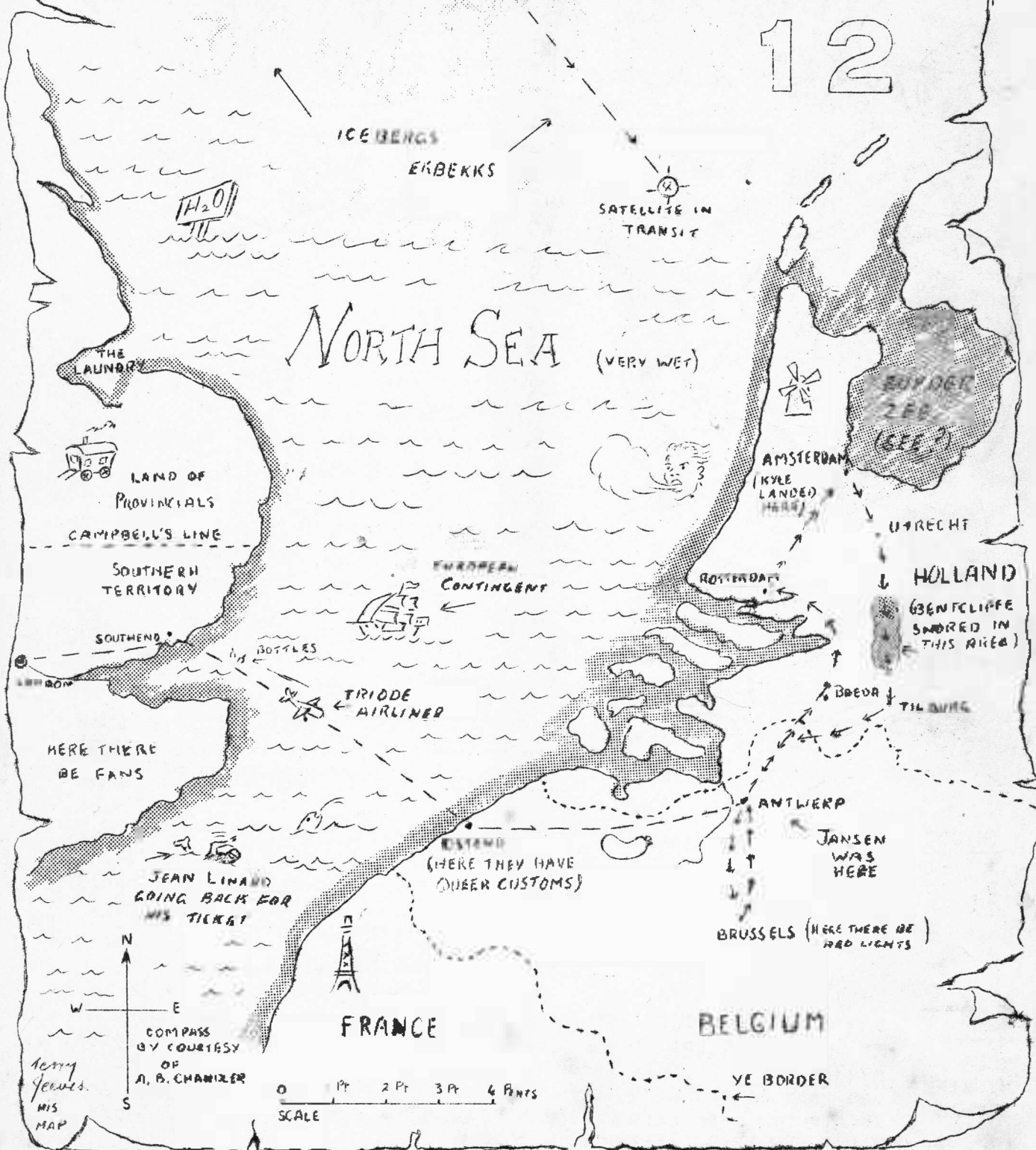


# TRIODE

12





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## TRIODE

### No. 12

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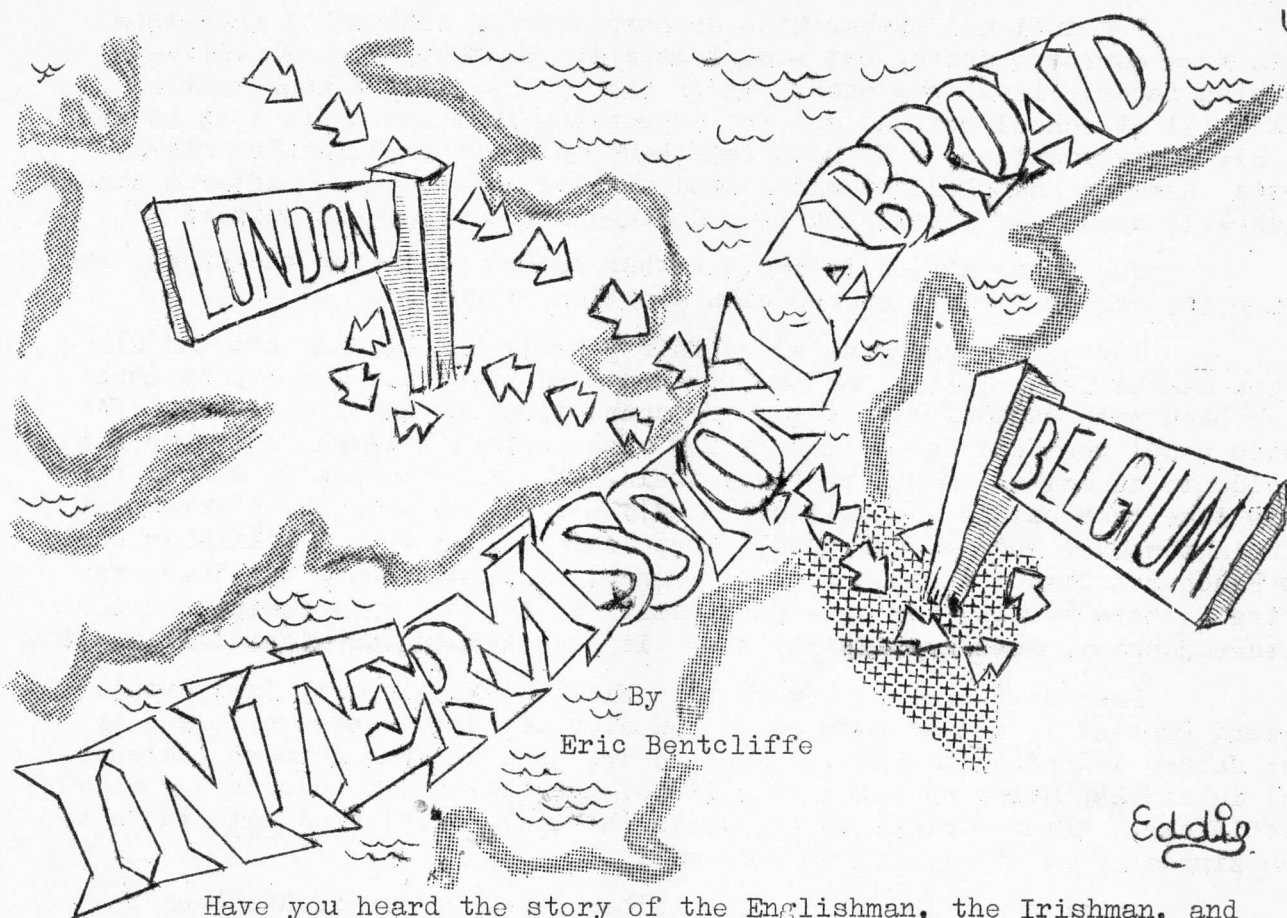
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Is edited and published by Eric Bentcliffe, E.C.L.S.F.S., Kt.S.F. and Terry Jeeves, Kt.S.F. Material and U.K. subs to EB at 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches, England. Artwork should go to Terry at 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks.

The sterling area sub-rate is 1/- per issue. The U.S.A. 7 for One Dollar, which should be sent to our friend Dale R. Smith, 3001, Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota. Tapes and fanzines welcome at any address. This issue should have been out earlier, but instead we decided to put it out later....just so we could wish everybody a MERRY XMAS. This issue is dedicated to Jan, Rosa, and Sonja Jan-sen, and to Arthur & Olive Thomson - for their Hospitality. As this is a very awry editorial declaration we might as well wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR, as well.



By  
Eric Bentcliffe

Eddie

Have you heard the story of the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotchman ?? Well....this saga has got nothing to do with that story at all. This is a Fannish story, a sort of a travelogue, and if you don't care for that type of thing I suggest you turn over a few pages, because I'm going to write it whether you like it or not. One of the main reasons for this being that my recollections of the past couple of weeks are very hazy and I'm hoping to get them down on paper before they entirely disappear into the limbo of my subconscious. Or wherever my thoughts do go to in the Wintertime. I know where they go to in the Springtime, but that's another story, and I Digress.

The story begins on Saturday, August 31st, when I bid dull work begon for my annual vacation. At around 6 o'clock I caught a train for London, where I was to meet Terry. The journey down was relatively uneventful, and mercifully brief...considering that British Railways were responsible for the conveyance. The train, rather misleadingly titled The Comet, arrived at London, Euston at 9.30pm. And there I was met by Terry, and by Arthur Thomson, who had offered to put us both up for the night.

We arrived back at Arthur's flat to find out that news of our passing (through London) had not failed to provoke a reaction. Apart from several females waiting to see Terry, all with irate expressions on their faces ( which stemmed I gather from the days when TJ was 'on manoeuvres' with the RAF); Lars Helander and Mike Moorcock were also present. Mike, complete with guitar.

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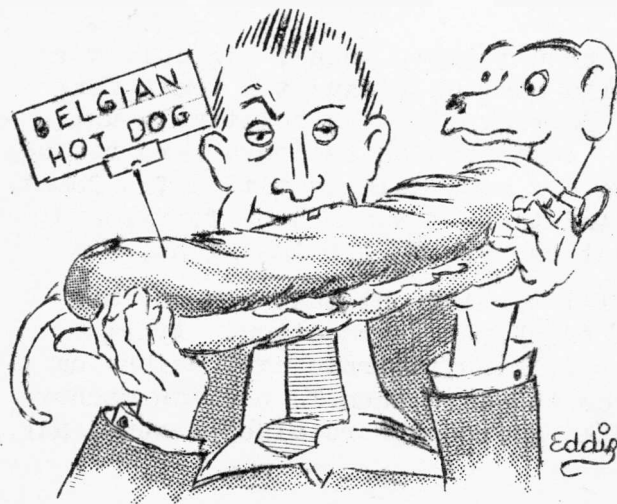
I hadn't met either Mike or Lars before, although I knew them both from correspondence, but was pleased to see their fine sensitive fannish faces. Lars, was much younger than I expected, I knew that he was still at school but had got the impression from somewhere that he was in his early twenties. We nattered about this and that, whilst Olive, Art's charming and obedient wife, plied us with sandwiches. After a considerable amount of persuasion Mike decided not to play his Guitar!

Somewhere around twelvish Arthur locked us in for the night, and after I'd gagged Terry's snores with a pillow, I got some sleep.

The next morning we arose fairly early and bidding Art and Olive adieu caught Tube, Train, and Bus for Southend airport. The Ghod's must have been with us that day, for every connection was made perfectly. It's quite usual when one has to make a few changes that British Railway's will decide to cancel the most important train, the one you want to catch, but this time they outdid themselves. Hardly had we got onto the platform at Kennington Oval Underground than a train came in, we were a half hour early at Fenchurch Street Station for our connection to Southend, but there was a train there waiting for us - a special. We had the same fortune on the return journey, most gratifying, there is such a thing as wishfullfilment!

From Southend we flew over to Middlekerke Airport, just outside Ostend (Ostende), and as soon as we had cleared customs were welcomed by Jan Jansen and his wife Rosa. Jan had driven down from Antwerp (Antwerp-en) in his 2hp Citroen, which in spite of it's lack of horses is a goodly little car. After a visit to the Gents (Hommes), we climbed into the car, Jan zipped up the back, and we were off!

As this was the first time either Terry or myself had been in Belgium we found plenty to interest us on the way to Antwerp. In between cowering down on the back seat as cars zoomed past on the wrong side, we admired the local scenery, very fetching, too! One thing we immediatley agreed on was that the autobahn are an institution which should be introduced in England. We also agreed that we were hungry, and after a couple of hours driving Jan parked the car near the market square of Bruges (Brugge), and we went in search of an eatery...we passed the very ancient and impressive cathedral on the way, but we were very hungry.



The menu was in Flemish, and in spite of having catarrh Terry could not read it, fortunately Jan could, and did. We had Bifstik, Frits; which is to the Belgians what Fish And Chip's is to the English.

It was about this time that we became enamoured of the Belgian licensing laws which allow Beer and Wine to be sold almost anywhere at any time. Spirits, are less widely sold, but again can be purchased almost anytime of the day, where found. Belgium would be an excellent place to hold a Science Fiction Convention.



Unfortunately it rained heavily during our drive to Antwerp, and this made the countryside less interesting than if the sun had been shining. Flanders, the portion of Belgium we passed through on this drive is part of the very flat coastal plain, and although the fields of flowers make it a wonderful sight when gilded by the sun, it tends to be somewhat monotonous on a dull, wet, Sunday afternoon. However, we were too busy nattering to Jan and Rosa to be depressed by it. Rosa, incidentally, claims not to speak English, but she certainly understands most of what is said, and when persuaded to speak the language doesn't seem to have any trouble.

