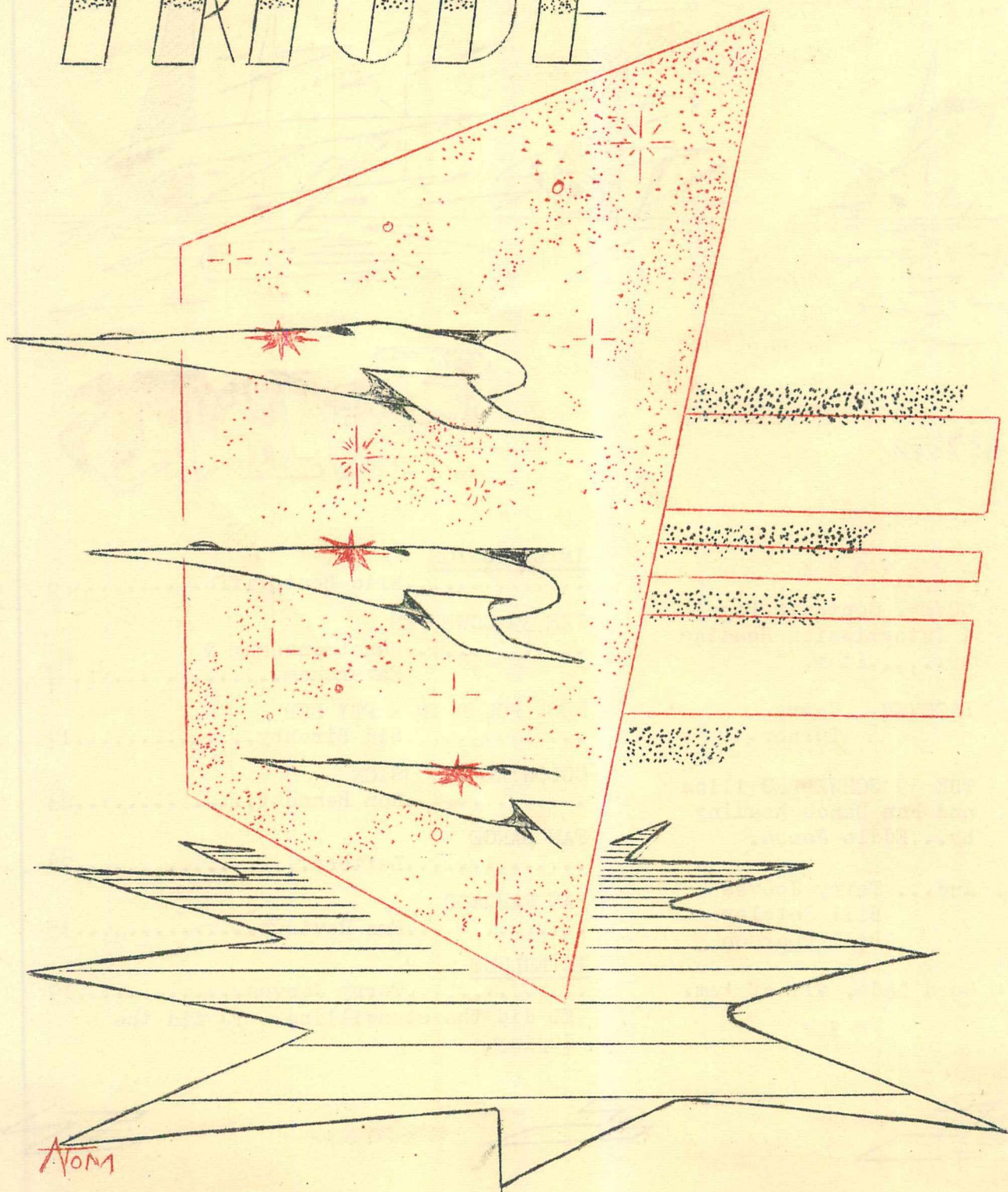
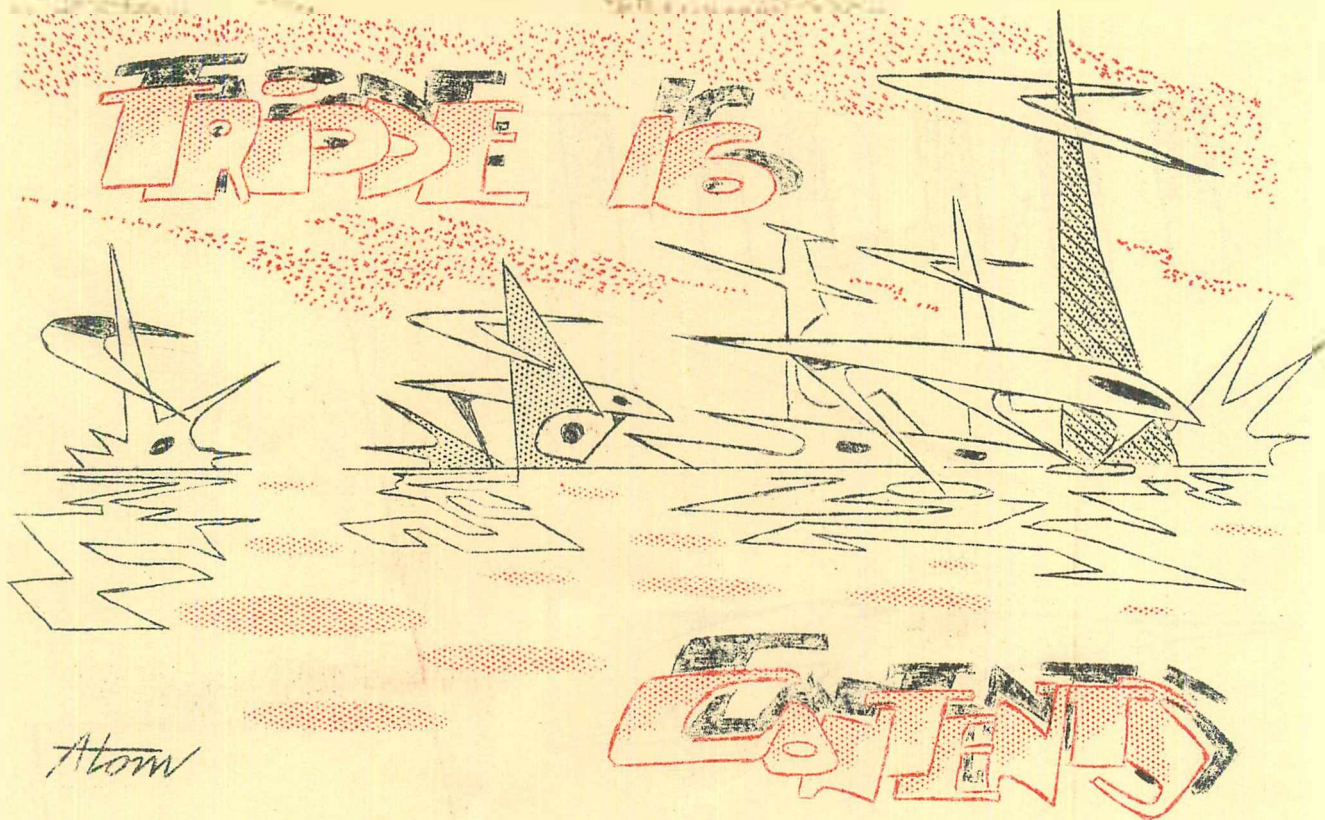


TRIODE





ARTWORK

COVER, Contents Page,
& Intermission Heading
by.....Atom.

BACOVER...Harry
Turner.

THE 39 SCHWEPPES illos
and Fan Dance heading
by...Eddie Jones.

And... Terry Jeeves
Bill Rotsler
Bill Pearson

Good Lads, all of 'em.

* * *

INTERMISSION

.....Eric Bentcliffe..... 3

THE 39 SCWEPES

.....Hurstmonceaux &
Faversham..... 7

MISS. FOUND IN EMPTY BED

.....Sid Birchby.....17

COLONIAL EXCURSION

.....Ron Bennett.....23

FAN DANCE

.....Letters.....28

FAN FARRAGO

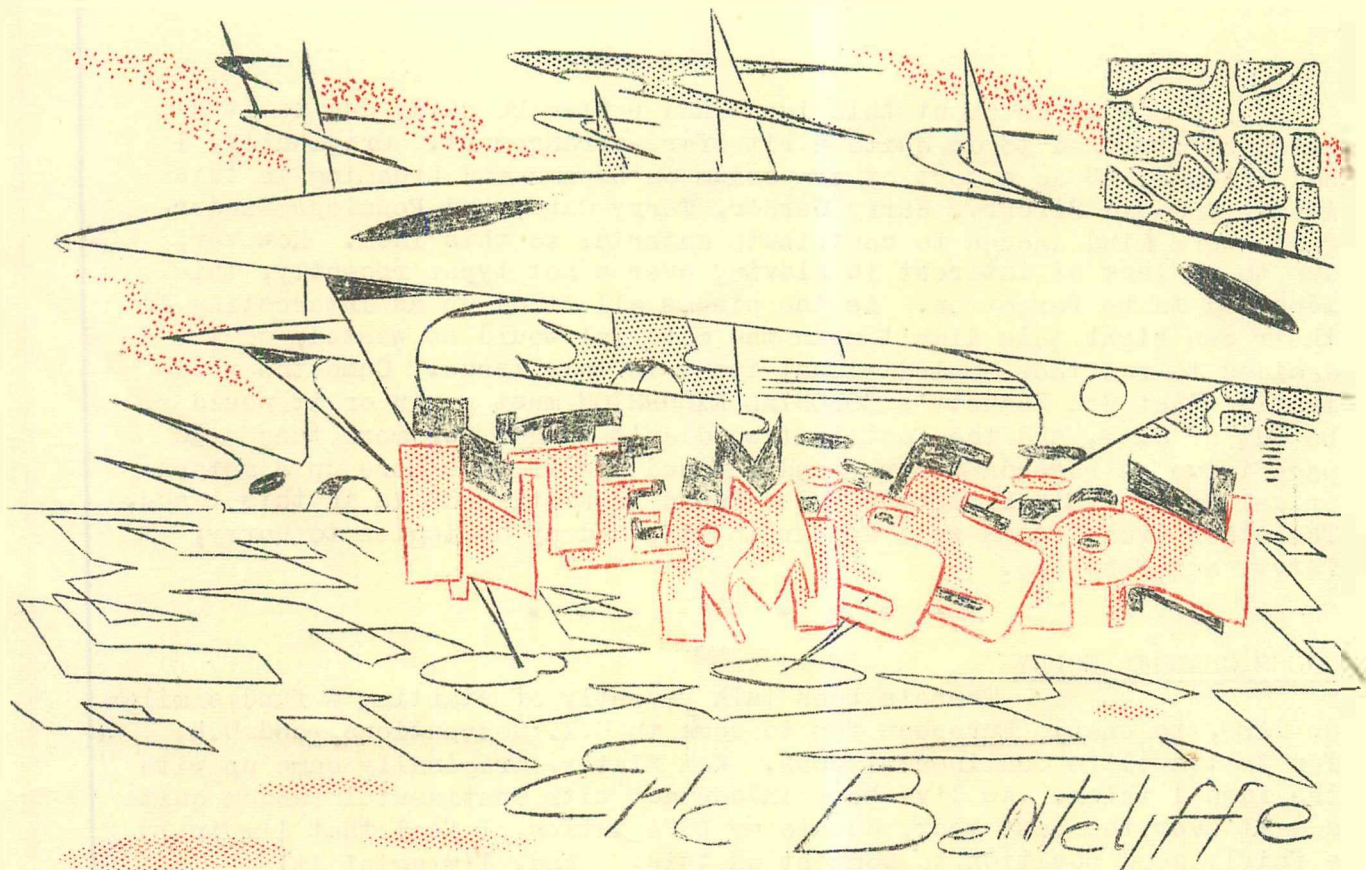
.....Fmz Reviews.....35

INTERLUDE

.....Terry Jeeves.....19

EB did the stencilling - TJ did the
duping.





It's nice to be back! And if you have not realised it, it's quite a long while since the last issue of TRIODE. Around nine months to be exact, a whole gestation period. The reasons for this time gap are varied, but the principle one of course was the BSFA and our duties with that organization. Since handing over our official-type chores a certain amount of lassitude has been apparent, probably a reaction from the enforced type fanac we've indulged in over the past year. A most enjoyable year, but not one we'd care to repeat to often. It was work, man, Work. And then, I've been SAFIA (seduced away from it all) by a very nice member of the opposite sex, these past weeks. Terry will no doubt have some foul comment to make on this, so I'll merely say that I'm rather enjoying life at the moment, even if my fanac is at a rather low ebb. And turn to more general topics. pto.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION, MANAGEMENT & OWNERSHIP as required by Act of Congress (THIS is an International magazine).
TRIODE is edited and published by ERIC BENTCLIFFE and TERRY JEEVES. Material and U.K. subs should be sent to EB at 47, Alldis St, Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire: Artwork to Terry at 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12. Sub rate - 1/6 per copy, 4 for 5/-. USA subs, 20cents - 6 for One Dollar to Dale R. Smith, 3001, Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn.

