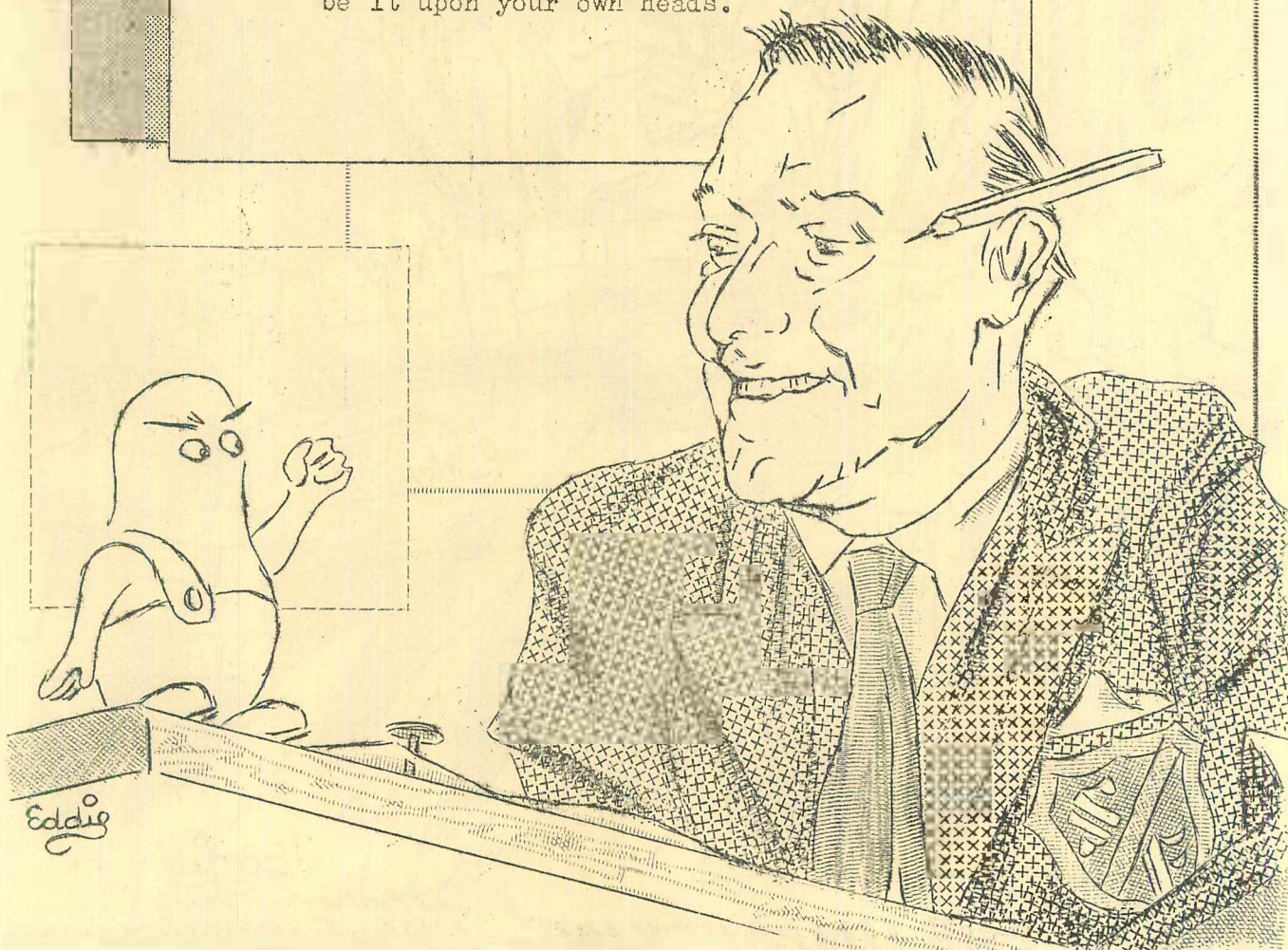




INSIDE - THE UNMASKING - A HARRISON ADVENTURE

Autobiographies have always been a part of our literature, and have provided also, a great deal of our contemporary entertainment. One has only to recall such truly human saga's as THE JOLSON STORY, GOODBYE MR CHIPS, and I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF, to realise just how much they encroach on our everyday life. TRIODE, then, is proud to present a worthy successor to these; THE TERRY JEEVES STORY.

For this truly dramatic life-story-in-five-pages turn to page 20. And be it upon your own heads.



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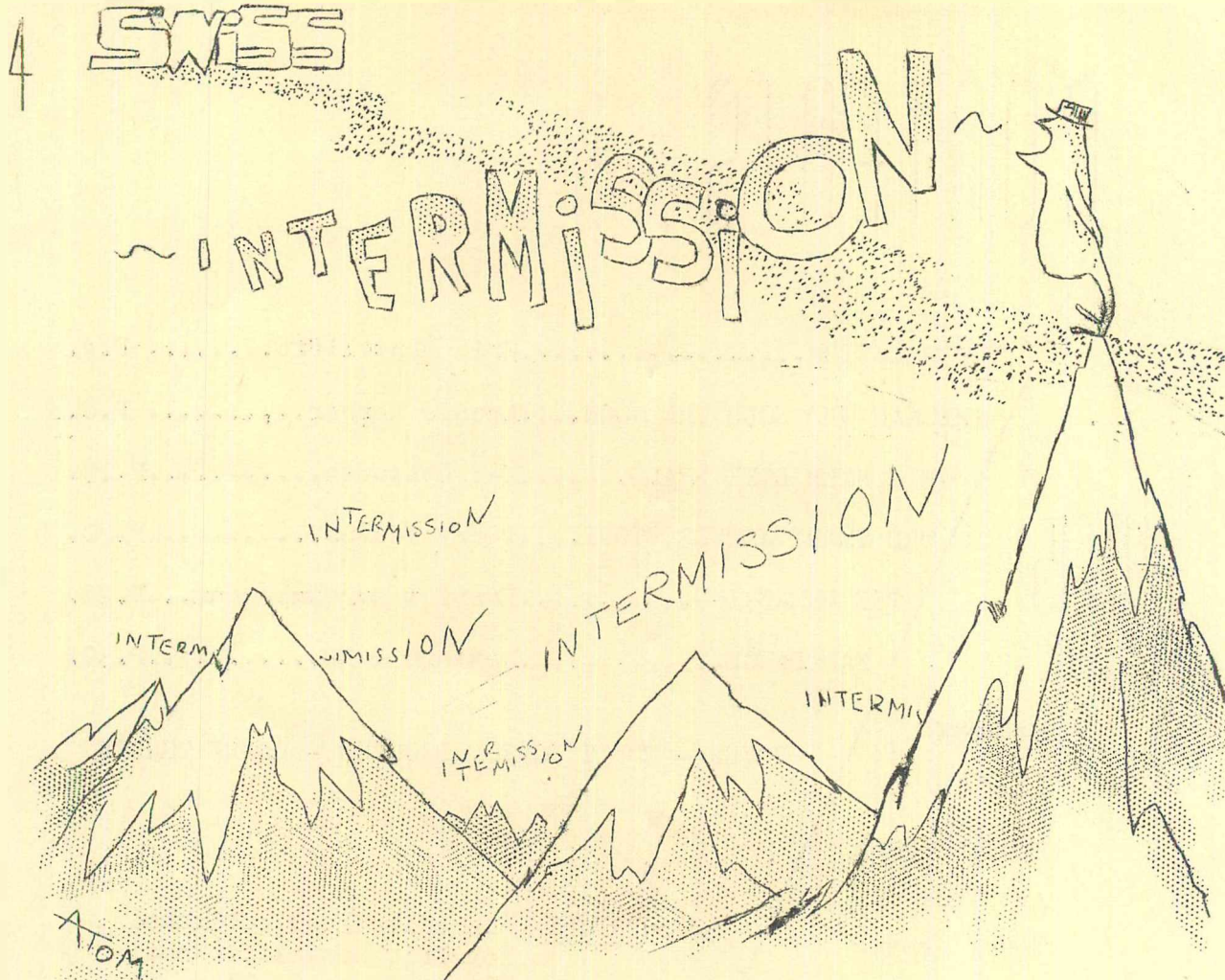
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WINTER 1958



Originally, I had intended writing a full-scale fannish travelogue for my piece this issue, but having left myself nowhere near enough space to do this justice, I'll regale you instead with just a few of the highspots of my visit to the Vorsins, and Switzerland. Under the title of...

YOU CAN'T ALP BUT ADMIRE THEM

The journey out, was interesting - I flew to Geneva, via London - particularly as this was my first night flight and to see the incredible kaleidoscope of a large city fairy-lit by night, is quite an experience. If there are aliens watching us from outer space it could be because they are fascinated by sights such as this - cosmic flies, seeking illumination. Now I know why they have bug-eyes.

To keep down the cost of the flight, meant I had to take a plane which got me to Geneva at the somewhat ungodly hour of 3a.m., and the airport there was ghost-town quiet, with only the smell of French tobacco reeking the air, intimating to myself and fellow passengers that the place ever had been inhabited. I had some two hours to while away before my train to Lausanne was due, and spent the greater part of this drinking coffee and retrieving the match-stalks which kept flipping from between my eye-lids.

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At Laussane railway station I was met by Pierre and Martine Versins - after a little initial confusion caused by my having left the station by one entrance whilst they entered it through another. Pierre, is a gnomish-looking man with an Abraham Lincoln type beard. Martine, a woman. Both are French, but have lived in Switzerland for several years.

Arriving at the flat of my hosts for the next fourteen days, I was somewhat shaken by the size and volume of Pierre's science-fiction collection. I had the impression that little s-f had been published in France prior to recent years, but this was completely erroneous. I'd hazard a guess that more s-f has appeared from French publishers in the past decade than from the British (and possibly, even, American) houses. You could describe the Versins apartment as surrounded on all sides by bookshelves.

After breakfast, we went to bed.....which should be a fan-nish enough mode of living to satisfy everyone!

I think that most people's conception of Switzerland is that of a snow-clad land of mountains adorned with alpine horns and alpine hounds (Brandy casks at the ready). Whilst this is probably true of some of Switzerland, it isn't of the region around Lake Geneva. There are mountains bordering the lake, of course, and these do have a snow-cap for the greater part of the year, but the lakeside is lush and verdant, and semi-tropical (whilst I was there, at least). I had almost forgotten there could be weather like that. Some four minutes walk from the Versins flat (which, incidentally, has a wonderful outlook over the lake) was a very pleasant beach. Bellerive-Plage. This was suitably adorned by bikini-clad persons of the opposite sex, and also provided facilities for Pierre and myself to indulge in Table Tennis - as neither of us had played for quite some time this resulted in a great deal of stiffness the next day. T'is perhaps a good thing that there wasn't facilities for skiing in the immediate locale.

Lausanne itself, is a fairly large town, and a rail junction of considerable importance. Ouchy, is the port of Lausanne, and the portion which borders the lakeside - from where the river-steamers depart. I noted that one Bateaux proprietor was named H. Rouge...and this seemed singularly appropriate. After the first few days (which were spent in exploring Lausanne itself, and recovering from our ping-pong session) I took almost daily sailings to explore the lake. To Montreux - haunt of the Retired Old Maids, and succesful s-f authors such as Sam Youd; and of droves of American tourists, but a beautiful place all the same. To Evian - which is a town on the French side of the lake and noted for its Casino, which, having had previous experience of French Casino's, I ignored. To Vevey...but I couldn't do the area justice in the stencil-space I've rationed myself to.

One day that stands out in my memory is the second Sunday I spent in Switzerland. I boarded one of the fast, and punctual Swiss trains for Nyon, a town almost mid-way between Lausanne and Geneva.

