

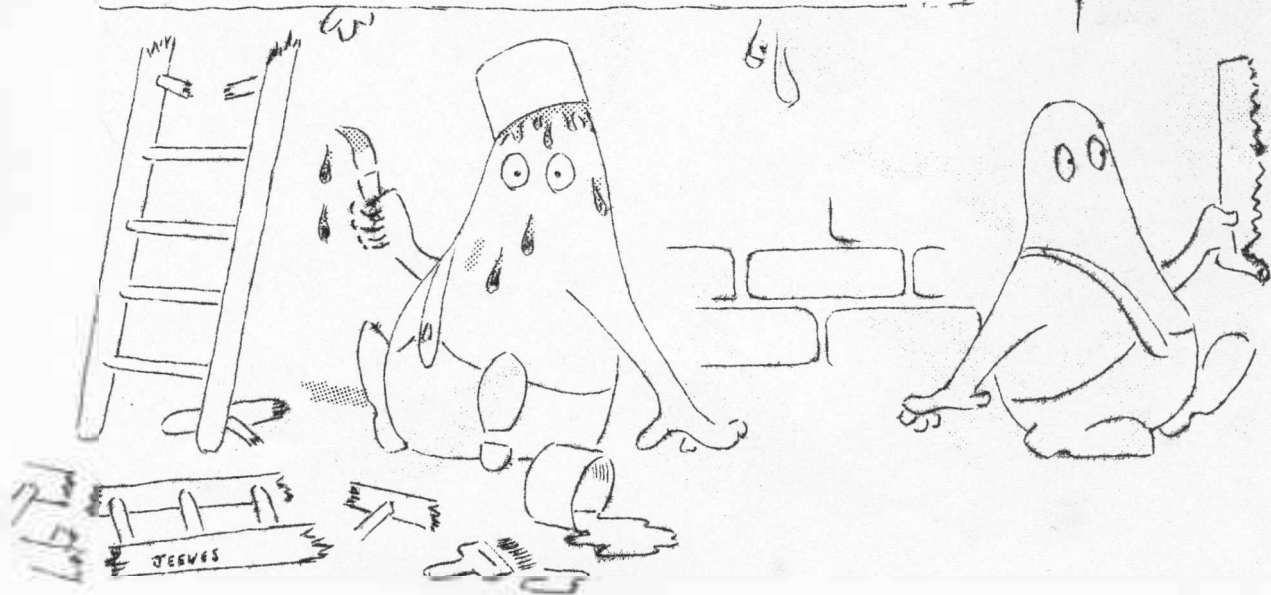


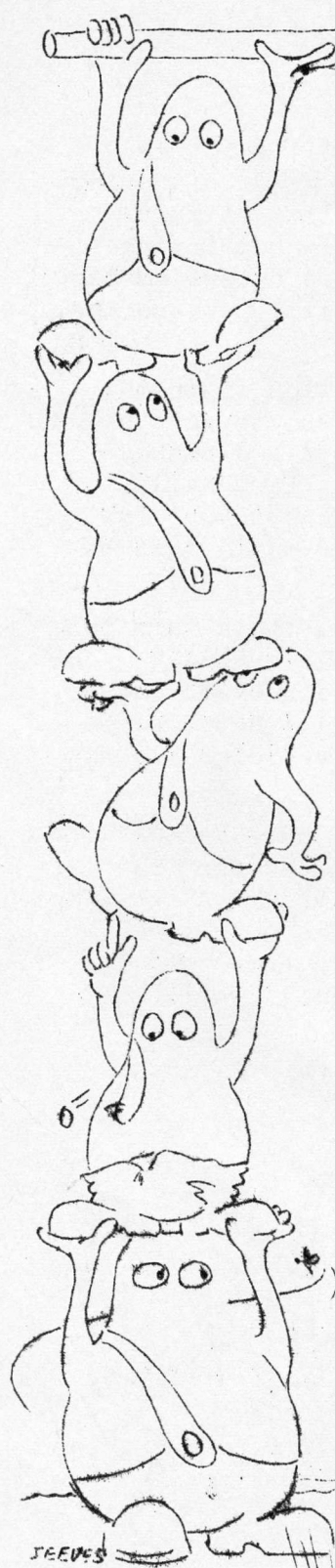
# TRIODE

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is an irregular publication of the Stockport and Intake, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Duplicators. Triode appears at intervals decided between the current and last issues...averaging about 3 months, but this depends on the state of teacher's salaries, etc. Our American admirers may send their delightful currency (1 dollar for 7 issues) to Dale R Smith, 3001 Kyle Avenue, Minneapolis 22, Minn., U.S.A. Our Irish agent is John Berry, 1 Knockeden Crescent, Belfast, and we hope to be appointing our Russian representative within the next few weeks. Sic transit Gloria Tuesday.

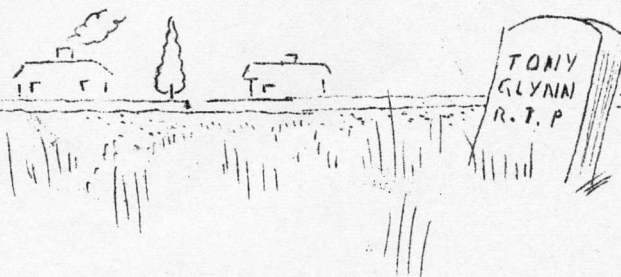




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Cover by Don Mackay, backcover by Bill Harry	
Interior artwork by :-	
Atom, Rotsler, and Jeeves	

JEEVES



I had intended to think up a different title for my burblings this issue, indicative of the fresh green of Spring and the thoughts a young fan has around this time of year. But, the weather here at the moment is anything but Spring like, a few days ago it was nice, and the first crocus of the season appeared...but now, brrrr, that silly little crocus has dug itself back in again.

That tribe of Brass Monkey's I made mention of in the last Triode has now ceased to queue at the local travel agency from which I gather that they have all now obtained passage to a warmer clime, such as Siberia or Alaska. Personally, if this cold 'snap' continues much longer I'm going to opt for a job in some place like Honolulu or Hawaii...or would this be clutching at straws?

And that, is quite enough on that topic. Lets turn to something a little more fannish and predictable. Flying Saucers (did I say Fannish!). The illustration at the foot of this page is of a recent UFO sighting by Bill Rotsler. Unfortunately, however, he failed to get the vehicles license number.....

Talking of UFO's, these days I walk in the centre of the street when out walking and cast frequent glances over my shoulders...you see, those UFO photos I published in the last issue were complete fakes. And, it's surprised me how many people were taken in by them, I'm not going to name them for the hoaxing wasn't done with the intent to 'fool' people but rather as a credulity-test.





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The only authentic letter I quoted was that from Mrs. E. Cowdy of the Manchester UFO Group, these people were taken in hook line and sinker, which just goes to show that some of the 'experts' we have around aren't.



The letter from Mr. Rudolph S. Timberg, and the photos professedly taken by him were supplied by Leroy Haugsrud of Minneapolis. Who had great fun cooking the latter up...



"... Imagine if you will, a frightened little tot of two, armed with grandpa's old 3a folding and a roll of film, five years over date. Picture, if you can, said tot in a frenzy of fear and excitement, snapping and winding for all he's worth, as the visitors from space dip and swoop above him. If your imagination is still on deck and not hanging over the rail, follow our little steichen into his coal-bin darkroom, where after much mixing of chemicals, dropping of negatives on a wet cement floor, he emerges triumphant with the EVIDENCE..."

Convincing though it sounds that isn't an exactly true account of how the photos were taken, Leroy is a pretty good photographer and anyone versed in this art will tell you that you have to be good to produce a convincing fake.

"...The Saucers were compounded out of the top of a metal developing tank, a safelite lens and a 400ft movie reel can. The superstructure was, of all things, one half of an artificial eye (out of a halloween mask). And if that montage isn't out of this world, I don't know what is..."

I think these quotes from Leroy would provide a good footnote to that article Goodman Grennell once wrote on this topic.

The other UFO photo was provided by Harry Turner, and was actually a time-exposure shot of an eclipse. This one fooled even the ones who were a little doubtful of Leroy's snaps.

All this fobbing around with UFO's doesn't mean that I'm not interested in what they really are, I am, but I don't believe in treating the subject with the deadly seriousness which in too many cases denotes blind fanaticism. Alan Bramall, will still be writing on the topic for Triode...and this issue John Berry gives forth with a few views on the mystery. That serious article by John I mentioned last issue.

Elsewhere in these fifty odd pages you'll find a most excellent report on the recent German Convention by Julian Parr, I'm well aware that this isn't the first such report to appear but I consider it to be far more discerning than any of the other reports so far published. Here you have the 'bystanders' opinion which gives a better idea of the state of German Fandom, than any written by a 'combatant' could.



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You'll also find, in the letter section, a poem by Peter Reaney, of which I'll say little here. However, I'm pleased to report that Peter has recovered from the fit of literary genius which inspired this, and he is working on an article about Terry for the next issue of T. There's a great dearth of the type of material he writes (especially since Norman Wansborough seems to have faded out), and I'll be looking forward to seeing this mss....if only because while he is working on this he won't be able to keep sending me missives in that cuneiform script of his for which I have yet to discover a Rosetta Stone!

Quite a few of you should receive this issue at Kettering for we intend to save a little on mailing costs by handing the mag out at the con. Pity, that you can't all be there, and my commiserations go to John Berry, in particular, who has to stay on duty over this weekend because of the 'troubles'. And, to Frank Simpson, whose wife won't let him come...although he's just bought her a fifteen guineau workbox as a persuader!

It looks like being a pretty good convention and I'm most eagerly awaiting Easter. I'll be travelling down to Kettering with the crowd from Liverpool who have hired themselves a motor coach for the weekend. Which is probably the acme of something or other, should prove a useful gambit. There doesn't seem to be much information available about the programme at Kettering as yet, but I don't think anyone who was there last year is going to be very disturbed about this. I do hear that some wellknown Hypnotist is to give a lecture, can't help wondering if this is an attempt to 'hold' the somewhat unruly convention audience.

I'd like to take this opportunity of backing up the remarks on FREE SPEECH made by Paul Enever, in a recent issue of ORION. There aren't, fortunately, many thoughtless fan editors but there are a few, willing to publish attacks and slanders on other fen. This can cause a great deal of dissension in fandom, and do little good to either the reputation of the fan editor or his zine. In many cases too the attacks published are often unwarranted...you find two fen perhaps separated by several thousand miles going hell for leather at one another, neither of them have ever met, they know one another from letters only, they don't in most cases really know the person they're attacking. I know of at least one case where a fan has been slandered from afar for his forthright opinions, opinions which were perhaps a little warped...the reason they were warped was because his body and mind were also warped by disease. If his detractors had known this possibly they would have been a little less harsh with their opinions. And if some 'thoughtless' fan editor hadn't published the first letter of attack then quite a few fen would be easier in their minds.

What I'm trying to say is that it is just as necessary for a fan editor to adhere to a publishing code as it is for a pro editor. In fact, it can be even more essential for fanzines deal in personalities far more than do the pro mags. I'm not suggesting that fandom should have a bureau of censors, this could be an early step in the demise of such a body, only that it's best to think, and check up first. Before publishing.

At the moment I'm feeling a little angry with a fan editor who took an extract from a personal letter of mine (to another fan) and printed it in his zine. The extract was underlined as not for publication. It's not the quote I'm annoyed about for it's a pretty harmless one...it's the fact that this fan editor has apparently no thought as to what harm such a



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action can cause. To publish personal letters at random is rather a risky business for many of us state opinions in 'private' which we wouldn't in 'public'...not necessarily opinions we are ashamed of but ones we don't air for fear of hurting someones feelings. On religion, for instance.

And whilst I'm in a deploring mood, I'd like to take a crack at the 'fashion followers' of fandom. In particular, those who pan a magazine, or revile another fan just because everyone else seems to be doing so. In the pro field PLANET and GALAXY are quite de rigeur, why I'm not too sure...Galaxy, probably, because it started off on the wrong foot by 'copying' the style of asf. Planet, most likely because it makes no pretentions to publishing The Best. Personally, I've had a great deal of enjoyment out of both mags, I wouldn't rate either of them as top of the poll but I don't think they deserve the panning they've both had in the fan press.

Coming a little closer to home, Ellison and Vorzimer ( to mention two outstanding examples), seem to have become a standing butt for any dirty cracks that happen to be thought up. I'm not holding any brief for these two for I've never met or corresponded with either of them but I do deplore the fact that some other fen who have also never met or heard from them have jumped on the bandwaggon and played their snide-trombone.

Pistols, anyone ? Grottled Creeps at ten paces ?

Before I wind up this editorial thing I would like to say thanks to a couple of folk. To Harry Turner, for running off the photopage. To John Berry, for stencilling his own piece. To John again ( and the Ulster Constabulary), for running off his page of suacer illos. And, to Arthur Thomson and Bill Rotsler for their illos.

Responsibility for practically everything else in the issue can be laid at the doors of Terry or myself. Hope you like the issue.

*Eric Bentcliffe*

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PHOTOPAGE KEY TO GERFANTUM  
-----L to R-----

- 1), Hein Bingenheimer, Greg Benford, Jan Jansen, Anne Steul, Wolf Detler Rohr, Ernst Richter, Walter Ernsting, Carl Omacht.
- 2). Julian Parr, Raymond Z. Gallun, Ernsting.
- 3). A German pocktsarcd produced by Klaus Unbehaun, a kinema fiend.
- 4). Walt Spiegl, Gallun, Ernsting.
- 5). Greg Benford, Ellis Mills, Jim Benford, Anne Steul, Jan Jansen.
- 6). Greg and Jim, Omacht, Julian, Frau Richter, Trude Ernsting, Walter Ernsting, Bingenheimer, Richter.



### APOLOGY

Owing to pressure of work, and personal troubles, Harry Turner was unable to have the Photopage ready for collating time. To enable us to have the magazine ready for Kettering, we have filled the above space with the work of a new fan-artist, who we think may have a future...if he lives long enough. We hope to have the Photopage ready for the Convention, in which case, it will be slipped inside the magazine. Subscribers not attending the Con., will have to wait until the page arrives, when it will be included in the mailing.

For completists, we are sending out the loose sheets, and two staples, thus initiating the 'Build Your Own Fanzine Kit'



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...(475ft) 16,670 inhab, ironworks, and manufactures of optical goods and gloves, lies on both banks of the Lahn, at it's confluence with the Dill. It was a free impartial town from 1180 to 1803... A special interest is imparted to WETZLAR— Wetzlar by the reminiscences of Goethe, who practised here before the Imperial Court of Justice in 1772 and fell in love with Charlotte Buff ( the 'Lotte' of " The Sorrows of Young Werther," 1774), the nineteen year old fiancée of J. C. Kestner, secretary to the Hanoverian embassy.....JP.

# "DIE LEIDEN DES JUNGEN GERFANTUMS"

By  
Julian Parr

On Saturday afternoon, 14th of January 1956, a battered Volkswagen was winding it's way up the Lahn valley, carrying a load of fanac. This was the "Rhine-Ruhr" contingent, which had snowballed along by train from Wattenscheid ( Ernst Richter and wife) thru Duesseldorf (me) and Seigburg, where we had transferred to Walter Ernsting's car. After Trude Ernsting had put her son onto a train bound for his Grandmother, we drove out to the Autobahn and sped southwards, taking turns to spout the latest gossip and swig at my bottle of cheap brandy and Walter's awe-inspiring mixture of cherry brandy and Underberg 'herb' bitters. Before we turned off the Autobahn at Limburg to follow the Lahn up into the hills we had eaten our sandwiches, cakes and oranges and thus discovered that we could well skip lunch... Outside we could see little: the refuse heaps of the ore mines looming out of the mist, the black waters of the icy Lahn, and the hoary tree's of the Westerwald...

We were disgorged into the market place of Wetzlar. After stretching our cramped limbs and harnessing ourselves with scarves, hats, bags, flasks and other belongings we staggered up the narrow Pfaffengasse to the Deutsches Haus hotel. Unfortunately, I did not discover untill weeks later that this might well have been the very 'Lottehaus' or Lodge of the Teutonic Order which had been kept by Lotte's father. For us it was just another respectable and solidly furnished, dark but clean and well tended German Gasthaus.

The owner or manager welcomed us and displayed a pencilled list he had been given by Anne Steul: rooms had been reserved for all except me! This led to some witty comment from the others, who theorized that I was

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due to stay at Anne's place ( she had written me way back in May that 'in an emergency' she could put five people up), and someone gave me a dig in the ribs to see if I wasn't after all some kind of 'wooden horse'. While the others were unpacking in their rooms I telephoned Anne from the bar ( I'd ordered a fine foaming bheer as soon as we arrived); in the receiver I could just discern Anne's voice above roars of laughter: "We'll be down in an hour or so." Asked where I was supposed to be staying she hesitated and finally told me to take Ellis Mills' room. I hardly knew whether to feel relieved or offended...

The five of us met again at a large round table in a corner of the dining room. We rubbed our hands and licked our lips and ordered food, hot FOOD! - and a round of drinks, of course. Suddenly two persons appeared round the open door and stood gazing at us. The man was very smartly dressed in a black suit, dark blue shirt and silver-grey tie; he had dark hair and clear-cut, handsome features, and wore heavy horn-rim spectacles. With suave courtesy he introduced himself: Wolf Dotlef Rohr. His companion was Fräulein Fröhlich, a pretty young lady whose name kept evading me during the weekend and whose role and background still escape my memory. We ordered another round and began to listen to Wolf's account of his hazardous dealings with Erich Pabel. His voice died away as he saw that we were all looking past him towards the door, where a group of people stood.

I'm afraid my immediate impression was of a stage version of a radical political meeting! Anne Steul wore very little or no make-up, her hair was cut short, and her imposing figure was clad in a tightly-belted trenchcoat buttoned up to the neck. Behind her, like a uniformed bodyguard, stood the Benford twins: tall, slim, bespectacled, with Teutonic "crew-cut" hair and identical dress: dark trousers and bright green tunic shirts! Rather taken aback I turned to the other two arrivals: Ellis Mills was medium-size, a sturdy figure, wearing a comfortable looking sports-jacket. He seemed younger than his reputed 25 years. Jan Jansen was tall and thin, with rimless glasses and light lank hair, which he had to brush out of his field of vision at times. Both were grinning widely. The spell was broken and the room was soon full of noise as the introductions began. More drinks were ordered.