4
A few words about this issue had better be said; due to it's lateness I've had to do quite a bit of re-arrangement. Originally, I had intended to do a sort of symposium on Dreams and Dreaming in this issue, and Sid Birchby, Harry Warner, Terry Carr, and Penelope Fander-gaste were kind enough to contribute material to this idea. However, due to my lack of interest in slaving over a hot typer recently, this idea had to be forgotten. As the pieces all stood up as interesting in their own right this didn't mean the material would be wasted, so I decided to run them as individual items in this issue. Came the realisation that Ron Bennett's COLONIAL EXCURSION must go in or it would be out of date, and the fact that we didn't budget for more than a 38 page issue as regards paper - and I found myself once more up a metaphorical creek. Sid Birchby's "Mss. Found in Empty Bed" is in this issue. The other dream items will appear in T17, and my apologies to Harry, Terry, and Penelope.

* * * * *

CROSS CHANNEL FOLLY

There's been talk recently of starting a fund, similar to TAFF, to enable European fen to come to U.K. Conventions, and U.K. fen to travel to Continental cons. Ken Slater, originally came up with the idea I think. As I've been in contact with Continental fandom quite a deal over the past year, due to my BSFA duties, I feel that I'm in a fairly good position to comment on this. And, I'm agin' it!

Fact is, there isn't any such thing as a 'European Fandom'...at least, not as a single entity. There's a French-speaking fandom, there's a German-speaking, and there's a Spanish-speaking fandom. There's no real liason between them, nor mutual cooperation. If this idea of a European TAFF were to become fact a sort of rota would have to be instituted whereby the various language groupings would alternate with one another, otherwise the numerically stronger German-speaking fandom would vote their candidate in every time. I'm not stating this would necessarily be a Bad Thing, I'm merely stating it as a fact. German fans are only known to German fandom - and with it's s-f clubs based on discount bookclubs, Gerfandom is, numerically, very strong. French fans, again, are only really known to French fandom - which is not comprised of very many people. Pierre Versins CLUB FUTOTIA (The only s-f club for French-speaking fans) has under a hundred members.

This problem could be solved by having UK fans vote for the Continental fan they most want to meet - and, conversely, the Continental fans voting for a UK fan. But, apart from a handful of known European fen who also circulate in English-speaking fandom there isn't really enough participation (the language barrier) by either group to make this really workable. We just don't know enough about one another.

Taking into account that the distances fen would have to travel are in no way comparable with crossing the Atlantic, nor the fares beyond most fans pocket (if he's willing to save), I think it would be best to shelve the scheme. But I'm quite willing to argue. Anyone?

* * * * *

TO BE SIRIUS FOR A MOMENT.

Still with European Fandom, I've a rather ambiguous item of news here. As most of you probably know, I arranged a loose tie up between the BSFA and the Science Fiction Club Europa, for purposes of exchanging news and views etcetra. I was contacted about the same time by Erwin Scudla of Vienna, and the International S-F Society, with view to a similar tie up. As I was unable to get any real information as to just how the ISFS intended to accomplish its rather grandiose aims (Amongst other things, Scudla proposed to set up Reading-rooms in the bigger cities, but no subscription or other fee was to be charged): I fobbed this one off. When I passed my secretarial duties over to Doc' Weir, I also mentioned my suspicions. Doc', who has friends around Vienna, had a few discreet enquiries made.

It seems that Erwin Scudla, the ISFS, and SIRIUS (The OO of the organisation) are financed by the " International Society for Science and Technology", which, like the " International Union of Students" is a Communist 'Cultural Front'. To the best of my knowledge Scudla has not used any fannish media to disseminate Communist dogma - but it is quite possible that some unwitting boffin in British and American fandom might join the ISFS without knowing of its affiliations, and get himself blacklisted by virtue of having done so. Which would not be A Good Thing.

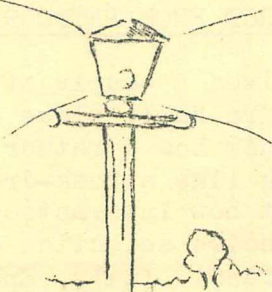
Hmmmm. I wonder if I could talk the Conservative Party into financing TRIODE.....

* * * * *

NEWS FROM THE DOG WALKING SECTION

Of the 'Stockport and Intake Dog, Cake and Beryl Walking Society,' that is. From time to time an s-f story will crop up featuring the Canine race as the Masters and us mere hum- and as their unwitting puppets. It strikes me that this isn't very far from the truth...in fact, from careful observation, I could present a whole heap of facts to substantiate the theory. However, as my revelations might provoke Them I'll refrain from doing so.

It should be quite safe tho', for me to offer a few words of advice on How To Walk Your Dog. This is a chore I indulge in quite frequently with Glynis Whitesocks Raffles, a Welsh Corgi more commonly called Floss....who upholds her heritage by having an almost perpetual leak! To those of you who haven't a dog, the idea of 'taking one for a walk may seem the essence of simplicity. I can assure you that it isn't. The most important thing is to learn to anticipate your animal. Time spent learning to do this is never wasted. Obviously, if you haven't learned to anticipate your dogs every move you can easily be made a fool of in public. Nothing is quite so embarrassing as to find yourself walking blithely along without your dog, when you should both be strolling along in harmony.



The Aim to strive for is the impression that one is always In Control. Probably the easiest way of achieving this is to have a fixed route for your Dog Walking, and to study carefully the particular tree's to which your animal feels an urge. This, however, I feel to be the cowards way out, and the lowest form of Dog One-upmanship. The method I have evolved is both more ingenious, and quite simple - and it is particularly praiseworthy in that it allows you to go anywhere without having to be constantly on the alert lest a mistake is made. It is simply this, discover your dogs favourite tit-bit, and whenever going for a walk carry a strongly-scented portion in your jacket pocket.

This, I assure, is quite infallible.....the only trouble is, er....can anyone tell me how to rid myself of an all permeating smell of Aniseed. I find I'm allergic to it!

* * * * *

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE GOON

Was the title of a new fannish serial by Archie Mercer which started in the last issue of TRIODE. I'm afraid that it also finished in that issue, too. Archie has been unable to come up with an idea to carry it further than this one episode. This, let me hasten to say, isn't all Archie's fault for I delayed publishing the first part for quite some time - during which time Archie lost the thread of the thing. Apologies all round, and I have now made a resolution not to publish fannish serials in future unless I have all episode's to hand.

The HARRISON SAGA, however, will continue for as long as the authors can continue the chronicle. I have two further Adventures on hand, and these will be published in the next two issues of T. The Great Man Himself visited Liverpool recently, and whilst he didn't play Brag with the rest of us low-lifers he did manage to scoop the Kitty...(special esoteric MaD crack.).

At the time of His visit, LaSFaS had just returned from the Sunny Mediterranean Isle of Ibiza. One of their reasons for going so far afield was the price of booze in the Balearic's...very cheap. Geff got chased by an Octopus, Norman discovered several new types of alcohol, and they all returned somewhat balleary-eyed! Read all about it in the next SD.

* * * * *

A POCTSARCD FROM PETROGRAD

Or, at least, a picture-postcard from Moscow. This arrived a couple of days ago (I'm writing this at the end of July) from Sandra Hall, close on the heels of one from Copenhagen. This one from Moscow has a rather quaint example of Russian architecture on, looks something like a back-drop from the Wizard of Oz. But it all goes to show just how Internationally-minded fandom is becoming. I've now got a very choice selection of poctsarcds illustrating far-away-places, and sent by fans. Italy, Spain, France, U.S.A., (a choice view of the Eisenhower farm at Gettysburg, sent by Dale - I'd asked him to let me have his Gettysburg address!). But for futher revelations on this - inside Bacover.



1. In Which He Receives His Instructions.

Should the intrepid adventurer stumble by chance into the quietest and most secluded Mews in all Kensington, and there rap at a fine brass doorknocker to enquire his way, he might well discover himself at the threshold of a snug bachelor apartment, a place of mellow and harmonious furnishings, warmed by a roaring orange fire whereon a gleaming kettle bubbles and hisses merrily; he might then, before he is kicked into the gutter, briefly discern therein a rack of ancient and cherished briars, a shelf or two of books, a crate of Double Diamond, and a few hunting trophies; and he would doubtless receive the impression that the occupant of the flat was a Man who would find His deepest contentment in a bowl of shag, or a jar of punch, or the pit at a good play with jolly fellows of His own ilk. And indeed, our hypothetical inquirer would be correct in his assumption; for here, Gentle Reader, lives One who, were it His privilege to choose the manner of life He should adopt, would render Himself so snugly unobtrusive that we should doubtless hear no more of Him.

8

And yet, fortunately for us, He is not permitted to do so, for Her Majesty and Her Ministers have often thought it prudent to in the past to avail themselves of His assistance in certain little matters, and are likely to do so, we dare say, for many years to come; and because of this happy circumstance we are enriched, and, we think it not extravagant to say, ennobled, by further acquainting ourselves with the almost incredible exploits on behalf of the Crown of this most sublime and godlike, yet most self-effacing of Men.

Our narrative then, opens; - opens at Greytowers, the country residence of General the Hon. Courtenay Foote, who'd received his baton after the Dieppe show; and here, not many months ago, Sir William Harrison might have been discerned, striding through the magnificent grounds with a brace of keen-eyed beagles on one side of Him, and a rather splendid girl named Daphne Fortesque on the other. Suddenly, Sir Courtenay approaches Him in great haste, agitatedly brandishing a sealed and beribboned Dispatch from Chequers; the Great Man takes it, and waving away Daphne, Courtenay and the dogs, He slowly opens it.

His finely-chiselled features register lively interest as He peruses the document; and then, with characteristic agility, He bounds across the lawns to the house, dons His fur-lined greatcoat and tartan deerstalker, and bids the house-guests a brief but gracious farewell.

Within an hour, He is closeted with the Premier at the latter's country residence. He nods intently, now, as the Prime Minister tentatively outlines his suggestions, and a few minutes later He takes the old boy's hand in a cool, firm handshake. "Whatever I can do, sir, I will do," He chuckles modestly; "and I must once again thank you for entrusting to my care this most delicate of missions."

"God bless you, my boy," cries the PM, tears trickling down his cheeks onto the half-gnawed leg of pheasant he is holding; "and good luck to you!"

Harrison waves, briefly, as He enters His scarlet-and-gold, chauffeur-driven, llamaskin-upholstered Rolls; He is in Mayfair by early afternoon, and shortly afterwards is discussing the affair with us in our suite at Claridges.

We are, it seems, to make a little journey to Scotland.

* * * * *

11. Which Tells, In The Paste Tense, Of A Damnable Plot.

The Flying Scot roared north; and we re-entered our private carriage after a protracted and memorable dinner of pickled mushrooms, pasty of venison, ragout of fatted snails, larks' tongues in tangerine liqueur sauce, swan soup, a dish of sturgeon, roast woodcock, a lamprey pie with Westphalia bacon, a dish of pancakes steeped in Tokay, -

Mousse Sir Brian Robertson, Venezualian Cheese, a bottle or two of Creme de Violette and three vintage Ship's Woodbines. As we hung out of the carriage window, giving back to Nature what she had bestowed upon us, the Master outlined the nature of the problem that confronted us.

" Our destination, gentlemen, is Scotland," said the Lordly One; " a land of stalwart men, delectable women, and bonny children, almost all of whom, I need hardly say, are intensely loyal to Her Majesty."

" Almost all ?" we queried abruptly.

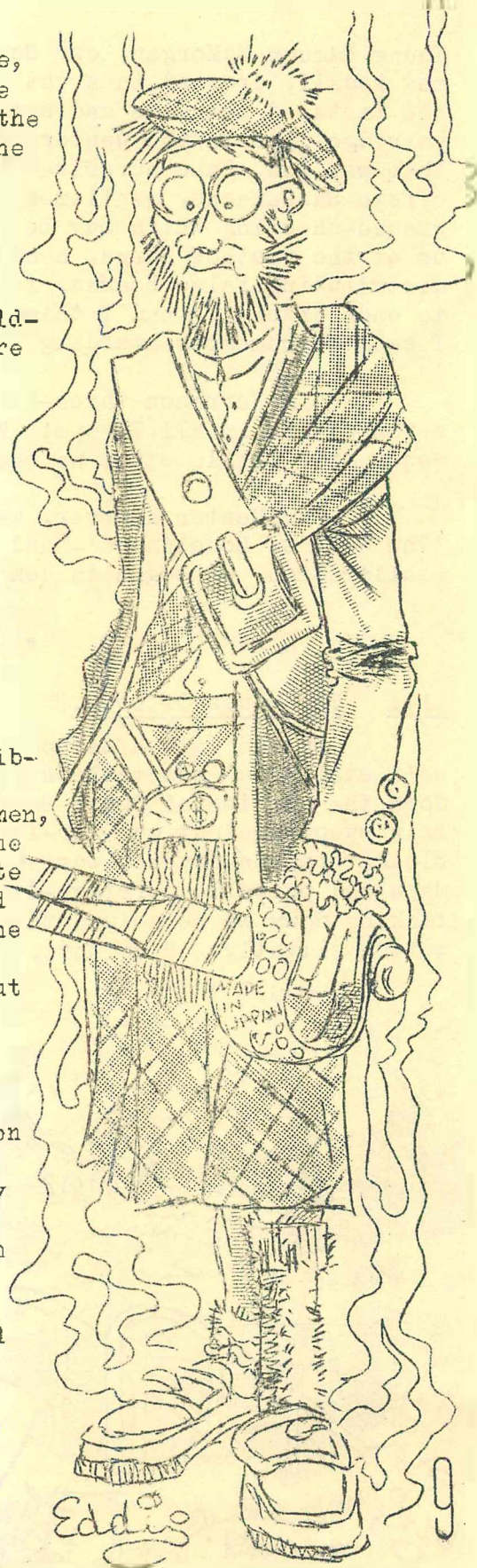
" Almost, gentlemen," said Harrison soberly. " There exists, you see, a tiny but vociferous organisation which, unless it is quickly snuffed out, may give rise to..... a spot of bother."