We arrived in Antwerp in the early evening, booked ourselves in and were given the Room That Ellis Mill's slept in last time he was there....we hurriedly looked under the bed to see if he'd left any tape-recorders behind, but found nothing. The Cecil Hotel, is the fannish mecca in Antwerp...we found in one of the Hommes (Gents) an inscription to the effect that "Ron Loves Cecil!". Right next to this was an injunction to read PLOY! I've a vague urge to type that in still another toilet we found the legend "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here", but it wouldn't be true, and in any case I like Dave.



Later that evening we went out to Borgerhout, the suburb of Antwerp in which Jan lives. There we were fed, and had the pleasure of meeting Sonja, the female-type Jansen daughter. We talked, and ate, and tried to persuade Jan that he should come to the Worldcon, even if only for a couple of days. And, eventually, we went back to the Cecil, to bed.

The next morning Terry and I strolled the streets of Antwerp, and sent postcards to people, until it was time to meet Jan for lunch. The afternoon was spent largely at an exhibition of Magic Through The Ages, and studying the local flora and fauna. Although entrance to the exhibition had to be bought in francs, a free movie show was given, so naturally we went and saw the film. This was a very ancient Danish Film called "Vampyr", and was all about Vampires, I think. The reason for my doubt is that the sub-titles were in Dutch, which didn't help very much. Even Jan had difficulty in following this, although the spoken languages of Flemish and Dutch are fairly close the written versions aren't, and we had to keep prodding one another awake.

The evening session was far more interesting. We had a meal at Borgerhout then leaving Rosa to look after Sonja, headed for Brussels... ..and, purely by accident (say's Jan) we parked right slap bang in the middle of the Red Light district. Which was quite interesting. You'll understand that I'm using the British Gift For Understatement in that last sentence! For the benefit of those who have never strolled through a Red Light District on the Continent I will mention that fetchingly-clad femmes sit in the windows, of what at first sight appear to be cafe's, and leer at you. Our interest was purely (sic) clinical, of course.

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Tuesday, was a very different kind of day. Some-time prior to our departure I had dropped a line to Dave Kyle suggesting that he and the other fen who were 'Doing The Continent' before the Worldcon, join us in Antwerp for a day or night. Dave wrote back and agreed that a pre-convention warming-up session would be a good idea, he also wrote to Jan and asked him to arrange a hotel booking for the party of a dozen or so both in Antwerp, and Amsterdam. Unfortunately, there was a slip up on the part of the hotel people in Amsterdam which would have necessitated Shel Deretchin sleeping with three females if not rectified. Although this would probably have been quite okay with Shel, we thought things had better be put right. So...at around 9am we piled into the Citroen and headed for Amsterdam.

And the amazing Two-Horses got us there in just over three hours, during which time we covered something like 200kilometres, passing through Breda, Rotterdam, Den Haag, and Polygoon (The site of the first GDA convention?). The greater part of the afternoon was spent searching for a suitable hotel in which eighteen American's of assorted sexes could be bedded down morally. Inbetween hotels we saw quite a bit of the city, with which I was quite impressed....Amsterdam is known as the Venice of the North, and is a spotlessly clean city when compared to Venice. Every hundred yards or so you cross a canal, at least you do if you look where you are going, evidence that not everybody does was provided by a crane hauling a car out of a canal. I would suggest that the first person to invent a car which will work under-water has a ready made market here!

Eventually, a hotel was found, we celebrated this with a few drinks and a game of billiards (at which Jansen cheated, but Jeeves cheated even better). The KLM airliner with it's cargo of fen was due at Schipol Airport, a few kilometres outside the city, shortly after 10pm.... at least, that was our information. We arrived at Schipol in plenty of time, and found ourselves a suitable vantage point from which to watch for Kyle and Company. After an hours wait, during which several planes had arrived from New York via London, we began to get a little worried. Several enquiries by Jan at the information desk didn't help matters either - KLM weren't sure about this plane themselves, it seemed - they had a flight due from Teheran if that would do! After they had tried to locate the plane for half an hour they suddenly found it - right on their own doorstep. It had arrived early, and the fannish passengers had decided to wait for us at the KLM offices in Amsterdam!

We raced back into Amsterdam, and found there eighteen disconsolate American's. The organizing genius called Jansen got to work and within 30minutes they were safely esconced in a hotel. Then there was time to say hello and to eat a little of Ruth Kyle's Wedding Cake, which was very tasty....as is Ruth. It's rather a good thing for Dave that he married her before he came over to the con, otherwise he might have got trampled on in the rush.

We nattered along, the clock chimed Mid-night, and then we suddenly realised that we still had to get back to Antwerp that night. Reluctantly we left, leaving behind Kyle and Co, Canals, and a fabulous Red-light District....where earlier we had done a little window-shopping. Still, purely from curiosity, you understand?

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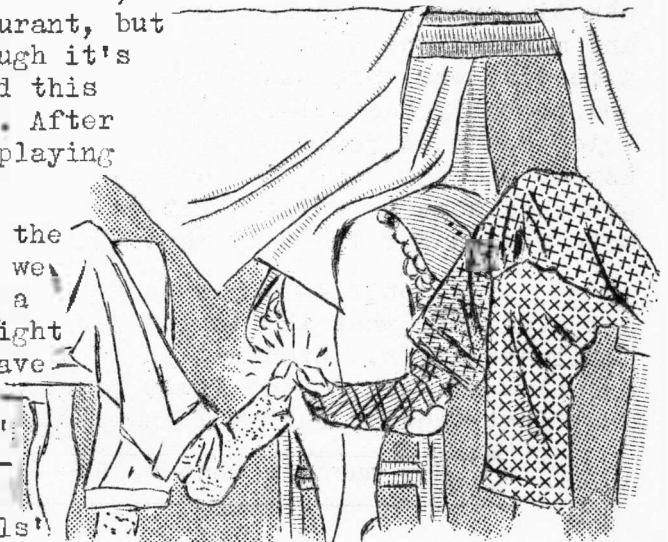
The drive back to Antwerp was quite something. Holland is such a waterlogged country that it gave me an almost permanent sinking feeling, and due to its dampness fog and mist is fairly common, at least, it was that night. Almost as soon as we left the city boundary we encountered ground-mist and this stayed with us for almost the whole of the journey. At times you could see a few yards beyond the bonnet of the car, at times the mist was just above the road and we were driving through what seemed to be a cavern of clouds. Most unusual lighting effects were seen when a car approached from the opposite direction, the mist glowing and becoming brighter for some time before headlights suddenly appeared and rushed past you. We were all three deadbeat by this time, and Terry and I took turns in sitting in the front seat beside Jan and talking him awake. Being unused to these straight Continental autobahn I also, several times, nearly had kittens (metaphorically, of course). Jan, was bashing along at a steady pace and felt quite safe in doing so in spite of the fog, for he knew that there would be no sudden bends. I didn't, being more used to the torturous machinations of the English roads.

Before we left Amsterdam we decided to stop at the first cafe we came to and have a round of coffee's to help us keep awake. The first cafe we came to was in Antwerp, the time then being something after Four o'clock. We had a coffee just the same, it's the spirit which is the thing!

We didn't get up very early the next morning, and as we didn't see Jan until early afternoon, I guess he didn't either. He, Rosa, Terry and myself spent the greater part of the afternoon sat in a sidewalk-cafe drinking Pils (BHEER), and studying the local flora and fauna as it passed on parade, and, of course, talking. Lassitude had set in. Towards 5pm we journeyed to the local station to meet the train on which the American party was travelling from Amsterdam. It came in on time, 'aha,' we thought, this time no slip-ups. We were a little premature, though. Dave Kyle had lost his brother!

The party were escorted to the Cecil, and after they had sorted themselves out, Jan, Terry, and I set out with Dave, Ruth, and Dave's mother and father to find a telegraph office. After contacting the USA legation in Amsterdam, Art Kyle was located, and we went for a meal. I can't recall the name of the restaurant, but it was quite an excellent one, although it's possible that the reason I so enjoyed this meal was that I was sat next to Ruth. After the meal I discovered that I'd been playing footsie with Jeeves!!

Back at the Cecil we found the rest of the party had also eaten, so we sat around and talked, and drank for a while. As this was to be our last night in Antwerp, Terry and I decided to have a last stroll around the city. Shel Deretchin and a couple of 'the girls' joined us. The day ended soon afterwards, it began to rain, so we went to bed.....without Shel and 'the girls' of course.



I must admit to being slightly amused at the American convention of calling men and women, who are often past middle-age, 'boys' and 'girls'. Seems in the States you can never get to be a Dirty Old Man!

I was also rather amused at a remark made by one of the 'girls' of the party. We were talking about passports at the time, and I quasi-quote; "...and there was a little note from Ike in with our passports when we got them back asking us to be polite to the foreigners, and, I mean how can you be anything but polite when you can't speak their language." I've half a mind to sell that one to Readers Digest!

But, once again, I'm digressing. Thursday. Terry and I arose relatively early, strolled round town and did some last minute shopping. Jan arrived about 11am, ready to drive us back to Ostend, whence to London. I was extremely sorry to leave Antwerp, and the Jansens, for the few days there had been very pleasant ones...if it hadn't been for the Worldcon I think both Terry and I would have thought up some excuse for not going back yet.

The drive down to Middlekerke Airport was relatively uneventful, and as the weather was much better than when we had travelled in the opposite direction a few days earlier, very pleasant. The fields by the roadside often ablaze with colourful flowers...which probably Paul Enever could have identified but which I couldn't. On the way, Sonja taught us a Flemish song, which sounds quite filthy, but is actually about a car with no wheels....especially for squares?

On arrival at the airport our travelling-luck was still in, we arrived there a half hour early and there were seats vacant on a plane leaving in five minutes. We bid Jan, and Sonja a reluctant adieu (Rosa had wifely duties to perform and had been unable to come down with us), boarded the plane....and a few hours later, we were in London.

One thing that had been bothering me all the time we were in Belgium was the absence of Boyd Raeburn, who we had expected to join us there. However, we arrived at The Globe fairly early in the evening, and he was one of the first persons we met. The Globe that night was a chaotic thing, with folk from all over the place renewing acquaintanceships, and meeting people they'd only known previously by tape or letter. Such a meeting was ours with Boyd, we'd corresponded both via tape and letter and probably had ill-conceived ideas of what to expect. I recognised the Voice before I realised who the character standing behind me must be. Anyone who has heard the Raeburn accent will readily understand this. I'd expected someone quite a bit taller for some reason...so had Boyd, with more reason for the only photo he had seen of me, I was stood on a chair!

I don't know how many people I talked to that evening, and I'm not even sure what the topics were. It was a time for circulation and acclimatisation. Eventually, we (Terry, Boyd, and most of the Liverpool Group) went back to the Kings Court Hotel, to talk some more...and to hold the first (and as far as I know, last) Brag Session of the convention.

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How much is that popsie in the window ?!

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After breakfast on the Friday morning, I spent some time nattering with the people I hadn't got round to saying hello to the previous evening. I also spent some time trying to find out what was the petition I'd signed when accosted by a young German fan (Rainer Eisfield)...this was presented to me together with a spate of words in set sequence, and the request that I sign 'for the good of Gorfandom', I tried to puzzle out what it was all about, but either my mind wasn't working on all cylinders or something was wrong with it. Later, I discovered that Walt Willis had signed it, and he didn't know what it was all about either, so I'm in good company. Oh yes, I can't accept any responsibility if Herr Ernsting is assassinated as a result of this petition!

Terry, and I together with Eric Needham, went for lunch soon after breakfast-time, we were hungry. And discovered ourselves a cafe where cheap, unwholesome food could be had. Eric's 'Sense of Humour', wasn't very apparent that meal, probably because he'd been travelling all night to get to the con. Looking back, my principle memories of Friday seem to be of the meal-time sessions....going really Mad in the evening a party of us (Boyd, John Roles, Shel Deretchin, Bob & Barbara Silverberg, and myself) decided to visit London's only Siamese restaurant (no, they don't serve two of everything). As a culinary experiment I found this rather disappointing, the menu and mode of cooking being very close to Chinese style.

By the time we returned from this session registering had begun, and we went and paid our dues. On registering, everyone was presented with a sheaf of one-shots put out by the London Transport Commission, the reproduction of these was quite excellent, but the contents were not at all fannish.

About the time I registered (6ish) a press conference was being held, and the turn out from the Weekly's and Daily's was quite impressive. This of course was held with the intent of propagating the gospel of Science Fiction. Unfortunately, although the reporters seemed quite impressed with the words of Campbell, Brunner, et al, they didn't see fit to give the convention much publicity....the only newspaper report I've been able to trace is a brief paragraph in the Manchester Guardian. Several of the reporters stayed with us for further sessions, and several fans were seen sweating whilst trying to explain the ramifications of Fandom to them.

The convention was declared open at an approximation of 9pm, this over the attendee's and the committee let loose a sigh of relief and took solace in the bar. Terry, and I had purchased some duty-free whisky on our way back from La Belge, and decided to have ourselves a quiet room party for awhile. Art Thomson, Boyd, and Les Childs, Bob Richardson from the Cheltenham Group helped us to lower the level of the bottles. Main point of discussion was the difference (if any) between U.K. and Stateside Fandoms, I can't recall what conclusion (if any) we reached....Boyd seemed to think that the main difference was that one faction spoke with a different accent from the other - and from the various natters I had with the USA fan present, I'm inclined to agree with him.





Prior to the convention I'd heard from various people that the folk flying over from the States were a group of 'creeps' 'schmoes' and...er, leeches on the body of fandom. "They aren't Faans", was the message. To a degree this accusation was just, for certainly with the exception of Steve Scultheis, Boyd Raeburn (who did not come over with the main party), and possibly Bob Madle, none of them were at all active in fanzine-fandom. There were one or two 'creeps' along, but in the interests of Anglo-American relations I shan't name them...there were also a number of prototype American-tourists with a desire to 'Do Europe'. And, there were a balance of genius convention-goers. However, to ignore

all classifications, I was very pleased to meet the majority of the Flying Pen and found them very interesting to talk to. I don't think the fact that they weren't faans makes an awful lot of difference, for after all fans don't spend an awful amount of time talking about fandom, or science-fiction.

