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COVER - Terry Jeeves

ILLOS - Arthur Thomson

Eddie Jones

Terry Jeeves

Bill Rotsler

Eric Bentcliffe!

This Fanzine has sympathy  
 for Lesser Mesopotamian  
 Ceramics.

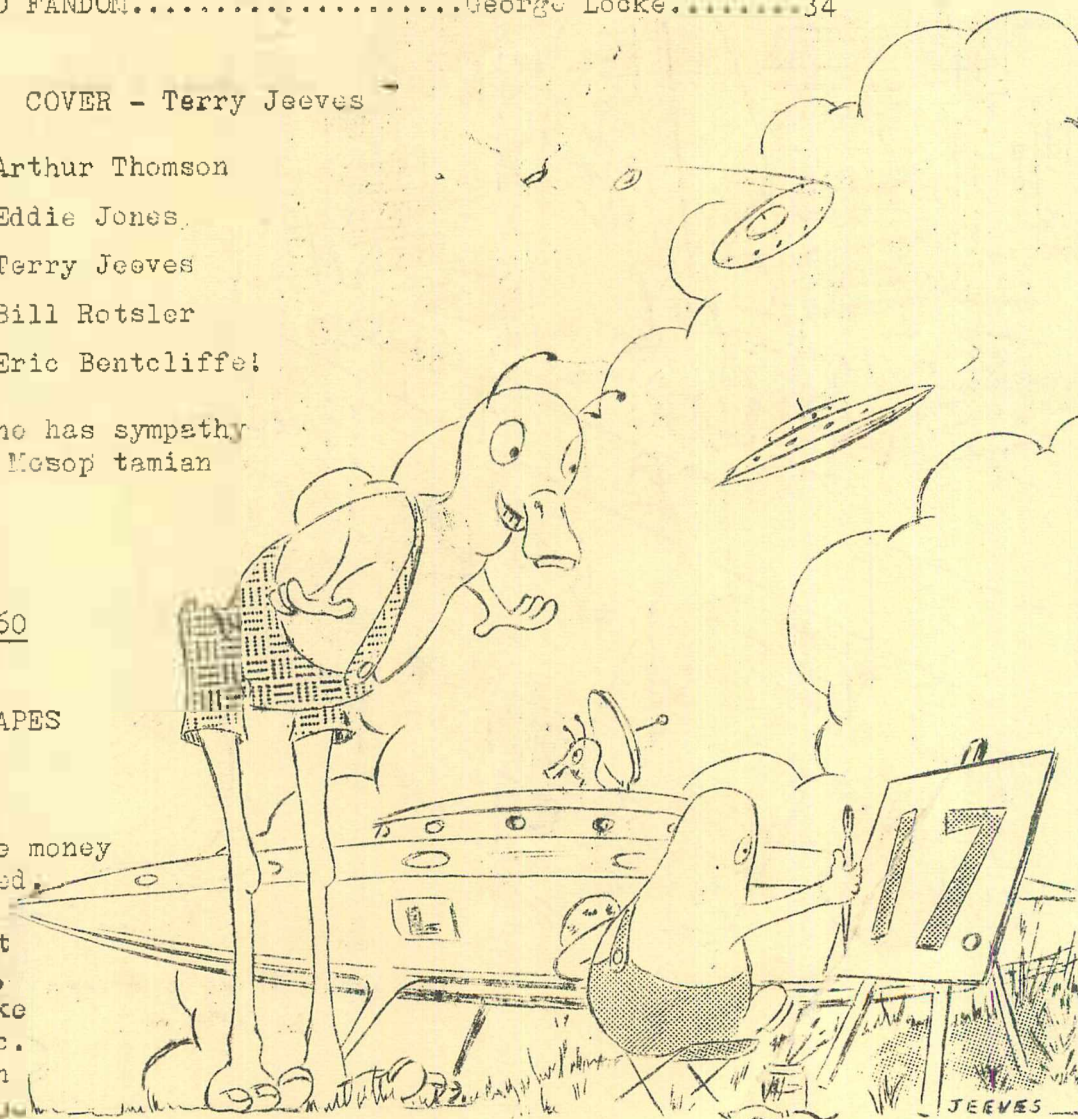
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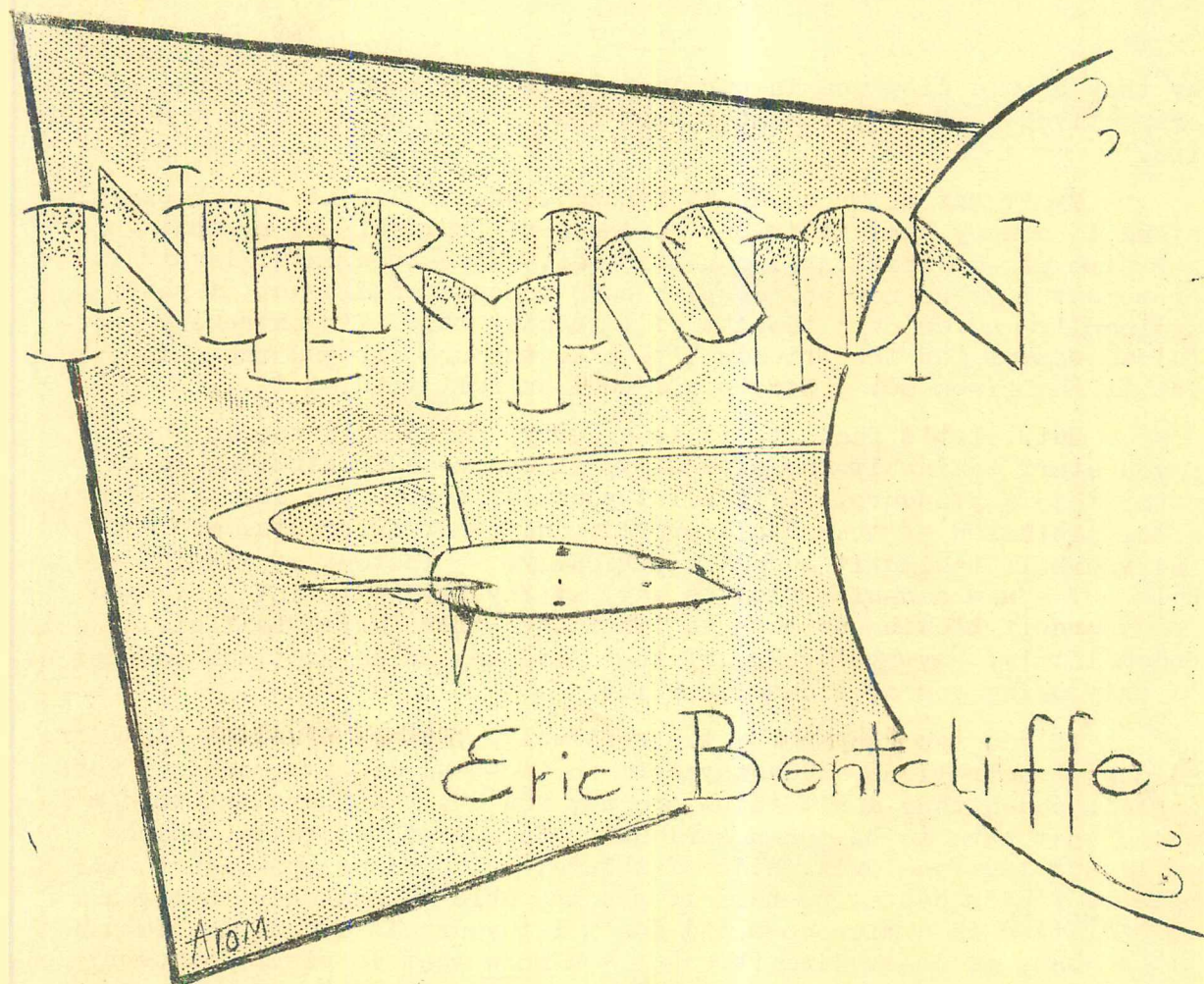
JANUARY 1960

TRADES & TAPES  
 WELCOMED.

Confederate money  
 not accepted.

A Stockport  
 and Intake,  
 Dog and Cake  
 Walking Soc.  
 Publication





Look! It's 1960..... The reason that I mention this rather obvious fact is because, according to the mundane press, we are in for an age of Progress and Enlightenment. Tensions, it says here, are going to grow less, and We Are In For A New Era. And like that.

The thing is though, does this all apply to fandom? Personally, I have my doubts.....with the ink hardly dry on my new calendar, there seems to be trouble brewing. Someone, for some small reason, has been circulating silly rumours about TAFF. A few London fans are busy working up a rather pointless feud under the auspices of a rather unwise Northern fan-editor. The pattern, is very much as before. Unfortunately.

Without sounding too much like Godfrey Winn, Everyones Home Philosopher, or a Criterion of Virtue, I'd like to try and say a few words on this subject. I think that the whole of fandoms troubles can be put down to a few fen who take fandom altogether too seriously. They take the phrase 'Fandom as a way of life', live it, breath it, and by so doing completely lose their sense of perspective regarding fandom.

Fans are human, even the most starry-eyed have been unable to disprove this as yet, and this being so are just as prone to disagree within fandom as they are in mundane life. Humans being what they are, antagonistic personalities are bound to appear in fandom and disagree here just as they would anywhere else. There's no reason tho', - pto



why they should disagree in purple ink, if they keep their sense of perspective. If they remember that fandom is a Hobby and not A Way Of Life.

Don't get me wrong about fandom...when I say it is a Hobby, I intend to convey that it is one of the most fruitful and rewarding sparetime pre-occupations I can think of. I've been indulging in it for some ten years now and despite some moments of disgust at petty pueuding I've never even thought of forsaking it. I'm extremely grateful to fandom for the friends I've made through it, and the entertainment it has given me. Life would be less full without it...

But...let's face it, it is a Hobby, and should remain one. If you start taking it too seriously, it can be a frustrating thing rather than a pleasure. If you let yourself become too involved in it, to the exclusion of the outside-world, and other interests, you soon find yourself taking it much too seriously. Instead of viewing the choice of a new con-site (let us say) at Ynysbwl with interest, you find yourself blowing-up because 'what have those Welsh Baptists done in fandom lately, anyway'. Er..if there are any Welsh Baptists amongst us, I'm only using you as a case in point.

If you take any hobby too seriously, you are bound to find more and more frustrations, and annoyances in it - and dislike more and more people because they don't think the way you do. There are things in fandom that have to be taken seriously, facets of the whole, which compliment the fun-loving side of things. A serious approach to the whole of fandom can do no harm if you are able to remember that you are operating in a microcosm and don't let yourself become too imbued with a sense of do-goodism (because you know what is right for everyone).

Personally, these days, if I find myself getting annoyed about something that is happening in fandom, or hot up because someone doesn't like me...I just let things drop for a few days and indulge in the world outside. It's a pretty good cure, I find. Without being holier-than-thou, or trying to sound pretentious - I'd like to recommend it.

Let's make 1960 a Fine Fannish Year!

### TAFF

In mid-December I had letters almost simultaneously from Bob Pavlat and Terry Jeeves, suggesting that I stand as a TAFF Candidate in 1960. Being a sucker for flattery, and because there's little else I'd rather do than attend a Stateside convention - and thus have the opportunity of meeting all the folk I've corresponded with and traded fmz with these past years, and renew my acquaintanceship with those I've already had the pleasure of meeting Over Here - I'm standing.

I've somewhat mixed feelings on how a TAFF Candidate should behave; I feel that he shouldn't push himself - but on the other hand I feel that if he doesn't try to win he's letting his nominators down. Suffice it to say that I intend to carry on much as normal, but that I feel extremely conscious of the honour of being chosen for TAFF. I'd like to win, but I shan't be too pretched if I don't.

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I would like to take the opportunity of thanking Bob and Terry for nominating me; and Norman Sherrock, Eric Jones, Sandra Hall, Alan Dodd, Miriam Carr, Archie Mercer, Dick Enoy and Phyllis Economou for also offering to sign my nomination. Thanks, folks.

At the time of cutting this stencil I'm not definitely sure of the names of the other TAFF Candidates for 1960, but I've heard that these may include Arthur Thomson, Hal Ashworth and Sandy Sanderson. All worthy candidates - may the best fan win. \*

In the envelope with this issue of TRIODE you'll most probably find TAFF Voting Forms (it depends on how soon these are ready whether the mailing of this issue is held back awaiting them). Whilst I'd, naturally, like you to vote for me this isn't the reason they are enclosed. The main thing is that you do vote, and support TAFF - TAFF is probably the finest thing which fandom will ever accomplish, an organisation by which we really can stretch our tentacles across the sea, it deserves, and needs, your support.