The town was 2,000 years old on that day and a local pageant, procession, and drinking competition (although this wasn't on the official itinerary) was to be held. The procession was a quite spectacular thing, tracing the history of the region through the ages. It began with bare faced, bear-skin clad savages, continued with Roman Legionaires, Napoleonic troops, medieval maidens, and ended with a cloud-burst! Which, unfortunately, rather put a damper on things for awhile. This was the one day the weather wasn't too good. The spectators merely herded into the local taverns, together with the brightly garbed refugees out-of-time, and, not to be deterred continued their merry making where it was drier. It was all very worthy of a MaD Production and I expected to bump into Norman Shorrock brandishing his movie camera at any moment!

However, if I am going to get round to talking about half the things I want to talk about in this editorial, I must, reluctantly bid farewell to beautiful Switzerland. BUT, not before I've paid due tribute to the hospitality of Pierre and Martine (she cooks good, too) which made this a very memorable vacation for me. On my map of Switzerland, there is a flag adorning Lausanne bearing the legend; 'Here There Be Fans'.

* * * * *

FEUDIN' A FUSSIN' AND A FIGHTIN'

Or, This Sanderson Thing.

I've had one or two enquiries of late, asking why I haven't made a fuller reply to H.P. Sanderson's attack in PLOY 11, than the brief word or two in F13. The principle reason for this is (as I've mentioned in reply to Alan Dodd, in the lettercol) that I've no desire to get involved in fannish fueding. I had quite enough experience of this type of thing when a certain gentleman now known as McFrenzy was on the fannish scene, to enable me to learn that feuding is not a particularly rewarding or pleasant occupation. The reason I indulge in fanac, and fan-publishing is because I find it a pleasant hobby, when it becomes merely an excuse for hot-blooded, hastily formed opinions, it ceases to become a pleasant hobby. So... if an attack is made on me - an emotional, rather than a logically-handled attack - I prefer to dismiss it as lightly as possible rather than answer it in a manner which would encourage the perpetuation of the fued.

This does not mean (as Bryan Welham intimates in the current issue of APORRHETA) that I believe Sanderson's accusations to be true. Nor, that anyone else outside the close coterie of Inchmery Fandom, does so. I could have quite easily have printed a number of the letters received at the time Sanderson's article was published, and which would have involved half of British Fandom in the fued - instead I merely printed one or two of the less vitriolic ones received - as I felt that the sooner this business was over the better.

One of the letters, incidentally, from Bryan Welham himself. Who seems to have made a remarkable volte face of late (Anyone caring to compare his expressed opinion of TRIODE in Fan Dance, and in PERIHELION 4, will probably end up in a slightly bemused state as I did).

I am not attempting here and now (to forestal any typical comment from the 'opposition') to set myself up as a paragon of virtue, nor even to intimate that Sanderson is a complete louse. I'm no angel, and have never pretended to be, but I can say that there is nothing I have done in fandom of which I am at all ashamed or conscience-stricken. Inevitably, in any group of people you will find people who will disagree with one anothers viewpoint - human beings being what they are. (I'm assuming here that Sanderson is human - which is probably more than he'll grant me!) If I don't particularly like a person I'm quite prepared to ignore his frailty rather than attack him - if he attacks me, well, I resrve the right either to ignore him still, or to deal with him in whatever manner I think fit. Or, just to needle him occasionally as I have been doing in TRIODE. Such fuggheadedness shouldn't go without some reply.

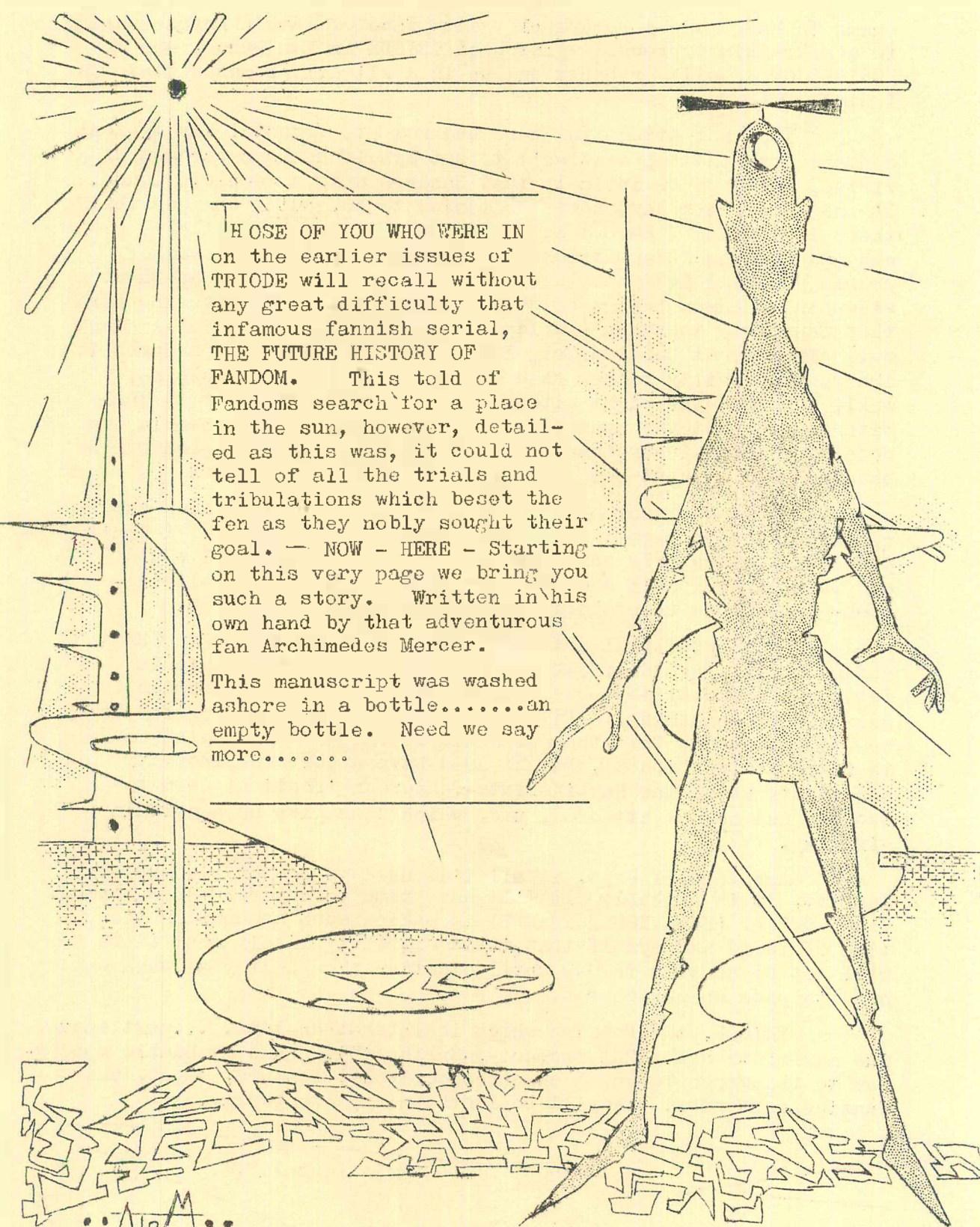
As to the many mysterious packages which Sanderson has received since he wrote the article; that is his worry. I don't know (or particularly care) who sent them to him, but I would add that if he hadn't decided that he was not a person-living-in-a-glass-house he probably wouldn't have received them.

Incidentally, I note that Penelope Fandergaste in PH4 refers to the 'Bentcliffe-Kyle' faction. Presumably this is intended to convey that Dave and myself are equally infamous people. Or something. I'd like to say that I'd much prefer to be bracketed with Dave than with his detractors - certainly he is fallible (who isn't), but he does have a certain sincerity and sanity which the Raybin-Dietz-Sanderson 'faction' seem to lack. And he was attacked, too, which does give us a certain affinity.

And that, I hope, is all I'll need to say on the subject. In fact, it is probably all I'll have time to say for a few months. The B.S.F.A. (Have YOU joined ?) is making such demands on the time of Terry and myself that it is extremely likely that there will not be another TRIODE until election time next year when we hope to pass on our chores.

TRIODE, the fanzine which is later-than-late.....next issue due any month now. But probably, Spring '59. And my humble apologies to those people who I owe (respectively) letters, tapes, and fanzine comments....they'll be forthcoming, eventually.

Eric Bentcliffe.



THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE IN
on the earlier issues of
TRIODE will recall without
any great difficulty that
infamous fannish serial,
THE FUTURE HISTORY OF
FANDOM. This told of
Fandoms search for a place
in the sun, however, detail-
ed as this was, it could not
tell of all the trials and
tribulations which beset the
fen as they nobly sought their
goal. — NOW — HERE — Starting
on this very page we bring you
such a story. Written in his
own hand by that adventurous
fan Archimedes Mercer.

This manuscript was washed
ashore in a bottle.....an
empty bottle. Need we say
more.....

The Man Who Sold The Goon. — Archie Macdonald —

I was just outside Newark when the equippage finally broke down. I could stand the loss of the Caravan tyres — so long as the rims held. I could even, I soon discovered, stand the loss of the rims — the shape of the caravan body made it into a sort of natural sledge. But when I came back from a brief forage for water to find that my bicycle had vanished, that was the last straw. Circumstances were simply too much for me. I just sat down by the roadside and wept. And Fandom sailed without me.

By the time I mentally recovered from my frustration, it was of course far too late. I must perforce become reconciled to sharing Humanity's doom....for even at this early hour Government's were breaking up left right and centre, and chaos was reigning from North Hykeham to Trowbridge, Wilts.

I traded in a bundle of recent BRE's for a child's tricycle and turned my face steadfastly southwards. For many weary days I journeyed down the Great North Road, pausing only to eat, sleep and fix a new piece of string to the towbar, until at last I found myself on the outskirts of the metropolis. Concealing the caravan in an abandoned plantation at Hillingdon, I unhitched the tricycle and pedalled into town to see what was going on.

Near Shepherds Bush I was halted by a road-block. That, of course, is nothing unusual, especially in the early evening, but this one was of a somewhat unusual variety....for instance, it wasn't on wheels, and a tough-looking customer was leaning up against it with a shotgun in his hands. "Where are you going?" He asked.

"Into town," I replied, "d'you want a lift?"

"Shut your cake-ole," came the surly retort. "Hey — you're a healthy looking specimen, how'd you like to join the Hasbeens?"

"Hasbeens?" I echoed vacantly.

"Yes — the Hasbeens — the Hammersmith and Shopherds Bush Emergency Establishment for National Service. We run things around here," he amplified.

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but I'm in a hurry, want to get into before the shops close."

"Well, carry on then," the man said. "You're not taking that bicycle though, I want it."

"It's not a bicycle," I flared. "It's a tricycle."

"Better still. Get off, before I throw you off."

"You and who else?"

"I've got a gun, remember," the man warned.

I wasn't going to let him get away with this, so I thought rapidly. Bending down, I let the air out of the bikes tyres, before dismounting to scramble hastily over the barricade. Every moment I was expecting a shot in the back - luckily for me A.A. guns are difficult to train on low-flying objects, and by the time he had got the range I was down a side-street. Then I made off at as brisk a rate as possible towards the centre of London. I wanted to reach my objective before dark, and I now had only my two feet to carry me.

It was late, and dusk was falling, as I entered Oxford Circus. There were only a few people about, slinking furtively along in the shadows cast by the buildings surrounding the Circus. All the shop-fronts were smashed in, it was obvious that looters had been at work.

I continued my way eastwards, furtively, for I still had a considerable way to go. Suddenly a little man came running towards me. "Run!" he yelled, as he ran past. "The Nighters!!"

I caught his arm. "Who are the Nighters?" I demanded shakily.

