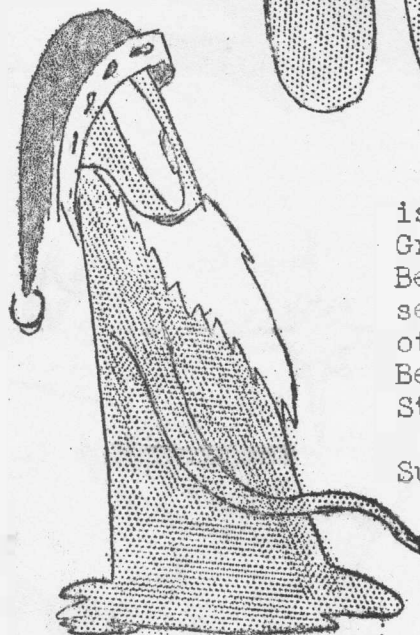


87

TRIODE



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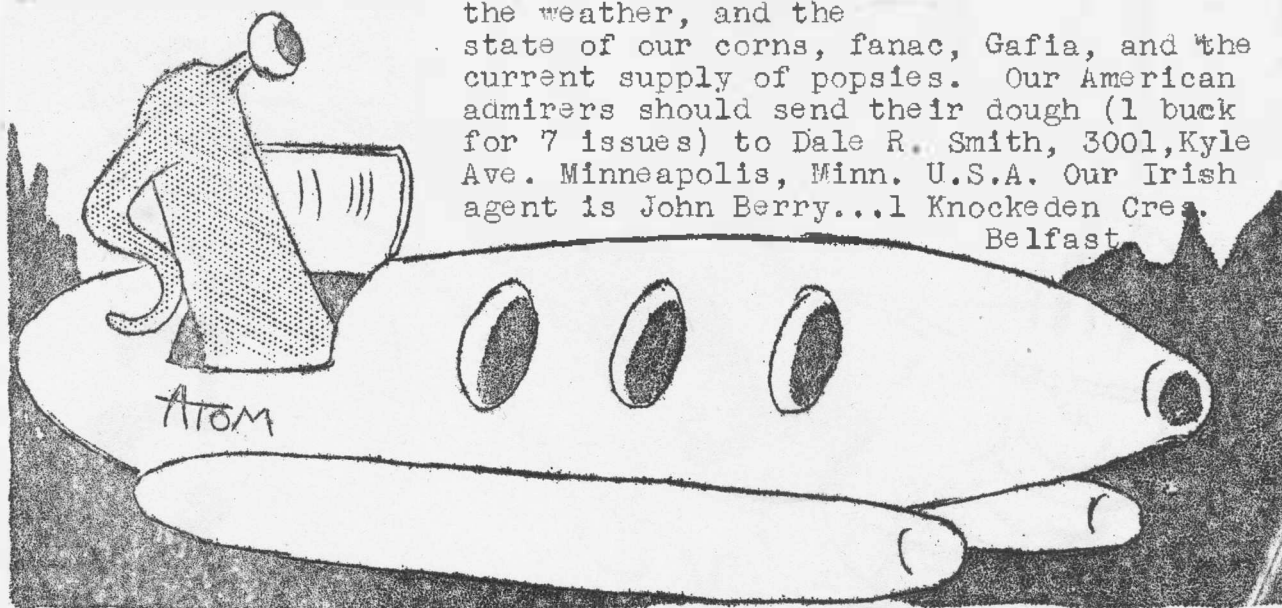
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Sub rate is 1/- an issue..15/ American ..

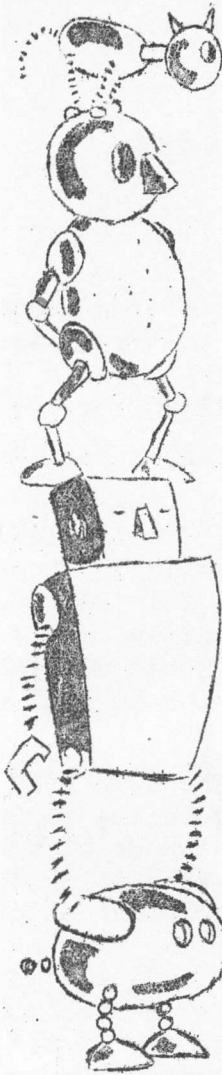


is an irregular publication of the Stockport and Intake, Dog and Cake Walking Society. We aim for a schedule, every three months being the target...but, we have been known to make this period stretch or shrink, depending on

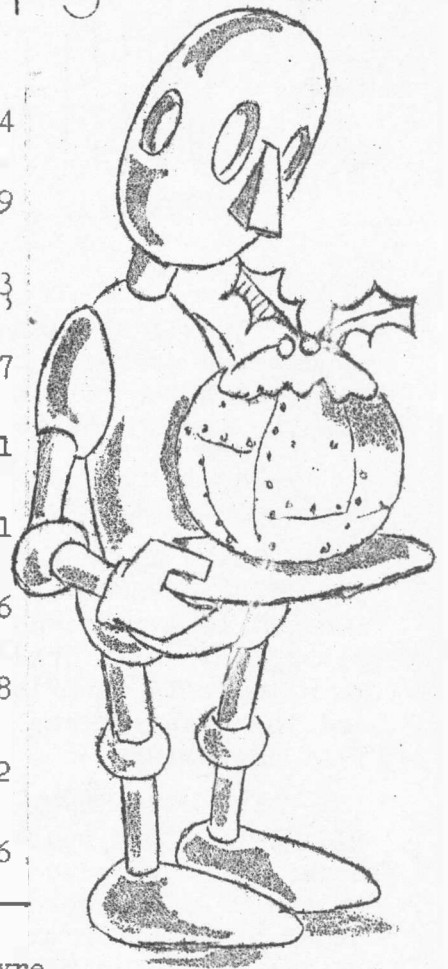
the weather, and the state of our corns, fanac, Gafia, and the current supply of popsies. Our American admirers should send their dough (1 buck for 7 issues) to Dale R. Smith, 3001, Kyle Ave. Minneapolis, Minn. U.S.A. Our Irish agent is John Berry...1 Knockeden Cre. Belfast



CONTENTS

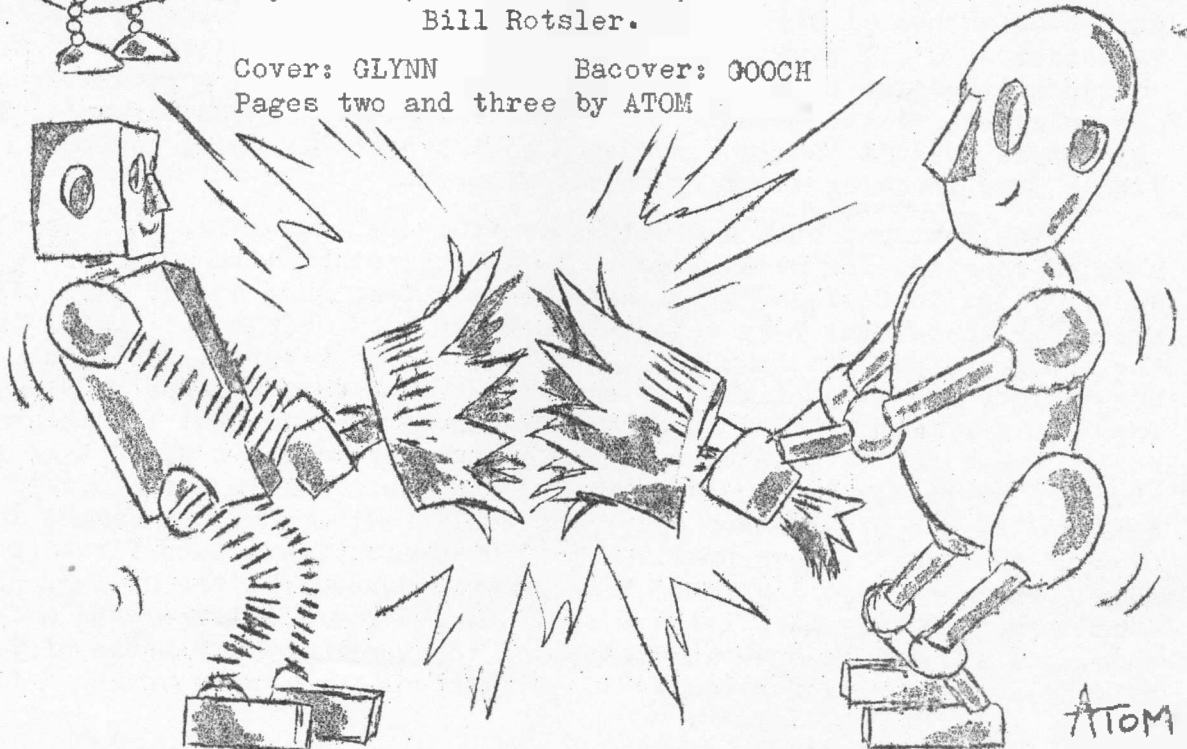


| | |
|--|----|
| Bentcliffe's WINTERMISSION..... | P4 |
| Dale Smith's HOW TO SPELL..... | P9 |
| Don Allen's FIZ BY CANDLELIGHT..... | 13 |
| Pete Royle's THE FAMILY WAY..... | 17 |
| Letters FAN DANCE..... | 21 |
| John Berry's COUP DE GRASS..... | 31 |
| Terry Jeeves INTERLUDE..... | 36 |
| Mal Ashworth's ABACCHUS..... | 38 |
| John Berry's FUTURE HISTORY..... | 42 |
| Alan Bramall's UFO ARTICLE..... | 46 |



ARTWORK BY.. Don Allen, Tony Glynn,
Don Gooch, Terry Jeeves, Ken McIntyre,
Harry Turner, Arthur Thomson, and..
Bill Rotsler.

Cover: GLYNN Bacover: GOOCH
Pages two and three by ATOM





WINTERMISSION

The slight change from norm in the title is appropos of the arctic conditions prevailing here at the moment. I wouldn't go so far as to say it was the coldest day of the year but as I was coming home this evening I saw a queue of brass monkey's outside a nearby travel agency.

One thing I have discovered is that icicles make a fair substitute for a gestetner stylo...

There are a couple of books been sen't to me recently for review, one, FIRST LENS MAN, needs little or no comment. I unhesitatingly recommend it to anyone who hasn't yet read it. Of late several folk have given forth with criticism on E.E. Smith's poor characterization, I'll go along with them in this but the Lensman books are well worth reading and the grandeur and scope of the tales more than make up for the rather flat characters.

The other book is a far cry from space-opera, it's Shepherd Mead's BIG BALL OF WAX, published by Boardman at 10/6. According to the inside cover blurb this book was published partly as a warning to those of us in the U.K. who were about to receive commercial TV. The book tells the story of XP (for experience), a development in electronics which allows the viewer to actually experience what ever is broadcast. The plot is a fair one, XP starts off in life as the tool of a religious cult and this gives the author plenty of chance to dig in and let fly with allusions. Personally tho', I wish he'd dug himself in a little deeper for I just couldn't stand the style of writing in this book. It's written throughout using the 'False Heartiness' of the 'Executive of the Future'. If this style doesn't nauseate you then you'll probably enjoy the book. Me, I felt like throwing up every third paragraph.

This year has been a pretty sucessful one as regards the social side of fanning, for me at least. Kettering, started the year off well and my visit to Belfast helped keep me in a fannish frame of mind. I've also been to several very enjoyable parties held over in Liverpool during the year, and I'd like to pay tribute to the Liverpool Group's hospitality and capabilities as holders of fine ~~parties~~ parties. This mob are little heard of except at convention time but I'd inform anyone who comes to this part of the country and doesn't visit them that they are certainly missing something. The last shindig I wen't to was held on the 5th of November to celebrate the attempt of Guy Fawkes to blow up the seat of government. It started off with a fine firework show (This one says light the blue paper and head for the hills), and ended sometime very much later - about twelve hours later - with a film show. I'd hoped to have an account of the party in this issue of T, but the author, Bill Harrison, had his account so severely censored by a

5
certain blonde job that what was left was of little interest.

One thing I would like to plug is the Liverpoolians plea for everyone who is going to Kettering next Easter to take some kind of fancy dress along with them. If for no other reason than that some fen of my acquaintance would look better in disguise. Are you there Reaney ??

In case you're wondering, the popsy down below is the Martian Goddess of Bfflugph, and she is taking her pet Draaack for a stroll along the banks of the Blisht canal. NB, all Martian words begin with the letter B - because it's so Bloody cold there.

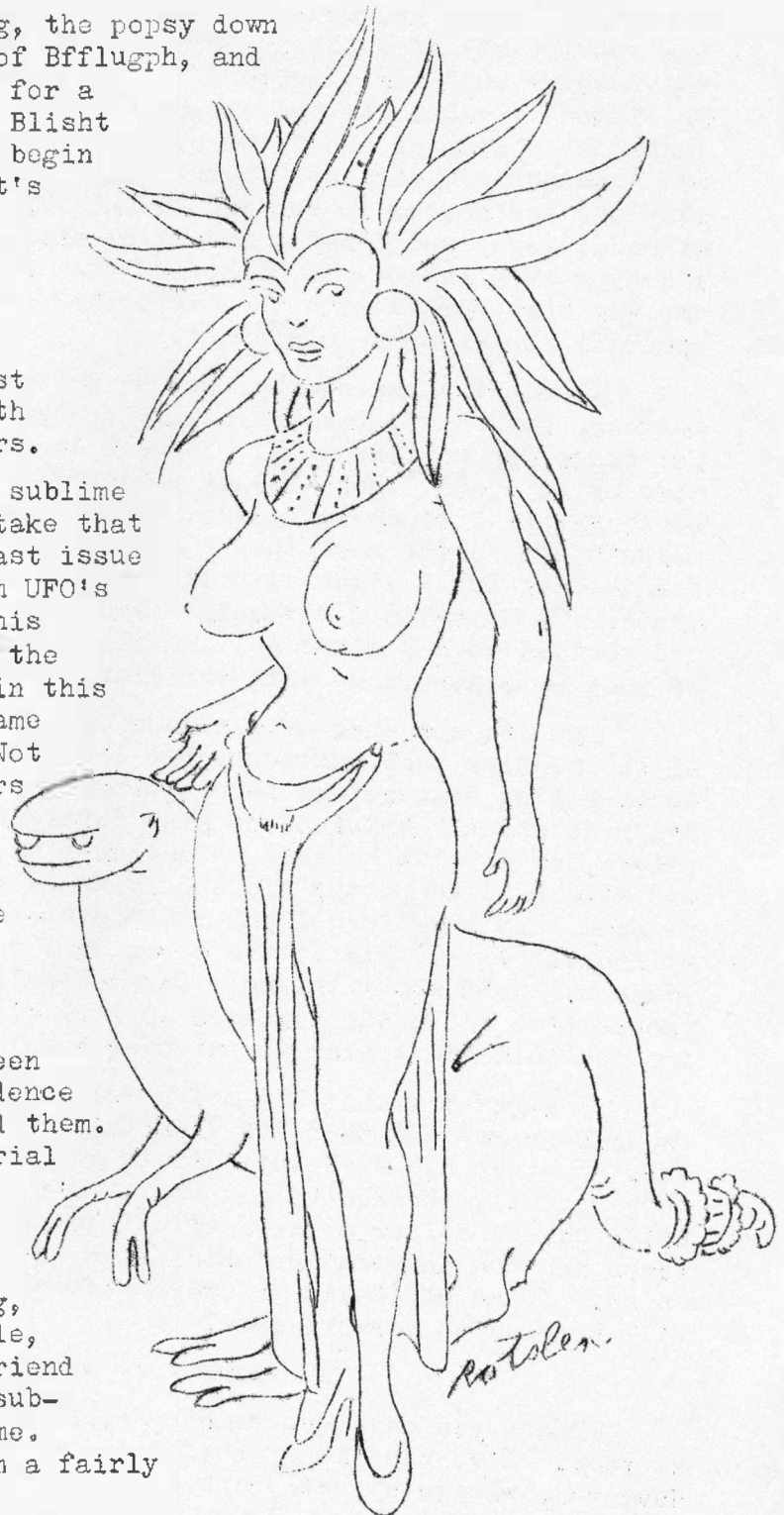
The drawing is by Bill Rotsler, whom may Dr. Utrecht and Eric Needham preserve.

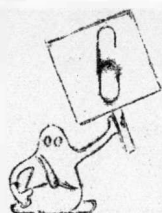
Notice, kindly, the chest development needed to cope with the rarified atmosphere of Mars.

Let's turn now from the sublime to the ridiculous - but don't take that word too seriously. In the last issue of Triode we ran an article on UFO's by Alan Bramall. Copies of this issue were sent to various of the bodies known to be intersted in this phenomena, and the response came as a considerable surprise. Not only did I receive many letters of comment but also three reports of actual sightings. One of these had already been given some publicity, the other two, as at the time of writing will see their first publication in Triode.

Had not these reports been backed up by photographic evidence I should probably have ignored them. However, because of the pictorial proof offered I thought them worthy of inclusion in T.