Before I draw a veil over the events of Friday (those few I recall), I must make mention of Art Thomson and his Bengalese Folk Music Skiffle Group. Patent pending. This group gave a short concert in the main lounge about lam, and was composed of Lars Helander, Mike Moorcock, and Bill Harry, all in trad-style Bengalese costume. Peter Reaney vocalised with the group, and also did an original (very!) dance. During Peter's second number I developed a shocking headache, and decided to retire.

Saturday dawned bright and early about 8am, with only the snores of Jeeves, and the vacuum-cleaning maids in the corridor, disturbing the tranquil air. However, things were not to remain tranquil for long, this was a Science-fiction Convention. I had breakfast....in trufannish company. Then sat around in the lounge with Boyd and Ghu-knows who else listening to the jazz-tape which had been produced by M-A-D, and which was being played over the PA system. This was quite excellent, but, unfortunately, so many people were talking that it was difficult to hear it all.

At one o'clock the convention proper got under with with the inaugural luncheon. Some fan of vanVogt must have thought up the seating plan, it was so devious that it took nearly three-quarters of an hour to get everyone seated. However, at shortly before Two, the meal began, and a very pleasant one it was. During the luncheon there were several toasts and short speeches, notably by Arthur Clarke, John Wyndham, and John W. Campbell (who reminds me, facially, of an older Tom Ewell). Bob Madle said a few brief words, Sam Moskowitz said a few loud ones. Rainer Eisfeld spake a message from German Fandom, and went up in my estimation by lamenting the seriousness of Gerfandom. Lars Helander did a similar service for Swedish Fandom. The closing speech, by Pete Daniels, was the wittiest (his closing remark, "...and let joy be unconfined," being a pearl of wisdom - to those in-the-know), and rounded off a pleasant couple of hours.

The evening session started in a manner familiar to all convention goers, the first scheduled item (presentation of the Achievement awards had to be postponed - the recipients not being present). Instead an auction session was begun with Pete Daniels as auctioneer, who is almost as good as Ted Tubb at this chore. This was followed by an interesting talk about the Planetarium nearing completion in London, by a bod name of Edds. I'd expected to be bored by this, but Mr. Edds was a good speaker and managed to keep most of his audience from drifting into the bar. The only thing that marred this talk (and several of the other sessions in the main hall) for me was the presence of a veritable flock of Bloody Photographers, who would insist on flashing bulbs every few minutes, and who did not hesitate to get between the speaker and his audience to do this. I've nothing against photos being taken at a convention, I like to be able to look through snaps afterwards and recall memories.....but at this con there were just too many of these pygmalion types. If there is another Worldcon in the U.K. anytime in the near future I would suggest either one official photographer being appointed (only he to be allowed to take photos whilst the program is in session, or that a period be set aside for these pests to get the evil out of their systems!

The main event of the evening (and night), was the Costume Ball. This is the first time a dance has been held at a British Convention and I think it was an unqualified success...due in no small part to the band...The Merseysippi Jazz Band led by Pete Daniels, one of the top UK jazz outfits. At around midnight a parade of fancy-dress costumes was held, and there was a surprising number of these....I can't recall them all, but Dave & Ruth Kyle (as Honeymooners), Norman Weedall (as a Headsman), and Frank & Belle Dietz (who looked something like King Rat and Mighty Mouse), all won prizes. The ball went on practically all-night - it was still going strong about 4am when I decided to go to bed. While it was taking place the BBC TV cameras were set up in the lounge, and Rory Faulkner and several other fen were interviewed. Alas, tho', these films have not yet been shown. ITV, did a little better for The Cause, they took film of the costume ball and presented it the following evening.

There were a whole lot of faces from the past cropping up at this convention, Bert Campbell, Tony Thorne, Eric Frank Russell, people who hadn't been seen around fandom for years. T'was nice to see them again, and the characters like Sam Moskowitz and Bob Madle, living relics of second fandom. Bob, in particular I found a very pleasant type....and Forry Ackerman was a far more fannish person than when he came over to the Festivention in '51.

But I went to bed.....and got up the next morning, once again, in time for breakfast. It's my proud boast that I've only once missed breakfast at a convention once. This isn't because I don't need sleep, it's just that I'm mean and don't like missing out on anything I've paid for!

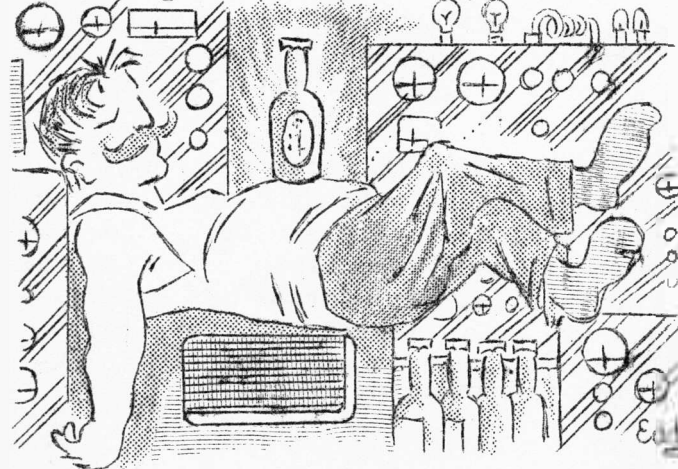
One of the things that seemed to impress the American fen about the convention was that we had a fannish programme. There were of course serious items on the programme, but these were counterbalanced very nicely by the fannish type of thing (all credit to the Liverpool Group, who planned the programme). And, Sunday, was definitely a day for the fan. It started off with the Initiation Ceremeny of Saint Fantony, which was quite impressive, especially for the initiates (of which I was one) who had to prove their worth by drinking down a glass of Polish White Spirit. This impressed me greatly!

The fen who were made Knights of Saint Pantony (by The Cheltenham Group) were presented with a scroll, and with a mounted statuette - a Knight bearing a sheild with SF rampant....after that polish white spirit I was nearly couchant! Fen honoured were; Ken Slater, Walt Willis, Bobby Wilde, Terry Jeeves, Rory Faulkner, Bob Silverberg, Bob Madle, Franklyn Dietz, Boyd Raeburn, and Ellis Mills. And me.

Following this was the film show. First, was the technicolour extravaganza of fannish life in Liverpool, "May We Have The Pleasure". This had been previously shown at the Midwescon, but since then music had been added, and this improved the film enormously. Then came a short film made by the Cheltenham Group, exhibiting a few camera tricks, and location shots of the science fiction film they are in process of making - "All This Grass Is Chiming Bells". The third film was another Liverpool opus, a fine fannish thing called "Fanzapoppin". This had an excellent commentary by that Fan Of A Thousand ~~Vices~~ Voices John Owen. It also must have cost quite a bit to make, and I think that some kind of a fund should be started to help the makers of such films...unlike a Tapera, where the only costs apart from the tape itself are the amount of electricity used, and copious quantities of aspirin; making a film incurs a high cost - £60 to £80, at a conservative estimate.

The final programme item of the afternoon session was a demonstration of hypnotism, but as this didn't appeal to me very much, I took a rain-check and went and had a few drinks instead. I also seem to have missed the major part of the evenings entertainment, although I'm not sure just what I did - there were a lot of periods during the convention when I just sat around with two or three other fen and talked, this was probably one of those. I did get back into the Main Hall for the auction, and was pleased that I had done so for Ted Tubb was holding forth in his inimitable style.

There weren't any real Kettering-type parties at this convention, but the closest approximations took place on the Sunday night. Ellis Mills, who was due to depart from the European theatre of fanac directly the con was over, started things off by holding a farewell party in Room 64. I've vague recollections of sitting on a bed in this room listening to Rory Faulkner singing the Blues....this party wasn't to last tho' for the management phoned the room and asked us to make less noise, it seems one of the receptionists was in the room next door. After giving her a resounding chorus of 'Auld Lang Syne' we changed the scene of operations to Bill Harry's room, and from there to Jean Bogerts room. Where I actually spent half an hour or so talking s-f with Bob Silverberg and Bob Abernathy. I must be a fake-fan!



I also spent some time in my own room during the night...Terry, myself, and Leslie Minards tried to bring Dave Newm-an back to life...Dave had spent this convention living backwards - usually he starts out a model of sartorial perfection (a credit to James White) and finishes up looking like a drunken bum. This time he started out looking like a drunken bum and ended up A Model Of SP! Due to the amount of work he was doing, during the first few days, stringing up wires, and loudspeakers, and sech.

He (Dave) definitely deserves some kind of a medal for the work he did during the con...as does Norman Shorrocks, and the rest of the committee.

MONDAY....started rather hectically for me. Terry, was due back at school on the Tuesday, and this meant he had to leave early Monday if he was going to be in any fit state to teach the kiddeywinkies. We'd been fortunate in getting a mimeoscope at the auction the previous evening, and as this was rather heavy I gave Terry a hand with the luggage as far as St. Pancras. By the time I returned from this sorte the morning session was over, and it was SOUTHGATE IN '58, by a unanimous vote.



I seem to have spent the greater part of Monday saying goodbye to people, Mike Gates, Ellis Mills, et al. I recall bumping into Harrison after waving off Mike Gates. He (Harrison), had received an urgent telegram from the Foreign Office, and tipping His homburg to me, expressed His reluctance at having to leave the convention so soon, "...a crisis has arisen, you know...". I saw Him to the door where His bodyguard of twelve beplumed Waziri warriors awaited Him. Assegai's waving proudly they marched away in the general direction of the Lower Bayswater Road. To further adventures.

Returning to the convention hall, I took in the session between Forry, Bob Madle, and Sam Moskowitz, during which each attempted to confound the others knowledge of The Early Days. Fascinating. Their Brains also, should Be Pickled For Posterity.

Apart from the auction, late in the evening, that was the last 'official' item I took in. And, as I've only vague recollections of what I did the rest of the day....I wasn't sozzled, just tired.... it's probably time I brought this 'report' to a close. Before I do, though, I must make mention of:- The party Belle and Frank Dietz gave in the lounge that evening, at which films of the New York Group were shown. - Being shown around London on the Tuesday by Boyd Raeburn. - The Tuesday night session at Arthur Thomson's, when Boyd, Steve Scultheis, Art and myself talked for several hours about 'something'.

And, that I managed to get a blasted cold, and had to cut my vacation short to come home and nurse it....I've had another one halfway through writing this report, and must lay blame for any lack of continuity on this. Then there was the natter at Harry Turner's a week after the convention when Boyd stopped off en route to Belfast....but, this thing could go on for ever - and the postal rates have gone up!

In retrospect; this was the most prolonged burst of contact-fanac I've ever indulged in, I'm only sorry life can't be one mad whirl like this was, all the time. Even if it does seem to have weakened my resistance to the influenza bug.

KETTERING IN 58!!



# TRIODE AWARD FOR 1957

During the past year or more it has become fairly common practice to honour thy fellow fen. This started with the Liverpool Groups Ex-Chairman of LaSFaS award (it being deemed a great honour to become an ex-chairman without having undergone the trials of office), and continues with the Cheltenham Groups award for good fannish behavior - a Knighthood of Saint Fantony.

TRIODE has also decided to institute an annual award. This, it is hoped will 'fill the gap' inbetween the other two awards, for, though not wishing to detract from their merit, it must be admitted that there is a segment of fandom which will forever go unhonoured by its very nature. We think that this situation should be rectified.

After a great deal of thought and cogitation it has been decided to call this TRIODE award The Bhurgers Of Fandom. We trust that you The Fan will, in the future, treat with deference anyone you know to have been awarded this title, for, let it be said that this title will not be given lightly. And, only one person annually will be awarded this title.

To this years award. It wasn't easy, as you can imagine, to sift from the body of fandom one person who has done sufficient that he should be preferred above all others. We decided therefore to hold a secret ballot - not only of the U.K. fans, but of fen the world over. America, Australia, Canada, Holland, Belgium, (these two latter countries we covered personally during our recent visit) Sweden, - in fact every country in which there are fans. The results came in and were tabulated during weeks of back-breaking work.

It soon became obvious that one fan, and one fan only met the strict definition we had laid down. Therefore it gives us great pleasure in announcing that the recipient of the TRIODE AWARD FOR 1957 - the first BHURGER OF FANDOM, is :-

PETER REANEY, B.F.



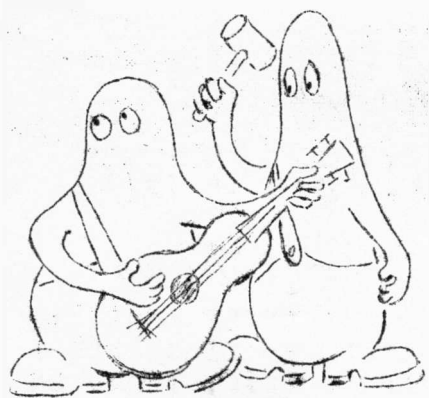
The hurtling express of British Railways crawled into St. Pancras station only half an hour late. I unloaded my crate of portable fanning gear and staggered off down the platform to find Arthur Thomson. In spite of the thousands of hurrying people, I had no difficulty in finding him, as a stalwart member of the GDA, his false beard, trench coat and slouch hat made him easy to recognise. My diagnosis was confirmed by the large poster - ARTHUR THOMSON - which he was holding over his head. We exchanged fannish greetings, Arthur gave me his hand, and I gave him my case. Apparently the GDA are NOT prepared to accept ANY case, as mine was returned so quickly that two passers-by caught Asian 'Flu from the draught. To avoid being caught again, Arthur set off towards the tube station at top speed. I was forced to totter along behind him, leaving a trail of mutilated passengers nursing battered shins and broken ankles.

