

TRIODE TWENTY



J. ALLEN KRAZENKEL



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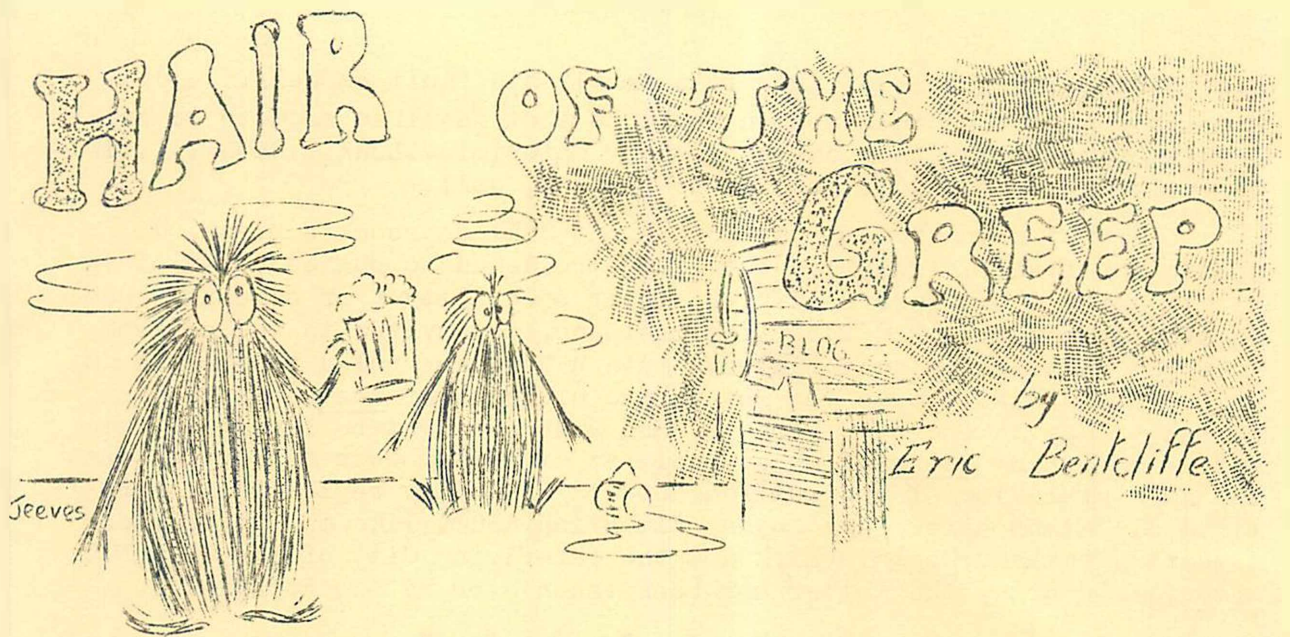
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TRIODE

THE FANZINE THAT'S GOING PLACES (would you believe Appletreewick ?)

NEXT ISSUE...Jim Cawthorn having stencilled a particularly fine set of illustrations on the theme PLANET STORIES LIVES! I would particularly welcome material relevant to that magazine; not a Checklist though, Pastiches, Fond Recollections, What Planet Stories did for your libido, and such. And does have anyone have Jerry Bixby's current address ?



Yes, Hair Of The Greep. You won't I'm sure mind a slight change of title here. There won't be any change in slant, tone or emphasis; of this, rest assured. Even the words will be the same, although I may change them around a little each issue to distribute wear evenly on typer and stencil. It's just that a slight alliteration seems in order this second-time-around. I am, after all, in a slightly different mood, different age, different era even than when I first started out indoctrinating my Greep into fandom in time-long-past. I prefer not to mention the actual date on the grounds that would incriminate me.

The Greep and I take life more casually these days than of yore, and I think it only right and proper that I start off this magazine with an apology for the almost indecent haste with which this issue of TRIODE follows on the last. An apology in particular to those of you who have not yet written your letters-of-comment on T19; and I only hope that you will accept my reasoning that I am trying to help you by publishing again so soon. You may now save postage by putting your loc on that issue in with your letter of comment on this issue. I fully realise the shock inherent, the possible traumas caused, by this unprecedented appearance of TRIODE twice in one year....after the previous slight delay of fourteen years....yes, you have my apologies.

It's difficult to give an exact reason why this issue has appeared so quickly after the last; partly its the fault of those of you who have made appreciate grunts (thank you, Norman, for that appreciate grunt!) and written encouraging letters (may Harrison smile on you whether you wrote or just grunted!). However, a great deal of the blame must be put on the broad hairy shoulders of Michael J. Moorcock who kindly sent along just the sort of material I needed to get me going; and Jim Cawthorn, who has done an inspired job of illustrating it. Other people had influence too; . Dave and Mardee Jenrette (of whom, more later) who went to the trouble of driving from Miami to New York, flying to London, and then swam the trans-pennine canal all to bring me a bottle of Jack Daniels. Other fans please copy. Then there's that old chap who cranks the duper so eloquently, and who will no doubt be saying scurrilously kind things about me at the other end of the magazine.....in the hope of getting

his hands on my bottle of JD! It's partly his fault as well...and I suspect that yet another reason could be that fanzines seem to be still folding faster than they can publish my material...LURK...BLUNT.....if the only way to get published is to publish, well.

I'm not going to say any more about Mike Moorcock's piece, it speaks for itself, fluently; but I am emboldened to suggest that other kindly authors consider sending-up their speciality (or someone elses) in similar manner. Ted Tubb, for instance, is invited to pen a piece in which Dumarest is cast sideways into a Universe ruled by the warring psi's of the N3F....once you get in the clutches of that organisation it isn't easy to escape! Perhaps John Brunner might be inveigled into saying something cheerful about ecology; it having been discovered that the rare effluvium of ancient fanzines is gradually replenishing Earth's tired old atmosphere. And mayhap Jim Blish would like to put on record a meeting between Captain Kirk and the far-flying City of New York, N.Y. after, of course, the latter has been taken over by the Futurian's.

* * * * *

There isn't, you may have noticed, a great deal about fanzines in this issue - other fanzines, that is. No insult is intended by this for I've enjoyed in varying degrees almost all the fnz that have thudded through the letter-box the last few months. None of them, though, seem to have really lept out at my mind and begged for comment; apart from the ones which are either folding or in process of metamorphosing into something entirely different! I would like to mention that I particularly appreciate the layout experiments of Bill Bowers in OUTWORLD and, that I greatly admire his stable of artists; that ALIEN CRITIC impresses me with its neat, efficient, informative format; that the Katzzzzz should please keep sending me FIAVOL because it is certainly the fan news-zine most to my taste - although I must add (being the U.k. Agent) that SOTWJ provides me with a veritable mine of information on all kind of esoteric sfictional things. And, on the obverse, it's only fair to say that I consider ISEULT as edited by Alan Burns one of the worst fnz I've seen in quite some time.