First, let's take the sighting of Rudolph S. Timberg, of 4028 Parkville Rd, Sandville, Minnesota. Mr. Timberg is a friend of Dale Smith and has been a subscriber to Triode for some time. From his letters I'd judge him a fairly





intelligent person, and not one given to hallucinations. Mayhap he panicked a little when he saw the Saucers but then, few of us are the steel-jawed supermen which we like to envision ourselves. Here's the letter I received from Rudolph Timberg.

" A good friend of mine has suggested your publication as being receptive to new and unusual ideas and information. I am therefore taking the liberty of enclosing some prints which were taken by myself this summer while driving thru our northern lake region, northwest of the Itasca region. We had stopped by the shore of one of the small lakes for a bite of lunch, when my wife pointed out what she thought was a rather odd airplane flying quite low over the wooded area across the lake and coming in our direction. My eyes are quite good for a man of middle-age, and I could see right away that this was like no plane I'd ever seen before. I might add that I was one of the group during the war that worked with the civil air patrol and we were trained in aircraft recognition, etc.

I am not a camera bug, but we do carry an old 116 size Kodak in the car, loaded up, because on trips like this we do make a few snaps for the album now and then. I guess the pictures aren't so good, because my wife and I got kind of nervous and I can't remember the right settings and distances, because there were two of these things and they weren't around for more than a couple of minutes. In fact my wife ran for the car but I stuck with it for long enough to get five or six shots. These two objects sailed around, quite low almost as if they had spotted us and I was getting ready to duck myself, when they sort of shot up sideways up into the clouds and out of sight.

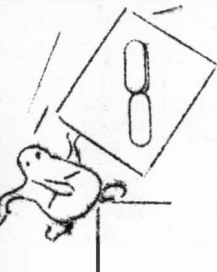
Now I'm not much of a reader of scientific material, altho I'm in the machine tool business, but I've heard and read quite a bit about flying saucers and these things sure did fit the descriptions I'd read about. A friend of mine developed the film and made some prints for me, but he said he couldn't do much with the negatives as the film must be pretty old and lying in the camera for some time. He said they were fogged and badly over-exposed, also pretty much out of focus. I told him it was a wonder I got anything under the circumstances. He's about the only one who believes me, as the rest of the people I've shown the pictures to have kidded the life out of me and implied that I'm trying to put over a fake.

I might add that I'm not a drinking man, outside of a few glasses of beer now and then and I certainly don't drink when I'm driving a car. I might add also that I'm in good physical condition and my eyes were recently checked by a doctor. I'm getting a little tired of being called a liar or a practical joker and if you can use these pictures and the information about them, I'd be very pleased to have you do so. If an affidavit or sworn statement would be of any help, I will be glad to forward same.

Yours very truly....."

There you have Mr. Timbergs letter, and across the page the snaps he took. I've had these proofs and the negatives checked by Leroy Haugsrud, who is a photographer of considerable experience, he can find no evidence of faking. Leroy, incidentally, recently wrote an article





for FRONTIER (the organ of the Soc. for the Advancement of Space Travel) decrying flying saucers, so one can say most definitely that he is not prejudiced in their favour. To get another reaction to this sighting I sent a copy of the letter reproduced on page six , together with one of the photos, to the Hon. Secretary of the Manchester Flying Saucer Research Society. Here is the reply I received.

" I thank you very much for your most interesting photographs of a flying saucer and copy of the letter you received from Mr. Timberg. The letter sounds quite genuine even to Mr. Timberg admitting that he was 'getting readt to duck' when they 'sort of shot up sideways'.

Yes, I believe he did take the photographs. I have not seen a photo anywhere of this particular type of saucer - they - or at least the one photo I saw appears to have a particularly high dome, and looking through my magnifying glass, instead of portholes there appear to be oblong windows. Well, they could have different types, our planes are very different from each other, or, the saucers Mr. Timberg saw could be from another planet than the usual. As we had just had a meeting I have not been able to get our committee together (they are all very busy men) but I did get our chairman (William H. Watkinson, F.C.C. S., A.I.A.C., A.M.I.I.A.) to call in and see the photograph and read the letter. His verdict was the same as mine. He thinks Mr. Timberg really did take the photographs.

Yours Truly

E. Cowdy....."

There you have the evidence on sighting number one, for the record, Leroy Haugsrud lives at; 118 West 33rd St, Minneapolis, Minn. And Mrs. E. Cowdy at; 5 Kingsley Ave, Urmston, Manchester. Anyone wishing to check their statements may do so. These have been quoted here verbatim.

Sighting number two is not so clearly pictured nor is it as clear in it's implications. Sighting No 2, is illustrated by the snap taken at night on the opposite page. This was taken by Mr. George H. Leyland, of 'The Cottage', Leiston Rd, Saxmundham, Suffolk. Mr. Leyland has been a fairly keen amateur astronomer for some time, one night last winter he had been reading a book which informed him that the relative motion of the stars could be observed by taking a time-exposure shot with almost any camera. He decided to make this experiment and took himself of to the garden, box-brownie in hand. However, no sooner had he picked himself a star than, he heard " A high pitched whining noise, not very loud but accompanied by a sound somewhat similar to that made by a plane when gliding". As he turned his head to try and find out what was making the noise he observed a very brightly lit object travelling fairly low, and not at any considerable speed, " ...I'm only guessing but I'd put the speed at about 300 mph..". Mr. Leyland quickly aimed his camera and the result you can see on the opposite page.

If it weren't for the photograph I'd be inclined to shrug this off as a low flying aircraft but I think that the photo proves pretty conclusively that it wasn't any aircraft of terrestrial design. Opinions as to what you think the object is are welcomed. Me ? I think it's a UFO...



How to Spell



YOU ARE NOT living a full life. Mechanization is causing you to lose sight of highly important mystical possibilities. Slow down - reflect - genuflect - read this spellbinding article and rise more quickly to the upper levels of fandom.

The modern fan revolves at such a rate that little time remains for the serious consideration of ancient theurgic art. This is a grave mistake. A little occultism, properly directed and generously flavoured with black magic, can be a potent ally for the serious fan. And just a few minutes a night - time you would normally spend watching TV commercials - is enough to get you into your first magic circle where you are only a hex, spell and a jhinn from the cabalistic hegemony of Science Fiction Fandom.

The neo-necromancer would do well to consider the following paragraph which is derived from a form of excommunication used by medieval Popes. This will help one to get the feel of the subject and provide the proper mood for the real business to come. The following, can be typed, printed or mimeographed and then distributed to those fen impeding your progress:

*** By the authority of WAW I curse you and deprive you of all the rights and privileges of fandom. May you be cursed wherever you be. May you be cursed in living, in dying, in eating, in drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, waking, walking, standing, sitting, lying, working, and in resting. May you be cursed in all the faculties of your body. May you be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May you be cursed in the top of your head, in your temples, in your forehead, ears, eyebrows, cheeks, teeth, jaw-bones, nostrils, lips, throat, shoulders, arms, wrists, hands, fingers, breast (or breasts), heart, stomach, veins, groin, thighs, genitals(if not applicable, delete), hips, knees, legs, feet, joints, and nails. So be it.

P.S. Your sub to my zine just ran out.

To maintain the grueling pace demanded of the modern fan the following recipe for an anti-Gafia potion will prove most helpful:

*** Three prozine pages on which your name appears (Letters to the editor qualify) Seven fanzine pages making reference to you One letter from a fanzine editor requesting a story or article from you Shred, mix thoroughly and saute in glue



removed from stamps and envelope flaps known to have been licked by BNFs. Disperse well in suitable vehicle: beer, rum, blog, etc. Drink as required, ***

Do not confuse the Anti-Gafia potion with the Egoboo Philter. They are similar in purpose but the latter is prepared by mixing together equal parts of Wit of Willis, Eye of Bloch and Hair of Ellison.

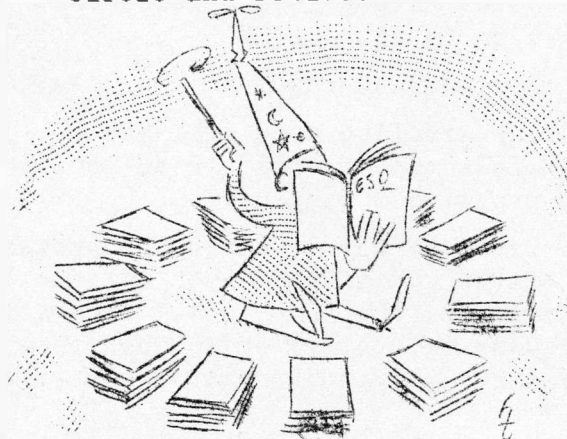
At this point mention should be made of the general ground rules to be observed in conjuration. A special room or place should be reserved for this work. This space should have a northern exposure, for most of the evil spirits reside in the north and this will provide convenient ingress and egress. The walls of this room should be lined with copies of WEIRD TALES, UNKNOWN, IMAGINATION, FANTASTIC, MYSTIC, and copies of "The Demons Mirror", "The Porcelain Magician," "The Mislaid Charm," "The Authentic Book of Space," and other works of fantasy, should be stacked in the four corners. Most conjuring and hexing should be performed during the dark of the moon and shortly after midnight. By fannishly obeying these few simple rules excellent results can usually be guaranteed. However, with experience and the development of individual technique, modifications are possible and even desirable; initiative and originality are important ingredients. An improvised hex is often the most devilish.

The Magic Circle is a device of great merit. It's construction will vary depending upon the job requirements. For example:

*** How To Hex A Pro Reviewer Who Always Pans Your Zine -

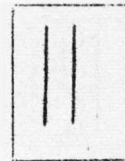
Prepare a magic circle by laying copies of your fanzine on the floor about you. On top of these spread a layer of the prozine which contains the poor reviews. Repeat twice more so that you have six alternate layers. Then, standing erect and grasping an unsullied copy of the fanzine in your right hand and a copy of the offending prozine in your left, repeat the following seven times: "I (your name), conjure thee, dark spirit, in the Name of the Immortal Jophan, to appear before me in humanoid form; otherwise, by the Sword of Conan, you shall be cast into the deepest of all the pits of hell. Come, thou, dark spirit, come thou; come, come and do my will. "

When the spirit materializes outside the circle push a segment (six magazines) of the circle towards it with your left foot, clearly speaking the name of the pro reviewer and suggest what disposition may be made of the six magazines. The dark spirit, in humanoid form, will instantly disappear and the task will be completed within seconds. Dismantle the magic circle and retire. ***



Different effects are possible with a magic circle by varying the materials used in it's construction. The imagination of the sorcerer is the major limiting factor. Success with the magic circle will soon provide intense incentive for further mystical endeavors, but it will always remain an integral part of any campaign designed to charm one into BNF status. Treat the Circle with respect; it is a potent

power. Finesse and skilful manipulation may even result in obtaining a sub to NIRVANA. And the trufan can ask for little more.

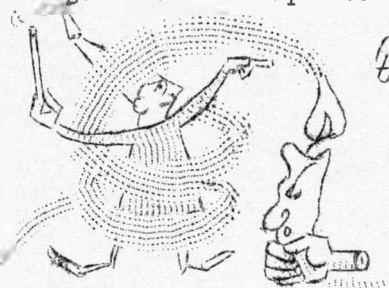


Personal contact between fen is desirable, but often inconvenient due to the distances involved. A Flying Carpet takes care of this problem very neatly. The following instructions detail the manufacture of a modern carpet:

*** Let a virgin femfan weave a carpet of white and new wool during any week in which Flying Saucers are sighted on three successive days. Go into the country, to an uninhabited place, where you will suffer no disturbance. Spread your carpet facing East and West and make a circle to enclose it. Then call upon Keyhoe, towards the East, Adamski to the South, Wilkins to the West, and Allingham to the North. Take in your left hand the edge of the carpet that is to the East, and then turn towards the North and call upon Arnold and Palmer three times. Climb aboard, but remember that oxygen may be required above 10,000 feet. And not to be ill, take three drops of blood in a glass of white wine before starting. ***

At a number of times during the careers of almost all fen, invisibility would be a welcome refuge - and it could also be an important asset. With the aid of a little serious spelling, invisibility may be added to the repertoire of any fan who possesses a strong stomach. The key to invisibility resides in The Hand of Glory,* which may be prepared in this manner:

*** Obtain the right hand of any member of Seventh Fandom. Wrap the hand in a piece of winding-sheet, very tight, so as to force out the small remaining amount of blood; then place it in an earthenware vessel, with one Shaver-period AMAZING, well pulverized and liberally seasoned with Heel of Mackenzie. It is to be left fifteen days in the pot then taken out and dried thoroughly with heat provided by burning Epic of Statten and Saga of Gridban. Then a sort of a candle is made from the fat of a recent ex-fan. The Hand of Glory is now used as the candlestick to hold the pungent candle. Whenever the candle is lighted you will be beyond the visible. ***



Invisibility is to be highly recommended - especially at certain times during conventions or for entering the editorial offices of prozines to determine true and actual circulation figures.

Do not success with the arcane arts blind you to your own vulnerability to a well-cast spell. Close association and familiarity with ethereal beings tends to render one spell-prone. Never get too familiar with your familiar. Be on gaurd at all times and keep near at hand a cage of jet-black pigeons. To remove a spell:

OVER

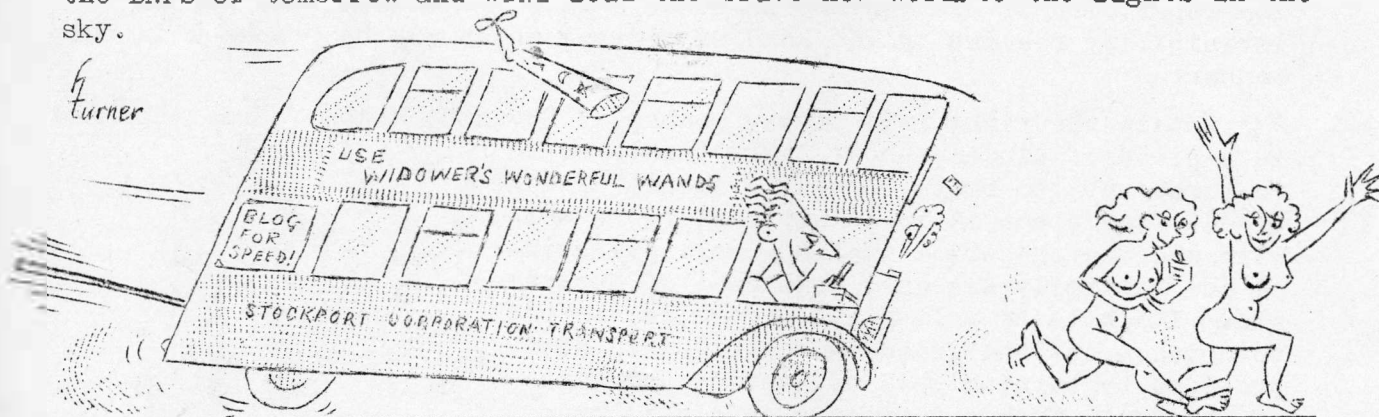
* Handnote. A fake-fan recipe for A Hand of Glory was recently given in GRUE, by a certain Mr. Douglas Graves. All fen, are warned that this recipe can cause indigestion and heartburn.



*** Kill a pigeon and cut it's heart. Stick it all round with staples and throw it into a pan of boiling water to which seven drops of Oil of Grennell have been added. The pot must be covered with a copy of UNKNOWN and the fire must be kept level. After an hour the heart must be taken out and thrown into the embers. - A knock will then come at the door. It is the sorcerer or who has come to demand entry. Admit only when a promise has been elicited that the spell will be removed. ***

Mention must also be made of incubi and succubi. These are spirits which appear in corporeal form. The incubus is the male form and seduces women. The succubus is the female form and makes itself pleasing to men. An omnibus, whilst of no sexual shape is capable of serving several objects at once. There is no specific method for the conjuration of these pleasing spirits. However, as one becomes familiar with the spirit world these unnatural beings will appear to plague or please - depending upon the temperament of the one visited.

The future of Fandom lies in the hands of the few fen who are open-minded enough to believe that mystical powers are available to them. They are the ones who will publish the perfect fanzine, conduct successful conventions and influence the prozines to publish true s-f. These adepts are the BNFs of tomorrow and will lead the brave new world to the lights in the sky.



The following letter is extracted from the Readers Column of the Manchester Evening News.

...." Sir, - I read with interest that Lord Dowding believes in Flying Saucers, and that an American citizen, Mr. George Adamski, claims to have spoken to visitors from Venus.

I am not surprised to learn that an American lady is naming a female captain of a Flying Saucer as co-respondent in a divorce suit, but I do find it remarkable that these visitors from space apparently all use the English language.

The one I met recently near Bowden Church was quite unintelligible to me."

R.R.F. Bowden, Cheshire.