*Terry Teeves*



The escalator proved no problem, as Arthur had the bright idea of allowing my case to slide down the steps -(probably because I offered it to him again) - The case slid beautifully and caused quite a stir. However we were lucky enough to get on a train before the crowd caught up with us. We had a relatively peaceful ride, marred only by the old lady who told me off for not letting my grandad sit down; and surfaced at the Oval. Once again Art set off, as if hot on the trail of a Marilyn Monroe calendar. He shot past the Parish Church, through the traffic lights and across the road on to a waiting bus. Here again, I was out-manoeuvred. With a cry of "Cases have to go upstairs" he vanished up the steps. Fifteen minutes later as my heart had dropped to a steady 100 rpm.,

16 Atom jumped to his feet and dashed down the stairs. I deduced that this was his way of showing me where I got off, so I followed at top speed. I didn't want to miss him....I didn't, the case slipped from my hand and vanished down the stairs. An anguished yell from the platform informed me that a unique occurrence had taken place. Instead of the Goon being on a case, this time, the case was on a Goon. My triumph was short lived. Atom handed me the case with an injured air, "I was going to carry it the rest of the way, but now my back's broken, I'd better not". Disentangling his false whiskers from the conductor's braces, he set off at a hot pace which proved that his legs were OK even if his back was broken. I don't think it was, he was probably just fibbing. After another half-mile dash, Atom turned in the door of a block of flats. He removed his beard, hung it on a nail beneath the sign BROCKHAM HOUSE, and nonchalantly



pressed the button for the lift. I dropped my case on the floor and breathed a sigh of relief...too soon, the goddam lift was out of order. Three floors later, I made an effort to walk into Atom's flat. The human body can only stand so much - with the traditional sickening thud I collapsed on the doorstep. The click-click of high heels sank into my bemused brain. I opened one eye. Mrs. Atom was hovering over me like a ministering angel. I prepared to be ministered. The Goon agent's spouse must be accustomed to bodies, as she merely stirred me with her toe and complained, "But you can't leave it there Arthur, it looks so untidy" Atom solved the problem by waving a double whisky under my nose

and by keeping it just out of arm's reach, he was able to lure me into the living room...then he drank the stuff. However Mrs Atom (who turned out to be called Olive)(And who is a real good-looker to boot) took pity on me, and began to ply me with sandwiches and tea. I was soon fully recovered, so much so that Arthur began to suggest another turn around the block, complete with case, if I didn't stop chasing Olive around the room.

Tempus fugited on its merry way, and it soon became time to sally forth in search of Eric the Bent, who was due in on the 9-15 train. We got to the station in good time, and having sampled a few noggins of BRale (the stuff you have to touch to find out about) we walked on to the platform, dug Eric out of a crowd of screaming females and headed off back to Brockham House. This time, it was Eric who was forced to chase us, but the chase was much more hectic owing to his habit of mistaking long blonde hair, for Arthur's false whiskers. However, we finally made it back to the flat, and found the place over-run by fen ...the place was full of em. At least, Mike Moorcock (and his guitar) did most of the filling, and the supporting role was filled by Lars Helander. An issue of Atom's home brew soon disposed of the skipple group, Eric was lured into the kitchen by Olive, and Arthur beckoned me into a corner of the living room. He motioned me to silence, donned his false beard and in a hoarse whisper, said, "I am making you a trainee Goon operative. Here is your badge, wear it on your pajamas

G.D.A.  
1/1

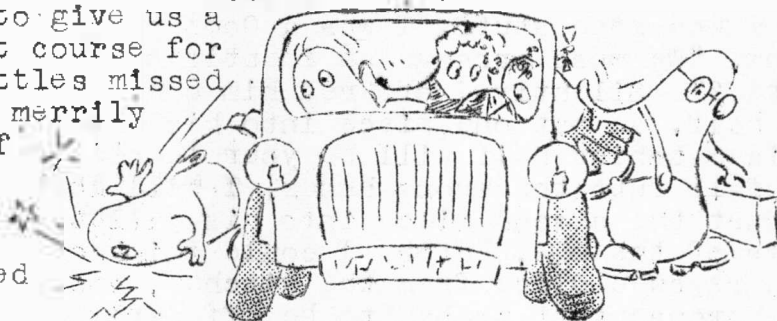
at all times. Now, here is your assignment. We suspect that Eric is not a true Goon sympathiser, and while in Belgium, he may try to contact the forces of the Antigoon underground. We want you to keep a close watch on him, and report anything which you think might be of value to the Goons." I felt a glow steal through me, that home brew was good stuff. I was a Goon operative (u/t). "Now", whispered Atom. "We must arrange an identification sign. Have you a pound note?" Silently I offered him one. Equally silently, he tore it in half. He put one piece into his wallet, and held up the other. "This matching half will be your identification, but rather than let it fall into the wrong hands, I will look after it". So saying, he thrust the second piece into his wallet. I was struck by the thoroughness of the GDA. Before I could think of an alternative plan, Atom had rescued Olive from the kitchen, and bundled us all off to bed on the excuse that we had to be off early in the morning.

A new day dawned, and fortified by an excellent breakfast prepared by Olive, Eric and I were hustled out of the flat and set on our way. The last I saw of Arthur, he was busily occupied with a reel of 'Sellotape' and a couple of bits of blue paper. After a pleasant trip to the airport, during which Eric showed no Antigoon tendencies other than a lack of interest in the 'tube adverts, we finally sauntered jauntily out on to the tarmac and followed a hostess to our plane...a really lovely thing, smooth lines, and a really provocative hip waggle. The plane wasn't bad either. In fact, it was truly fannish, as it had TWO beanies, both at a lovely rakish angle, almost horizontal. We climbed in, and out again quicker than that....no pilot. The hostess explained that the pilot had a room to himself up the front, as he wasn't a very good mixer. We climbed in again, and in obedience to a little sign that said 'Fasten your safety belts", we racked ourselves to the seats. This was obviously a cunning plan, as no sooner had we done this, than the lovely hostess disappeared, and was replaced by a male-type man. There was a thundering noise from the engines, and the plane began to roll out on to the runway, and before Eric had bitten more than three nails, we were in the air. The horrible male-type host began hawking duty free cigarettes, which we charmingly declined, knowing full well that we could get 'em even cheaper in Belgium. Then the charming intelligent fellow began hawking whisky. Not wishing to hurt his feelings, we bought some, drank some, bought more, drank more and so on, until the plane began to develop a most queer dithering. After a few more heavy bumps, things quietened down again, and we were just congratulating each other on our excellent air-travel acumen, when the horrible man came around again to ask if we wanted to stay here all day. Apparently we had landed in Ostend. To the accompaniment of jingling bottles, we climbed out and moved over to the Customs shed.

They have some pretty queer Customs in Ostend, but we had very little trouble in getting certified. Leaving the airport staff busily engaged in sweeping the airfield and repairing punctures, we shot out on to the carpark and found Fan Jansen, his charming wife Rosa, and GAFIA inducing daughter



Sonya. Belgian children must be very clever, as Sonya, although very young, could speak the language fluently. Fanjan led us to his car, a 2hp Citroen, and after one or two false starts, we were able to get ourselves and the luggage safely inside. The airport staff turned out to give us a rousing send-off as we set course for Antwerp. Luckily, the bottles missed and we were soon tootling merrily along on the wrong side of the road. In spite of its size, the 2hp engine shot us along at a merry clip, and we were happily engaged in making vain efforts to convert kilometres per litre into miles per gallon. The autostrades (autobahns to you ignoramuses) intrigued us no end, though Eric lost interest when he found you couldn't park on them...worse still they have no dark corners, running dead straight for miles on end.

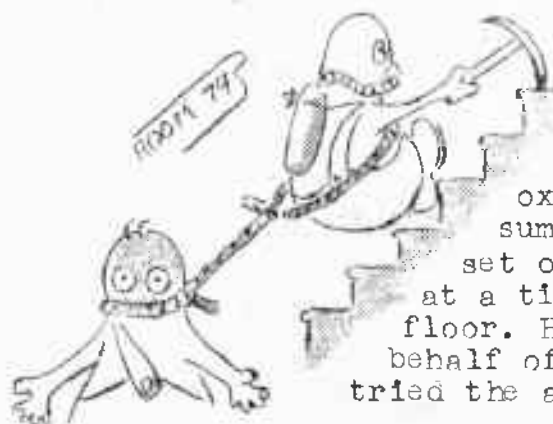


Half way to Antwerp, we knocked off for a meal, and sampled our first meal in Belgium. We had beefsteak frites and Pils, which turned out to be Beefsteak a la concrete, chips, and beer. Bearing my Goon commission in mind, I paid close attention when Eric tried to contact the waitress. After some most peculiar antics, and very daring sign language, he slipped away towards the back of the cafe. I tiptoed after him, eased the door open and slipped through, to find myself in the toilet. My impression that this was purely a red herring laid across my trail was heightened when I noticed the label 'Heren' on the door. Making the excuse that I had come to wash my hands, I accompanied Eric back to our table, where Jan introduced us to the higher mathematics of the currency.

Out on the road again, the Citroen soon knocked off the rest of the journey into Antwerp, and we had some breathtaking moments as Jan weaved through traffic on his way to the Cecil hotel. We unloaded all our gear, and staggered inside to register. The Cecil turned out to be part hotel, and part beer/garden/cafe...a brilliant idea of Jan to put us there. Naturally, the beer trade eyed us with interest, probably heightened by my scarlet beanie, and the silk stockings trailing from Eric's case. Jan went into a huddle with the manager, and it developed that our room had been taken over by someone else. However, another one was available, and we

set off in search of room 79. This proved to be just like any English hotel, totally devoid of rooms on the lower floors. Three flights up, we established a base camp (Later dubbed 'The South Col') and prepared our

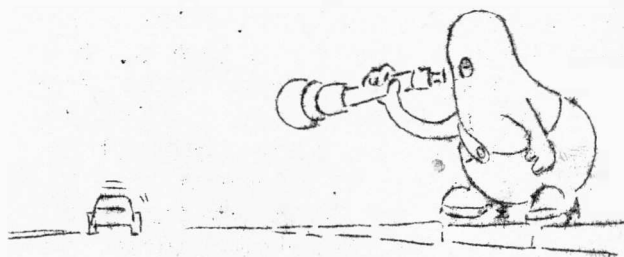
oxygen equipment for an assault on the summit. It was with triumph that we finally set our feet on the carpet of room 79, one at a time, as the bed occupied most of the floor. Having officially claimed this room on behalf of the World Science Fiction Society, we tried the amenities. The cold tap was tried and





pronounced Cold. The hot tap was tested and pronounced Empty, and a small cabinet turned out to be an intriguing China cupboard with but one excellent example of pottery therein.

Having fully cased the joint, we spruced up a bit and went downstairs to wait Jan's return. In fluent English, we ordered two Pils, and feeling true men-of-the-world, settled down to admire the scenery. The discovery of a pin-ball machine started a battle royal between us to see who could get the highest score. Francis flowed madly, and we knew that we were upholding the reputation of the mad English. Jan came to collect us, and I hastily copied down the combination scored by Eric, in case it was an Anti-goon code. I later decyphered the letters to read 'TILT'. Supper at Jan's followed by fan nattering brought us to the close of our first day in Belgium, and after the practice of climbing the stairs to Jan's floor..the top one, naturally, we were easily able to get to our own room at the Cecil, with but the shortest pause at the South Col.



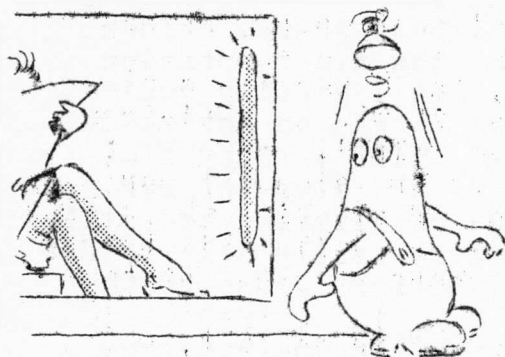
Belgian pedestrian preparing  
to cross the road

Monday dawned fair and wet, and after a tour around the shops in the morning, and two or three Pils (They never close the pubs in Belgium) we felt quite used to francs, Flemish, and Fantwerp. The traffic did however give us trouble. Apart from driving on the right hand side, there seemed to be no other law, and apparently, so Jan assured us, no speed limit. This meant that cars zoomed through the city streets at 40-50 mph, and any driver seeing a gap one yard wide would do his best to enlarge it by brute force to take his car. Under such conditions, crossing a road in

Belgium is a major operation, and requires careful planning. We spent the afternoon at an exhibition of Magic, and attended the film show (free) of an amateur film called 'Vampyras' admittedly it was in Danish, so even Jan couldn't tell what happened, but even so, we never did find out what it was all about. The hero (?) went fishing in his best suit, became a ghost, a young woman became a vampire, and shadows walked all over the place... oh yes, and one poor guy got buried in corn in a grinding mill. All very confusing.