" You mean....there may be a Rising?" we exclaimed incredulously.

" It is not beyond the bounds of possibility," said Harrison, as the train thundered over the Forth Bridge. " The trouble, gentlemen, originates in the wickedly fertile brain of one Hamish Petrona McSinderson, a direct (if quite unofficial) descendant of Haggis II, who ruled that part of Scotland which is now known as The Gorbals during the latter half of the ninth century - B.C. McSinderson has gathered about himself a band of ruffianly malcontents whose avowed aim is to place him on the throne of Scotland as their allegedly rightful ruler. The hard core, as it were, of this sinister little group consists of three men; McSinderson himself; a fanatical kilted devil who calls himself Laurie McBurgess; and a vague, shadowy figure whom I suspect to be the Breins behind this whole devilish business, and who is known only as ' N.G.McW.' "

" The besporraned dastards! " we cried involuntarily. " But - "

" Patience, vassals," said the Master, taking a meditative, eight-second pull at His slivovicz-flask, " and I shall, as is my wont, make all plain."



Young Eamonn McMorgan, our Scottish man - who was found last week, you may recall, drowned in a vat of Drambuie - had managed to discover that the tartaned hotheads had set up their hellish HQ in an abandoned porridge-mine in the Western Highlands. Our mission, therefore, requires that we, too, base ourselves in that area. We shall be posing as three effete Sassenachs, gentlemen, who are in the district for the excellent grouse-shooting which may be had there. I have arranged accomodation for us at the Gasthof Burns, near Fort William," the Great Man continued, distributing false beards, faded tweed suits, shooting sticks and monocles to each of us; " and I think we should not be too uncomfortable there. I seem to remember awarding it Three Stars when last I visited it."

" A Harrison three-star!" we gasped. " But - there are only seven others in all Europe! We begin to think, Master, that we shall enjoy this little stunt no end."

Our Master however, was now immersed in the Bombay edition of 'The Well Of Loneliness', and made no reply. With a swift surge of exhilaration, we began to don our disguises.

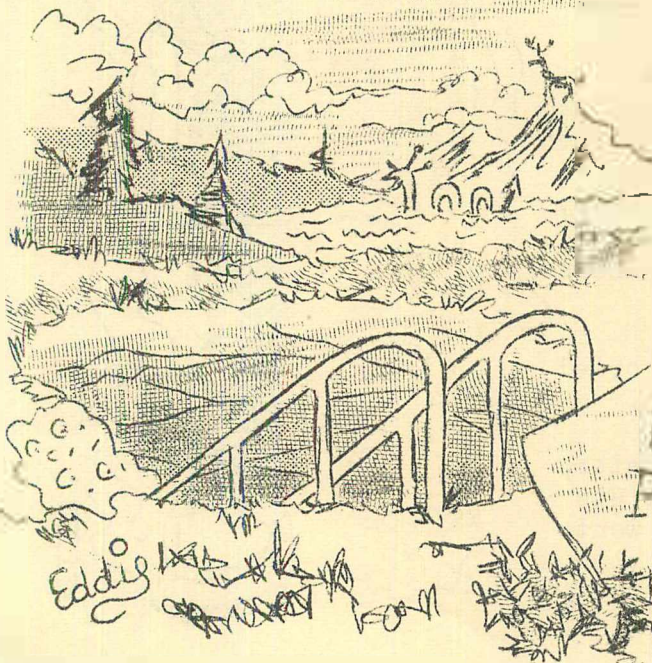
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111. The Mines Of Doom.

It was late afternoon of the following day; for seven hours we'd stalked a shootable sixteen-pointer over the Arroch screes and down the corries of Sgurr Beoch, and a curtain of thin, wind-driven rain swept against our fur-lined boiler suits as we staggered across the bleak, bracken-covered wastes, grimly hanging on to our rifles, gasmasks, maps and portable porridge-diviner. Suddenly Harrison came to a halt; looking down we perceived that the needle on the diviner was beginning to twitch slightly. " By jove, Sir," we exclaimed; " does this mean - ?"

" It means, gentlemen, that we have not far to go!" said the Master briskly, and began to clamber down the side of Glenlivet and across Ruiseach Side to the Tollig. We followed Him (as we would, indeed, through the gates of Hell), and found ourselves, presently, at the entrance to a shallow bracken-covered valley. Ahead of us, through the driving rain, we were able to make out the lettering on an ancient, bracken-covered sign. It read:

LOCH LOCHRY
PORRIDGE MINES
(1921) LTD.
KEEP OUT



" Huzzah! " we cried, and laboriously unstrapping a battery-driven tape-recorder from Harrison's sturdy, bracken-covered back, we switched it on. The stirring strains of 'The Queen' emerged from its tiny speaker, and we stood, saluting at attention, while the Anthem was played. Then, laboriously strapping the tape-recorder back on to the Master's back, we strode bravely forward, tears of pride and joy streaming down our asinine, bracken-covered faces.

The entrance to the Mine proved to be a normal, uncomplicated sort of hole in the bracken-covered hillside; entering, we found ourselves in a dark, labyrinthine maze of porridge-dripping passages. We wandered about for several days, striving desperately to get our bearings, but without success; suddenly, the Great One came to an abrupt halt and pointed to the floor. " See, gentlemen!" he cried exultantly.

There, at our feet, was a small bottle which had once contained a well-known proprietary brand of mineral-water. " And look, Sir," we cried, " here's another - and yet another!"

" The thirty-nine Schweppes, gentlemen," said the Lordly One, slowly lighting a Cubano Perfecto. " McMorgan mentioned them in his last communique. They will guide us through this hellish maze to the centre of things. Come!"

Without further ado, we began to follow the trail of bottles which led us through a network of tortuous, shadowy passageways; and now, ducking beneath great stalagmites of dry porridge, passing long-abandoned workings, and easing our way past huge trucks filled with the sere and dusty cereal, we came to, at last, a little cavern where the trail of bottles seemed to terminate. Ahead of us, set into one of the moist grey walls, was a door; and from beneath it we detected, faint but unmistakable - a gleam of light!

" Hist!" breathed the Master; we cautiously approached the door and listened intently. From beyond, we could hear the murmur of voices; one or two words were plainly distinguishable.

" Hooses o' Parrrliment....aye....bomb underr Speakerrr's chair.. aye.. domned Sassenachs bloon sky high!.. och, aye... hee-hee..."

" I have heard enough! " cried Harrison in fluent Lallans, and with one mighty thrust He had burst open the door. Before Him, seated at a rude wooden table, were two men: one a lean, bespectacled devil who betrayed no trace of animation at the sudden interruption, the other a tall, thick-set figure wearing a tattered kilt and a Tyrolean hat. A third ruffian was vaguely discernable, standing in the shadowy recesses of the chamber. Harrison swiftly drew His flintlock and aimed it at each of them in turn. " Your diabolical game is up, gentlemen," said He; " and I shall be greatly obliged if you'd raise your hands into the air... Come back, ye sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie! " and He fired at the shadowy third figure, who nevertheless managed to make good his escape through a fissure in the porridge-wall.

12

" A pox on't! " cried the Master vehemently; " we have here if I am not mistaken - and of course I never am - Messrs McBurgess and McSinderson; and yet I feat that the third member of this ghastly little troupe - the one who managed to escape just a moment ago - is the devil we most need to fear." He smiled, suddenly. " Nevertheless, a good bag for one day."

" Where, Sir ?" we cried eagerly, our beady little eyes gleaming.

" Sensualists!" cried Harrison sternly. " Now, bind these rascals with stout leather thongs, and we will escort them without delay to the nearest gillie."

* * * * *

14. The Laird O' McAroon

The following morning, refreshed by a sound night's sleep and a hearty breakfast of herrings-au-kirsch, and happy in the knowledge that two of the unholy trinity were safely behind bars, we were taking our customary Constitutional among the foothills of Ben Nevis when our progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of an Armstrong-Siddely Star Sapphire, which arrived as if from nowhere and jolted to an abrupt halt directly in front of us. Before we could gather our scattered faculties, a burly, unshaven ruffian in Jackie Dennis kilt and tam-o'-shanter had emerged from the car, and brandishing a rusty claymore, brusquely indicated that we were to enter.

" What," Harrison said sternly, " does this mean ? Who the deuce are you ?"

" If ye'll get in, Sassenach," grated the villain, " ye'll soon find oot."

We had no alternative but to enter the vehicle, which now began to bump its way erratically across the moors. Presently we reached an obscure minor road, and were then driven North for some time, passing through a remote region of fir-covered hills, with no sign of habitation save the occasional TV antennae on a crofter's cottage, or now and then a huge serpentine head protruding from some blue loch. At last, having ascended a one-in-five hill and rattled over a rickety wooden drawbridge, we came to a halt and were ordered out.

We found ourselves in the courtyard of a large and gloomy castle. Prodded by blunderbusses, we passed through an ancient archway and up a flight of broad steps. We emerged in a great, echoing hall, where we waited a moment or two before being ushered into a private chamber beyond.

The walls of the room in which we now found ourselves were hung with tattered tartan draperies and ancient haggis-skins. The floors were carpeted with pine-kneedles, and the only furniture to be seen was a rude wooden bench, at which a strange kilted devil was seated fingering his bagpipes.

" N. G. McW., I presume," said the Great One grimly.

" Arrr, so oi've got ee at laast, then! " croaked McW, his de'ilish features alight wi' malice. " As to moy oydentity, Oi be known to moy friends and associates ereabouts as the Laird O' McAroon; an that's ow yew'll adress Oi, if yew please! Och, ye nearly had Oi in them porridge-moines, didn't ee? But Oi was too smart for ee, begorrah! - Och?"



" You, Sir, are no Scotsman," said Harrison sternly; neither are you a member of any branch of the British nobility. So let us drop this silly pretence, shall we?"

" Noah, maister," said McW. pensively; " mubbee Oi be main shog-gish, but mubbee Oi bain't no moa boddlesome than what Oi niver wur. You be a smaart maaan, Arrison, Oi can see that; but twon't do ee no good, zee; cos within an hour, ee won' be aloive to tell about it ee won't."

" You wicked West-Countwy Wotter! " we cried, but Harrison remained calm. " You have, sir, a pronounced loamshire accent," said He with some curiosity; " now, why on earth should a man whose roots are embedded deep in the soil of England, be lending his assistance to these wild Celtic visionaries?"

" Cos Oi was agoin to be the power behoind the Scottish throne, thass whoy, dammee!" snarled McW, " Oi was goin to ave power - power, do ee understan' Oi? Power and money! Moy own little line o printin-presses so them damned APAs ud be able to read moy great work; moy own staaf of sekkerterries, toypists, rewrite men, punctyation editors, arr, an arem o beauteous femmefans, too..." He broke off abruptly and stared into space, his eyes glassy, his lips curved in a fiendish smile. " But enough o this! " he cried suddenly; " yew've spoilt moy chances, you ave, an you'm agoin to pay! Guaaaards!! Throw these damned interferin townies into the Oubli - oubil - into the Dungeon!"

14

We were then roughly seized by six or seven of the ruffians, and bundled down a steep flight of steps into a damp, gloomy chamber set deep into the foundations of the castle. Here, we were chained to three pillars, and the guards hastily left, slamming the great door behind them.

Suddenly, from a grating set low in the opposite wall, we saw a trickle of water emerging. The trickle grew, and began to lap around our ankles. "James Robertson Justice!" we cried. "So they mean to immerse us!"

Chancing to look up we beheld three giant anacondas writhing their way relentlessly down each of the pillars. "A tight corner, Sir," we said between gritted teeth; and Harrison nodded grimly. "It's going to be even tighter, I fear," said He; "for, if you will look closely at the walls, you will observe that some infernal mechanism is driving them closer and closer together...."

It was true; the room was growing smaller! And now, from the wide apertures in the grating, we beheld a trio of sharks emerge; they flicked their tails wickedly, and began to make straight for our pillars.

"Farewell, cruel world!" we cried. "We have at last the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty to the utmost of our ability." And we launched into a final, ragged chorus of 'Rule, Britannia.'