"The - the Nighters. Run - they'll catch you." He shook himself free of my grasp and was gone. Looking after him, I heard a queer noise coming from the direction in which he had disappeared. A sort of weird, regular one-two-three-four chant, that seemed to be keeping time to the rhythm of many marching feet. I also turned to flee, only to see the little man running back towards me again.

"The Nighters!" he gasped. "Another lot up that way, we're cut off."

He began frantically scrabbling at a drainage grating. Rather than join him in this apparently futile occupation, I looked round for somewhere more sensible to hide. There was nowhere. The Nighters were clearly in sight now, in both directions, a mixed crowd of men and women advancing inexorably towards us, their war cry now horribly clear to the ears. "Sex - And - Sadism; Sex - And - Sad - dism." In a moment the two waves had merged, and I was surrounded by a yelling, milling crowd of what?



"We've got you," yelled a man. "What'll you have?"

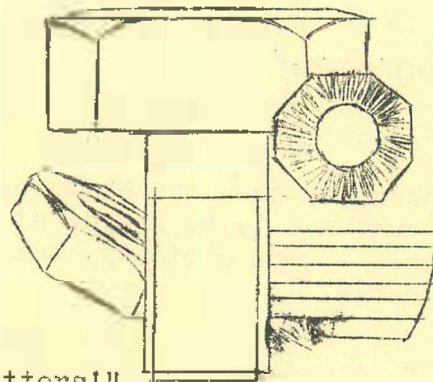
"Wh - what d'you m - mean?" I stammered.

"Make your mind up," shrieked a woman's voice. "Sex or Sadism - which are you having?"

"It's got to be one or the other," explained someone else as I stood there all of a dither.

"Oh - then - Sex, please," I decided. Not that the decision was a particularly hard one - I venture to think that most normal people - not to mention fen - would have chosen the same.

" Right, girls," shrieked the woman, " come on, he's all curs!" And I felt myself pushed hard from the rear. I staggered, then a further push had me on my face in the road. Then I was jumped on. I felt a sharp heel in the small of my back, something else, equally sharp, struck me in the ribs, there was a weight on my legs that I didn't like, and somebody seemed to be sitting on my head. I steelled myself to face the worst, when there came a sharp cry from one of the men.



" On your feet, everybody. It's the Nutters!"

Immediatley, my attackers abandoned their game. " The Nutters!" they shouted. " Fly - they'll catch us!" What felt like a small herd of horses trampled over my body, and then I was alone, lying bruised and winded in the gutter. There was no sign of the little man - and I never saw him again.

Gasping in agony, for breath, I tried to struggle to my feet - for now another noise was apparent, becoming louder and nearer with each breath I tried to draw.

Not a chant this one, a snatch of a regular tune that I recognised. The words, too. " Here we come gathering nuts and bolts, Nuts and bolts, Nuts and bolts," the nearing mob were singing. " Here we come gathering nuts and bolts, and screws and washers and tin-tacks." Another mixed-voice choir, and as I turned my head despairingly towards them I could see that they were dancing up the street arm-in-arm in a long line. Then they, too, were upon me.

This time however, my reception was somewhat different. The line stopped for a moment as it came up. " Here's a fellow-citizen," called somebody - " let's recruit." I found myself pulled to my feet, and sort of fell into line between a man and a girl, who linked my arms in theirs. " Come and be Nuts with us," the girl yelled into my ear. " It's fun!"

And we were off, the song picking up where it had broken off momentarily - " and bolts, Here we come gathering nuts and bolts....." and so on into the gathering dusk. I've often wondered since, just what would have happened if I'd stayed with them. As it was, I found myself lodged on a lamp-post. One of my arms tried to go one side, the other one the other, then both decided to stay with me in the nick of time, and I found myself embracing the post like a long-lost friend whilst the carefree Nutters vanished in the distance.

Eventually, still feeling distinctly off-colour, I pulled myself to my feet and continued on my original course in what had now become not far short of pitch blackness.

I groped my way across Tottenham Court Road - I think - heading for Holborn. All at once I was suddenly bowled over by someone who blundered into me in the darkness.

" Fly!" he croaked as we steadied ourselves. " It's the Knitters."

" The WHAT ?"

" The Knitters." And he was off. First the Nighters, I thought, then the Nutters, and now the Knitters. I listened. Not a sound was to be heard, at first - then I heard it. No vocal sound this - just a steady, ominous, multiple clicking getting nearer and nearer.

What was it ? What was its origin ? Human ? Insect ? Bem ? It seemed to be coming from all around me now. Terrified, I shrank into a capacious doorway. Suddenly a voice hissed in my ear. " In here, mate," and I found myself dragged into the interior of the building. All at once the clicking sound was drowned by a solid riff of Dixieland that came echoing up from somewhere below. My rescuer was nowhere to be seen, so I made for the dim shaft of light coming from the stairway, and descended.

I found myself in what looked to be a regular jazz club. It was only lit by candles, of course, but looked indeed all the better for this. There was a table by the door behind which a girl sat selling tickets. I bought one, automatically, and passed within, found a vacant spot along one wall and sat down to wallow in the music, and to recuperate from my harrowing adventures of the night.

Presently - or it may equally well have been hours later - I felt someone move into the empty chair beside me. It was the girl from the ticket-table. " You're new here, aren't you ?" she queried. I agreed that I was. " You like our music ?" I said I did. It was worth coming all this way, through everything I had done to hear it.

" Yes, you look as though you've had rather a rough time of it," she said. " Never mind, you're among friends now - here, have a weed."

" Er - I don't smoke, thank you," I protested.

" I don't mind. We're all friends here - have one anyway."

And why not, I thought. After all, I was doomed now, it did not matter much what I did as long as I enjoyed my remaining days the best I could. " OK," I said. " I don't suppose it'll harm me now."

The girl rummaged in her handbag and pulled forth what looked like a dandelion-leaf. " Here it is," she announced, " stick it in your button-hole." Surprised, I now noticed for the first time that she had a similar leaf pinned to the front of her sweater. I accordingly stuck the stalk through the button-hole of my jacket.

" Good," said the girl, " you're one of us now."

" And who exactly is 'us' ?" I questioned.

"We're the Diggers," she replied, "we dig jazz - among other things. Strictly an Underground Movement, of course. And I don't mind telling you - we're probably the last hope for the human race."

Her words gave me a sudden idea, and I pricked up my ears. "An Underground Movement, you say?" I echoed. "You wouldn't have an underground route that would get me to the Globe in Hatton Garden, would you? I've an idea some friends of mine may be there."

The girl pursed her lips. "We could get you to Hatton Garden easily enough - though I can't guarantee any particular building. You won't have far to go, anyway - if it's all quiet when you emerge, you ought to get there OK." She looked round. "I think they can do without me here for half-an-hour - come on." We got to our feet, and she guided me into a passageway and down some more steps.

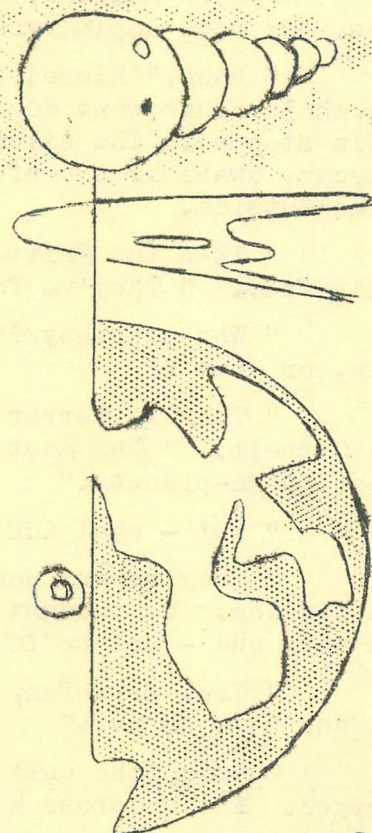
"That place is only a front," she informed me. "This is the REAL Underground." And she led me into a tunnel of what seemed to be freshly-dug earth that stretched away into blackness.

I don't quite know how long it took, but it seemed like hours before - after braching twice and then climbing into what looked like an ordinary sewer - we cautiously raised a manhole cover and peered out into the open air. All seemed quiet enough. "Right," she said, "you're on your own now. I hope you find your friends OK. And remember - wherever you wear the weed, the Diggers will help you. Luck."

She gave me a sudden, quick kiss, and was gone back down the ladder. With an invisible shrug of resignation I scrambled out into the street and looked about me. The stars gave a feeble illumination, and I found my bearings easy enough. The whole street looked rather a shambles - but then the looters that had penetrated this far had, no doubt, been after gold and silver rather than liquor. The Globe itself seemed to have suffered little damage, beyond the fact that the windows were broken. I pushed my way in through the doors, walked up the long familiar passage that led to the open-lounge at the end where the fen were wont to gather - and stopped dead with shock.

Nothing whatsoever might have happened. Everything looked exactly the same as it always did.

The same hunched shoulders occupied the bar-stools, talking quietly to each other. The same miscellaneous multi-aged, bi-sexed shower was scattered around the walls and the small tables, arrayed haphazardly on which were the usual small piles of s-f magazines. The familiar click of billiard-balls came from downstairs.



So, I mused - Fandom had not sailed without me, after all. There was still time.

And then realization dawned. These were not the fen I knew. They were not even human. Those faces had never crowned a human body, those arms - tentacles, rather - must surely spring from non-human shoulders - if that was the right word, because they LOOKED like shoulders. No, these were never humans. They were aliens!

But they gave me no time to marshal my thoughts, or retreat - as logically, I should have done. One of them detached himself (?) from a group leaning again'st the bar and addressed me.

"Where on earth have you been?" he demanded, "we've been waiting for you since Thursday."

"Waiting for me?" I queried, stupidly.

"Yes, you are a fan, I suppose?"

"I am, but not one of the regulars here. They've gone - sailed."

"Oh," said the Bem. "Pity, I'd looked forward to meeting them all. You see, we're from Mars."

"From Mars!" I exclaimed. "You mean, you've come to save Mankind?"

"Save Mankind, nothing," the Bem retorted, "this has nothing on Mars. We were hoping you'd come and save us."

"Hush," hissed a voice from a table near the door suddenly, and the whole place went deathly quiet. Even the click-click of the Billiard balls stopped. The silence reigned supreme for a pregnant moment - then I became aware of a confused multiple-clicking noise, seeming to come from outside.

"It's the Knitters!" came a chorus of alarm, as the Bems got to their feet. "They've found us! We're done for!"

"Who are they?" I demanded. "Are they Bems - er Martians, I mean, or what?"

"They're terror incarnate," said a Bem who looked rather like Ted Carnell. "The most fearful beings on Earth, Mars, or any of the other known-planets."

"But - what ARE they? Insects, Robots, Monsters?"

"They're our non-fannish wives, who stay at home while we go out fanning. We thought we'd dodged them, but they've found us. This is the very end - unless YOU can save us."

"Yes, Earthfan, save us," came the heartrending chorus. "Only you can save us now."

Outside the chittering, clicking sound grew to a crescendo - and stopped. A thunderous knocking came at the door.

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To Be Continued.

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By

Mal Ashworth

(From the book "Amphibian
of the Yard" to be pub-
lished by Guzzlefield and
Goodrash.)

I was staining the new bookcase, just the other day, when I suddenly wondered where the Hell I used to put them all; the books, that is. The time I had in mind was when I lived with my parents, which wasn't so very long ago. I surely do not know where all my books used to go; try as I will, I can not figure it out.