FANZINES

BY

CANDLE LIGHT

by

DON
ALLEN



BRUNNSCHLUSS No.2 Edited and published by Ken Potter, Irene Gore and Dave Wood (who is just a hoax), at 5 Furness Street, Marsh, Lancaster. Sub rates - write and tell them you want a copy and then send what you think its worth. Irregular.

Particulars: 52pages, 10" x 8". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Good.

Remarks: What is it about Dave Wood's (who is just a hoax) illos that makes them so appealing? I wouldn't say his drawing standard is good, but his style is certainly terrific - there's just that certain something about his illos.....??? This issue is well spaced out with two inch margins all over the place and know doubt will please quite a lot of fen! Material this issue comes from Chuck Harris, John Berry, Nigel Lindsay and the editors. Nigel writes about how he tried to get some Continental pin-up mags and then rambles on about his work with the South Western Electricity Board. Irene writes a delightful item about an attempted plan to make a phone-call to Kettering. But the best item in the issue is John Berry's 'Life with Hyphen' where the action takes place around a broken but re-assembled chair that is supported only by a piece of thread and dozens of unstapled Hyphens are being placed onto this chair.....! There're other bits and pieces through-out the zine plus a very interesting letter section. (By the way, please forgive the typos through-out this column but I don't have any correcting fluid with which to alter them.)

TACITUM No.4. E&P. by Benny Sodek at 1415 South Marsalis, Dallas 16, Texas, USA. 3 issues for 25¢. Irregular.

Particulars: 24pages, 11" X 8½". Mimeographed, Reproduction, Fair.

Remarks: Dallas seems to be a very active fan populated area - think there must be about half-a-dozen fanzines coming from there now?

Funnily enough they all seem to have the same style of layout, not that it matters, you recognise it straight away and say "Ah, another fanzine from Dallas!" Claude R. Hall talks about where to hold the next US convention and suggests a place in Mexico called Juarez where there's plenty of wine, women and hotels and no hotel detectives! A crazy mixed up article by Jan Sadler describes a plot of hoax which I wish I'd known more about and then perhaps I could have appreciated it more. Larry Anderson rambles on pleasantly about this and that but the item I enjoyed most of all was "Dallas Derogation" by Edmond Davison. The action takes place in the home of Mike May who is being visited by various members of Dallas Fandom making very enjoyable reading. There are one or two other items, some simple but good artwork plus a good letter section to complete this issue.

ORION No.12. E&P. by Paul Shever at 9 Churchill Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex. 2/6d. or 35¢ per years Published bi-monthly.

Particulars: 43pages, 6½" x 8". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Good.

Remarks: The most regular fanzine in fandom appears again on time as we have come to expect - can almost set my watch by it now! Arthur Thomson's artwork is now a regular feature in O but I do think it's being overdone! Once Paul was dead against having artwork in O now he seems to have more artwork than writing! Well, it's not that bad but with O's size it could be. We all know that Arthur is excellent at drawing, but the majority of his work here in O does not strike me as being funny nor his best. I personally think that Arthur is having to put too many illos into O with the result that at times he is at a dead-end for ideas! In a zine the size of O, no matter how good the artist, I think that column heading illos plus one or two filler-toons would be enough to do it justice and not give it a crowded appearance. But apart from all that let's see what O has to offer this time. The issue opens with Paul's editorial which is very good reading about This and That, Paul tells us that O will possibly change its size to that of quarto (10" x 8"), if it does, here's hoping that the same flavour and personality remains. O is well known for having one of the most interesting letter columns in fandom and this issue's beats the lot. This is the best item in the issue, 17 pages of letters from fans who raise all hell, agree, disagree, etc., on Ted Tubb's "Fandom aint what it used to be" article that appeared in O11. "Monroe Doctorin" by John Berry is an excellent little story centralised in Obligue House. Here Bob Shaw offers John Berry 30bob if he can make Willis and Co. run up and down stairs fifteen times.....delightful results follow! The rest of this issue consists of a further four articles all equally good and making up this highly recommended zine.

CANFAN No.26. E&P. by William D. Grant at 11 Burton Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. 15¢ per copy. Quarterly.

Particulars: 23pages, 11" x 8½". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Very Good.

Remarks: CanFan is a zine that is noted for its high quality reproduction

its layout and excellent stencil cutting that most reviewers are so dazzled by it they rave about nothing else and forget all about the contents! This is so much so that ex-editor Gerald Stewart often asked reviewers to "take a look at the material and leave alone the repro". So let's just do that, huh? This issue kicks off with an article on religion by Fred Hurter that did not appeal to me but William Conner's following article "Its all an Illusion" registered wonderfully even tho it did confuse me and start me off on a period of deep thought. To quote: An atom is composed of about 5% mass and 95% vacuum. It follows that if atoms are 95% vacuum, then all matter, which is composed of atoms, is merely a superficial mass of highly nebulous atoms." The next item is a reprint about Doc Smith by E.E.Evans - quite a guy and a very interesting article. There's an excellent letter section and fanzine review column, it's nice to see that Bill is putting more of his writings (which were gravely missing in past issues) into CanFan - keep it up. Bill even goes as far as to write an excellent four page report on the Midwest Con. And to complete the issue there's an excellent piece of fanfiction by Norman G Brown.

LOOK No.1. E.&P. by Ron Bennett at 72 Clavell Road, Allerton, Liverpool 19. (please note Ron's new address) Free - very good. Irregular. Particulars: 60pages, 10" x 8". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Good. Remarks: This copy I have here is a sample copy for review only and a real hot-doggity-shot-it-from-the-roof-tops-issue it is. Ron, very generously, is sending this issue out free to all who write and say they want a copy - so be sure to get yours or you'll regret it for life - write today! This first issue contains some wonderful material by just about everybody who is somebody today in fandom. This is a fanzine with a difference - there're some very original ideas and the style of layout is terrific. Well done Ron, you've certainly got a wonderzine!

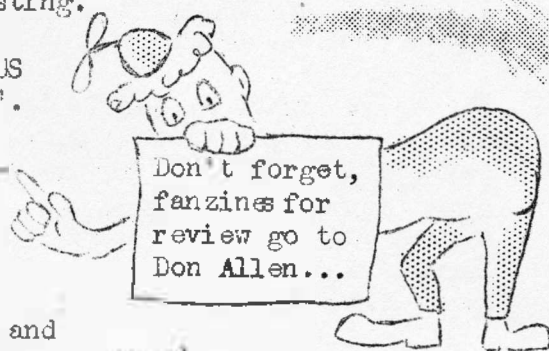
GRUE No. 24. E & P. by Dean A. Grennell at 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du lac, Wisconsin, USA. 15¢ per copy, 2 for 25¢. 1/6d. for two issues to Chuck Harris, Carolin, Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex. Irregular(?) Particulars: 29pages 11" x 8". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Very Good. Remarks: It took me quite a while before I stopped looking at the cover, this beautifully reproduced Bob Kellogg cover has so many details and quotes on it that every time I look back at it I see something I didn't see before. As for the contents ; it's hard to pick out something that is better than something else, I enjoyed reading the whole issue from cover to baccover. Everything is excellent reading. Perhaps it would be sufficient just to list the authors herein? There's material from John Magnus, John Berry (man, how that guy gets around) Douglas Graves, Forrest J. Ackerman, Dean A. Grennell, William Gault, and Walter Spiegel who writes a terrific article on sf in Germany.

EYE No.5. E.&P. by Joy K. Goodwin, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London S.E.6. 1/- per issue. Quarterly. Particulars: 38pages, 10" x 8". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Good. Remarks: As usual Ving Clarke (who is also ass. editor) is the cover designer and, as usual, the cover is first-class. The reproduction and layout is not as good as past issues and it doesn't look the same Eye printed on all white paper! Joy writes a good editorial talking about

that and this and telling of good things to come in the next issue. Frank Arnold writes about Frank Whittle and his book JET: The Story of a Pioneer. "His First Con" is an excellent fan story about fandom in the future by Julian Parr, I liked the part about the femme fans styling the clothes on the old Planet and Wonder covers. Ving Clarke reviews fanzines wonderfully, Ving is perhaps one of the finest reviewers in fandom today. The best items in the issue are the replies to ConYak and the letter section, in ConYak fan give their views on what should be done and what should not be done at conventions. There are some good suggestions here and I hope some of them are put into action. The rest of the issue consists of boYk reviews, prozine reviews, plus a couple of news items and two more articles.

For my first week of RAF life I'm stationed at Cardington and to get to the dump I have to pass through Kettering, so let me assure all you worried and sick fan that the place is still the same - why they've still got "Blog and Chips" wrote on that menu! After my first week at Cardington I'll go to some other dump for about 2 - 3 months and I'm hoping that I get stationed in a good fan populated area - wonder who the lucky devils will be? Peter Rigby (the man who sent envelopes to Jan Jansen) tells me that his new fanzine is almost complete and should be out soon. Also Peter Reaney's Biped should be due soon but seeing that he's been saying that for the past year I wouldn't count on it. Congrats to Joy Goodwin who is now Mrs. Ving Clarke - its been suggested that I should marry so that my wife could carry on putting out Satellite for me - so I've done that. Congrats. Pleased to hear that it's Kettering in '56, whoever does the booking arrangements for rooms please put me down for Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights - I'm taking no chances this year, last time I only booked for one night and somebody else got the room. Once again I must apologise for all the typos- millions of them- only wish I'd bought that bottle of correcting fluid after all! Anybody know of a way to make home-made correcting fluid??? All fanzines for review in this column should go to me at 3 Arkle Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England and should be marked 'for review'.

CAMBER No.5. Edited and Published by Alan Dodd at 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. 1/- per issue. Quarterly.
Particulars: 67 pages, 10" x 8". Mimeographed. Reproduction, Good.
Remarks: This is a giant annish and mainly consists of letters and fanzine reviews but very good reading all the same. These two sections are usually the best parts of any fanzine and Camber is no exception, there is a 30 page letter section which is full of interesting and enjoyable reading with illos through-out by Terry Jeeves and myself. The fanzine reviews cover 16 egoboosting pages. Alan argues in his editorial about a form 3547 which US faneds are always requesting. Come to think of it I too would like to know what form 3547 is? Look on the back of any US fanzine and there it is "Form 3547 requested". Anybody help??? Other material in the issue in the form of fan-stories, columns, book reviews, fanfiction comes from Ron Bennett, Vernon Ashworth, Ron Ellick and Terry Jeeves. Recommended to yooos all.



And that's that - must get on with this spit and polish lark.....

THE FAMILY WAY.

By PETE ROYCE.



I had been home on leave precisely one day, -one glorious day of heaven. How was my time spent? --Films? --Females? or Fishing (These last two go together).....Oh no, Omighod no, I was engaged on a serious and ~~de~~constructive task. I was trying to explain to my venerable Mother, my wise-cracking brother, and my not-so-beautiful-as-she-thinks-she-is sister just what Fandom is. Easy? ---Ah-ah-ah-ah-haa, (In a dull monotone.)

After I had carefully revealed what a 'Willis' is, and described it in full, the following comments were forthcoming :-

Mother: "Why doesn't he sell the stuff he writes?"

Brother Dave: "Sounds like a disease or something!"

Sister Ann: "If I were Willis I'd make a profit on Hyphen"

Undaunted I continued to carry the flag of fandom yet further into this barbarian country; I was determined to show these poor unenlightened ones the errors of their ways. So I retorted with a higher-than-mere-money air, "Trufans want nothing to do with profit," --taking a cue from Jophan--"it is enough that they should publish the perfect fanzine."

Dave: "Mad!"

Ann: "How old is Willis?"

Mother: "But what do they get out of it?"

I refused to be swayed from the straight and narrow fannish pathway, (Brave fellow, stout(?) fellow)... "Can't you see that the dizzy ~~depths~~ heights of Fandom have been scaled once one has published the perfect fanzine? In the publishing of one of these duplicated gems lies, -lies, -er well, er"

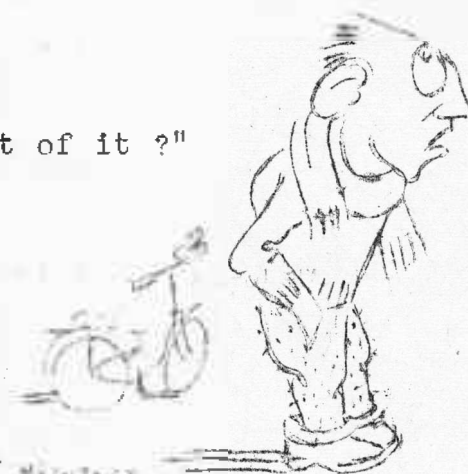
The mighty torrent of majestic words issuing from the grimy recesses in the mind of the cornered lonely fan tapered off into a row of full stops.....

The argument was resumed as soon as I had marshalled my humiliated thoughts into a resemblance of order. For two solid hours the verbal duel continued; at last I thought I had softened them a little. The comments were not quite so vitriolic:-

Dave: "I wish I was Irish"

Ann: "How old is Willis?" (She has a one-track mind)

Mother: "As I see it, Fandom has no bottom to it!"





Ignoring Dave's remark, I told Ann, that Willis must be 120 years old or thereabouts, if the length of time for which he had been publishing fanzines was anything to judge by. I wonder why she lost interest when I gave her this vital piece of information? I didn't quite know how to take Mother's remark, --/"It has no bottom to it." A dangerous thing to say under the circumstances....I almost gave up there and then, but I decided to sound Dave once more. Knowing him to be mechanically minded I used a subtle approach, I asked him if he would convert one of his old bicycles into a printing press for me ; working from a comprehensive plan ('An Inexpensive Fanzine Printing Press', SLANT No.7) kindly dug up from the debris of the years and presented to me by WAW. The idea intrigued him, I could see his mechanical mind ticking over, (no, he's not a robot with a glass panel in his head) "H'm let's have a look at the plans." he mumbled.

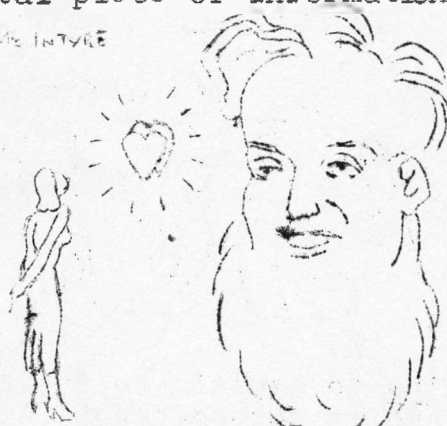
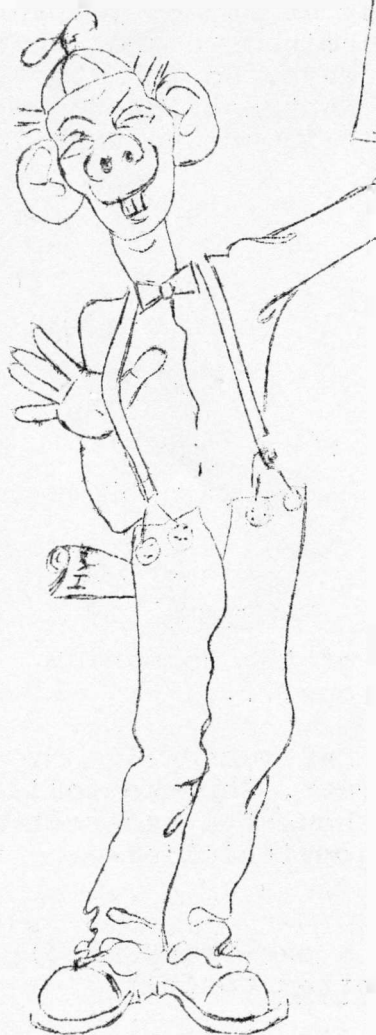
The first faint stirrings, -I'd done it, I'd achieved the impossible, I'd awakened some long-dormant fannish B&M, residing in the murky depths of his twisted mind. Frowning, he examined the instructions studiously, while I watched his face hopefully. Suddenly the sage gaze vanished, the cavernous mouth opened, and Dave let loose one almighty guffaw, to be succeeded by a series of near-hysterical giggles.

"What's wrong?" I croaked apprehensively.

"Saw off the front forks, and weld to rim as in figure two." he gasped out between sobbing giggles.

Dave just loves any type of machine, but to him a bicycle is the elite class of the mechanical world. "That was once the out door washhouse is now a bicycle graveyard. Many's the time I've heard the cry, "Get rid of that junk in the garden, your bed room, the dining room, and the washhouse, or else...." And the mournful answer, - "But it'll come in handy one day..." the 'junk' still rests undisturbed.

Gradually my brotherly love instilled into Dave the idea that it was not really sacrilegious to saw off the front forks, for he was not going to destroy the machine, just alter the appearance slightly....So I



19

persuaded him to carry on reading, but worse was to follow, for he can only bear to see a machine torn asunder when he is doing the tearing, -- for 'educational purposes'.