In the evening, Jan ran us out to Brussels, where we found another interesting Belgian custom. Small cafes with no customers. Instead, a beautiful lady sat at a table in the window, playing cards by the light of a red strip light. These solitary ladies were obviously lonely, as they invariably smiled, invited us in, and generally tried to show us that we would be welcome. Unhappily we hadn't the time to dally, and Jan whisked us back to Antwerp, where by a curious coincidence we passed some identical places on our way to a night club. Jan and I concentrated on the beer, while Eric concentrated on the ladies. He danced with one or two, then as befits a tru-fan, rejoined us for beer. On our way back to the

Cecil, we deviated slightly in order to bid the lonely ladies of the cafes, a last good night. Some of them had deserted their posts and left the light burning as a guide to weary travellers. Others were so desperately lonely by now, that they used such feminine wiles as the 'silken knee' to coax us to tarry. Not being in a tarrying mood, (No, not even Eric) we settled in the Cecil around 1 am, and prepared for an early morning take-off for Amsterdam.

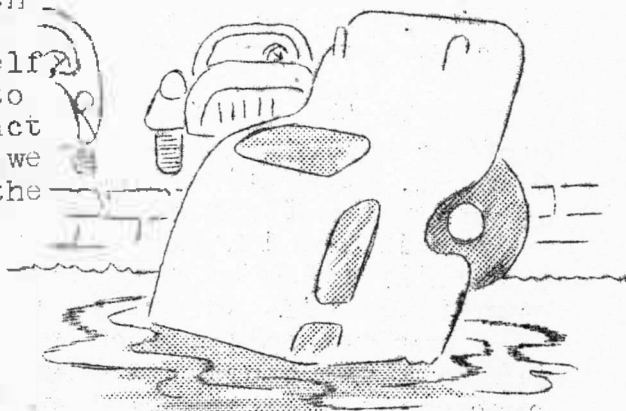


Jan collected us bright and early, and after nipping around to the exchange and converting some francs into Guilders for use in Holland, we made our next call at the Police Station where Jan had to show his face for the offence of driving with faulty lights (on the car, naturally). After knocking the policeman up, Jan demonstrated the lights, which for some esoteric reason failed to work. The cop, marked at losing his beauty sleep, made a date with Jan for the next Assizes, and

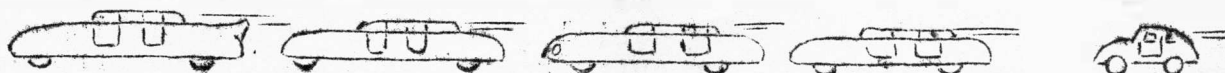
we set sail for Amsterdam. After an hour's driving, I was starting to doze, when suddenly a signpost whizzed by 'POLYGOON'. I awoke in a flash. This must be the way to Eric's antigoon contact. With lightning like mental accuracy, I substituted a for p, n for o, t for l, and i for y. The meaning was clear. Poly was a code name for Anti. We must be approaching an Antigoon HQ ! Hardly had I time to assimilate this amazing fact, when the car began to slow down at a road barrier. Armed men surrounded us as we stopped. Without a second's thought, I swallowed my Goon badge. If my Goon status was discovered, my fate would be sealed. Meanwhile Jan was gabbling rapidly in Belgian. He turned to us and said. "Dutch Customs, they want to see your passports. With a horrible sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, I handed mine over. Eric did the same. Five minutes later, we got them back, covered with rubber stamp marks, and the border guards saluted smartly as we rolled into Holland.

The loss of my Goon badge pained me considerably, but even so I noticed that the country looked exactly the same. No canals or clogs in sight, not even a windmill. I began to think we had caught them off the normal holiday season, with all the normal trappings in moth-balls. However, as we drew into Amsterdam itself, three hours later, we found the place to be literally riddled with canals. In fact with so many canals, and so few roads, we began to wonder where they parked all the cars. A quick glance along one of the waterways showed us how one driver had solved the problem in a rather drastic way.

Jan parked the car, and we hiked around the hotels of Amsterdam until we found one that could cope with a load of Americans...the point



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of the trip was to meet Dave Kyle and his flock. They were due to arrive on the 9pm plane at Schiphol airport. By 10-30, we had seen people arrive from Persia, Blackpool, South Africa and all points East, but still no Dave Kyle. Our coat lapels were worn down to the padding through thumping our Worldcon badges in the faces of people who looked like Kyle, looked like Americans, or who just looked. After another three trips to the enquiry desk, Jan found that they had been holding a message for a 'Mr Jansen'...The staff were amazed to find that he was Mr Jansen. Apparently Kyle & Co. had arrived at 7-30, and were sitting waiting for us at the KLM

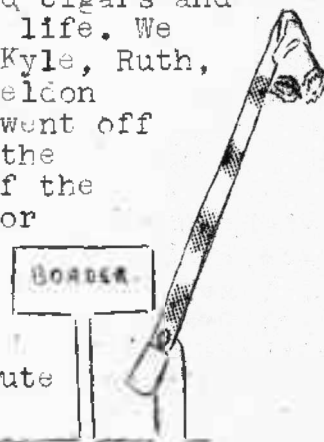


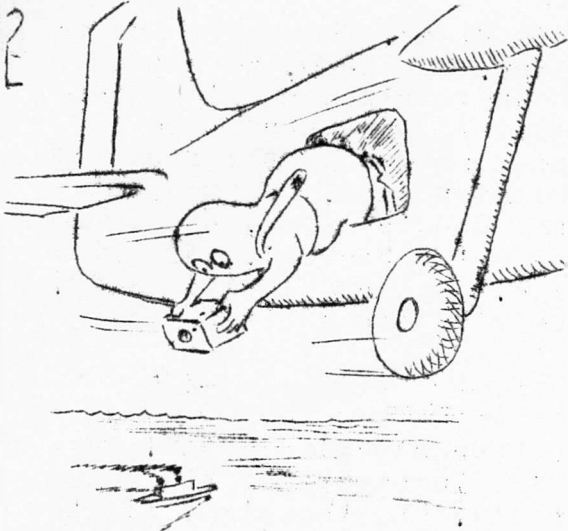
offices in Amsterdam...five minutes from our starting point. We set off back and found them busily chewing lumps out of KLM's polished floors. Gear was loaded into taxis, and the giant fleet swung off in impressive array. People gaped at the impressive parade, but the effect was slightly spoiled by the little Citroen gamely struggling to keep up at the back. However, we gave the Royal salute to all and sundry, took a wrong turning, just missed parking in a canal, and got to the hotel in time to save the flock from being turned away. The manager finally bedded down the 20 odd fen and near-fen, we had the pleasure of sampling some of the Kyle's lovely wedding cake after we had rescued Ruth Kyle from the clutches of Bentcliffe (Apparently no one had warned her) and set off back to Antwerp just after midnight.

Jan drove like a hero, and the Citroen responded with its best, but fog rising from the canals and dykes slowed us down. Eric and I took it in turns to snooze in the back while the other kept Jan awake. A short spell at the border gave us a chance for leg stretching, and again I kept a close watch on Eric, I may have missed something though, as when he got back in the car, there was a seraphic smile on his face which widened as we passed under an unusual emblem decorating the upraised barrier post. I could have sworn the guards were all men.. Once again we shot through the village of Polygoon, and my stomach gave a few twinges that made me remember my missing badge. Arriving in Antwerp shortly after 4 am, we found a cafe (dead easy, they were all open) had a drink and turned in for the night (what was left of it).

The next morning we collected the Kylians as they arrived in Antwerp, and played pin-ball, drank Pils; smoked cigars and generally introduced them to the Belgian way of life. We rounded off the day by having dinner with Dave Kyle, Ruth, And Mr & Mrs Kyle senior, and finally I took Sheldon Deretchin to see the lonely ladies. Bentcliffe went off 'dancing'. We bumped into him wandering around the cafes looking horribly red-faced in the light of the neon lamps. Shel and I went back to the Cyril for a final beer, and Eric joined us soon after. I feel sure he'd contacted his Goon agent, but I couldn't prove it.

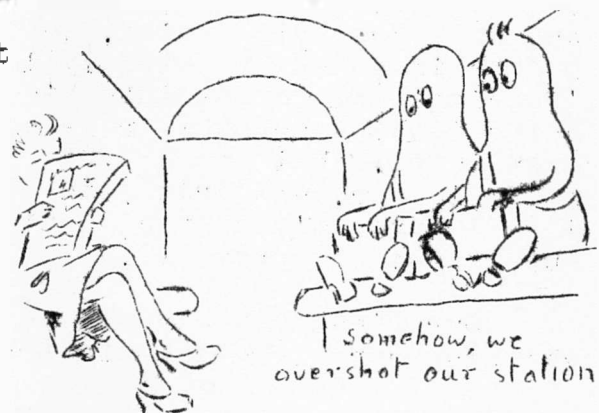
Our final day dawned, and after a last minute shopping spree. we set off for Ostend airport.





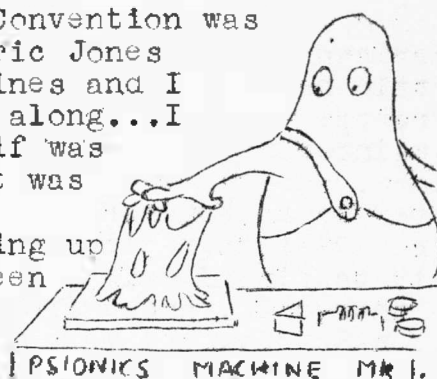
We arrived at the airport two hours ahead of schedule, but in spite of this, the very enterprising Belgian officials insisted in finding seats for us on an earlier plane. They even waved good bye, as I distinctly saw one wipe his handkerchief across his forehead. Once we were airborne, we paid our respects to the captain, but he seemed to be another shy type, so we whiled away the trip by taking a few aerial photographs and repacking our duty free cigarettes in the strong paper bags provided free by the airline. A bloke in front was obviously trying to blow one of these up in order to burst it, but apparently he hadn't the lung power, as he finally looked sheepish and pushed it under the seat.

A glamour type hostess drove us to the statio at Southend, and not long after we reached London and transferred to the tube. A little chaos was caused by our overshooting a changing point, but that was due to a slight distraction. We retraced our lines, and after leaving the tube, a half hour's walk saw us gazing at that fannish Mecca, THE KING'S COURT HOTEL. We bowed thrice to the East, entered and signed our names in the book. Being a couple of days early, only a few fen were registered so far, mainly neos such as Bennet, and Willis. Naturally, as you might have guessed, our room was on the fourth floor, but hardened by our life in the dark depths of Jansenland, we dashed merrily round to the lift...it was out of order, so we lugged our gear up flight after flight of stairs, now and then we paused to help a fellow traveller adjust his oxygen equipment, and occasionally we encountered a pile of paint pots, and once we stumbled over a carpet. At last we reached our objective and settled down to unpack. This called for a sampling of the duty free whisky, and from this point on, the proceedings of the week tend to become blurred at the edges. In fact, this is a good place to say that this article is NOT a Convention Report. From here on, I'm just going to mention the odd items that stick in my memory. One such item being the shock I received on meeting John W. Camobell Jr, and discovering that he is NOT nine feet tall. However, I can now die happy in the glades of the Gafia bush with the thought that I actually talked with him. On Saturday, we had a short opening session about which I fail to remember a thing. Every so often during the day, a cacophony of jazz would shatter our eardrums. Back two days to the Thursday evening at the Globe which was packed three layers deep in fen. Breakfast on Friday morning when we found the only choice of menu was 'Take it or leave it' Peter West taking photographs of everything. Reaney sitting quietly in a corner. Bods with guitars trying to stop people using them for ashtrays...a damn good idea, I thought.



Somehow, we overshoot our station

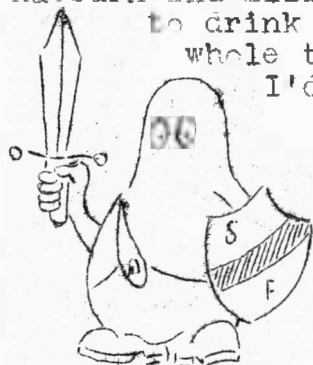
When I first saw the hall in which the Convention was to be held, I just didn't believe it. Eric Jones guarded the door with two psionics machines and I was playing with one when Campbell came along...I TALKED WITH HIM! Anyway, the hall itself was long and narrow. When I first saw it, it was also empty except for a perspiring Dave Newman who was working like a slave fixing up amplifiers, lighting, curtains and umpteen other things. Dave incidentally kept up the good work for the whole week-end.



Without him, I venture to say that we wouldn't have had a convention. To take his place at the wandering parties, Dave had brought along his girl-friend Leslie, who in addition to being charming and intelligent, made me wonder even more how it is that Liverpool has so many lovely fem-fen.

The Saturday evening fancy dress-ball suffered somewhat from the activities of the ITV cameras. These were set up in the lounge, and kept grinding away at interviews and crowd shots from 10pm until 6am. Naturally everybody wanted to get their pans on TV, so it took quite a while to get the parade parading..in the meantime, I wore out my aged legs dancing with Leslie. The costumes were really terrific, but to my mind, the best personal creation of Bob Richardson should have got a prize. Dave and Ruth Kyle collected one deservedly...most of their costumes being provided by Messrs Woolworths in the form of kitchen utensils reworked with the aid of pliers. Rita Peaney turned up again as usual. Many characters wore beards of their own attempted growing, but in spite of much hard work, it was obvious that the whiskers had fallen on stony ground. Boyd Raeburn proved to be even more charming in person than on tape, and Bob Madle, TAFF representative turned out to be a really nice, though quiet sort of character.

Sunday morning was one of the usual bleary kind, and the first thing I remember was someone shoving an envelope in my hand. The note inside said that I was requested in the main hall for the Ceremony of St Fanthony, presented by the boys from Cheltenham. It turned out that I was to be made a Knight of St. Fanthony, along with Eric, KFS, WA, Rory Faulkner, Bobby Wilde, Bob Silverberg, Bob Madle, Frank Dietz, Boyd Raeburn and Ellis Mills. Partway through the ceremony, we had to drink unadulterated rocket fuel..140 proof...The whole thing brought tears to my eyes, in fact I thought I'd been poisoned by the forces of the Antigon.