And mention of TAFF wouldn't be complete without a few words of congratulation to the winner of the campaign which has just come to a close. Congratulations, Don Ford....and bring a glass with you, mate!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### COMING NEXT ISSUE

With forty large-sized pages to move around in (and apologies to Horace Gold!) it is possible to ring the changes on the table of contents to quite a considerable extent. This issue, for instance, we have a series of sparkling novelettes whilst next issue - next issue will contain (along with other goodies) a long Novella, A Harrison Adventure no less. In which The Master once again thwarts the evil forces controlled by the infamous (and lager & lime drinking) Herr von Neumann!

#### 1959

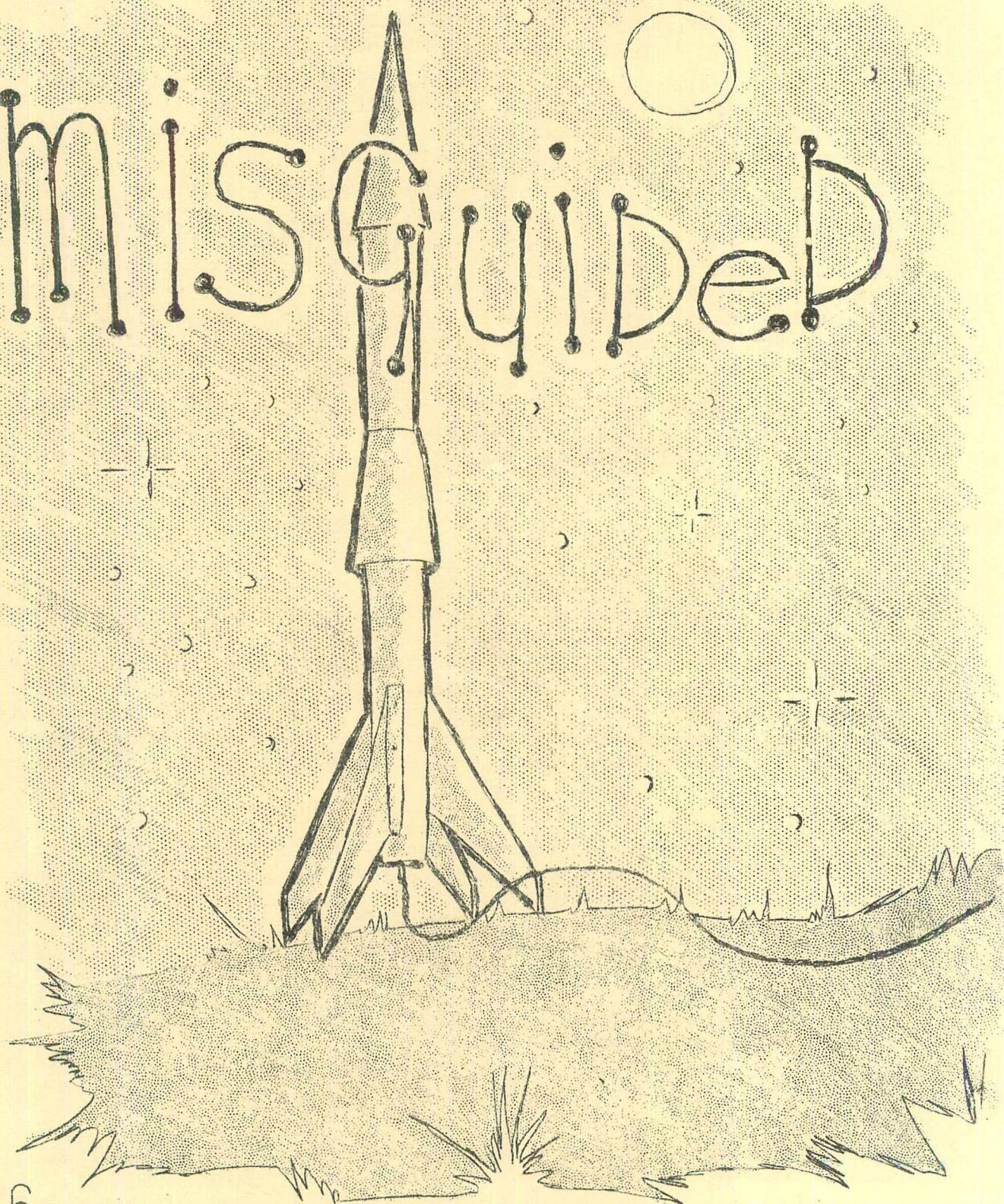
Last year has seen some remarkably good fannish publications, and as once again there isn't room for fmz reviews, I'd like to hand out a few bouquets before waving goodbye to the old man with the trembling hand and scythe. OOPSLA, CRY, INNUENDO, SHAGGY, APORHETA, HYPHEN, were the magazines I enjoyed most, but some of the newer mags - SMOKE, QUIXOTIC, EUSTACE, GOOJIE PUBS, et al were very interesting, too. Andy Young remarked in a letter received some time ago that I didn't pen any of the fmz reviewed in the last TRIODE - and that the lowest rating I gave any mag was 6! It seems that I enjoy just about all the fmz that come this way, which I find a happy enough state of affairs even if it does make it difficult for purposes of choosing my favourite mag.

The publication, this past year, which deserves the biggest accolade though, I think, is Dick Enoy's mammoth FANCYCLOPEDIA II. If there's anyone around who calls himself a fan and hasn't had a copy of this, he should write to Dick immediately and see if there's any copies left.

\*\*\*\*\*Eric Bentcliffe



misguided



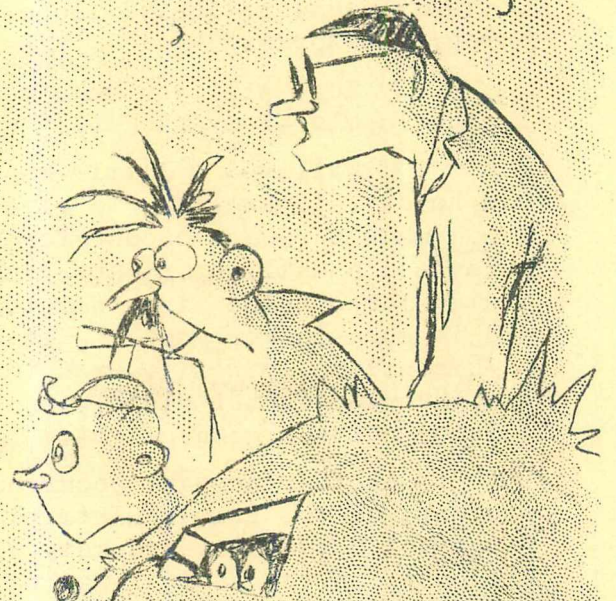


It was really bed-time for my son Colin, but I'd recently procured a TV set and in a somewhat misguided moment had decided that it would be educational for him to stay up and watch the news-reel. He still does, by the way, although the subsequent result of his newsreel viewing a few weeks ago should have made me change my mind - or sell the set. The Thing Was that Colin rapidly appeared to acquire similar tastes to myself as a result of his viewing. He prattled all day about aeroplanes, space-ships and kindred subjects, and on this particular evening, he....

The whole story from the beginning ?

O.K.....O.K.

# Missile



Atom

One evening I was lying back comfortably on the settee, next to my inquisitive offspring, watching the days events flash across the 14" screen.

It has been my practice from early TV viewing to read aloud the captions as they appear, thus preparing Colin for what is coming.

By  
John Berry

One this fateful evening, I read "United States fires giant rocket".

Colin sprung forward on the settee, nostrils quivering like a 'G' string.

"Rockets," he gasped, in an awed voice.

The screen portrayed the usual sort of thing...picture of rocket on its launching ramp...usual excited 5...4...3...2...1...Whoosh stunt....gradual rise of rocket.....throbbing flame from the orifice... ..steady acceleration.....long smoke trail hurtling skywards. In other words, The Works.

"Hey, will you make me a rocket?" yelled Colin, clutching me by the lapels of my jacket, "will you....will you?"

I utilised a little known judo grip, and released myself from his hold. I was going to give a negative reply, and then I pondered. I had made a rocket once before, for a Willis Halloween Party. I had purchased a shilling rocket, removed the thin stabilising stick, substituted three balsa fins, painted the body with black and white stripes, and it sure looked good. It stood about ten inches high, and performed exceptionally well...even to the slow rise from the launching platform (an inverted dinner plate), and even in the darkness it had obviously reached quite a good height.

Another thought occurred to me. James White, vile pro and stalwart of the British Interplanetary Society had challenged me to construct a two-stage rocket, which he asserted to be an impossibility, at least, on the scale I was working on.

A surge of elation swept through me. I felt the pioneer instinct pulse through my blood vessels. I felt dedicated.

I turned to Colin. "I will make you a rocket," I vowed ardently.

Construction of the Berry Two-Stage Rocket was simpler than I had expected. There were two major difficulties however, (1) ensuring that the upper-rocket did not lose any of its powder before it was released from the first-stage, and (2) how to release it from the first-stage at precisely the moment required. I solved both problems one evening when my wife came home with a new pair of nylons.

My masterpiece stood twenty-three inches high, and the diameter at the base, including fins, was eight and a half inches. I had painted the rocket a brilliant red hue, and by a stroke of foresight amounting to genius, I painted on each fin the legend:-

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO 170 UPPER NEWTOWNARDS ROAD BELFAST.

If nothing else, I was an optimist.

I could hardly wait to apply the match to the blue touch-paper.



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I thought about that. It seemed a very primitive way of firing a two-stage rocket, perhaps tho' the genius of Willis would come up with a more suitable form of ignition.

By the time the rocket was completed I was more enthusiastic even than Colin. I was impatient to see it blast skyward.

I invited Irish Fandom round to my house to see it.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were really impressed; most of all James White. He seemed so serious with his questions on its construction that I secretly suspected that he intended to prepare a thesis on it for the next B.I.S. meeting. His main point was, as before, how I controlled the blast off of the second-stage rocket.

"It looks good," mused James, focusing his magnifying glass scientific circumspect, "but how have you solved the problem I mentioned previously?"

I stood in front of the fireplace, feeling somewhat of an intellectual...for the first time in my life. I leaned back slowly, and thrust my thumbs behind my coat lapels. I allowed a furrow to crease my brow. I looked nonchalant. "Well, if you must know, James," I confided, "I cut a chunk of cellophane from the cover of a pair of nylons, shaped it to the size of a penny, and used it to glue the two components together. This will conserve the powder in the second-stage, and due to its inflammability will not contain the heat during the transitional period."

But James had fainted. Right enough, it was fairly hot in the room, I always forget to open the living room windows. I was rather disappointed in James tho', just when I had my opportunity to show him that I, too, had a scientific mind. When he recovered from his swoon James grabbed Peggy's hand for moral support - definitely for moral support, I knew it wasn't passion because he had his typer with him. From this, and the film of perspiration on James brow I finally deduced that he had difficulty in appreciating that the crucial stage of my rockets performance depended upon a sliver of cellophane. That's what comes of being nurtured on Willy Ley and Arthur Clarke.

George Charters dragged his way along the edge of the table, and scrutinised my rocket with his rheumy eyes.

"Heh, he, what is it?" he cackled, "a phallic symbol?"

"It's a rocket," I said.

He sought the seclusion of his bathchair. "Eh?" he mouthed.

"It's a rocket."





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" Beggy pardon ? " .

" ROCKET, ROCKET," we yelled in unison.

" No, don't do that," he bleated, " it'll put me to sleep. I Don't want to miss the orgy."

Madeleine reached for the budgerigar cage-cover, and placed it reverently over George's almost bald head.

" You'd think he'd try hair restorer," muttered Peggy, showing a glimpse of her kind heart.

" Let him decide for himself," sneered Willis, " after all, he's master of his own pate. "

We clubbed Walt to the floor with cushions.

" When are you going to fire it ?" queried James.

" Where are you going to fire it ?" pondered Walt, seeing the address on the fins for the first time, and flinching visibly.

" Carryduff," I announced.

" Carryduff ? " they repeated doubtfully.

( A little explanation is due. Carryduff is a delightful place, as Bentcliffe can testify. It is in County Down, about eight miles from Belfast. My wife's family lives there. Also her brother, Terry. Terry is a big, strapping Irishman. I once took him to a Ghoodminton session and he did more damage in one game that I have managed in two years..... and I am insured up to ten shillings worth of damage per game. I suppose the most artistic thing Terry did was to furrow parabolic depressions about an inch thick and six feet long, across the walls and ceiling of the Willis chamber with his agricultural boots; as he leapt to and fro in pursuit of the shuttlecock. Terry was one of the reasons for the apprehension displayed at my mention of Carryduff.)

" But why Carryduff ?" asked Walt, trying to control the twitch at the corner of his mouth.