The water was up to our chests, now; the anacondas were not a foot above us; the walls were pressing closer, closer together; the sharks were sniffing curiously about our legs.....

* * * * *

V. Waters Of Destiny

Inattention to details of no seeming importance has confounded many a scheme, both noble and infamous, during man's long and turbulent history; and so it proved - fortunately for us - upon this occasion. "Our host, gentlemen," said the Master, smiling at us from His pillar as the sharks sniffed curiously at His waistcoat-buttons, "has made one small but significant error in his hellish little undertaking: he has (I am happy to inform you) neglected to use stainless steel for these chains which now bind us, and I have the distinct impression that they are already beginning to rust. In fact - "He gave a Herculean Heave at His bonds - "I am convinced of it!" With another great tug, the corroded links suddenly snapped, and the Great Man was - free!

"Whizzo, Sir," we cried; but of course, all was not well with us yet! No by George. The Great One, however, had everything under control; hastily withdrawing a fly-spray from the folds of His cloak, He swam to our pillars and dealt rapidly with the anacondas, which were, by this time, almost nibbling at our ears; then, loosening our chains, He swam back to His own pillar and finished off the remaining reptile.

The snakes dropped into the swirling waters below, and were devoured in one gulp by the sharks.

These latter, strange to say, had not yet attacked us; and muttering prayers of gratitude, we swam hurriedly towards the door. "I do not think, gentlemen," said Harrison, lighting a Havana, "that the matter of our egress will prove unduly troublesome; the water has undoubtedly rotted the door-timbers sufficiently for us to punch our way through; - Oh yes, as I thought!" cried He triumphantly, for at the first blow of His fist against the door, the whole structure collapsed into a thousand soggy fragments.

The flood of water that ensued swept us forward through the doorway, carrying us along a broad corridor. Harrison managed to grasp at a grand piano which floated nearby, and bedraggled but triumphant, we clambered aboard it. "Nobly, nobly done!" cried the Great Man exuberantly, as we drifted lazily along the maze of passageways; and we nodded our assent. "Indeed, Sir," said we, "this has been a miraculous deliverance. One thing, however, we don't quite understand: why didn't the sharks attack us when they had us at their - er, mercy."

"Professional etiquette, gentlemen," said Harrison; dashing off a Chopin etude. "You may recall that for some years I was a practising lawyer." He smiled with wry good humour.

....Look, Lord!" we cried suddenly; for the current had now carried us into a great banqueting-hall, at whose farthest end we could discern a knot of figures. As the waters carried us forward, we caught sight of McW. standing in the midst of the group, an expression of pained incredulity on his diabolical features. The level of the waters had by now subsided a little, and we were able to leap from the piano to the floor, drawing our tony silver Beretta's as we did so. "Stay exactly where you are, McW, and don't move!" said the Master, splashing His way across the floor to where the astonished fiend and his henchmen stood. "This, I'm afraid, is the end of your little escapade apart, of course, from several rather tedious years as guests of Her Majesty."

"Arrr..." gurgled McW, unable to believe the sudden change in his fortunes.

"What about these other rascals, Sir?" we queried. "Are we to take them all in?"

"No, gentlemen, you are not," said Harrison, and turned to face the ruffianly crowd. "Return to your homes, peasants," cried He; "and let this be a salutary lesson. Force, even when backed by the guile of such a leader as McW., is no match for Justice, Freedom and Human Dignity."

"God bless ye sirr, for a decent and honourable mon!" cried the misguided oafs, and trudged away, muttering penitently amongst themselves.

"Come, my lads!" said Harrison briskly; "I am anxious to see an end to this affair. Bind the ruffian with stout leather thongs, and - to Edinburgh!!"

...The punch in the muffled earthenware jar had begun to thicken a little on its spices, and Harrison now began the delicate ritual of grating sugar against the lemons, lovingly drawing the subtly aromatic oils from the fruit; then, producing a bottle of rum, a blue china box of cinnamon, and a philtre or two of secret essences, He poured and dusted the ingredients with a gentle reverence into the jar. Some minutes later, having steeped our glasses in the fragrant steam, we began gratefully to fill them. Outside, we knew, the bitter wind would be causing the flaring yellow gas-lamps to dance and flicker eerily; but here the winter night was shut out by thick, crimson curtains, and we sat about the blazing fire in our huge Pickwickian armchairs, drinking and sipping with grateful hearts.

" A bowl of shag, gentlemen ?" said Harrison, and we accepted cordially. " And the, perhaps, the gallery at some cheerful nonsensical play - what ?"

" A capital notion, Sir!" cried we. " Let us take the Yellow Albion bus to the Strand, where we shall dine on stout and oysters, view the latest crop of fillies at the Lyceum, and perhaps take supper at the Tavistock, and then, on to a party at Black's! "

" Done! " cried the Master, bringing His fist down on the George IV table. " Pray trot outside, Hurstmoneaux, and whistle us a hansom. I, meanwhile - "

Before He could complete His sentence, however, there came a firm but reverent knocking at the door; Harrison walked over and opened it, admitting a tall, distinguished gentleman in evening dress, wearing a dark red carnation, Inverness cape, monocle, and short imperial.

The visitor greeted us formally. " I have come, Sir," said he, addressing the Master, " at the behest of Her Majesty's Foreign Minister." Harrison nodded briefly, and turned to us.

" Off to the Lyceum with you, good fellows," said He, smiling a trifle wryly;"it appears that my services are once again required."

" Indeed, no, Sir!" we cried hotly; " for if danger and the call to High Adventure once more beckon you, so also do they us; if you see what we mean. "

" Capital, capital! " cried the Great Man heartily; " and now, sir, if you will take a pipe and a bowl of punch, perhaps my lieutenants and I may hear the nature of the problem that confronts us ? "

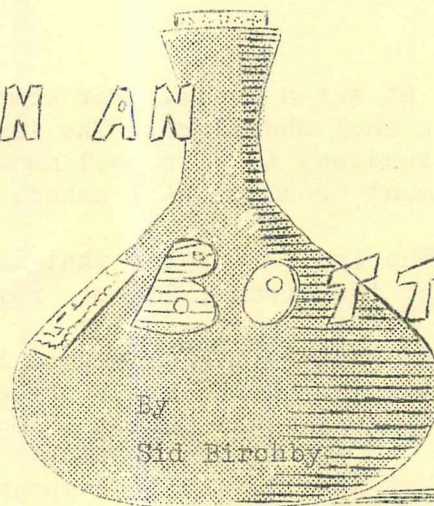
" Thank you, Sir," said our visitor, seating himself. " I'll come directly to the point. We have lately become aware of certain rumours concerning a possible Rising in the Gugumbu District of Uganda...."

.....FINIS.....

Ms.

FOUND IN AN

EMPTY



By Sid Birchby

75

' Dreaming of sex-kittens again ?' sneered the man with the reversible head, turning his Greek-tragedy face towards me.

I paid little attention, being pre-occupied at the time in counting my toes. It's as well to do so now and then; one never knows with these tight shoes when ones toes will begin to coalesce. This reminds me of the amateur woodworker who went into a pub with three friends, held up his forefinger and little finger and got four pints.

Of course, it would look better on TV.

However, when the man repeated his question, I had to take notice. ' Smile when you say that,' I answered curtly. ' Certainly,' he replied, showing me his other, or Greek-comedy face. Interesting: I was sure I had seen him before on a theatre programme.

' You have,' he said, reading my thoughts by means of a small H-aerial protruding from his head, ' in my time I had my faces netting me advertising revenue on every programme in the land, not to mention safety-curtains, foyers and auditoia. Sir, I represented the Greek dream of Life, in which things were either funny or terrible, with no room at all for the plain dull.'

' If you are trying to sell me the old Aristotlean dogma, I ought to warn you that I am rigidly non-A.'

' I don't dout you. So many are these days. Even the Greeks finally had to admit that the long-dreaded decline of Greece and the Roman conquest brought them a lot of tourist-trade. After that, they couldn't very well go on believing in their Yes-No solutions, could they ? Hence. '

' Hence what ?'

' Hence here I am, driven from the world of reality, making shift in the world of dreams. My theatre concessions fell through when striptease arrived. I did think of putting on a third face, but the censor said no.'

8

So it was a dream. For some time I had been aware that Things Were Not As They Should Be. The landscape, for instance, seemed to have a furtive tendency to slip past me whilst we talked. 'You mean, I am at this moment dreaming?' I asked.

'Who isn't? Or for that matter, what isn't? Surely you don't imagine that the dreamer/dreamee relationship is as simple as that?'

'As what? I wish you wouldn't speak in riddles. Dream characters always do. Now just at present, I seem to be standing still while the scenery moves past me. Surely I am dreaming?'

'Not at all. As it happens, you are being dreamed of by the scenery. You are a figment of its sleeping-mind.'

'Nonsense! How can scenery dream? It's non-living. Static.'

'So are you static at present, but that doesn't mean you are non-living, does it? If you only knew, the scenery has been static for so long that it has developed the urge to see for itself what's so wonderful elsewhere that all you men chase around so. When it saw you, it thought 'enough!' and now it's haring off so fast that it's left you standing.'

'Or it dreams it has.'

The Greek-comedy face smirked and its owner jumped onto a passing tree. 'Don't think it couldn't really do it. Scenery can move when it wants to, you know. Think of earthquakes.' He was gone.

There must be a way back. I pulled out a booklet: 'What Your Dreams Mean' and turned to 'Scenery': 'To dream of scenery shows a desire to travel. See a travel-agent without delay.'

Wrong pocket. From the other, I took another booklet: 'What Your Dreamers Mean'. This time, under 'Scenery' I read as follows: 'To be dreamed of by scenery shows a desire to make you stand still. Unless you wish to put down roots, you must wake it up. See appendix.' Uh-huh. Appendix: let's see: 'To wake up scenery, open your big mouth and BELLOW. See footnote.'

I opened my mouth and bellowed. The gliding scenery promptly jerked to a halt with a scream of brakes. Ahead of me, the man with the reversible head fell out of his tree and tumbled towards me. 'You had to open your BIG mouth,' he snarled. 'Now you'll be dreamed of by something else. I hope it's a crocodile.'

'What do you mean?' I said in alarm. He pointed to the booklet in my hand. 'Read the footnote.'

I did. There were four words only: 'You will then vanish'.

This, of course, was demonstrably untr.....

Interlude

TERRY JEEVES

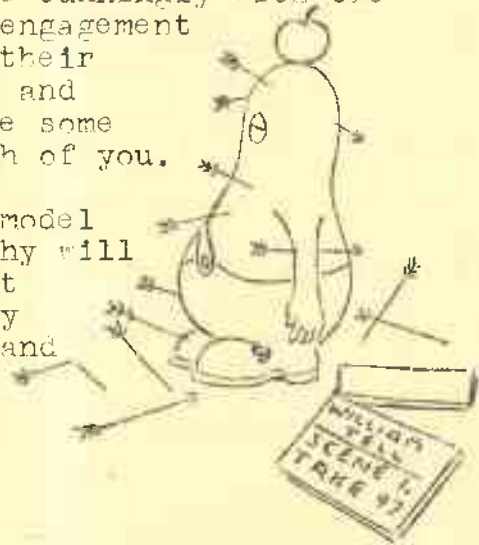
This particular issue of Triode has been delayed for a variety of reasons, and naturally, we felt we had to strike in sympathy with all the printers - however, here we are at last, and thanks for waiting.

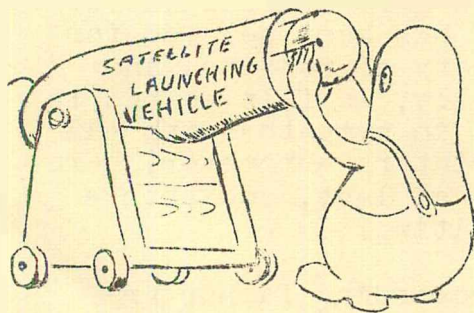
I'm hoping that all you tape-recording fiends are now subscribing to the Tape Recording and Hi-Fi magazine by the time you read this. If not, then go out and buy a copy, and you'll find that Saggies have gone professional in the non s-f field. The filthy lucre is going to be put to a good cause, I suppose I could throw it away on s-f, bheer, a convention or some other shameful pastime so foreign to my nature; instead, I'm saving for a car. Then I can drive Eric to distraction.

Speaking of Eric, the last time I was over in the Venice of England, he was running entirely un-true to form. Believe it or not, but Eric introduced me to his girl friend. This is quite unlike Eric (he usually keep girls out of my way). However, he has asked me to explain to this innocent young thing (now exposed to his machinations) that all the stories about him in fanzines are not true.....I've been trying to find a fanzine describing him as upright, sober, honest hard-working, a shunner of women, and a paragon of virtue. If I can show something like that to his girl, and remind her that he said such stuff was untrue...then maybe I can make a take-over bid...(but not a word to Eric)

Affairs of the heart lead me cunningly with the finesse of a bull elephant, to the engagement of Bobbie Wild and Bill Gray. May their future wedded bliss be of the best, and let's hope that they can still spare some time for fandom. Best wishes to both of you.