For a time, only a few suppressed giggles were forthcoming as he read of the drastic measures that turn a bicycle into a



printing press. Then it began all over again,--the contemptuous guffaws, their volume and frequency increased as the machine went through increasingly drastic stages of adaptation. Between hysterical yowls, the fiend sobbed out some of the more succulent pieces for family consumption; it went something like this:-

"Carve the required letters in the tyre," (ominous pause,) ---"YAH AH-HA, blurgulp.... Cut three strips from a,-fr-, from a,-a--tee-hee-hee cycling cape! YAH-HA-AH.....If you have no soot with which to make ink, you must---gulpteegersplurth--burn the pedal blocks!" Another ominous pause, then came the storm,--" YAHA URGULP-FO-HO-T)T-TEE-Hee-ha-hup-hip haaaaa-Yah-Hoo...." And so on for a

couple of days.

Well, needless to say, I didn't think it was necessary to ask Dave whether or not he intended building the press, I had a suspicion that this question would be answered with another derisive torrent. I had to think of a better way to get him interested in fandom. A new approach was called for....

Although I knew that he used to read s-f avidly I hadn't noticed any lying about the house,--I didn't bother to examine the bookcase, Dave considers it an insult to good books to leave them in their allotted places. So Dave had no s-f, this pointed the way to the new line of attack.

At the CYTRICON, Ken Slater held his auction, and towards the end prices were at rock-bottom; so I bought about twenty old pro-mags at between a penny and threepence each. Was KFS making a tremendous profit I wonder?

I waved each book beneath Dave's upturned nose. "Lost interest in 'em." Quoth he with a disdainful leer.

"Try one," I urged, "Here, how about this, the 'Demolished Man' it's a terrific book."

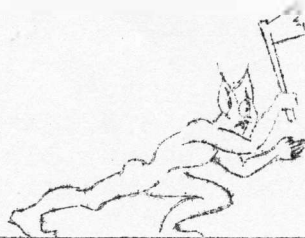
He accepted the offer, and sank down into the easiest of the easy chairs, gazing at the book as if it were a stink bomb, liable to burst and permeate the atmosphere with a vile smell at any moment. I plonked the rest of the pile of 'zines down by his chair, and settled down to read a 'Fantastic'.....

A couple of hours later I caught the cheating so-and-so reading a cheap 'Western' crudzine. I pounced and demanded an explanation for his caddish behaviour. "Can't get interested in that rubbish." he drawled wearily. RUBBISH ! --- 'The Demolished Man' -- RUBBISH he called it !!! There followed a lengthy argument on the relative merits of s-f as opposed to the idiotic, shallow, crummy, putrid, re-hashed western stories. This produced nothing more than a hot collar, so I decided that discretion is the better part of valour and retired from the fray.

If I could have made an ally out of Dave it would have been a great help,--but I couldn't so it wasn't. Since then I have answered all questions pertaining to fandom with utmost caution. I have carefully avoided making er, -incriminating remarks. I've stubbornly refused to be baited.

BUT, -I've plastered my bedroom walls with fanzine covers.. I've stocked two cupboards full with fanzines...I've left dozens of them lying carefully around in selected positions, so that they might be picked up and read....I've left some of my old stories and articles scattered about the house, -in the hope that someone will say, "Huh, I could do better than that.", and try it....I've left impressively headed letters (supposedly received by yours truly) in prominent positions, the letters themselves are sober and pedantic, very, very s & c stuff,---I ought to know, -I wrote 'em ! Hope is immortal.

I am hoping to find a houseful of neofans when next I go on leave.....I wonder.....?



THE END.



CALLING TONY GLYNN...CALLING TONY GLYNN...CALLING TONY GLYNN...!!

Once again, an issue of Triode has been forced to appear without an instalment of the 'Future History'. The missing instalment was sent to Tony for illustration well in advance of our last issue. Since then, Tony has not answered any queries...can ANYONE nudge him ?

The address we have for Tony, is 33 Hassall Rd., Sandbach Cheshire.....anyone know of any change.....?

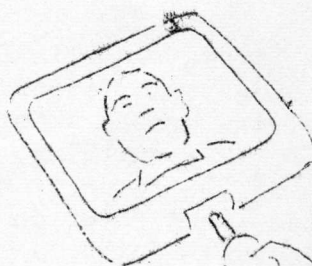
FAN-DANCE

21

Choreography

By

EB



Eric Needham

Thanks for the Triode, but the problem is - What Do you Do with fanzines ? Normally I sling them at Harry Turner, who has an ever-growing mound of them. Last week I dumped New Futurian on him, but he went up in the air over NuFu, so I think this subterfuge is no longer going to work. Knowing all the work involved, I dont like to throw them all away. ((Would anyone having a use for old fanzines please contact Eric...with polite suggestions)) So to the innards. 54 pages for Pete's sake ((As a point of interest, does anyone know how this ejaculation originated ?))...I'll start with page 53. I dont think there is anyone in fandom who doesn't like the letters of that National Monument of Weyauwega. ((If you're insinuating that he is a relic of the Stone Age you could be right)) Couldn't fandom raise the cash to bring him over here ? The Transfanfund could work both ways. ((I believe that it may be used for this very purpose in '57...to bring over a prominent American fan to the London Convention of that year. Personally, I cant think of a better candidate))

BERRY...usual Berry stuff...ho hum. Inexpressibly dreary, stodgy, and unfit for adults. Including decadent writers like this will render your zine liable to be called "fannish". No more of this sort of dreary hackwork. It was a great strain staying awake while trying to read it. Ho hum. Ho hummmm. SLIME MARCHES ON. Didn't hear this at the ((No, you were sound asleep on the floor of Dave Cohen's bedroom weren't you!)) con, so was glad to find out where the term BLOG originated. Dean Grennell claims it as a Widowers Product, which is probably the foulest lie of the 20th century. Widower's make no suicidal agents of any nature. ((Yeah, what about Widower's Copal Varnish ??))

Tony Glynn forgets such things as "The Smasher", now revived. The Nelson Lee ran a form of s-f from (as I remember) 1927 onward. So did the Boy's Magazine, The Rattler, The Startler, and a mag whose name I've forgotten, who ran a few s-f yarns and a series called the "Sign of the

22



Crimson Dagger". Used to have a blue cover. What about the old film serials ? "The Vanishing Shadow" - "The Invisible Empire" and others ? Viva ! ((I never did get to see this latter item))

CONREP. How horrible to share the same city as Reaney.

FLYING SAUCERS. Oh dear. Speculation of this nature can go on for ages and still get nowhere. ((So can Reaney)) Worth reading though.

Peter Reaney

Triode came to me via Terry, was blissfully read, then put to one side while I thought of sending you a letter of comment. ((Several days later...)) Naturally, with all the egoboo about me in it, you dont think I was going to sit back and not say anything, while various fen laughed their heads off, do you ? If you thought, well he wont say anything, you were quite wrong. Triode 4 set Peter on the warpath Triode 4 did. ((OmIgosh...Those poor settlers))

Arrested Development, by John Berry was, to my fannishlly untrained mind, very good, I could just imagine Bob sweating it out. ((!)) The next on the list makes Triode 4 a fanzine which just has to be saved. The March of Slime will, or should go down in the annals of fannish history. Pete Royle's, Exploitation of Space, was understandable and had it's humorous pieces, very nice. Viva Kid Stuff I enjoyed, arguments I like, and I for one, stick up for Tony, (no offence Mike, I'll see you at the next con).((Mike!! You there ? Head for the hills boy...)) The Wizard, The Adventure, and all s-f stories in kids comics, may be rubbish but they are stepstones in s-f for kids who one day may become devoted to fandom, I know, the first s-f story I read was in Wizard.

Now here comes the trouble, Blog Goes There, by Mike Wallace, (you better take something thats waterproof to the next con Mike). My first impression when I read it was amusement, and I began drooling over it. Then I re-read it and my amusement turned to anger. 'What right had they to print such rubbish about me ?' Reading through it again, I would like to inform Mike, that I am no figment of Harry Turner's or anyone elses imagination. ((I dont think Mike intended this remark seriously Peter. And most fen will have realised that you couldn't possibly be a figment, nowone has that kind of an imagination...)) Neither can I remember wearing your beanie, although I cant remember much about that night at all, except that I enjoyed it. May I point out to Mike that I ditest ((sic)) his statement saying that I act the same whether drunk or sober. ((Mike, is wrong here Peter, when your drunk you dont talk as much)) The rest of Triode was interesting, flying saucers always did interest me, am looking forward to Allen Bramall's next report. ((Thanks for the kind words Pete, and dont take the kidding too seriously))



John Berry

I must say here and now that I was very impressed with this latest Triode. The material was very good, and covered a very wide field. Of particular interest to me was the flying saucer business. As soon



as I have the time, I shall write to Bramall and tell him how I admire his enthusiasm about a subject which most people regard as being taboo...as far as expressing an opinion is concerned, anyway. Of course, it was a brave step on your part, this Flying Saucer project. Usually, faneds frown on the subject... although, at my suggestion, Paul Enever has written to Eric Jones for the full facts about his saucer sighting, with a view to printing same in the next ORION. Maybe you've started something. ((There does seem to be a sort of stigma attached to the mention of UFO's around fandom. Probable reason being you have to act a little serious and constructive if your interested in the things. Personally, I'm not ashamed to admit that I find the UFO's of interest, and although I dont know what they are I would like to find out. As regards publishing Saucer material, if it's interesting and relevant I'll publish it for I believe that there is interest in fandom in serious things as well as humour. Triode will never become a serco zine but a unadulterated diet of humour can become nauseating so there will be the occasional serious article to leaven the corn))

I liked the March of Slime. But I think that it loses that little something in the written version. It is essentially the sort of thing one listens too. The bagpipe noises ((You mean you like bagpipe noises? ...)) ...Studio Chimes...crowd noises...bells, etc, would make it perfect on tape. All the same, I, who was unfortunate not to hear it at the convention, thought it very good...and original.

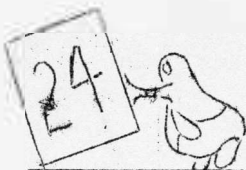
Bob Bloch

The Bulmers are bloody nice people. At least, Pamela is. I never seemed to get around to talk to what's-his-name, that chap who was with her -- uncle, father, grandparent? ((I dinna Ken)) He seemed pleasant enough, always remembering to smile as he gently disengaged her from my lap. Actually, I had to sympathise with them; you know, coming to a convention as a guest is really an ordeal. So many people want to meet you, see you, talk to you...you're tired, but in a position where you can hardly refuse. The Bulmers also had the responsibility of 'representing' British fandom, and that in itself is a considerable burden -- there were times when they hardly had the strength to lift their water-pistols. As I get it, they are presently en route to Savannah, Georgia. Doc Barrett is driving them down to the Augean Stables of Lee Hoffman.



And...this may come as a shock...Lee is back! She showed up at Cleveland, big as life and twice as vivid, ((Big!! You mean her interest in horses has broadened her outlook?)) happy to be there apparently, as we were happy to have her. And upon leaving, she went back home and turned out a FAPA magazine, a big one, with observations and drawings on the convention theme which show she has lost none of her ability.

Cleveland itself was rather a subdued affair, in my opinion. Good program, but little riotous social life: in that respect the Bulmers may have been a little disappointed. Strange, as I reflect upon it: our cons



run in a cycloid pattern. 1951 in New Orleans, was fairly pedestrian. 1952, in Chicago, was a riot. 1953, in Philadelphia, was tame. 1954, in San Francisco, was a bash. 1955, tame again. Which means 1956, in New York, may well prove to be sensational. Willis was lucky to hit an even numbered year. Bert Campbell and the Bulmers got odd-numbered, off-years. I had a good time at Cleveland, but then I always do. It's just that the parties seemed slower and more staid. At any rate, the Bulmers managed to meet Lee, Doc Barrett, the Tuckers, Isaac Asimov, Doc Smith, Ackerman, the Hamlings, Bea and Pat Mahaffey, Evelyn Gold, Marty Greenberg, Anthony Boucher, James Gunn, Mark Clifton, the Falascas, Don Ford, Harlan Ellison, Randy Garrett, the whole Canadian crowd, the Bat, and a host of other fabulous characters. So at least they had the experience of visiting a sort of fannish Madame Tussauds exhibit. But nobody really squirted them or broke down their doors ((Not even Pamela's ?)) or exploded firecrackers under their beds. (At least not while I was under their beds).

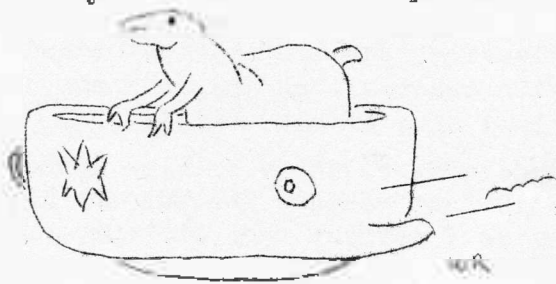
TRIODE was fine, particularly the March of Slime item. We had nothing comparable. At the last minute, literally, a pro skit was written and presented: perpetrators were Merrill, Moskowitz, knight, Leiber, Boucher, Ackerman, Gold, Garrett, Clingerman, three fannish wights and myself. It seemed to serve it's purpose, but couldn't begin to stand up against this immor(t)al effort you printed.

Glad you got over to Belfast and enjoyed yourself. If I ever make it, I won't get into any Ghorblimeyminton sessions, I assure you. From all the accounts I've read, 'the game was invented by Mickey Spillane! ((This might be a good place for me to insert a warning to future visitors to Belfast, against Ghoddminton, and Berry. The two are synonomous. Be especially wary of 'Restrained Ghoddminton', this is merely a device to put the novice off his guard: and whilst he is waiting full of sweetness-and-light to hit the shuttlecock back gently, he suddenly is aware that all-hell has broken loose. Regarding 'Berry and Ghoddminton', singularly, these two things can be classed as merely a dangerous hazard, together, well...Armeggedon, is the only apt word. And dont think that by playing on the same side as Berry you can lessen the chances of a fatality (you) occuring, this in fact, is probably more dangerous than playing against him, in this position, at least, you have the opportunity to use the table as a barrier.))

Dale R. Smith

Ken and Pam Bulmer were very much in evidence at Cleveland - especially with that beard - Ken's that is. I enjoyed their company very much and had the pleasure of dining out with them one evening. On

that occasion there were about twelve of us in the party and we went to a Chinese restaurant. Don Ford, who is considerably taller than I am, was along and also another fan who's first name was also Dale. When we reached the restaurant Ken pulled Don, the

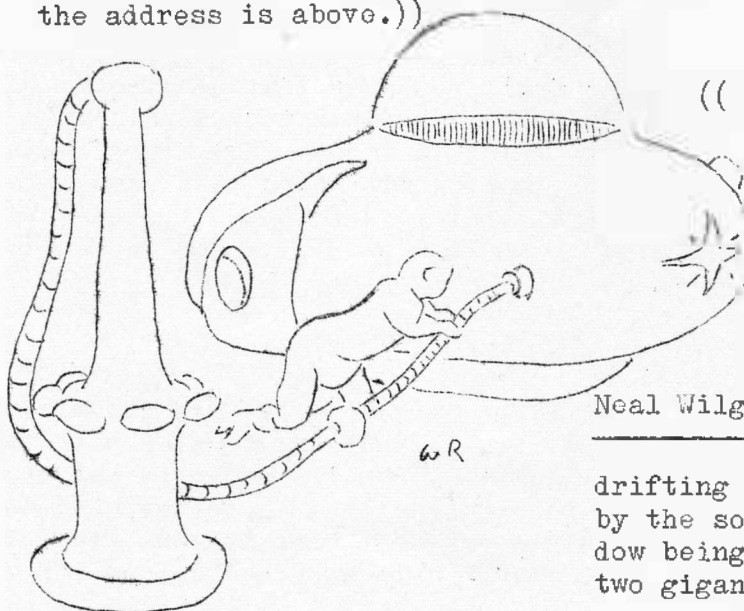


other Dale and myself to one side and made us stand side by side with Don in the center. Then he turned to the rest of the group and gleefully announced, " See, a hill between two Dales. " We let him eat with us anyway.

I also met for the first time other fans and pro's you may have heard of - Rev. Moorhead (and him I gave a blasting for his review of HELL'S PAVEMENT in a recent issue of "-", and he took it very nicely), Kent Corey (of A LA SPACE - he likes nudes and Harlan Ellison hates him for it and Kent doesn't think so much of Harlan either), Ellison I didn't meet - but I saw him in action and as long as he doesn't live in Minnesota I can stand it, Rog Phillips & wife, Ron Smith & wife (INSIDE - and another beard), P.S. Miller, Frank Prieto, and many others whose names I may remember before I got to the bottom of this page. And, of course, Isaac Asimov, who was the guest of honour. ((In case anyone hasn't heard... Harlan Ellison recently investigated a teen-age gang and wrote them up for an American 'expose' type magazine. The mag printed a snap of Harlan (without glasses) as 'one of the gang'... Such fame hath no fan.))