Sending your fanzine along is still a good way of ensuring that you receive subsequent issues of TRIODE, though....as, of course, is sending money. But to clarify matters in general as to the mailing out of TRIODE, let me explain the system I shall be using to denote your status. I have spent several years considering this matter and have now, I believe, come up with a unique and possibly infallible system of warning recipients of their imminent fall-from-grace. Its so simple really that I boggle over the fact that nowone has thought of it before - not even me! It's all done with staples. If there happens to be four staples in your copy, you are either Sir. William Harrison or one of His numerous progeny (if this comes as a surprise to you, don't blame us!). If there be three staples, you are still very high in my esteem and may put off writing a letter-of-comment for a few days after receiving your copy. Two staples means you should send money (or more money), write something memorable for the next issue (or something as memorable as you wrote for the last issue), or sit down at once and write a loc: please note a medical-certificate to the effect that you have broken your typing finger will not be accepted if typed!

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One staple intimates politely that your only hope of receiving the next issue is to propitiate the editor with Jack Daniels, Jim Beam, Shorrock Dandelion Blanc '42, or A Work of Absolute Genius.

Of course, if there are no staples in your copy this most probably means I've run out of staples and you shouldn't take umbrage!

* * * * *

The fact that Peter Roberts happened to write and ask me for any esoteric fannish-words for his then-planned Fan Dictionary at the same time that John Owen came over for the weekend, couldn't have been pure coincidence; his hand must have been guided by some cosmic force. At that time, anyway; I haven't heard from him since I sent him our list of definitions so perhaps the cosmic force has been withdrawn on instructions from Degler himself. Anyway, in case they never get into the final edition of the dictionary; I thought I'd print them here. Most of them, as will be noted refer to that long-lasting U.K. Fan Institution The Liverpool Group, which has always had a reputation as perverters of the King's English.

LiGament. A strained remark made by a member of The Liverpool Group.

LiGature. A word, phrase or saying meaningless to those outside the inner-circle of LiG. ie. LiGament.

BLOG. A potent liquor whose recipe has been preserved by generations of Shorrocks; only mundane person ever allowed access to the recipe being the late-barman at the George Hotel, Kettering.

BLOGGING. adj. Fierce. Potent.

PITWORLD. Ghastly state inhabited by one who drinks excessively, takes to bed, lies back on pillow, feels sick, sits up, is relieved by sitting up, lies back again, feels sick again. (Example: "I'm in a furshlugginer Pitworld").

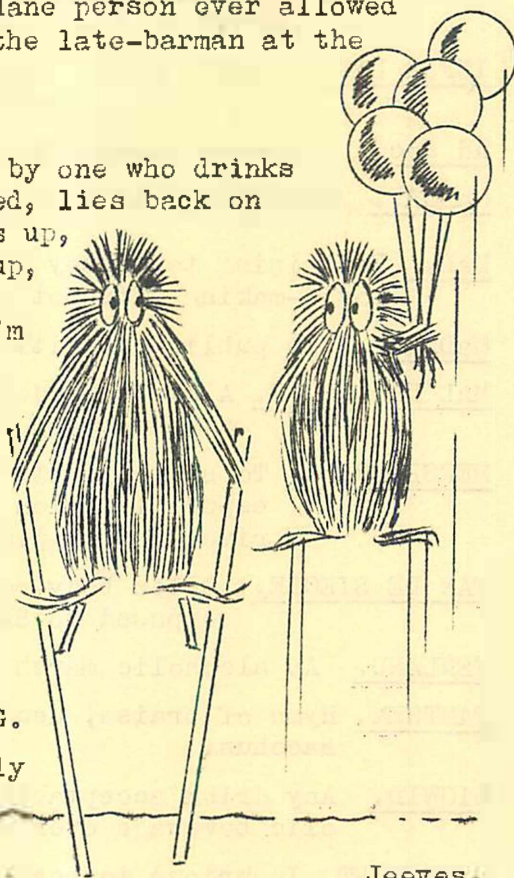
ILLiGal. Adj. (rare) Not permitted by LiG.

ILLiGitimate. Pertaining to a fan not belonging to The Liverpool Group.

LiGlas. With an empty glass.

ALiGorical. One who speaks for LiG.

SHORROCK.(v). One who bluffs wildly and successfully at the game of Brag.
d. Wealthiest member of Liverpool Group.



Jeeves.

BRUNNER. (v). To pose; to strut in finery.

OUTBRUNNER. (v). To outdo in finery.

HARRISONIAN. (adj). Sublime, lofty, godlike - from Sir. William Makepeace Harrison. World-trotting, world-saving member of LiG. See "The Harrison Saga's", as published in TRIODE and BASTION.

HARRISONESQUE. see HARRISONIAN.

HARRISONITE. Member of a small and diminishing sect in Northern Oregon who believe that He will come again (mistakenly, as it happens).

BASTIONSHIP. Doggedness. Originally from the doggedness of LiG and Eric Bentcliffe in their insistence on publishing a fnz called BASTION against the temptations of the normal LiG way-of-life.

Ad LiG. To ad lib fannishly. A fannish ad lib.

WEEDALL. (v). To boldly quaff that which no fan has quaffed before.
d. Norman Weedall best-preserved member of LiG.
ex. "To do a Weedall."

WAMPO EGG. Apparently mythical chinese dish occurring on menu's, sought after but never attained by (amongst others) John D. Roles. LiG member. Hence, any unattainable goal or ambition. ex. "The whole idea's just a Wampo Egg!"

INFRA LiG. (adj). rare. Beneath the dignity of The Liverpool Group.

Ad Hoc. Put more German wine into the punch-bowl.

MaDCAP. Liverpool-style beanie. (see also 'MaD, MaDness'.)

MaD. Pertaining to Mersey and Deeside film productions. LiG's movie-making offshoot of the late '50s.

MADNESS. The public exhibition of Mersey and Deeside productions.

MAL DE MERSEY. A state of debility induced by regular attendance at Liverpool Group parties.

MERSEMERISE. To stupefy with home-brew. from 'Mersey-water', an especial potion in which the magical waters of the river Mersey play their part.

FAN DE SIECLE. Often body-reaction of visiting fen when first exposed to BLOG, or 'Mersey-water'.

FENLAND. An alcoholic marsh or boozy bog.

FANTHEM. Hymn of praise, usually to Sir. Wm. Harrison and/or Bacchus.

LiGWID. Any drink acceptable to Liverpool Group. Hence any alcoholic beverage over 90% proof. (Shorrocks Standard rating.)

MALIGNANT. Injurious to health. ie, water when taken neat.

With typical elan and abandon, I am, at the time of writing, about to leave for a vacation in Bulgaria before, even, I've got around to chronicling last years Bentcliffe Odyssey to the Black Sea coast of Rumania. Of course, I am not sure whether fandom wants to know about our trip to what shall be described as Transylfannia, but if there aren't enough loud shouts of 'NOo, o' before the next issue it is entirely possible that I might touch on the subject.