Those of you who dabble in model building, or in table-top photography will possibly be interested in the latest range of Selcol plastic kits....they include von Braun's space station, and two or three types of space ships designed by him....all highly photogrnic. Price, around 6 bob.



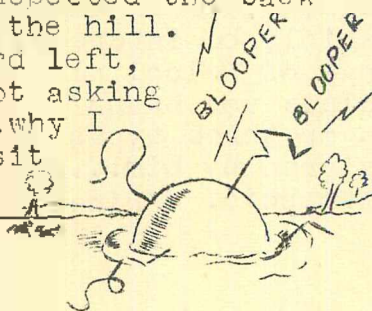


The idea at the left, is given freely, to the Vanguard Satellite programme. I forgot the exact figures off hand, but out of something like ten launchings, only two have been successful. Which must be discouraging to the bloke selected to make the first orbital flight, even if it is in a different vehicle.

A pocsarred from Moscow arrived here to-day. No, not from Krushchev, but from Sandra Hall who is holidaying there, and suggests the Kremlin for the next con-site. I guess that pocsarred (covered with luvverly stamps) has caused chaos in the local P.O. Coming on top of the usual fannish hodge-podge of books, fanzines, parcels and magazines, no doubt I'm now tagged for future investigation.

This should be as good a place as any to apologise to all those good people who have sent fanzines to me during the last six months or so. Very few of them got a reply, mainly because BSFA matters (Vector and the Brumcon) kept me pretty busy, as did the duping of the New Worlds Index. No sooner was this out of the way, than my membership came up in OMPA, and ERG had to be produced. At the same time, I got wargled into the twin jobs of Secretary/Treasurer of the local tape club...now it has been pruned to Secretary, erg is on schedule, and Triode is going through the mill, so I hope to be able to do something about future fanzines.

In a fit of enthusiasm for honest exercise (and to try and keep my weight down) I recently decided to refit my 20 yr. old bicycle and use it for travelling to and from school. The operation involved two new tyres, 4 brake blocks, a new gear cable, bell, and two tins of paint. Having got all the pieces back in the right order, I made the first dash to school (a distance of about 2 miles) in 30 minutes flat. It took me another 30 minutes to get my breath back to normal, so for the rest of the week, I evolved a new technique. Whenever the road deviated from the flat (as indicated by a spirit-level mounted on the handle bars) I got off, inspected the back wheel (to fool passers-by) and walked up the hill. This worked admirably, and the only hazard left, was in the form of my own class. They kept asking me what was wrong with the 'Red Peril'...why I didn't ride it...could I get Noah's transit visit for unshipping it off the Ark, and like that. This lasted a whole week until a bad attack of lumbago forced me back to travelling by bus.

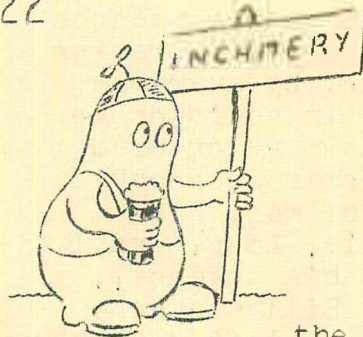


My first fannish engagement of the August social season came with a trip to the shrine of Saint Fanthony. There was no special ceremony involved, merely a desire by everyone involved, to have a good week-end. We did. In addition to the Cheltenham lads and lassies, proceedings were cheered by a small Liverpool contingent..Ina and Norman Shorrocks, and Eddie Jones. Also present, were Keith Freeman, Alan Rispin, and Chu knows how many others. Eddie, Doug, and I were quartered in the home of Bill Gray..in his absence.. a trufannish gesture of the highest quality. Bill was away somewhere else (minding his own business), and left us the use of his flat... He had also decorated the place with a variety of fannish notices. We replaced these, with more of the same. BILL GRAY IS A TRUFAN, and hereby is given THE TRIODE ORDER OF MERIT.

Doings of the weekend were a trifle incoherent, but I do remember having several dances with Audrey, watching the latest Liverpool film epic of their adventures in Sunny wherever-it-was, walking along the main street of Cheltenham with Eddie Jones, at midnight, drinking canned beer and depositing the empties neatly in the waste paper baskets. I also remember dancing a tango with Keith Freeman, as our reply to Ina and Audrey, who were dancing some exotix sort of off trail flamenco picked up in a more torrid clime. I also have a faint memory of dancing with 'Tiqi' Hall, but this can't be right, as she was always surrounded by a host of amorous-type fen. One of these days, I'll buy me a memory bank, then such activities can be properly saved for my old (no, not yet Bentcliffe) age. Meanwhile, my repeated thanks to all those good fen of Cheltenham who laboured so hard to make it a great weekend.

While down in Cheltenham, I borrowed the works of Charles Fort from the BSFA library (adv.) Previously, having only read 'Lo'. This imposing collection of the unusual, spurred me on to a bout of perspex hacking, coil winding, and suchlike efforts. The result ??? I now have a Hieronymous machine of my own, and no longer need to go to Chelt. to use Eric's. Incidentally, I can get no response on Eric's machine...which is exactly the same as what happens with mine..nothing. However, I made the thing, and knowing what is inside it helps to strengthen my already great doubts about the whole thing. Should I come across anyone who gets a response on my machine, I'll make further comment then.

WANTED...circuit diagram of a three-input mixer unit for my tape recorder. At the moment, I'm using a two-way job lashed up (inside a plastic lunch box) from a circuit supplied by Eric Jones. If anyone can help out, I'd be obliged, but it must be a hard valve circuit, and NOT a purely resistive mix. ERIC JONES, are you there ???



The second fannish social event of the month, was the Inchmery shindig held in Manchester by Joy, Vinç and Sandy. Eric and I first collected Beryl (The light of Eric's life) at her home, where she stuffed us with food. We also managed to persuade her friend Joyce (now the light of my life) to accompany us to the temporary Inchmery campus. We found

the place within half an hour (and three miles walk) of the bus stop, where our guide (Eric) told us to get off the bus. Already in residence, were most of the Liverpool crowd, and Norman had already brewed a load of his latest hangover recipe. Joy, Vinç and Sandy were busily engaged in trying to fill umpteen thirsts (dry again after a week's absence from the Cheltenham oasis).

In addition to Norman, Ina, Eddie, and Ron (the Bennett) merry-makers included John Roles, Sid Birchby, Keith Freeman, Stan Nuttall, and Ghu knows who else...I lost count. Another Triode Star and Bar, is hereby awarded to Inchmery, for their generous and unstinted hospitality. Vive l'entente cordiale.

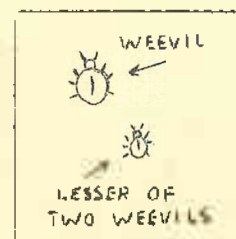
The BSFA has a policy of introducing new blood into fandom...elsewhere in this issue, Eric makes the announcement, that he is doing his part by personally introducing Beryl Watkins to the fold. Not to be outdone, may I also state that I will be doing the same for Joyce (surname withheld to prevent any attempts at unwanted assistance from Him...or anyone else).

Speaking of the BSFA, Eric has devoted a bit of space in this issue to that topic, and has asked me to tell you all that the New Secretary has taken over from Doc Weir, so if you wish to contact the Association...write to SANDRA HALL ...the new BSFA secretary.

Next week, will see me dusting off my bucket and spade for a week at Filey. Being a true adventurer, I will naturally be touring all the available bars. Should any new fannish drink be discovered, it will be reported here. To follow Filey, the last item on the August agenda, is a wander to Wisbech (Gad, the alliteration!) where I'll be supping with Slater...(more of it) After that (or before, if I can manage it) I'll be looking after that new blood for fandom.

And now, with regret in my heart that I can no longer stay with you; it only remains to say "Farewell fellow soaks...see you at the next Convention" ...and remember, send your spare lolly to the 'Car for Jeeves Fund'

Terry



R O N B E N N E T T ' S

COLONIAL EXCURSION

Part X: TRAIL OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTERS.

Wednesday, 27th August dawned to see the cross country caravan away to a flying start, with shots ringing out through the hills which surround Holbrook, Arizona. We pictured the Motel Manager shaking his fists after us, and didn't stop for Breakfast until Hobson, when we were almost in Winslow.

Soon after Winslow, we took a dustroad off the Highway, travelling six miles south to the Meteor Crater. I remember as a seven-year old I'd had a book with a picture of this phenomena in it, and it really intrigued me. As we arrived we passed Bob Pavlat and Ted White who were leaving, and once we were actually on the crater edge, looking across its two-mile diameter, I found Sandy Cutrell staring into the crater depths. I ribbed Bill Donaho that he must have tripped and fallen whilst rushing away from the Holbrook Motel, but in all seriousness, it was quite a sight. A little awe-inspiring. With the sides of the crater rising steeply above the level of the surrounding countryside, this must make the Crater as near a resemblance of the Moon's surface as anything to be found on Earth. I used up my fourth roll of film, and bought another after signing the Crater's visitors book. It had quite a fannish collection that day, for as we were leaving we found Nick and Noreen Falasca just driving up. I wonder who they met as they were leaving.

We drove back onto Highway 66, but didn't go into Flagstaff, cutting off the highway again, instead. This time we made a detour of some hundred miles to see the Grand Canyon, a breathtaking sight, with the strata of rock on the northern rim of the Canyon easily discernible from where we stood. The mind just can't take in that the northern rim is some twelve to fifteen miles away from the southern lip. We were indeed infused with a sense of wonder, and while we stood looking over the canyon, opened mouthed, an electrical storm tried to bring some cloud effect into the clear blue sky. This was a mere thirty to forty miles away, we were told.

Jim Broderick and I tried to throw stones over one of the nearest peaks in the Canyon gorge, but didn't succeed, it looked so near, too! We had a look round the Canyon's souvenir shop and I picked out a polythene packet which contained a 'miracle plant'. This was a dried up greyish looking mess. The inscription promised wondrous results if you soaked the plant in water. I've an idea I was the one who was soaked. I bought the thing. As I paid for it the salesgirl told me she'd taken one of the things home the previous evening and after leaving it in water overnight, it was already sprouting quite happily, and showing lots of green. "Oh, come now," I said, "you've made the sale. You don't have to make up stories about it."

"No, it's the truth," she told me. "I took it home only last night, didn't I girls?" The other salesgirls chorused their assent.

"I suppose," I said, "that if I had come here tomorrow, it would have been tonight you had taken it home?" This seemed a little too complicated for her, and after assuring me for the third time that it was a marvellous shrub because she'd taken one home herself only the previous evening she wrapped it up for me and handed me the package. "All right," I said, "but if it's wrong what you say, I'm coming back to change it."

We left the Observation Tower, and moved on to Yaki Point, where we took more photo's and had a sandwich lunch. I chased a squirrel along the Canyon's edge, trying to get him to stand still long enough for a photo.

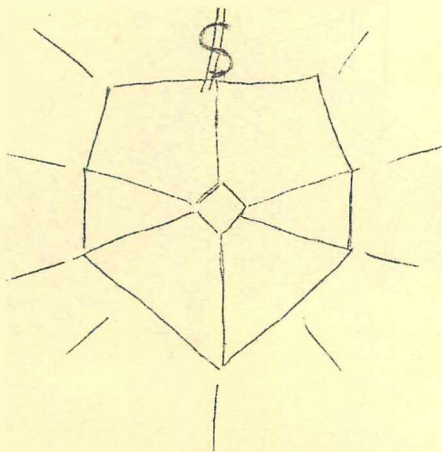
It was now well past noon, and somewhat hot. I slept on the road from the Canyon back on route 66, and only woke up when we stopped for petrol at Williams. We had a coke, a cigarette and then it was back on the road. At Kingman, we left sixty-six and drove through a semi-desert along Highway 93. We were all pretty sleepy, half-dozing intermittently. The sun shone, the car's metal burned, and the glare was blinding. When we pulled up at Lake Mead, I'd discarded my shirt, a most un-British thing to do. The temperature was reported to be a hundred and four in the shade, which we certainly weren't. It was probably up to a hundred and thirty, over twice the temperature I'm accustomed to in England. I got a couple of good shots of the lake and tried to add to my collection of moving pictures as I chased a lizard along the wall overlooking the lake. When we had driven over the Hoover Dam, I discovered that I'd left my precious sunglasses on the wall and though Fred kindly turned back for them, they were gone when we returned. This meant that I was seeing the glare in full colour. I got a couple of pictures of the dam from the western side, looking down from the highway, which was now in Nevada, and taking the shots through the car's rear window. The Dam looked much as it did in the film "Hollywood or Bust", but after the natural and breathtaking Crater and Canyon, it fell a little flat as a spectacle.

What did take our fancy were the scenes which met our eyes as the road turned left into Boulder City.

Obviously drawing irrigation waters from the Dam, this city has none of the thirsty and parched appearance we had become accustomed to seeing in the country around us. Grass grew here, and it was green, a very pleasant sight. We drove through this oasis, and soon saw the brown and arid countryside again. The main feature of this part of the drive were the giant billboards advertising the gambling casino's which comprise Las Vegas.