As I look back on the Wetzcon I believe I can see an imponderable Fate operating to keep these two groups separate from the very beginning, although there was certainly no trace of conscious Apartheid. We had the dining room to ourselves. The waiter set a row of small tables together to form a long one, where Anne and her coterie sat and conversed in American-English - that is, all except Jan. How I enjoyed his disarming voice! The rich, genuine English accents made me quite homesich after eighteen months in Germany! For our part ( how distressing to have to use this 'we' here!) remained at our table, where the meal was now being served, and continued to speak German. After eating we moved over to the main table. The waiter brought me another bheer. As all the Gerfan could speak some English I suggested that the two groups intermingle, but no action was taken, so that they occupied the two ends of the long table and only the fans in the middle could get to know each other. ( As usual, I was one of the "fringe" fans! )

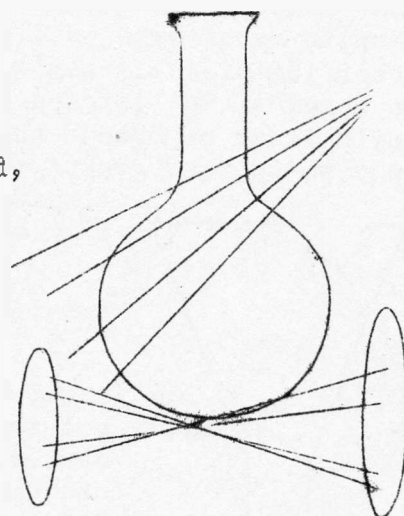
Anne, remained at the head of the table far away from us.



With the arrival of Walt Spiegl, a youngster of twenty-one, dressed to perfection and very good-looking ( in envy I knicknamed him "Pretty-Boy" Spiegl, but in this account he shall be "Walt" to distinguish him from Walter Ernsting), together with Hein Bingenheimer, a bluff and hearty ex-sailor, the SFCD ( S-F Club Deutschland) executive was almost complete. Only Rose Ebert and Dieter Reiss were unable to attend. A little later a young man was shown in and looked around appealingly. He was taken in hand and then introduced as Guntram Omacht - surely the real hero of the con, for he had travelled all the way from Hanover to attend, the only SFCD neofan who had responded to the call in "Andro". The last to arrive were two Wetzlar youngsters of about fifteen, who were shown in by the waiter and shyly seated themselves at a distant table. It was now that Anne's puzzling inadequacy as a con hostess became really evident: she refused to go over and welcome the kids ( who had turned up in response to her slide announcement in the local cinema) but asked Greg Benford to do this. Poor Greg was at a loss, for his German wasn't up to the task; Anne then suggested that I go with him to interpret! This lack of resourcefulness manifested itself more than once during the weekend and I'm still puzzled by it. The forceful personality Anne had displayed in her letters and in FanANNia had led me to expect her to dominate the scene, and in fact I had even steelled myself to resist any attempts to sweep us off our feet! But rather than being carried away, we were left to drift too much... In all fairness, it may have been Anne's effort to avoid treading on anyones toes which made her so passive; we ourselves knowing how touchy she could be, were leaning over backwards to avoid interfering in her con arrangements.

It was obvious that no more guests could be expected, and Anne disappeared upstairs. While waiting her call the twins unloaded hundreds of tiny slips of paper and passed them round the table. Ernst Richter, a most upright Gerfan, studied the quote-cards very seriously and asked what he was supposed to do with them. "They're too small for that!" cried Walter. Amazed at this quantity, I asked the twins if the programme for Sunday included a paper-chase. "You ain't seen nuttin' " said Greg. "We run off 500 invitations to the Wetzcon!" I still can't imagine where 300 of these went to... We were all chattering away like madmen: I sat next to and opposite a Benford twin, and soon found them in my hair, for their conversational style was based on a series of friendly insults. As befits fannish characters they showed a complete lack of respect for me, a fossilized remnant of Second Fandom, so that I was forced to counter-attack, forsaking my polite and dignified British reserve, with such weapons as nicknames ( "Gin" and "Dregs" Benford, for instance) and scorn at their drinking so little Chola after their violent campaign on behalf of this their national drink.

At first I kept confusing the two, but by the end of the con I could distinguish Jim, not from his appearance but because I sensed a bitterness behind his insults; furthermore, Greg was the more self-possessed of the two - although both were shockingly nervous.



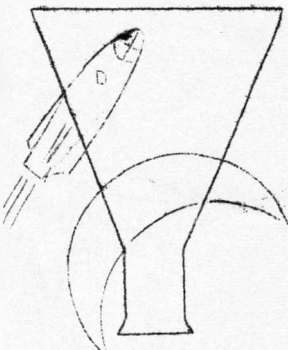
I suspect that the rigorous demands of fanac are too much for youngsters still at school - and the con itself was no doubt quite a strain, for they put up a very good show among us adults. They played their parts well; and kept stiff upper lips a Limey could envy! On the other hand I could not help shaking my head over their astonishing height for fourteen years; and when I heard Jim complain to Greg about pains in his knees I almost felt ready to believe that old misnomer "growing pains".

At about half-past-eight Anne called us upstairs to the meeting room. on the stairs and in the corridors we found cardboard arrows pointing "To the SF Exhibition." These had been put up by a local bookseller who had laid out a small display of books for sale, and Anne passed strong hints that we should spend as much as we could spare in appreciation of the trouble he had gone to. Anne's own collection, which seemed to contain only American and British promags, was also on display, and I earned her reproachful smile by trying to buy part of it. I dug up a few marks for some British promags which served to illustrate the talk I was about to give on "SF in England" ( sorry, you others, but in Germany nowone speaks of Great Britain and Northern Ireland). The Benfords must have got rid of a mound of marks, for I saw them wandering about afterwards with their arms full of mags and pb's. Another commercial venture launched at this stage of the proceedings was Anne's "Fantum," a new fanzine in German, at 70 pfennigs each ( 1/2 or about 18cents).

In the adjoining room there were two long tables down the length of the room; at the head was a small table where Greg and I settled in to give our talks, Anne once again abdicated and took her seat at the head of one of the long tables, accompanied by Jim, Jan and Ellis, and the Wet-zlar jounqfen; the SFCD delegation took over the other table. My talk was tendentious, I suppose, in that I tried to draw parallels between the trials and errors in the past development of fandom and pro SF in the U.K. and the problems which still face Germeny. Then Greg read a carefully prepared account of SF in the U.S.A. in halting but courageous German. I thought I could detect a Steulish influence not only in his classic German but also in his statement that the disapproval of the "fans" had forced American pro-editors to refrain from overstressing the science component in SF. I was itching to tackle this confusion between "fans" and "readers" in the open discussion which I thought would follow, but despite my efforts to dissuade her, Anne insisted on playing back a recording of Willy Ley's address to the CleveCon - a talf forty minutes in length! We listened to the opening sentences, which revealed both Ley's sense of humour and his noticeable German accent, but soon we fell into whispering groups of fans anxious to get acquainted, for it was already ten o' clock and as far as we knew the only item on Sunday's programme was a visit to the cinema.

Every now and then the waiter appeared with a new tray of bheers...

I was with the twins, Ellis and Jan. Ellis was a quiet, pleasant fan, who was at his best when he forgot that he was supposed to act like a "fannish" fan. Jan, the doyen of Continental Fandom, was still pale and drawn after his wearisome overnight journey in a "Slow Train to Wetzlar."



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The two of them tried to explain to me how the "Explorer" was somehow quite different from other fanzines; and they astonished me with their plans to take over and reform the ISFCC. This sercon missionary spirit seemed to me most unfitting for two who profess and call themselves "fannish" fans. We had our heads together like conspirators, but my eyes kept returning to the painful gap between the two long tables. As yet, although both Anne and Walter had been on their best behavior and had exchanged the usual pleasantries, there had been no real personal contact between them, and as time passed the prospects of a remarche towards cooperation grew fainter. I had fears that the Con might fizzle out without even a whimper, an appalling prospect. I could see that by this time Anne herself was no longer listening to the Ley Address but had her head down among the jungfen, so I plucked up courage and asked for the recording to be switched off and the tables brought together to form a rough triangle. We rang for more drinks. But it was already nearly eleven, and Anne and the others prepared to leave. With Jan's support I persuaded her to meet us again at the hotel on the following afternoon for a heart-to-heart talk before our departure. Then we hotel guests continued to talk and drink and eat sausages until the manager came in at about 2am to hint that we break up the party...

My bed was the usual German contraption with a three piece mattress and at the head the notorious hard wedgemattress, which I immediately flung into a corner. The only covering was a "Federbett" (known back in the Rhineland as a "Plimeau") - a ridiculous linen sack full of feathers, which is supposed to leave only the sleepers head uncovered. In fact the average Englishman finds either his feet or his chest protuding (do all Germans revert to the foetal position in sleep?), and each time he turns over a draught of cold air finds it's way under the sack. I could not get to sleep; what with the bed, my excitement, my bheer-logged system, and the confused mumblings and outbursts of song from tipsy revellers who were still to be heard stumbling along the cobbled Pfaffengasse - despite Anne's parting shot that we should not expect to find any night life in Wetzlar...

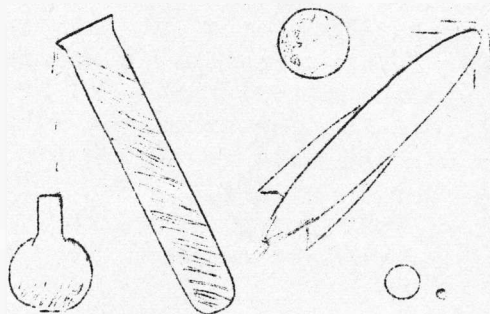
The next morning I felt a wreck for a minute or two, but soon recovered my good spirits and jumped out of bed, eager to meet whatever the day had in store for me. My first shock was when Walt Spiegl accepted my joking offer of a cognac - before breakfast, too! My stomach curled up and died inside me. Downstairs, as we waited for breakfast, I brought Walter Ernsting and the twins together in an attempt to encourage fraternisation. A discussion arose on Anne's references to "filthy pro's" and "dirty old pro's" running the SFCD. At first Greg suggested that anyone who earned money from SF was a pro, but I pointed out that Anne herself was paid for translating SF (one of her translations was published in the Utopia series, and her public complaint that Pabel and Ernsting had not paid for this - in fact her agent had not forwarded the money - had been the start of the fued). Walter was the only full-time pro in the SFCD executive. His wife had a full-time job in an office, Ernst Richter is an official in the court administration, Walt Spiegl works for the American Express in Frankfurt, and Hein Bingenheimer seems to be a commercial agent.

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We tried to explain to Greg that the only real distinction between full-time and part-time pro's ( and thus between Walter and Anne) could only be the measure of their success at writing or translating SF... Greg shrugged his shoulders. Poor Walter! Still puzzled by his frequent references to "fannish" fandom in VOID he asked Greg what kind of SF he chose to read, then. "What, me?" said Greg, shocked. "I don't read science-fiction!" Walter's eyes rolled upwards as he tried to work that one out...

After breakfast we wandered through the streets of old Wetzlar towards the cinema. This was our only real glimpse of the town. We passed below the Cathedral, a confused pile of masonry, hemmed in by houses which prevented one from seeing it at the distance which might have lent it harmony. We crossed the Lahn and met Anne, Jan and Ellis outside the cinema. We were all astonished to find the cinema almost full, for the attendance at these Sunday matinees ( at 11am) is usually poor. The manager was overwhelmed. We were given the best seats in the house: double snogging seats at the back. During the short documentary on Turkey, prior to the main feature, Walt Spiegl came out with his description of the con till now: "A Thousand and Last Night." Then specially booked for the con, the dubbed version of "The War of the Worlds." It was only during this film that we realised how closely Wolf Rohr resembled the young scientist in it...

As had been planned, Anne slipped down to the front at the end of the film and invited all who were interested to stay behind for a short discussion. Although her voice did not carry through the whole auditorium about thirty remained behind besides ourselves. Anne introduced Walter Ernsting and then disappeared to the back seats. Walter gave a rather flowery description of the development of Utopia and the SFCD, but soon got involved in a discussion with a loud-mouthed heckler with a broad Berlin accent. Hein Bingenheimer rescued the situation by subduing the Berliner with tolerant and quiet common-sense explanations of our interest in SF as a hobby. At this point Anne passed down a note asking that an open invitation to the hotel that afternoon be announced.

The result was, of course, that although only about four youngsters turned up, their presence made a free-for-all discussion all the more difficult. Walter took the teenagers under his wing and discussed space travel with them, while Anne Steul began a heated conversation with Trude Ernsting and Hein. We non-gerfans watched this scene in the dining room; I with mixed feelings, for by observing the expression on Anne's face I could see that no progress was being made. I could see Ernst Richter getting redder in the face, although he bravely refrained from making any comment.



As the time for our departure drew near I couldn't resist wandering over to the disputants and letting off a little steam about Anne's choosing this of all occasions to bring the feud with Walter "onto the streets."



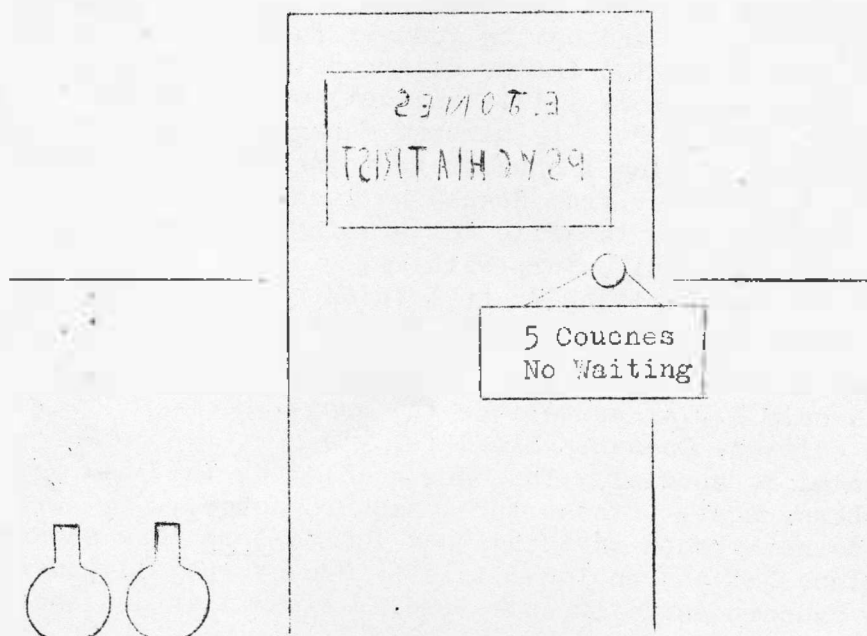
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I gathered that although Hein had offered a) to allow her three pages in each issue of "Andro," for her to use as she liked, or b) to distribute her "Fantom" for her in return for her cooperation in the SFCD, she stated categorically that she couldn't work together with a man like Ernsting. "If I were to publish my correspondence with him..." she said loudly, and Walter overheard her and challenged her to do it. When she brought up her old charges about pro's running the SFCD I asked her point-blank whether she really believed that the seven club officials could make money out of the club or it's fanzine - and pointed out to her that her "Fantom" cost more than "Andro". It was no use, and we began to don our coats and prepare to leave. Hein did get Anne to agree to think over his offers again. For my part I couldn't help expressing my disappointment as I took my leave of Anne. Perhaps this was unfair, for maybe it was my own exaggerated hope that was at fault. I was really deeply disturbed by the confusion, unhappy frustration and uncalled for enmity among these founders of Gerfandom. It was only later that I began to appreciate again the privilege of sharing with them the pangs of birth...

It was already dark as three cars swung out of Wetzlar and followed the Lahn as far as Weilburg. There we stopped for coffee and a final review of our plans for the future. Then we separated: Wolf and Fräulein Fröhlich to destinations unknown; Hein, Walt and Ellis to Frankfurt, and the "Rhine-Ruhr" party squeezed together for warmth in the Volkswagen and headed for home.

...Julian Parr

[Since this article was written, Julian informs me, there has been a truce made between Anne Steul and the SFCD. Those fen who like myself have been eyeing the Gerfan scene with some trepidation, can now hope that the ending becomes that of traditional German folk stories..... and they all live happily ever afterwards. \*/



*Eric*

# FAN DANCE

Choreography

By

E B



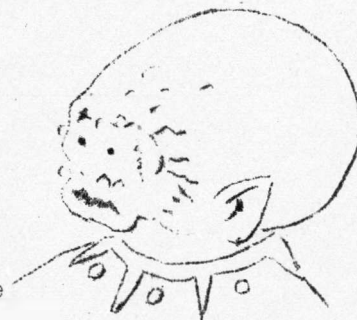
Arthur Thomson

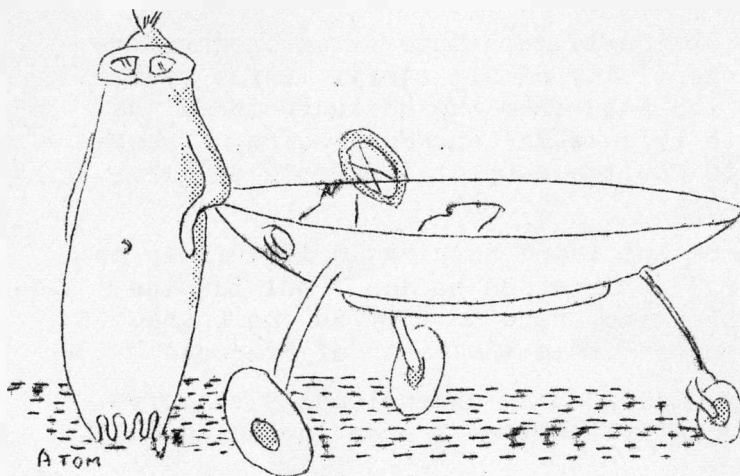
Triode No.5, is superb, in quality and quantity. I consider it one of the three top British fmz, with Paul and Walt n' Chuck editing the other two.