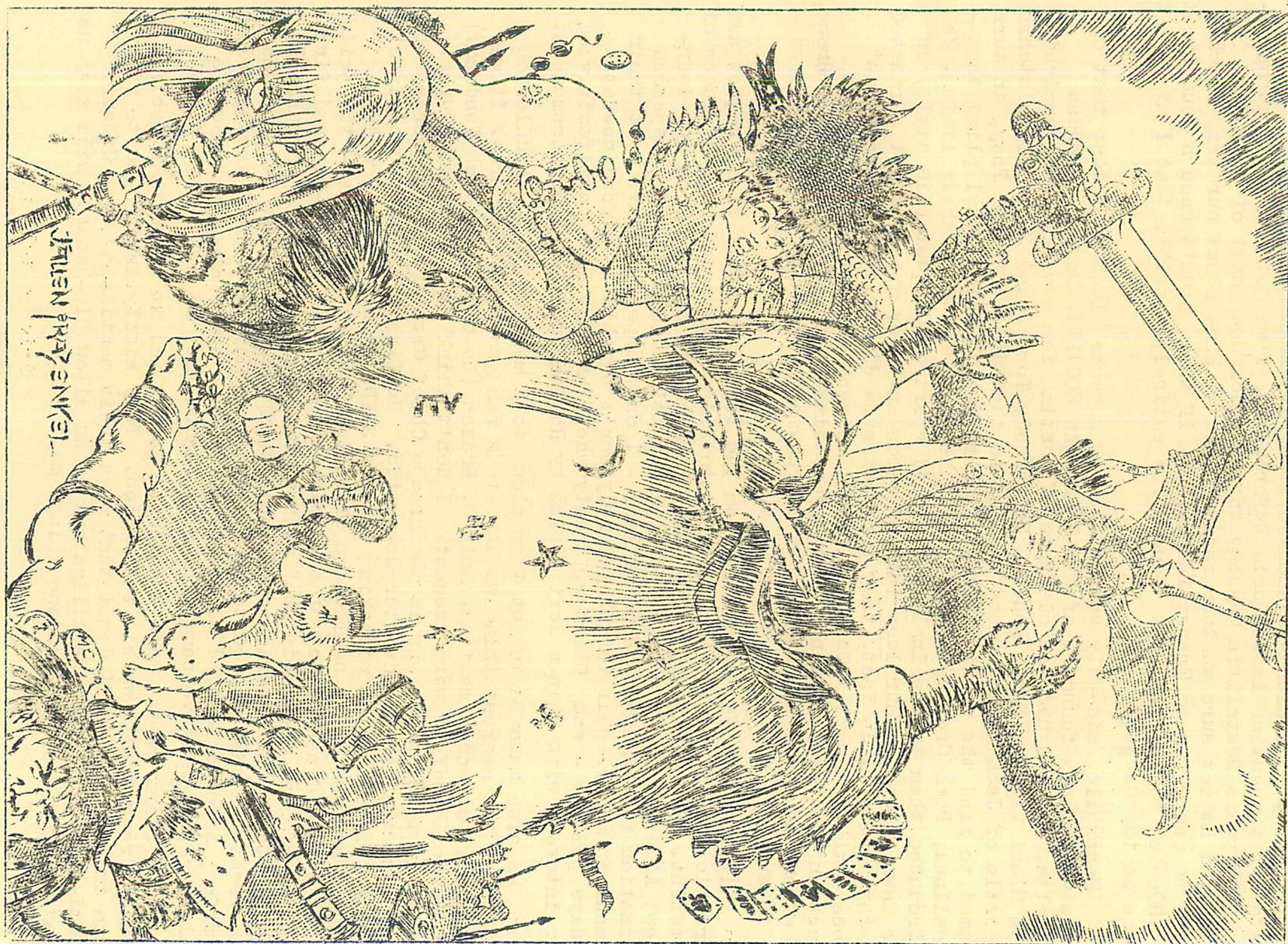
Meanwhile, mid-July saw us sharing someone elses vacation: that of those well-known founders of the TABEBUIAN SOCIETY, Dave and Mardee Jenrette, whom we had the pleasure of hosting for a week. They arrived from Miami via New York, London, The Bloody Tower, and Sheffield clutching a bottle of Jack Daniels, and we took to them immediately. They, in turn, seemed to find the traditional English fare with which Beryl plied them - Canelloni, Pork Creole, Risotti, Veal Meringue etc - to their liking. We introduced them to the English national sport of Croquet (LiG style) on our lawn of weeds, our lush lawn of weeds and they appeared not perturbed at this gambit. In fact, they were not even dismayed at having to eat Brose with a Dagger! This, it should be mentioned, took place at a Jacobean Banquet we attended, lest you think we don't own cutlery. Brose, is a sort of medieval Broth - made, presumably, from vegetables steeped in legend!

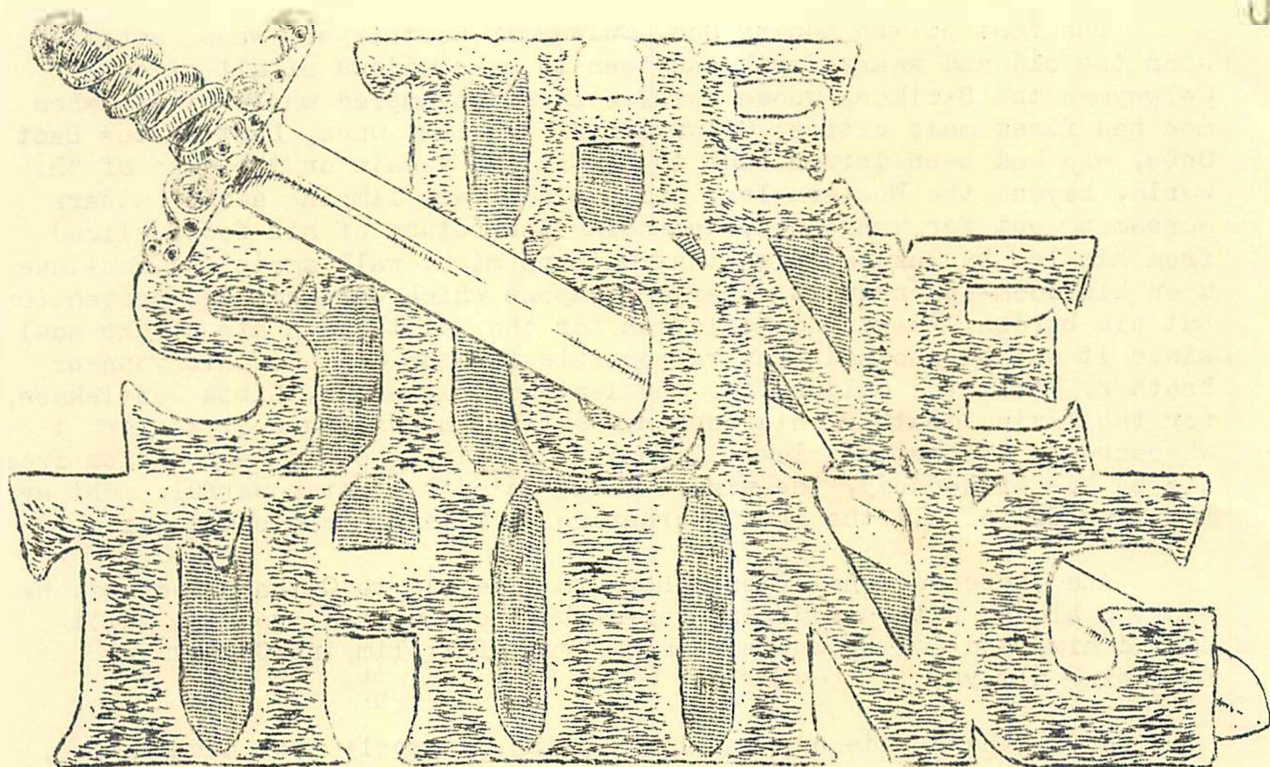
I managed a few days away from the firm, and apart from Croquet and Scrabble, and pleasant discourse, we toured gently round nearby places of interest. Jodrell Bank, that giant 250ft cosmic soup-bowl on our doorstep; Alderley Edge, where t'is said Knight's of Old wait in suspended animation for England's Hour Of Need - I only hope they have kept their armour in good repair for they surely won't be able to afford new at todays prices! - and; Chester, a city where ancient Roman artifacts vie for interest with Things left behind by RatFandom after the Chessmancon.