We drove into Las Vegas, marvelling a little at the neon-art. We found the Montmartre Motel, our rendezvous for the evening, and sought out the Kemp's room. Nancy told us that Earl had gone into town to have the car checked, and that we could use their room as a headquarters for the while. While the Detroit gang splashed about in the colourful motel pool, I walked down the road, looking for a pair of sunglasses. I didn't find any, but was intrigued to see a pavement swarming with small black ants, and I tried my hand at the one-armed bandit fruit machines, without luck. I had a couple of cokes and went back to the Motel to find that Bob, Ted and Jim Caughran had arrived. Bob and I took over the motel's pool table and he narrowly beat me. When I demanded my revenge, he murdered me.

We washed, shaved and went into town for dinner. At the Lucky Horseshoe, we found a couple of tables which could take a half dozen each and split up. It was quite a meal. I satisfied Bill Donaho by ordering a properly cooked steak. We ordered drinks and Jim Broderick bought a couple of bottles of wine; after the long and dusty drive we were thirsty. Bob Pavlat bought me a Nuclear Fizz, which he had specially made up, but I didn't care for it, and after it had circled the table and the glass had been drunk dry, Ted, who is the expert on these things, told me it wasn't up to the standards of the fizzez made by fans. When the time came round to pay the bill, it dawned on me that I had no money. It looked as though I'd have to wash the dishes, for when I tried to change a Traveller's Cheque the cashier told me she'd never seen any like it before. The manager was hurriedly called and he paid out, all in silver dollars. I'd heard about these being used at baseball matches as come-on gimmicks, but I'd not known that they were still used as actual currency.



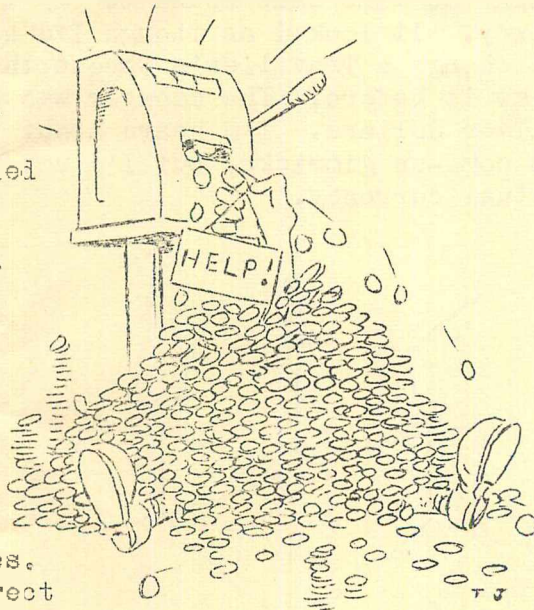
We strolled across the street to the Horseshoe's gambling room's, where I spent a couple of dollar's on the nickel machines. Jim Broderick came up holding a handful of quarters after hitting a jackpot, and Jim Caughran was kindly asked to leave as he was too young for gambling.

We left and went across the main road, the famous "Strip", to the Golden Nuggett. Jim Broderick made a dive a dive at the one-armed bandit's and Bill Donaho and I watched a game of stud poker.

20
Hard, unsmiling faces. Cards flicking across the table. Small piles of multi-coloured chips. I walked away and found myself by The Wheel Of Fortune, where one bet on different denomination bills coming to rest against a rubber pointer. The odds paid off as against the value of each bill. I placed a quarter, the minimum bet, against a one dollar bill, and it came up. I kept placing this bet every couple of turns, and it won every time. After that I grew a little bolder and, occasionally doubling my bet, bet on this bill every turn of the wheel. I won eleven times on the run, and when the others finally tore me away from the wheel, I was well over three dollars ahead on the evening.

We drove out to a nightclub where Louis Armstrong was playing. We couldn't get in to see him, though, and had to be content with a second floor-show, where Red Norvo was grinning at all and sundry. At the nearest table to the bandstand, Nick and Noreen, Bill Rickhardt and Roger Sims waited for Jackie and Roy to come on. Jim Broderick made another dive for the fruit-machines and was soon back to tell us he had hit another Jackpot. When I went over to see how he was doing, he was playing a double jackpot machine which cost two separate quarters to pull the handle. He won again, too. But later lost most of his money to this greedy hunk of metal. I changed a silver dollar into nickels and became a poor relation to Jim, playing the cheapest range of machine. It's a fascinating pastime. After a while, one forgets that it is money with which one is playing; the little bits of metal in one's hand become merely counters. It's all too easy to feed them into the provided slots. Suddenly, two bars fell into place and I watched with indrawn breath as the third bar clicked into line beside them. I hadn't even time to realise that this meant I had won before a shower of a hundred and forty nickels came pouring out at me. Rolling all over the floor. I picked them all up, had them changed into seven silver cartwheels, and quit while I was ahead. A thought struck me, and I went over to the souvenir counter and bought myself a second pair of clip on sun-glasses to replace the pair I'd lost earlier in the day.

I got back to the table in time to catch the last number from Red Norvo. This turncoat from traditional jazz was followed by a husband and wife team called Jackie and Roy. I never did find out their surnames, but they're evidently popular in the States, and a long-player of theirs has since appeared in the U.K. Noreen had been very keen to hear the couple, and their smooth performance must have pleased her. I can't help feeling that without the vocal bop chorusus the couple excell in (their timing is extremely good), and with an emphasis on the everlasting romantic ballads, this pair would really go places. Jackie has long blond hair, and the correct figure to match. Roy looks like a slightly haggard Dave Jenrette and he can both sing and play the piano.



After leaving the Sands, Nick and Noreen drove off to take in more jazz at the other end of town, Wingy Manone this time. We tried to follow but lost them. We returned to the motel where we packed everything into the car. And when everyone had once again gathered together we left.

It was around 2a.m. We stopped at a drive-in restaurant for a last cup of coffee in a city which had pleased us immensely. A perfect leisure centre for the weary traveller, we felt. Fred and Bill Donaho shared the driving seat, and with Jim Broderick and I taking turns with Fred's movie camera to shoot the colourful neon signs out of the side windows as we passed this club or that theatre, we drove out of Las Vegas and into the cool desert.

Ron Bennett.

COLONIAL EXCURSION is the story of Ron's fan financed journey to the 1958 South Gate Convention. Further episodes in his tale may be found in :-

PERIHELION (Part 1), APPORHETA (Part 2), YANDRO (Part 3 and 4), SPECTRE (Part 5), SPACE DIVERSIONS (Part 6), PLOY (Part 7), OOPSLA (Part 8 and 11), and part 9 in a Ted White zine. For further information write to Ron...7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorks.

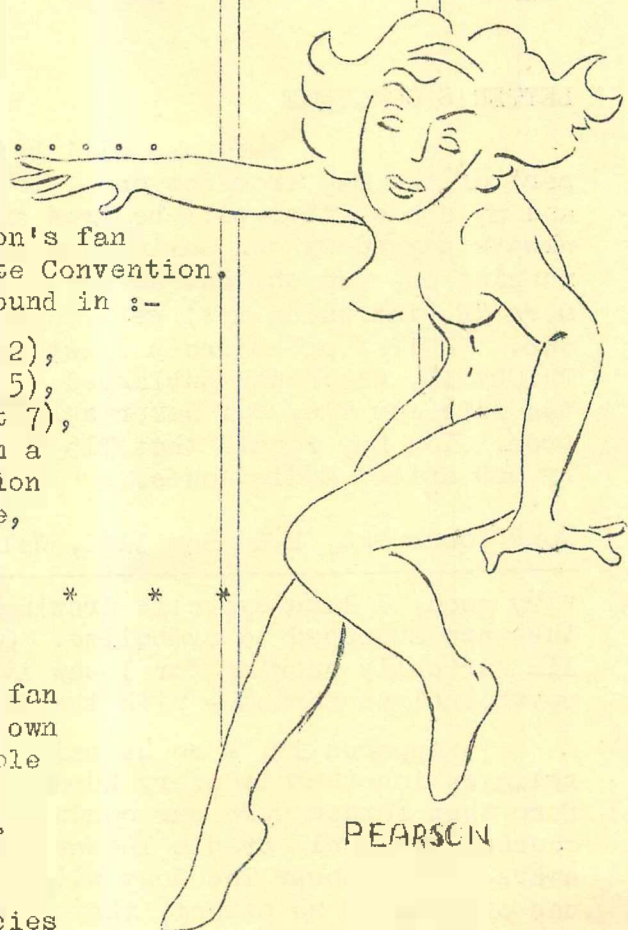
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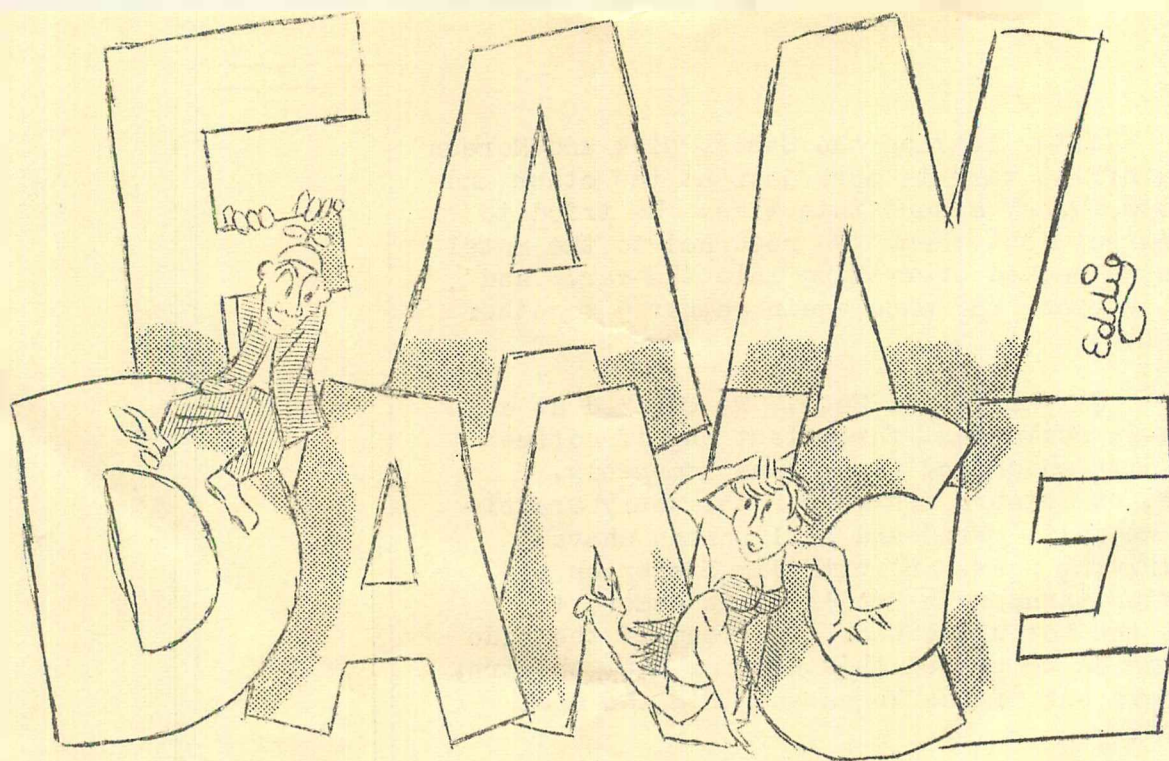
SITUATIONS VACANT

WANTED, young keen fan to cut stencils for TRIODE. Must have own typer, an eye for layout, and Impeccable Paste. Female preferred (of course). Good prospects for suitable applicant.

+++

We also have vacancies for a columnist capable of producing genius level material, and several artists. Dean Grennell, Boyd Raeburn, Dan Adkins, Tony Glynn and Kelly Freas please apply.





LETTER'S COMMENCE

...There will be a slight change in things in this part of the mag from now on -- letters will be in quotes // like this // and my own chatter will be free and unconfined. Previously, I've always pegged my own sayings within quotes deliberately, to stop myself running on, and on, but as quite a few people seem to be in favour of more EB (including me!) we'll change things around and see how it works out. First off there's a letter which is a hangover-comment from TRIODE 15, which was published about a year ago -- the letter came in too late for T16, but nevertheless I think it's still worth quoting from. You may recall that T15 had a very fine Finlayish type cover by MaD artist Eddie Jones.

Tony Vondruska, P.O. Box 3161, Wellington, New Zealand.

_____/ Cover:
very good, I like symbolic drawings even if I don't quite see what they are supposed to symbolize. One of the Catholic Priests (whom I'm currently cooking for) saw it, and immediately started in to psychoanalyse fandom -- with the cover as a symbol of fandom.

Apparently, -- so he said -- fandom is our answer to a need for religion inherent in every human being. We sublimate this need in a form that forces upon our conduct the least restrictions, led, of course, by Ba'al, or his lesser minions, as our subconscious is well aware. This power The Goat With A Thousand Young // Harrison ? // has over us is so strong, that it occasionally bursts out of our subconscious, and is markedly noticable in the drawings in our fanzines. (To Them everything with horns is either a devil, or a trick cornet player.)
.....pto

What we really need is a spring-interior hearth rug....