I like this blue paper you use for Triode, it gives that distinctive look. (( This paper we're now using is 64mill grade, you can get it from H.J. Chapman, Ledbury Park, Ledbury, Herefordshire. It's slightly dearer than their OCD grade...used by "-", EYE, etc., costing 7/6 per ream plus tax against 6/8 plus tax, but I think it's worth the difference.)) The photopage has become a Triode 'special' too. In the top photo, either Bloch is a giant or Ellison a midget. I can see now, how he came to burn a hole in the knee of 'adeleine's pants. (( He made a bloomer!)) Notice that you have a photo of the 'Boss', Goon Bleary of the G.D.A. (( Goon Defective Agency.)) From the look on his face it is obvious that he has just finished compiling the Harris report "SEX SLAYER OF RAINHAM" for the next Ret.

Pleased to see that you have something by Pete Royle, I consider him one of the up and coming younger fanwriters. Surprising to think that there are two faaans at Arborfield army camp - Royle and Potter ( Bless his short little haircut) wonder if they've met ? (( I dunno Arthur, but as Pete by himself managed to convert half the camp to the way of Blog I shudder to think what may happen if they do)) Myghod, a letter from Reaney no less. How does he find time to write for prozines and play with his duplicator, with all these letters he's writing ? (( I think Proxyboo Inc., may have a hand in this.))

Coup de Grass by John was very good, of course only G.D.A. operatives the unpurgated edition, Caaaaw. Liked Terry's little Soggies, specially the ones holding up the page numbers, neat. Those three saucer photos... well, I've never seen anything that looked less like saucers. If you'll glance at the enclosed illo (( See overpage)) you will see what the saucers actually look like. I saw this one shortly before





Saucer, as seen at Kettering.

I was carried into the Royal by Chuck Harris at 4.30a.m. Sunday morning, at Kettering. Pete Taylor saw it too, before John B. Hall carried him in from the gutter, so I have confirmation.

The Oscar for this issue goes to John Berry for his Future History of Fandom, this was beautiful, loved that piece about Eric Needham and the Glass, and when Vince condescends to speak to John as he hasn't been putting out any fmz, I rolled up, haw.

Paul En. er

Must pass a few hasty comments on Triode before I send it to George Richards. Bit dubious whether I should send it him, really. The poor lad is temporarily laid-up and deep belly-laughts aren't recommended by his doctor.

Deepest B-L undoubtedly arises from Bloch's salacious epistle anent 'drive-ins'. Personally I should have said all brothels were drive-ins, but there. John Berry gets a lion's share of space and perhaps it is just as well that he apparently has an inexhaustable fund of ideas. God knows how long John will be able to keep it up but I'd say that at present he is the most prolific - and most profitable - fan writer since Walt was dashing hither and yon. (( Agreed. )) Loved that line where, after having described a budgie that's obviously as dead as last week's turkey he says "Guess it was pretty tired." Guess it was.

If it is any consolation to Mal, I had noticed his title was pun-worthy. Only I was thinking in Suffolk terms, of a farmers boy, known in that locality as a 'backus boy' ( back-house boy) and couldn't for the life of me figure why Mal was going all Adrian Bellish. Still can't, for that matter. (( The word isn't in my dictionary either, Paul. Nearest thing to it is 'abbacy', meaning "office of an abbot", but somehow I don't think this has any direct connection. Or is Mal habit-forming ? )) He did wriggle out of that Eel problem nicely, tho.

Flying Saucers. Count me in as one of those who won't believe it until I see it. It isn't quite as simple as that, however. This may sound strange, but I'm sceptical out of sheer pessimism. You see, as a s-f reader of long standing ( tho I sit down to most of my reading these days on account of my old legs are beginning to ache ), I would dearly like Flying Saucers, Spaceships, ESP and Matter Transmitters to be faites accompli ( don't let Walt see that dog-french ). (( Waw, Waw. )) After all we read s-f principally because we want such things to happen. Nevertheless except possibly for the second item, it is unlikely that many of them will arrive in my lifetime and consequently, rather than hope in vain I prefer to disbelieve in the lot. (( I know what you mean. I think. You eagerly look out for instances of other-worldly phenomena in the news, when you see it it's coupled up with 'silly-season' material or authored

by some unsavoury character who is obviously more interested in the free publicity he's getting than the authenticity of his story. A few years of this, together with a couple of leaflets from the Rosiucrusians, and you find it very difficult indeed to believe in Esp, Spaceships, or anything else.)) It's nice, though, to see the subject discussed and to read what others have experienced.

Read How To Spell a dozen times but found nothing in it to help me. How does one conjure up a Gestetner ? (( This can be done Paul but the properly potent potion is rather expensive, send me £70, in one pound notes, and I'll guarantee to send you one from the South of France))

Finally I must congratulate you both on an exceptionally satisfying issue, and especially on some wonderful artwork, even including Bill Rotsler's.

### Peter Reaney

Don't think because in my letter, which you printed in T5, I sound as though I am very angry, I am angry, on the contrary, I am helpless with laughter. (( Someone send him a joke-book.)) It doesn't matter what you print about me, I can take it, for the simple reason I know that it is all in fun.

Even telling Mike Wallace to " Head for those hills boy," made me laugh, so the kidding is not took at all seriously. (( It may be fun for you Peter, but think of poor Mike. It's cold in them that hills, you know!))

By the way, as the next issue of Triode is the convention issue, would this piece of poetry (( Sic.)) come in useful at all ? (( Note here the insidious way in which Peter proffers his prose. However, he has promised to buy me a double Rum and Orange at Kettering if I print his poem, so here goes. I've suffered, why shouldn't you.))

### THE DRY GUY

By Peter Reaney

Where to go he didn't know  
The noise was too horrible to mention,  
He was on the run escaping a zap gun  
So this was a convention.

To get wet he shouldn't get  
He hadn't come for a drenchin!  
So to try and keep high and dry  
Was his plan at this convention.

He lost the chap who had the zap  
And had held him in suspencion,  
Pity the bloke who did him soak  
While he was at this convention.

It wasn't far to the bar  
To buy a drink was his intention,  
The clumsy lout he spilled his stout,  
He got wet at that convention.





Con Turner

4       Gratis for Triode, and gratis for your comments on Gestalt  
L also. Norma thinks you are a great big handsome fellow, obviously  
m intelligent - and agrees with what you said about her writing. (( It's  
strange you know, but she's dead right!))

S       The Cover, I just don't dig the idea of that cat-woman from the  
W Moon. She looks as though she has a cinema screen at the front of her  
a hat, and a cheese-cutter on top. (( So what, the Moon is made of green  
d cheese aint it?)) The interior illos were good barring the Martian  
i Goddess with the sagging mammary glands. Perhaps scientists are wrong  
g and the gravity is too strong for them to stick out like they oughta.  
F ((Perhaps one day science will conquer nature fully and we'll see a  
e front page headline reading, ' Bra Manufacturer Says Phooey To Newton'.  
l We can but hope.))

U       Wintermission was good, especially when linked with Alan Bran-  
h alls UFO article. Personally I think UFO's ( saucers etc.) are a  
m vehicle for some peoples soggy imaginations. Pete Royle's piece was a  
- pleasant interlude and Terry's Interlude was a Royle introduction to  
soggies. The Bacover was pretty good, you should have swopped this  
over with the front cover. I liked Triode, and am looking forward to the  
next one but if it gets any bigger it will probably end up as a pentode.  
I hope nobody sticks a suppressor grid on you.

Helen Winick

1       To my taste the best thing by far in Triode are the Soggies,  
2 which make me go all feminine and coo with delight, same like Pamela  
B Bulmer's cats and Vince Clarke's Guppies. Isn't it about time fandoms  
t artists collaborated on a Pogo-style comic book and marketed it comm-  
e ercially? (( I think the UK publishers are rather wary of this type  
C of thing Helen, they seem to think that the British reader has no sen-  
r se of humour. Be nice if it could be done tho'.)) Who but a pervert  
e would want to look at Jane when they could study Soggies and Guppies?  
Who But? (( A good question.))

W       I've been to two Flying Saucer meetings. One, built around a  
t medium who claimed to be possessed by an 8,000year old Venusian, was  
h the most arrant fake, and I had great fun ribbing hell out of him!  
i The other was a different matter; entitled intriguingly ' Sex, Orgone  
g and Spaceships', it was a natural for a fan! The speakers were two  
K of the leading Reichean analysts in this country, and the audience ran  
e the gamut from the anarchists en masse, through Healers and Flying  
Saucer bods, to a small hostile group of astronomers and physicists,  
and it was the most stimulating discussion I've ever heard. Reich was  
one of Freud's own pupils, and did valuable pioneer work on psychosom-  
atic medicine & techniques: one of his best books was ' The Mass Psychol-  
ogy of Fascism'; a terrifyingly clear analysis of the connection between



political violence and sexual frustration,  
written decads before Wagner, Corer, Legman  
et al started tackling the horror-comics  
gangrene.

Some years ago Reich retired to the  
States and apparently went cultist in a  
big way.

20 But one begins to wonder whether he has something ? Compressing 6,000 pages of research into a couple of lines is likely to lead to serious inaccuracies, but roughly speaking we are back on the 'universal force', 'ether', what-have-you...here defined as 'orgone'. He claims to have induced manifestations of this force in his laboratory, that beneficially used it has healed diseases not susceptible to normal curative methods, stimulated plant growth, affected geiger counters, cured mental disturbances, etc., etc.

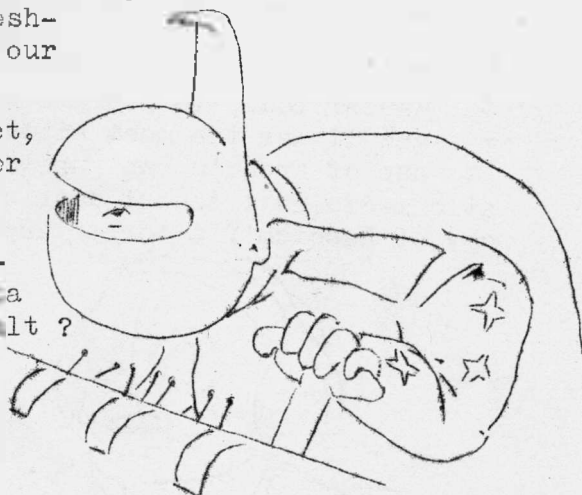
In it's malevolent form it has disintegrated organic matter, induced drought & plague conditions in previously healthy land, diseased and disturbed those working with it. Now the point is that when a sufficient body of f.s. data had been accumulated, the few basic facts that emerged compared in every detail with his laboratory observations on orgone. The colour range, sense of vibration, physical and mental effects, etc. He postulates spaceships using orgone as a means of propulsion, drawn to Earth by the sudden post-war development and the fumbling experiments with it - in much the same way as the Admiralty might send out navigation experts to chart the current disturbances caused by sub-oceanic upheavals.

That's about as brief as breaking down all the work of Einstein into  $E=MC^2$ , and about as informative ( or should I say, uninformative ), but I can't, as I said, go over seven pages of report here:. The interesting thing about Reich is that instead of going mystical on readers, he gives clear and detailed instructions all along as to how they can themselves build the apparatus, repeat experiments, and see for themselves, and I know people who've done just that and are convinced. Me - I'm from Missouri ! (( You too ? ))

...For myself, Keyhoe's books and an interesting but little known pamphlet 'The White Sands Incident' carried the ring of authenticity. Leslie and Adamski I wouldn't give house-room, Jessup is probably careless and inaccurate...& so it goes. As for the odd 2% which I believe to be genuine, I think the saucers contain telemetering equipment from orbiting craft, not little green men or intelligent bees. And just as well, too, that we have flying saucers to tide us over the planetary claustrophobia bound to result on the inevitable delay while technical progress catches up on our already-made mental adjustment. Honestly, now, haven't you felt sick with impatience looking up on a star-lit night - and hasn't it helped to think that someone out there has already done it - and hasn't that helped to create Campbell's famous 'threshold of belief', the necessary prerequisite to our own achievement of space-flight ?

Nuff said. Speaking of cause and effect, I've noticed with increasing horror the number of new beards in the London Circle - Bulmer, Hammett, Allan, & others threatened. Turning to my Holmes Miniature Pocket Electronic Deducer (HMPED if you must..) I punch in the data and a finger which gets in the way. The result ?

- 1.) There were only two women in the O.
- 2.) There were no beards.
- 3.) There are equal or more women than men.



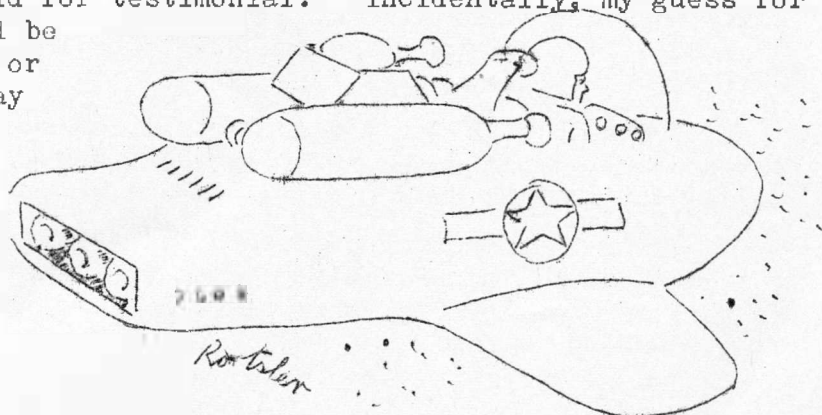
- 4.) There are beards.
- 5.) Beards are an attempt to emphasize and define a threatened virility.
- 6.) Hic! Oogh! ( That was the finger - HMPED, like it's owner, is a vegetarian.)
- 7.) Conclusion. Shoot the women. Close down FEZ. Hold Allstagcons. And we will again be able to watch the curling of clean-shaven sensitive fannish lips. If only by binocular from a safe distance. (( Wonder if Bert's departure from the fannish scene will have any effect on this outburst of fungus in the London area? A Hairy Tale a comet has, And fans know how they ramble, it's mainly just a lot of gas...but what now?))

Leroy Haugsrud

1 Thank you for the advance pulls of the photopage and the  
 2 Triode. My friend, this hoax went over like all get out! I am delig-  
 3 hted and also a little bit apprehensive ( for you mostly ) as I have  
 4 visions of enraged saucerians laying in wait for you with disintegrat-  
 5 ors some dark night. When the expose comes out Eric, you had better  
 6 walk down the middle of a well lighted street with a well weighted  
 7 cosh in reach of your hand. I understand the possession of firearms  
 8 except by the criminals is prohibited over there. Here too, but I  
 9 have a detective friend in the police department who will get me a  
 10 permit when I wish to apply for one. Unless some of the saucerians  
 11 have a branch over here (( If they do chum, then you're out on a  
 12 limb too!)), I am relatively safe I believe.

Seriously, I feel that you and I have done a public service in  
 exposing the infantile credulity of people. When I think of the  
 perfectly good money some of these swindlers have been making publish-  
 ing books and faked up pictures, I could only wish that our little  
 stunt could be given wider publicity. Maybe Dale has told you that Clif-  
 ford Simak is an editor of our local paper here. When the expose issue  
 comes out, I wonder if we couldn't interest him to the extent of getting  
 a feature story into the paper. It's a wild thought, but possible.

The issue of Triode is excellent, the article by Dale is delightful  
 and needless to say the Wintermission and the overall format reflects the  
 precise and deft touch of that old master E. Bentcliffe. And the Soggies  
 are a distinct touch that set your publication on a rarified pinnacle as  
 yet unreached by any other pub ( except of course FRONTIER ). This is an  
 utterly unbiased and unpaid for testimonial. Incidentally, my guess for  
 the bottom UFO photo would be  
 some sort of roman candle or  
 the like. I'm probably way  
 off, so you see even the  
 so-called experts fall  
 flat on their collective  
 pans. (( Leroy, you  
 just fell flat on your  
 developing pan..))



22 Greg (( One-G )) Benford



The acid job on the covers and inside was marvellous. Great. See my review in VOID, which'll be out....but you know. Gregg Calkins looks something like me. Maybe it's because of his name. Or the fish shirt. Usually, tho, I don't wear fancy shirts, just loud ones. Bright orange, red, yellow, or pink. Nothing fancy, you understand, just a little loud. Never could understand these guys that wore those fancy designs and such on their shirts. Me, I'll take conservative bright red any time. (( Yes, just the thing for a quiet soiree aren't they ?))

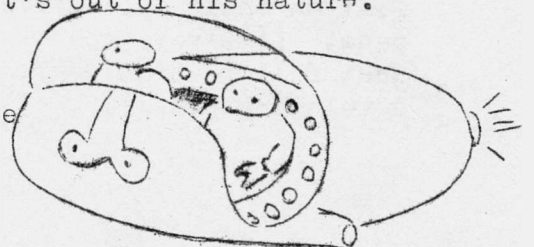
Pete Royle seems to have trouble with his family, too. Jim and I have a constant struggle on our hands, what with making our parents let us keep pubbing, and then making sure they don't get hold of some of the more ~~port~~ debateable items. A great bunch of letters and all interesting. The Tall Tales have me fascinated. Just the other day I heard one that was pretty good, but I can't seem to remember the thing now. Funny how things like that seem to slip your mind (?). (( The Tall Tales are missing this issue because I just haven't received any ~~xxx~~ for publication. Anyone help out with some relatively clean stories ? The other kind are welcome too, but not for publication))

Flying Saucers. Well. A few years ago I was hot on this UFO biz, and I worked up my own theory. Naturally I was surprised to find that Bramall thought the same way, and formed the same conclusions. The way I figured it 'way back then, there can only be a very few reasons why the saucers are around. They could either be (1) secret weapons, (2) a hoax, (3) hallucinations (( Eh!?!)), (4) natural phenomena, or, (5) Things from Space. The secret weapons and hoax deals are out, as were explained earlier, and I believe the hallucination solution (( Some kind of a mirag?)), has been ruled out because of the statements in the article this issue and the number of reports. Also, the chance that these are natural phenomena is very remote because of the performance of these craft. So, you get the natural conclusion....

For about one and a half years now I've had the opinion that the saucers are from outer space. But then I stop and think, so what ? If they don't land, kill everybody, or issue a warning or message, what does it matter ? They're here, and whether we want to or not, we can't do anything about them. Therefore I see no reason for the series. (( The 'reason' Greg, is just to cause a little discussion...and get folk to write letters, like yours.))