Arthur J. Burks

Possibly my English readers would be interested in knowing that my MONITORS (my name for what the Church calls "Guardian Angels") starts serially in the October issue of ORION MAGAZINE, Ural R. Murphy, Editor, 521 Central Ave, Charlotte 4, N. Carolina. I'm telling the world because MONITORS is so reassuring, and because all income from it goes into research, under proper medical auspices, into what lies behind disease. TRIODE readers might like it. MONITORS also informs oldtimers, indirectly, why I seldom write s-f any more. Fact is so much more wonderful and easier to write. ((There seems to be an occupational disease amongst s-f writers, the symptoms of which are the desire to set up a new Science, or Religion. Hubbard, and Dianetics, etc., I'm a little leary of this type of thing but for those who are interested, the address is above.))



((Last issue I ran a TALL STORY by Ron Bennett, this was no lie but a complete prevarication. Seems as though quite a few folk have a favourite TALL TALE to tell so here's a selection. Guesses as to the truth of the story invited but no cigars will be handed out))

Neal Wilgus

One night just as I was drifting off to sleep, I was startled by the sound of the screen on the window being torn away. Sitting up I saw two gigantic mosquito's climbing in the



broken window. Both were well over six-feet tall, and I almost fainted as one handed the other a rope and they started to tie me up. When the rope was firmly in place one turned to the other and said, "Should we take him home, or eat him here?" To which the other replied, "Let's eat him here,

if we take him home the BIG mosquito might take him away from us!".... ((I think that one should be taken with a grain of salt, for whoever heard of a mosquito carrying a length of rope around with him ?? This next one is a little more factual, and came as a result of an enquiry I made of a well-known authority...))

Bob Bloch

I am in receipt of your letter enquiring about Drive-in Brothels, and am sorry that I can not supply you with the necessary information. You see, I do not own a car.

I do know that on one occasion in a nearby community, a woman was running a house of ill-fame which was under the protection of the police. Public opinion became incensed and there were demands for a raid on the place. So the chief of police phoned the proprietress and said, "This is a warning. We're going to raid you tonight. Be sure to get the girls out of the way so we won't find anything when we burst in. I'm going to instruct my men to drive around the block three times, honking their horn, so as to give you advance notice. "

Well, the woman thanked the police chief and returned to business. Unfortunately, she forgot about the impending raid and neglected to inform her girls. So along about nine that evening the horns started honking outside, honking and clacking away again and again, and the woman remembered. She started up the stairs to warn her charges...just in time to be trampled by two of them who came rushing downstairs stark naked and carrying a mattréess. "Where are you going?" the Madam gasped.



"Outside," the girls informed her. "Can't you hear that honking? Some sonofabitch wants curb service!

((Which is a damm good story whether

it's true or false. Anyone feel like topping it? I'd like some more TALL TALES for next issue... Here's a final yarn (for this issue) about which I'll say nothing, except that the author is well known in fandom for his factual (sic) writings.))

John Berry

There was a wit in my office. He was good. His jokes were pretty corny, but when he told a story his enthusiasm, coupled with the way he put it over, caused roars of laughter. You've probably met the type. We were talking about birds (Feathered ones) one day, and the wit suddenly sniggered, and asked, "Did you ever hear the one about the penguin?" "No," we chorused, tell us." "It happened during the war

he said. " These soldiers were stationed within the Arctic Circle and they were very depressed, because all they ever had to eat was penguin meat. Breakfast, dinner, tea and supper - always, it was penguin meat. One day the Major came around and asked if there were any complaints. One soldier stood up and said, ' Yes sir, we are fed up with having penguin meat for all our meals.' "



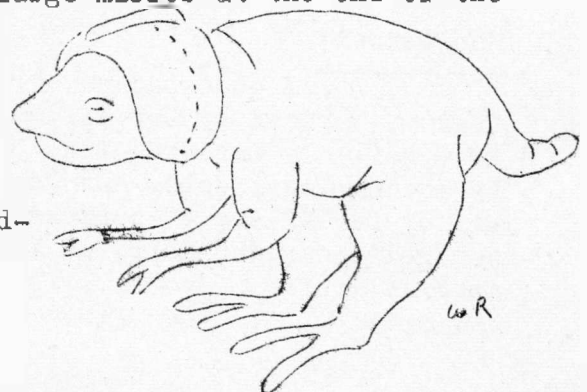
At this point in the narrative, the Wit stood up, so we knew that this was the prelude to his famous visual study, which was a must whenever he told a story. I must admit that he was a brilliant actor - this day he excelled. He stood to attention and opened his feet to an angle of about 180 degrees, like Charlie Chaplin used to do. Then he pressed his arms tightly to his sides.

Satisfied with his position, he then continued the story. "So the Major replied, ' Nonsense man, penguin meat is good for you' " At the same time, the Wit started to waddle round the room, rocking slightly from side to side. With his arms still firmly at his sides, he flapped his hands from the wrist. He had a sort of glazed look about his eyes a look, almost, of extasy. He was completely absorbed in his part, and every few moments he would shout, " Penguin meat is good for you." Man, he looked like a penguin, which, after all, was the whole joke. He was a penguin. It was terrific.

We were all hysterical with laughter. The Wit loved an appreciative audience, so with our laughter as an incentive, he reached even greater heights. He waddled round the room again, eyes straight to the front, hands flapping at his sides. Looking back, I think the Wit must have had a slight attack of schitzophrenia, because after he had circled the room for the third time, I opened the door for him, and he waddled through. I could hear his shout of ' penguin meat, etc.,' echoing down the corridor.

Three weeks afterwards, I was invited to a dinner, and I knew I should be called upon to tell one or two jokes but I also knew that something original would be required. I racked my brains to think of a suitable story, and suddenly, I thought of the penguin. Now, as you have seen, the penguin joke depends entirely on the acting ability of the narrator to put it over. I had never tried to be a penguin before, so it was essential that I should get in some practice. I chose my moment carefully. The typists were out shopping, the Wit was at the psychiatrist for his weekly session, and the boss was out at a meeting.

So I imitated a penguin. At first I couldn't get my feet splayed out correctly, but after a little practice I could do it fairly well. The hand flapping was easy. There was a large mirror at the end of the corridor, so I shuffled out of the office and headed towards it. In my minds eye, I could see myself the following evening, waddling between applauding brethren. My white shirt and black trousers and waistcoat accentuating the actions. I reached the mirror, did a couple of spasmodic hand-flaps for good measure, and for the third time, I shouted, " Nonsense, man, penguin meat is good for you."



This penguin business gets you.



I wobbled round. the boss was not at a meeting. He was watching me from the doorway of his office. His eyes were the size of goose eggs. His mouth was open so wide I could see his epiglottis. As I flapped towards him, he backed away, reaching for the phone.

..... Visiting days are Teusday and Thursday.

((Dont think I'd better make any flippant remarks here...-I'll pass onto another letter instead))

Gregg Calkins

Triode 4 was very enjoyable, but my aren't you sercon, tho'. Some of the articles in this issue sounded like they almost meant what they were saying...obviously impossible. The cover was very good, as is usual...I think Tony Glynn does remarkable work with acid and stencil, ((Yez, he's a most acidous worker)) though I dont envy you the job of printing them. I'll bet those covers gulp ink like mad, too, don't they? ((Yes they certainly do, take quite a while to dry too)) The article by Berry was absolutely outstanding. That boy can really write, and I'm afraid Willis had better look to his laurels pretty quick or he'll find himself a has-been. Berry is really terrific in his field, and he has only one handicap that I can see...so far he's concerned himself only with happenings by/to the Belfast group. Is he limited to this kind of thing or is he versatile? ((He's versatile, but he hasn't had the chance to meet the rest of UK fandom yet. Next issue there will be a serious Berry article...there'll be a humorous one as well)) WAW is, of course, the master of versatility...he can write about ANYTHING and make it extremely interesting. The trouble is that he seldom does any more beside the HARP in OOPSLA. By the way, the big volume of the HARP STATESIDE will be ready this Fall...25cents a copy from me, with no trades...this is a supplemental volume to oops and pretty much of an experiment. I suggest you contact WAW about British sales..he's handling that end of the deal. Date of publication should be sometime in December.

. Fine bunch of letters this time, but apparently you made the same violation of rules that BRENNSCHLUSS recently did...hasn't anyone told you that It Just Isn't Done to print a letter by Gregg Calkins? Think back...have you ever seen another fanzine with a letter from me published therein? If this keeps up I may turn (back) into a letterhack..((Good))

Ron Bennett

I once had an ambition with PLOY to be the first fanzine to feature artwork by Don Allen, Harry Turner, Atom, and Ken McIntyre. You have not only murdered that pet thought but trodden it well into the sod by adding Tony, John, and Terry. Great stuff! Dunno wh.ther there'll be future TAPlays at conventions but after seeing two in TRIODE I vote you get the right to print the lot. ((There will be. And I hope to print them))

Joy Clarke (nee- Goodwin)

29



Now, for Triode and that lovely coverit was really terrific. Tony is getting that touch which Cartier possessed to the nth degree...keep him at it and if possible get him on to the professional market. Eric's stuff on page 4. Second para, Col. Stapp has stood 25g when the speed sledge he uses in America stops so that is correct. ((The bod at the Flying Saucer Club meeting meant 20g over a period of time Joy, sorry I didn't make this clear)) Mind you can't stand that amount for long but the human body can take it in small doses.

Ooooh, that March of Slime. And what prophets the Liverpool group were without knowing it. Next year Kettering is the con-site once again and therefore it might quite likely be the fifth or sixth convention there in 1959 or 1962. Furthermore, Lee Hoffman has returned to fandom ...not only to fandom but to OMPA. Raaa...good prophets these guys. Pete Royle seems to be on a sticky wicket and doesn't know his facts. First the ship will be transported to the outermost station in pieces with many journeys so there will be no difficulty there. And he has fallen into the Professors trap...the return journey difficulties will not more than double the problems. First, because on the moon the gravity, being about 1/6th earth's will only require a little fuel for take-off, and secondly because braking fuel into the earth's atmosphere will be less than required for take-off. Remember it always uses less energy to slow up going downhill than to speed up going uphill. Which is an exact analogy between taking off and landing on the moon. Furthermore, since the spaceship is being built beyond the atmosphere of earth and will never land on a planet, it's size can be as big as required and it can carry as much fuel, food and air as required. Tell Pete that a good columnist always checks his facts first. ((Pete does know his facts Joy, he was using the apparent ignorance of his 'authorities' given to produce a humorous thing. Personally, I rather doubt your statement that the spaceship can be as big as required... There's an optimum size for every piece of complicated machinery and I don't think spaceships will be excepted from this rule. Apart from experimental rockets, the spaceship will have to be a paying proposition, payload, and amount of radiation shielding needed and a whole host of other factors will have to balance one another out.))

Photos are excellent...you are to be congratulated. Now let me tear Terry to pieces in Interlude. No s-f left in a few years he says. Nonsense, there will always be the planets in another system, the greener grass in the further nebulas, Terry. ((Some of the grass in Nebula is pretty green)) S-F won't die, but it will have to expand, and will also have to rely a great deal on the less tangible sciences such as esp and so forth. But no s-f. I might as well be dead in such an instance... it would be hell, anyway. ((Taking another factor into consideration Joy, when we have spaceflight, s-f will not have the same value as escape literature that it has today. Whethet or not you move the scene of action a few systems on. And you can't plug esp all the time, the theme causes some people to shudder already))

Over

NEW ADDRESS. Mike Wallace, c/o M.Cohen, 77 Southcoates Lane, Hull, Yorks.



Glynn's covers still have a 'period' look. If there had been fans and fanmags in the 1890's and Beardsley had been a fanartist, this would have been a typical cover! ((You can trace some fellow artists influence in almost every artists work, Harry. There are traces of Finlay in your early stuff, and more recently, a little Ernst!)) I prefer Tony's cartoons to his 'serious' work. What has happened to your Triode trademark? Don't recall seeing a single one anywhere. ((People kept taking it for a spaceship, and you don't want spaceships in a fanzine, do you))

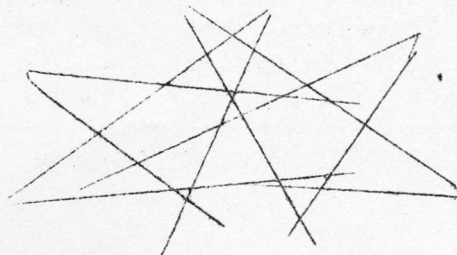
I dislike reading plays and suchlike: the March of Slime didn't have the impact that the sound version may have done. Still it's there for the record. And Arthur's illos are quite something. Tony's article aroused memories - it was Morgan the Mighty when he arrived in the late twenties: Phillip didn't believe me when Morgyn the Mighty put in an appearance recently. Surprised that Tony didn't mention the Black Sapper, who operated a mechanical mole, a boring machine ((Possibly he thought the series too boring to mention!)) that travelled underground. A Rover character, as I recall. Then there was a Skipper serial The War of the Gi-ants or a similar title, all about a giant insect invasion. Ho-hum, it all seems a long time ago.

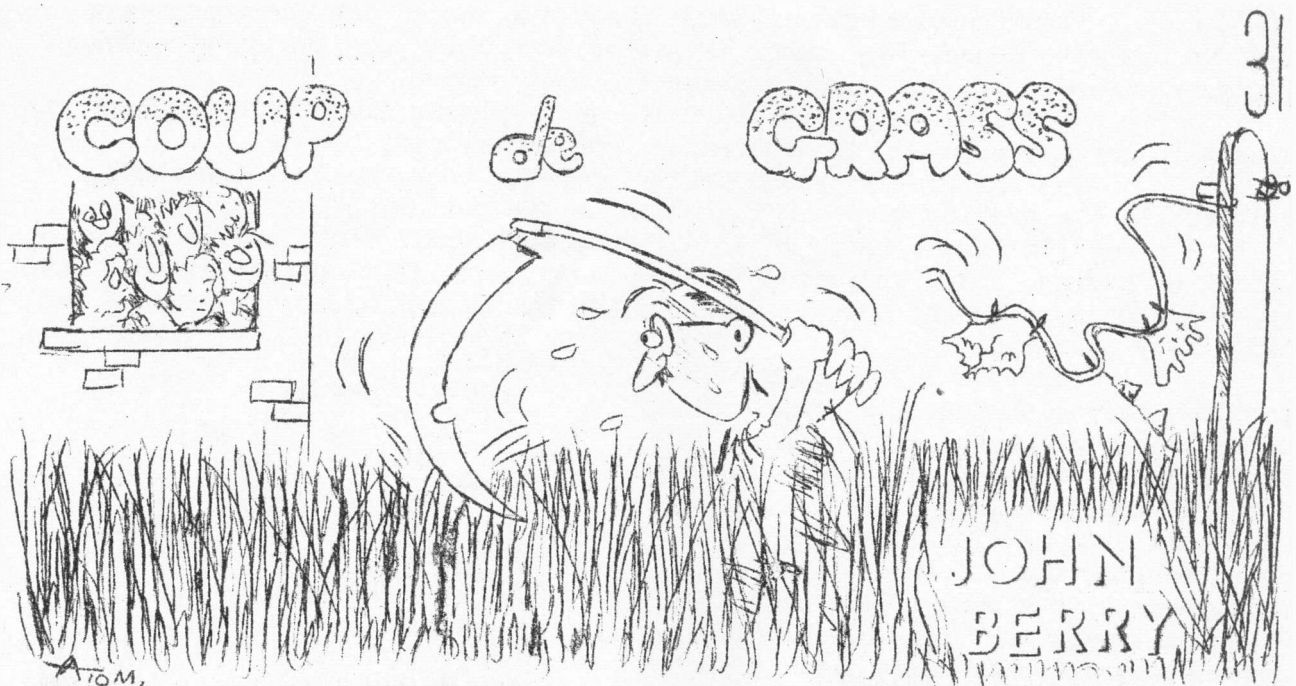
In an earlier issue, my friend Mike Wallace said that the mag lacked personality. Let it be whispered that I agree with Mike...after four issues you still haven't recreated the 'atmosphere' prevailing at a Bentcliffe - Jeeves session. Don't pay too much attention to the accepted formula for a subzine: you've enough experience to break the rules and get away with it. Let your hair down boys. ((Doubt if a Bentcliffe - Jeeves session would pass censorship Harry...and even if it did it is almost impossible to put on paper the atmosphere at a fannish session. The true atmosphere, that is. Take the atmosphere in Now and Then for instance, it's a very pleasant atmosphere but it isn't the true atmosphere. Is it?))

And Flying Saucers yet... How do these viewers of objects of unknown size estimate their height? ((By triangulation of spacio-coordinates)) There is no need to imagine a hoax of the dimensions pictured by Alan. There are adequate physical and psychological explanations for the majority of the sightings. Having seen many strange things on radar screens, especially on centimetre gear where the beam can (or could) be bent to glory by atmospheric fluctuations, I can well imagine inexperienced or susceptible operators misinterpreting echos. No, I remain sceptical...

Let it be stated that this department has no affiliations to the infamous Romiley Fan Dancers...

EASTER TIME IS...
 KETTERING TIME





"Phone, " said the boss.

I grabbed the receiver.