The film Mr Wonderbird was presented in the evening, but this rather bored me, so I went off for a wander, and found Ken McIntyre half pickled. This was such a rare happening that I bought him a drink (another rarity) to celebrate the occasion. Ellis Mills was giving away King Size Chesterfields, and flogging



American whisky to the inebriates around. Eric and I bought a bottle between us, and decanted it into the duty-free bottles purchased on the Air Ferry. To do this we had to empty out the remainder of the original whisky, but we emptied it in the right place, and toddled back to the auction. Being foiled in my attempts to buy hard cover science fiction at 3d a time, I bid for a Gestetner mimeoscope, and finally got it for £3-10-0, only to find I only had thirty bob on me. Eric coughed up another quid, and a frantic search under the seats produced Peter Roanoy, who was quickly persuaded to lend another quid to the fund. Putting away my knuckle-dusters, I carried the mimeoscope off in triumph. I haven't used it yet, as they forgot to include the instructions, so if any of you have managed to read as far as this, and have the gen on operating these things, please let me know...this applies especially to Norman Shorrocks who put the thing in the auction in the first place.

Monday came, and I had to go. The Sheffield Education Committee have not yet given their approval to World Conventions as being of a cultural nature. I managed to get home in one piece and after wading through the mail pile things began to unwind back to normal.

The piggy bank is back in use again in readiness for the next shindig which is to be held at Kettering at Easter. If you missed the Worldcon, get the lead out of your pants, and get your name down early..

To fill this stencil I'm going to natter about sundry current items, the first being (and there probably won't be space for another) the Russian Satellite. All credit to the Russians for doing a marvellous job, now instead of all these sour grapes, 'Anybody can throw a piece of junk up there' why don't competitors try to beat that mark? As for 'code' messages, it's about time someone pointed out that coding is the best method of transmitting back scientific data. At the moment, the newspapers are implying that the 'code' contains secret military information...Nuts to 'em. Meanwhile, I feel big headed, those of you who keep your copies of Triode might care to look up my prediction that the final stage of the rocket would also stay in the orbit. What I'm still wondering is, why separate satellite and third stage and thus go to the trouble of needless weight and instrumentation?

Finally, My THANKS to the Jansens and the Thomsons for putting us up, and up with us. Without their kind efforts the holiday would have been nowhere near as good. The same applies to all the people who worked so hard for the Worldcon, and Dave Newman in particular. To all of you, thanks again.



\* Editorial Note; The first episode in this series comprised the narrative of two young subalterns, Cyril Faversham and Harry Hurstmonceux, who, whilst on patrol duty near the Khyber Pass in 1937, were brought to the secret headquarters of Harrison, 'The White God,' in order to assist him in a projected Holy War against the 'Northern Barbarians.' The history of that gallant failure - in which the little band of men reached the outskirts of Moscow, only to be ordered home by a timorous, vacillating British Government - is too well-known to bear repeating here; the interested reader is referred to "With Harrison Through The Soviet Republics", "The Magnificent Gamble", and the many other works available on the subject. The episode which follows is another in the little-known series of adventures that befell two of the Great William Harrison's most loyal and devoted subordinates.



June 30th, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Thirty Nine, and a vague restlessness in the air; though, to tell the truth, I felt snugly and irretrievably withdrawn from the World's turmoil as I sat before a cosy, crackling fire in my Albany chambers. I had been with Lord Chelmsford that evening, I remember, and the man's incomparable table-talk had left me in the best of spirits. "Burgess!" I called, as my man entered; "I think this evening you might broach a bottle of the excellent claret Sir Humphrey was good enough to send me."

"Werry well, sir," said Burgess, and extended a salver towards me. On it reposed a slim blue envelope. "This has just arrived, sir."

"Who's it from?" I asked.

26

" It appears to bear a Sao Paulo postmark, sir."

" Top-hole! Then it's from Faversham," I cried, jumping to my feet. "Open it man, and read it to me."

" Werry good, sir." Burgess tore open the envelope, extracted a small slip of paper, coughed twice, and announced, in his most sepulchral tones: "Come at once. He needs us!"

I jumped to my feet. "Is that all it says?"

" I have reproduced the communication in its entirety, sir."

" Burgess, pack an overnight bag," I said, "I'm leaving immediately for Brazil. The Great Game is on again!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On July 3rd, Faversham met me in the bar of the Hotel Sao Paulo. We shook hands. " A Big Show, this time," said Faversham. " We're going into the Matto Grosso."

" In God's name why?" I asked.

" Lord only knows," said Faversham. " But He'll be waiting for us at Alto Tapajoz." He smiled. " Got your toothbrush?"

I chuckled. Dear old Faversham; ever the jester!

\* \* \* \* \*

We took rickshaws from Sao Paulo to Carumba, and from there navigated our collapsible barque down two-hundred miles of the fabulously beautiful Rio Paraguay. At the river's source we trekked overland, crossed the mountains, and arrived at the Rio Tapajoz. We travelled down this immense waterway for over four-hundred miles, drifting with the current and taking our sustenance from the fauna and flora of the vast green forest all about us.

Early one evening, Faversham gave vent to a huge yawn. I recognised by this little idiosyncrasy of his that his excitement was mounting. " Well?" I asked.

" We're almost there, old boy," he said.

And indeed, as we rounded a bend in the river, the small trading-station of Alto Tapajoz came into view. On the green river-bank, waiting to greet us, stood a tall Eurasian gentleman, clad in a white seersucker suit. He saw us, and bowed...Of Our Master, however, there was no sign.

We disembarked, and after a few words of greeting the Eurasian led us to his small thatched house, where he produced a bottle of the most exquisite Madeira I have ever tasted. When we were seated and at our ease, he lit a large tchibouque, and after a lethargic puff or two, began to speak.

" I am to convey His apologies," said our friend, speaking Portuguese with a slight Tamil accent; " for He cannot, after all, be here to meet you."

"At the request of the Brazilian Government, He has travelled into the province of Goias to quell an uprising of indians there - the Jabadoz, an extremely troublesome tribe. It was a matter of some urgency, and if left unattended might have resulted in the downfall of the present Government, which would not have suited Our Master's immediate purpose."

We glanced at one another and smiled. Another tiny fragment of the great jig-saw fell into place.

The Eurasian took another puff at his pipe. "I have here," he said, producing a small manilla envelope, "your instructions, written in His own hand. You will read the document contained herein, memorise it until you can repeat it verbatim, and then masticate it piece by piece. Do you understand?"

We nodded, and he handed me the envelope. Hastily, I tore it open and withdrew the Instructions, penned in that firm, bold hand I knew so well. Faversham joined me; and as we read the contents of the letter we began to tingle with excitement and anticipation.

The Lost City of Xingu! The legendary first home of the Incas, capital of their mighty empire before they made their last, long journey to Peru; the alleged repository of their treasures and the ancient burial place of their Emperors, for which men had been searching for centuries; and Our Master had discovered it! But that was not all... "Look here, Faversham!" I ejaculated, turning the page with trembling fingers.

"Good Lord," said Faversham quietly.

Treasure, treasure beyond our wildest dreams of avarice lay awaiting us in that long-forgotten city; Our Master had discovered the most fantastic agglomeration of wealth in the long history of mankind; and His plan (our eyes bulged as we read on) was simply this: to remove this fabulous cargo from the City of Xingu and take it to the coast, where six privately-chartered freighters would be waiting - waiting to carry it across the Atlantic to the Old Country! The sweeping magnificence of this scheme, and the sublime genius of its author, overwhelmed and moved us profoundly. Wiping the tears from our eyes, we read on.

'A warning,' the letter continued. 'A chap called Neumann - Kurt Neumann, a German agent - has been dogging me across Latin America like a baffled bloodhound. (With a half-dozen well chosen words he painted a vivid image of Neumann) If you should bump into him, shoot first and ask questions afterwards. He has, I regret to say, discovered the location of the city; though not, as yet, of the treasure. Good hunting!'

We memorised the missive, washed it down with a bottle of rather inferior Johannisberger, and retired for the night; but neither of us slept much.



August 11th....Through gaps in the dense foliage we could see the gaunt ridge of the Tapajoz mountains, curving like a giant spine across the heart of the vast continent; above them, a pitiless yellow sun burned fiercely in a sky of eternal blue. But the forest was a friend to us, providing coolness and a green shade, as well as an occasional vivid, violent burst of colour or sound to delight our senses. Huge multicoloured butterflies fluttered past us; great scarlet blossoms glowed like miniature suns along our path; and the vast glades echoed with the weird cries of conies, ocelots, amontillados and armadillos. We journeyed on, labouring beneath our cumbersome equipment; and at last, emerging from the forest, found ourselves staring up in awe at the great snow-capped mountains of Tapajoz.

We began to scale one of the lesser peaks, and after a day's hard climbing were not far from the summit. Below us lay the jungle, a riot of lush green vegetation stretching from horizon to horizon... On the second day we had crested the summit, and made camp some way down the farther side of the mountain. That evening, after we had eaten, our guide silently motioned us to accompany him. We arose, and followed mutely. He led us a short way along the mountainside to the edge of a rocky escarpment, and with a grand, expressive gesture bid us look down into the valley below.

As long as I live I shall never forget that sight. Beneath us lay a rich, fertile valley; and our hearts leaped within us as we beheld, upon a rise at its centre, a vast network of buildings and streets, with a great stepped temple, not unlike a ziggurat, rearing up at its heart. Xingu! Around the great city we could see mighty walls, and beneath them a series of long terraces, sloping downwards in gentle gradations until they merged imperceptibly into the dense foliage below.

"By Jove!" I ejaculated. "What?"

"Rather fine," said Faversham, and yawned. I could see that he was deeply moved. We turned, and made our way back to camp.

We completed our descent the following morning, and by midday had reached the walls of Xingu. Passing beneath a huge archway, we found ourselves in the great sweeping avenue which bisected the City, incredibly melancholy in its silence and desolation.

The dust of centuries swirled and eddied in that broad thoroughfare; flowery tendrils wound themselves about the walls of its houses and the statuary of its temples. Our guide led us forward, through streets and courtyards overgrown with luxuriant greenness and huge blossoms of glaring yellow, until we came into a magnificent square. Before us rose the mighty temple we had seen from the cliffs.

Eddie





"Gentlemen," said our guide, his voice trembling, "we are at our journeys end."

We passed between lofty doors, and entering the temple, found ourselves in a strange twilight world of tall pillars and echoing passageways. We came into a great pillared hall, crossed it, and descended a narrow flight of stone steps into a long arched corridor. Our guide suddenly stopped; then touched a large stone which protuded slightly from the wall, and nodded his head as if satisfied. Stepping forward, he thrust the whole weight of his body against it.

There was a deep, rumbling sound, and without warning, a large rectangular section of the wall before us slid away, revealing a dark aperture immediately ahead. Our guide stepped into the obscurity beyond, and we followed him, switching on our torches.

It was if a thousand tiny fires had sprung up before us as the light from our torches glanced on the myriad faces of the jewels that lay scattered on the floor of the chamber in fantastic disarray. Idols of solid gold scowled at us from across the centuries, as though wakened petulantly from a slumber of aeons. Tier upon tier of strangely-wrought silver chests, overflowing with rubies, amethysts, and ornaments of incredible beauty, glittered in a blaze of riotous colour....

"Englischer pig-dogs!"

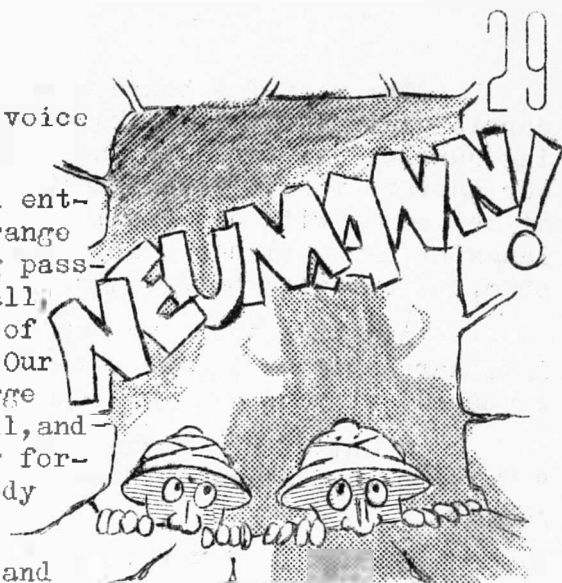
Abruptly we jerked about, our hearts pounding. Our guide gave a short scream of terror. At the entrance to the vault stood a massive figure. We recognised the intruder at once, for Harrison, in his letter, had described him to us. The gold-rimmed monocle, the huge curling moustache that concealed a duelling scar, the fixed contemptuous leer, it could be none other than SS Obergruppenfuhrer Kurt Neumann!

We stood, uncertain of what the man's next move might be, suddenly he clapped his hands, and from the darkness behind him came a group of natives, armed with deadly blowpipes. At a further signal, three or four of these ran towards us, and without preamble began to bind us securely with heavy vines.

Neumann gave a harsh, ugly laugh. "Fools!" he grated. "I vos following you from Tapajoz. You are mein prisoners! Now, you vill nach Deutschland be getaken, und into der Arbeitslager vill go!" He snapped his heels together and gave a stiff Nazi salute. "Und ich," he bellowed. "Ich vill der treasure confiscate, und to der Fuhrer getake it, und der Iron Cross vill be presented mit!"

"I think," said Faversham blandly, "I shall write a letter to the Times about all this."