We also managed to get them along to a meeting of The Middlewich Cuckoo's; the nearest thing we have to a fan group in this area. It was not a well-attended meeting, only O. Krazan (he of the Ostrich Tendency) and Gurmel Woodfoot were present. I don't think I've mentioned Gurmel before in these pages, he is the groups Chief Grouter and can perhaps be best described as an adventurous-rustic. He first got interested in sf in the thirties after mistaking Taine's SEEDS OF LIFE for a gardening manual, and now has a collection of no less than three books - the pride and (it would seem) joy of his collection being a manure-stained first edition of "Dangerous Visions" with copious marginal notes. Fortunately, I don't think his laborious and labious explanation of how he impregnated his vegetable marrows, quite came through to Mardee. Not a very lively meeting; nevertheless, I reflected later that the Jenrettes had met a fairly representative sample of U.K. Fandom that night.

Dave and Mardee made excellent guests, and it was with a feeling of sincere regret that we bid them adieu. They kindly invited us to visit them in Florida, and I doubt that even their mentioning that Croquet Miami-style will feature alligators as an allowable-hazard will keep us away....although more mundane things may!

Eric Bentcliffe..... 7





A TALE OF STRANGE PARTS

by

MICHAEL MOORCOCK

OUT OF THE DARK PLACES; out of the howling mists; out of the lands without sun; out of Ghonorea came tall Catharz, with the moody sword Oakslayer in his right hand, the cursed spear Bloodlicker in his left hand, the evil bow Deathsinger on his back together with his quiver of fearful rune-fletched arrows, Heartseeker, Goregreedy, Soulsnatcher, Orphanmaker, Eyeblinder, Sorrowsower, Beanslicer, and several others.

Where his right eye should have been there was a jewel of slumbering scarlet whose colour sometimes shifted to smouldering blue, and in the place of his left eye was a many-faceted crystal, which pulsed as if possessed of independent life. Where Catharz had once had a right hand, now a thing of iron, wood and carved amethyst sat upon his stump, nine-fingered, alien, cut by Catharz from the creature who had sliced off his own hand. Catharz' left hand was at first sight merely gauntleted, but when one looked further it could be observed that the gauntlet was in fact a many jointed limb of silver, gold and lapis lazuli, but as Catharz rode by those who saw him pass remarked not on the murmuring sword in his right hand, not on the whispering spear in his left hand, not on the whining bow upon his back or the grumbling arrows in the quiver; neither did they remark on his right eye of slumbering scarlet, his left eye of pulsing crystal, his nine-fingered right hand, his shining metallic left hand; they saw only the fearful foot of Cwlwylwynn which throbbed in the stirrup at his mounts right flank.

The foot of the Aching God, Cwlwwymwn Rootripper, whose ambition upon the old and weary Earth had been to make widows of all wives; Cwlwwymwn the Striker, whose awful feet had trampled whole cities when men had first made cities; Cwlwwymwn of the Last Ones, Last of the Last Ones, who had been driven back to his island domain on the edge of the world, beyond the Western Ice, and who now came limping after Catharz screaming out for vengeance, demanding the return of his foot, sliced from his leg by Oakslayer so that Catharz might walk again and continue upon his doom-laden quest, bearing weapons which were not his protection but his burden, seeking consolation for the guilt which ate at his soul since it was he who had been responsible for the death of his younger brother, Forax the Golden, for the death of his niece, Libia Gentleknee, for the living death of his cousin, Wertigo the Unbalanced, seeking the whereabouts of his lost love, Cyphila the Fair, who had been stolen from him by his arch-enemy, the wizard To'me'Ko'op'r, most powerful, most evil, most lustful of all the great sorcerers of this magic-clouded world.