"Sadie here," I heard . "Bob asked me to ring. It's about the James White party next Saturday night. Walt has decided to present the newly married couple with a crazy - paving footpath."

"Ugh," I said, bewildered.

"Bob wants to know how many you can carry ?"

"Three chunks of crazy-paving is my limit," I replied, trying to orientate myself. I felt the hot breath of my boss singing my ear lobes. Sadie's clear, loud voice reverberated through the now silent office.

"Good," she answered. "We are taking a load in the car, but you and Bob will have to carry your share on the trolley bus."

"I can't carry paving on a trolley bus," I protested. I looked up. My associates were staring at me with oscillating optics. They edged nearer.

"You won't get into the White House without a piece of paving," the earpiece screamed aloud . I changed the phone from one clammy hand to the other.

"I - I -" I faltered.

"You can't let a sex-fiend down," she explained. "Call round at Walt's at 7.20.pm., next Saturday, cressed for the drill."

I heard Sadie's phone replaced. I looked up. My co-workers were still looking at me, mouths agape.

No wonder they call me Flash Gordon.

Oblique House at 7.20.pm. Saturday 23rd July 1955 represented a hive of activity. A large car was parked outside the house, and fen were scurrying about with hunks of paving stones. Walt, who had temporarily put Carol in charge of the proxine kiosk, was supervising the loading into the boot of the car.

When the front wheels were about six inches off the road, Walt gave the order to cease. Two chunks of paving were lefttwo dirty chunks moss covered jaggedabout two feet square.

"Entrain, men," ordered Walt, and everyone dived into the car. Two of us were left standing on the footpath, BoSh and myself.

The car grated spasmodically down the road, Walt at the wheel, oblivious to the smoking gear-box flinching in the gutter.

"I'm afraid there is no alternative," grated Bob, and he picked up a chunk of paving. I did the same. I could hardly lift it. I expect it must have looked incongruous to see two well dressed fen staggering across the road armed with filthy masonry.

The trolley-bus driver was startled, it was obviously a precedent as far as he was concerned. I thought I detected a slight flicker of recognition when he saw my moustache, so I presumed he had heard tell of a similarly adorned gent, months earlier who had tried to board a trolley-bus with a hunk of rusted metal. (Me actually, on that ill-fated expedition to transport the Shaw-Berry typer to my house.)

We dumped the paving stones under the stairs, and sat together on the upper deck, trying to forget our troubles. By one of those unfortunate coincidences which always seem to occur at the wrong moment, I discovered that my doctor, Grymble by name, was sitting behind me with his wife. I introduced BoSh, and we chatted quite amicably until we reached the centre of Belfast.

We had actually got off the bus, before Bob suddenly remembered our mission. He leapt back on the bus, staggered out again with the biggest chunk, shouting :-

"Here's yours, John." He then re-appeared with his own flagstone.

As Dr.Grymble and his wife tiptoed away, I blurted out something about a fancy dress ball, but somehow I don't think they were impressed.

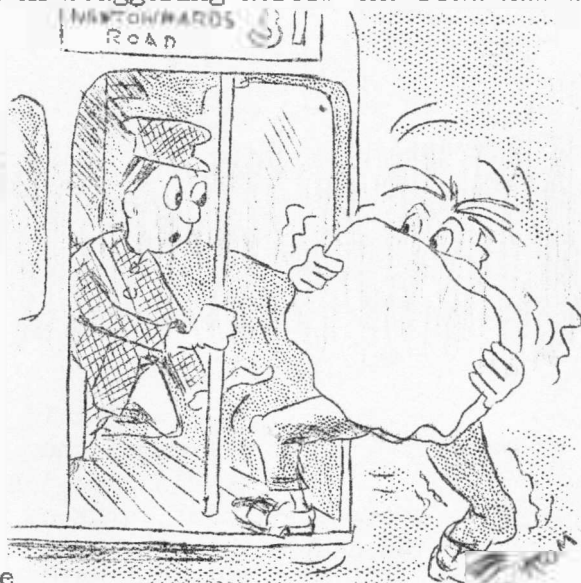
"I have to meet Diane here at eight fifteen," I gasped to Bob. We looked at the clock. It was just after eight oclock.

"Let's dump these somewhere," suggested Bob, and we sneaked down a side street, placed our charges against the wall, brushed ourselves, and re-appeared in the busy centre of Belfast looking quite presentable except for a slight film of green slime on the front of our suits.

Whilst waiting for my wife , Bob and myself patronised the premises of a nearby retailer of alcoholic beverage, and feeling refreshed, spent the ensuing three-quarters of an hour putting the passing femmes into different clearly defined physical categories, quite a pleasant inter-flagstone pastime.

Diane eventually arrived, looking quite pleased with life, until we joined her in the bus queue with our kit. She seemed satisfied to stay several yards behind us I felt quite hurt.

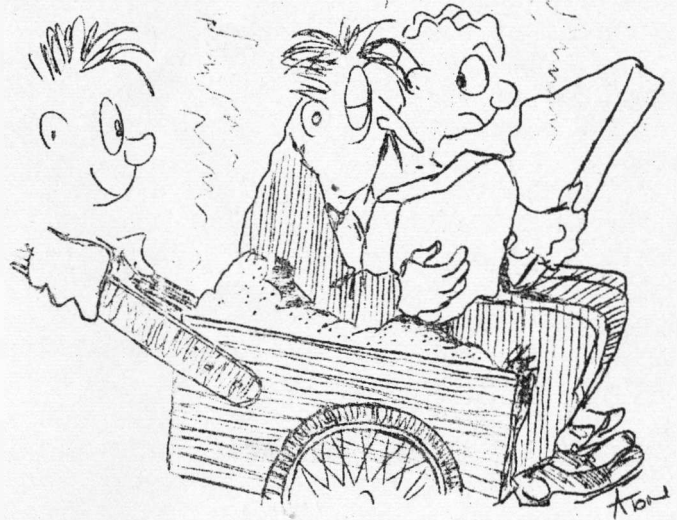
The remainder of the journey was uneventful, except that the conductor insisted upon quoting some obscure section of transport law relating to excess baggage, and made both of us sit under the stairs with you know what.



I began to think that White was taking advantage of my respect for him, a thought considerably strengthened when I learned from Bob that we had to walk over a mile from the bus terminus before we reached the White House.

The trek commencedDiane taking up the rear guard a couple of hundred yards behind. We rapidly neared the point of exhaustion, and were saved in the nick of time by an urchin, who, for a handful of small change, condescended to transport our paving in his handcart, with which machine he had been assiduously collecting a natural fertiliser deposited upon the public highway. Thus we arrived at the White House, the urchin jestingly tipping the paving and Bob and myself most unceremoniously on the front door step, to-gether with a sample of his wares.

Diane arrived ten minutes later.



To assist the geographically minded amongst you, I would like to point out that the White

~~AAAA~~ abode is situated to the north west of Belfast. The house itself is a beautifully designed and built edifice, although I thought the large hoarding in the front garden:-

BUY NEW WORLDS SCIENCE FICTION

smacking of vulgar ostentation, overshadowing as it did the HYPHEN PUBLICATIONS pennant on the Willis car. The housing estate is known as Riverdale Estate, and is inhabited by the elite. In fact, a clergyman actually lived next door to James, although I understand he has since vacated his residence, due no doubt to his being nearly beheaded by the White Model Aeroplane, but more about that anon.

Peggy, the perfect hostess, brushed Bob and myself down with the yard broom, and we crossed the White portals. The others had arrived earlier, and the party consisted of Walt and Mrs, Sadie, chuck harris, GERARD QUINN, and the venerable George Charters (also in a happy mood, due to his having that very day reached pensionable age.)

I toured the house, seeing the cleanliness and comfort, noting it all down in my mind as being Pre-Harris, because I suspected that it might never look the same again.

A mouthful of White decibels roared through the house :-

"The back garden," so I joined the rest outside.

The back garden.

James, always a great exponent of the phrase 'vulgar ostentation' had at last hit the jack-pot.

34
As a conservative estimate, I would say that the grass and other vegetation reached to ear level.

"But I cleared an area," explained James hurriedly, and led us unerringly junglewards, where we eventually arrived at a small clearing.

"How did you manage to do that?" asked Chuck, eyes protruding.

"I have a scythe," answered James proudly, and before we could move, Chuck had fought his way back to the house, and seconds later returned waving the implement round his head like a helicopter.

It was at this juncture that the audience began to collect. Heads popped out of the bedroom windows of all the surrounding houses, and I do think that the occupants had collected their friendseither that or the housing situation is critical.

In the meantime, Chuck had circled the garden about three times, and as far as we could see, had done nothing tangible to ease the undergrowth problem, although the clothes line of intimate garments garlanded round his neck did serve to remind us that the secret of Chucks success is his ability to combine business with pleasure.

A shout from the house revealed James standing on the balcony holding aloft his model aeroplane.

Yippee.

I'm crazy about model aeroplanes.

I don't profess to know what strange power plant the machine was equipped with, but it roared away from James like a home-sick hornet. At this point, the bewildered head of the clergyman rose from above hedge level, intending, no doubt, to investigate the Harris Phenomena, and that worthy gentleman gazed in horror as the plane approached him just short of supersonic speed. Thanks to a thermal, a disaster was narrowly avoided, but 'ops' were suspended for the night.

Then Chuck saw a cat stalking through the grass. An innocent black feline known locally as the White Moggie.

With a cry of 'Safari' Chuck hurtled after it, and we all laughed, and went in for supper, but Chuck came back later on, and we had to give him some too.

Supper.

Mmmmmmm.

Peggy must have studied under the same culinary teacher as Madeleine. The table was literally sagging in the middle with the weight of good things, but Bob Shaw noticed this, and removed about a third of the food, thus turning a potential minor catastrophe into a very real major one.

As usual at an Irish Fandom meal, witticisms were hurled about with abandon.

James came out with one of his best ever, an inference that artist Gerard Quinn was self unemployed.

Walt, Chuck and GATWC were in good form. But Bob provided the laugh of the evening. A large insect, a Daddy Long Legs flew into the room, and Bob shouted,

"Quick, someone, give me two slices of bread."

I always thought Bob was a vegetarian.

After supper, James took us to his den, and allowed us to touch his typer, examine the HYPHEN file, fondle a couple of his manuscripts, and gaze entranced at his Quim originals.

Then Chuck noticed a pair of binoculars.

With a shouted reference to heavenly bodies, he bounded down the stairs, and into the night. Gerard, Bob and I followed.

The midnight sky revealed the splendour and beauty of the mystic universe. Bob talked about Mars and Jupiter and Saturn. Gerard spoke poetically about the Milky Way. We gazed in turn through the glasses.

Chuck, when his turn came, focused the binoculars on the bedroom window of a young girl, residing about ten streets away, as she was innocently preparing for her slumbers. I think it was a disgusting exhibition on Chucks part. In the lowest possible taste. I admit that being President of the Fully Certified Sex-Friends gives him some licence, but that is going too far.

What possible pleasure could Chuck derive from the fact that the girl was wearing a pair of lavender pyjamas, with a dark green silk pyjama cord?

But all good things must come to an end, as Chuck said when the girl put the light out.

Walt drove us home, Diane and myself finally retiring after 4 am.

I'd like to tell you more about the party, but I haven't got the time. I am a busy man. I've got to hide my budgerigar, cut the lawn, warn my neighbours, etc.

Walt and Company are coming to my house tonight.

..... John Berry.....

THE PHOTOPAGE

This key to the photo's should really be a little closer to the photo's themselves but, the best laid plans of cats and mice aft gang agley. I got carried away when typing Wintermission, and left myself no room for this key.

On the left hand side of the photopage we have the UFO photos, the top three having been taken by Mr. Timberg, the bottom one by Mr. Leyland.

On the right hand side of the page, we have, from left to right and top to bottom. Robert Bloch, Harlan Ellison, Evelyn Gold, and Arthur Clarke. Dave Vendelmans. The Southport Intersanitary Society, comprising Peter Reaney, John Ashcroft, Peter Rigby, and Bill Harry. The guy with all the fungus is John Berry. Charles Wells, of Savannah is the intelligent looking character. Gregg Calkins, is the bod in the flowered shirt, who the other folk are I'm not too sure, I think the other male is Marty Greenberg? Anyone?

Photopage layout and reproduction by HARRY TURNER.

INTERLUDE

Once again, Eric and I have laboured mightily and produced another issue of TRIODE. Among other things, this involved us in several trips between Sheffield and Manchester. Naturally we also consumed much liquor and chased many popsies. The firm which employs Eric also suffered a slight setback, as after decyphering Eric's map (scribbled on the back of Camber), I found myself in the local fish market. However I finally found Eric in the act of demonstrating an electric train. "Absolutely foolproof" the boy said to the customer as he plugged it in..... There was a brilliant flash, and all the lights went out, followed by many loud screams from the females.....Eric never neglects an opening. When the lights came on, the clock had mysteriously jumped to closing time....(I don't neglect opportunities either), so off we sailed to do things for TRIODE. The girls failed to turn up, so we actually had to do some work for the mag.

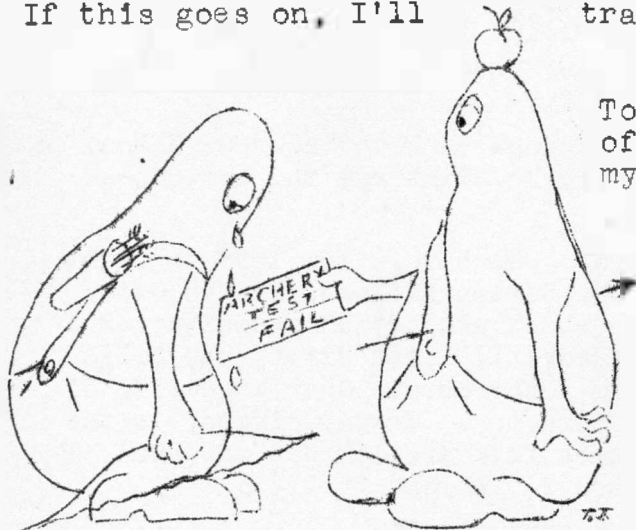
In case anybody is wondering what so many queer little men are doing gallivanting around our pages, let me introduce them. The little creatures are called 'SOGGYS' (With the payment of all due acknowledgements to Tony Thorne) They were evolved in an effort to devise some human (?) looking critters, which could be sketched on to stencil with the least amount of effort. After looking at them, it seemed obvious that they just had to be called SOGGYS.

Bacover this month is the work of Don Gooch, and is duped on a brush stencil. Sad to say, the skin tore after 20 copies, and the rest of the work had to be produced with the assistance of several yards of Sellotape. Doesn't seem to have made a bad job of it either.

Personal note to Alan Dodd, editor of Camber. You charged me 10 bob for mentioning me 93 times, and then only managed 92. If this goes on, I'll transfer my egoboo account elsewhere.

Here is a puzzle for people like Tony Thorne...First prize is a pair of mint prozines...I couldn't bring myself to as much as eye-track them (Authentic in case you wonder)

If a family of two kids pull in a family allowance of 8 bob, it averages 4 bob each. Three kids share 16 / and average 5/4d. If You have 4 kids, they share 24, getting 6 bob each. The puzzle is, how many kids are needed to give a share out of 8 bob each? Ted Tubb and members of the Big Name Fans are not eligible.



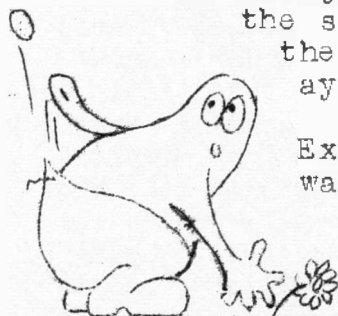
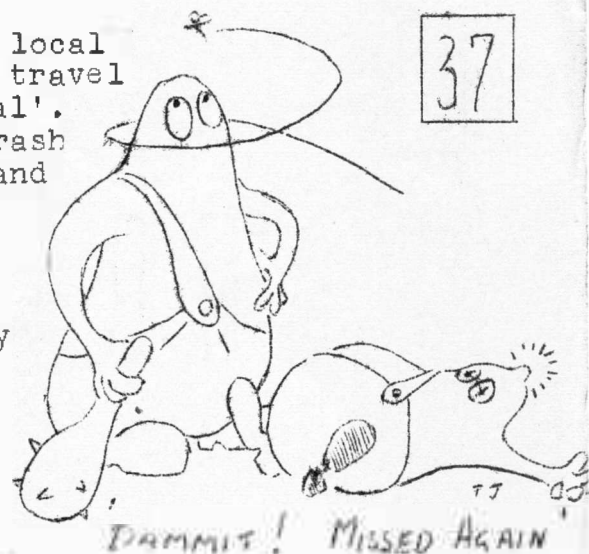
Herewith, a few personal notes :- A local teacher has borrowed a pile of my space travel books...his class is doing a 'Space-Mural'. Got a back seat view of a head-on car crash the other day. I got away with bruises and cuts, while the front seat passenger is still in dock...What a calamity (?) In December, the Sheffield Astronomical Society is getting a lecture on Space-Travel...I'm the lecturer. Peter Reaney tells me that BIPED may appear at any time. The first issue should be out of this world...You have been warned.