"Nein, nein!" screamed Neumann, the veins on his forehead standing out like whipcord. "You vill NICHT to der Times geschreiben, you English pig-dog, for you vill in der Arbeitslager be!" He gave a curt signal to his natives. "Schnell!"



The next few hours were a nightmare. We left the city, and were carried ignominiously, like captured beasts, through the dense surrounding jungle; scratched by the undergrowth, and bruised with every step our captors took. Occasionally Neumann, with sadistic glee, would flail at one of us with his rawhide riding-whip, howling with diabolical laughter as we flinched in pain. "Make it a pretty stiff letter, Faversham," I muttered between gritted teeth...

And then there was sudden chaos - a chaos of whooping and screaming, harsh guttural curses and sharp cries of terror. "What is it man?" I gasped, straining at my bonds.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire, old boy," said Faversham. "We've been captured by indians - the Zaxaquus, by the fiendish look of them."

I paled. "Not.....the Zaxaquus?"

"I'm afraid so, old chap," drawled Faversham, with a rueful smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a large compound, fringed with tall, overhanging trees and at the edge of the compound, a swiftly running river. All night long the captured natives had been flung, one by one, into the river screaming. We wondered what terrible thing inhabited those swiftly flowing waters. We, the whites, had been reserved until the end, for it appeared that we were to afford a climax to the hellish festivities. Trussed like turkeys, we squatted in a ring of jeering, howling savages.

As morning came we watched, white-faced, as the witch-doctor came towards us. Which of us was it to be? We shuddered between our relieved sighs as the bulky figure of the SS Obergruppenfuhrer was hauled away, cursing and bellowing, in the direction of the tumbling waters.

"What d'you suppose is there?" asked Faversham, conversationally.

"I think it might be Piranha," I ventured.

Faversham frowned.

"Small fish that hunt in packs," I explained, "they have razor-sharp teeth, and at the smell of blood they become ravenous. They can strip the skin off an ox in thirty seconds or less."

"I see," said Faversham quietly, and his mouth set in a hard line.

As we watched, Neumann disappeared with a horrible scream.

Once more the witch-doctor approached us. "We'd better say cheerio now, old chap," I said.

"Yes," said Faversham. "Cheerio, old chap."

"Cheerio." I said.

"Wait!" cried Faversham suddenly. "Look - look up there!"

I looked. "By George," I cried, "an aircraft!"  
"Thank God," said Faversham. "D'you suppose  
can it be...?"

"Of course it is!" I cried, my eyes misty  
with tears. "It is - He!"

The strange aircraft (I later learned it was an  
early form of helicopter) hovered above the compound for  
a few moments, then gradually came to rest not far away  
from us; its whirling propellers slowed and halted, and from the interior  
of the machine stepped that suave, debonair figure we knew - and loved -  
so well. At the sight of Him, the entire tribe, as with one accord, fell  
upon their knees and grovelled at His feet, moaning and chanting in ecst-  
atic praise. "Deus ex machina," breathed Faversham softly, his face  
radiant.

Harrison did not approach us, but pointed in our direction and  
gave a few curt instructions in the native tongue. Immediately, two of  
the Indians rushed towards us and hacked at our bonds, cutting us free.  
As we rubbed our chafed wrists we saw Harrison striding over to the edge  
of the river, and we ran quickly across to join Him.

He stood looking down at the thrashing waters beneath His feet.  
"Too late," He murmured; "he may have been a swine, but he didn't deserve  
this, poor devil."

Turning to us, His eyes suddenly sparked with pleasure. "Now,"  
He smiled, "to work."

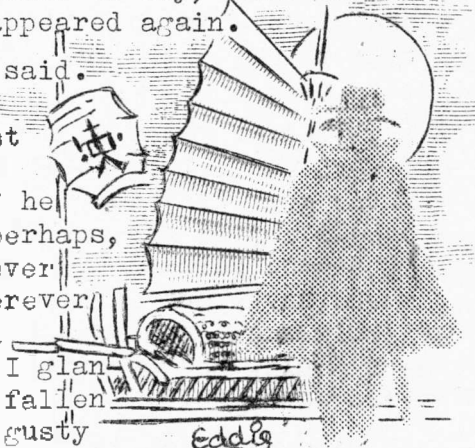
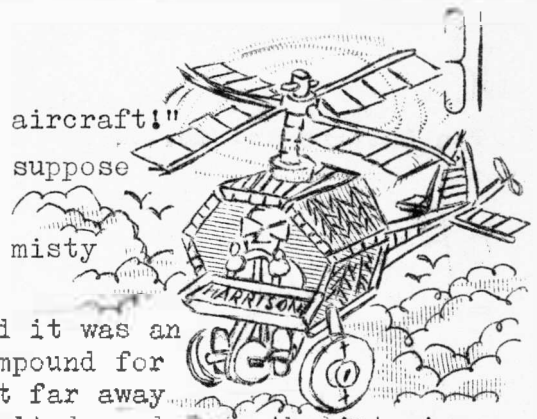
\* \* \* \* \*

August 30th. - Faversham and I, each in our favourite armchair,  
reflected over a glass of Manzanilla the outcome of our adventure. We had  
seen the P.M. that morning, and - not to beat about the bush - he'd been  
rather pleased with the whole stunt; and so, needless to say, were we.  
Harrison, of course, was not with us; He had disappeared again.

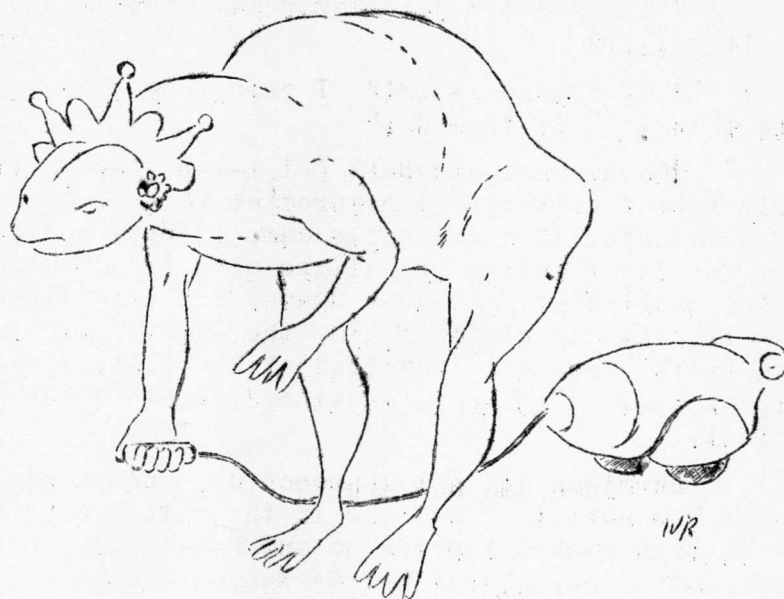
"I wonder where the devil He is now," I said.

Faversham looked musingly into the deepest  
recesses of his glass, as if the answer might be  
concealed there. "Beyond the roof of the World," he  
said softly, "or in far off China; in Ecuador, perhaps,  
or Baluchistan..." He smiled reverently. "Wherever  
high adventure and the call to arms is heard, wherever  
danger threatens the Mother Country and her proud  
Empire...there He will be. Too moved to reply, I glan-  
ced out of the window at the gathering dusk; the fallen  
leaves whirled in the gutters, tossed about by a gusty  
winif that seemed to presage a storm. And indeed, there was a storm coming,  
A storm that was to rage across Europe and all the world; but for now, the  
globe had contracted into a recollection of one Man - the light laugh of  
Him, the humour in His kindly eyes. I set down my empty glass, smiling.

FINIS.



The Letters and EB....



Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton.

I see Terry has managed to lure Tony back into the fold again, and with a very good cover too. (( Friend Glynn did reappear again briefly, but he's disappeared once more - communications as to his whereabouts welcomed, and we promise not to tell the income-tax collector.)) I saw that film 'Once Upon A Time', and I agree with you, it really was a delightful experience. I read an article about the man who worked with the animals, seems the film took two years to make, and in that time he used dozens of different ducklings - cos of course they quickly grew too large. He certainly must have a sensational way with them. I sure never thought I would live to see a hen given a shampoo by a fox, of all creatures! ((The Shampoo is not mightier than the Yobber.))

Do I agree with you that lettercols are the reason are the reason for the dearth of new fans? Why I think I do. Certainly, I was thinking as I read the col in Nebula's last issue that it was a waste of space. Should Peter come to the con it would be a good idea to tackle him about it, I should say of them all that he would be the most receptive to the idea. Of course perhaps there are no fans who are busy writing letters like that these days, and perhaps the eds have nothing else to print? ((Fans most likely would not write, but if controversy were more encouraged the readers would, and eventually become fans themselves - at least, that's how it used to go.))

I feel slightly awed cos I think Sid Birchby must have hit on a new idea for a fan-story. But I am double awed at the colossal cheek of Dale, though come to think of it, this might be just the thing for some of the young fans who come along expecting to see fans actually doing something.

Needham....while I have to admire his clever ending, I don't believe a worrrrd of it!! ((Cancel the reservations Jeeves...)) Also if there's one thing I canna thole, it's a Sassenach bletherin' awa in Lallans, they aye get it wrong, it sounds awfa'. ((So that's why Wallace bled...))

Sid Birchby, I Gloucester Ave, Levenshulme, Manchester.

...the artwork in particular for my own piece, "Playback", was Harry Turner at his peak. It exactly fitted the mood of the the story.

You said in your editorial that there are fewer new fans coming into fandom because the prozines don't run the letter columns anymore. Hence the main recruiting ground has gone.....Parm me while I open another Guinness....Well now, you have a point, I think, but tell me: is it not a fact that the USA is still turning up new fans, more so than the UK? I quote Ron Bennett in PLOY lettercol - he cites John Champoon and Ted Johnstone as up-and-coming US neofans - he has a three page spread on the subject which he shares with Ken Bulmer - conclusion: that UK fandom has turned in on itself too much, so that nobody will take the trouble to welcome new fans even if they do turn up. (( That's partly true, I think, but in The Good Old Day's of the TWS, SS, and PLANET lettercols fen learned about fandom therein, by the time they entered fandom (contacted other fen - started to read fmz) they allready were fen. They didn't have to be 'welcomed' or 'brought along gently', they'd got rid of their 'square corners' by letter hacking....they were fen, not neofen. This is probably rather a subtle distinction to make, but on my own head be it.))

A third aspect (mine) is that popular feeling in this country has firmly tagged s-f with the horror-film label - this ties up with your quoted opinion - and therefore to the average man it's about as worthy of fanac as leprosy. He'd sooner start a fan-club over the Wolfenden Report than tie up with a lot of Teenage Werewolves and Things From Other Worlds. Don't blame him, do you? (( There aren't any werewolves in fandom, just wolves!))

The only other reaction to s-f is among a small avant-garde of literary types who seem to be anxious to build up s-f as an art-form. ((Chod forbid)) Apart from the publishers, who obviously don't object to someone doing their public-relation work for them, nothing much has come of that, or is likely to. These s-f Snobs, if I may coin a phrase, despise fandom.

What to do, what to do. I know this: there were so many blank files at the Worldcon that if it hadn't been for the swarms of US fen the place would have looked like Rent Day in the Gorbals.

Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

I was slightly shocked by the urine-tinted stock used thish, but upon reflection, it really doesn't make much difference. I had become sort of attached to the powder-blue, but with the same lay-out and format, TRIODE 11 is hardly noticeable in its dissimilarity to the earlier issues. Any particular reason why you changed horses in the middle of this here stream? (( Just sheer perversity...))

Raeburn listening to Mozart?! This is blasphemy!

Heck, there's enough new blood coming into fandom. A group on the West Coast is busy proclaiming 8½ Fandom, there's a Juvenile Amateur Press Group, and loads of more isolated neofen. I, for one, am satisfied. I agree, tho', that lettercols in today's prozines are all but worthless. The best is INFINITY's, and even it lacks the fannish fire of STARTLING and TVS in years gone by. Hmm....those magazines were both pulps, as was PLANET...has any digest ever come up with letters comparable to them? Wonder if there's any connection...after all, many of today's editors are former fans: Shaw, Lowndes, Hamling, etc. Could it be that they (excluding Hamling: he can't judge stories, and there's no reason to expect him to judge letters) consider digest-sized, modern stf too dignified for a lettercol full of Deecks, Perrys, Elliks, etc? Shaw himself wrote letters that match Wm the Geek at his best, you'll recall....'s an enigma.

Any group of people with the audacity to call themselves Muggletonians couldn't possibly have been right!

Who is this Sandra Laurence? Somebody trying to be funny? I mean, nobody actually writes or (shudder) speaks in this manner, do they?((I've met, to my dismay, several close approximations.)) Saw a letter by her in MANA and tho't it was a gag; now comes this conrop, and I'm not so sure. If she is real, is there any way that I could get a picture? A person such as this I would have to see to believe. One question, tho': "My skirt caught round a beer-pump and as I wasn't wearing any..." Any what? Any Skirt? ((Use your flippin' imagination.)) Sounds nice, but I rather think that you omitted a word there, and it's a heck of a place to omit a word, Eric, I must say. "I had to cover my embarasment with my hands." Ahem, yes. Say if there were any photographs taken of this occasion, this is the picture of Sandra Laurence I want! ((Nope, no words missed out, this type of character never finish a sentence. Send five dollars to Laurence Sandfield for the photo - delivered in plain envelope if desired!))

Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyattsville, Maryland.