I know where they are now, right enough. For a start they are in three bookcases in the living room (three pretty big bookcases); after that they are in a sort of massive wooden chest that a man could comfortably sleep in (if all the books were taken out); a couple of men could sleep in it quite comfortably, in fact. (Come to think of it we'd better make that a man and a woman for the sake of propriety. And I suppose even then we ought to ask to see their marriage license before we let them sleep their. By God but collecting books can get you in some fixes!) After the books overflow this chest that a man and a woman (married if you insist) can sleep in, they cover the top of a very large cupboard. I am using the word 'cover' here to mean 'are piled thirty of forty deep all over'. There are probably some inside too, but I daren't look because all the magazines would fall out. This cupboard is so big that if it did not have all those books piled on top of it, I guess a young boy could sleep there; maybe a young girl as well. (If you want these two married, we'd better make them a young Indian boy and girl; I understand they get married young enough to satisfy even your exacting demands.) Well, after these books have finished filling the top of this cupboard, they creep into the corner of the room, into an alcove where about six or seven people could sleep.

16
(The only thing I can suggest, if you're still feeling moral-minded, is to have one man and five or six women. They'll have to be Orientals of some kind so that you can have all the women married to the one man. I just can't think of any other way of doing it; if you insist on complete propriety you'll just have to accept polygamy and there's nothing any of us can do about it.) I was going to tell you that when you move all these sleeping people (Christ, but they're a crowd of sluggards around here!) out of this alcove, you can get quite a lot of books in. The books are packed in orange-crates and cardboard boxes and piled loose and higgledy-piggledy and all that kind of thing. That's just the books.

Having got them out of the way, there are magazines to be considered, and fanzines, and OMPA Mailings, and FAPA Mailings; there are boxes of letters and papers, and reams of duplicating paper. The plain fact of the matter is it's my damned house and if the books just won't go anywhere else, I can always pile them on the bed. (A couple of people can sleep in here too, when it hasn't got books on it. In fact, they invariably do. One is a man, and one is a woman. They are married.) Now, I am not pouring all this out in a spirit of exhibitionism, to try and show that we have a big house (we haven't) or that I have a lot of books (I haven't half enough) or for practice in sorting out the sexual relationships of people who could sleep up and down in our house if I had less books (By God, but I feel depressed; depriving all these people of a place to sleep is weighing heavily on my conscience.) I am just showing you why I wondered the other day where all my books used to go when I lived with my parents. Because all my belongings used to be in one room there, a bedroom shared with my brother Vernon. In this room were our two beds; a dressing table; a long, wooden, chest-like-thing (similar to the one which the first two people slept in, you know); my big cupboard; my two bookcases; Vernon's bookcase, and a bamboo table (and, sometimes, a chair). Plus all Vernon's worldly goods and all my worldly goods, and us. My bookcases were full of books, of course, and I guess my cupboard was full of magazines which used to fall out when I opened the door, just like now except that then they couldn't fall so far because the bed was in the way. In addition I had a tin trunk under my bed, full of books (I reckon a couple of dogs could have slept in it so long as you keep them fairly small dogs; how you marry them off is your worry). On top of my two bookcases was piled the usual - thirt of forty deep and all that. (I reckon at a pinch somebody could have slept up there too, but we'd better make it a hermaphrodite because more than one would be sure to fall off such a narrow space; even one would probably fall off, but I don't much care.) And all the rest of everything (except for some papers and things piled on the dressing table) was piled up on top of my cupboard (we settled the sleeping arrangements for this earlier, if you remember. That's where we had the little Indian boy and the little Indian girl.) This means everything - books, fanzines, magazines, OMPA Mailings, FAPA Mailings, duplicating paper and so on. The pile came to within about six inches of the ceiling and to reach the top of it I used to have to stand on my bed and jump wildly.

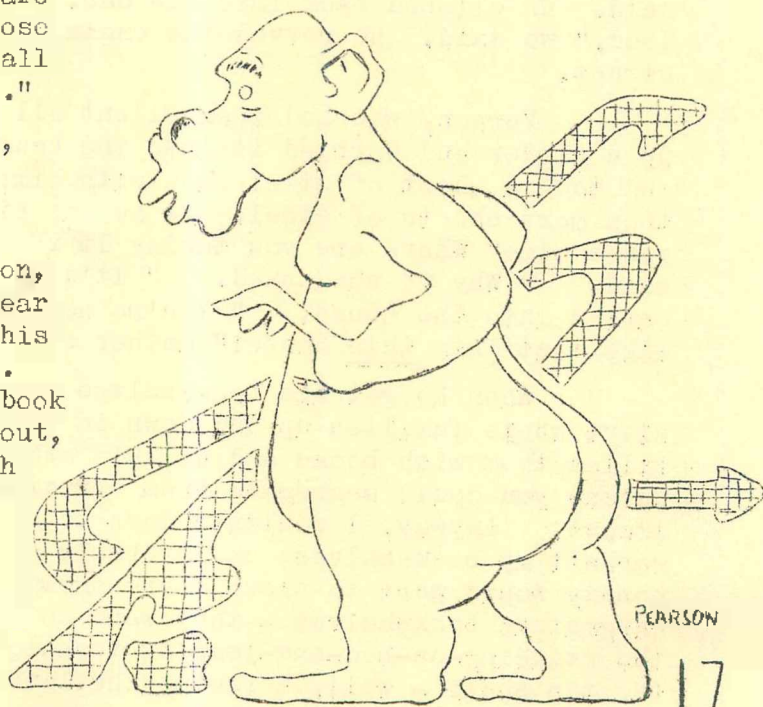
This wasn't too bad if I was just throwing something else up there, but it could be distinctly dangerous if I was trying to get something down. I would be swept back on to the bed, and maybe off the other side, by the resulting avalanche and would have to spend the rest of the day jumping like a grasshopper with St. Vitus Dance to throw all the stuff back on top. I don't suppose that anyone could have slept up there, even if they could have got up; the human body isn't meant to survive at altitudes like that, and anyway the top of the pile wasn't level enough. Looking back on it all I'm forced to admit that things were a little crowded.

I think that the way I callously filled the place up with books had a pretty bad effect on the family in general, too. My father hardly ever used to go in our room so he probably came off best, but my mother used to get pretty cut up about it at times (like when she wanted to clean and when she couldn't figure out just what there was she could get at to clean). At these times she would wag a duster at me and exclaim vehemently, "You're not bringing another book into this house. Do you hear me? You've got too many already. You're not bringing another book into this house." And I would say, "I don't know what you've got to complain about. It's a harmless hobby. If I went and stood on street corners you'd have something to complain about, but I spend nearly all my time at home and I have to have some sort of a hobby. So I collect books."

Women are peculiar in some ways, and instead of pacifying her, as you would expect, this used to get under her skin for some reason. "Well I've told you now," she'd say, her voice rising, "You're not bringing any more of those silly books in this house. And you are going to get rid of some of those you've got. If you don't I shall throw them out into the garage."

Then I would point out, calmly and reasonably, that if anyone so much as moved one of my books without written permission and a cotton-wool cushion, I should feel constrained to tear the rest of the house apart. This didn't seem to calm her either. "You're not bringing another book into this house" she would shout, "They only fill your head with silly nonsense."

"Well, if I can't collect books anymore," I would say, as reasonably and logically as ever, "I shall just have to go out and stand on street corners."



18

" Talk right in your head," she would say.

" I am talking right in my head," I would say, " I shall have no choice but to go out and stand on street corners."

In the end she would go and clean somewhere else and I would go on bringing books into the house. I never knew just what there was about standing on street corners, but I was glad that she never took me up on it because I'm sure I would have felt rather stupid standing there on some street corner and not knowing what it was all about.

I think my program of unlimited expansion had a rather adverse effect of Vernon too; it left him so little lebensraum that I guess it stunted his soul somewhat. None of us realised what a venomous, seething cauldron his mind really was, and even when he told us that he'd sent away for some new bookshelves we didn't tumble to the fact that he had sworn a solemn vow to blast a niche for himself once and for all in that overcrowded bedroom. He sold me his old bookcase (which was how I came to have two) and nobody thought anything more of it until one day a railway lorry drew up outside and started unloading yards and yards of sheet steel.

This was a somewhat unusual occurrence even for our household so we all gathered on the path to watch. Large iron girders followed the sheet steel and we were all thoroughly engrossed; when he had finished unloading and the garden resembled a Glasgow shipyard, we said " I guess you've got the wrong house." He squinted at the sheet he had pulled out of his pocket, and then at the gatepost. " 40 Makin Street, in' it ?" he growled. " Yes," we said, " but I guess you must have the wrong address down on your sheet." " Sign 'ore," he said. He climbed back into his cab. " Maybe you just got the wrong load," we said. He revved the engine to a roar and moved off up the street.

Vernon, who had been silent all this time, walked over, picked up a girder and carried it into the house. He came out a minute later and took a sheet of steel back with him; another girder followed and then more sheets of steel. As he was picking up the last girder mother asked him " Where are you taking it ?" " Into the back bedroom," he said. " Why ?" she asked. " It's my bookshelves," he said, disappearing into the house. " You're not bringing hideous metal things like that into this house!" mother shouted after his vanishing back.

When he got his bookshelves erected I guess you could have slept whole families up and down in them (if he hadn't immediately filled them with books and all his other belongings) but, of course, unless you could segregate them efficiently you'd have to worry about incest. Anyway, I wouldn't dare to give permission because they weren't my bookshelves; and probably after what I'm going to tell you nobody would want to sleep there anyway. A few months later these gargantuan bookshelves - they were so big that Vernon had to take up the standing-on-bed-and-leaping technique too, when he wanted to reach the top shelf - well, a few months later they started thudding in the middle of the night.

Vernon was sound asleep when they started it, so that I was the only one to hear it. It was a small but distinct thud and was repeated at fairly regular intervals. I lay in the darkness racking my brains and trying to think what could be happening in or around Vernon's book shelves to cause thuds in the middle of the night. I fell asleep before I solved it, and next morning at breakfast I said " There were some queer thuds in the night coming from Vernon's bookshelves."

" You read too many of those fantastic books," mother said, " they fill your head with a lot of silly nonsense. I don't wonder you hear thuds in the middle of the night.

The next night I stayed awake deliberately and as soon as the house was quiet the soft thuds started again and went on from time to time until I fell asleep. " There were some more thuds last night," I told them, " you ought to take a look at those bookshelves." Eventually they decided to investigate, though it was more in a spirit of " We'll show you it's all in these silly books you read," than a disinterested scientific enquiry. But when they found the bar of orange-chocolate, half-nibbled away, hidden amongst the books on the third shelf, their whole attitude changed. They generously admitted, then, that perhaps after all there had been thuds in the night. Mice had been climbing the sheer steel (God knows how) and gorging themselves on the orange-chocolate. Then they had either fallen off in a stupor, jumped off in ecstasy, or simply been pushed off in gluttony. The matter had been explained, the orange-chocolate was removed, the nocturnal thuds ceased, and everyone was happy. Nobody thought to ask Vernon why he had kept orange-chocolate there in the first place.

And thinking of all that reminded me that we used to lie in bed at night - Vernon and I - with the window open, and whenever we heard the footsteps of a benighted neighbour passing up or down the street, we would honk like seals as hard as we could go.

But I still don't know where all those books used to go.

..... Mal Ashworth.

20 The TERRY JEEVES' Story

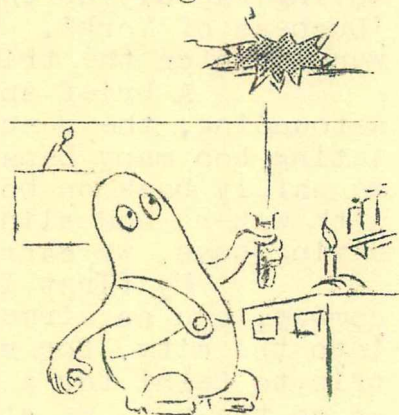
The most important event in my life was probably the day I was born. This happened to me at a very early age, on the 1st of October, 1922, and within a thousand miles of London. Even so, it was many years before I discovered that London was not a city paved with fanzines...except after conventions.