Have YOU read a copy of Authentic lately ? If not, you don't know what you have missed.

I've heard quite a bit of controversy over the U.S. artificial satellite programme, but what no one seems to think about is the fact that no nation, least of all, the U.S. is going to go out on a limb and chance its international prestige by announcing such a project, unless it knows that its research is so well along that success is certain. The point being, just how far has the U.S. got with rocketry? The highest official record so far released is the V-2 plus WAC Corporal 257 miles. That's old stuff now, as was the 'hot news' about the mice and monkeys in space. I'm willing to bet that the U.S. fixed '57 for their satellite year, NOT because of any National Geographic shindig, but because that would be the year in which the necessary equipment could be completed from the existing plans. Another, lesser point, is the fact that the ball-shaped vehicle proposed has no apparent propulsive force. True, it may be fired from a high flying rocket, but explosive firing would not be likely to make all the difference between orbital velocity and a fall back to earth. The point here, is that it seems very likely that the carrying rocket will also get into an orbit. If it does, then why the 'basketball' in the first place ? My own very unlikely (?) theory, is that the U.S. is actually sending up a MAN carrying orbital rocket.....that naturally has to come down again quick on a maiden trip. The red herring to camouflage this trip is to announce that the rocket that goes up and down again, does do merely to get the basketball high enough for firing into orbit. Like the magician and his patter, everyone is so busy watching the main object of interest, they don't look too closely at the side props. All this is very probably right past the bend...or is it ? Anyhow, things are not always what they seem. Have you any better theories ?

Extract from a reader's letter..."The other night I was walking through the centre of the city when I chanced to look up. Almost directly above, was a bright globe of reddish light. Suddenly, a second, yellow globe appeared below it. Then, in a flash both disappeared, only to be replaced by a green one. Just then, a lorry hit me...." And so to bed TJ

37



38

Drawing a bead on....



ABACCHUS

By

Mal Ashworth

After a mere three attempts I think I can safely say that I have now spelt the title of this column correctly; considering that I thought up the title in the first place perhaps these statistics are a little unimpressive. But they are not the only things which are unimpressive; I am also quite profoundly unimpressed by the fact that, although this column is now four quarters (or one rod, pole or perch) old, no one has yet asked after the deep and subtle shades of wit and intellectual expression hiding just beneath the surface of this title; sometimes I get little nagging thoughts at the back of my mind, which mutter away in all that darkness to the effect of why in Hell didn't I pick something I could spell when nobody was going to think my smarty-smarty type title very smarty-smarty anyway and then I could have saved myself all the worry and anxiety of nearly having to look into my unburyintoable piles of fanzines for a back issue of Triode to find out how the heck I'd spelt it before. Not to mention all the frustration of not having anyone ask after all the deep and subtle shades of wit and intellectual expression hiding just beneath the surface of the title.

But I ignore little distractions like this; come to think of it you would be well advised to ignore it yourself. Anyway, having got the title down on the paper, there comes the problem of what to put beneath it. This I solve in what I modestly consider to be rather a unique and original way. I put my name there. The problem remains.

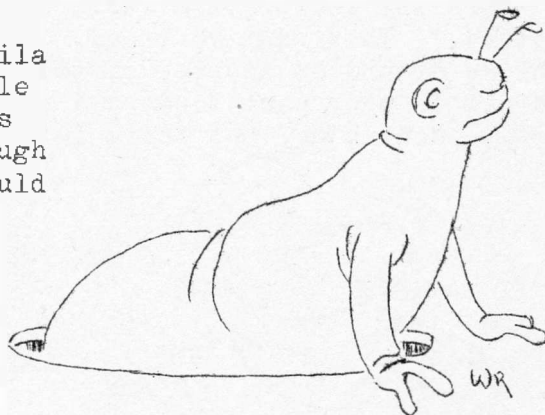
One thing I would like to get off my mind this time though, is the eel. I have been worried about the eel. I have accumulated an almost endless succession of guilt complexes about the eel. In fact, I have been so damn worried about the eel that I have been dreaming about Anacondas. And if that sounds ambiguous, may I suggest that you don't know eels - or, for that matter, anacondas. There is actually very little difference between them; why, the only way you can tell them apart is that one is a snake, and the other is a sort of a - well - a sort of an - well - an eel ! Apart from that, and one or two infinitesimal things like anacondas being land-type critturs which fool around in the water while eels are water-type critturs which can scramble over land, and eels growing up to about five feet in length while anacondas reach about thirty, and the anaconda crushing and masticating men and cattle and every other available

beast and entity within swallowing distance while eels are on comparative hunger-strikes, apart from these, why - they're almost identical ! So when I dream about anacondas it is obvious they are Abstract Transformational Symbols for eels - which is quite a comedown for them from crushing and masticating men and cattle and every other available beast and entity within swallowing distance. But it's not the disgruntlement of the anacondas that has me bothered; it's the eel. Just one little eel. The anacondas only got into the act in the first place because I had (and still have) a guilty conscience about the eel.

But perhaps you don't know to which particular eel I refer ? Alas, I can't tell you his name; not because it would be a Breach of Confidence or anything, but simply because I never learned it. He was merely a passing shadow flitting before the lighted window of my life and I never even learned his name. Sheila and I met him while we were on holiday and ~~she~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~already~~ ~~told~~ ~~the~~ ~~story~~ (in ROT) of how he was lying pitifully in a tiny pool of water apparently cut off from the main course of the half-dried-up river, of how I made several desperate attempts to help him back to the river by trying to pick him up on a flat stone, in my hand, and, finally, in Sheila's handkerchief, of how I tripped over a stone in this last superb effort and the eel went flying into the river far faster than either I, or, probably, the eel had bargained for, and of how, having landed there, he lay gasping on the bottom and Sheila turned to me and, in a worried tone, asked if I was sure he was meant to live in the water.

Well after trying to drown myself after she first asked the question, the matter slipped into the back of my mind and was forgotten - by me if not by the mighty public. I was not long to be left in peace tho', for the World had taken the eel to it's heart. The first time I realised the heart-rending emotions called forth by this solitary little eel was when Betty White, having just read Sheila's account, said thoughtfully: " Well - perhaps it was a snake." Then, giving me a withering glance as though I had just Massacred the Innocents, she turned to the cat and instructed it: " Lally, don't you bother with nasty Uncle Malcolm - he put a snake in the river."

This was the start of my worry; the beginning of my Anxiety Neuroses and Guilt Complexes. But the flame which was already beginning to lick at the bases of my conscience and moral judgement and to call me "assassin" was not long to be left unkindled by an irate humanity. Only the other week, when Sheila and I were spending the weekend with Uncle Harry Turner and his family, the evenings conversation turned to the eel, and, though I shrank inwardly there was nothing I could do to avert it. Eventually Eric Needham fixed me with an accusing eye and said: " Eels travel over land, you know. " The implications were obvious. When the eel had wriggled and struggled as I tried to pick it up and put it back in the river





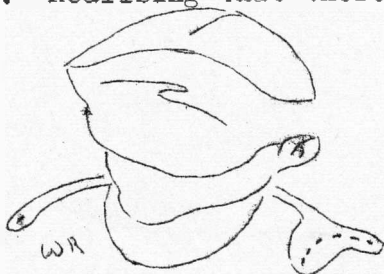
and thus saved it from drowning in the fresh air, it was not, as I had thought, frightened and misunderstanding my intentions but merely fighting for it's right to go the opposite damn way, over the land, if it pleased.

With grim determination it had fought it's way up out of the river, over the sunbaked stones towards the bank and Allah knows what secret mission beyond, and, resting awhile in a little pool along the way, it was accosted by a gigantic bully, who despite it's desperate battle for it's constitutional rights, had flung it with all his might back into the river, whence it would have to start it's danger-frought treck all over again. To say that I was made to feel a heel would be to make light of a matter which was rapidly assuming the most grotesque aspects. My sense of guilt began to grow and the anacondas in my dreams to get bigger and fatter and fiercer and masticated more men and cattle and etc., than before. They even ate an occasional crocodile.

Then, a few nights ago, Sheila handed me, without comment, an article she had cut from an evening paper. I need hardly tell you that it concerned eels; it concerned me too - gravely - because it verified what Eric Needham had told me, that eels do indeed travel over land. But it went even further than that; it explained why they travel over land. It went down to the very roots of the souls and characters of eels, to the rock-bottom facts of evolution and creation itself, and the enormity of my possible crime became overwhelming. For, it seems, there is only one place in the world where eels breed; that is the Sargasso Sea, that mysterious region of floating, choking weeds (poor things), inhabited only by bizarre and revoltingly slimy horrors from the nethermost pits - and, of course, eels - and beloved of hack fantasy writers - and, of course, eels.

They leave there (not surprising with weeds choking all around them; it must be quite an unhealthy spot - except, of course, for hack fantasy writers) and journey across thousands of miles of ocean and sea until they come to the mouth of a river; then they continue right up the river, often to it's very source. But that isn't all. For nine years they stick around there doing nothing in particular, except, possibly, trying to keep out of the way of bullies who want to throw them around the place, and offering up thanks for having got rid off the (choking) weeds and the hack fantasy writers. Then, nine years after they get there, what happens? They get the urge to go back; back to the Sargasso and all the weeds with hacking coughs and the choking fantasy writers. Back across all those thousands of miles of river and sea and ocean. And the reason ? (this is where the rock-bottom facts of creation and evolution come into the picture.) They want to breed. Uh huh - for nine years they have been fooling around at the top of some river or other trying to figure out just what it is they want to do and suddenly it comes to them - they want to breed. Realising that there is not a moment to be lost they set out for

the only place where they can breed - the Sargasso Sea - by the shortest route they can find. (Why they can only breed in the Sargasso Sea I don't know; it may be that it is the only place where female eels are to be found or that the atmosphere of choking weeds and hack fantasy writers is conducive to breeding, but whatever the



reason the fact remains.) If the shortest way back is down their own particular river, well and good; but if it isn't - well, they're in a hurry now that they have made their lightning decision - so they'll go over land if necessary.



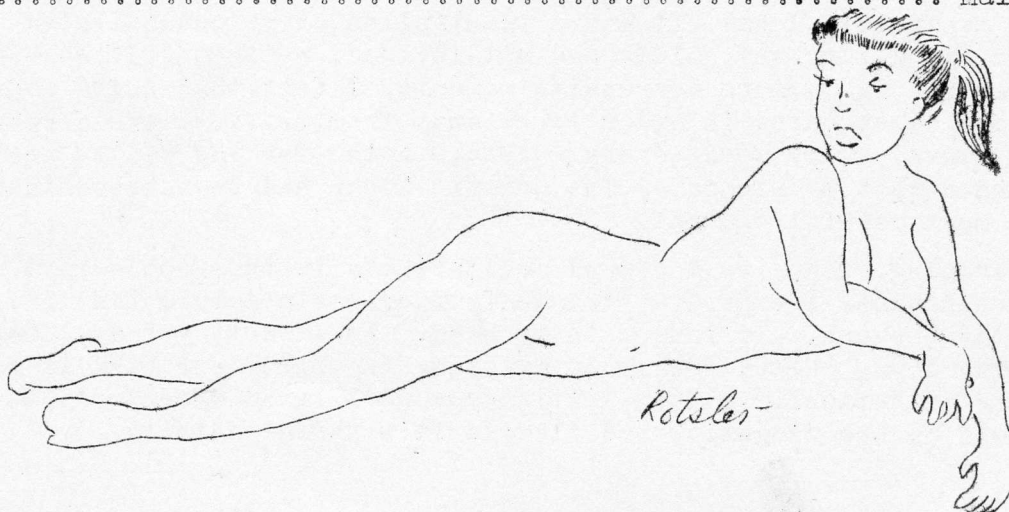
Now you see what I may have done ? Now you realise what is behind my guilt complexes and why I dream of anacondas ?

The horrible truth is that not only may that little eel which I put back in the river not have wanted to go back into the river; it may have just set out upon it's lonely and unenviable journey back to the Sargasso Sea. Put yourself in the eels place. (That's right. Now duck your head under.) For nine years you have been fooling around at the source of a river wondering what the devil it is that is nagging at the back of your mind, what it is you want to do but can't quite remember, and then one day it comes to you - you want to go back to the Sargasso Sea and breed. But your particular river doesn't head in a direct line for the Sargasso Sea, so, laboriously, you clamber out of the river. You worm your way over scorching rocks and get your tummy covered in scratches, in bits of sand and weeds (not choking for a change). You scramble and wriggle and worm for a whole afternoon and then you come across a nice cool pool and you slide in to rest for a while.

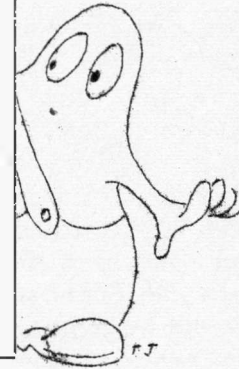
And then, no sooner have you got your tail wet again, than along comes a dirty great hulking human with his head full of a lot of goody-goody notions about saving your life, and chucks you back into the river again. That is why there is a Groundswell of public opinion against me. That is why I dream about anacondas at night. That is why not only are People (and, of course, eels) looking at me with contempt, but Betty White's cat, also, studiously ignores me. I am expecting questions to be asked about the matter in the House of Commons any day now.

When that happens I shall attempt to sever my connections with the whole affair and shall emigrate to some distant corner of the earth. I haven't quite decided where yet but I rather favour the Sahara Desert at the moment; not only has it not got any rivers, but, to the best of my knowledge, one doesn't have to go anywhere near the Sargasso Sea to get there.

..... Mal Ashworth



THAT WHICH HAS GONE BEFORE..... In 1958 Fandom sets forth to find a blessed isle. To found a new and suffering state. Vince Clarke took them as far as Belfast Lough. Walt Willis, succeeded in tying Bert Campbell to the mast, milking Courtenay's ~~Boat~~ Boat of it's last pun, and getting us to the American coast. Mal Ashworth, had Pat Doolan made official ship's siren, got our vessel through both the Suez and Panama canals, and left things in quite a mess, for Terry Jeeves. Who discovered Easter Island, Berry-Berry, and made things generally worse.... The scene for this installment is an island, a body of land completely surrounded by zap-gun fuel.



THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM

Pt 5

BERRY HUNTING

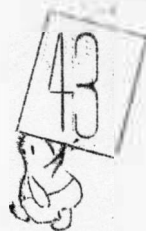
By

John Berry

During the many months that Irish Fandom had been away, I had languished alone in Belfast. My only consolation were the sporadic visits by Sadie Shaw and Peggy White, who, sorrowful because of the absense of their loved ones, sought my company, gaining solace from the bliss of my fannish repartee. I had oft gazed crestfallen at my uncultivated back garden, wondering why Willis had not included me in the Irish Fandom GAFIA party. In my more depressive moments, I felt that quite possibly they had disappeared in order to be away from me....to avoid having their every move, every word, every guesture noted for ~~the~~ ~~poly~~ posterity. I sensed that my nickname, The Chronic Leer, had been bequeathed only after much careful thought.

One evening, then, as I basked meditatively in the feeble rays of the Summer sunshine, I espied a strange featherless creature fluttering down from the heavans. It landed in my hand. As it's tiny body, bereft of protective down, pulsed weakly in my palm, the bird, for bird it was, looked at me pathetically. It's little eyes oscillated waveringly as it raised itself on one wing-tip, and cleared it's throat noisily.

" Come to Bob Shaw at once," it croaked, " he's at the Tubb Islet. 34.25 SW. 67.98 E. With this the bird uttered a horrible rattle, turned slowly over, and lay stiffly in my hand, it's claws pointing upwards, it's head dangling limply. Guess it was pretty tired.



Running a finger over the battered carcass, I saw that the bird bore the BOSH brand superimposed on it's rump. I knew that the budgerigar must be the original Mrs. Beeton, named after Bob's favourite author. The great question was, where the heck was Tubb's Islet? And, what was Bob doing there? At this time remember, I was totally ignorant of the voyage of Courtenay's Boat and I presumed that the long lost fen were cavorting merrily in the Glades of Cafia.

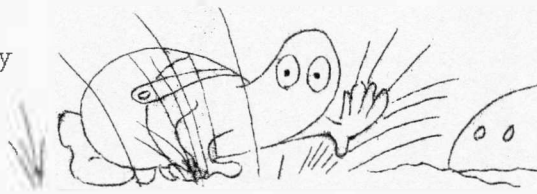
But if Bob Shaw needs my help, he was obviously getting very desperate, and it was up to me to pay him back for his previous kindness and consideration to me. With the aid of an atlas, I discovered that the mapreference quoted was somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. But, consider my greatest problem. How was I to get there quickly?