I wondered if Berry ever wrote a serious article. Hmmm, should be interesting, if it's the truth, which I doubt. Thats nothing against you, I just don't think Jawn could do such a thing. It's out of his nature.

Which ends another good issue of Triode. You have one of the best zines being published on this side of the Big Pond, and I can only hope that you keep it up.





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The saucers you reproduce look like the rubbers suckers used to hang things on in shop windows. Suckers? (( Sucker bait, anyhow)) Incidentally, how about snaps taken at the Wetzcon for your next issue? How large prints must you have - or negatives? (( As I type this the snaps haven't yet arrived but I'm hoping they will in time for inclusion. If they don't, then I'm afraid there will be no photopage in this issue for I just haven't enough usable photos on hand to make one worth while. Prints are wanted, size immaterial, for next issue. Particularly from fen who are active but never manage to get to conventions))

In order to rally forces against the evils of black magic using you and Jan Jansen as zombi instruments I must produce a white spell: "Hear, therefore, and fear, Satan, thou injurer of the faith, thou enemy of the human race, thou procurer of death, thou destroyer of life, kindler of vices, seducer of men, betrayar of the nations, inciter of envy, origin of avarice, cause of discord, stirrer-up of trouble; why standest thou, and resistest, when thou knowest that" WAW the Ghu destroyest thy ways... ( To give credit where credit is due - quote is from the Fall issue ('48) of FATE - their quotation of the Roman Ritual - 'The form of exorcising the possessed' (( Funnily enough Julian, just the other day the doc was telling me I needed more exorcise)) - YOU ARE PROPERTY! AND YOU JANSEN!! (( And you...)) Thank Ghu I saved that quote all these years, in order to be able to ride up on my white charger (and how much the blonde charges!) and rescue fandom from your clutches.

Boyd Raeburn

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Many thanks for TRIODE 5. I meant to write and thank you for it before this, but have been so darn busy I haven't been able to write some letters as promptly as I should have. At the moment, I am simultaneously writing this letter and listening to a tape from Lee Jacobs and Ed Cox, so if I become a little incoherent in places, I hope you will understand. I shot off a copy of ABAS 7 to you in trade for Triode and you should have it by now. (( Yup, it arrived at the same time as this letter. And very welcome too)) I guess I won't get reviewed in T, as I don't send ABAS to Don Allen, and I just don't dig the deal of sending one copy in trade for a zine, and another copy to somebody else for review in the same zine. Of course, I may change my mind, if I should start the same deal myself, but at the present time I take a very dim view of it. (( I agree with you Boyd, that it's a bind to send to copies to one zine, and it's a thing I've always been reluctant to do myself. Don already gets most of the fmz I do, which was one reason I asked him to do the chore. I'm going to try and add on brief reviews of the zines he don't get in future issues))

I liked the photos. My reaction to the flying saucer photos is ptoocie. Have you not read Grennell's article on the ease with which UFO photos may be faked? (( This was one of the inspirations behind our own little hoax)) The ones you print could be made by somebody playing discus throwing with an old lampshade. (( See, Wintermission for how they actually were taken...you're near)) The photo of Bloch, Ellison, Evelyn Gold, and A. C. Clarke was taken, I think, at the '53 Midwescon. That isn't too good a photo of Bloch, or in fact of any of them, but yes they all look substantially like that.

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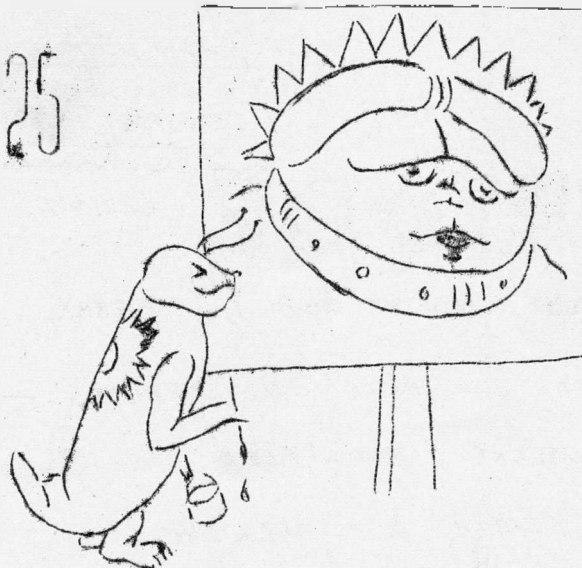
That person in the photo with Calkins is definitely not Greenberg. The opinion has been ventured that it is Korschak. (( Greg thinks it was Marty Greenberg...anyone clear this up ?)) The photo of Peter Rigby stoness me somewhat. You see, I sometimes get mixed up with who is who in English fandom, and employ a sort of word association mental relay deal to keep me straight. For example, Ron Bennett - snap - Ploy. Paul Enever - snap - Orion. Alan Dodd - snap - Camber. Don Allen - snap - Arkle.... no, thats not a fanzine thats his street. Try again, Arkle - snap - Satellite. So along comes...Peter Rigby - snap - sercon fugghead. And yet, dammit, he looks a pretty nice guy. Maybe I'm thinking of somebody else, and have the relays crossed, but I seem to have stored away in the memory cells that Peter Rigby is always writing fugghead letters to zines saying Fanzines Should Deal With Science Fiction And We Should All Be Serious And The Bible Is True Every Word Of It and all that sort of crap. Am I wrong? Am I thinking of someone else? Dammit, if a guy is a crank, he should LOOK like a crank. (( You've got the right bloke Boyd, but Peter is still in the process of growing up....give him a couple more years and he'll be as cynical as the rest of us))

The other photo which rocks me more than somewhat is the one of John Berry. Somehow I had always had the vague idea that he was younger, early twenties sort of deal, and that he would look somewhat like one Norm Beckett, a local fan we see occasionally ( I should say local reader of s-f) who comes from some place about forty miles from Belfast and has never met Willis. And here, dammit, Berry looks like a British sports car driver ( to be more explicit, a British driver of sports cars) it isn't just the moustache, it is the moustache, face, hair, everything. They are a type. I belong to one of the local film societies...couple of members I noticed...British type faces, hair, moustaches...sure enough, one night they sat in front of me, and there they were, with British type accents, showing people photos of sports cars. The type can always be recognised. I bet Berry wears a long wooly scarf. Bet he has an MG hidden away somewhere. (( You may be right about the scarf but your off as regards an MG. The only thing John drives is George's Bath Chair! He isn't Irish by the way, he comes from Birmingham, met an Irish girl during the war and went back home with her))

To comment on the zine itself..... another reason I won't send ABAS to Don Al Allen for review is that he appears to be a pretty poor reviewer. In fact, I will be blunt and say he is a lousy reviewer.



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John Berry's stuff enjoyable as ever. ABACCHUS definitely one of Ashworth's better pieces. How To Spell.....ugh. Sorry to be putting down so much of the material it would seem, but I've decided I am not going to be hypocritical. The material I did enjoy in the mag well made up for that I did not like. So get your revenge and tear ABAS to pieces. (( Shan't do that Boyd, for I find ABAS most intriguing. At times it's a little too arty for my digestion but the meat therein makes up for this.))

Gregg Calkins

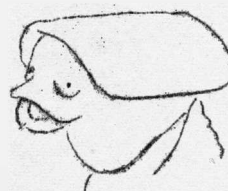
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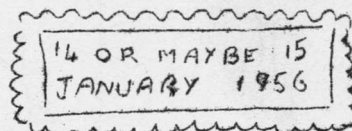
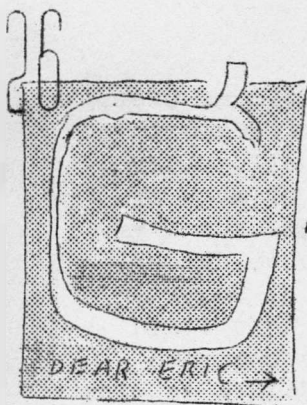
TRIODE 5 arrived the other day but I haven't finished reading it yet. I saw myself on the photopage...that was Marty Greenberg with me, right, and his wife, I believe. (( Boyd Raeburn thinks it isn't, and so does Phyllis Economou. I wonder what Marty thinks!)) I was most happy to find out what John Berry and Charles Wells looked like. That's quite a brush John has. (( It is, and it's not just pure ornamentation either. John is the champion tea drinker of Irish Fandom ( he challenged BOSH late last year and wrested the title from him), and as over here we make tea with real tea leaves you will imagine what an advantage a strainer of this dimension can be.)) One of these next times I'll send you a recent shot of myself and my car (( Well, allright but don't forget to indicate which is the car...these latest American cars you know...))...that picture of me is about four years old now.

I loved the layout on T this time, absolutely terrific! (!) The cover and first two pages and bcover were positively outstanding ...I don't think I've seen better anywhere! And the rest of the duplicating was absolutely top grade, Eric...a masters touch. (( All credit for duplicating should go to Terry)) I MEAN IT. Atom and Harry Turner are wonderful artists...the best in Britain and possibly anywhere.


I'm reading as I write this letter...gurgling with laughter at John Berry's letter about acting like a penguin...choking with laughter at Berry's COUP DE GRASS...fouting with laughter at Berry's installment of THE FUTURE HISTORY ( seven star general, indeed)... I think John Berry will make a pretty good writer, some day, with enough practise.

All in all, a wonderful issue.






REAT HORN Y TOADS! **TRIODE** ARRIVED

FULL OF MY PIX, MY FIRST LOOK AT JOHN  BERRY,

AND FIRST I'VE HEARD OF ACID ON STENCILS —

WOULD APPRECIATE DETAILS FROM SOMEONE QUALIFIED. 

CAPSULE (AND BIASED) REVIEW OF TRIODE 5 FOLLOWS.

COVERS. SO-SO WITH FINE TECHNICAL USAGE... BACOVER BEST.

FLYING 'AUKER PIX LOOK LIKE KIDDY TOY —  FIRST

PIX I'VE SEEN OF WELLS & CALKINS, TOO

HOW TO SPELL — VERY GOOD

FANZINE REVIEW I ONLY

SCANNED LOOKING FOR MY NAME. DULL. JUST

COULDN'T READ "THE FAMILY WAY" BUT I ENJOYED

ALL THE LETTERS

IMMEDIATELY AS

PUDS THAT GET

CLIMATE

BERRYISH

I LIKE ASHWORTH AND ALL THAT BUT THIS ARTICLE

ON  EELS I COULDN'T FINISH.

JUST CAN'T GET EXCITED ABOUT THIN WORMS

WISH I HAD SEEN ALL THE FUTURE

HISTORY OF RANDOM THINGS. BERRY

SCORES AGAIN

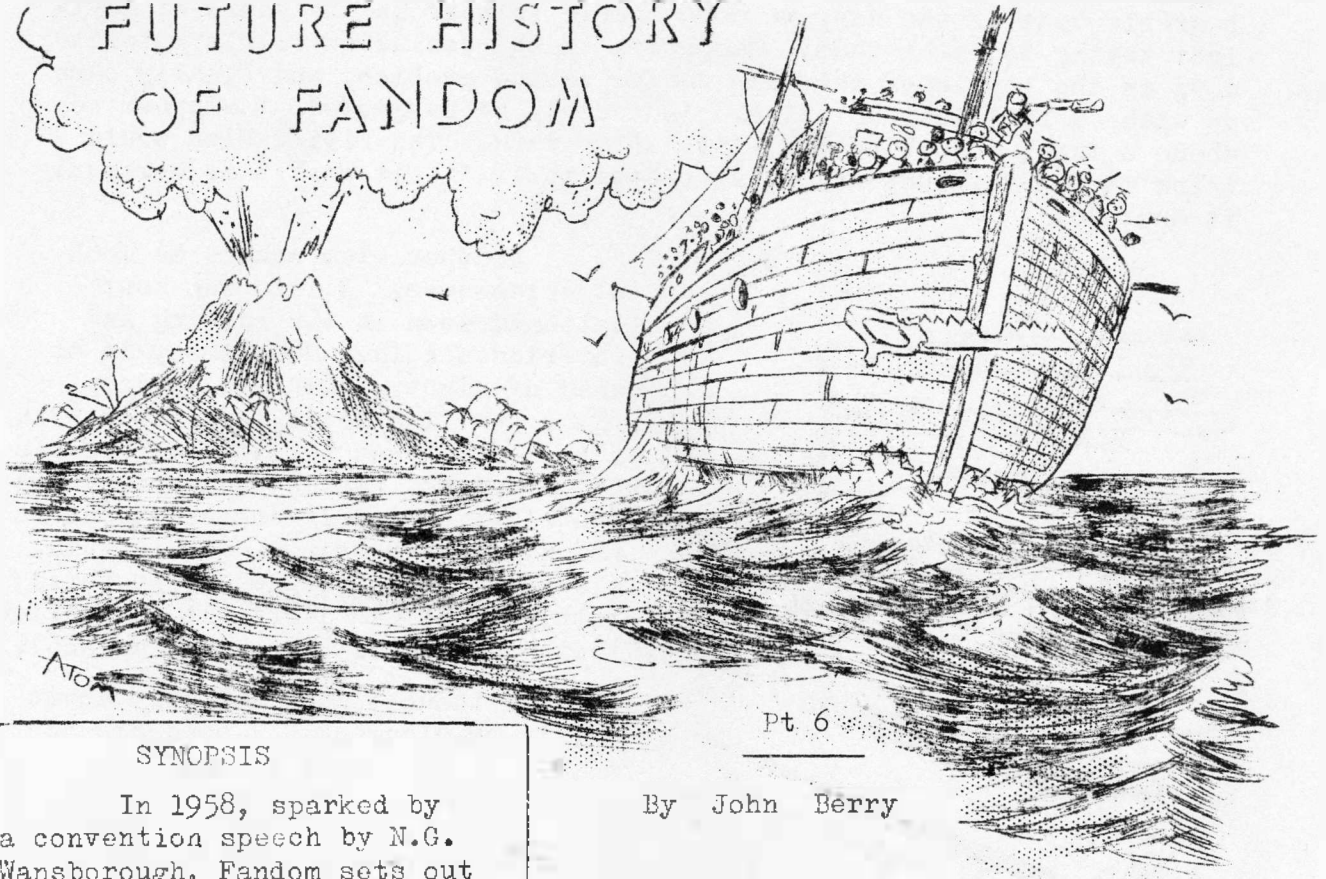
SLEEP ON THE UFO  AND I WENT TO



*totler*



# FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM



Pt 6

## SYNOPSIS

In 1958, sparked by a convention speech by N.G. Wansborough, Fandom sets out to found a State of it's own. After many adventures aboard ship and on land, the crew of the exploratory vessel discover an island which seems ideal for their purpose. A veritable Eden. And like Eden, peaceful,... until Bob Shaw scoffs the apple. This leads to the overthrow of the Belfasters and the Tyrant Tubb takes over from their benevolent rule. In the last episode John Berry succeeded in arousing the dictators wrath ...and also the Volcano. READ ON.

By John Berry

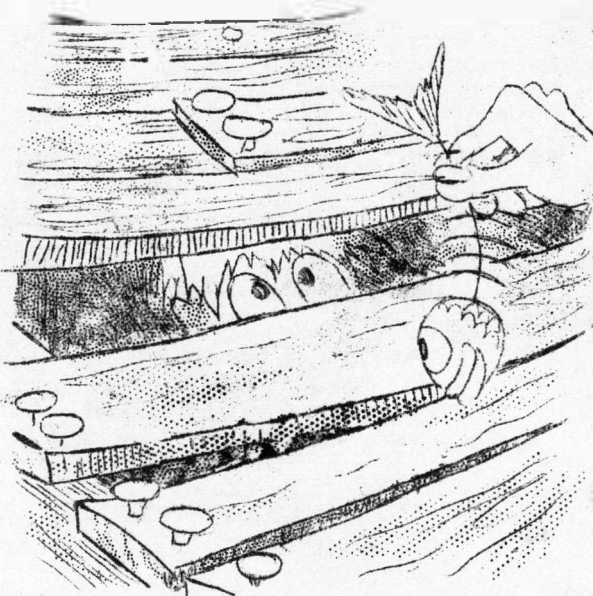
Several months passed by after the tremendous upheaval of Tubb's Islet, a catastrophe of gigantic fury that deposited Courtenay's Boat in the sea about twenty miles away.

It interested us very much after the fury of the occasion, to hear that the island had been chosen by the Americans to test their latest Hydrogen bomb but, we contented ourselves with the thought that they didn't know we were on the island at the time. The fact that Francis T. Laney was in charge of the task force we put down as being just one of those amazing coincidences that confront us sometimes.

Since the incident, Courtenay's Boat, with all means of propulsion wrecked by the catastrophe, just drifted about the Pacific. Food as always was the most important problem.

Illos By Atom

Flying Fish there were in abundance, but because of the blazing and unbearable heat of the day, we were unable to work in the hours of daylight trying to catch them. Campbell, in the seclusion of his laboratory deep in the bowels of the ship worked on the problem, and finally came up with a brilliant solution. 'Suppose', he suggested, 'suppose we shone a torch onto Ving's bald pate after dark. The Flying Fish would think it was the sun, and be attracted to it.' It worked as obviously it must do.



Another item caused me much sleeplessness. Willis was kept battened down in the rotting and rat-ridden hold. Sometimes, in the dead of night, I managed to drop him a few fish heads, sometimes even a tail. It was horrible to see his haggard face, bearded and grimy, his usually immaculately creased trousers wrinkled and begrimed, as his thin, claw like hand snatched my proffered titbits. It was difficult to realise that once he had been known as Ghod.

I thought more and more about Walt's predicament. I owed him so much. He had shown me the true path, had nurtured me, sold me hundreds of his prozines. Conversely, I became more and more disgruntled with the Tubb regime. In consultation with

Ted Carnell, he had worked out an I.Q. test, and made us all do it. Upon the resultant score depended our caste, and, more important, our future employment. Not that I minded cleaning out the ablutions so much, but I rather resented being referred to as O Humble One constantly. My chief assistant, Harry Turner, could wield a mean mop, which helped considerably, but just the same....

I thought of all these things as I lay on my coil of rope. Willis had always liked me. He'd told me so more than once in the past as he flogged me a prozine. If only Walt was in command again, things would surely be better.