My early life was distinguished by the simplicity which has marked me ever since. I lived like all the other kids, school wenches and strong likker. It took a strong constitution to hold down three Coca Colas without burping. Wenches could also be tough, especially if you tied their plaits to the railings. In school, I learned how to read..mainly in self defence, as I had little interest in the fairies at the bottom of our garden, much preferring larks in that locality. However, I found reading was a stepping stone to higher things, when I first encountered pulp magazines in Woolworth's. Dusty Ayres, G-8 and his Battle Aces, Air Trails and many others began to enlarge my horizons. My new bicycle became battered through too many bicycle, dog-fights, and the name painted on the cross bar was changed through so many war heroes, that the paint bulge looked like a plumber's joint.

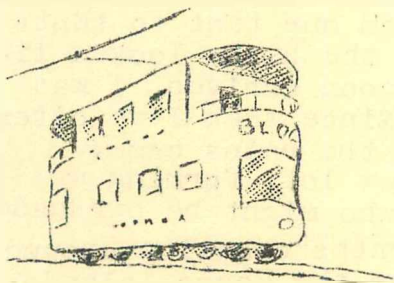
At this stage in my literary expansion, I somehow laid hands on a magazine with measles...titles 'Wonder Stories', and with an article on 'The Wonders of Colour', (which explained all the coloured dots on the cover) this magazine set my feet on the highroad of science fiction. My slender pocket money was diverted from chewing-gum and bullseyes, to the purchase of s-f. and G-8 led his Battle Aces into a nose dive from which they never made a recovery. Amazing, Astounding and Wonder took over the place of honour in my bedroom, and were flanked by odd issues of Modern Wonder, and Modern Mechanix. The latter magazine marked my first juvenile venture into high finance. This filthy hucksterism began when I noticed a market stall flogging some surplus copies at a penny a go. Knowing that in the covered (posh) market, copies were flogged at 3d, and redeemed for 2d, my pal and I pooled our assets and invested in 4d worth of cheap MM. These were hastily conveyed into the market hall, and converted into 8d worth of sterling. Another trip, and 8d worth of MM had blossomed into 1/-4d. Never having heard the problem of the coins on the chess board, our innocent minds envisioned a future of staggering back and forth with alternate piles of magazines and lolly, with an odd side trip to spend some of the loot. These dreams were rudely shattered, when after another investment of our 1/4d, the dealer in the hall refused to accept them, as he was overstocked. From riches to rags in one easy step, taught us that the road to wealth was not so easy after all....and if you know anyone who wants to buy 16 old copies of Modern Mechanix

21.
On one bookstall 'mooch', I made myself bankrupt for a week, by splurging a whole 1/6d on six consecutive issues of Asf. Inside, I met Kimball Kinnison and the Galactic patrol. From then on, there was no escape. My sixteenth birthday present, won by dint of much campaigning, was a sub to Astounding. Back issues were obtained from V.H. Johnson's book service, and I even became a subscriber to Wally Gilling's 'Scientifiction'. Fandom was just around the corner, but I missed it. My Astounding sub had just been renewed, well in advance, when war broke out. My hate for Hitler caused me to join the ARP as a messenger.

My messenger service was distinguished by many things. The chief warden knew me well....as the cyclist who made him do a ten foot broadjump to safety during an alert. As a result, he didn't agree that I should get a medal for being hurt while on an official job during an air-raid. Admittedly, I should have seen the half house brick, but nevertheless, I did go over it, and had the pleasure of seeing Sheffield do a flick roll, before I landed neatly in the gutter. Feeling disgusted with such a low regard for my safety, I transferred to the Home Guard. No sooner had the news reached Germany, that Sheffield was now an unguarded city, than the Luftwaffe blitzed the place. In the process, they knocked out the gas supply to the laboratory where I was busy learning how to analyse steel (with side experiments on stink bombs, rocket fuel and converting half-pennies into shillings). This proved Hitler's biggest mistake, as I immediately volunteered for the RAF as a fighter pilot....they turned me down. My G-8 training was wasted, and via a wireless operators course in Blackpool, I found myself in Belfast training to be a Wireless Mechanic.

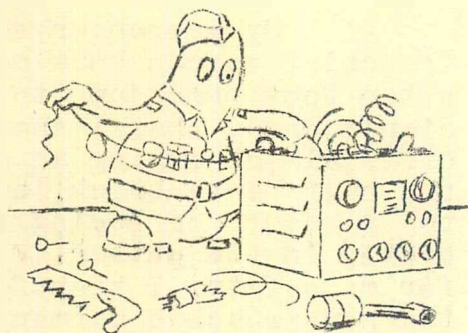


At this time, I'd never heard of Ghod, so my s-f time was limited to hunts in the Smithfield market. We were billeted like lords in the Presbyterian hostel on Howard Street, and marched to classes in nearby Queen's University. This led to my first brush with the Flight Sergeant, when I halted his squad in the middle of the cross roads. We met again, when somebody took his table salt cellar and refilled it with alum. On the credit side, he failed to find who started the riot on the fourth floor of the hostel. Another item which he never traced, was the fact that I started taking out the waitress who served our meals in the cafe of the hostel (open to civilians) This masterly move



led to extra rations finding their way to our table, while the bill for same, ended up on the lap of some civvy. Sad to say, this arrangement was abruptly terminated when I transferred my affections to a girl who worked next door. This colleen wine and dined me, took me on picnics along the Lagan, and was generally the cause for my having to make a frantic dash for the last tram-like contraption every other night.

Final exams rolled around, and by dint of sheer hard work, hours of study, and pure luck, coupled with the desperation of the Air Force, I was posted to Cranwell for the second part of the course. Having (in theory) a knowledge of AC & DC principles, mastery of radio and electronics, and ability to avoid Flight Sergeants, I was now to be trusted with RAF equipment and taught how to look after it. Somehow, I survived 'Workshop Practice', by the subterfuge of sandpapering my soldered joints down to match the standard (Platinum) model. Aircraft work, was slightly marred by an attempt to drill a hole in the roof of an Anson, by using a beam approach aerial as a battering ram, and once I saluted a Warrant Officer. The test board rolled around, and in spite of paper wedges rammed between contacts, by crafty instructors, sheer pure luck again paid off, and I passed out as a fully trained airman. A posting to a Spitfire squadron was quickly followed by an invitation to travel abroad, and February 42 saw me moving rapidly up the gang plank of the 'Duchess of York'. The RAF police who had moved me so quickly, were also on the trip, so I had to stay on board.



A brief spell in Durban, netted me some more copies of Astounding, the genuine American variety, and a stomach ache from eating too many bananas. However, my friends (the RAF police) saw me safely back on board ship, and after spraying the bum-boats with water, and slinging silver-paper-wrapped halfpennies to the diving boys, we carried on to India.

My first Indian posting, was to Juhu, not far from Bombay, and as airmen poured into India, I was soon moved directly into the city, for work on the main transmitting station. A side trip to Delhi for a code and cypher course proved quite profitable, as on the way, we stopped at Agra. Here, I met an American airman souvenir hunting. I showed him the Taj Mahal, and he was so taken by the place, that I sold it to him for fifty rupees, even giving him 5% rebate, as I couldn't promise delivery until after the war. Since more and more American servicemen were flocking to Bombay, I decided to help them out a bit. It made quite a good side line to show them the Gateway Of India, and for an extra 5 rupees, I would allow them to photograph it, although no one was willing to buy that at a giveaway price of Rs20.

At this time, I was living in a tented camp on the sea front, and by a skilful tapping of the main power line, I was able to supply lighting to our tent. Being short of cable, I used ordinary lighting flex, and ran it in a shallow trench scraped in the dirt. Before long, further lines ran from our tent to tents further and further afield, and pretty soon the place looked like Blackpool in September. Just before the monsoon arrived, I was posted off to a bomber squadron in Bengal. Since then I've often wondered what happened to those cables when the rains came.

356 Squadron turned out to be a new lot, forming up with American Liberators, but no Americans who might be persuaded to buy local real estate. After several months crawling around inside the B24's, the squadron moved down to the Cocos Islands, and I was lucky enough to wangle myself an air passage.

The air passage became doubly necessary, when the Bengal Government began to receive angry protests from people who had bought walrus shooting permits, only to find that India was rather deficient in the walrus section. It was about this time, that non-English speaking natives began applying for jobs, and waving papers of reference stating that they were excellent Japanese spies, in good standing at the head office. The Liberator in which I was a passenger made its take-off at the head of a cheering and waving crowd. Some of them even threw tokens of esteem, though luckily, they all missed. We made a short refueling stop in Ceylon, and took off again on the second leg, to the Cocos, leaving a group of natives with arms full of the 'latest thing in rubber tapping', a small wooden mallet.

The B24 lobbed down on the Cocos strip, and I began a life of alternate swimming and sun bathing. What little work there was for me to do, was abruptly terminated by the arrival of my repatriation papers, a fortnight later. Rather a pity, as the little island strip was a pleasant place, and I wasn't too keen to leave. That final fortnight was livened up by a pilot undershooting the runway, and vanishing beneath the surface of the lagoon. It turned out he was a Dutch pilot, and used to flying boats. This raised a big laugh with everyone, including me, until I found the pilot of the B-24 taking me back to Ceylon, was a similar type. Our first attempt at the trip proved futile, a storm came up half way, and after being chucked around like a bung in a barrel, the pilot turned back to the Cocos. The lagoon looked awfully wet, but to my relief, we cleared it and headed for the runway. Then the pilot's old habit returned, he proceeded to throttle back, and put the tail down. This proved disconcerting to a trike undercart, and half the runway needed spot welding before we came to a halt. However, three days later, we made the trip without any further incident, and after a few furtive days in Colombo, selling tour expired leaflets to newly arrived airmen, a troopship was sent to take me home. Halfway to America, the captain discovered and confiscated the bar-magnet I'd been using on the compass, and an R/T conference with Bertram Chandler enabled us to get back to England in the November of 1945.

Swannington turned out to be my next port, and at this maintenance unit, I was able to do nothing, at high speed. The air compressor of the instrument section proved capable of driving a dart made from a bicycle spoke, clean through the one inch timber of the door, but within a few days, owners stopped leaving their bicycles untended and new sports had to be invented. About this period, a mathematically minded officer had been trying to work out how to get more than 14 Mosquitos into a hangar. His method involved a hangar plan, and some scale models. In vain did we point out that while he could lift his models into place, we couldn't do the same with aircraft. The method had to be tried. 14 Mosquitos were wheeled out of the hangar, but try as we might, only 13 would go back in....then the officer found somebody had parked his car at the back of the hangar.

Demob followed in 1946, and as they handed me back my watch and shaving gear, I began to realise that I was now faced with the awful prospect of working for a living. I became a teacher, thinking it was a cushy job, six weeks holiday in the summer, and short hours. I soon found my mistake, but even so, I like the job.

In the post war years, I began to take up with fandom, my first convention was at the White Horse, and shortly after it began, an alarm clanged out in a nearby jewellers. I had to drop the loot, and return to the White Horse, where I sat beside a character drawing horrible doodles on a piece of paper. Noticing my interest, he volunteered that he was, "Covering this con. for Operation Fantast". I promptly asked him what was this 'Operation Fantast', and made an enemy for life. Later on, I joined O.F., and began to pester faneds with my material.

Conventions came and went, and somewhere along the line I went to one in Bradford. At this affair, I met up with a bloke who gave his name as 'Rick Bentif'. I later found that this was only a pseudopod, put out as a feeler. I'd never heard of the chap before, but he's been around ever since. Just because we have similar tastes in wine, women and song (etc), and I borrow his magazines, he thinks he can borrow mine. Somehow, we decided to tackle fanzine production, and after raising 'Space Times' to be a great national fanzine, handed it over to somebody or other, and started from scratch with Triode.

Since then, we have conned together, fanned together, and been thrown out of the same hotels together. Triode continues to totter along, and everyso often, the slings and arrows of some sharpshooter come our way. Being a high minded pair, we ignore such details, and continue on with such projects as a plan now under way, to sell Russian secrets to Harwell.