----- I'm coming more and more to favour a do-nothing fandom...at least, as far as my own connection therewith is concerned. I'm highly in favour of having people send me fanzines, tapes, letters and letter-substitutes; as well as having Association Editors for OMPA, Official Editors for FAPA, and a Dictator for SAPS (an organization to which I don't belong). I'd be even more in favour of having an Official Secretary for Pavlat. ((A Secretary for Whore??)) Speaking of which, some of our plushiest hotels and apartments feature secretarial services. Can't you just imagine some well-to-do fan using this service to put out a fanzine, and to answer his accumulated correspondence. The poor secretary...what's a "dag"...how do you spell "erifanac"...can a word like "fugghead" go through the mails... ((So that's how Raeburn finds time to put out A BAS, and dash around in his Austin-Healey.))

Must agree with you in Tll that lack of letter columns - good argumentative ones - is one of the reasons few new fan personalities are bobbing up. There is hope, however. Larry Shaw, during a recent visit to Washington, stated that he was trying to get such a lettercol rolling in SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. His main problem, he says, is getting argumentative letters - I'd call that an open invitation to write.



Next time he comes down, I'm going to see if he can be talked into publishing a rousing fanzine review column. Not the Sarge Saturn type, but with the same spirit, if you follow.

Speaking of Larry Shaw, he is now writing the continuity for the daily sequences of the Flash Gordon comic strip. Unfortunately, none of the Washington papers carries the strip. But goshwowboyoboy!

The two best items in Triode are almost invariably the two editorials, followed in more or less random order by Abacchus and the letter column. Of the odds and ends (ooph - I really shouldn't call the contents of T by such an unassuming title) Playback was decidedly tops, familiar theme or no. A well appreciated issue here, even if I didn't care for the writings of the person hiding behind the name of "Sandra Lawrence". "Her" comments were interesting, even if the assumed gushiness does irritate me.

Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Suisse.

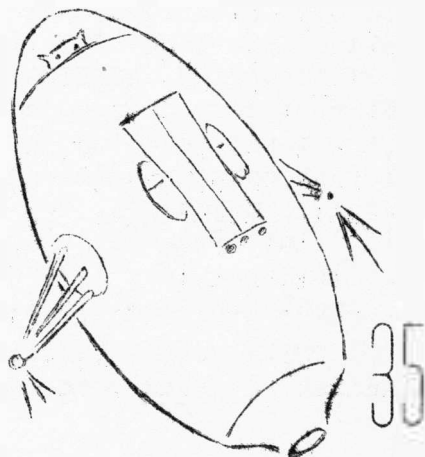
I didn't read all of T. I will, sure, but I have read first your own prose INTERMISSION. Glad you liked "Once Upon A Time". I thought I was alone of my kind. I think it a very good s-f picture, with an old and too much used theme, but so refreshed that it looks brand new. And don't make me saying what I don't say. I do know it was intended to be a fairy tale, but... As for your inquiry about prozine letter columns, well, I have something of the same feeling. I find letters quite fascinating, but only in old pulp issues, like you, and mostly in FFM's, but maybe not for the same reasons you, I seek there data about and around f and s-f, which data I find only in these columns. I think that sometimes readers do know a lot more than editors.

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

...This Muggle-whatsit business for a start - I have an uncomfortable idea the word means something - idea, look it up - done so, yes it DOES. And you? (( I must admit that I was doing a little 'fishing' re Muggletonianism in the last issue - Bill Rotsler asked for info on a recent tape, and being abysmally ignorant of the sect (as, apparently, are the Encyclopaedia's) that I would see if anyone had any gen. Anyone? ))

Playback, is a positive piece of fannish inspiration, almost up to FutHist standard. Good work, Sid. Then Dale R's political idea - I'm all for it. Fanning Island, in the Pacific, in the neighborhood of the Christmas Island testing grounds - I'd always had a sneaking suspicion that that was where the FutHist was aiming for as a matter of fact - would seem to be the obvious choice. (( That was the original intention, but like most fan serials it got away from itself. ))

Then Abacchus - you know, this is a Good Issue. Yes I know, they all are, but this might be gooder than usual, if I had time to drag out the others tonight and compare them, which I haven't. Well up to scratch, anyway.



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And this (Abacchus) is part of the general gooditudo. The two Cessers, Silly and Sensible, make a perfect parody on the typical English village name, strictly comparable with such beauties as High and Good ( I Teenk) Easter in Essex, Upper, Middle and Nether Wallop in Hampshire, and Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo in Devon. (On the same signpost, too - I can recommend it. AND I can recommend the villages themselves - sleepy little places on an arm of Plymouth Sound.) As for the Cessers antecedents, since Mal refers several of the local features back to wartime conditions, I seem to recall an air marshal name of Sir Phillip Slessor. Hear a name like that over the radio from the next room, and the rest follows automatically. Unga seems to strike the alien among the other villages of Mal's misspent youth - still, no doubt one of the overseas campaigns was responsible for that one. (( Or - Rationing, Hunger, - Unga ??))

Beloved is our Destiny - well, first off, I'm glad to see that it strikes a democratic note right at the beginning by making it plain that Faversham, though commissioned in the third para, had at one time served in the ranks. Must have done to get the MM, because the latter is one of the class-conscious decorations that ONLY go to OR's. Officers who perform equivalent deeds get the MC instead. I am, of course, a servant of Harrison, working as I do at his ((His!)) Malleable Ironworks (also known as Ley's, which is really a blind, because there is of course no question of our parent company being controlled by the Galaxy Science Dept.) However, I am still unable to see any point in the narrative. I know William Harrison, but don't get the connection. (( Infidel.))

Bob Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana.

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Must say that I liked T11 more than I did T10. Think I was right about it - it will take awhile for me to understand all the allusions and private jokes. Most fanzines contain some running gags of their own, and I've noticed that the more fannish a zine is, the harder it is for the uninitiated to understand. I'll catch on to TRIODE eventually.

In regard to the "fan shortage", I believe it was Ron Bennett who mentioned that the States didn't seem to have too much of a problem. We're still getting plenty of new-blood; perhaps none of the new crop is another Tucker, or even another Geis, but the average is about the same. Actually there is still one group of promags which contains an interesting, argumentative letter section - the group edited by Robert W. Lowndes, comprising SF STORIES, SF QUARTERLY, and FUTURE. The columns aren't exactly of the old STARTLING type, but they do feature interesting discussions. And to balance the lack of letter columns, there are the recently-instituted cols in IMAGINATION, AMAZING, and their companions, wherein names of readers interested in correspondence with other readers are listed. (I notice that few veteran fans take advantage of these columns, either from a surfeit of present correspondence or a horror of having their names appear in such juvenile magazines, but the columns will, nevertheless, bring some new blood into fandom). (( Rather doubt if they'll help much, Bob, there's not the interest in a list of names to make you write, that there is in an argumentative lettercol.))

With regard to the State Of Fandom, I would like to submit that a fannish flag has been designed. The insignia to be that SF-in-a-Star -

item invented by none other than Grand Master Hugo Gernsbak. (I can't reproduce it here, but look in any copy of SF PLUS). This should be in white, on a black field, somewhat similar to that other inspiring ensign, the Skull and Crossbones. In fact, fandom might even take over this latter symbol, except that the Gernsbak Emblem is undoubtedly more suitable, as denoting a serious interest in the science in science fiction (which is, of course, the only reason for fandom's existence.) ((Ahem...personally I think that an Empty Bottle and Full Fan rampant on a field of Rye, would be much more fitting.))

Terry Carr, Barrington Hall, Room 104, Berkely 4, California.

HMM, I SEE HERE WHERE  
SOMEBODY IN TRIODE DOUBTS  
THAT ARCHIE MERCER REALLY  
EXISTS

YOU SEE, THIS "MERCER" WROTE  
TO JOHN (CHAMPION) AND SAID  
HE THOUGHT I, TERRY CARR,  
WAS JUST A PEN NAME FOR  
PETER GRAHAM...

HOWEVER, PETE AND I HAVE  
ANNOUNCED MANY TIMES THAT  
WE ARE NOT THE SAME  
PERSON...

WELL, IF NO ONE  
BELIEVES THAT, AND  
"MERCER" SAYS THAT HE  
DOES...

WELL, I HAVE PROOF  
THAT MERCER DOESN'T  
EXIST... REAL  
ARISTOTELIAN PROOF!

THIS WAS A RUMOUR  
STARTED IN A HOAX  
FOUR YEARS AGO...

I'M SURE THAT BY NOW,  
NO ONE IN FANDOM  
BELIEVES THIS SILLY  
RUMOUR...

WELL, WHAT DOES  
THAT MAKE MERCER

RIGHT!

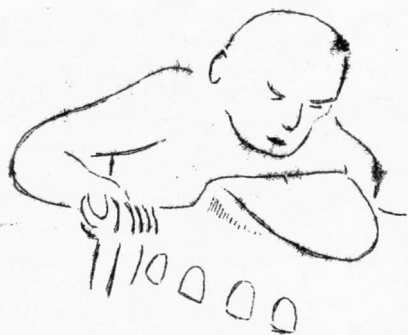
ELEMENTARY!

Arthur Hayes, c/o Dominion Catering, Bicroft, Bancroft, Canada. Now that I'm almost recovered from the effects of that trip to London and other places, I can try and mention the fact that I have Triode 11 and do, as I usually do, make some nonsensical comment thereon, or on something therein.

As Welcommittee Chairman of the N3F, I can't quite agree that there aren't many new fans coming into Fandom. Of course, my picture deals mainly with Fandom on this side of the ocean, but take my word for it, many of the fans coming in are very young and they are plentiful enough, too. Another thing that seems to be the style now, here, is that these young fans are really enthusiastic and proceed to jump into everything they can, (( With both feet ? )) publishing, and other fanac. I can only presume that this influx of the younger element into fandom, or lack of it, is due to the fact that those who say that there doesn't seem to be enough of them coming in to take up the slack left by those leaving is due to the fact that they belong to clubs whose requirements are too strict for a neofan to be able to get a foothold. (( It's a thought.... and I suppose you could go on from there to say that we (the 'established' fan) don't notice that a new fan is around until he's done something that is worthy of note. ))

Harry Warner Jr, 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md. Triode was a lot of fun, and I keep wondering and puzzling how in the world you people in England manage to get such faultless thick black lines in your illustrations. The contents page looks exactly like the samples of mimeographing that the office equipment salesman shoves under your nose, a quality which never does come out of the mimeograph he sells you. ( This is a metaphor, please understand. The only mimeo that I ever bought cost me five dollars twenty years ago, and it's starting to turn out pretty decent work now that I'm getting used to its idiosyncracies. ) (( The stencilling technique of one or two of the British fan-artists, particularly Eddie Jones, is the reason in main for the good repro.....your duper sounds something like Harry Turners.))

One thing impresses me about Triode, just as the matter has been forced to my attention by other British fanzines: you have a special set of referents and traditions that doesn't seem to be common to the other publications. Just when I've finally figured out all the folk-lore that lies behind the Retribution envirement, you come along with mysterious new things to figure out. I suspect that some of them are general English slang which isn't heard over here, but it's hard, hard, hard. (( I'll explain the game of Cricket to you, Harry, if you can give me a coherent idea of what Baseball is all about! ...of course, we call it Rounders...))



I can think of one possible equivalent for the vanishing letter columns as a source for new fans. That is large conferences and conventions.

Scores of people turn up at these affairs who are virtually unknown to fandom as a whole. They must have had some kind of an interest in the field, to take the trouble to attend, but most of them are never again heard from. It wouldn't be a bad idea to try to feed them a little after they attend one of these things, with sample fanzines. I've never seen a list of names and addresses of attendees at a major convention put into print; if such were published, it might draw a few people into fandom in a more serious manner than simply sharing a few drinks once per year. ((If you don't mind I think Terry and I will take a rain-check on this idea, we're somewhat scared of encouraging new fen since we dug up Peter Reaney.

- You know one point that hasn't come up so far is whether we want any new fen!))

Mike Moorcock, 36 Semley Rd, Norbury, London SW16.

...I placed a FANTASTIC UNIVERSE on one corner of the table, glass of hot milk on the other, and Tll in the middle of them and, turned off the light in case I got eye-strain ( I'm very susceptible to eye-strain being of a weak and delicate nature). After making these preliminary precautions and making sure that my red flannel night gown ((Given to you by a fellow traveller ?)) was properly buttoned up, I settled down with two aspirins and a glass of hot milk to read Tll.

The BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY was a lovely bit of satire. I always appreciate satire even if I fail to appreciate things like the next item. Didn't know a Harrison existed - shows how illiterate I am. ((Yes.)) Never heard of Sheckley before a week back, had only heard of Campbell and didn't know he was an s-f editor until Joy told me two weeks back. But then I don't read much s-f - I'm one of those Horrible Escapists ((I thought you played the guitar ?)) who Only Read Fantasy and Daren't Face Facts. Who wants facts anyway ?

Thought OH MY HEAD stank - the writing wasn't even up to HYPHEN standard - and if you're going to write stuff like that you've got to be at least up to HYPHEN standard. It was just outright sordid. Maybe I AM narrow-minded, I don't know, Chuck seems to think I am - but I just can't think why people should write muck like that - perhaps both writer and editors are frustrated. The writer is, surely. (( The editors aint!))

Thoroughly enjoyed INTERMISSION - ever see Devil Girl From Mars - was looking through some old film stills yesterday and found one of said DGFm - the scenery was so synthetic it made TV scenes look like Cinerama. ((I was fortunate enough to miss that one - these days I only go to see a s-f film if the girl-friend wants to go.))

Agree with you re lettercols - really enjoyed reading those old PLANET, TWS, and STARTLING lettercols - sometimes much better than the fiction. Although a lot of them were just adolescent babblings (from adolescents natch). (( Yes, Those Were The Days - going from the letters received since Tll just about everyone misses them. I guess we're all Old Fen And Tired... And that's yer lot.))



# TRIODE

