, zap guns are being readied, wits honed to a state of sharpness never before conceived, and bottles of the all essential are being purchased. There is one gambit used at the USA conventions which so far has't made an appearance this side of the pond, namely Water Bagging, and here to provide enlightenment on this noble art is an excerpt from a letter received from one, Robert Bloch..... ))

"...Regarding bags of water: these are indeed old standbys over here, and they are paper bags, yes. When they land on the pavement they squish. When they land on someones head they plop. When they land on a bald head, they irrigate. As is the case with the squirt-gun, there is no strict rule that the liquid employed must be water. Nitric acid is nice, too, and so is the stuff used in the old German flammenwerfers. Caution: when employing the latter, do not load in too close a proximity to Bert Campbell's beard. He might breath on the liquid and ignite it prematurely. I'd hate to see Campbell's board afire, except on a holiday such as Guy Fawkes' day. (Even then, what would Campbell be without his beard ? He'd have to wear a reasonable Fawkesimile).

(( A letter from Bloch is a thing of beauty. Here's an extract from a later screed..... ))

"...I am grinding away at a book and wondering vaguely if it will ever end. Idea came to me one night in a dream; it's about this young fellow who lives in a tropical garden and he meets this girl and they're happy together until she gets mixed up with a serpent. The serpent wants her to eat an apple, see, and she gets this guy to do so, too, and then they get tossed out of the garden and have all sorts of adventures...."

Which is all for this issue.....

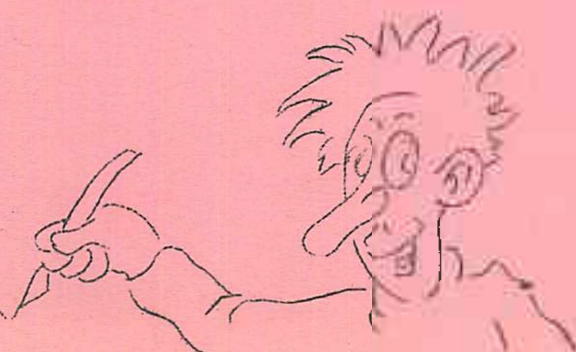
# Kettering

(We Were there  
(Sign Below)

'55



Tony Glynn  
(WAS THERE TOO)



THIS WAS TRIODE NUMBER THREE