" It's like this, " I explained, " I expect great things from my rocket. For miles around Carryduff there are only fields, and a few isolated houses. Also, and almost as important, there is an ideal launching site just at the back of Diane's mothers house. It is an ancient Danish burial mound. There is a deep wide ditch all around it, and in the centre is a high, flat-topped mound, which overlooks the surrounding countryside. I think it is kind of poetic to fire it from there. "

A gleam appeared in the eyes of Walt and James.

" I like it," announced Walt.

" Just one small thing," I added. " I am confident that you can help me out. It is an ideal example of vulgar ostentatiousness if my rocket has to be ignited by a mundane match. Can you invent something that works by electricity ?"

" Will do," murmured Walt, looking at the mechanism of Georges bath chair.



The day came. It was dry and still, and James estimated the cloud base at around 1,500 feet, but I wasn't too disappointed. That morning, Terry had excavated a patch of grass in the centre of the mound, and had transplanted an inverted dustbin lid. This was the launching platform. I placed the rocket in its centre...it seemed challenging, a symbol of mans supremacy over nature.

I muttered 'Per Ardua ad Astra' under my breath, and turned to Walt, enquiring; " Have you organized the ignition ?"

Without replying he opened a black box and produced coils of wire, and a cycle dynamo. He turned, and motioned to Madeleine, and walked along the top of the mound, down the side, then into the deep chamber which Terry had excavated for the protection of George.

The sage of Irish Fandom was happily asleep, his head supported by a forked-twig. Working rapidly, Walt fixed the dynamo to the support which rose vertically from the chassis of the bath chair and held the handles which George turned to propel his conveyance. Walt disengaged the gears, and with dextrous fingers, fixed one end of the wire to the dynamo, and telling Madeleine to stay with George, left the shelter and laid a trail of wire to the launching platform: from his pocket he produced a converted lamp holder from the centre of which reared a bare filament.

" We'll hold a test," announced Walt, and signalled to Peggy. " Follow this wire until you come to Madeleine. Tell her to wake George up, and make him turn the handles of his bath chair. "

Peggy obligingly tripped away and disappeared from sight.

A pause.....A stifled groan.....Another pause...

And the filament glowed red.

" Diane," Walt yelled to my wife, " follow that wire, and tell Peggy and Madeleine to stop George from turning the handle.

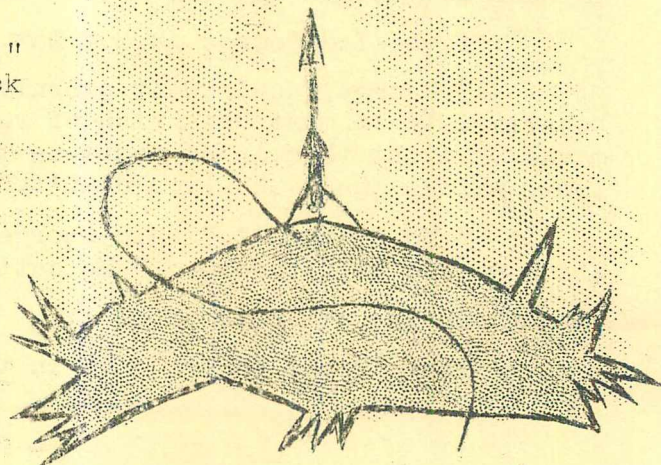
Diane also diappeared.

Walt tenderly placed the bare filament under the rocket, opened the blue paper, and inserted the filament. Typically efficient, he twisted the blue paper round and round to hold the filament in place, then he stepped back.

" Get your watch ready, James," breathed Walt huskily. We stepped back proudly, and gazed at fandoms supreme accomplishment in rocketry.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our pre-flight calculations had, at the time seemed so efficient. With Walt Willis in charge what else could we expect ? I felt happy and composed, sure that the Willis mind had allowed for every eventuality.





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But he had not reckoned with advanced senility.

Walt, James and myself had gone to the far side of the rocket to avoid tripping over Walt's wiring system. Suddenly, before our startled gaze, the wire jerked. This movement caused the rocket to gradually tilt...TOWARDS US. We were fascinated, horrified, petrified. We just couldn't move. It seemed so uncanny. As the rocket reached an angle of 45 degrees it roared into life. For two or three seconds it seemed to strain at the leash...then it roared away. James, luckily enough, had his bowler hat on, but we other unfortunates can at least claim the distinction of being the first men to suffer first-degree burns from a rocket exhaust.

Amazed, I watched the undoubted perfection of my design. Away in the sky the rocket arched over, and, magnificently, the first stage dropped away, and tumbled downwards. With renewed vigour, the smaller rocket blasted on, still at a 45 degree angle. At the same time, the sound of a horrible scream coinciding with a crash of broken glass, made me realise that the first-stage had reached earth.

" Bloody Hell," blurted Walt, summing up the situation in his usual masterly fashion.

\* \* \* \* \*

" I admit the tomatoes weren't growing too well," observed my father-in-law, " but I will expect you to pay for all repairs. I mean... it wasn't as if there was some doubt as to who the rocket belonged!"

" Yes, sir," blanched Walt.

" Have the three fems recovered ?" I queried, being somewhat bemused by the rapid turn of events.

" Out of breath, somewhat shocked, but otherwise alright," assured Diane's mother. " I presume you will report the old gentleman to the proper authorities," she added, re-pocketing the smelling-salts."

" I think we should at least question George," said Walt. "Admittedly he sometimes has spasms reminiscent of second childhood, but chasing three you women, and shouting aloud his vile intentions for all to hear is going a bit too far." " Our wives,too," seconded James.

I wheeled George in. " Davy...Daaaavy Crocket," he bleated.

" George," said Walt sternly, " pray explain your strange behavior. It is most unfannish of you to pursue our wives around the mound, leaving them in no doubt as to your intentions if you caught them, which, thank Ghu, you didn't."

" Me cattypult," said George, waving aloft the bare forked stick we had seen before. " Me cattypult. Heh, he."

Oh the utter irony of it.

There's not enough give in that sort of elastic anyway!

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You mustn't put too much faith in this reality that detective story writers are making so much money from. It is undoubtedly true that Walt Willis resides in a house containing certain features on a thoroughfare possessing certain appearances. However, the mental picture that I possess of the Willis Home is considerably more real to me than the building as it really exists. The same is quite true of all the fanciful residences which I have never seen in either actuality, or a clear photo or drawing.

Which leads me into my topic: the strange notions that a person gets about something, merely from the most irrelevant things contained in that something's verbalization. To crawl down from a perilously high level of abstraction and to be plain about it: the addresses of fans tell me things about the places where they live which are quite possibly ridiculously erroneous, but are quite convenient for mentally placing the persons concerned. I find it quite easy to remember a fan's address by the mental picture that I've conjured up from that address, and if that isn't a functional sort of day-dreaming, you'll have to show me something more practical.

For instance, there's a correspondent who is no longer active in fandom, Paul Spencer. He now resides at 37 Nagle Ave, Apt. 6c, New York City. This is an instance in which part of the address overpowers another part, because Nagle Avenue quite obviously doesn't belong anywhere else in the World except in Brooklyn. So when I address a letter or a tape to Paul, I visualize quite clearly that a day or so later, the postman will trudge through a flock of squawking kids on a sidewalk, nod to the women who are hanging out of the windows on the first two stories, and enter an ugly but soundly-built structure just down the street from a busy thoroughfare. Inside, the building proves to be more attractive than outside, with carefully groomed hardwood flooring in the lobby. The boxes in which the occupant's mail is deposited are yellow and set flush into a tiled wall, and that's where my communication goes.

I started off with Paul because he gave me a boost in this respect, many years ago. I described to him my impressions of a previous address into which he had just moved. He shot back a reply in which he practically accused me of being a peeping tom who had come up and spied on his new quarters, because I had hit my mark in my guess with uncanny accuracy. Unfortunately that must have been luck, because in some respects addresses give give impressions that can hardly be correct.

Martin Alger lives at 27889 Dartmouth, Madison Heights, Mich. This is one of the easier addresses to visualize. It's no trouble at all to get a mental picture of the shopping centers and suburbs through which you must drive to reach the Alger home, and your delight after a half-hour of stop and start traffic to find a housing development that contains neat bungalows, mostly red and brown in colour, a bit monotonous because they are too similar and too crowded against one another, but pleasant -



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places to live, with very green lawns, and no garages, just carports.

You should be able to see the factors that influence this mental picture of mine. The size of the number of the house will usually settle in your mind how close it is to the center of a city. The name of the town will often tell you whether it is a comparatively new or old city - back before the turn of the century, nobody would have thought of naming a town Madison Heights; they had imagination in those days and called them Venice or Wabash or Sheboygan, all cities that are intimately associated with fans today. The name of the street or the road itself, can be a major determining factor in this mental process. 43rd Ave or R Street, gives instantly a sense of uniformity, crowdedness and bustle - and lack of imagination; Douglas Muir Rd, or Asahi-Dai, on the other hand, bring forth specific mental impressions of buildings that you must have seen, originally, in travelogues or books about foreign countries.

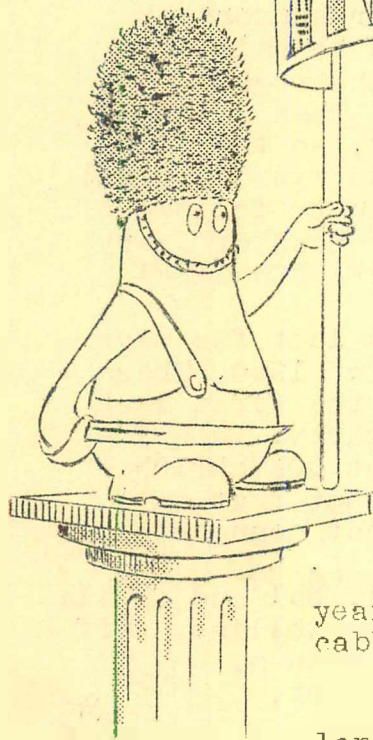
In a certain sense, the addresses that fans possess have helped me to develop my geographical beliefs about regions and countries. For example, I never realised how small in the geographical sense England really is, until I began writing to the fans there. After an interminable succession of 84 Wyke Rd, and 3 Lancaster Avenue, and 7 Southway, it becomes painfully obvious that not only England but the entire British Isles do not possess more than a thousand feet or so of solid land in any direction. Obviously, the numbers of the houses are always so low because after you walk a block or so in any direction, you must stop to prevent yourself from tumbling over a white cliff or sinking into a peat bog or getting a nasty cut on the forehead through bumping into Stonehenge. On the other hand, the immensity of America is well conveyed through such expansive addresses as 7628 South Pioneer Boulevard and 7703 Alpine Street.

Of course, this learn-reality-through-addresses process has certain limitations and complications. One of them is when you come across an address so remarkable that the mind simply short-circuits and refuses to focus a picture on your mental screen. Try as I will, I cannot get anything about the home of Robert Bloch except for a misty green light and vast quantities of rolling water. The explanation is quite simple. He lives in Weyauwega, and that sounds almost exactly like the nonsense rhymes that the Rhinemaidens sing at the start of "Das Rheingold". It might be possible to clear up the distortion if Bloch would use a street address instead of that post office box.

Then there are the addresses that are so contradictory that the picture rolls, just as if you don't know how to operate the vertical and horizontal hold knobs on your imagination's TV apparatus. The prime offender in this respect is Mal Ashworth; how can anyone get a good picture out of an address that contains Makin, Tong, Bradford, and Yorks., side by side? And the addresses that are hopelessly prejudiced for me because they happen to have something in common with Hagerstown addresses that I know: the Young's Buena Vista and Esmond Adam's Locust Street are prime offenders in this respect.

If you think all this is nonsense, I would like to propose a simple test. Wait until the first time you receive something from Bill Rotsler's mailing address. Then try and think, if you can, of a formless, featureless dwelling that can be reached by writing to Rancho Santa Rosa, Camarillo, California.

.....Harry Warner



# INTERLUDE

by Terry Jeeves

This issue of Triode would not have been delayed so much if it had appeared a bit earlier. However, now that it has finally reached you, you haven't so long to wait for the next ...unless that one comes out later as well. Gesundheit and like that.

Elsewhere in this issue, that hidebound traditionalist Eric the Bent proceeds (unless he told me a fib) to review the fannish '59. Now I intend to prove once and for all that I avoid such common practices. In this short epic, I intend to review the fannish year of 1960. (and I may cheat a bit, and cabbage a bit of 1959 from Bentcliffe).

Fannish 1960 - two days, saw me lording the trufan down in Kettering, where I had sallied just for the hell of it. The old place was much the same as ever. Boris, Dennis, and the manager all sent their best wishes to 'The Association' and hope to see us there again one of these fine Easters. To ensure that they have the right bait, a new whistle-worthy receptionist has been retained (Newman please note). and two new cafes have been added to the amenities. I was sad to note that the string used for hoisting fish and chips up to the bed rooms had finally worn away.....will someone bring a new piece to the next convention we have there ?