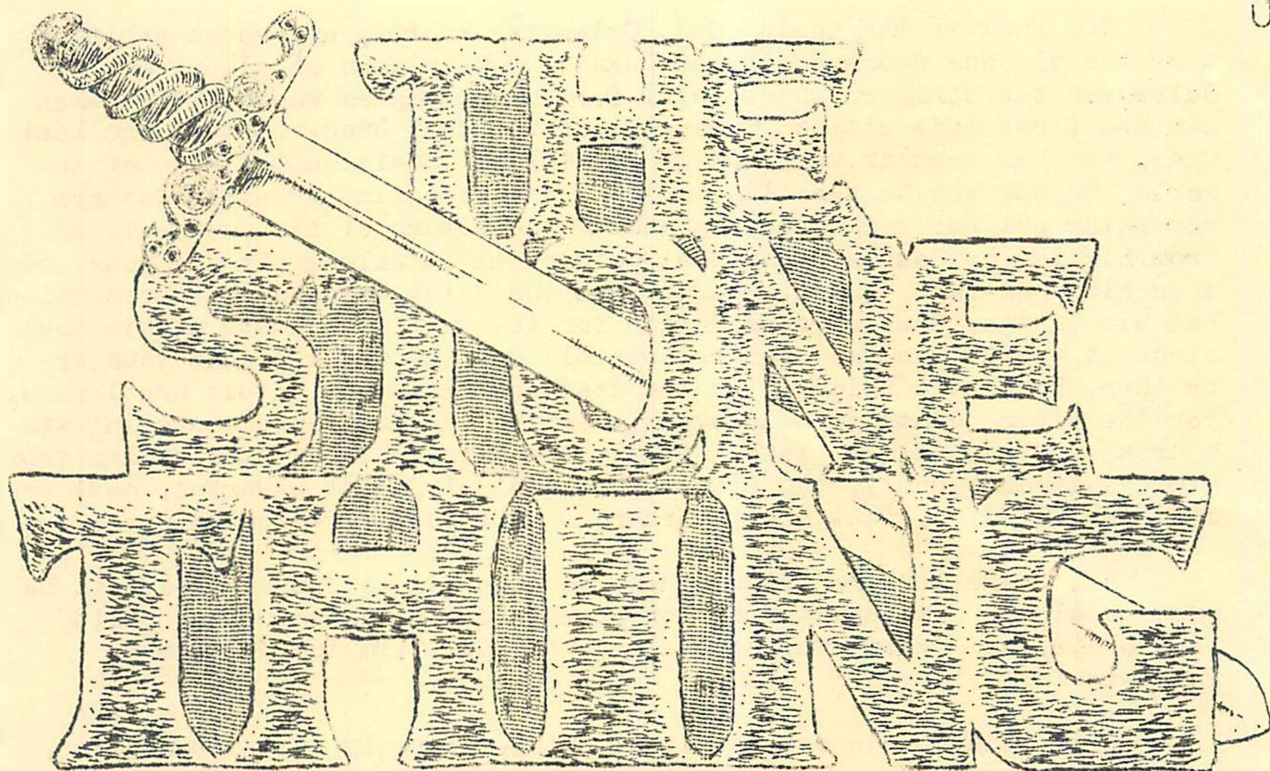
And there were no friends here to give aid to Catharz Godfoot. He must go alone, with shuddering terror before him and groaning guilt behind him, and Cwlwwymwn, screaming, vengeful, limping Cwlwwymwn, following always.

And Catharz rode on, rarely stopping, scarcely ever dismounting, anxious to claim his own vengeance on the sorcerer, and the foot of Cwlwwymwn, Last of the Last Ones, was heavy on him, as well it might be for it was at least eighteen inches longer than his left foot and naked, for he had had to abandon his boot when he had found that it did not fit. Now Cwlwwymwn possessed the boot; it was how he had known that Catharz was the mortal who had stolen his green, seventeen-clawed limb, attaching it by fearful sorcery to the flesh of his leg. Catharz' left leg was not of flesh at all, but of laquered cork, made for him by the People of the World Beneath the Reefs, when he had aided them in their great fight against the Gods of the Lowest Sea.

The sun had stained the sky a livid crimson and had sunk below the horizon before Catharz would allow himself a brief rest and it was just before dark that he came in sight of a small stone cottage, sheltered beneath terraces of glistening limestone, where he hoped he might find food, for he was very hungry.

Knocking upon the door he called out:

"Greetings, I come in friendship, seeking hospitality, for I am called Catharz the Melancholy, who carries the curse of Cwlwwymwn Rootripper upon him, who has many enemies and no friends, who slew his brother, Forax the Golden, and caused the death of Libia Gentleknee, famous for her beauty, and who seeks his lost love Cyphila the Fair, prisoner of the wizard To'me'ko'op'r, and who has a great and terrible doom upon him. "



THE SWORD

A TALE OF STRANGE PARTS

by

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The door opened and a woman stood there. Her hair was the silver of a spiderweb in the moonlight, her eyes were the deep gold found at the centre of a beehive, her skin had the pale, blushing beauty of the tea-rose. "Welcome, stranger," said she. "Welcome to all that is left of the home of Lanoli, whose father was once the mightiest in these parts."

And, upon beholding her, Catharz forgot Cyphila the Fair, forgot that Cwlwymwn Root-ripper limped after him still, forgot that he had slain his brother, his niece, and betrayed his cousin, Wertigo the Unbalanced.

"You are very beautiful, Lanoli," he said.

"Ah," said she, "that is what I have learned. But beauty such as mine can only thrive if it is seen and it has been so long since anyone came to these lands."

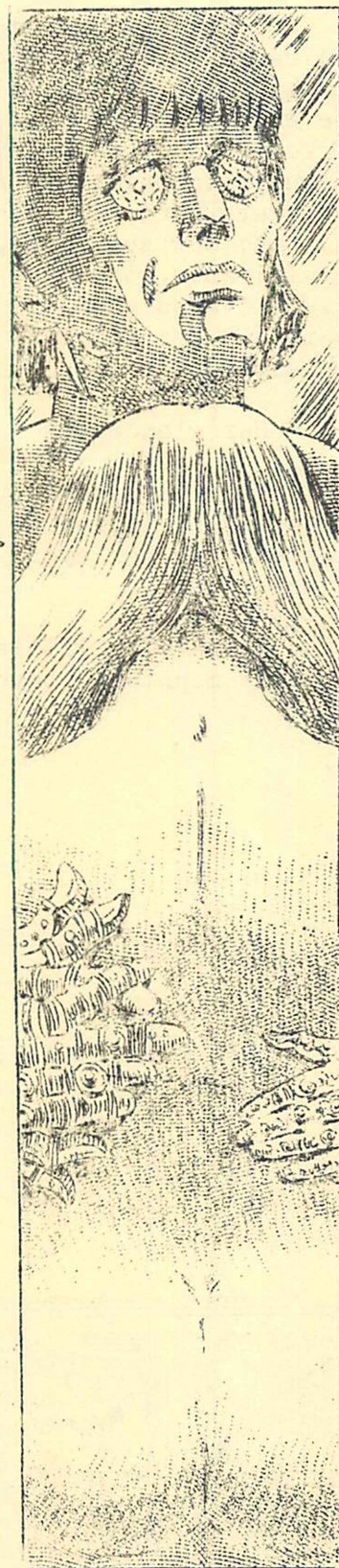
"Let me help your beauty thrive," he said.

Food was forgotten, guilt was forgotten, fear was forgotten as Catharz divested himself of his sword, his spear, his bow and his arrows and walked slowly into the cottage. His gait was a rolling one, for he still bore the burden that was the Foot of the Last of the Last Ones, and it took him some little time to pull it through the door, but at length he stood inside and had closed the door behind him and had taken her in his arms and had pressed his lips to hers.

"Oh, Catharz," she breathed. "Catharz!"

It was not long until they stood naked before one another. Her eyes travelled over his body and it was plain that the eyes of scarlet and of crystal were lovely to her, that she admired his silver hand and his nine-fingered hand, that even the great Foot of Cwlwymwn was beautiful in her sight. But then her eyes, shy until now, fell upon that which lay between his legs, and those eyes widened a little, and she blushed. Her lovely lips framed a question, but he moved forward as swiftly as he could and embraced her again.