The idea of rescuing him became an obsession with me. As inconspicuously as possible I contacted the other Willisites. James White at once agreed to join the conspiracy, providing he didn't have to sell his typer for funds. George Charters, The Venerable Sage, was in Tubb's confidence to a very great degree, and I considered him to be a vital member of the conspiracy. It was difficult for me to contact Bob Shaw, but during a violent storm, Tubb directed that Bob's dinghy be temporarily brought aboard ship...he also doubled the guard on the galley. Bob was also fed up with Tubb, as he was getting tired of being towed along behind the ship with only the hawser to gnaw at, he agreed to take part in the plot providing we would make him ships cook after the revolution. Arthur Thomson, and Chuck Harris (The latter a certified Enuch in charge

of Tubb's Harem ), relished the idea of serving again under Walt, which was the least I expected of them, them being honorary members of the late Irish Fandom clique. They resented the Tubb regime because it resembled so much the class distinction outlook of the London Circle.

So, with these brave and eager fen, ready to risk their all for Walt, I felt able to begin planning the coup in earnest.

Of course, time was in my favour. Becalmed as we were, I had ample opportunity to psycho-analyse the rest of the fen. It was important that I should understand the feelings of the masses, and be thus, better able to sway their sympathies in Walt's favour.

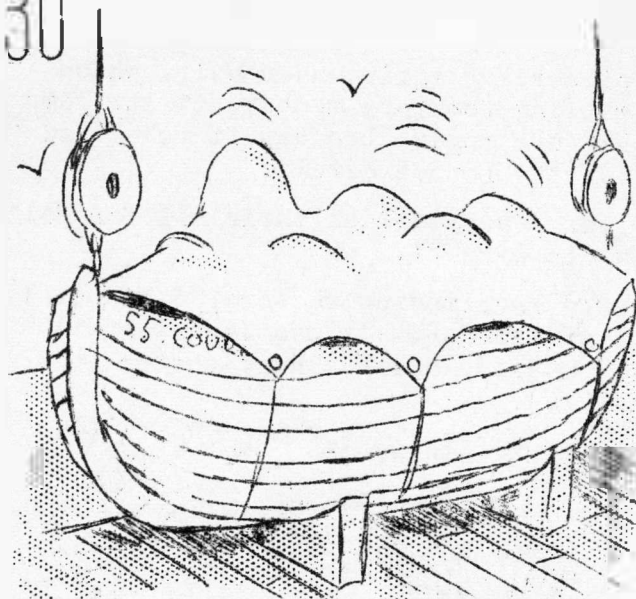
As I studied the crew I saw many strange things:-

One morning, as I was emptying my bucket downwind, I heard Peter Reaney cry, " There's a boy on the port side," and before my startled eyes Shirley Marriott dived overboard. This seemed to start off a rash of diving-overboardness, and it wasn't until Ron Bennett, head of the Tubb Secret Service, was called in that we learned the reason for this. It seemed that Mal Ashworth had restarted his old civilian occupation of selling marine insurance, and was pushing fen overboard in an attempt to raise his premiums.



Another interesting episode concerned Ethel Lindsay. She was in charge of the sick quarters and was wont to empty the bed-pan during the hours of darkness. One particularly black night, I was just locking the door of my charge, when she came tripping along with her receptacle. " I say, Ethel," I commented, " how did you find your way in the dark ?" " Och," she scolded, " I borrowed a latrine guide from Vince." Of course, James White was one of her patients at the time, which probably accounts for the horribly warped pun. He, James, was in sick-bay as a result of typing his fingers to the bone on Carnell's biography.

Of particular interest to me, as an aviation enthusiast, was the Fred Smith episode. The Mighty Tubb was getting very worried about the situation...nearly six-months since we had seen land. Hearing from The Venerable Charters that Fred was a glider pilot, Tubb ordered him to go on an oceanic reconnaissance. With a hard cover strapped to each arm, and a well-matured Haggis tied to his hind-quarters Fred flapped along the deck, and disappeared over the side. In five days time he arrived back with a grass skirt in his mouth. Norman G., confided to me afterwards that in his position as librarian of the scientific section, coincident with the return of the flyer ( to use his very words) there was a great demand for books on aerodynamics. This I could well believe, having witnessed attempts by Bentcliffe, Jeeves, Allen, and several other femme-prone fen, to emulate Fred....but with no success.



However, the result of Fred's flight proved that landfall was imminent, and once we did reach land, I now from general gossip that Courtenay's Boat was going to be cast adrift. And, that Walt would constitute the crew for it's further voyagings.

As far as Tubb was concerned, to have such an intellectual genius as Willis around was inviting disaster. And, there was only one night left to me in which to rescue Walt. Plans had to be made quickly. I contacted all pro-Willisites, and arranged a meeting during the afternoon siesta.

We were hunched up inside the one remaining lifeboat, suspended from number three derrick (( You were in a Pickle)) it had been difficult to get The Venerable Charters into it, but it was the safest place for us to meet. We were without Bob Shaw, for I had been unable to think of a ruse to have him hauled inboard.

" O.K. folks," I said, " first of all, we'll arrange for one of us to be in charge. I vote for Arthur Thomson, because his knowledge of the London Circle will give him an added insight into the psychological problem involved."

We all put our hands up in agreement except George. " Hey, er...um.. ..er " he began, but we all ignored him. Arthur soon showed his powers of leadership. " Chuck," he commanded, " you crawl up to a position of observation, and when you see Pam Bulmer stop fanning Tubb, give me the tip....Y'see folks, as long as he's asleep on the couch we'll not be misled."

" Er...hey, you, er...what was I..er," babbled George. We all ignored him.

" Now then," continued Arthur, " James there is a great friend of Campbell's. I want you, James, to sneak the bulb out of his Electronsonic Flashlamp, that will suspend fishing tonight. George Charters will be sleeping outside Tubb's door, so he will lock Tubb inside at 3.30am, on the dot."

" You..er, I wish I could, er..." croaked The Sage, his whitened locks floating in the breeze, " I want to say, er..."

" Ignore him," said Chuck. " What do you want me to do Arthur ?"

" You have an important job, Chuck," replied Art, " Eric Needham is Minister of Propaganda. Tell him you've discovered a new way of making typer ribbons from old emamois. Tear your shirt into squares, and tell him to go make a few ribbons. When he's out of the way, run off two hundred one-shots entitled WILLIS IS GHOD, and push one under everyones door."

" Hey, there is something I want to, er...um.." weezed George.

We stuffed his beard into his mouth.

" Now as far as Berry is concerned," continued the Brain, " he is to take Chuck and at 3.30am, release Walt, bringing him to the...." Suddenly the lifeboat rocked violently, and we were all deposited on the deck. We struggled to our feet, and found we were surrounded by fen who were armed to the teeth with zap-guns.

" Treason," thundered Tubb. " To the bilge with them."

\* \* \*

" Shift over Walt," muttered Chuck in the darkness and filth of the hold.

" You shouldn't bilge your bridges before you've crossed 'em," sneered Willis in the blackness.

" It's...er...all your fault," mumbled George.

" Give him his head," said Arthur, " after all nobody else wants it."

" Tubb, er, Tubb sent the non-existant fan, Dave, er, Wood. He was sitting in the, um, lifeboat all the time we were plotting. He's invisible, you see."



There was a rasping noise above, and a shaft of light streamed into the hold...the grating was removed, sunlight gilded the rotting wall of our evil, smelling abode.

" Listen," a hoarse voice grated, " listen."

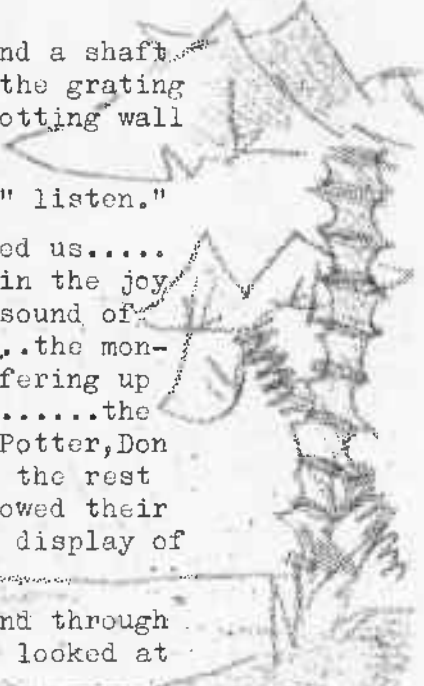
The chant of Hula-hula girls reached us..... the sounds of happy fen revelling in the joy of unlimited food and drink...the sound of coconuts falling from palm tree's...the monotonous chant of Doris Harrison offering up praise to Roscoe for our salvation.....the rhythmic shuffling of sand as Ken Potter, Don Allen, Dave Wood, Peter Royle, and the rest of the national service rejects showed their exuberance by giving a spontaneous display of foot drill..

As we listened nostalgically, a hand through down a pile of fanzines to us. We looked at them....FANTU 's!

" These will come in useful," observed Willis with an experienced air.

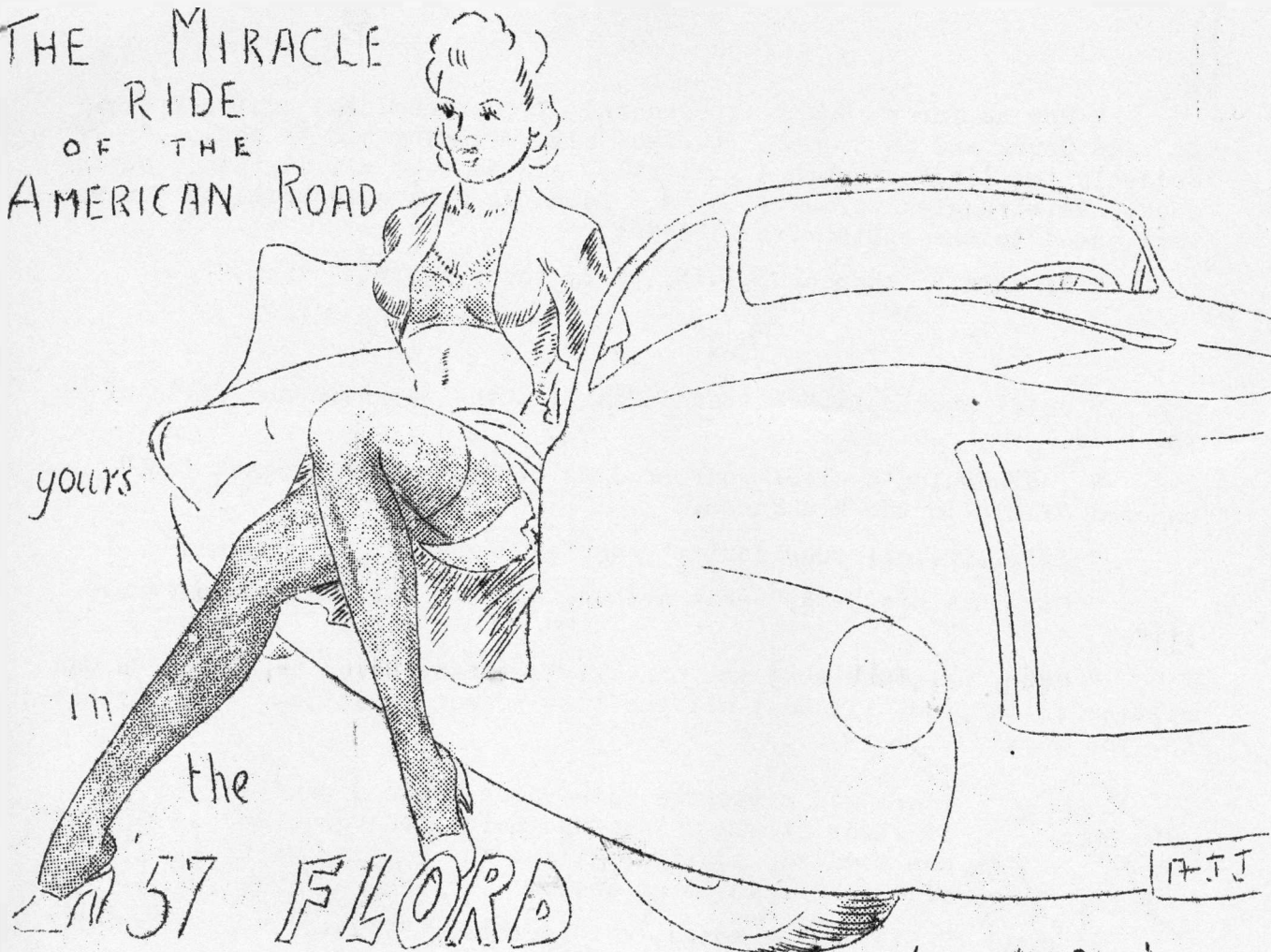
And then we noticed the happy sounds from the beach growing fainter and fainter.....

.....To Be Continued.....





# THE MIRACLE RIDE OF THE AMERICAN ROAD



If you've thought a car has to carry extra weight for comfort you ought to try the '57 FLORD

Here is a ride so level and shock free that you have to experience it to believe it !

With the '57 FLORD, you have your choice of two types of transmission...(Belt or shaft) Flordomatic drive, with auto reversing. Centre-fill re-fuelling (with automatic cut-out) Power pivot pedals for use during engine failures. Spare tyre and spare ride in the roomy boot.

SEE IT,

VALUE IT,

TEST RIDE IT !!!

## facts about the 'Miracle Ride'

Steady on curves.

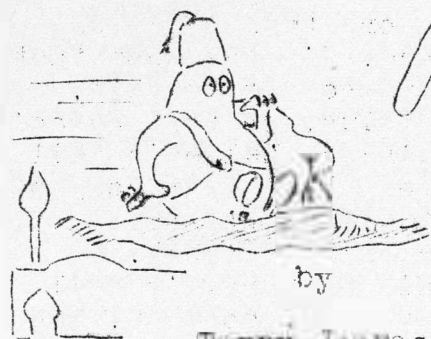
Flords back seat is 6ft wider than the fron, thus reducing roll on curves.

80% less shockability, with tailored model front slings and rubber compression bumpers, road bed shock is reduced by 80% Night long riding comfort seats Automatic Posture Control seats mean you ride just how you like. You ride on the level.

Variable rate rear spring and latex shock absorbers act in complete harmony. Pitch and sway are controlled. Your ride is smooth quiet and level.

Comes complete with built in silencer and bottle of chloroform.

THE FLORD 'MIRACLE RIDE' NEVER LETS YOU DOWN, YOU'LL LOVE IT.



# INTERMISSION

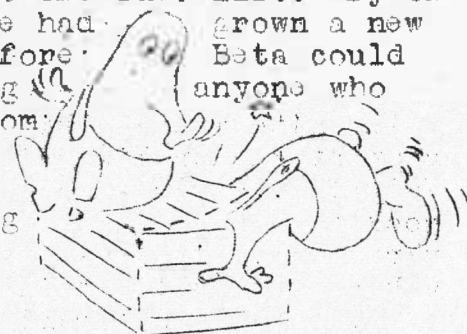
33

by  
Terry Jeeves

Since Triode last appeared, I have been carrying out a little private search in the files of the British Museum, and in the archives of the Stockport and Intake Dog and Cake Walking Society. Originally the idea was to trace the publication date of the first fanzine, however, the subject proved deeper than I had imagined, and my search managed to uncover some amazing facts. For instance, how many readers had any idea that the first fanzine was produced by Stone Age man? Strange but true, these primitive fanzines were carved with patience (and a chisel) on the smooth face of a stone slab. The problem of producing several copies was solved by lashing several chisels to a cross-bar tied to a master chisel, and in this way, several copies could be carved at once. Naturally, the Stone-age postman had a hard time of it, and there is one record which relates how, when faced by a charging dinosaur, the mail carrier hurled the latest copy of 'SLAB' at the monster. Here possibly is the origin of the term one-shot.

Coming nearer to the present day, it seems that the Stone-age system was practised in Atlantis, but here, the collecting mania extended from the pro-mags, even to the fanzines. There is every reason to believe that the sheer mass of the various collections was the final factor which led to Atlantis sinking beneath the waves.

The Golden Age of Greece was not without its science fiction fraternity, and my researches show that it is to the Greeks, we owe the first breakaway from the cumbersome stone tablet. The Greek method also had the added advantage of speed in delivery. In brief, it was as follows. The editor of the Greek fanzine 'Beta' (it could have been Alpha, but he admitted his was not the first) would gather his material and sally down to the slave market; buy a suitable slave and then shave the slave's cranium till it shone like a billiard ball. The next step was to tattoo the latest issue of Beta on the bare expanse, and send his mobile fanzine off to the sub. list. By the time the slave reached the first reader, he had grown a new crop of hair. This had to be shaved off before Beta could be read, but gave the advantage of stopping anyone who passed the slave while riding on a bus, from reading Beta without paying. This method also helped to deter anyone from hoarding back issues of Beta...the board and lodging bill for a complete set, being beyond all but the richest of Grecians could afford.

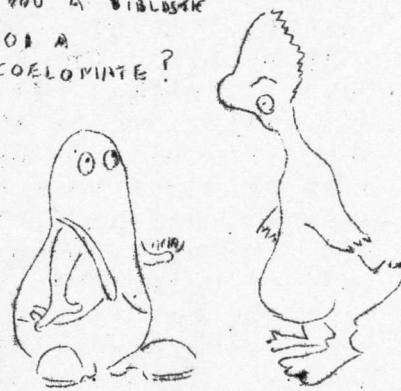


34 These, and many other facts were revealed by my researches, but I have not the space to enumerate here, more than a few of the fascinating secrets revealed. For instance, did you know that the Holy Grail, for which so many bold knights sought in vain, was actually a gold tipped iridium stencil stylus, or that Jason's famous Fleece, was actually a very rare fanzine? Nelson's well known death message was actually a request for the latest copy of Hardy's fanzine, 'Kismet', while the Bayeux tapestry was the fore-runner of William's famous fanzine..the Domesday Book. A valuable first edition exceeded in rarity only by Harold's well known 'Anglo Saxon Chronicle'. The Domesday book, however, was not so much a fanzine, as the OO of the Norman Fantasy Fan Fed. It contained a complete list of all fen and their assets, such as number of fanzines produced, how many prozines they read, their duplicators, editors, book dealers etc. Something on the lines of the 'ebula s-f poll, but more well known. For full details of my researches, please send 2/6 and a waiver of responsibility.