48 hours later, the helicopter lowered me gently onto the sandy beach of the glorious tropical paradise known as Tubb Islet. It had been far easier than I expected. Faced with the problem of how to get the money to pay for the trip I had that same night sailed to Liverpool, took the train to Stockport and evolved a plan. I had several thousand handbills printed, stating that I was organising an expedition to search for Eric Bently. Within a few hours I was snowed under with paper money and blank cheques, from people who promised to be even more generous if I would cancel my proposed search. The Great Moor district was particularly generous and emphatic. I got £2000 from All-dis Street alone.

As I say, the helicopter (a Whizzbang of the U.S. Marine Corps, loaned by seven star General Gregg Calkins) dumped me on the white sand. Hovered for a few seconds, then whirled away. I gazed around me, dug my toes into the sand. With eager eyes I traversed the Island. I knew I had come to the right place when I perceived the rusting hulk of Courtenay's Boat stuck in the rim of a volcano in the middle of the isle. What freak of nature, what anti-gravity device had caused this strange phenomena?

A scream reverberated across the vacant beach. I looked to my left, saw Shirley Marriott breathlessly emerging from the undergrowth at top speed, hotly pursuing James White, whose rampant typer seemed somehow ostentatious in the exotic surroundings. As James passed me by, he raised his top hat to me in that typically Irish dispassionate manner of his. I sighed as they disappeared round the northern tip of the islet and wondered what Shirley's next article would be about.

Picking my way through the creepers, and the lush green vegetation, I eventually reached a large clearing, surrounded by small buildings of the pressure-dome type, apparently built of mud. I entered the first adobe, a long narrow building.



The shock nearly killed me. A large furnace was in operation in the middle of the hut, and a naked figure in a long beard was energetically emptying buckets of sand into a metal container suspended over the furnace. This was queer. I tip-toed over.

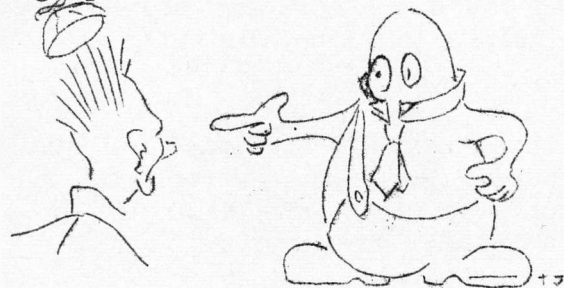
I saw it was Eric Needham. "Hail to the Mighty Tubb," he grunted, giving a two-finger salute. He peered at me through sweat filled eyes, "...or are you a Willisite?" Sensing that politics had at last found their way into fandom, I gibbered inanely, and looked over his shoulder. "What gives, Eric?" I asked, looking at the bubbling mess. "Well," said Eric, wiping his forehead with his beret, "I 'ave 'ere a primitive spinthariscopes. Briefly, by heating sand to a thousand cubic pressures, then filtering out the tellurium content, and finally bombarding the resultant fluid with high speed deuterons, I have succeeded in making glass. GLASS. DO YOU HEAR ME? GLASS."

I nodded vigorously, backing out of the hut. He followed gesticulating wildly. "I 'ave me little shammy and me little bucket," he sobbed. "But there is no glass here. No windows. So I'm making me own. GLASS. GLASS. GLASS...."

Sprinting across the clearing I entered another hut. Doris Harrison was sitting cross-legged on a pile of straw. She was making mystic passes in front of her face. Stepping over the skulls and stuffed owls, etc, I sat down beside her. "Can you tell me where everyone has gone?" I asked uneasily. She stopped muttering incantations, and, producing a 200 watt electric light bulb, she plugged it in the sand. With bulging eyes she peered at the filament. "I can see something," she muttered, "...yes, the mist is clearing...yes, I see them now. Everyone is attending a compulsory session of the High Court."

"Where is the High Court being held?" I asked innocently. "On the upper deck of Courtenay's Boat on top of the volcano. I can see everyone. The Mighty Tubb is about to pronounce sentence on Bob Shaw."

I leapt outside. Was I too late? I fought, hacked, clawed my way upwards, ignoring every natural obstacle to reach my good friend Bob before it was too late. After half an hour, I reached the summit of the volcano, and hauled myself up the ladder onto the deck of the boat. A glittering array of legal pomp and ceremony met my eye. Ted Tubb, being vigorously fanned by four neofen with palm leaves, was sitting on a coil of rope. Standing in front of him, looking very dejected, was Bob Shaw. Many well-known BNF's were seated in a semi-circle, and the other fen croded round behind them. I knelt beside Ving Clarke. "Am I too late?" I gasped.



Ving buttoned up his blazer nonchalantly, adjusted his loin cloth and pointed a bony finger at me. "Have you published a fanzine recently?"

"N - no," I whimpered.

Ving sat back, seemingly composed and happy.

" In that case," smiled Ving, " grab a coil of rope and sit down. Good. You see, Bob Shaw has just been found guilty of fan-treason. I must say the trial was very short. The Magnificent Tubb ordered that Norman G. be designated as Defending Council for Shaw, as the Massive Tubb wanted a quick verdict of, guilty."



" What was Bob's crime,?" I enquired. Ving turned pale and glanced nervously around him. " When we came here a few months ago," he whispered, " there was a veritable battle for power between Willis and Tubb. Tubb won by reducing the price of Authentic. Willis started his own secret service, and his cleverest move was to infiltrate Bob Shaw into the position of Food Storeman. In two days, our entire stock of food was eaten, and for the fact that Paul Enever found some seeds in his trouser turn-up, we should have starved."

I jumped to my feet. Poor Bob can't help being a gluttonous glutton. I flung myself at Tubb's feet. " I beg to make a plea of mitigation on behalf of Robert Shaw," I pledged. " I don't want him to finish up in a cell." A gleam of extasy crossed the Tubb countenance, and he whipped a gavel out of his toga and bashed Bob three times on the head with it. " What am I bid ! " he cried.

Norman G. stood up, and adjusted his gown. " My lud," he observed, " when this individual said the word cell it is obvious to me that he was refering to a small secluded room, built of dripping stone, bereft of furnishing, and with metal bars for windows. I must point out...."

Tubb lay down his gavel after banging it noisily on Duncombe's head, and shouted grimly: " Bring on the venerable sage." A sigh of awe swept the assembly as the hooded figure of George Charters was led stumbling onto the deck by his two young acolytes, Pete Royle and Ken Potter. " For the information of our learned friend Mr. Wansborough," said Tubb, " pray define the meaning of the word sell ."

George lifted a withered hand and cackled happily to himself. " Er... heh heh ... hard covers ...oh, er... bumpee..dumpee dido...heh heh..yes,er,...um..." " Remove the venerable sage," thundered Tubb. With adroit kicks to the shins, Potter and Royle felled Charters to the deck, and dragged him away, singing a psalm of praise in their high pitched soprano voices. " Let me speak," I shouted,"for Ghods sake let me speak." A hush fell over the assembled fen. " Bring up Willis," bawled Tubb. A haggard,manacled figure appeared on deck. " Before I sentence Bob Shaw," said Tubb shrewdly,"Berry must choose his leader. Berry, is it this.." Pointing to where Walt was playing with his ball and chain, "... Or, is it that.." Pointing to a bevy of femfans on his left. "That," I parted, leaping onto Pamela Bulmer's lap.

The Bountiful Tubb curled his lower lip and glanced towards Shaw. "...and I hereby pronounce you to.."

Suddenly, the air was rent asunder by a blast of hot air. Loud bubbling noises were heard coming from below. Slowly, as the molten lava ran over the lip of the crater, Courtenay's Boat, afloat on the tide of lava, followed the path down the long winding ravine, to the sea....

TO BE CONTINUED

Case for the 'U.F.O.'s

PART. 2.

64
A. Bramhall

Recapitulation of Part.1.

In Part.1., I tried to show, and prove the existence of unknown objects using observational reports and other material. I then built up a series of arguments out of which logical deductions could be made. One possibility, a Hoax was discussed, and proved to be ineffective.

PART.2. "Is a Flying Saucer a form of Secret Weapon ?"

In my second article I propose dealing only with this possibility. To do this, I shall divide the work into two parts. Devoting Part.1. to causes and origins, and Part.2. to examples of evidence and data.

Observation of a secret weapon could, at least, provide a feasible answer to this difficult problem. 'Saucers' are commonly believed by many, as being secret weapons, or some highly secret aeronautical research project. Official policy in connection with Flying Saucers, supports this idea, creating an artificial similarity around Flying Saucers and secret weapons. An uninformed public is bound, therefor, to feel confused.

Three important factors contributing to the situation :-

- i) Failure to make a pronouncement about Flying Saucers.
- ii) Official evasiveness to questions concerning U.F.O's
- iii) Reluctance to disclose any findings from genuine U.F.O. investigations.

There may be important reasons known only to high officials for not making statements on the above points. I merely wish to draw attention to the situation as I think it exists. However, a condition of this sort, seems to invoke in one's mind, a sense of "Secrecy"; of something kept from the public, like for instance, a secret weapon.

The Basic Problem

It seems clear then, some method will have to be found to enable us to distinguish between terrestrial and non-terrestrial objects, i.e. Secret Weapons and Flying Saucers. A critical examination of certain characteristics seems the most suitable, which although indirect, may prove effective when applied logically.

Let us suppose for a moment, people see objects in the sky. If the things appear unusual, exhibit peculiar shapes, motions and colours, some people would search for an explanation, and if the objects were obviously solid constructions, they would assume the objects to be some form of Secret Weapon. If however, it is suggested the objects might have been Flying Saucers, very few people would bother taking the proposition seriously, for two compelling reasons. :-

- i. Flying Saucers do not exist officially (in public)
- ii. The psychological shock, imposed by the existence of extraterrestrial 'saucers' is too severe without some official confirmation.

People are mainly orthodox in their beliefs. Tradition, derived from many sources seems to preclude any such possibility. Nevertheless, a few people, still uncertain about the nature of the objects, and who are curious enough, might ask the Air Ministry for an explanation. They would encounter official evasiveness, and an official reluctance to comment on the matter. The outcome would probably end with an official press statement similar to this:-

"The Department concerned with such matters.... has received details of the incident - the report is now being investigated."

I doubt if any further public announcement would be made.. but of course, there may be important reasons for this. I feel sure however, that most people will reach a conclusion similar to the following.

"We have tried to find out from the Ministry, just what the objects were, but owing to obscure replies, we still don't know. It seems most likely that the objects might have been secret weapons and that the Ministry wishes to keep the incident unobtrusive."

Under such conditions, people who insist in naming objects Flying Saucers, would be subject to ridicule, and others, convinced by the secret weapon interpretation, would become confirmed sceptics. Here is an example of an actual incident of the sort which gives rise to much speculation. It also illustrates several main points of this survey. The report from which I am going to quote extracts, appeared in at least 15 different papers. I am quoting from the 'Yorkshire Post' of July 27th. 1955. underlining the significant points.

The Air Ministry are investigating a report of a boomerang shaped object seen hovering above Lasham Aerodrome yesterday when the British National Gliding Championship meeting continued.

The object, dark coloured and thought to be about 3,000 ft. above ground, was first spotted by Mrs. Yvonne Bonham, Secretary of the British Gliding Association, and Mrs. Alex Orde, her predecessor in that office.

Another official was told, and telephoned the Air Ministry, saying, ... "The object was seen 290 degrees from the airfield at an elevation of about 60 degrees. It was hovering for about 30 seconds and then made off in a North-Westerly direction at a high speed!"

Soon the Air Ministry asked for further details. Last night a Ministry spokesman said in London - "A report has reached us that an unusual object was seen in the sky, and it is being investigated."

The account ends with further comments by Mrs Bonham and Mrs. Orde, as follows.

"It looked to be about 40ft wide, but I would not like to be precise about that. As it went away it seemed to drop steadily."

Mrs Orde stated - "It certainly was not a bird, it moved too quickly. It did not appear to be anything we had seen in nature." ...END
Another press report stated .. "The object was noiseless as it sped off to the North-West most rapidly."

I wonder if this was a strange new weapon, or a soundless aircraft? If not, what was it? An interesting comparison can be made between this sighting, and the Topcliffe Air Station report quoted in my first article. Several details of the flight patterns

48
and behaviour being almost identical. Summing up the similarities in such reports would seem to indicate that these flying objects are interested in other flying devices, and how and where they land. If the unknown object is a secret weapon, it is highly unlikely that it would do this sort of thing. I have difficulty in understanding what purpose an activity of this sort can serve.

In most forms of secret weapon research, one thing is generally clear - projects such as these are confined to specific areas - well guarded and in a remote place, thus enabling the tests to remain secret, and also ensuring the safety of the public. This is common sense. Now if flying saucers are secret weapons, why are they seen from such a variety of places..in many different countries..and by large numbers of unauthorised persons ?

Let us look at several typical examples, again using airfield examples, since it is obvious these areas abound with competent observers. It is of paramount importance that the material offered as evidence be reliable, since so many people attempt to condemn the evidence produced in order to disqualify the case for the flying saucers on the grounds that it is either fictitious, or given in such a way as to be misleading. Within the last few years, it has been remarkable the number of times U.F.O's have been witnessed over and near aerodromes in many countries. I think it is fair to say, countries with flying facilities have observed U.F.O's..

An Example of the Civilian Aspects in Relation to Official Research. Australia...1954

In January 1954, the Supt. Of Traffic Control, Dept. of Civil Aviation, Melbourne, appeals for reports of U.F.O's. "They are not a joke," he says. The same dept. officially releases reports of saucers seen between Nov.'51 and Jul.'53, over New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland. Observers included Pilots, Radio Operators, aerodrome and fire station officers, control tower staff, and private individuals. I shall quote only one report from the extensive list, it carries several important remarks made by the Traffic Controller, which seem to me, to have a significant bearing on the secret weapon argument although the sighting itself does not seem outstanding.

Jan.3rd. 1954...8-30..p.m. Victoria Australia.

Ahigh speed cigar shaped object flashes across the sky. Blue, with white flames, but no obvious propulsion unit. ((Obviously no balloons))
"Quite a common report," says the Air Traffic Controller in Melbourne, "and we can't find out what it is. Many of our staff have seen this thing" ...End of Extract.

It is clear from this report, that objects have been seen, and that they are unidentifiable. Furthermore, I find it impossible to believe, officials engaged on secret weapon research would allow their devices to travel so indiscriminately, especially over populated cities, with the attendant risks of failure and disaster. If we ignore this risk, we come against another, that of allowing the devices to be flown over airfields whilst air traffic is constantly in motion. The Controller's comments imply that he had no previous intimation of a probable flight of aerial objects. Such a state of affairs would not be tolerated. Weapon research officials do not exist, who would carry out tests in such a dangerous and haphazard

49.

fashion. Since it is impossible to find out who would manipulate devices in this peculiar way, who is flying them? Where are these objects coming from? If no answer can be found, then I must point out, the objects cannot possibly be secret weapons.

Here are two more discrepancies which show the secret weapon theory to be inconsistent.

(1) Secret weapons are generally kept in public security. These objects have been seen by many, including probably, foreign visitors.
(2) Assuming the possibility of a secret weapon getting out of control, and flying off course, I am convinced many regular divergencies would be rare.

The exact opposite seems to be the case, as many sighting reports show. The Traffic Controller confirms this by his comment - "Quite a common report.." All this demonstrates clearly, the existence of objects which are not secret weapons.

I now submit a second case, showing the existence of purposely controlled UFO's operated by some unknown agency. This incident took place several years before Mr Adamski and other controversial figures deliberated in public on the subject.

White Sands Rocket-Ground...New Mexico. June 1949

A U.S.Navy research team on a rocket and guided missile project were checking the flight of a missile, which was still visible. Two discs suddenly appeared, running up alongside the climbing missile. They appeared about 2ft across, one dashed through the wake of the rocket to come out beside its companion on the other side. Still stranger, now they were together, they started to race each other, making such speed, they left the rocket behind, going up and away.. the usual exit! Confirming observation came from nearly a dozen of the look-out posts, which are spaced around the miles long area. These posts check where stray missiles may fall. One after another, 'phone reports of the two discs' unprecedented flight were received. ..END

This was not an isolated case, several similar incidents having occurred earlier in the year over the same area. Here are the main details of the sighting :-

Point.1. Objects were indisputably seen, and corroborated by witnesses.

Point.2. Further confirmation substantiated by details of observation.
Shape...discoid Approx. size of objects....2ft.

Point.3. Sudden appearance of objects not connected in any way with the project.

Point.4. This is most important. Here, we have a specific instance of a research missile in flight, suddenly approached by two disc shaped objects, observed as being separate bodies, existing with different shapes (the missile being identifiable) flight characteristics.

Point.5 Objects were not meteors, ballons, nor mirages.

Point.6. Objects were unknown, as were origin and destination

A restricted area like this would be next to impossible to approach, without the authorities stopping the intrusion. Plainly, these objects are bizarre, and normal methods of dealing with them are inapplicable.

SUMMARY Thus, objects are shown to exist, which are not secret weapons. Their shapes, variable flying speed, together with some form of controlled manoeuvring, confirm this beyond possible doubt.

END OF PART TWO.