"How?" she murmured. "How, Catharz?"



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" It is a long tale and a bloody one," he whispered, " of rivalry and revenge, but suffice to say that it ended in my father, Xympwll the Cruel, taking a terrible vengeance upon me. I fled from his court into the wastes of Grxiwynn, raving mad, and it was there that the tribesmen of Velox found me and took me to the Wise Man of Oorps in the mountains beyond Katatonia. He nursed me and carved that for me. It took him two years, and all through those two years I remained raving, living off dust and dew and roots, as he lived. The engravings had mystical significance, the runes contain the sum of his great wisdom, the tiny pictures show all that there is to show of physical love. Is it not beautiful ? More beautiful than that which it has replaced ? "

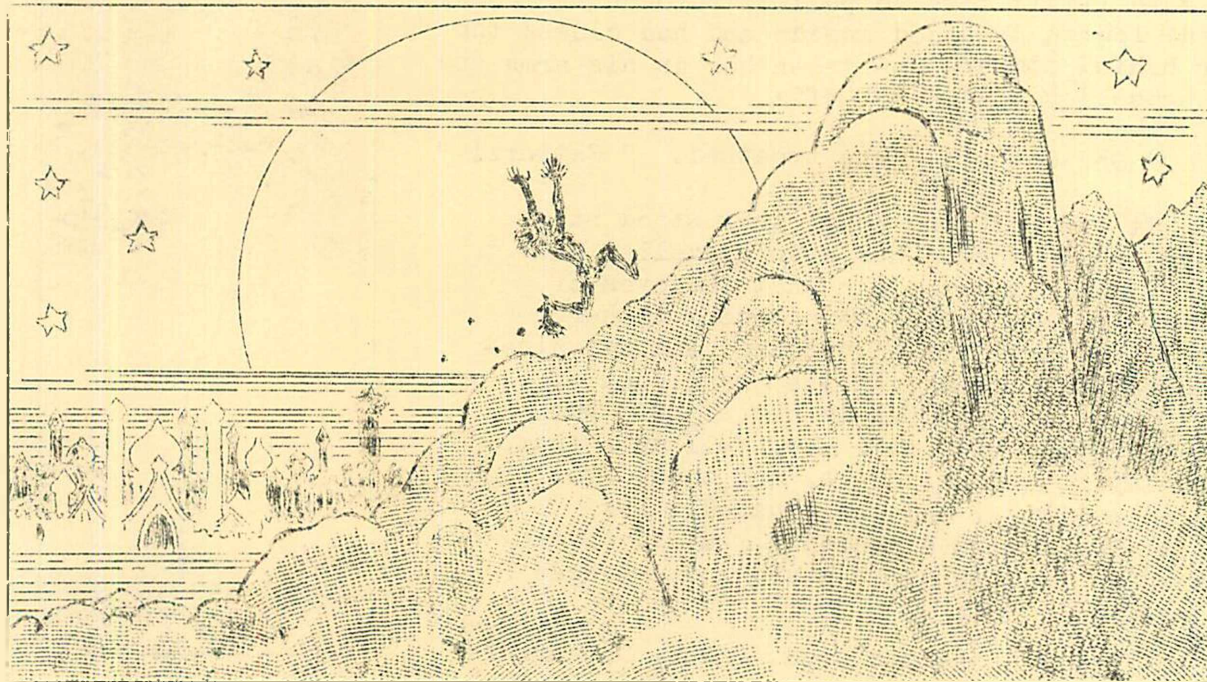
Her glance was modest; she nodded slowly.

" It is indeed, very beautiful, " she agreed. And then she looked up at him and he saw that tears glistened in her eyes. " But did it have to be of Sandstone ? "

" There is little else," he explained sadly, " in the mountains beyond Katatonia. "

* * * * *

(From THE OUTCAST OF KITZOPRENIA,
Volume 67 in THE HISTORY OF THE
PURPLE POIGNARD).



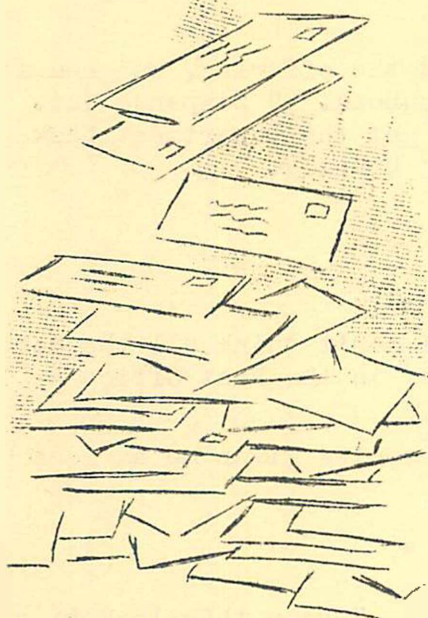
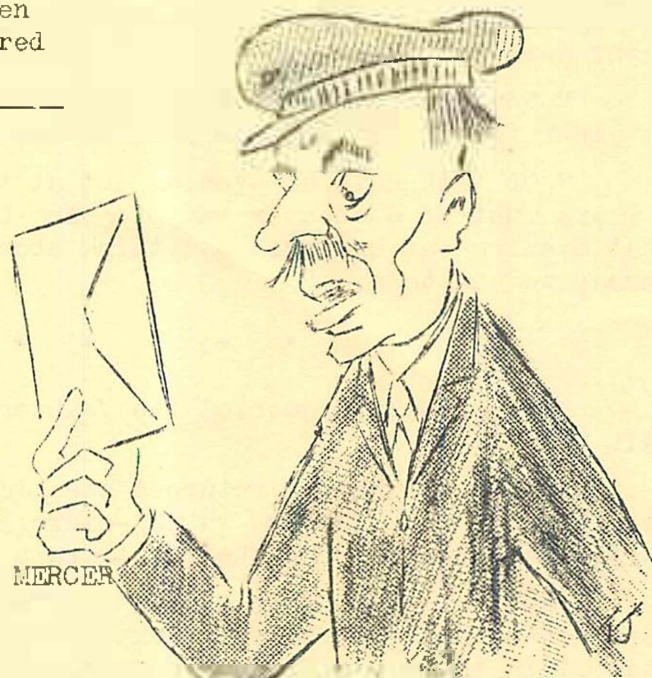
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THE FOREGOING deserves, I think, a slight disclaimer. It's true that Terry's POST OFFICE GUIDE is just a little out-of-date, but, naturally, all characters herementioned are fictitious....in fact, I'm not even sure that the Postal Service referred to does really exist!....eb

The Last Post

By

ARCHIE MERCER



" Here, Bert," queried the Younger Postman.
" What does PRINTED PAPERS REDUCED RATE mean ?"

" Oh, that's allright, Fred," said the Elder Postman. " We don't get much of it now. It's something to do with special items being sent overseas."