Latest item to invade the hallowed walls of No. 58, is a tape recorder. I have at last given in to my own arguments, and invested in a Phillips model. For the bods who like to know the gory details, it is a twin-track recording job, with a record/playback speed of  $3\frac{1}{4}$ " per sec. If anyone is interested in swapping tapes, I'm open to a deal, but they'll have to supply the first tape, until I have got my financial breath back. As a matter of fact, I have devised a cunning scheme whereby I can acquire 600 feet of tape free. As each person sends me a tape, I cut 1 yard from the first tape. From the second arrival, I remove 2 yards, and splice back the 1 yard. The third arrival loses 3 yards, and gets back two. Each tape leaving me, is short by one yard, and has one splice. After doing this little job 600 times, I have 600 yards of tape. Dead easy, Grundig please copy. Anyway, I'm waiting for those taped messages, so don't waste time. Final item. I am NOT interested in the swapping of jazz, bop, slop, etc., so if you are one of those clueless individuals, confine your messages to plain English, or decent music, such as 'High Noon', 'In The Mood', or Grieg's Piano Concerto.

Last issue, I nattered for a few lines about the artificial moons to be thrown about by the U.S. I had my tongue well in my cheek when I dashed that bit off, and expected quite a few letters of disagreement. The reverse happened. No one threw brickbats, but Dale Smith wrote asking for permission to reprint my burblings in the pages of FRONTIER...a very s & c 'zine devoted to rockets and space travel. I can see that very soon, I'll be getting a letter from the British Museum, asking for full details of Science Fiction Fandom through the ages. I shall naturally refer them to Wally Gillings. (But I hope they remember the 2/6d )

ARE YOU A BIBLOSKE  
TYPE, OR A  
COELOPITE?



At this stage, It might be a good idea to say a few words about science-fiction. A little while ago, I finished reading the ASF serial, 'Under Pressure'...I always wait until I have all the parts...This yarn was written by Frank Herbert, but I could have sworn the writer was Hal Clement. That may have been because the excellent van Dongen illos reminded me of those he did for Mission of Gravity. The point remains, that this serial is something really good. Its action mainly concerns an atomic submarine of the not-so-distant future, so near in fact that the story could almost be factual. Nevertheless, the story hits a new high in these jaded days. Not only are the crew under psychological pressure, and the sub under physical ditto, but the reader finds he has to carry on reading the yarn. I venture to predict we shall see this story again, either in hard covers, or in some anthology..maybe both.

ANYONE WHO MAKES AN ATOMIC  
BOMB IS PLAYING WITH  
DYNAMITE



The current Asf (March), has an excellent line-up. There are stories by Leinster, Russell, Budrys and a serial by Heinlein. Editor Campbell is apparently preparing to follow up his Dianetics excitement by running articles on fringe ESP, and sundry machines designed to prove its existence...this time, he very carefully touches on the possibility, and leaves it to the readers to state that they want to hear more. No doubt about it, Asf is well out of any rut it may have been in. Galaxy on the other hand is wearing itself a very deep one. The April issue is to hand (The December one having been dropped in order to gain an extra month on the newstands) and has an Emsh cover which (unconsciously) illustrates the oft stated theory, that if you try to design an animal out of this world, you can only manage to concoct a new arrangement of parts already known by virtue of their existence on Earth animals. The stories suffer from the same fault as Reader's Digest..somehow, they all seem to have the same style, as if written by the same author. This issue has two novelets..'Swenson Dispatcher', which tells a highly improbable story in an equally improbable way. 'Point of Departure' leads up to a story, then ends. There is even a yarn by E.C.Tubb, and this goes well without being really outstanding. Oh yes, there's a serial..'Slave Ship', but I need another part before I read it. The illos however, are interesting...montage/combinations/what-have-you of photos and drawings. A darn sight better than those earlier covers which looked like quadruple exposures of the inside of a lunatic's brain box.

Fanzines again, Ploy arrived the other day, and editor Ron Bennet (I mentioned you Ron) is conducting a fanzine poll. Naturally, all you honest upright readers will vote Triode as the number 1 fanzine won't you ???? Then maybe we can collect a silver-paper-plated match box at Kettering. Which reminds me, Eric B., and I will be stationed in the George from Friday to Monday, ready to receive subs and advances..preferably from beautiful fem fen. Remember the week-end.....March 30th.

20  
According to the last ish or so of Explorer, some kind character has nominated me for Vice-President of the I.S.F.C.C. According to Jan Jansen, and Gavin Brown, I am the Vice-Pres. I didn't even know they'd held the election yet. Anyhow, Me, I am tickled pink. I've made a life-long study of vice; ever since the day I got twanked for making a catapult out of elastic filched from little Emmy's bloomers...it was lousy elastic too. Anyway, I feel sure that with me at the helm (or is it tiller?), the club can extend its vice in every direction. If you have any vice not yet registered under the Illegal Practices Register, please let me know about it. I'm always eager to learn.

Incidentally, the above mentioned Gavin Brown has kindly informed me that I have been placed on the sub list for his new 'zine, and that I may send him two pocket books for each issue. By a strange coincidence, Gavin has just been placed on the sub list for my new publication 'Come to Grips with Vice', the rate for which is two copies of asf per issue. That howling mob wishing to get on Gavin's Roll of Honour should send their offerings to him at...47 Causeyside St. Paisley, Scotland.

Hot news flash has just come in. Eric Jones rang up from Cheltenham to chew the rag (There were more pips on the line that you can find in an Outspan Orange) Seems that the Cheltenham Circle has amalgamated with some U.F.O. Research Society down there, and the new club is titled The Cosmic Research Society, one of the members is U.F.O. book author Arthur Constance, and the club has permanent furnished club rooms. Lackey, book the vice-pres a room with a view. Naturally, a view to vice. Eric will also be at the Kettering affair, and so will his wife. I wonder if I can interest her in joining my society?

Elsewhere in this issue, you will find a review of Peter Reaney's great newfanzine. 'Biped' Now Peter has undergone a great deal of Mickey taking since he joined fandom. In fact, he is now very short of Mickey, and his patience is going the same way. I am empowered to inform my vast reading public that Peter is not a printer's error. His father is not a printer, and Pete himself intends to further the cause of science-fiction by word and deed. I gather he is changing over to reading Westerns. My co-editor Eric the B. on the other hand, has more progressive views, as is often evident by the black eyes he so often has. Eric believes that the future of fandom is in the hands of the little children. He has made it a point of honour to see that



the supply is equal to the demand. A dedicated man if ever I saw one. He even puts his personal crusade before beer and snooker. I gather his latest effort is a 'Young Mother's Society'. If anyone wants to become a member, please contact Eric. My part in this? Simple, I'm vice-president remember?

COME HOME TONY GLYNN..ALL IS FORGIVEN

(Where the h... are you hiding?)



# FAN FARRAGO

FANZINE REVIEWS  
by

Eric Bentcliffe  
and  
Terry Jeeves

37

VOID Editors, Greg and Jim Benford, 5d Chapel Rd, Giessen,  
5 Lahn, Germany.

This is a slightly larger than quarto mag, with few pretensions but containing much of note. The make-up is poor, and the reproduction could be a deal better, there's a great dearth of art-work too...but, though the appearance is sloppy this is a very interesting 'zine.

Items of particular note in this issue are Julian Parr's review of Walter Ernsting's ANDROMEDA and Gerfandom; and Greg Benford's report on what happened at the Wetzcon. The Wetzcon sounds as though it was something like the very early British conventions and not really comparable with the first Continental con, the Twerpcon...people sitting around talking instead of drinking. Guess any of the German fans who go to Kettering are going to be a little shaken.

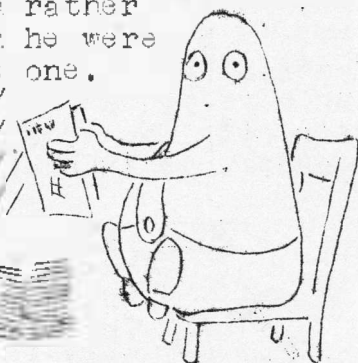
Some interesting letters and articles by Wim Struyck, Terry Carr, and the editors round off the issue. There's a cover by Terry Jeeves. Well worth the ten cents asked.

KTEIC MAGAZINE (30) Editor, Bill Rotsler, Route 1. Box 638,  
Camarillo, Calif. U.S.A.

This is a hard 'zine to describe, a letter-zine with long interjections, is the nearest I can get. The layout isn't all one would expect from an artist of Rotsler's calibre, but there are some good illo (Camarillo's?) within. The 'Banner' says, 'The darling of the space velocity set' and that's as good a description as any. This is a mag produced for the pleasure of fen who've been around fandom for awhile. It rambles all over the place and succeeds in getting nowhere, but entertains you just the same.

Bill, has a little trick for KTEIC which rather annoys me, he finishes off each line as though he were going to rip the stencil up and dummy the next one. I can't see any reason for this...unless the words keep dropping off the end of the line, and the obliques are to hold them on. Like this.//

Intelligent discussion about tapers, Gilgamesh, Mongrelism, and half a hundred other topics. KTEIC is only distributed to FAPA, and others....good, if you can get it.



38



Editor, George Gibson, Little London, Aberford, Leeds. Yorks.

At least, he's the usual editor, but this issue has been produced, and mainly edited by, Ron Bennett...7 Southway, Arthur's Ave. Harrogate.

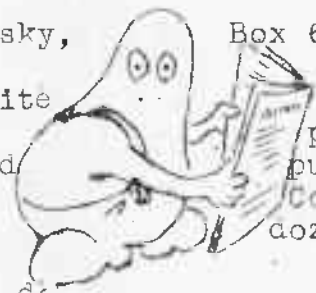
As a result of this, it's not the same mag it usually is. The make up, as usual, is sloppy, the material is slightly better. Don Allen, Archie Mercer, Terry Jeeves, and Alan Dodd all write well in fannish vein on one topic or another. J.S.Glasby provides an Introduction to Astronomy, which, although quite readable, seems a little out of place alongside the more fannish stuff.

Also out of place, in any fanzine, is 'Acid Drops' by Redd Grayson....there has been a rash of this sort of thing in UK fandom of late, in which neofen have made brash and insulting statements about fans and fandom. This half-wit (half-wet) is against people acting like people at conventions, he urges that everyone go around with solemn mien. Why he has to be insulting to convey this message I don't know. I don't know why Ron Bennett published it either, I thought he had more sense.

CONFAB 11 Editor, Bob Peatrówsky, Nebraska, U.S.A.

Box 634, Norfolk

This too, is a letter-zine, but not quite as KTEfC. Reproduced in that horrid beloved of U.S.A. faneds....that horrid as distinct from bootiful Grue blue. fairly small mag and rarely runs to a but it prints some nice letters.



so esoteric  
purple shade  
purple shade  
Confab is a  
dozen pages,

You trade to get it, and please do.

OOPSLA 20 Editor, Gregg Calkins, who by the time this is published, will be a civilian again, and reachable at :-

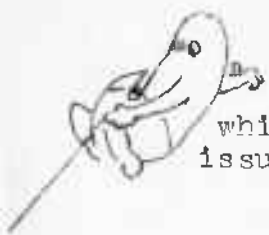
2878 East Morgan Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A.

This is one of my favourite magazines. Impeccable I'd call it. Nice layout, nice artwork, good material. It's always amazed me that Gregg has managed to maintain the quality of OOPS considering that he can only get home for a few days each month to work on it. I guess that Camp Pendleton can't be quite as much of a Marine-hell as Hollywood makes out.

There's Bob Bloch on humour, Lee Hoffman visiting Washington, Phyllis Economou on cats, and Vern McCain on his mark. There's also Gregg Calkins 'Dans Un Verre D'eau' (which I think means, Through A Glass Darkly)((No Eric, it means..Fill your zap-gun here.))and Therbling away. Two of the best editorial columns currently appearing. And there's a John Berry article for good measure. At 15 cents a copy, it's a bargain.

GRUE 26 Editor Dean Grennell, That Good Man, 402 Maple Ave. Fond du Lac, Wis.

Another of my favourite magazines..again, Impeccable. This and OOps, I rate as the two top American 'zines, as to which gets the number 1. spot, it depends on which is the most recent in, at the time of asking. This issue is an 'extra', Dean found he had a big pile of



letters on hand, so decided to publish an all-letter GRUE, and very good it is.

The letters come from some forty of the best known folk in fandom, and from Horace Gold as well. Horace, in staccato style gives some interesting information on these Geniac people who are now advertising build-your-own-computer kits in the s-f mags. Judging from their consistency in advertising, they don't have a computer themselves.

There's a lovely formula quoted by one James Broschart which deserves reprinting very widely, seems he got it from a friend named Albie Einstein, it goes like this ....

Ba + 2 Na = Banana!

Get GRUE, if it's the last thing you do. Dean charges half a cent per page. Send him enough for the next 300 pages.



PEON 36 Editor, Charles Lee Riddle, PNCA USN, USS Cascade (A D 16) Fleet P.O. New York. On active service! There have been complaints of late that PEON has been getting a little stuffy, these I don't agree with. Mebbe PEON is a little more adult than some of the other American zines, but, so also, is its editor. And I don't think there is anything bad about having grown up.

A very cogent article in this issue about Bias in Criticism by Robert Lowndes, which proves that everyone is biased in one way or another. Good columns by Harmony Jim, T.E. Watkins, and Terry Carr. A fair piece of fiction by Lin Carter about the fall of Ygnarath, which reminds me rather of the style of writing used in 'Lord of The Rings'. And if I may digress for a moment, if you haven't read that latterly mentioned saga, do so at once. Tolkien makes the mid-earth of Hobbits, Ents, Elves and Men more real than most authors can make our own world.

There's an article by one Eric Bentcliffe, in this issue too but I'll refrain from commenting on this except to say that this writer seems obsessed with sex! But only for the sake of controversy. ((Oooh Eric, you fibber))

RETRIBUTION 1. Editors, John Berry, 1 Knockeden Cres. Flush Park, Belfast.... Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S.W.2

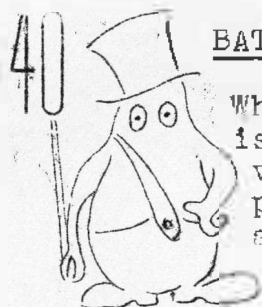
Some wonderful goonery by John, with illos to match by Atom. In this first edition...the chronicles of the Goon Detective Agency.

There is little that a reviewer can say about the contents without giving the plots away, and those of you who have the mag can get more pleasure from re-reading, than perusing my comments. You can get RETRIBUTION by sending a photo of Marilyn Monroe to John, or a prozine to Arthur.

FANTUM 1 Editor, Anne Steul, 17 Falkenstrasse Wetzlar/Lahn Germany.

A forty page fanzine, well produced and illustrated (mainly by Atom) and with material by Bloch, Brunner Tucker, and other well known fen. I'd like to say more but as it is entirely in German and I don't know that language, I can't.





BATHCHAIR 92 Editor, George L Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, N. Ireland.

Whilst this is not actually a s-f fanzine (What is ?) it is of interest to fen because of its editor. That veritable doyen of fandom. This is a professionally printed magazine with a strong smell of axle-grease adhering to it. It is published annually as a guide to those new to bath chairs.

Amongst other interesting articles therein, there is one on 'How to Knock Policemen's Helmets Off and Get Away With It, by the editor.

I have been asked to state that although this is an annual magazine its current number does not indicate the age of its editor. He is actually only 91.

ORION 14 Editors, Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Ave. Hillingdon Middlesex...George Richards, 40 Arncliffe Rd., Wakefield. Yorks.

This is the second of the large size Orion's, and a very good zine. Well illustrated and well laid out. The duplicating is also good, but Paul's typer, hasn't cut so good on some of the pages, or was it George's ?

The things I most enjoyed were the letter section and FAN-LIGHTS, the new style review section which appeals to me greatly. I think if Terry and I could get together more often, we'd try something like this... but then, George and Paul live farther apart than we do... how did you do it Paul ?

That man Berry is represented, and so is Vinc Clarke...the first thing I've seen by Vince in quite a while. Nothing spectacular, but nice to see him writing again just the same. Paul writes some very pithy words about Free Speech, and how 'free' it should be, which rather couple up with my brief comment on Orbit's Acid Drops. Orion is bi-monthly, regular, and 3/6 a year.

A BAS 7 Editor, Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.

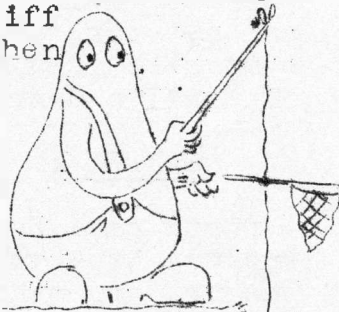
This is a zine which I always find enjoyable but which occasionally leaves me with a nasty taste in my mouth. It's a little too-too Bohemian at times. There's wit here in plenty, and poetry for those who like it, both of excellent style. The thing which I don't always like are the Derelict Derogation's...these can be very funny, or very cruel. Maybe some of the characters who get trodden on in this feature deserve it...but personally I get tired of seeing the same fen reviled issue after issue. Take Harlan Ellison, now maybe he is a heel...so, we all know it by now, let's let the matter drop. (Not over the cliff clot !) DD is at its best when it's humorous, then it's very, very funny.

CALLING

TONY

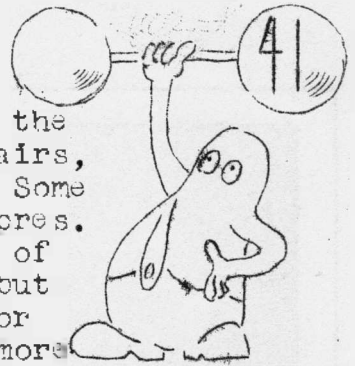
GLYNN

Come home Tony, all is forgiven. Eric and Terry still love you. Let us have your address, and we'll send you some more work. Ermintrude says she has no hard feelings, and the twins are doing nicely.



EXPLORER Vol7 No.1 Editor, Ray C. Higgs,  
813 Eastern Ave. Connersville, Indiana.