Also around this period (still 1960 minus x) a note from Bob (Very GHood Mann) Pavlat, asked whether Eric or I would stand for TAFE (Having no bottles around we were both able to stand). However, my own good nature, and the fact that Eric happened to be holding a gun, combined to ensure that I had the pleasure of nominating Eric for TAFE in 1960. Now we all know what a fine upstanding sort of reprobate the lad is, so unless all those nice letters you've been writing to us were merely flattery, then I call upon you one by one to stand up like men (even if you're not) and put your mark for...

BENTCLIFFE FOR TAFE IN 1960.....

and let the voting be thick, fast and furious (for Eric).

The original nomination form was circulated





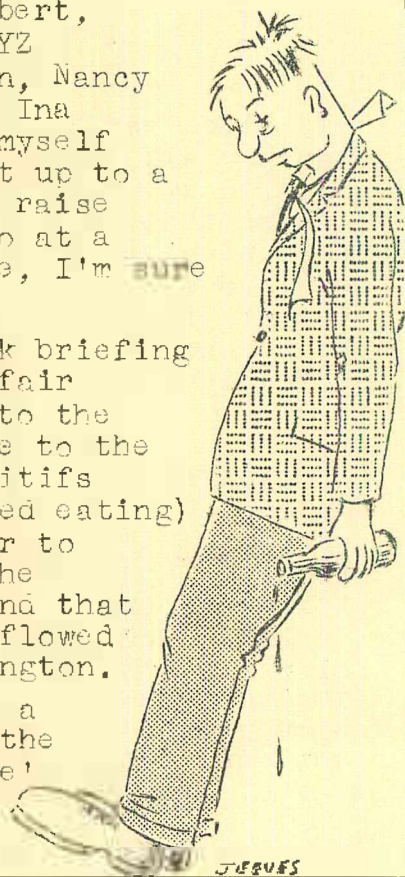
around at top speed, owing to nearness of the nomination deadline. The following fen not only signed it, but gave token of their support by coughing up the cash lolly needed to nail down the nomination. Norman and Ina Shorrocks, Jones, Alan Dodd, Sandra Hall, and myself. Then I found that only three names could go on the sheet, so the final line-up was Norman Shorrocks, Eric Jones, and myself....all it needs now, is two or three hundred of you to follow suit. Might I suggest a subtle hint at the head of every fannish letter you write.....say, 'BENTCLIFFE FOR TAFF'

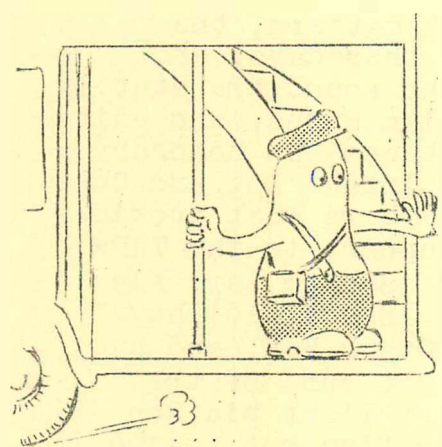
Having dealt a mortal blow to the last few days of '59, I can now turn to the virgin pages of 1960. These were unsullied by the hands of fan...until the first week end in January, when the Shorrocks held a party...did I call it a party? Shame, it was a downright CONVENTION. I can't give you a full list (I couldn't count that far) but here are a few of the contestants at that monumental monument to the Shorrocks' ability to take it.

The Jones boys..Eddie and Eric (+ Margaret). Mal and Sheila Ashworth, Ron Bennett and Liz, Ted and Joyce Collins, Jeff Collins, June Curtis, Kitty Dowdall, Joyce Bowden, Audrey Eversfield, Keith Freeman, Frank Herbert, Bob Parkinson, Geoffrey X, Wally XY, Tony XYZ Peter Mabey, Frank and Pat Milnes, John Owen, Nancy Pooley, Alan Rispin, John Roles, Norman and Ina Shorrocks (they live there) Norman Weedall, myself and Eric the Bent. There were others, right up to a grand total of forty If Norman and Ina can raise that number for a party, what couldn't we do at a Convention if you all tried....don't tell me, I'm sure the answer would be immoral.

Cribbing heavily from the Shorrocks briefing sheet (sent out to all competitors), the affair began with pro-aperitifs before proceeding to the Hanover Hotel for aperitifs, and from thence to the Chinese What-Not for food, and further aperitifs (or whatever you call 'em when you've started eating) Having reduced the food to atoms, the liquor to mere moisture on the Jones moustache, and the manager to a gibbering idiot...until he found that we had paid for the chandelier...the party flowed round to the station and entrained for Bebbington.

The train journey was enlivened by a photography session (with cheesecake), and the handing round of 'The Thing From Outer Space' by Ron Bennett....this was not a book, but a bottle of GHU KNOWS WHAT, but it reminded me of my boyhood, and the stink bombs we





ONE-MAN BANNED.



bought from illisdon's. Some brave spirits actually DRANK it. At this stage, several non-fen in the compartment were quietly sick.

Leaving the train we moved on to transport number two, a double decker bus, where more cheesecake photographs were taken, to the detriment of Bentcliffe's pulse rate and the edification of the other passengers.

Bennett ducked into the lower deck hoping to fool us into thinking he'd missed

the bus....this ploy was quickly countered by someone telling the conductor that the bag on the platform belonged to a chap left behind at the station...Bennett appeared again, and for a reprisal, uncorked his chemical warfare bottle. Luckily we had reached the Shorrocks residence, so the bus continued on its shattered way.

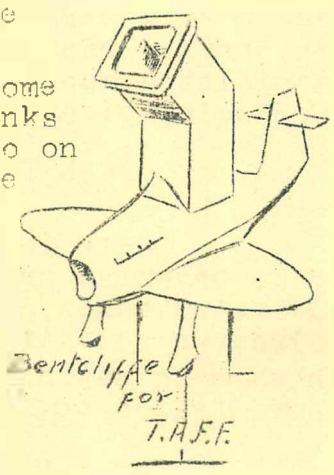
Once inside the ~~Shorrocks~~ Shorrocks home, beer (and like that) was served, and Norman was able to get down to the more serious business of creating new taste sensations. These were based on a five-pint rhythm with a counter-pint medley of whisky, gin, creosote, absinthe (to make the heart grow fonder) and a liberal dollop of some nameless fan, who fell in the mixture.

A fannish film show involving Charlie Chaplin, and the full cast of LaSFaS (in separate films) was then thrown on the screen with remarkable accuracy, marred only by the silhouettes of two fen of opposing sex, who were conducting an osculatory experiment...one looked like Eric. Incidentally, Norman had solved the problem of seating such a large audience, by a magnificent stroke of pure genius...everyone stretched out on the floor...this proved even more attractive than the double back-seats featured in some of the cinemas in Manchester (which have double seats on the back row)(Many(if not all)bearing the inscription, 'Bentcliffe was here').

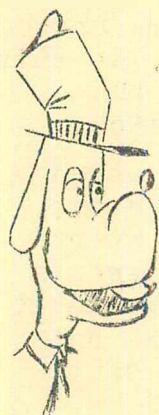
Then we had more drinks, and some dances, then drinks, and shogging, more drinks a brag school developed, more drinks, and so on until Eric was so kettled, I could see three of him.

NORMAN SHORROCK IS A GOOD FAN  
and INA IS SIMPLY WIZARD.

When bigger and better parties are given, then the wizards of Babington will give them.







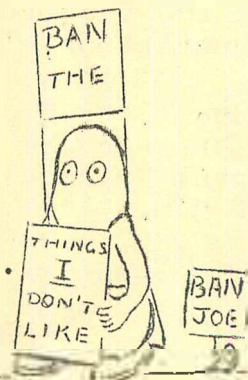
Veering to other fannish matters, the tapespondence keeps rolling in thesedays, and among the fannish voices to echo round the stately Jeeves' mansion, is that of Alan Burns, who edits Northlight. Alan, has now become an honorary member of the Stockport and Intake Dog and Cake walking Society (Honorary members must provide their own cake) by giving support to the TAFF campaign on behalf of Eric. Sad to say, Alan (and his columnist, Lawrence Sandfield) have trodden on the tender toes of Other Fen, and a feuding pot is simmering. I'm not sure of the details, but you can sub to Northlight via Ron Bennett and the TAFF fund if you care to find out....and I can promise you some interesting reading, as Northlight is improving by leaps and bounds.

FREE SAMPLES of Triode, Erg, and Vector are now available....I unearthed a dozen or so assorted items from a hiding place, and if anyone is interested, I have the following to GIVEAWAY....IN MINT CONDITION....VERY VALUABLE.... TRIODE 15 & 16 VECTOR 3 & 4 ERG.3. Just drop me a line if you want a copy.....and a stamped envelope (Triode size) though not essential, would be appreciated.

DID YOU KNOW that an excess of Oxygen can be fatal ? I'm not sure of the exact details, as many scientists have expressed differing opinions, but one fact seems certain. An overdose of Oxygen can cause some very serious effects on the lungs, burning and destroying their tissues...and personally, I should imagine that this could be mildly fatal, if not downright deadly. NOW, take this fact, and couple it with another...TREES AND OTHER GROWING PLANTS GIVE OUT OXYGEN...if this is allowed to continue, then future generations are doomed before they are born....DOOMED, to a death by oxygen poisoning. THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW ! The only way to safeguard the future of the human race against the cumulation of the noxious and deadly oxygen, is to ACT NOW. Cut down the trees, root out all plants, away with that aspidistra, uproot that iris, let no oxygen producing plant pollute the peace.

BAN THE OXYGEN PLANTS....NOW!

Don't leave it to others to act for you. Organise protest marches in your district. Get signatures, act quickly before someone discover some 'fact' to prove that more lives have been saved by oxygen, than those that have fallen to it.



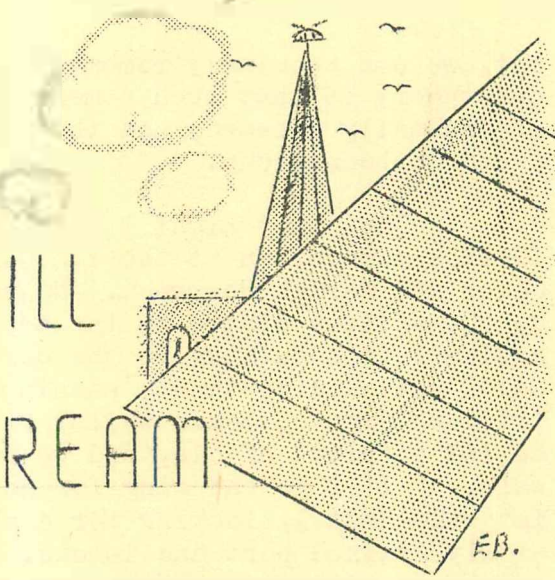
And a Happy New Year to all our readers....Terry.

Dreams are fascinating things.  
Several people I know can hardly  
wait for bed-time just so that  
they can wander off into their  
oblivious fantasies.....

## BY THE OLD MILL

- DREAM

By Penelope Fandergaste...



Of course, experts - and what an ugly word that is, but doesn't it just roll off the tongue, so - experts have all sorts of theories as to why we dream and what all our dreams mean, and we all know what happened to the opera lover whose wife tapped him on the back of the neck with her fan. What kind of dreams do you have? Are they pleasant dreams? Are they in colour? Do they re-occur? Does each dream continue for very long? Psychiatrists claim they can do all sorts of things in interpreting these dreams that you and I have, but does one have to have impressive degrees to realise that only last night we dreamed about a tank running us down because the pet cat was chasing a mouse across the bedspread.

Yet, isn't it strange that from time to time we read about someone who has backed a winner at the races or has held off travelling on some disastrous journey because of a dream? Are such dreams really the coincidence they are made out to be, I wonder? Might it not be that as the mind relaxes into sleep the subconscious is able to concentrate on some factor which has been overlooked by the mind, which is normally full of the strains and tensions of a normal existence? I think so. We all know that when we are overtired and the solution to some problem just won't come to mind, sleep can do the trick and bring the solution to the fore of one's brain.

Another thing that surprised me when I was talking about dreams with a couple of friends of mine was that dreams are usually very short. Quite often we wake and can picture an entire dream sequence. Yes, I know that it is more usual to forget one's dreams completely, but when one has had a particularly vivid dream, one can often recall the details of that dream. Or can one? I rather doubt it. Most dreams last for only scant seconds, and are often triggered by some stimulus. The ringing of the alarm-clock might set off a dream sequence, one that will last until we leap out of bed to face a new day. How long can such a dream last?