Naturally, in this severely expurgated edition of my life story, some events have had to be omitted (the juicy bits) and all characters appearing herein have had their names deleted, lest I be damned for sewages. For example, I didn't sell the Taj Mahal at all, it was the Imperial Secretariat building in Delhi.

Future conventions will see Triode there, complete with the little bits in brackets, which Eric composes during sessions with an opium pipe. Naturally, I'll be there too (If Yngvi doesn't take after me next) and this thrilling, true-to-life drama will be extended to pastures new.

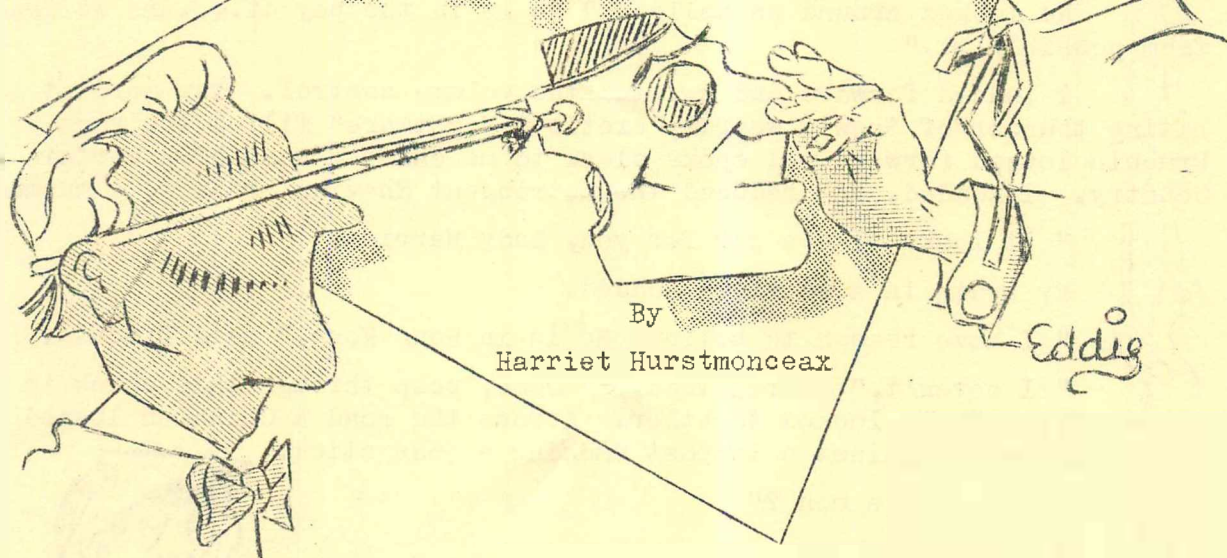
To conclude this saga, I would like to make it clear to all my best friends (both of them), that I have forgiven the fact that they didn't send me a birthday card this year. No doubt remorse will fill their hearts, and 1959 will bring me a big load of cards from people who wish me well. If it doesn't, then you're a mouldy lot of perishers. With that thought I leave you. As my ship sinks slowly beneath the horizon, it only remains to say..... glug.



Yngvi

Due to the current International Situation we are unable this issue, to present an article by Hurstmonceax and Faversham as their presence is needed elsewhere. However, most ably filling in with a further chronicle of Harrison we have Harry's maiden-aunt. Relating a hitherto unpublished tale of The Master.

THE UNMASKING



By

Harriet Hurstmonceax

The day had been, in it's way, strenuous, and it was good to relax with a cigarette and a glass of wine at my elbow. My chair was deep and soft and I sat, masculine fashion, with my feet towards the fire. I smiled to myself, recalling how my mater had often scolded me, in the days gone by, for this very position I was wont to adopt. Against the wall, the radiogram played Artie Shaw in muted tones, the vibrant bass flavouring the air. In the kitchen, Pike, my factotum, was busy. A record came to it's end and the autochange clicked as it slid another disc onto the turntable.

The front door bell rang, interrupting my firelight reverie.

" All right, Pike," I called, " I'll see to it."

He stood on the threshold, urbane as always, his evening cape surrounding him with mystery. " Why, Dracula," I smiled, giving him the name of our affectionate child. " How lovely. A glass of wine ? Will you stay to dinner ?"

Pike, realising as she always seems to do that something was in the wind, was hovering to take his cape and hat. " Thank you, Pike," said he, with that ineffable grace which is his characteristic attitude to all ranks. Then, turning to me.

" A glass of wine, Lady Harriet. No more, for things are afoot and time presses."

When we had sat down and been served with wine, he spoke again. " It is as we thought....."

() To cover the turmoil this statement caused me I carefully fitted a cigarette into my jade holder. Controlling myself with, I hoped, no visible effort I struck a match and drew smoke into my lungs.

" Yes," he continued, " He whom we all thought to be the perfect epitome of a gallant English gentleman is.....otherwise. In spite of the chronicles published in reputable magazines, He is not what He would seem to be."

He looked around uneasily. " He is in the pay of....are we free from possible...."

I leaned forward and twisted the volume control. The mordant biting thunder of Shaw's weirdly exotic " Nightmare" filled the room. Dracula leaned forward and spoke close to me ear the name of a certain Country. I nodded, and reduced the astringent Shavian brass to a murmur.

" It looks like a job for you, Lady Harriet."

My brain in a whirl, I nodded.

" I have reason to believe He is in Hong Kong," said Dracula.

" I haven't," I rejoined. " Come, peep through this chink in the curtains." We looked together. Across the road a Chinaman leaned inconspicuously against a lampost smoking a joss stick.

" One of His men ?"

I nodded.

" Gad! You knew, then?"

" Not for sure. But now...."

A few moments later he let himself out.

* * * *



So it came about that I left my flat a half hour later attired in the dress of a slatternly char-lady. I carried a grubby shopping bag. As I left, the inconspicuous oriental threw away his joss stick and followed. Good. He had penetrated my disguise. I led him a hundred yards along the street and into a more crowded thoroughfare. Ahead of me lay my first objective. I crossed the road and entered through the door which no man may breach.

Once inside, I turned the shopping bag inside-out and it immediately became a smart overnight satchel, stripped off the slatternly rags and revealed fashionable widow's weeds beneath them. A smart toque with a veil to cover my face, completed the outfit.

I left, and went to the small cafe across the street. My shadow was nowhere in sight. At first. But after a few moments he appeared, and took up his stance outside the cafe, facing across the street. Within a minute he was joined by a rough-looking person who spoke to him in a cross manner. There was an altercation during which the Chinaman gestured several times across the street. Then with an angry shrug he walked away with the other. Leaving a 10/- note on the table, I hastily followed.

To my surprise they walked, not attempting to call a taxicab or board a bus as I had feared. The way led down Oxford Street and then, just before Holborn they turned into the more select part of Bloomsbury. Here, in a street that will have no name, they entered the forecourt of a majestic and secluded mansion. I was for the moment perplexed. Then I threw my veil back and strode up the steps. My tug at the bell brought forth a butler of truly stupendous majesty.

"Madame?" he intoned.

I had decided on a frontal attack. Therefore, boldly, I asked for Him.

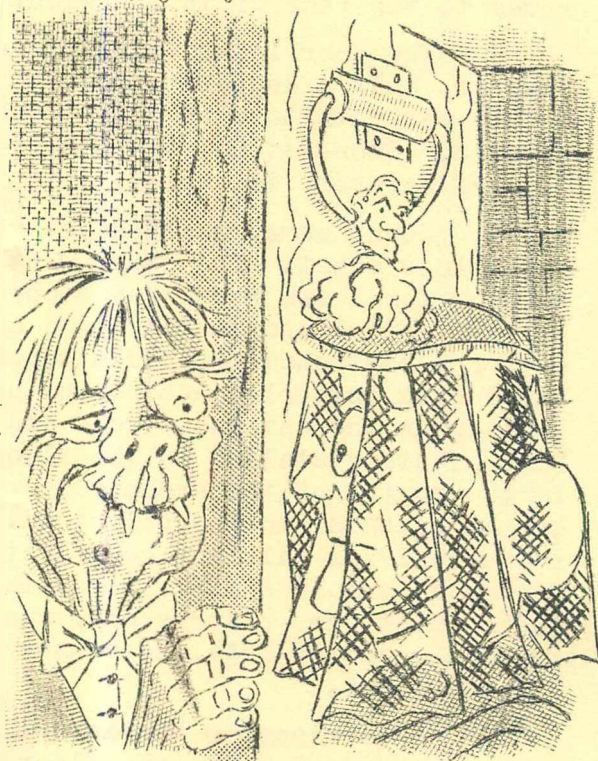
"Tell Him," I said, "that Lady Harriet is here."

The butler led me to an exquisite drawing room, a room of impeccable taste, cool and relaxing. I dropped my veil. It was then that I saw the picture. It jarred vilely against that lovely room, a thing of unspeakable lewdness. While I gazed with fascinated disgust, He spoke from behind me.

"Why the weeds, my lady?"

I turned slowly.

"I mourn one who, in a way, still lives," I said.





He smiled, a slow evil smile that was a travesty of his usual frank-openess. He took me by the arm, and smiled again, with intent to disarm.

"A glass of wine, my Lady?"

God forgive me for a fool, but I accepted. It was a good, dry sherry with body and strength. The next thing I knew was oblivion.

My awakening was slow and painful. It was also lonely. I was sprawled in an armchair, my dress disarranged. For a moment horror possessed me, had this monster besmirched me whilst I lay, drugged, in his power.

The atmosphere seemed different somehow, now, the house seemed cold and deserted. Every door leading from the hall was locked. Only the front door was open and I was thankful to gain the outer air. So this was His game, I thought, to persuade me that since I had found His evil lair, He had taken His nefarious schemes to some other rendezvous. I stood listening and undecided as to my next move upon the steps of the house. Then I went through the tradesmans entrance and round to the rear of the mansion.

The door looked innocent enough in it's archway of red-brick. However, only a desperate resolve to get to the bottom of things gave me the strength to open it. I pushed against it's green surface and entered. Stone steps, dim lit by naked bulbs, led downwards. They went of forever, it seemed, into the very bowels of the earth.

Sound came, muffled yet ringing with distance, the sound of a rhythmless chant. The steps went on. And on. I seemed to have been walking for hours when they stopped, suddenly, on the brink of an abyss. I realised that I stood on the rim of an underground amphitheatre, a vast chamber hidden beneath the bricks and mortar of London. Stretching into blackness on either hand were squat Gothic arches, holding up the cavernous roof and the teeming life of the surface. Rows of steps stalked to the floor of the arena, ten feet below. In the centre of the arena yellow torches flickered, their light barely reaching to where I stood. They illuminated a raised throne, and around its dais men genuflected. Upon the throne itself sat a figure in a golden mask, receiving the veneration of its worshippers. Their chant came clearly now, sung with the dead beat of jackbooted feet, a chant of lifeless subservience. The tune was the immortal "Tannenbaum".

"Harrison, O Harrison, Harrison, O Harrison," they intoned with foreheads beating the floor. Something died in me then.

At school we had all worshipped Him, the modest hero, and to Him I had dedicated my innocent girlish heart in unquestioning fealty. Now, faced with this gold-masked monster on His gilded throne I was sorrowful and distraught.

" Hold," cried the figure on the throne, " bring forth the offenders!"

Slouching abjectly, two miserable figures were led forward into the light, naked and cowering. The One on the throne stood erect and a thin whip cut a tracery of blood across their backs. My gorge rose. I swallowed it desperately and forced myself to continue to watch the gruesome scene. They two prisoners - they were the two who had earlier tried to shadow me - grovelled before the golden figure, beseeching mercy, but no mercy had He. Still lashed by the whip they were dragged away back into the deep black shadows, and disappeared from my view.