20

The bubbly ooze behind the girl symbolises the sins we are sinking into, ever deeper, and we hold fandom as a shield (that chunk with TRIODE 14 on it) against the blinding rays of God, represented by the star in the upper left hand corner. The spaceships form is ugly, and radiating evil, and stands for the vehicle in which we are riding, imprisoned, to Hell. Any comments? // Er...yes. If any one wants to ward off evil, we will be only too pleased to run off (for a small fee) extra copies of the Triode Banner Which Wards Off Evil Spirits - these are also guaranteed to bring Good Luck, and help you with your fertility rites. When asked for his comment on all this, artist Eddie Jones said: " What, me worry ?".

I'm afraid that I made a slight error when typing up the Harrison saga for the last issue of TRIODE. It seems that Harriet Hurstmonceax is not Harry's maiden-aunt, but his sister. I hasten to apologise that I did this damage to the genealogical tree all with my own little axe... Harriet, however, made a slight error herself, it seems.

Cyril Faversham, M.M., Claridges, London.

// Sir: Allow me to congratulate Messrs Mercer, Ashworth, Jeeves & Yourself on a tasteful and eminently readable compendium of material. Hurstmonceax's sister's exposition of the Great Impersonation Case was superb, but I have been asked to draw attention to one slight textual inaccuracy: the Harrison Hymn is sung to the strains not of "Tannenbaum", but of "Gaudeamus Igitur". The melodic lines are somewhat similar, and in Miss Hurstmonceax's distressed state this trifling error was understandable. Regarding your correspondents mention of an early animated picture featuring a certain Cyril Faversham, this is in all probability " Q Planes", a stirring but completely fictional film having (alas) no connection with Yr. humble & Obedt. Servant.//

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana.// " - "Q Planes"

(1939). Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson. Spies are lurking around Britain's aircraft, but they are foiled by a young test pilot and a crafty Scotland Yard man. Good pre-war thriller with Richardson's policeman's role (Cyril) being delightfully acted. No body - BUT NOBODY can top me at knowing about the British Cinema - especially the vintage type - that's my hobby. Got a wall full of books and stuff on it. Maaad for it. // Well, you're right on this one, Betty, Hurstmonceax confirms you.

Harry Hurstmonceax, Agracorsabilsk, Lower Mongolia.// I note from Alex

Bratmon that Old British Movies are inflicted on the long-suffering American television audiences as well as ourselves. I think the film he refers to is " Q Planes" and the actor with Olivier was Ralph (now Sir Ralph) Richardson. What I am not quite sure from Alex's (I am sure he will forgive my familiarity in calling him Alex) letter is whether the character played by Sir Ralph was called Cyril Faversham. Actually, I'm not sure whther it is the done thing to make a film about my friend without telling him about it. I shall speak to Sir Ralph and Sir Laurence about this. One other point; neither Cyril nor myself 'lifted' the idea of musical-boxes playing the " British Grenadiers" from - pto

" The Irritated People" as Alan Dodd suggests. Quite honestly, neither of us had read it! Which only goes to show the long arm of coincidence. Other incidents in our narratives may well show a suspicious relationship to well-known works - in fact, Cyril and I are often surprised at similarities occurring in the works of Dornford Yates and Anthony Hope. It only goes to show that fact is stranger than fiction....

May I, on behalf of The Master, Cyril and myself compliment you on your excellent magazine ? P.S. My bank manager assures me that your last cheque was not made of rubber after all, so all is well. //

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

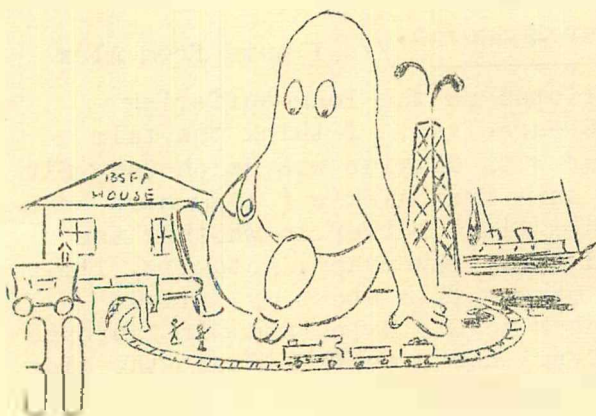
Mal Ashworth's

piece I unhesitantly award the laurels for this issue. I can ALMOST match it, too. In days of yore, when there was a mundane type Mercer household extant, I used regularly to share a bedroom with my brother. All over the South of England we shared bedrooms, not to mention the bed (I, as the older, had the top berth with him on the ground-floor flat). Later we shared the twin end of a four berth caravan, and later still we shared a tent alongside same. (No relation to either of my present collection of caravans). And then eventually, round about 1940, we found ourselves sharing a real live bedroom again, in separate beds this time (mine a normal-type bed, his a folding camp-bed left over from our tenting days).

It was only a small bedroom, this. There was just room for the two beds, a chest-of-drawers (shared), a small bureau-desk with shelves underneath (mine), and a stool to go with it, two orange-boxes for further shelf space (one each), and a tea-chest to stand the gramophone (technically a household property) on. It would have been difficult indeed to fit any of Mal's married (or even unmarried) couples in anywhere there. A couple of new-born babies might with difficulty have been accomodated on each of the bureau shelves (the sex life of new-born babies is conventionally ignored), a couple of rather larger children (still well below the age of puberty) might have occupied the top of the chest-of-drawers, but that would be about all. The floor-space was negligible.

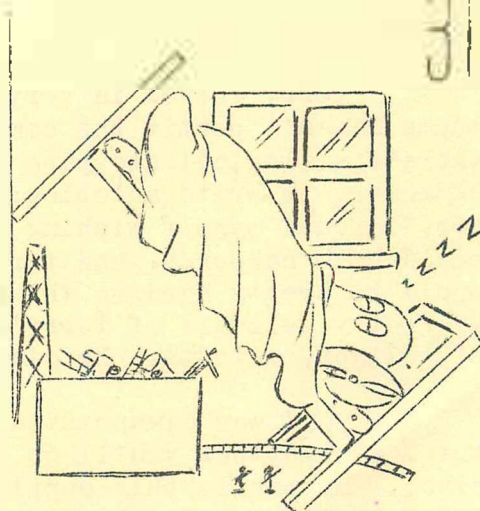
And so I started collecting Gauge "O" model railways.

First of all, I had a small oval of lines that I would set up behind the sofa in the living-room. This proved somewhat inconvenient, particularly as I began to aquire accesories on such a scale that the accesories soon swamped the railway itself. There were buildings (home made and otherwise), lead soldiers and people and like that. Boats (which needed harbour space), an oil well, oh, all sorts of things.



And I wanted somewhere permanent to lay it. So I cogitated, I badgered - and out on to the landing went my brother's bed.

So with my own bed pushed right up under the window, there was now room to manoeuvre. The expanding circle of lines went down semi-permanently, with a couple of villages at opposite sides, the harbour, fields for the animals to graze in, and everything in its duly appointed place. Meanwhile my brother slept on the landing. And by and by, it became apparent that all was not strictly fair.



He wanted room to set HIS things out. He didn't have so many as I did, but what he had, should obviously be utilized to the best advantage of the common weal. I was as much in favour of this as he was.

So out on the landing went MY bed.

(This way of living was socially justified by the fact that there was a war on at the time, and the landing was - if one overlooked the matter of the balcony door - better protected against flying debris than was the bedroom).

Shortly afterwards, we moved into a bigger house, were we each had a bedroom of our own, and that was the end of that real gone set-up. Incidentally, unlike apparently the Ashworth's, we never had ALL our possessions in our bedroom. It was too damn small. Our bicycles, for instance, were kept downstairs in the garage. // Personally, having been an only-child, I seem to have missed out on an early proto-fannish life. I do though, recall with some fondness my own railway layout - and particularly a large sized steam engine operated by methylated spirits which was very prone to catch fire. At one time this had a track leading from one bedroom into another by way of the top of the stairs, and it was verboten to play with it by oneself lest it catch fire when out of sight. It was finally consigned to the scrap heap after singing an elderly aunt!

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland. //

It's this Mal Ashworth article that impels me to my greatest admiration. His brother Vernon is rapidly taking on as imposing a literary character as James Thurber's relatives, and I can't remember when I've read a fan article that came so close to perfection in every conceivable way. It has a beginning, it follows a theme all the way through without monotony, and it comes to a logical end, without appearing to have been written in that manner. And best of all, it's done with apparent effortlessness on a theme that has drawn hopelessly clumsy writing out of many other fans who have tried to be humorous on the same topic, the gradual smothering that a science-fiction collection involves. turn page.

32

Terry Jeeves is very nearly as entertaining, although his basic theme doesn't permit the cameo-like perfection of Mal's masterpiece: there's no logical stopping point in an autobiography, inasmuch as it is customary to write autobiographies before the author dies. Between snickers, I found myself wishing desperately that some of these things really could have happened, and for all I know, maybe they really did, since it would be pretty hard to think them all up fashioned out of the whole cloth. // Pretty well all of Terry's autobiography was fact, but there was one... er, slight, untruth. He didn't sell the Taj Mahal, he bought it!

// I was disappointed that you were so brief about your Swiss trip, but I assume that you'll go into greater detail in some other time and place. Meanwhile this supplements nicely the things you said on the tape the last time, and makes me wish desperately that I could see my own way clear to get to the Continent for a few months. As I think I've told you, I could manage six weeks of consecutive vacation, by taking three weeks at the end of one year and the other three at the start of the next, but I suspect that I couldn't bear to return after such a short stay. So I'd better stay away. Maybe I'll discover that I'm the long-lost bastard second cousin of H. B. Warner, the movie actor, who died the other day, and then I'll be able to make it. // I had intended writing a slightly longer piece on my visit to Switzerland and the Versins, but I never got round to it, what with the BSFA and like that - and now, well, it's a little late. This year I'm heading for Rimini in Italy, and I'm wondering whether or not this episode should be reported in TRIODE. It won't have any great fannish significance for as far as I know there are no fans in the area, but most folk seem to enjoy travelogues. Guidance wanted ??

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St, South Gate, California. //

To be beastly about it, I didn't care much for the Harrison thing, or Eddie's cover... I am of the mind tho' that the main reason is because I am new in your neighborhood, and missed some of the gassers... Also, as it was, apparently, a lampoon at English type-hero's, but English, I lost even more... Pay this no never mind though, as it clottels me when some LNF comes along in "L" and because he doesn't dig esoteric, he tells them to change things around. Ashworth, on the other hand was at his top form. This is the funniest thing of his I can remember. He mastered that rare art to take a perfectly common problem/activity, and draw out of it all kinds of hilarious ideas and mental pictures. It is the sort of thing that Burbee used to do so well. - I have his problem, too. I possibly don't have as many books, but magazines, fanzines, and odd items wander through the house and out into the back room of the garage. Nothing is just stacked up as I like to file things in order...but there is almost no more space. And I can't imagine how I could move, I can't afford me....// Mal, Harry Warner wants more....Rick Sneary reciprocates, and I hereby give you formal notice that I want at least one article before next muck-spreadin'. Stateside opinion on Harrison seems about equally for and against - Harry Warner, Boyd Raeburn, Betty Kujawa, Don Durward, and Guy Terwilleger, of those who wrote in like it; Terry Carr and Rick aren't so keen. UK types all seem to like it, but then they've been more exposed to the type of thing it parodies. WE like it, so there'll be more.

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In the second issue of PSI-PHI (edited by Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave, Los Angeles, California.), Ted Johnstone had an article about a mammoth project to film the Tolkien "LORD OF THE RINGS" trilogy. As I consider these books to be just about the best fantasy yet written, I was rather intrigued by the idea of filming them and wrote to Ted. My own feelings are still much the same as when I wrote this letter; I'm still against the actual filming of the trilogy, for as I said at the time I have developed over the years a phobia about going to see the film of a book I have enjoyed as a result of having several fine mental images shattered. I'm not tho', against the idea of kicking the idea around, and seeing what could be made of it if we could have Gandalf on the set to help with his magic. For the benefit of those who don't get PSI-PHI, and who are fans of Tolkien, here's a letter from Ted.

Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollins St, South Pasadena, California.//

Actually

we on the planning committee are being perfectly serious about everything, while also realising there is no conceivable chance of our plans ever coming to anything. We realise the tremendous technical difficulties involved in the production, and we are allowing for them in our projected budget of between thirty and fifty million dollars. This budget also helps our objectivity in the filming - we realise there is no chance of the film showing a profit, and therefore we will not be tempted to re-write the Works into a more commercialized form. In fact, when we are feeling a bit tired of the project, we sometimes try to guess at the casting job which would be done in a Hollywood version (Diana Dors as Galadriel, Boris Karloff as Gandalf, and Mickey Rooney as Frodo) and this boosts us once more into the realization that we have to save the Works from this desecration. Our own casting proceeds rather slowly, but we have a few choices set. Danny Kaye as Legolas, Raymond Massey as Saruman (we can do something about the voice); Ernest Borgnine as Boromir, Mel Ferrer as Faramir (still under consideration), and Alec Guinness as Gandalf (a very difficult role and no other man could handle it), and Peter Ustinov as Denethor.