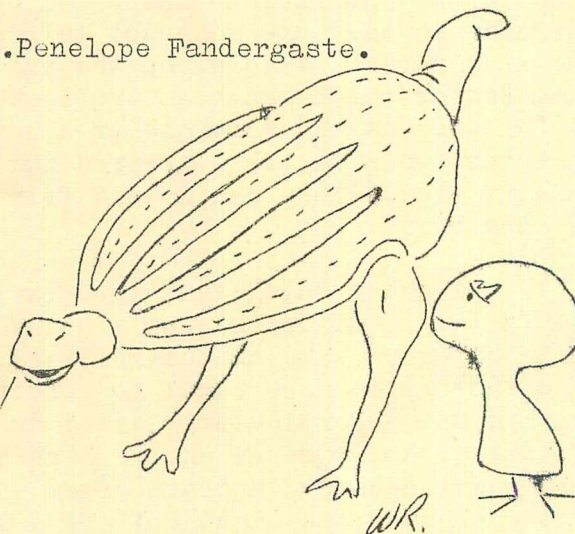
Yet, we can seemingly remember all sorts of details of vivid dreams. My own theory is that such a memory is a combination of the main points which are actually dreamed, and the less important details which are filled in by our subconscious.

The other night I had quite a dream myself. There was this science fiction convention at the Y.M.C.A. and I was going along there with Eddie Jones and Norman Shorrock. No sooner had we arrived there and had walked up the endless stairs to the top floor of the hostel when we remembered having left something in the car (car ?) and I went back for it. No sooner had I got outside than a passing bus dragged some poor non-fan, who had tried to jump on board whilst it was running, past me. I ran to his aid, as did a friend of his, and we found that he had broken his leg and couldn't walk. "I'll go and ring for an ambulance," I volunteered. I ran back into the hostel, looking for a phone, pausing only to drink a couple of slowly drained port and lemons. Then someone came up and tapped me on the shoulder. His voice floated round in front of me with the words encased in a balloon, in the best Pogo manner. "Hadn't you better ring for that ambulance," it ordered. I had another port and lemon and went to find a phone. I dialed 999, and the operator told me an ambulance would be.... and then we were cut off. I ran out to where the injured man lay. An ambulance had already arrived and a crowd had gathered. I pushed my way into the centre of the circle of onlookers. The injured man had gone!

"Where is he?" I asked a policeman. "I called for an ambulance for him and now he's gone." The policeman looked down at me from his five foot ten or whatever height it is that policemen are. "So it was you who called this ambulance out?" he asked, taking out a pencil and a little black note-book, "don't you know it is an offense to bring out an ambulance on a false alarm?" I spluttered a protest in vain....

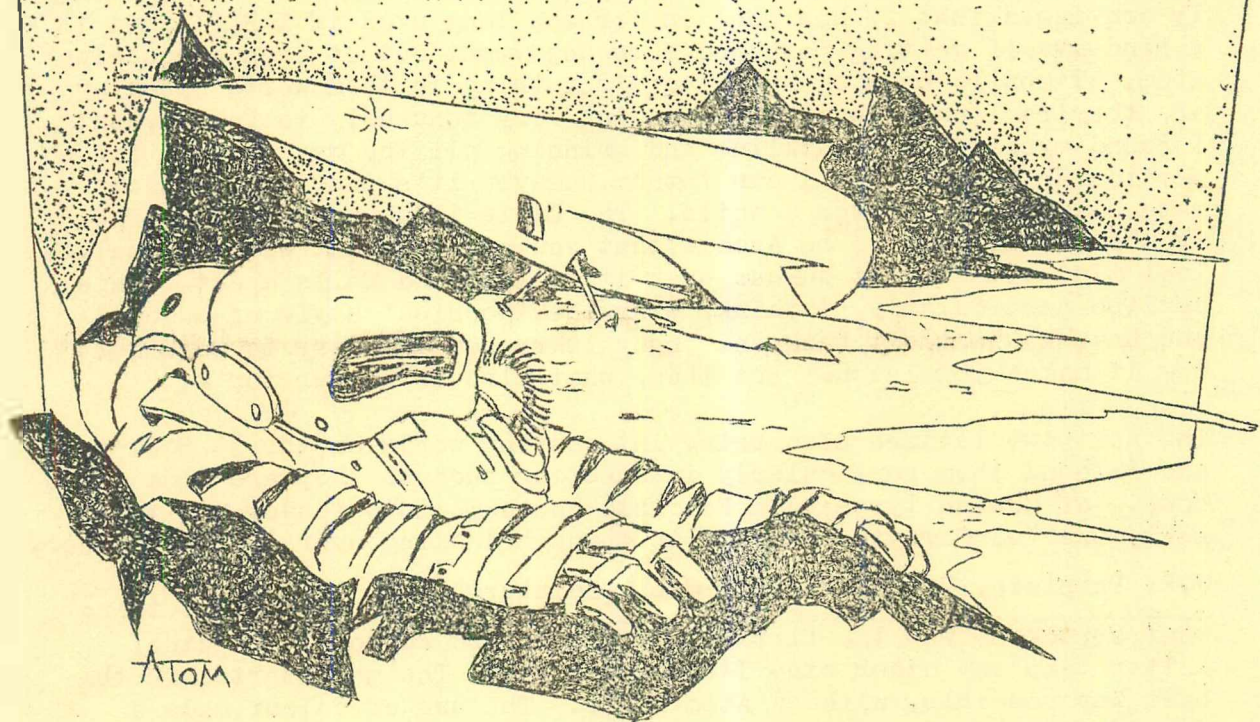
Which is some dream, you must admit. Now, I wonder what a psychiatrist would make of that.

....Penelope Fandergaste.



// And I rather wonder what Norman and Eddie were doing in a Y.M.C.A.!!!.eb//

# FAN DANCE



This illustration up above just shows the length Mal Ashworth will go to to avoid writing a column....However, he has written to tell me that he hopes to have something ready for the next issue, and:-

Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford, Yorks. // Terry has

really got this two-colour duplicating to a fine art and with such an excellent heading as the Contents Page one it looks pretty terrific. The Cover was excellent, too. Plaudits galore to Atom. Harrison, of course, was masterly and magnificent as ever. But then - could He ever be anything else? Certainly, it seems not. And Sid Birchby is writing some uniquely entertaining pieces these days, all with a very high level of competence and polish. This was one of them. I was pleased to note that my article had been enjoyed in some quarters, and Harry Warner's and Rick Sneary's kind words brought to mind the phrase 'praise from Caesar'. Another compensation was the interesting pieces it drew out of Ethel Lindsay and Archie Mercer; it is when facing a common enemy like encroaching hordes of books that Fandom shows its finest spirit! //



Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln. // This modern-style atomart I still fail to dig, and in particular he's developing a horrible habit of making his titles look messy and hard to decipher. The titling on the inside front-cover of this specimen of Triodity is by no means his worst attempt recently, but the trend is still definitely there. You have to look at the words closely to see what they are. which Is Not A Good Thing, I feel. The XXXIX SCWEPPEES - The Harrison situation is confusing. To begin with, I didn't see much point to this series. Now, umpteen issues later when I'm intellectually convinced that it has gone on for too long even if I HAD liked it - I find myself getting more and more enjoyment out of each successive item. Timballo know's why - there's nothing in them worth speaking of, they're linked (well this one is) very tenuously to fandom, but I found myself just chuckling and grinning all the way through for no particular reason that I can fathom. Maybe it's just that fandom gets one this way after a while. The Eddie illos are fine. // The trouble would seem to be Archie, that you are 'cursed' with an analytical mind....and most humour when it is analysed falls apart. This applies particularly, I think, with the 'Goonish' style of humour, you have to just sit back and enjoy it rather than try to work out why it makes you laugh. But then, what else is humour for?

The next two letters also bring interesting words on the 39 Scweppees, and I found them particularly interesting because they are from a couple of newish types; Joe Patrizio has come into fandom via the BSFA, and Ted Forsyth has come in through looking over Joe's shoulder.

J.P. Patrizio, 72 Glenvarloch Cres, Edinburgh 9. // The first thing that struck me was the first-class layout and repro of the zine, better than any other zine I've so far seen. The mag started in the best way possible, with an Atom cover. The use of colour made a simple design very effective, and while I'm at it I may say that the same thing goes for the Contents and Intermission heading, except that this wasn't quite so simple a design (like, dig that crazy paving). Intermission was the way I like editorials...long. It was interesting, too.

We now come to the main piece; The 39 Schweppees. Ten pages long, and five would have been excessive. You may have gathered from that statement that I didn't like it, and you would be right... I didn't. Of course I may be prejudiced (note my address). The whole thing struck me as being cheap, imitation Goon, written by two Englishmen who have never been further north than Newcastle. 'The Flying Scot roared north' they said, true it does (on its journey from London to Edinburgh) but later they go on 'the train thundered over the Forth Bridge'. Do you realise that that for to go from London to Edinburgh via the Forth Bridge you would have to travel south across Europe, Africa, over the South Pole, up the other side of the World, then down through Aberdeen to Edinburgh. The Forth Bridge is north of Edinburgh, tak anither guid look at yer atlas mon. Final comment; HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND. // Actually, Joe, that bit about the Forth Bridge was only put in to see how alert the

readers of this sterling magazine are. Congrats, you were the only person to spot our Deliberate Mistake, and win the prize.....er, now, somehow I don't think you'll want the prize. It's a Heinz Hogmanay-type Haggis! Seriously, thanks for correcting the error, and I will deal suitably with the authors when I see them. They can have the Haggis!

Still with Joe.// I have much nicer things to say about Sid Birchby's piece. Although the plot was one which has been used before, I still enjoyed it so well was it written. One big point in its favour was that it could so easily have been ruined by drawing it out to four or five pages, as it was two pages were just right. The libidinous night-life of Bennett made good reading, but I thought nobody won at Las Vegas. By the way when is Ron going to collect all the parts of 'Colonial Excursion' together and put out a one-shot? //Soon, I'm told.// I can't say anything about PAN DANCE as I've come in in the middle, so to speak, and all that's left is the fmz reviews which at my stage of fannish development are a very important feature in any zine.

Edward M. Forsyth, 139 Buccleuch St, Edinburgh 8.

// I don't want to use up too many superlatives at this stage so I'd suggest that the only thing wrong with the layout is perhaps the lack of a number '16' on the cover. Interior artwork is good, especially page 9's hirsute horror who had hoped to help hinder Harrison. ( I wonder whether he has any connection with Irish Fandom?\*\*) Speaking of Irish Fandom, have you noticed that W.A.Willis is now a member of the B.S.F.A. ? Will this stop the warblings of the anti-organisationalists ? I'm satisfied that the organization has something to offer so it is about time I joined, I suppose. Until now I've been reading Joe Patrizio's copy of VECTOR etc. // I doubt that anything will really stop the warblings against the BSFA, apart from sudden death - any organization within fandom has always had to put up with a great deal of barracking. Whilst this gets rather tedious at times, particularly when an organisation can be seen to be serving a useful purpose, it does serve a useful purpose in making the committee of any organization even more determined to succeed. At least, Terry and I found it a spur rather than a thorn.//

I enjoyed the 39 Schweppes but doubt that Richard Hannay or the GDA would approve. The story is, of course, not true. The Loch Lochry Porridge Mines were destroyed in the early part of the last war when an enemy agent managed to explode in the mine a bomb made of equal parts of Strawberry Jam and Shredded Soggies. A small volcano was formed and most of the vital porridge was ejected high into the stratosphere, and even beyond. // Aha, a new theory as to the cause of the Red Spot on Jupiter.//



Colonial Excursion was interesting enough though a little bit frustrating since I had previously read only part 2. At the moment I'm feeling my way through fandom, // A beautiful phrase, Ted.// and I'd like to sub to some of the US zines. Is there any difficulty in this? // Would kindly US fan-eds please put Ted and Joe down for a sample copy of their zines, I think they can be assured of either a sub or an intelligent letter of comment.//

Why does Sid Birchby sleep in a bottle? Is this because he is usually 'pickled'? // This can perhaps be best answered by a quasi-quote (because I've lost the letter) from Sid. "With regard to my own piece....the interest lies in the freudian slip - it's apparent that where you and I see bed, Terry see's a Bottle!" Well, he was a bottle-baby, I understand.

Next is a letter from a fan with an address which conjurs up for me an interesting mental image; of men with fedoras pulled well down over their eyes, lurking in doorways.

Emile Greenleaf, 1309 Mystery St, New Orleans 19, La.//

Colonial Excursion part X was especially interesting because I have been wanting for lo, these many years to visit California and adjacent country, with stops at Barringer Crater and Grand Canyon. Vegas you can have. And the one-armed bandits. But perhaps I am blase. New Orleans has so many night-clubs and such that I guess I can't see the purpose of visiting any such places when I'm travelling.