Another figure was dragged forth, this time one that managed to stand erect and proud, still. " Ah," came that rich voice. " The spy. For you a merciful death. The standard death, in fact, for spies." The newcomer had once been a powerful man as was evidenced by his immense frame, but now the flesh sagged on his bones, and his eyes reflected the agony only the tortured can know.

" Cigarette," He snarled. A cylinder was placed between the lips. He drew the smoke down in great gulps.

" Bandage."

But here the captive cried halt. " Keep it ter blow yer ruddy nose on!" he shouted.

I was lost in admiration. This, one of the humbler servants of our country, going to his death with true British valour on his lips. He stood there, awaiting the shock of bullets from the guns of the front row of genuflecting chanters. I could stand it no longer. Scarcely heeding what I did, I rushed down the steps and across the arena, drawing my veil as I ran. I placed myself in front of the captive.

" Have your evil way with me," I cried, " but let this gallant gentleman go free!"

" No mum, no, yer can't do it!"

The captive tried to shoulder me aside, but I would not let him, and in his weakened state he was no match for me.

" I know you," I whispered. " I know you, Charles Duncombe. Once you saved the life of one dear to me, and my family never forget a debt. Take advantage of your unbound feet and go man, go!"

I heard a manly sob escape him as he ran. Turning to the golden throne, I said: " Well, Harrison ?"

The lips beneath the mask smiled mockingly

The lips beneath the golden mask smiled mockingly. " You would sacrifice yourself to save that worthless cockney fool ?"

My voice trembled in spite of my efforts to control myself.
" He is worth ten of you! "

" But not one tenth of you," He said. " Lift your veil, and let my slaves see the face of their new mistress."

" Please," I begged. " Please, for the sake of what you once were, for the Harrison that is dead, spare me that."

There must have been some residuum of goodness in Him for He said no more, merely indicating the empty throne next to His own. I seated myself, wondering how many luckless maidens before me had occupied this doleful seat. He sent the slaves away and in their place came a committee of masked figures with whom he proceeded to plot such black and treacherous schemes as made my blood curdle. Sick to my soul, I gave the appearance of plotting with them, inserting such garbled items of information as I could think of. Then, when their dastardly plans were complete, He took me by the arm.

" Come my beloved," he said.

Knowing full well that a fate far worse than death awaited me, I went with him, down a black tunnel in the amphitheatre wall. At last, in a bedroom of sybaritic luxury, He turned to me. With a shudder I went into His arms. As I raised my cringing lips to His, my eyes tightly closed, a voice cried " Hold!"

I stood stupified. There at the door stood my brother, with Charlie Duncombe at his shoulder, as in the old days. And behind him - no, it could not be! The luxurious room spun around me and I would have fallen but for Harry's strong arm.

For standing behind them, in the mouth of the tunnel, was Harrison himself! I stammered like a schoolgirl.

" But - but who....?"

Quietly, Harry stripped off the imposters mask, while Duncombe kept a black automatic levelled. Beneath the mask, the face of He, Himself. What blasphemy was this? My brother's fingers went to work again, he stripped off what appeared to be a thin plastic mask, formless in itself, but when stretched over human features taking on shape and form. The appearance, indeed, of genuine flesh.

The features revealed were those of Dracula, my childhood friend, otherwise Sir H.P. Sanders-Blunt!

* * * * *

Once again I sat at my own fireside, the lovely Shavian brass a muted murmur. My brother and Charles Duncombe were there, and, almost unbearable ecstasy, He sat beside me. He, who normally eschewed the company of women, with His arm around my shoulders, and a glass in His hand.

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" Poor Dracula," I sighed. " Why, Oh, why, did he do it ?"

Harrison coughed sympathetically.

" The old story, my dear. The desire for Power, a frustrated sex life - then temptation. Poor fellow. It was a deuced clever scheme, though. But when he tried to drag you into it, there he overreached himself."

And He squeezed me. He squeezed me! Could one ask for more ? Dare I ? I turned my face to His. The phone rang.

" It's for you, Sir," said Harry.

He took the phone, listened for a moment, then replaced it slowly. For a second He looked at me, more than friendship in His eyes. Then He shrugged. Such things were not for Him.

" Well, gentlemen, it seems that I must go," he announced.

From the window we watched Him walk away. A tear rolled down my cheek.

" Buck up, old chap," said my brother huskily.

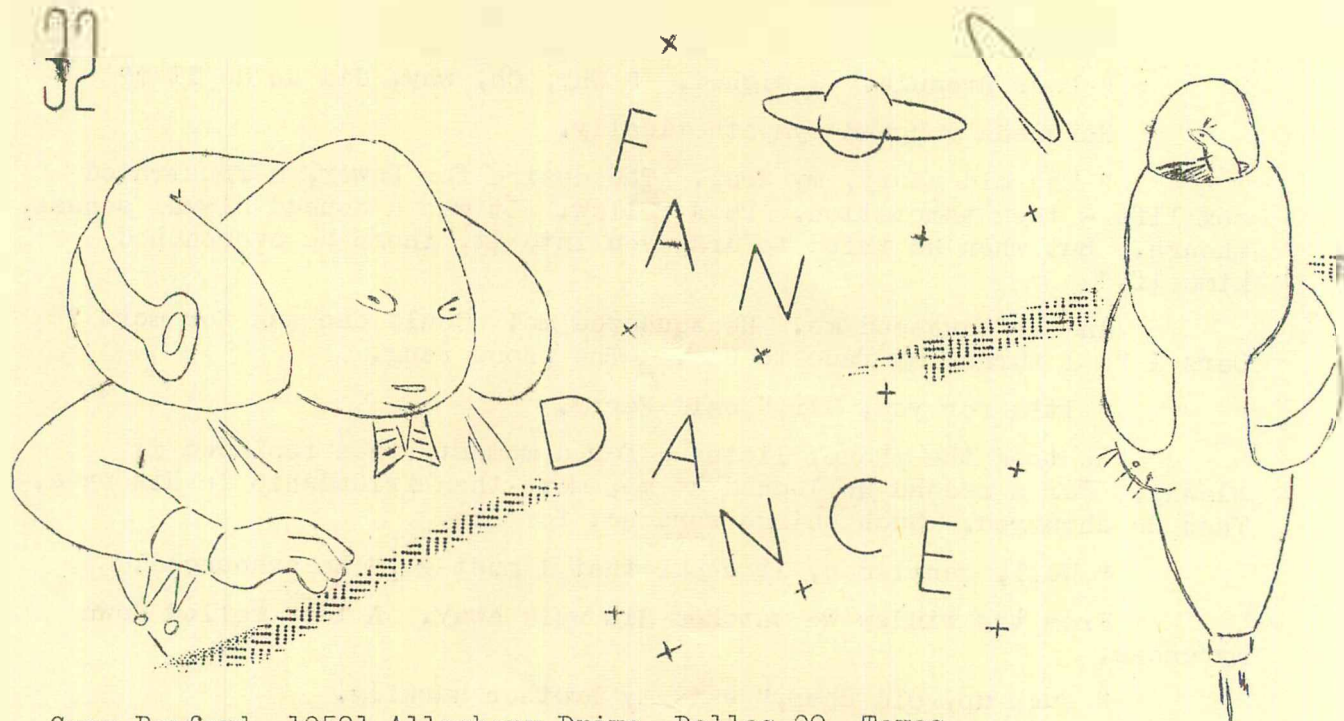
" I wonder where....." I whispered.

" Ne' mind w'ere 'E's gorn, mum," came Charles Duncombe's voice. " W'en 'E wants us, E'll call. E'll call, mum, donchu worry."

I put my hands on his shoulders, gazed into his honest blue eyes. Here, I thought, is the real backbone of England.

" And when He calls, we must go," I said.





Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas.

I don't know if you purposely stapled the pages on backward, but the effect wasn't too good here. ((Sorry, Greg, that you got a bum copy - the backward stapling wasn't intentional. It was an accident - the pages were held under the stapler at the wrong slant....))

Editorial interesting....liked that bit about astounding plots, although I wouldn't advise SLAN as a training ground for writers who intend to specialize in telepathic type stories. Alfred Bester's work would be much better, as vVogt's thud and blunder (admittedly handled well in spots) is hoary with age. Like the colour work. I've always wanted to try the simpler types of colour mimeography, but have never thought that the results were so great that the time investment would be returned (not to mention having to run about town with two colours of ink on my hands). ((Yes, Terry is in danger of being caught red-handed....))

I hope you two schizos have fun playing sercon on one hand and faaans on the other. There isn't too much of a contradiction there after all, as even the best BNF's have stf bents. Take Grennell, Calkins, etcetra...they all don't exactly shun stf. ((Hell, yes, and even one or two of the younger fans have been found to read s-f secretly!))

Your fanzine notes are entertaining - I seem to go for a more abbreviated review, especially when I'm receiving the fanzine in question and can tell what you think of it at a glance. At least you know what the reviewer thought of the zine, rather than a table of contents. Don't agree with you on CRY OF THE NAMELESS, though as I've never found anything of interest in its pages, except for an occasional photo-cover, which is pretty good. Otherwise.... ((One or two people seem to have read my opinion of CRY wrongly so I'll reiterate that I feel it to be the best American clubzine....not the best American fmz. There's a difference.))

I got a letter about the BSFA the other day, but actually, you can't expect many US fen to join the organization since it's not in their interest. And there's no real point in fans who are fannish in nature joining, since few of them (you and Terry are notable exceptions) are very sercon, and would do the Association little good. ((Perhaps they wouldn't do much good, but their money would!)) I like the idea, though, and hope it goes over well. If you discover another Walt Willis let me know.

Ivor Maine, 33 Chadworth House, Amwell Court, Green Lanes, London N4.

The pangs of conscience start worrying me every time I look at Eddlie's cover for T14 and remember that I haven't sent either of you a comment on it. The Cover is the best of the eight TRIODE covers I've got. It's something of a gas. In case you hadn't guessed, I like it.

Unfortunately, I'm rather a newcomer to fandom, so this shortage of new fen doesn't worry me so much as it obviously does everybody else, since I've never known fandom any better. However, the situation does not seem to me to be really too bad. Recently we've had the formation of the Clacton Group, and the start of PERIHELION, which seems to me to be by now such a good fmz that it's past the stage where it can be described as merely promising. ((That's all part of the problem, Ivor. You have a neofan publishing a fmz which for the first two issues is suitable fare for other neofans, but after the initial issues the fmz is either just as esoteric as the already established zines, or has folded. Thus leaving the aching gap, which the BSFA is trying to fill. A few years back the problem wasn't a problem because there was a new fmz appearing every few months (in U.K., that is), now they only crop up every year or so.)) Also, since the Worldcon, which was when I started attending, at least four new people have started coming to the Globe fairly regularly. ((And what is the population of London ??))

BIOD is ruddy marvellous! There isn't much more I can say about it. I saw the old Leslie Howard movie Pimpernel Smith on TV shortly after reading part3, and every now and then certain similarities just made me roll up with laughter. I suppose Stan Freberg didn't write this, did he ? ((Nope. And for those who are curious, it isn't Carl Brandon, either. The two authors, for reasons best known to themselves, wish to remain anonymous. Shucks, they're modest.)) I suppose it's very fugg-headed to have serious thoughts about anything as funny as this, but this does seem to be a very good example of what we're going to lose if we all carry this back to s-f lark too far. Fandom as it is now seems to be alright to me. And I'd much rather read BIOD than a check-list of the works of Jules Verne, or something like that. Some sercon fans can be interesting (SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW, for example) but I hate to think of them being in the majority. The 'little magazine' type of fmz, like FANTASTIC WORLDS, has never seemed to me to be particularly interesting. I'll take "-" any day (when it eventually comes out!). ((Yes, I quite agree with you on this, and personally I envisage the BSFA's purpose as that of a springboard to fandom. A Society for the Recruitment and Innoculation of Neofans, you might say.))