Now on the subject of capturing the atmosphere of the books; I suppose it's rather immodest of me, but I think I can do it. I have begun the script, and am using Tolkien's exact words except in a very few cases, and in those I have the general agreement of the local group. (e.g., replacing "eleventy-first" with hundred and eleventh. We agreed that there was something just a little too cute about eleventy-first.) The opening is my own; I would like to exchange tapes with you in which you can hear some of the ideas we have, or perhaps listen to a planning session; but here is the opening. Slow Fade In, on a regular sized picture (not large screen). We have the impression of a large, dimly-lit room, a library, only light source from a small reading lamp by a large wing-back chair, $\frac{3}{4}$ facing. Seated in chair is Narrator reading large red book propped up on lap. Allow few seconds to establish setting and TRUCK IN to MED. CLOSE. NARRATOR: (Slowly, after pause, not looking up, as if reading) This is a tale of years gone by; when the air was cleaner and the grass more green, and life was a simpler thing than it is today.

It is a tale of the adventure and magic that lived then. It may have happened, ((Slowly, looking up)) far away there in the mists of the past, or it may be only a legend or a half remembered dream. ((Turns head towards camera)) As our tale unfolds, do not hesitate to see it as this - only a dream. We only ask that you watch; perhaps you may wonder with us at the marvels of this long-forgotten age.

Camera trucks in to a close up on the cover of the book. As cover fills the screen, it fades away as we continue to truck forward, and cross dissolve to the full size of the screen, a scene in a wooded lane, daylight. The camera is still trucking forward from the last shot. Woody area with green rolling hills past end of trees visible ahead as we continue to move at a walking pace. Now the credits appear, in letters of beaten gold, and flow past. As the last credit passes, we reach the top of a hill and stop the truck, looking down across a green valley. ((As seen in the frontispiece of The Hobbit)).

Well, that was all copied from the opening of the script. From there we have a bit more by the narrator (who, by the way, will be J.R. R. Tolkien himself) and then we cut down to the scene at the Ivy Bush Inn, where the Gaffer is starting off the news about the coming Birthday Party. // I've cut short Ted's letter here for most of the rest has been duplicated in PSI-PHI No3, which arrived a few days ago. Since the letter I've also had a most interesting tape on which Ted, Paul Stanberry and Rich Brown discuss, and play, some of the music they've chosen for the score. I'm greatly impressed with the enthusiasm and attention to detail these types are putting into the project, and whilst I'm still not convinced that I'd find the film as enthralling as the Books, well - I'm willing to go along for the ride. Incidentally, I envisage the Shire as being very similar to the Cheshire Dales - and the Rhonda Valley would be a pretty good choice for Mordor, I think. Comments welcomed, and if you'd like more information on the project write to Ted, or send some money to Bob Lichtman for PSI-PHI (15cents or 1/- per issue).

It seems we have a predominantly American lettercool this issue, it wasn't planned that way, it just so happened that the Stateside fans wrote the more interesting letters this time round. But here's one from Matron that has a delightful slip-up in it...

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey. // Mal

chuntering on is a delightful thing, and he always manages to conjure up a comparative image in your mind...the mark of a successful storyteller. I started nursing with one trunk which held all my earthly goods. I soon needed a suitcase to keep my books in, I seemed to be forever packing it and repacking it. Gradually through the years and the various moves my collection has grown. When I left Glasgow that original trunk was full of books, plus two suitcases and a tea chest. // The Mind Boggles, Ethel.

THE NAMES THE SAME (Seen outside a Manchester Art Gallery) " Our collection of fine silver, plus the Bennett Gift." Er, two 'B.R.Spoons' and a fork stamped 'Joe's Place, N.Y.', Ron ?

There's an alarming number of fmz here which I've not been able to comment on in the past months, and (as usual) I've left myself short of the space needed to really do them justice - however, let it be said that they were all appreciated, and that I'm considering building A TOWER OF FANZINES TO THE MOON, so keep 'em coming, please.



FANFARRAGO

INNUENDO No.9. (Terry Carr, 70 Liberty St, Apt.5, San Francisco 10.) About the only fmz published regularly that tops INN these days is Boyd Raeburn's A BAS, which is perhaps a rather backhanded compliment, but my way of indicating that this is No.2 on the list of Top Fanzines. There's the continuation of 'Carl Brandon's' ON THE ROAD (by Terry), an excellent thing; Ron Bennett's account of the SOLACON, his best piece of reporting on the TAFF Trip so far; and fine material by Harry Warner, Bob Bloch, and Bill Donaho to round off an excellent issue. INN is available only for comment or trade, but if you write an interesting letter to Terry you'll probably get on the mailing list, pro tem. /// THE BEST OF FANDOM 1958 (Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho.) The second in Guy's annual anthologies of The Best in Fandom, and a mammoth piece of work it is. 120 pages of well selected material from the fmz of '58. An invaluable Publication, and of particular value to anyone who isn't in the happy position of getting all the best fmz. U.K. mags are well represented. 75cents from Guy, and well worth it. /// ORION No.22 (Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd, West Kilburn, London, SE6.) The New, Revitalized Orion...About the only similarity to the earlier issues edited by Paul Enever is in the titling, apart from that it's a new zine, and a good one. Two pieces by Ken Bulmer, and two reports on the BSFA Brumcon make up the meat of the issue, and all are well worth reading. Roberta Wild, John Berry, and Ella also contribute interesting stuff. 1/- or 15cents (from Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana.) Co-ed's are Sandra Hall and Roberta.

SIRIUS (International Edition) - (Erwin Scudla, Vienna XVII/107, Rotzergasse 30/1, Austria.) This is a run down on German speaking fandom and quite interesting, numerically Gerfandom is possibly stronger than English speaking fandom, though one could hardly call it fannish. /// JD-Argassy No.44 (Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt Vernon, Illinois.) Herein is chapter seven of Bob Madle's A FAKE FAN IN LONDON, and the mag is worth getting for that alone. Jim Harmon has some amusing asides on the 'charachter' of Harlan Ellison; Bloch tells of his experiences on TV, and Les Gerber contributes news on pro-publishing schedules. 12 issues for one dollar. FANAC the Indispensable newszine is still being published with amazing regularity. Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, Apt. 7, 2444 Virginia St, Berkeley 4, Calif, are responsible - 9 for 50cents (U.K. 4 for 2/- from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln). Get It.

30
A BAS No.11 (Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 15, Canada.) I can never quite decide whether GRUE or A BAS is the number one fmz, as, alas, GRUE hasn't come out for quite some time, Boyd's zine is the Number One for this series of reviews. This issue has a most excellent piece of reportage by Boyd dealing with his visit to South Gate, and other places. (This, together with the two Busby reports in POLARITY - which I intended to review but seem to have 'filed' - and Ron Bennett's piece in INNUENDO should be preserved for posterity.) There's other Good material by Leman, Warner, Tucker, Willis, and an excellent lettercolumn. BUT as I've just realised that this is the last stencil, and there's a whole pile of fmz still to be acknowledged, I must curtail my enthusing - I'm going to use a scale of 10 for the other mags (A BAS get's 10), and merely list them; with apologies (and thanks) to the editors.

AMRA NO.20. (Dan Adkins and Elizabeth Wilson, Box 682, Stanford, Calif.) Material about Conan, with Adkins Art. 5 for One Dollar. Score 8. ///
PSI-PHI 3 (Bob Lichtman & Arv Underman, 6137 S. Croft Ave, Los Angeles, 56, Calif.) One of the better, newer zines. 4 for 50 cents. Score 7.///
OOPSLA No's 26 & 27 (Gregg Calkins, 1584 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah.) Two damned good issues. 8 for One Dollar. Score 9.///
APORHETA No. 11 (H. P. Sanderson, 236, Queens Rd, London S.E.14) 1/6 per copy, 6 for 8/- or One Dollar. One of the top U.K. zines now that Sandy has stopped dashing around on his off-white charger. Score 8.///
YANDRO No.76. (Buck & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana,) Which comes out with alarming regularity, but never seems to improve much (which is possibly why...). 1/- per copy - 2 for 35cents. Score 7.///
PROFANITY No.5. (Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St, Tampa 9, Florida.) Interesting stuff herein but nothing particularly distinguished. (I'd like to compare the music for GREEN HILLS OF EARTH with that used in the BBC 'Journey Into Space', but I can't read music. Anyone ?) 15cents. Score 6. ///
SLANDER No. 4. (Jan Sadler Penney, 51-B McAllister Place, New Orleans 18, Louisiana.) The first issue I've seen and I rather like it....apart from the multi-colour hekto which gave me eye strain. No price listed, so send blood or an interesting letter. Score 6. ///
HYPHEN No. 22. (Walt Willis & Chuck Harris Rtd, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast.) I'm sorry, but I think "-" is in something of a rut. All the material is good or excellent, but there's getting to be a 'sameness' about the mag. It needs damon knight or Ermengarde Fiske back. Too much humour, even humour as good as "-" features, can begin to pall. 15cents, or 1/- per copy. Score 8. ///
SHAGGY NO. 41. (Los Angeles S-F Soc., 2548 W. 12th St, Los Angeles 6.) The new REVITALIZED Shangri - L' Affaires. Excellent Thing. 6 for One Dollar. Score 8. ///
VOID No. 14. (Greg Benford & Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St, Baltimore 18, Maryland.) Nice topical mag which aims at becoming a Focal Point.(The BSFA's VECTOR, on the other hand, aims to become a Foetal Point.) Material by Terry Carr, Vern McCain (a writer who is going to be missed), Benford & White. 25cents, or 1/- (to Ron Bennett). Score 7. ///
RETRIBUTION No.13. (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast.) The lack of ATOM-illos are compensated for by the fact that RET is now more personalized, general, and interesting. Score 8. ///
UNEVEN. Goojie Pub. No.3. (Miriam Carr, 70 Liberty St, Apt.5, San Francisco 10.) Excellent natter by Miriam, plus Leman, and Eney...and it just so happens that I'm the U.K. agent for this priceless (well, 1/3..) publication. Score 8. Send Money.
TERRY CARR FOR TAFF and we get Carl Brandon, too.

INTERMISSION Cont.

And picture-type postcards were the subject. There's one here in the file from Dave Kyle, depicting the 'Mens Dormitory, St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.' I'm darned if I can understand what Dave was doing in a mens dormitory, now if it had been a girls... A card from Whitesands Bay (er..pembrokeshire!) sent by Sid Birchby. One of the Citadel of David, Jerusalem, sent by Lars Helander, with an arrow pointing to an 'ancient space-ship launching tower'. A beer-mat card received from LaSFaS (who else!) via Brussels. A colourful one from Lee Riddle, despatched from Taranto, Italy...which was the nearest we ever got to an intended meeting. A genuine snowbound picture of the Jungfrauoch sent by Le Benford's. Even, one of the Supreme Court Building, Washington, D.C. from....who's this! Terry Jeeves! Gahh.

Interesting things, and if anyone feels like sending me a pretty picture postcard, I'll be most pleased...from anywhere.

THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

I'm most pleased to report that The Association, under the skilful guidance of Doc' Weir, Bobby Wilde, Sandra Hail and Archie Mercer, is Going Strong. Membership has grown to 128, and some fifty odd people have already paid their subs for the next semester. The BSFA is to sponsor the Whitsun Convention in London next year, and may also assist with a smaller affair at Harrogate at Easter.

VECTOR V, is in process of being put onto stencil - Doc' will be compiling a Checklist & Index for NEBULA S-F during his summer break from School; this, like the NEW WORLDS listing I oversee, will also feature a History of the mag in question (by Peter Hamilton).

However, the most encouraging thing about the BSFA is that it now has the support of just about the whole of British Fandom, even those who were doubtful of its value at the inception of the Association, now seem to have been won over by its accomplishments - and the fact that the BSFA is bringing new blood into fandom. Personally, I see no reason why it shouldn't continue ad infinitum to serve this purpose - and, who know's, perhaps if we all gave it more support it might even accomplish something in the way of improving the standard of British published s-f. And that would benefit even those members of fandom who read s-f 'in secret'!

....Chuck Harris is getting married, Bentcliffe's Courting - What the hell is fandom coming to.....

BERYL WATKINS

That's Her name...hereby mentioned for the first time in a fanzine, but quite probably not the last. She hasn't joined the BSFA, but I'm taking a personal interest in her introduction to fandom!

THIS was TRIODE 16, published August 1959.

See you next issue....AB

37

Ode on the passing of a

HORROR COMIC

Oh stylish horror comic,
For rockets supersonic,
Or robots most atomic,
Alas, you've had your day.
The daily papers crossed their swords,
The censors there set up some boards,
But why you couldn't pass the Lord's
Is more than I could say.

For green-skinned bug-eyed monsters,
Invasions straight from Mars,
For girls in low-knecked spacesuits,
Or whatnots from the stars,
For psychologic murders,
Or bandits in the bank,
For skeletons out walking,
Or ghosts with chains that clank.

Oh vivid colour pictures
Of monsters in the earth,
Or scientists gone all insane
You get your tanners worth!
For endless secret weapons
And wars that never cease,
Oh happy crowd of horrors,
I pray you, rest in peace.

A. N. House.