I daresay John Berry will write an account of his trip to Detroit, when he returns and gets back to normal. I wonder how he feels about being kissed....by Randall Garrett! John was the most surprised, amazed, stunned, and incredulous person I have ever seen! He spilled half of his drink! This happened at the Pittsburgh party. Seems that Berry had just kissed Liz Wilson, who made a bit of a to-do over the business of being kissed by a man with a moustache. Garrett then says: "I think I'll settle this moustache business for once and all!" With that, and to everyones horrified and amused amazement, he grabs Berry and kisses him! At that, Willy Ley exclaims something in German. Probably the equivalent of "Now I've seen everything!" and walks into the next room. There were, at the most, about five or six observers to one of the funniest incidents of the entire con. // Wonder if Willy will give a report of it in GALAXY...// Unfortunately, my contacts with John consisted solely of introductions and a few small social amenities.

Most interesting, the discovery concerning ISFS and SIRIUS. When it becomes generally known that the ISFS is communist backed, I venture to say that there will be a flap to end all flaps. My personal opinion on the matter, as little as it may be worth, is that the Commies may not plan to use ISFS as a propaganda vehicle of the more blatant type. I expect it to be more of the "soft-sell"; a sort of "look-at-us-we-are-sponsoring-something-just-so-that-people-can-have-fun-without-being-indoctrinated-IN-THE-LEAST-ain't-we-generous-and-peace-loving!" Etc., etc., etc.//

Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave, Los Angeles 56, Calif. // With somewhat of a fright, I notice this bit on the ISFS being a communist front. You see, the LASFAS "affiliated" (whatever that means) with the ISFS last summer, and from what I gather, every LASFAS member is now a member of the ISFS, though no dues are being solicited, and no obligations, or anything. I hope this doesn't mean what I suspect it might; though nowone who matters in undane knows of my fannish relations, the Powers That Be might look down on it. And poor Mike Deckinger: as the U.S. agent for the club, he's (possibly) going to be in a pack of trouble. I shall have to bring the topic up at a LASFAS meeting, if someone hasn't already (I haven't been to one since August). // I'll continue Bob's letter later on in this section if space allows, but meanwhile this (and Emile Greenleaf's comment) provide a good springboard for a few comments from myself - on the matter of the ISFS.

First, let me say that the news-item regarding the ISFS and a tie-up with the 'Communist-front' "International Society for Culture, Science, and Technology in the last issue of TRIODE was, just that, a news-item. I received this information from Doc' Weir (whom I consider to be a pretty 'impeccable sourse') in a letter, and considered it worthy of print. I've no personal proof that the ISFS or the ISST is a Communist Front, however, I have asked around a little since the last TRIODE came out and certainly a whole lot of people seem to have the impression that this is so. The way things are in the World today, it can be just as damning to be connected with an organisation that is thought of as 'red' as one that actually is. This state of affairs is to be depreciated, but we have to live in the real world and not a world-we-would-like-to-be-in. Whether the ISFS and ISST are 'red' or just 'thought to be red' a connection could be embarrassing to any fan who happens to be in a Government or Scientific job.

The news-item didn't provoke a lot of comment, but that which it did provoke was pretty vehement. I'm now going to sit back and give space to Erwin Scudla to present his 'case for the defense'. As far as I am concerned that will present both sides of the question, and it is up to people to decide for themselves as to the validity of the ISFS and ISST as a 'free' organization. Me? I just don't know.

Erwin Scudla, Vienna XVII/107, Rotzergasse 30/1, Austria. // Nobody is able to describe my astonishment and above all my consternation when I read what you wrote in TRIODE about ISFS and ISST being "Communist Cultural Fronts". Well, I do not know where you got this foolish information, but did you ever turn over in your mind which damage you did to ISFS and to ISST mentioning such nonsense in TRIODE? // Since only seven people bothered to comment on the news-item, not much. // Did you ever turn over in your mind that such a notice can bring into trouble - serious trouble - many members of the ISST and ISFS in the English-language countries and above all in America? Already the slightest breath of a connection with a communist inspired organization could hurt those members who work for the Government - may be even be on Top Secret stuff? // That was the reason for printing the information received, Erwin. //



I value you that all your assets could not cover the costs if the ISST would sue you to restore the hurt you did to it and to its reputation.

Well, it's needless to say that ISFS and ISST have nothing to do with communism or any other political direction. ( I would have protested in the same way if anybody stated that the ISFS or ISST were "Conservative Cultural Fronts") But it seems as if in England and America nowone is able to understand the meaning of the words "neutral" and "international". // Neither did Hitler, but that isn't relevant either!//

It seems to be the fate of ISST and ISFS to become denoted as "Communist Front Organization" in the Western countries - where the members risk to lose their job - and to be denoted as an "American Spy Organization" in the Eastern Countries where members risk to lose their freedom and maybe even their lives.

ISFS and ISST have enemies enough - especially in German language fandom - who will take every chance to hurt us, and I suppose that you fell into the trap of those enemies of ISFS and ISST. I hope you will retract your statement in TRIODE and maybe also in other fanzines, for it is easy to spread a rumour, but nearly impossible to cancel it. Therefore I hope you will retract it energetic enough. // The information came from Doc' Weir who has not, to the best of my knowledge, had any contact with Gerfandom. TRIODE is the only magazine in which I have printed this news-item ...again, to the best of my knowledge, it hasn't been reprinted anywhere at the time of writing. My contacts with Gerfandom have led me to the belief that it's best to ignore it, until it grows up and starts treating fandom as a Hobby, rather than a general excuse for brawling. //

It is true that the ISFS is - regarded from the legal point of view - a branch of the ISST. But it is wrong that the ISFS is financed by the ISST. The individual ISFS Branch Offices have to finance themselves and the ISFS Central Committee is financed by my personal money. And with regard to its activity and administration the ISFS is full independent from the ISST. To prove all these statements I'm sending you a copy of the ISST Statutes of Resolution which forms the basis of ISFS. Before its independent existence as branch of the ISST the ISFS existed (under various names) as Department within the section "Culture" of the ISST since 1946.//

Probably the reason for the suspicious attitude of myself, and, it seems (from your letter) other fans, Erwin is that the the ISST and ISFS seem such official type bodies. Most fans preach fanarchy...and it is difficult for any of them to see why you just couldn't up and start a fan club on your own without all this rigmarole of affiliations etc. I can't really accept the Statutes you kindly send as 'proof' of anything; if the ISFS or ISST were/are communistic in any way one wouldn't expect them to admit this in their Statutes. I'm not convinced that the ISFS and ISST are not 'Communist Cultural Fronts', nor am I (personally) convinced that they are..... I realise that this is a little inconclusive, and if the ISFS and ISST are not communistic then I apologise for printing a news-item stating that they may be. Ho hum.

And now let us turn to something a little more cheerful...I got sort of interested back there and continued wrangling for longer than I'd intended. Even, nearly, ran off the bottom of the page, you may have noticed. Back to Bob Lichtman. Who would particularly like to get hold of a copy of T14, if anyone happens to have one lying around. And who continues from where I cruelly cut him off a couple of pages back....// Y'see T14 had a story in it by you and John Berry, and I need it to complete my collection of GDA material. If I can get two copies so much the better, then I can take one apart for insertion in my GDA Casebook (only one in existence). I'm quite willing to pay postage, but not much more (Ah, how difficult it is to be a fmz collector who is also cheap!).

You have my full agreement on the question of a European TAFF. The main drawback which you pointed out I notice, is that not very many of the European fans are known to British fandom, and these few shouldn't need a contest between them to see how popular they are.

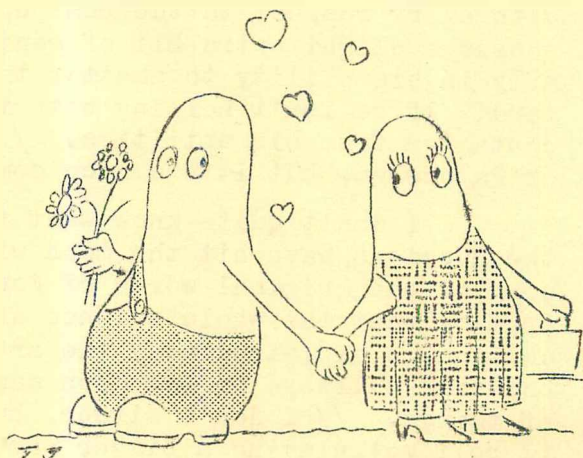
The Harrison adventure this time was extremely funny, and I'm heartened to hear that you have more in your files. I liked this when I saw the reprint in BEST OF FANDOM, so I'm glad to have more. Would the bacover poem be by Archie Mercer? This is the conclusion I draw from the set of initials: A.N.M. Dunno what Archee's middle name is, but the first and last jibe, and that's good enough for me. The poem itself? Oh, quite good, and most appropo, and just very hilarious. // At least, Archie, if he's blaming you for something you didn't write he say's it's good!

One of the compensations for slogging away at a typer keyboard to produce a fmz, is a letter from Harry Warner. Dunno how he does it but he always seems to have an interesting letter or article in almost every fmz received. I fan I'd like to see stand for TAFF, but he's probably too modest to do so.

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

When you prefer a woman to a man, it makes me wonder about you. Is this in the tradition of the Ancient Greeks, or such masters of fantasy as Oscar Wilde or even the more recent half ~~god~~ gods of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Association? But enough of such sordidly normal matters.// Well, heck, you wouldn't have me fall in love with Terry Jeeves, would you? I mean...we're good friends, but there's Other Things In Life y'know, another SEX. Bethides, he's not my type...//

I assume that the Atom cover refers to your recent gafiation, but were three phallic symbols really necessary? Nevertheless, Terry has done marvels in in the use of colour,





restraining them to this simple pattern instead of trying to blind everyone in sight.

The report about the Communist associations of the continent fan group is news to me. I don't think that I'll let it alter particularly my attitude towards the ISFS. You're right about the importance of steering clear, if the report is correct and fans with ambitions for government jobs or political office in the United States should get involved. However, I wouldn't accept as a matter of principle any job which required security clearance or an oath to the effect that I've never had dealings with the communists. I could probably pass such tests without lying, but I refuse to have dealings with them in the interest of freedom of thought and that sort of thing. There is also this to consider, if we are to have any dealings at all with fandom in continental Europe, we must be prepared to get along with persons who have or formerly possessed associations with many groups that would not be congenial with American patriots. Undoubtedly a lot of the fans over there are completely clear in this respect, but others must belong to various other communist cultural front organizations for reasons of conviction or convenience, there must be some unreconstructed Nazis and collaborationists floating around, and so on. I see no reason why we shouldn't get along peacefully with them; nobody insists on security clearance of all the musicians or assembly line workers these days before listening to the German orchestras or purchasing German cameras. // Sage words, Harry. I think the thing is...that fans aren't particularly bothered about anyone's mundane connections, whether they be Communist or Flat-Earthist, providing said fan doesn't attempt to foist his opinions on any other fan, or use his fannish connections for ulterior motives. However, when what would seem to be an 'outside' organization takes an interest in fandom that is a different thing...and it doesn't matter whether that organization is one based on communism or any other ism. Agreed ? //

The 39 Schweppes is perfect. There's nothing more that I could say about it. After deep consideration, I've decided that Mal Ashworth must be at least 50 per cent of the mob behind this series. With every respect to the rest of Britain's finest, Mal seems to possess a slight extra bit of genius in certain directions, particularly in his ability to shatter the reader with just one unexpected word. If he isn't helping with this series, someone else has caught contagion from his abilities. // No, Mal isn't either Hurstmonceaux or Faversham, but it's a nice compliment to the authors.//

I don't quite know what the Forteanans are going to do now that the Russians have hit the moon with a rocket. Terry probably found a copy of the original works of Fort, which base everything on the premise that the whole science of Astronomy is cockeyed. Maybe they could have explained away the artificial satellites, but I don't see how that bullseye on the Moon can be fitted into the Fortean scheme of things. // I don't either, but now that Eric Frank Russell is (I believe) playing a bigger part in the society I expect their standard of inventiveness to improve. EFR could explain away most anything, I think. I'll send him a copy of this issue, and see if a comment can be provoked. Eric ? //

It's good to see you taking the proper attitude towards this film project of the LA 56 Crowd. I prefer to pay serious attention to downright impossible projects, like this way, instead of the extremely difficult ones, like the beer-can tower to the moon. There is also the obvious psychological effect that a grandiose project like this can have on one: after he has wrestled with it for a while, knowing that it can't possibly succeed, it's possible that he'll be better equipped to succeed with something similar but practical, like a good half-hour movie based on fantasy. // Emile Greenleaf (1309 Mystery Street, New Orleans 19.) had a similar idea, and suggested that 'Lost Darkness Fall', would be an admirable choice. I'm not printing his letter here because he intends to work up an article on the idea. One problem he has is an actor to play Martin Padway..... and if one were to choose a fan to play this part, well, my mental-image of Harry Warner would fill the role. Care for a trip to Ancient Rome, Harry ? //

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

I would like to see more contact with the non-English speaking fan world...from what contacts we have had, it seems that they are very much like us - as the British and Americans have always found each other. I'd hoped that the ISFS was one of the ways it could be done. I have joined it, and got LASFS to go in as a group. Now you report that they may be communist supported, and though this doesn't make a damn bit of difference to me, it would to some who have government jobs to think of. Can you find out any more on this ? I have written Versins, but one hardly ever gets an answer.. // To the best of my knowledge, Rick, Pierre isn't connected with the ISFS. / In fact I'm more discouraged by the fact that Scudla says so little, than that he might start giving out the party line. No one seems able to get any information out of him, or anyone else. All the ISFS members I know in this country report the same thing...they never hear anything.. I fear that Scudla is running his world single-handed and have to much to do to do anything. Sounds like the old days in the NFFF.