I see that John Berry was also attacked by s&c thoughts when he read BIOD, so at least I'm in good company. Have you noticed that in profile Ted Tubb is the perfect MAD type, in other words he looks just like Harrison ? ((Iris....))

Tucked away in obscurity at the back we find Sid's con-report, which he was so busy scribbling all through Kettering. This is a sort of day-by-day impression, rather than a minute-by-minute report, and in some ways it's more effective. I find that it's the little things I remember about the con: having tea with Chuck Harris very early one morning, Ron Bennett selling prozines, being dragged to see Pal Joey AGAIN, Ron Bennett selling copies of the Fandirectory, the thrill on Sunday morning when I discovered that you could get beer at the reception desk when the bar was closed, Ron Bennett selling subscriptions to PLOY. ((Of such memories are conventions made.))

John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio.

The cover appears impeccable. But the cover can't be impeccable. If the cover were impeccable, then it would be on BRILLIG. Eddie has done a fine piece.

Sid made the Kettering affair sound so wonderful, someday I must attend, or is it strictly a BRE show ? ((Nope....but bring your own glass.)) The day after your BSFA Bacover arrived (with the rest of TRIODE tagging along) I got a letter from the BSFA....I was wondering if it was strictly BRE, but find I can join as a sort of honorary member. T'is better than nothing, I will join.

Your combo with Berry was wunnderful. BoSh, the arch Budgie doubter, with a house haunting crew. Your reputation for atrocious puns is second only to the Harris-like thing. Berry has made over all BRE-fandom, soon his arch despoiling methods will conquer the last refuge, US, taking over what he has so far seemingly ignored. Help us, ANTIGOON! Only you can save us now....

Many thanks for your printed circuit, Terry. I can use it. Already it has opened whole new vistas for me, who knows, with the help of this precious scrap of paper I may someday become a stable. (Then they will fill me with horses.) ((I don't quite follow your reasoning, John, but I hope you make a good neybour...))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland.

As you might suspect, BIOD entranced me more than anything in this issue, achieving the highly difficult task of living up to an earlier standard without getting selfconscious about it. I hope that the end at the end isn't as final as it sounds. On SUBJECT TO DEBATE, I might suggest major

expansion if you plan to continue the series. So many semantic difficulties crop up when someone tries to cover a large subject in 500 words or less.



The editorial material is among the best items in the issue; it is so nice to receive a fanzine in which you don't find one article replying to the article which someone else wrote about the material which touched off the latest series of fueds and libel suits. I notice that all is not sweetness and light in British Fandom, but at least you people are usually content to strike quickly and then return to more interesting things. ((The song is ended, but the memory rankles on!)) And the illustrations are as remarkable as ever - if lilies were ever gilded, they've received that treatment in your editorial offices.

Ken McIntyre, 1 Hylton St, Plumstead, London, S.E.18.

Many thanks for T14 which landed with all the shattering impact of Sid Birchby's Kettering Kitchen Kalamity - his report was correct it was a loud crash; I was sitting in the Devil's Kitchen at the time, and wishing my stummick would come down off the ceiling so that I could pour a guinness all over it (the stummick, not the ceiling) when suddenly.... my ghod! I exclaimed, they're here! (Quietly...to myself, you understand, so as not to wake the sleeping beauties on the floor above). It takes more than a little sudden noise to influence my smooth and imperturbable composedness; so with infinite calm and comportment I got up off the floor and went to sit in a position a little further away from the kitchen serving-hatch. Where I continued to peruse the questionnaire I had been reading. ((From Alcoholics Anonymous ?)) At least, that is what I would have liked to have given the impression that I was doing, but I had a little difficulty in getting both eyes to synchronize on the paper. ((It was probably the water, Ken.))

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Lovely and unusual cover by Eddie this time - not the type of work we usually see from him - almost Finlay like. And I'll bet you took ages before you got the red 'Triode 14' into that thing the girl is carrying. The thousands of radios blaring out the "British Grenadiers" in BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY really comes from Bradbury's THE IRRITATED PEOPLE as you recall but is nonetheless hilarious. From country to country it'd probably have been either " We'll Keep The Red Flag Flying" or the "American Patrol" by Glenn Miller.

Why has Eric written nothing in his editorial about all these bits and pieces pore ole Sanderson keeps getting through the post? I felt sure there would be some reply in that part of TRIODE at least. ((Mainly because I'm not particularly interested in what happens to friend Sanderson; or in getting involved in petty fueding. As to who is/was responsible for sending all the odd items to Sanderson I don't know - except that it wasn't me. Actually, I think it would have been better if they'd sent the lad Get Well Cards.))

Bill Harry's work was very good as ever - taken from the posters to "Bonjour Tristesse" I think - how long did it take you to get it from him? I refuse to believe that anyone could be named LeRoy Harthrug.

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Barry Hall, 9 Jackson Rd, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

I think it is my duty to comment on the latest issue of TRIODE. With a touch of envy in my voice (or is it jealousy?) I have to say that artwork, layout, etc. etc. are practically superb and in this respect, as well as in size, quality of paper and material, the zine is well worth the high price of 1/6.

I was rather surprised at seeing a female on the front cover although I can't honestly think why: I probably didn't think Eddie could draw women - this one tho was handled very well (I showed it to my dad and he said it was good, so...). It's a pity that BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY has now come to an end because I was just beginning to really enjoy it. The heading illo by Eddie was pretty terrific although I get the impression that it would have been better if the illo on page 17 had been transferred to p.16 and vice versa. ((Could be your left-hand eyetrack is stronger than your right-hand. I like to experiment with layout when time allows (which is not very often), and I think this one came off.))

Alex Bratmon, 281 Norton St, Long Beach 5, California.

Beloved Is Our Destiny, this is really great stuff. Strangely enough tho', Cyril Faversham is not a new character to me. I'm not kidding here either. As you may know, one of the delights of American TV is that somewhere past the witching hour of say, two in the morning, a show goes on that is designed primarily for goons, ghouls and zombies. This is known throughout the land as the late-late-late-late show. Primarily its function is to keep the station on the air with something that is, shall we say....cheap. By some coincidence, this usually turns out to be an old British movie. It is here that I have met Cyril Faversham before. Indeed, it was even in what could be termed an early Science-fiction movie. Cyril was a member of the foreign office.... counter espionage dept. Some diabolical villain had invented a ray which would stop the engine of a new experimental plane. Already two experimental planes have disappeared ((The work of Kurt von Neumann, no doubt.)) and the third is being carefully guarded against the same thing happening. Now this picture, tho' ancient, is rather good. Faversham is played by one of your better English actors, and believe it or not, the co-star, a pilot who loves Faversham's sister is acted by that young, but up and coming new actor Laurence Olivier. ((In that case the young actor who played Faversham would probably be Sir. Cedric Hardwyck ! Er...was it a talkie ?)) This was really a good movie. Faversham, while not stupid at all, could never really make up his mind about what kind of hat he should wear, or what kind of cane he should carry. Idiosyncratic is the best word to describe him with. Though he liked to cook, he never really made a complete stew, because he would only make them when he was in a sort of a muddle, and just as he adds the carrots....every time....he solves the case! ((It all sounds tewwibly, tewwibly familiar. Anyone recall the title ?))

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Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorks.

I was astounded, nay, fair knocked over by the layout. This is superb. You've had a reputation for careful planning in this line before now, but I think this issue has surpassed others for its clean layout. Really wonderful. You know, TRIODE and PLOY have been compared as near equals in the past, and I have striven to keep up standards in the hope of outpacing you. I must say that this has shown that I've been left far behind. ((Well, shucks...thanks.)) In SUBJECT TO DEBATE, Sid begs the question. He says "...For a time there would be fall-out....but fifty years later there would still be men and women...They might not have it so good as us..." which surely, is the point Brian was trying to make? If the people in the future aren't going to have as good a life as us, then our culture is indeed going to hell in a bucket, And we all know that old jazz number, BUCKET GOT A HELL IN IT, don't we? ((Ouch!))

Very sensible letter from Harry Warner, as we have come to expect, on ZETA...but oh! That postal cancellation about the radio licence.... what about the American slogan, " Pray For Peace!" ? ((Well, at least, Post Early For Xmas, is universal.))

Bryan Welham, 179 Old Rd, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

Material in this issue of T was at its usually high standard. SUBJECT TO DEBATE was most interesting, though I'm into the way of thinking that This country is going to the dogs. Very interesting lettercol, too. The cover was excellent. I think Eddie is British Fandom's best all round artist. ((I'm inclined to agree with you; possibly Atom is the better cartoonist, but Eddie seems to turn out more varied work. Look out for the first of a series of covers by the lad in NEBULA. Remember, you saw him first in TRIODE!!!))

Rory Faulkner, 7241 East 20th St, Westminster, California.

This has been a very dull unfannish summer for me ((This was written before the Solacon.)), as early in the Spring I was drafted by my daughter into taking care of her four little monsters whilst she worked. The 14year old, with a bright idea and a can of paint, has decorated my car with a huge sign reflecting the current Hollywood trend - " A Present From General Trujillo". I gave up the limerick idea for awhile because I couldn't rhyme Richardson or Astronomer with anything at all. But I finally came up with a poor substitute, which I offer for your criticism.

When Doc' Richardson climbed on his roof
He had no idea how he'd goof!
While watching for sputnik
He fell on his buttnik,
And fractured three ribs as well. OOF!

FIA

THE B.S.F.A.

Whilst this should not be taken as an official-type progress report on the BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, we thought you might be interested in hearing how things are going - briefly..

Let's get the bad news over first. Due, respectively, to FAFIA and GAFIA, Ted Tubb and Dave Newman are no longer on the Committee of the B.S.F.A. Ted had to give up the job of editing because he had to concentrate on writing for a living after the first issue of VECTOR. Dave just plumb gone gafia....and as far as we know knowone has heard a word from him in the past two or three months, this left us no alternative but to vote him off the Committee for an inactive Chairman makes things rather difficult.

All this has, inevitably, slowed down the plans of the Association, and caused some trials and tribulations, however due to a deal of blood sweat and tears on the part of the rest of the Committee things have been sorted out and are now running quite smoothly. EB is now responsible for all the Secratarial chores, Terry has taken over as Editor and Publisher of VECTOR, and Archie is putting in sterling work as Treasurer and general utility man.

VECTOR 2, was published just over a week ago (as I write), the Membership of the Association has increased to over 70, and We Have Plans.

One of the principle difficulties, of course, with any sercon organisation is getting fans to help with the work - yea, even the members. However, there are plenty of ways the fmz publishers (in particular) can help even if they are not prepar- to join the BSFA. For instance, we'd like to extend an invitation to any fan-editor who intends to publish any items about science-fiction, or any item which may be of interest to those interested in s-f to run off extra copies of the item - preface it with a plug for his (or her) fanzine - and despatch to Terry for inclusion, or mailing with, VECTOR.

THE FIRST B.S.F.A. CONVENTION. Whilst little definite gen on this can be given at the moment, you can be assured that it will be held at Easter Weekend 1959. A BSFA sub-committee has been formed for the purpose of organising the convention, and those interested in receiving full information about the con should write in now to the Con-sec, Bob Richardson, at 19 Courtiers Drive, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham, Glos. Naturally, suggestions, offers of help, and encouragement are welcomed. Norman Shorrocks has been lumbered with the job of Program-Organiser, and Ron Bennett will be handling Publicity to those not in the BSFA. Norman Weedall and Geoff Collins have offered to act as Bouncers.

To have given a full account of the doings of the BSFA since the last TRIODE would have taken several pages, but then....if you are interested in the Association you will be a member (er...won't you ?) and be receiving VECTOR.