This mag seems to be published faster than any reviewer can get around to it. Being the 00 of the ISFCC, this ish is largely devoted to club affairs, elections, subs, finance and membership lists. Some kind character has even nominated me for vice-pres. I've always wanted to be a president in charge of vice. Duplicating has improved tremendously, but the lack of art work puts EXP in the running for the title of The Un-Illustrated Mag. A little more variety of material, and a little more material would raise the standard tremendously.



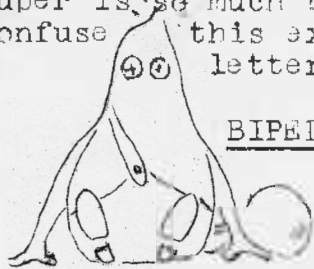
FRONTIER 5 Editor, Dale R Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave. Minneapolis  
22. Minn. U.S.A.

This is another 00, put out by the 'Society for the Advancement of Space-Travel. A very s & c effort, beautifully laid out and duplicated, but marred by a poorly reproduced cover, and a pair of juvenile interior illos. Items include 'Conquest of Space', an excellent 6 pages on current reserach and ideas, by a Guided Missiles Engineer of the Sperry Gyroscope Company., The Space Satellite as a Weapon of War, and Conflicts of Space.

This 'zine is definitely a 'must' for anyone at all interested in the problems of space travel.

ECLIPSE Vol2 No.5 Editor, Ray Thompson, 410 South Street,  
Norfolk Nebraska.

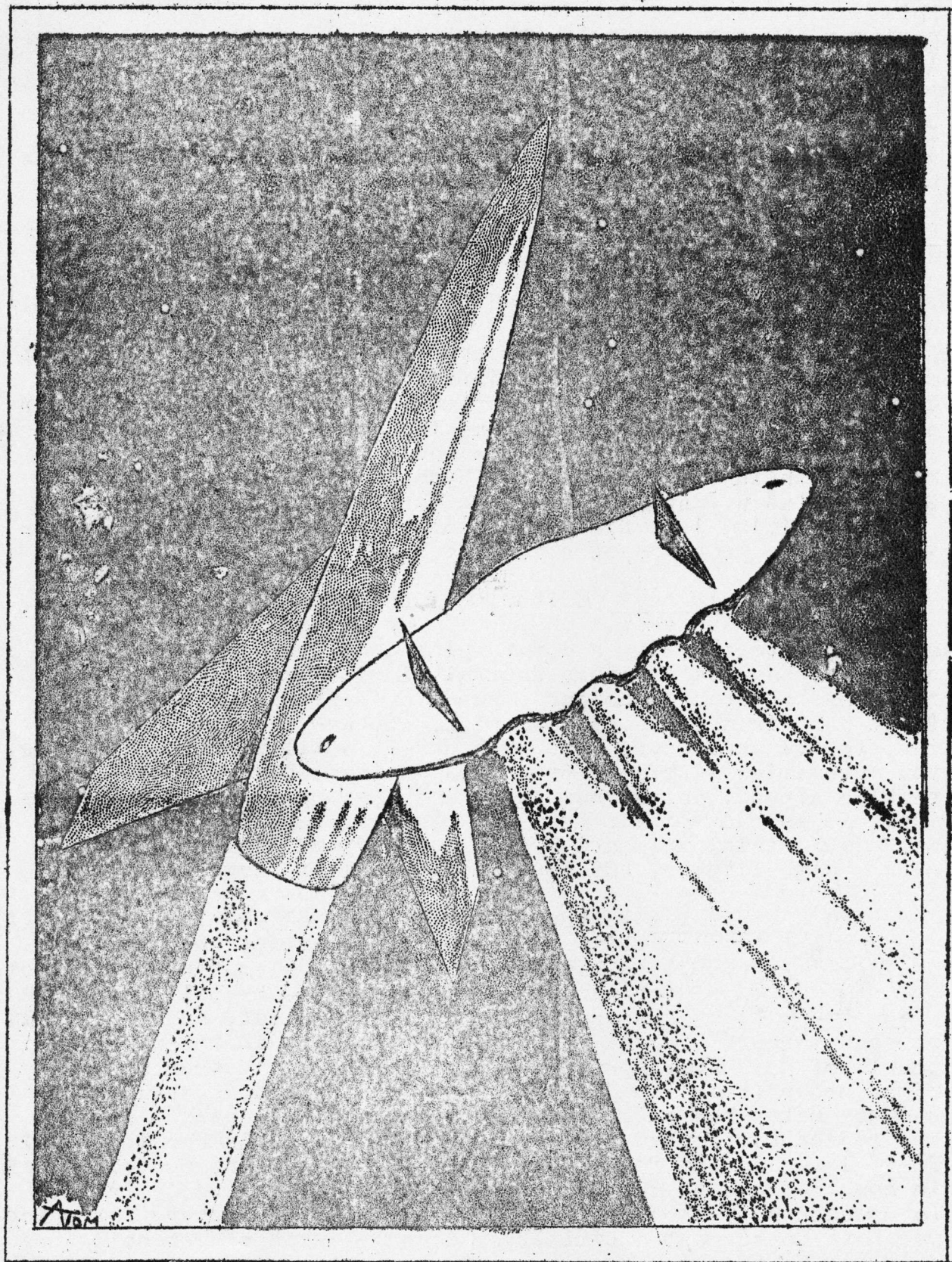
Another quarto mag with a cover which does not do credit to the contents. Ray has a rather unusual gimmick for his 'zine. The pages are printed on coloured paper of different shades. The first page is a very delicate pink, but as you leaf through the mag, the blush deepens with each sheet, until with the last one, you automatically reach for a fire extinguisher. The editorial rambles around, and spends quite a space explaining how the new duper is so much better than the old one. Two diagrams help to confuse this explanation. The rest of the issue is mainly letters, but the bacover is left blank for notes.



BIPED 1 Editor, Peter Reaney, 53 Bromley St., Sheff.

Like the sword of Damocles, this zine has been hanging over the heads (mutant) of fandom for almost a year. Assisted by Bill Harry, the suspending thread has been cut, and the result dropped through my letter box (disintegrating in the process) a couple of days ago. Assuming I put the pages together in the right order (they were un-numbered), the result is still a bit queer. Peter has an editorial which complains against fan-eds who reject him, dustmen who accept him, and girls who ignore him. There is an advert for various Winter sports gear, wanted by Pete in case he goes to Russia, a poem by someone called 'P Treany' (a pseudonym ?) about space-ships and a puzzle picture for which you have to suggest a title...My idea is 'When the stencil tore just before the lights went out.' A crafty idea for soliciting letters of comment, was to ignore the idea of putting stamps on the zine.....This mag should be shown to every fan-ed-to-be....





I hope readers will, for a few moments, disregard my dubious reputation as a fan fiction writer who struggles to be humorous, as is prone to exaggerate somewhat. Before I was smitten by fandom, I was an aviation student of many years standing, and even now I sometimes glance nostalgically at my heap of aeronautical reference books and magazines, triumphantly surmounted by fanzines and prozines. But way back in the late 'forties', when flying saucers were NEWS, I had commenced reading science fiction, and this, combined with my aeronautical background made me a very keen flying saucer enthusiast. It has always been my ambition to do what Alan Brammell has done so extremely well ... to write about flying saucers. I did in fact prepare some preliminary notes, my intention being to produce a flying saucer one-shot. Alan saved me the trouble, but rather than waste all my carefully garnered material, Messrs. Bentcliffe and Jeeves have kindly given me space in this issue of TRIODE to expound some of my theories, and particularly to show that there is some basis for accepting the fact that terrestrial flying saucers will fly in the near future, and may have already done so.

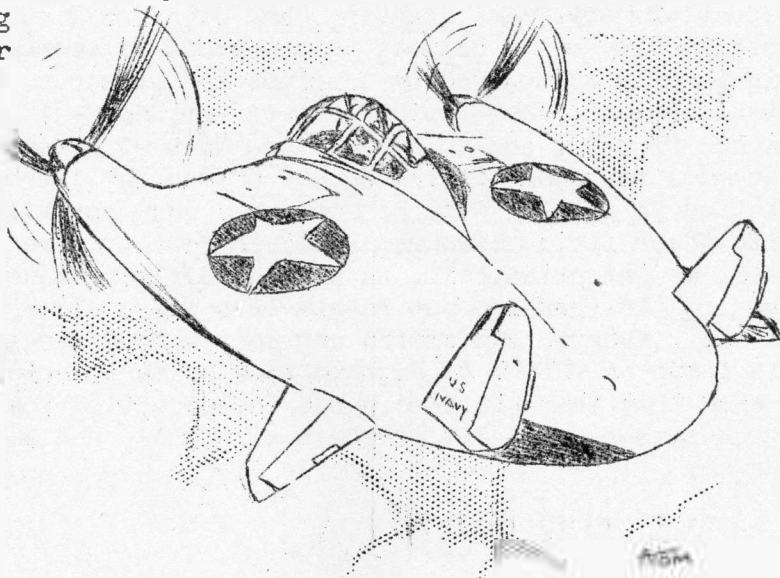
## TERRESTRIAL FLYING SAUCERS

by JOHN BERRY

Most accounts I have read concerning flying saucers (henceforth referred to as U.F.O's) rather naturally deal with the extra-terrestrial variety, and I think the possibility of earthly developments has been ignored. Yet such type of aircraft exist. During the war, there was designed an experimental American aeroplane which quite possibly added the flame to the U.F.O. spark, if I may put it that way. The big question is, whether this aeroplane, the Chance-Vought V-173 (or its development, the XF5U-1) was still flying when the saucers were first sighted. The brutal truth is that the American authorities have not released any details as to when the aeroplane flew. Late in 1955, I wrote to the Chance-Vought firm in Texas, and asked for dates of the test flights of the V-173. I didn't get any reply...I didn't expect to. But why the reticence? I won't say that I seriously consider for one moment that even a small percentage of the alleged U.F.O. sightings were connected with the V-173 or the XF5U-1. My records show that the V-173 was a full-scale low powered model of the XF5U-1, and only one was built, although it did much experimental flying. A glance at the silhouette (fig 1.) will show that the plan form could easily convince a viewer that he or she had seen a U.F.O...and who could blame them? The design of this then unorthodox aircraft was undertaken for the U.S.Navy, although it was not accepted for quantity production.

But consider the plan view of the V-173. At a reasonable height

44 say against a background of dark clouds, the long engine nacelles would hardly be visible, but the circular plan form would. The V-173 was under-powered, but even then was quite capable of a reasonable turn of speed. It is interesting to conjecture whether or not any sightings were reported by people who had in reality seen the V-173. In any case, the investigating American authorities, one likes to presume, would be aware of this possibility, and could easily check back to see if sightings had been reported over the area the V-173 had flown. I, for one, would love to know the answer to that little question ...can any American readers help.?



The next man-made saucer I would like to discuss is the famous Avro(Canada) project.

In 1953, it leaked out that the Avro aeroplane builders in Toronto were building a flying saucer. The Toronto Daily Star published very vague details about this, together with a drawing of the project, from which I have based my silhouette. (fig.2.) I don't expect the drawing was accurate, it couldn't be, but some of the details given certainly whetted the appetite of an aviation enthusiast like myself. It was stated that not only had the plans been drawn, but that a wooden mock-up of the saucer had actually been constructed at Malton, near Toronto., and was heavily guarded. This I believe. When it is realised that Avro spent 397,000 government donated dollars on the project, one can see that this was not just a private venture effort, that most aircraft firms indulge in, but a really big effort. A thin, saucer-shaped aircraft is a feasible design for speeds in excess of 1,500 m.p.h.....students of aircraft recognition can see this phase starting to take place now, with the dozens of new high-speed delta plan-forms flying all over the world. Of the vague details mentioned at the time, the Avro project was said to have a diameter of about forty feet. It was claimed that the saucer could effect an 180° turn in flight without changing altitude. The most revolutionary feature was the projected revolving power plant, giving a gyroscopic effect.

But here is the most important, the most significant feature of the whole affair. Although at the beginning of 1955, the Avro firm announced that the scheme was being discontinued, the U.S. government stepped in, took over the project, and have arranged a contract with the Canadian government to construct a prototype, at a fantastic cost. Now I want to tell you about a U.F.O. sighting which I consider to be

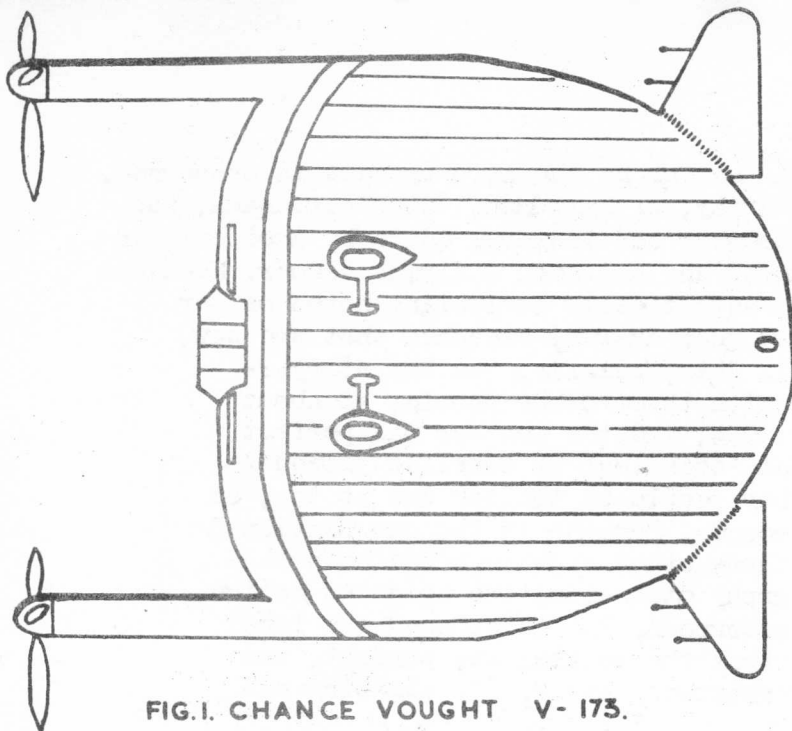


FIG. 1. CHANCE VOUGHT V-173.  
UNDERSIDE PLAN VIEW.

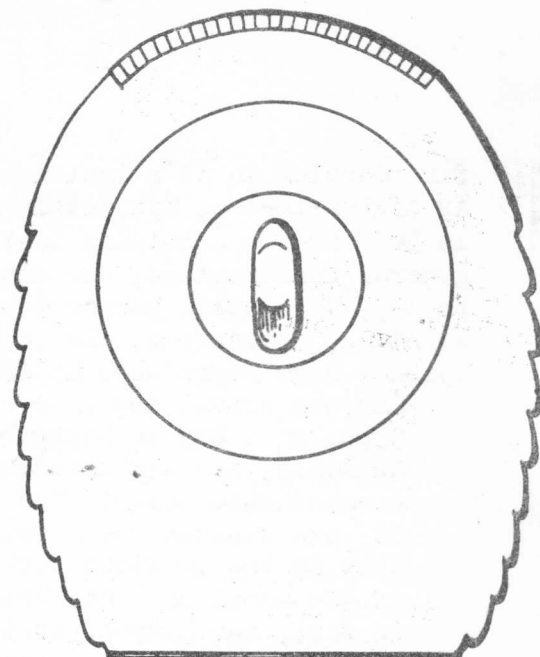


FIG. 2. AVRO (CANADA) PROJECT  
UPPER SIDE PLAN VIEW.



FIG. 3. HAMILTON SIGHTING.

**TRIODE.**  
**SUPPLEMENT**

DRAWN BY JOHN BERRY  
MARCH 1956.

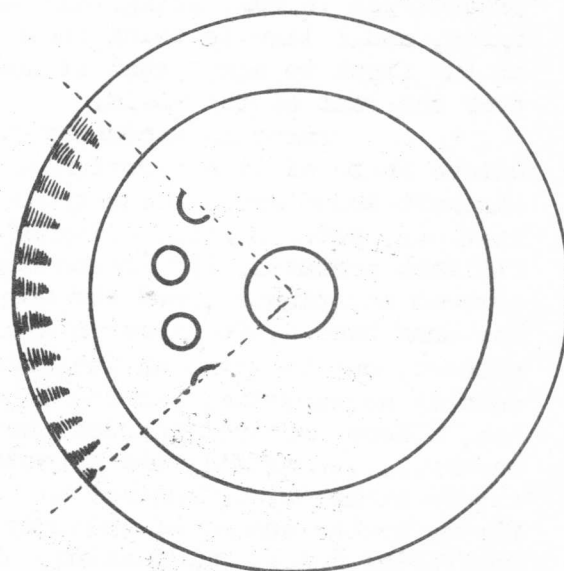


FIG. 4A  
UPPER SIDE PLAN VIEW.

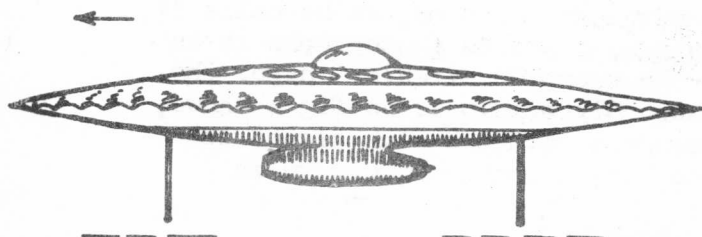


FIG. 4.  
SIDE VIEW.

COUZINET AERODYNE.

46 far reaching in it's implications as far as the Avro project is concerned. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Kathleen Murphy, of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, was in Belfast for a holiday last December and January. Quite by accident, in general conversation, she announced she had seen a flying saucer. Needless to say, in a split parsec I was energetically scribbling notes of her sighting. Mrs. Murphy, also a very good drawer, sketched what she saw, which I have reproduced in fig.3. This, briefly, was her story :-

She was travelling in a car with three other people, at about 5.p.m, on a day in September 1954, and the weather was perfect. Suddenly, she saw this object 'spinning' at terrific speed at a reasonable height. The other people in the car saw it too, as it was visible for a few seconds. Someone in the car mentioned that in the previous week, three other sightings had been made in the Hamilton area. Mrs. Murphy emphasized the spinning motion, in fact, she likened it to a tornado. She telephoned the local radio station, and was told that the weather was perfect, and that no tornado's had been reported. This U.F.O. sighting was reported over the radio.