Bjo has just made a rather remarkable discovery. Dick Geis, who has just started attending LASFS meetings at last, looks for all the world like Eddie Jones pictures of Harrison. Maybe not quite as deep a jaw-line, but the rest is quite close. The Adventures this time were far more enjoyable, as I get more used to it all. That line, "streaming down our asinine, bracken-covered faces," was a killer.... Hoog. A blow just when you weren't expecting it. It is too bad that McSinderson's real-life counterpart doesn't have a Harrison to face. It is sad news about the split in the London Circle. A letter from Ella Parker told me about it, but not many facts....I'm not sure but that I would have liked to see it a more serious group, with club room and all. But not at the cost of an open split. // From what I've heard, it seems to be rather the case of placing too many volatile agents in one flask, rather than there being any one person to blame. T'is a pity tho', just when it looked like London was going to get really organised. I think the probable solution is several fan clubs in London rather than just one. //



Letters are some of the best. Quite a charge (old American saying meaning Highly Pleased) out of Mercer's bedroom tale...it only goes to prove that fans are quite mad even before they start reading Buck Rogers...and makes one wonder how many Tucker's and Warner's are slipping through the world, unnoticed except for worried looks by friends and relatives. Glad to see more people keen about the "Lord of the Ring". As Ted may have told you, there are slow sounds being made about forming a Tolkien Society. Nothing fixed yet, but it does seem that with such a great and devout following some sort of rough grouping should be made. No high-minded or complex ideas...just sort of a listing so that those who are interested can exchange ideas and information. // The prognosis seems to be that there will be a whole new fandom founded around Tolkien...and with far more justification, I think, than that founded around Howard and Burroughs. Could be interesting. And now, alas, I must introduce the last letter for this issue....T16 seemed to provoke some very interesting letters and I'd like to thank you lot for writing them, I'm only sorry I haven't been able to fit them all in. As is, it looks as though the letters are going to crown out the fmz reviews once again.

Andy & Jean Young, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Mass. //

39 Schw...

pppes is, as we used to say back at Oberlin, "tremendous". The story itself is E\*X\*C\*E\*L\*L\*E\*N\*T. What I should like to know, is such a thing doing in a fanzine, even such a fanzine as TRIODE? It belongs in genuine print, say in EQMM or some such. A masterful job. I cannot praise it enough. Porridge Mines indeed. But I think the bit that really got me was the point at which the misguided oafs trudged away, muttering petul- er, penitently amongst themselves.

Ha. I just noticed that Harry Hurstmonceaux is spelled that way and not "Hurstmonceaux", like the official address of the Astronomer Royal. // Not on the Contents or Title page it isn't, but I may have made a typo somewhere else!// By the way, you were in the group of Liverpudlians who were on TV with Tom Gold, the former Asst. to the A.R., were you not? // No, alas.// Gold was here at Harvard for a couple of years and is now at Cornell, but a former colleague of his has been here lately working on the radio project, and told us of an incident in which Gold was showing him around the Observatory (the Greenwich one at Hurstmonceaux, that is) which is housed in an old castle, with old-fashioned locks and giant-sized keys to match, Gold was going around in the gloom trying one after another of these keys in the locks and complaining that "here I am, the assistant to the Astronomer Royal, and I can't get into my own castle". Well, it sounded funny when it was told, anyway. // It still conjurs up a rather delightful mental image, Andy. Pity you couldn't have said that Gold was now at Yale!//

I enjoyed the Soggies in "Interlude" in fact, I enjoyed most all of that section. Like: yes, don't the Russians have nice-looking stamps, though? and: I'm always interested to see what other people do with bycycles, since I seem to be a) the only inhabitant of North America who rides one, and b) has never learned to drive a car. //Now you're destroying all my illusions about the power of Detroit!

# NO MONROE IN LOTHLORIEN!

By

Arthur R. Weir.

Some books evoke pictures as we read them. How many of us, I wonder, have seen - clear before our mind's eye - the grim-faced ostrich-plumed triple ring of warriors as the Kukuana regiment of the Greys lined up for their last fight in "King Solomon's Mines", or Edward Malone dropping his useless shotgun and using all his Rugby International's speed of foot for a desperate half-mile down the moonlit avenue, with the great carnivorous dinosaur of "The Lost World", thundering behind him.

But of all books it is the collections of myths, legends, and fairy tales that are, in the most literal sense, picturesque; they draw their scenes, clear in detail and vivid in colour and movement, before us as we read; and, as we re-read them for the tenth or twentieth time, our familiarity with the text leaves us able to follow the print with but a small corner of our minds, freeing all the rest of our mentality to decorate and clarify the well-loved scene to something more real than any of the dull realities of every day.

One of the greatest of all these wonder-provokers and image-painters among modern books is J.R.R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" Trilogy, and I think that most of us, in reading it, have found ourselves building in our imagination such a marvellous pageant of colour, movement, action, and suspense as we had never hitherto dreamed might be evoked from us.

Given unlimited money and all the world's talent to command, how, then, would we set about turning it into the shadow reality of the silver-screen of the cinema? This, surely, should be a labour of love for many minds to work upon, each contributing its best.

First, where and how are we to picture the fertile well-farmed kindly country of Hobbiton-in-the-shire? The Yorkshire dales? The Cheshire levels, with their high ash hedges and black-and-white cagework farmhouses? The mile wide fields of wheat or of gorgeous flowers of East Anglia and the Fen country?



Or shall we follow Kipling's direction to " Lancaster County behind Philadelphia - a county of bursting fat fields, bursting fat barns and bursting fat country girls - like what you might think Heaven would be like if they farmed there" ? Or, the snug, steep-sided valleys, hanging beechwoods and orchard-bounded fields of the Cotswolds ?

Then, at the other end of the scenic scale what is to portray the grim evil of the Vale of Morgul with the wraith-haunted castle of Minas Morgul frowning at its end ? The pitiless rocky desert of the Pass of Gorgoroth ? The flaming ash-clad cliffs of Orodruin, the " Mount Doom" of the story's climax ? Here, again, our choice is wide:- the cliff-girt valley of grey rock and black rock with no single trace of growing green thing that was the scene of the famous Massacre of Glencoe; the endless miles of knife-edged lava clinker bristling with poison-thorned cactus of the Sonora desert of Arizona; the ironclad cliffs of the Sinai Desert springing vertically out of the desert sand, writhing and twisting and dancing in the heat-haze, that suddenly forms great sparkling lakes at their foot that equally suddenly shrivel and vanish; or, if we want something on the really grand scale, shall we go to where the Urubamba Valley runs north-westwards from Lake Titicaca past the hidden Inca city of Macchu Pichu - a narrow valley with sheer rock walls more than three-quarters of a mile high, of such terrifying appearance that even Pizarro's lion-hearted, iron-fisted soldiers crossed themselves uneasily when they first saw it, muttering one to another that this surely was the gate to Hell itself!

The castle of Minas Morgul has its own quite definite image in my mind - that of Schloss Thaurandt on the Moselle between Trier and Bonn, which was built in the middle of the Fourteenth century by a genuine robber-baron of most evil repute, and which retains to this day the marked impression of a construction built with no concession to any human requirement other than sheer defensive strength. Indeed, so well was this condition fulfilled that a force that outnumbered its defenders by fifty to one besieged it for over two years - and failed to take it!

Minas Tirith, the fortified city, with its seven great towers, sets another problem. Carcassonne is, of course, the ideal medieval city-fortress, but is so generally well-known to tourists that many in an average audience would immediately recognise it, spoiling the illusion. Another magnificently picturesque fortified city is Jeysalmir in India, but that is set in bleak sandy desert, not the fertile fields of Tolkien's royal city.

The difficulties of finding suitable locations, however, are almost nothing compared with the difficulty of casting Tolkien's characters. With my own rather limited knowledge of film-stars I can only think of two possibles: Alec Guinness as Gandalf, and Charles Laughton as Theoden, the ageing King of the Rohirrim. But who can we find to portray the combination of immense physical strength and fitness, many years of hardship and disappointment and yet essential underlying youth that is the long-awaited Prince, Aragorn ?

Even more difficult, how are we to portray Legolas the Elf, the deadly archer, the light-footed runner, who looks like a merry boy with a jest or song always on his lips, until a chance reference shows that he has, with his own eyes, witnessed events that took place some centuries before.

Most difficult of all, what are we to do about the Elf-Queen, Galadriel? The very idea of any super-mammary American or hip-wagging Italian film star in this part must fill the loyal Tolkien follower with sick horror! But the requirements are stringent - very considerable good looks, great natural dignity, the widest range of voice at all times under perfect control, the most graceful carriage and - on the top of all this - the perfect naturalness that led to Sam Gamgee's artless tribute "And, with it all, she's as merry as any country lass a-dancing with flowers in her hair!".

It would have been an ideal part for Sybil Thorndike at her best; of all living film (or stage) actresses the only one I can think of who could - if she only would - take the part is Greta Garbo. This may, perhaps, raise the eyebrows of some, but not, I think, of those who remember her, as I do, in one of her last films, in which she played the part of a Soviet emissary to a western country, fanatically Communist, touchy, humourless and suspicious. Towards the end of the story an unexpected turn of events suddenly brings home to her the completely incongruous; wildly funny, side of her own solemn pretensions and gives the picture of her I still love to remember - Greta Garbo, lying back in her chair, laughing with all the artless happiness of a schoolgirl - rocking, gasping, finally weeping with helpless laughter - and all the audience at the film joining in from sheer delight!

Or would we need a ballerina to cope with the grace and dignity of motion that the part requires? Margot Fonteyn with a fair make-up? Not Alicia Narkova - neither her "refeened" best-behavior, accent or her kindly unashamed London speech when at ease would fit such a part.

And, of course, Tin Pan Alley would try to introduce the latest hit tunes in the Halls of Elrond at Imladris! Luckily we have at hand one genuine piece of elf-music in the shape of the strange haunting tune that appears in Kennedy-Frazer's "Songs of the Hebrides" under the name of "A Fairy Plaint" (music from inside a Fairy Hill). This is supposed to have been heard by a Benbecula crofter, who, going home one night, found one of the fairy hills open, with lights inside and a crowd of elfen folk singing, harp-playing, and dancing. Scared nearly out of his wits he hid behind a hillock and heard an elf harpist sing this song, which stayed in his mind - as well it might.

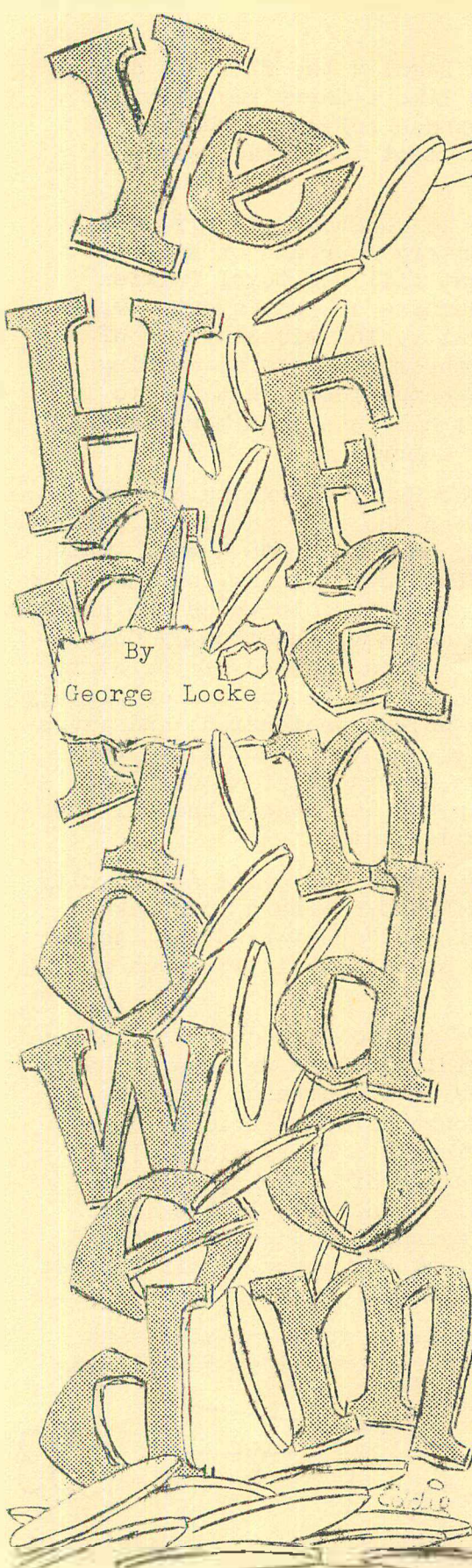
And now, with no financial considerations to worry about and all the world to choose from, who has some more good ideas for filming "The Lord of the Rings"?