" Overseas ?" The Younger Postman sounded puzzled. " Does that cover Cornwall, and Birmingham, and Liv..."

" Let's have a look," said the Elder Postman. " H'm this is wrong. Some nut doesn't understand the system, obviously. One: this isn't going overseas. Even if it was - two: it's sealed. And because of that - three: we can't inspect the contents to see if they qualify or not. Got a right'un here, haven't we. Let's see...." He placed the offending envelope on the scales, pursed his lips judiciously. " Two pee to pay. Any more like it ? "

There were. The Elder Postman had to get another sheet of stickers out of the cupboard before they were through.

* * * * *

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Eric added the column of figures for the third time, frowned at the figures and then at his friend.

" I still make it two hundred and ninety-two, Terry," he announced. " Two hundred and ninety-two fen all wanting two pence. Plus three pence postage each, comes to ~ (frown, frown, frown) fourteen pound sixty, right down the Swanee. "

" Fourteen pound sixty ?" echoed Terry. " We could buy another ream of paper for that. Two, even, if we were lucky. "

" Or both have an evening out at the Shifty Swan," countered Eric. " There must be a cheaper way of going bankrupt. I think we'd better take that evening out anyway, and think about it. There's some empties in the garage we can take..."

* * * * *

" Here, Bert," queried the Younger Postman. " Ever heard of FAN MAIL ? "

" Course I have," returned the Elder Postman. " So have you. It's when people write letters to pop-stars, or actresses, or handsome young footballers, asking for their autograph and things. Why ? "

The Younger Postman handed over an envelope. It was medium-sized, bore a name and address where expected, had the words FAN MAIL rubber-stamped in the top left-hand corner, and a one-penny stamp stuck in the top right-hand corner. That was all. The Elder Postman gazed at it in perplexity.

" I'll have to check this with the Postmaster," he decided. " I've heard of anything like it in all my born days. It could be a new scheme they've thought up - but they usually buy full-page ad's in the papers when they do that sort of thing. Hey, Sid! "

Sid, the Postmaster joined them, inspected the offering, weighed it. " Some twit trying to pull a fast one," he pronounced. " Sixpence due. Any more ? Good. Sixpence due on each. We'll get the Department back into the black yet ! " And he went off humming happily.

* * * * *

" This," pronounced Terry, " is ridiculous."

" Thirty bloody quid," said Eric. " And I don't think all the complaints have come in yet. What I want to know is, is the Post Office a public service or is it a public liability ? "

" Public service," said Terry. " I mean, you've given me an idea there. Look...."

* * * * *

" Here, Bert," queried the Younger Postman. " Does this look right to you ? " Solemnly he handed over an envelope. Besides the usual name and address, it bore in printed lettering along the top: O.H.M.S., with -

just below it, in very small print, ON HARRISON'S MAGNIFICENT SERVICE. In the top right-hand corner, where the stamp would have been, was a coat of arms featuring the initials S/F, and a circle containing the words OFFICIAL ZINE.

The Elder Postman studied it. "Um," he said, and studied it again. "Er," he erred, and returned to the study. "Oof," he decided. "I mean - I'm not quite sure. It looks allright. But there's something nagging at the back of my mind. Hey...Sid!"

Sid the Postmaster came over and joined the study-group.

"I see what you mean, Bert," he said. "But...aha! I see. It was the Harrison angle that had me fooled for a minute." He stood solemnly to attention as he pronounced the Name of The Master. "But it's wrong nevertheless. Harrison," he stood to attention again, "high though He is in our regard is not served. It is His pleasure and also privilege to serve Her Most Gracious Majesty - just as, in our humble way, it is also ours. Therefore the wording should clearly be ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE. I'm not entirely sure about the bits in the corner, either. Double postage to pay - and on that, and that, and that...."

* * * * *

"I think they're out to ruin us," said Terry. "Must be nearly fifty quid we've got to pay out this time!"

"More like forty-five, actually," Eric corrected.

"If you say so," said the schoolmaster goodnaturedly. "Maths was never my strong point."

"I think I'm beginning to discern a pattern, though," said Eric. "Look. They wouldn't let us do it for threepence. They wouldn't let us do it for a penny. And they wouldn't even let us do it for free. Know what the next step is?"

"Tell me."

"Make them pay to take it, that's what."

"You must be joking."

"No, seriously. Go up to the counter with your suitcase. Tell them you've got us hundred and pooty omp at fourpence, that'll be uxtypump quid and filpence please. Insist that they pay you in money and not in stamps, then leave them to try and work out what's happening at their leisure. They never have any...we never give them any...so it'll be quite OK. You see."

"Well," said Terry. "You know me. Anything for Harrison and Saint Fantony. But what can you use to bail me out?"

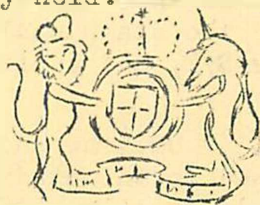
"A saucepan," replied the imperturbable Eric.

* * * * *

"Here, Bert," said the Younger Postman. "I've been fired."

"So've I, Fred," gloomed the Elder Postman.

Side by side they stood and studied the identical sheets of paper that they held.



NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Owing to the current financial crisis in the Post Office, culminating in the receivership application now before the Bankruptcy Court, the Post Office regrets that it has no option other than to terminate employment of all its staff with immediate effect.

The Corporation was ever so sorry about all this, and wished to thank everybody for the years and years of loyal service they had given. Unfortunately, however, there was no alternative, and would former employee's please leave quietly and lock the door behind them.

The two ex-postman looked up, glanced at each other.

"Here, Bert," queried the Younger Ex-Postman. "How are they going to send us our cards?"

* * * * *

"Here, Alf," said the Younger B.R.S. Warehouseman, holding out a packet. "What d'you make of this SMALL PACKET REDUCED RATE business?"

The Elder B.R.S. Warehouseman accepted the proffered packet, weighed it, glanced at the table on the wall.

"No such thing," he pronounced. "Three ounces, twenty-five to fifty mile radius, for only sixty-five pee? They must think we're soft or something. Throw it in the trash-bin. What do they think British Road Services is, anyway....some sort of charity or something?"

.....Archie Mercer.

=====
// It is, Of Course, pure coincidence that
the postal rates have gone up yet again,
since we mailed out TRIODE 19.....
=====

Interlude

by

Terry Jeeves

An often-quoted patent office clerk is reputed to have resigned his post some umpteen years ago, since he felt that there was nothing left for anyone to invent.

Current signs indicate that inventions and their consequences will continue to shower upon us for a long time to come. The funny thing about this, is NOT that brainy people keep coming up with brilliant (and otherwise) ideas, but that these things then creep into everyday life without being noticed.