I consider that this sighting, in conjunction with the AVRO project, is important for four reasons. Firstly, the possibility, I might even say the probability of Avro's having built small radio-controlled models of the project, to test it's aerodynamic capabilities. (I must add that it is general practice in the aircraft industry to build models of their projects, varying in size from half scale right down to models a very few feet in span.) Secondly, the nearness of Hamilton to Toronto, a matter of forty miles. Thirdly, the similarity between the spinning motion, as mentioned by Mrs. Murphy, and the power plant of the Avro project, which, as I have said, revolves, giving a gyroscopic effect. Lastly, the fact that in September 1954, the Avro project was in full swing. All this is interesting conjecture, I agree, and I like to think there is some basis of truth in it. But I am the first to agree that it does nothing to explain U.F.O. sightings over the rest of the world.

France is a country renowned in aviation circles for the unique shape of it's aeroplanes. As a matter of interest, the French aircraft industry has made remarkable strides since the end of the last war, both in originality of design and the quality of it's finished products. The French have made great strides with rocket powered aeroplanes, and for some time have been flying a type which has done over 1,000 miles in a climb. This is nothing to do with flying saucers, but it gives an idea of French foresight, and thus it will come as no surprise, bearing in mind what I have said, that a Frenchman, M. Rene Couzinet has designed, and built a mock-up of a flying saucer.....in exactly the accepted shape that science fiction illustrators swear by. M. Couzinet plans to have his Aerodyne, as he calls it, flying by the summer of 1956. My drawings, based on photographs in an unofficial R.A.F. publication, shows the accepted circular shape. The method of making the saucer rise is superbly original. As fig 4 shows, the side view resembles two mundane saucers with the rims placed together. The scheme is that the top and bottom sections revolve in



47  
opposite directions, in other words, contra-rotating. The plan view of the Aerodyne, fig 4 A, whilst not very detailed, shows the obvious and accepted flying saucer shape. The theory of flight of the Aerodyne is that round the circumference of the two sections there is a total of ninety six small vanes, forty eight on each. When powered by a small engine, the two sections will revolve at about 1.4 times per second, which will cause the Aerodyne to rise. Below the craft, as can be seen in the side view, there is a small jet engine for forward propulsion. Plans at the moment are for the first model to be made of wood, and future models of metal. The control system is stated to be 'relatively simple.' It must be mentioned that M. Couzinet is a very experienced aeroplane designer... many of his designs have been constructed and have flown. Bear in mind that this is a private venture, imagine the progress that would have been made by now if the wealth and skill of an aircraft industry tackled the job.

The Russians are turning out brilliant conventional aircraft. Although I hate to say it, in many respects, particularly in supersonic fighter types, they are way ahead of this country, at least as regards quantity. At the big 1955 May Day celebrations in Moscow, foreign observers were astonished to see formations of dozens of fighters in the same class as our English Electric P.1, of which two are flying at the moment. It will be two years, at a conservative estimate, before the P.1. is in squadron service. The Russians also picked up many German scientists after the war, and it is a well known fact that the Germans had some fantastic schemes in hand. True, we got the V.2. designer, but the Russians got more of their share of German scientists and designers. All this is leading up to the fact that if the saucer shape is so important to high speed flight, and it is, the Russians must have at the very least experimented along those lines... with German help. I wonder how far they have progressed?

The U.S.A., which one might say 'mothered' the U.F.O. business, seems to have been guilty of procrastination as far as experiments in this field are concerned. I base this assumption on the fact that the Americans have sponsored the shelved Avro project. If they are so advanced in saucer design themselves, why spend fantastic sums of money on a project someone else has dumped? The Americans have done magnificent work with rockets, guided missiles, satellites, etc, why has the other important field been ignored. Or has it? Keyhoe hints at all sort of mysteries... that the U.S. Air Force have films of U.F.O's, indeed, it is rumoured that they actually have one, at Wright Field. This brings me to Alan Brammalls sphere, and I don't want to trespass on his ground.

As far as Great Britain is concerned in flying saucer research, the less said the better. True, F.G. Miles, a designer of great originality, said that he could, if someone asked him, design and build a workable flying saucer in two years. As far as I know, no one asked him. One British firm was quoted as being 'interested' which I presume to be the Avro, the parent of the Canadian firm of the same name. I like to think that some research has taken place in this country... we are so far ahead of the world in some aspects of aviation, it is a pity that this subject has been neglected. I would like to boost home morale about aviation generally, by mentioning the magnificent work by Fairey

48 Aviation, in bringing the World speed record back to Great Britain with the advanced Fairey Delta 2, at a speed of 1,132 m.p.h., over 300 m.p.h. faster than the six month old American record. Remember that in the ten years 1945 to 1955, the record was raised from 605 m.p.h. to 838 m.p.h, just over 230 m.p.h, and then in six months, the speed has been raised by over 300 m.p.h. Sorry, to mention that, but it does show how the possibility of space flight grows more and more a distinct reality .... a portent of things to come in the immediate future.

A final word. There is no doubt in my mind that with the nearness of space flight, and other allied questions relating to speed, construction and design of future aircraft, the country that is most advanced in flying saucer design, as a basis for aerodynamic development, will be in a pretty secure position.

.....

APPENDIX. I had Eric and Terry in a very worried state of nervous tension, as the deadline for this TRIODE approached, and I had not forwarded the mss. and drawings as I had promised. My reason for being so late, was because I was awaiting a reply from the Chance Vought Aircraft concern in Texas, U.S.A. As soon as I had stencilled the complete article, the letter duly arrived.....yesterday afternoon, as a matter of fact. I wish to apologize to the Chance Vought company for my earlier statement that I didn't expect they would reply. Besides answering a lot of my questions about the V-173, and the XF5U-1, they also kindly included a magnificent air to air photograph of the V-173, which Arthur Thomson has drawn in the illo on a previous page. However, in their reply, they stated ...'the U.S.Navy cancelled the contract for the XF5U-1 in 1946, and although the prototype was constructed. it was destroyed and never flew....'

I'm still baffled.

Belfast,  
13th March '56.



# ABACCHUS

By

Last-Minute-Mal Ashworth

You will know - especially if you do any fan writing - that there are many kinds of creatures included under the generic term 'Editors'. There are, in fact, editors and editors. Sub-dividing (which is what they do among themselves most of the time) still further, there are Editors, EDITORS, Editors!, Editors?, and ~~Editors!~~?&&+!s. This applies, of course, both inside and outside Fandom, but we won't concern ourselves with outside at the moment; inside is bad enough. (On thinking the matter over, I can see that perhaps a more satisfactory way still would be to consider neither side - but this looks suspiciously like the cowards way out, and that I refuse to take. I need a change.) I do not, however, intend to launch into a dissertation on The Editor In General, The Editor In Particular, The Editor In Jail, or The Editor Any Other Place. I have only one intention in mind, and that is, calmly, objectively, and with cool, scientific detachment, to organize a frenzied, blood-hungry (congealial company, as it were), lynching mob of screaming, hysterical fans, to do to death in a vile and violent manner, one kind of editor. The one who doesn't give you a definite deadline for your material.

In his kindly, insidious way he is perhaps the most dangerous of all the villainous rabble who gather under the name of fan-editor (and under the bar). Months before his next issue is due, he will remark lightly, in his politest typewriter tones: "Oh, you might like to start thinking about your next column. No immediacy of course, but I like to give you plenty of warning." Oh yes, you think luxuriously, that's all right, everyone always says 'You might start thinking about your.....' That can be left over for a while. A month or so later he follows up with: "Had any ideas for your column yet? No urgency, but I wouldn't like it to slip your memory." Ideas?, you yawn to yourself, oh, no difficulty about them. They'll come flooding all right when they're needed; but that isn't just yet. And then, a while later, just as you are finishing a glorious stretch (of your spine, I mean, not in Dartmoor), comes the one that says: "Hope you are well on with your column because I must have it by Thursday morning, please." That is why I want this type of character hanging on the nearest sycamore limb. Two and three-quarter months out of three, he lets you live in a Fool's paradise (though I suppose one can see his point really), and then that other

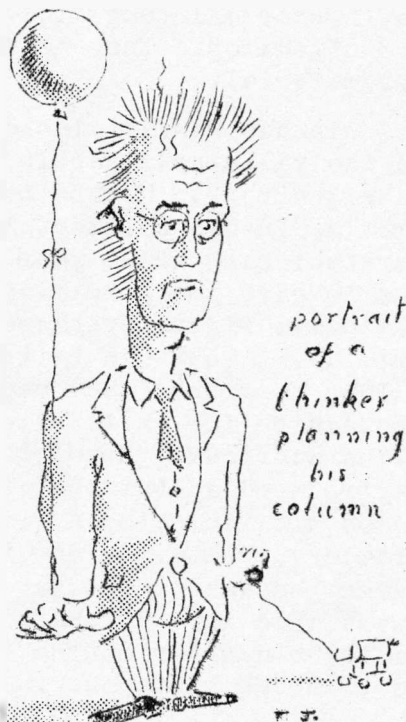
little quarter of a month he has you contorting days into lengths and shapes they were never meant to assume, to get your column to him on time. And, if you ask me who is one of these kind of editors so that we can make a start on the dreaded lynching process, I will tell you - Bentcliffe is one of these. There is only one other kind of editor in existence, perhaps, who merits the same drastic treatment - that is the editor who does give you a deadline and leaves you to eat out your heart wondering whether or not you can make it and what in Hades are you going to write about anyway? Bentcliffe is one of these also, so you don't need to worry about what you're hanging him for.

As we turn from this really lovely panorama of bodies swinging gently in the breeze, I want you to be careful not to let idle thoughts drift through your mind to the effect that the explanation for such a macabre opening to this column must be that I have let time creep along until it is only a few days before deadline and I have no ideas in mind as to what I am going to write about. I want you to be careful to keep such perfidious thoughts from your mind. They are only true, so what's the use of bothering with them?

In actual fact I am forced to admit that right up to the Eleventh Hour I had nothing in mind for this Abacchus. But I was not worried; you know what always happens at the Eleventh Hour. This time was no exception. Nothing happened. It was shortly after the Eleventh Hour that I was suddenly inundated with a wondrous variety of pregnant ( Help! Clean Up Fandom! Weed Out Filth From Fanzines!) ideas. The mundane ones ( like, for instance, "Send Bentcliffe a time-bomb", " Make him up a parcel of three live vipers, two tarantulas, sixteen pythons, seventy-three curare tipped darts and a cobra"), I discarded. I retained only those ideas which had some little sparkle of original brilliance, those which stood out obviously above all others because of some startling and penetrating novelty, those which were, without a doubt, strokes of genius. This meant that I was still without any ideas. So I delved into my memory.

One hour later, reluctantly leaving Katie in the haystack, I delved in a different part of my memory. How would it be to write a little expose of nudist fannish bathing parties, and scenes of wild fannish debauchery on remote mountain tops, involving prominent BNF's? The answer was simple; it would be lousy. How would it be to resort to the well-known fannish ruse of writing about the room in which most of my fanning is done? Well - perhaps a little better. Try it.

Well - the room in which my fannish outpourings first see the light of day is quite a cause for pride on my part, as it reflects, to quite a significant degree, my aristocratic breeding, my prominent social status and my general high position in our modern culture. As I lean idly against one wall with my notebook and pencil in my hand,



penning (hein ?) a mighty fannish epic, tiny faucets and fountains play merrily along the gleaming porcelain walls, and flow away in cheerful, sloshing rivulets. And if you don't believe that any of this proves my breeding and high social status, I invite you to step outside. Having done so, raise your eyes a little, to a point just above the arch of the outer door. There, indelibly etched in timeless stone ( or 'carved', if you prefer) is the single word - 'GENTLEMEN'. Do you still doubt. ?

Yes, indeed, - there was some promise in the idea of writing about my fanning room. That promised to be lousy too, Try another tack. (Have a drawing pin ? No thank you; I'm not keen on the flavour.) Well, if I got really desperate I could always resotr to Roget's THESAURUS. I had such superb confidency in my own writing ability as to feel certain that I could write a column using nothing other than the words contained in that one book! I stored that away in a corner of my mind as a last ditch defense.

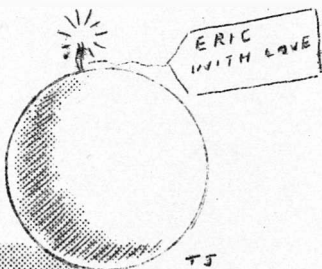
It was, by now, at least quarter past the Eleventh Hour and still nothing quite right had turned up. All these ideas lacked some small something - something like interest, originality, right to exist, good excuses for doing so, etc.

Well, how about a quote ~~RE~~ from THE SUNDAY TIMES, about two Durham University students fighting a formal duel with water pistols loaded with tomato juice, which were carried out to the duelling ground on a satin cushion ?

Or I could quote from a copy letter I came across not long ago, in the murky depths of my files, about a super-fannish idea dreamed up one day last summer somewhere in the wilds of Lancashire: "When Sheila and I went over to see Ken Potter and Irene Gore during the holidays, we all conceived the idea of a fannish colony on wheels; hundreds and hundreds of fans and fannish couples and families all living in caravans and moving round the country ad lib. (Wherever they wanted to go, too.) We had lots or innocent amusement out of visualizing the expression on the face of some static fan, who, looking out of his window first thing one morning, beholds a vast sea of caravans stretching to the horizon and a thousand fannish faces peering in at him and telling him they've come to stay with him for a month or two."

Or, again, I could ask you, in a serious and intellectual frame of mind, to bear with me while we turn the clock back to the month of September in the year 1934. Having done this, what do we find ? Two things: 1) It is a damn queer clock if it is marked off in months and years, and 2) It is twenty one years and six months late anyway. And thus having had a jolly fine time with ourselves all to no avail, we could set forward to wind the clock on again twenty one years and six months. But perhaps we'd better not.

Then again, I could record my appreciation of a play called the INVESTIGATOR which I listened to on the radio quite some time ago.



52 This was a satire on poor old Joe McCarthy, who is by now, I imagine, quite passe. Still, while he was here, he was just one of those unsolvable ( nay - we might even say 'insoluble' - if we happened to know the word) mysteries of the Universe. Like Richard S. Shaver. (N.B. That is not a question.) Thank you. What am I thanking you for? Why, for Nota bena-ing of course. I have noticed lately that reading books has become almost like being in the army ( with a few minor differences perhaps); notes and commands are stuck all up and down the text, one is pushed from pillar to post, ordered to 'Do This', 'Look Here', 'Look There', 'See Here', 'By Jove', 'Note Well', ( by this time one usually isn't), and so on. With never so much as a 'Thank You' from the author. So I am starting a 'Courtesy to the Reader Campaign' - and you'd better N it B!

Yes, each of these possibilities of a subject passed through my mind in turn, but I rejected them all. I knew that each and every one of them lacked something - sanity. And then - in a flash of inspiration - I had it! The answer lay in a large box of clippings and cuttings and odds and ends, which I keep, each of them with some brilliant little twinkle of fannish interest. All sorts of beautiful little gems, from all over the place, reside in that box. Things like.....

But what the devil happened to all my space ?

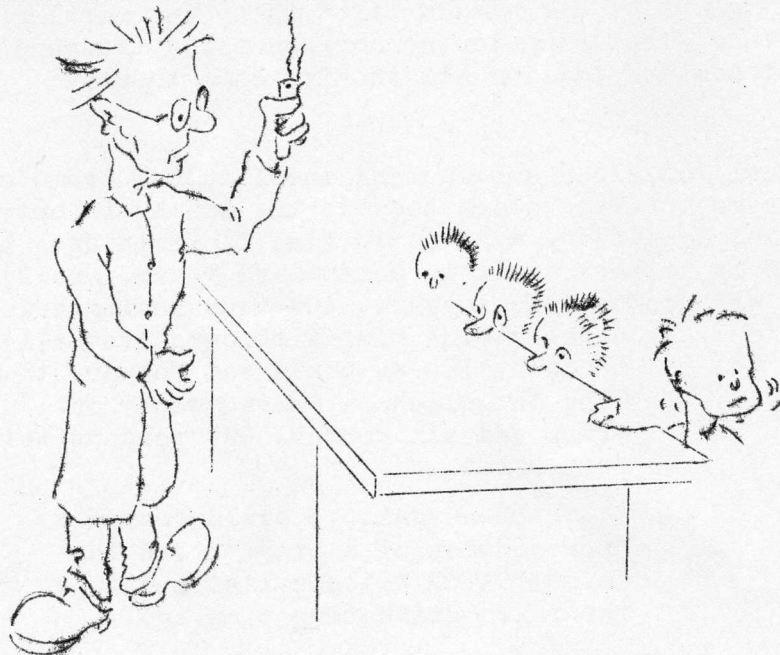
.....Mal Ashworth

/- For the benefit of those who don't coerce Mal into writing for them I'll explain that his opening remarks stem from a penchant for creeping in under the deadline at the last possible moment....however, this time, heh, heh, I've foiled him. I gave him a deadline a week in advance of the real one! EB -/

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This THESAURUS, Mal. Some kind of Dinosaur ???

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# TALL STORY

53

John ( Ashcroft ) travels each day on the train to Liverpool, and one particular morning he got into his usual carriage and sat down to read the morning paper. On the seat opposite, he saw a stranger with a large pile of all the daily newspapers on his knee. The stranger took up the first of these and tore it, page by page, into little strips; he did the same with the next, and with the next until, he had no complete paper left. After he had done this he opened the carriage window and proceeded to throw out, a handful at a time, the dismembered papers. Having despatched the final handful he sat back looking most pleased with himself.

As you can well imagine, John was rather puzzled by all this but not wishing to offend he kept silent, as did the other passengers.

The following day, he got in the same compartment, the stranger was also there and he repeated his actions of the day before.

This went one day by day until, by the end of the week John had used up all his patience. Casting aside his British reserve, he reached for the stranger's arm in a tentative manner, and said; " I say, old man, I hope you won't think me nosey but I wonder if you'd mind very much telling me why you do this every morning."

The man looked at him and chuckled, " Don't you know ?" he queried. " I do this to keep the wild elephants away."

" But..but.." John stuttered, " there are no wild elephants for thousands of miles: "

" I know," said the stranger, " effective, isn't it....."



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