Let's hear them!

..... Doc! Weir

To which I add my invitation - for letter-comment or article. EB.





used to think that English Fandom, like red squirrels and canned bheer, was, with the exception of the beautiful ceremony of St. Fantony, devoid of all the tradition of the old country. Where, for instance, were the hallowed old halls, with gilt-framed portraits of Gernsback and Ackerman ? Where were those country pubs, where the vicar talked to the poacher and the fan talked to the pro', and where they played tradition-steeped games, like darts and shove ha'penny ? Where, in fact were those games in fa'dom that in the mundane world produce such tense annual tourneys ?

By  
George Locke

I used to think they just didn't exist, until, at Bentcliffe's instigation, I put on my tweeds and hiking boots and set out to discover True Englishe Fandome.

It was at a small country pub equidistant between Liverpool and Cheltenham, that I made my greatest find. Here, annually, it seems, is held the All England Tiddly Wink Championship of Fandom - between the Cheltenham S-F Group and LaSFaS, the only clubs actively playing this noble game today. This, then, is an account of my attendance at the 1959 Tournament.

Mingling with the merry-making fen before the start of the tourney, I endeavoured to learn the rules of the game from an old fan, whose gnarled fore-finger betrayed a lifetime spent at the game. He took me to the PLAYING TABLE, and graciously allowed me to touch for an ecstatic second, the fine, thick cloth known as the TIDDLING CLOTH, cut from a billiard table in the seedier quarter of Liverpool.

I possessed a childhood memory of the game, and enquired: " What is the nature of the catching receptacle ? I suppose it is very ancient ?"

The old fan nodded. " We have two. They fell from the hands of the First Fen," he said, signalling to the barman. Mine host laid two tankards on our table, and, reverently, a ruler. From the wood of this article it was obviously of great antiquity. " The Traditional Tankards," murmured the Oldster, with a tinge of awe in his voice. " And the Judges Rule." He placed a stack of small tiddly winks close by, together with a pair of larger ones.

" And we wink the small ones into the tankard ? " I smiled.

" Yes, but...." The old fan was interrupted by several officials who clambered somewhat uncertainly onto the bar, and stood there swaying slightly. " The Fannish Sway," the old fan said. " We hold silence until the ceremony is over," he added.

I watched, overwhelmed by the solemnity of the occasion.

Finally, one of them fell over. Everybody started talking.

" First Fandom's Fall," my friend labelled this little scene, the signal for the tournament to begin. " Who do you support ?" he earnestly enquired. " I'm from Liverpool myself, and I fancy we've the strongest chance."

I grinned accomodatingly. Patriotically, I'd have said that the London Circle could have whacked the pants off either side, but I wanted to return to make this report. So I said: " Why is the tournament held here, in this pub ?"

" Now, that is a story as old as fandom itself....."

But the Grand Master of the Tourney had quieted the gathering with the firing of the Official Zap-gun and managed to announce: "The Champion of Cheltenham challengeth the Liverpudlian Lad."

The two noble champions of fandom took their places, each seated before his Traditional Tankard, with a pile of tiddly winks by his side. To my surprise, the bartender then filled each tankard with Bitter, and there followed a brief scurry around the two competitors. I craned my neck, and saw that an official was measuring the depth of foam in each tankard. Finally, he seemed satisfied, and announced: " Let the contest begin."

" When the depth of foam decreases to a certain level, the bheer must be replaced with fresh bheer," said the old fan.

" What do they do with the old bheer ?" I asked, but my friend was again engrossed in the contest.

The contestants were placing their tiddly winks on a white marked spot on the Winking Cloth, and, using the big discs, were carefully flicking them in the direction of the Tankards. On several occasions, the discs went into the bheer, but, strangely, nobody cheered.



No expressions changed; it was as though they had missed completely. Finally, when the Liverpudlian had winked about twenty of his discs into the tankard as against his opponents five or six, I turned to my companion. "Your compatriot seems to be doing rather well," I said.

The old fan swore. "He's a blistering idiot. He hasn't got the vaguest idea of how to play."

"He seems to be doing quite well," I repeated, doubtfully.

"The idea," the old fan chided me, "is to get the disc to float on the surface of the bheer, not to sink to the bottom. Any fool can do that."

Presently, the official with the ruler scurried round the two contestants, and finally ruled that the Liverpudlian, who had been getting through his foam more regularly than his opponent, have a fresh tankard-full.

The strain on the face of this noble Englishfan seemed to ease at this announcement, and in a single movement, he raised his tankard to his lips and drained it, if not at a single gulp, at any rate in very few. Instantly the tankard was refilled, and the fan began to play again with increased vigour.

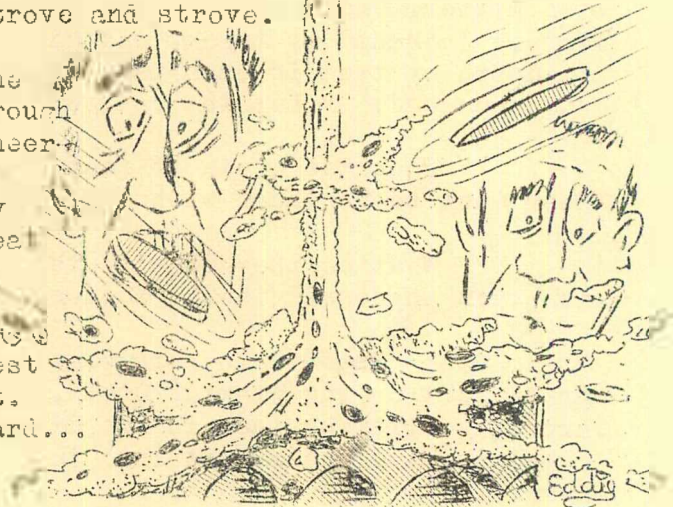
"He knows what he is doing," I murmured.

The game went on and on. The third, the fourth, the fifth tankard was drained, and still neither contestant winked the little disc with the necessary finesse to enable it to float in the bheer. The foam restriction, I found, was to make things easier for the contestants, the foam having a slight cushioning effect on the fall of the disc, and therefore increasing the chances of the disc resting on top of the liquid.

Outside, the birds which had been singing went to roost; the sun set in a golden glory. The whole land became quiet; while inside, not a fan moved as the competitors, whose hands were now shaking from the exertion and the bheer, strove and strove.

Once, the tiddly wink of the Cheltenham Champion sank slowly through the foam, rested a moment at the bheer-foam interface. Everybody tensed. But no, the disc sank tantalisingly into the golden liquid. I felt sweet trickling down my brow.

Midnight struck, and still the company remained, and the contest was still open. Not a fan had left. My head began to nod forward, forward...



I awoke amid a cheering and a shouting.

"Who won?" I muttered drowsily. But it was immediately apparent that the Liverpudlian Lad was the winner. He was being chaired on high by his overjoyed supporters. There was pandemonium for several minutes, then the Grand Master of the Game called for order which, oddly enough, he obtained.

The fen waited. I saw, here and there, several fen make their way forward determinedly. Berry of Retribution, Willis of Hyphen, Bentcliffe and Jeeves of Triode, Sanderson of Ape, Bennett of Ploy, and other fanzine editors.

The Grand Master, holding a velvet cushion on which was a large tiddly wink, was saying: "... and as reward for winning this contest, this the traditional penny-sized tilly wink, to the Liverpudlian Lad! Use it wisely, Champion, and may it ever fit the slot."

I felt a tear trickle down my face at these noble words. I wiped it away, to see the Champion snatching the prize, and making his way unsteadily to the door marked 'Gentlemen'. There was a concerted move forward on the part of the fanzine editors. They intercepted the hapless Champion, and carried him struggling away, his anguished sobbings echoing in the distance.

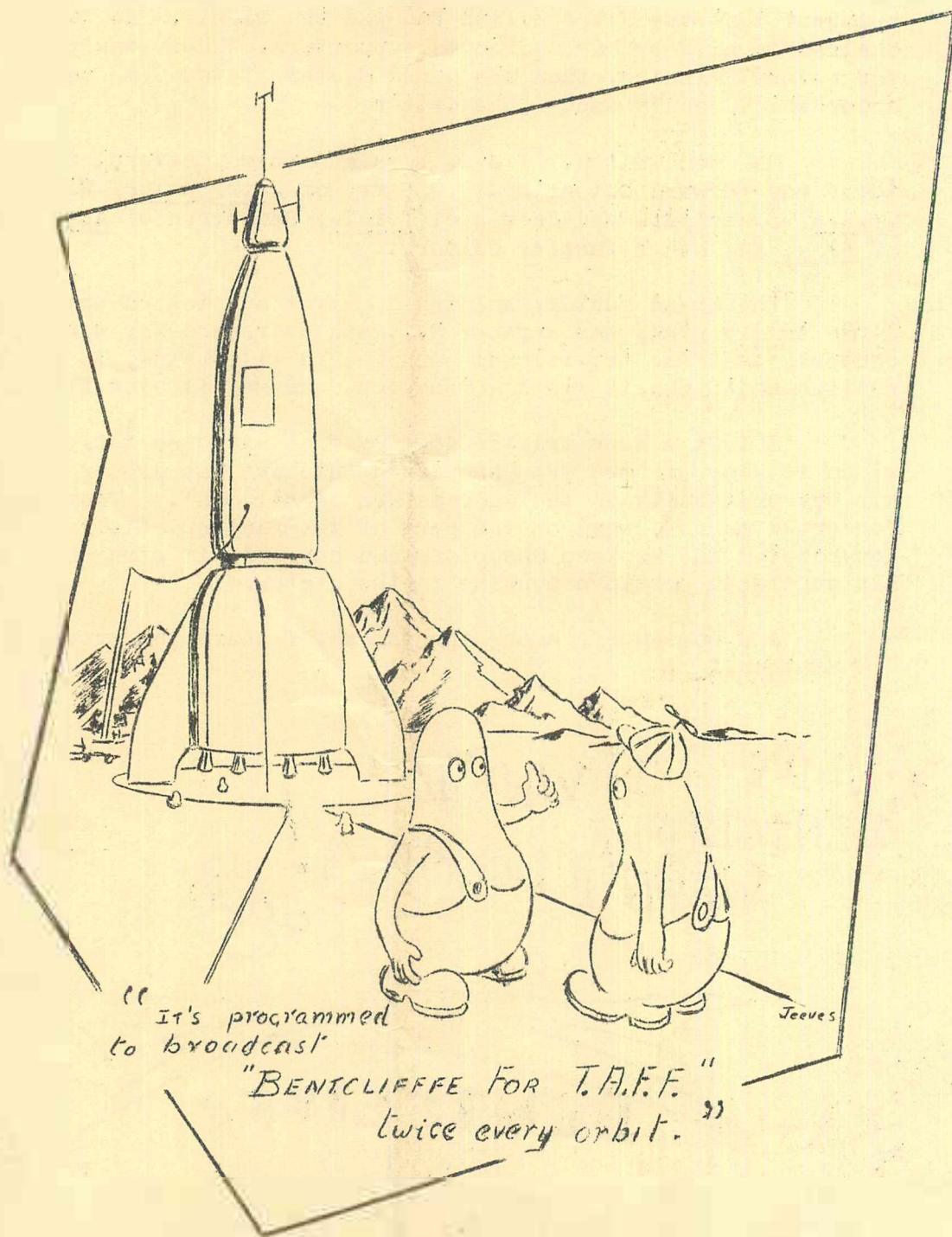
And somewhere, among the throng, I heard the muttered word: "Shamateur."

\* SLIPPED IN WHILE  
BENTCLIFFE  
WASN'T LOOKING!  
Eddie

George Locke







"It's programmed  
to broadcast"

"BENTCLIFFE FOR T.A.F.F."  
twice every orbit."

Jeeves