S-F has always been reputed to have a high prediction rate. Indeed, some people believe this to be s-f's only claim to fame. They point gleefully to such s-f spawned devices as spaceflight, radar, A-bombs and Frank Herbert's 'dracones'. On the other hand, their opponents cite those same gadgets as being just about the sum total of s-f's list of

accurate predictions. Whichever side you support, it is interesting to take a look at the world around us NOW to see just which inventions have edged unobtrusively onto the scene -- and even more interesting to try and think of a science fiction story which hinted at them.

I remember the first radio in our house, an ornate box with numerous wires leading from it to batteries and accumulators. Perched on top was a clumsy loudspeaker. Once this wonderful invention was in operation, no one dared walk past it, or the thing would howl away like a demented banshee (a phenomenon now utilised in some burglar alarms). The superheterodyne receiver cured the whistling when it came into general use, but even until the late 40's, radios were bulky gadgets requiring hefty batteries or a mains eliminator. The transistor brought in the true mini-radio, but even that 'modern' miracle is now old hat with monolithic IC circuits such as the Ferranti ~~1000~~ 14 which only needs a few extra bits to make a full radio. With umpteen circuits on the head of a pin, we are well past the 'magic crystals' of vanVogt's 'Book of Btath'

18
An even more insidious take-over came from three devices which prior to World War 2, were the proud possessions of a privileged few. The refrigerator, the electric washer, and the TV set. Add to these such other newcomers as :- Long Playing records, electric blankets, lawn-mowers, carving knives and toothbrushes. Throw in the large-scale use of plastics, thixotropic and one-coat paints, and of course, the tape recorder. The latter having crept in so quietly that many authors never noticed when..and so use the gadgets in pre-war stories.

Outside the home, cars are more reliable, plentiful, better performing..and more expensive (but the individual car pollutes less if you happen to be a conservationist). Continental travel (usually in a jet plane) is commonplace, but not the only way. Recently, I travelled to (and from) France aboard the SRN 74 Hovercraft and last Christmas I spoke on the phone to my daughter - who lives in Australia. Heart transplants no longer make headlines, intercontinental TV is a commonplace and shades of pre-war Lindbergh, one newspaper has even promoted a TransAtlantic go-as-you-please race !

Anyone whose ears are not separated by several inches of expanded polystyrene can extend the list in all directions with very little effort. The question is, how many of them were first predicted in pre-war science-fiction ? Precious few I venture to suggest. Which makes me wonder what we might expect to see in the next 50 years. If past experience is any guide, we shall not find the answer by looking to the s-f authors. The Channel Tunnel may become reality. A Mars trip is a possibility, and electric, non-polluting vehicles seem on the cards, as do organ transplants and wide spread use of oral contraceptives (for men as well as women). These however, are all rooted in the present, so how about a few s-f 'futures' not yet with us.

Black Reynolds offers us a citizen's 'Inalienable Basic Stock' as a sort of super dole. His society, being computer based and highly mechanised, has high production and few real jobs. Plausible, but can you see today's Trade Unions allowing mechanisation to get that far ? Already, they have scuppered a scheme to load barges in the UK's inland city ports ready to be carried in super ships right to the Continent. 'NO' say the unions..!we have to trans-ship the goods to other barges or we're losing jobs. Rather than a mechanised society, s-f would do better to investigate a Union-run country. Following on this, we often meet up with the concept of a 'World Government'..well, Ben Nova fingers that one in the August 74 issue of Analog by pointing out that sovereign governments just WON'T relinquish power...which is why the League of Nations had no teeth, and why the United Nations is hamstrung by the power of veto. So it looks as though WorldGov is out...again, unless it be a Trade Union Amalgamation

So what else can we expect ? Well, drugs and violence look like escalating while moral standards decline. Add to this a general drop-off in average intelligence and our world of the future is likely to have drug bars, brothel parties and script-less comic books alongside picture newspapers. Personal cars will be armoured, and the Englishman's home will once again become his castle to keep out the street gangs. On a happier note, there will still be fanzines....unless they are full of one word poetry. Let's hope I'm a lousy prophet.

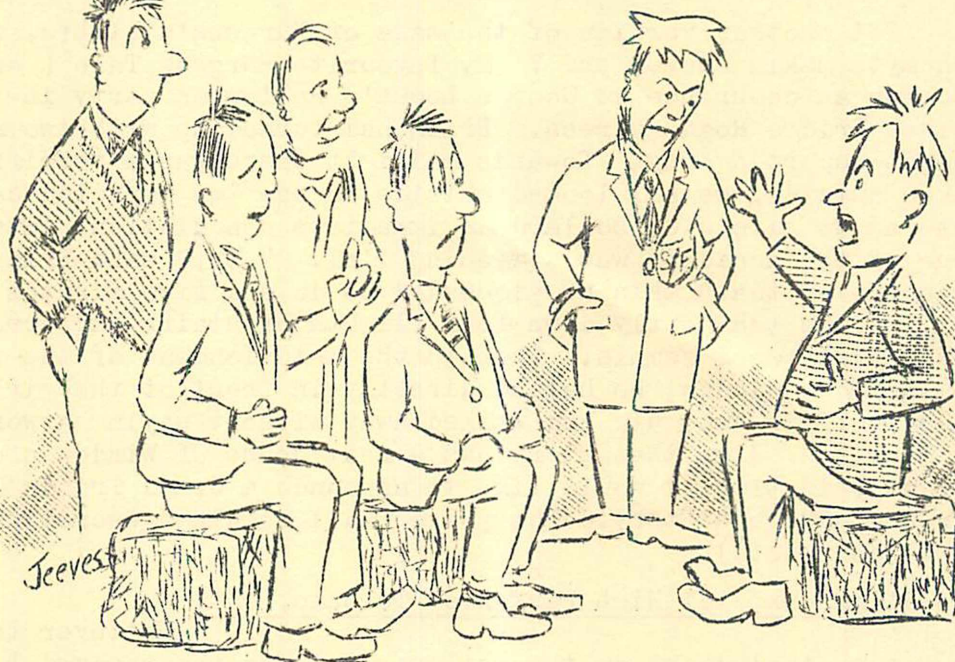
Terry

FANSAID

19

LETTERS
OF
COMMENT
AND
SUCH.

AND A
BRACKETED EB.



Jhim Linwood, 125 Twickenham Rd, Isleworth, Middx.

TRIODE 19! Can this be a fanzine? Impossible, it contains no naughty words, offends no-one, is free from crackpot-ravings, lacks any of the poetry and fiction that graces so many of our wunnerful anglo-fmz, is literate, entertaining..... were fmz really once like this? When someone flashed TRIODE 19 before my eyes at the Tynecon three possibilities presented themselves to me; 1) I'd freaked out, 2) Keith Walker had produced a facsimile of a bygone issue, or 3) George Locke had made a small fortune by selling a back number to some unsuspecting neofan. But here it is; somewhat of an anachronism bearing little relation to the current fannish scene (bar your support for Peter Roberts), deeply rooted in the past, yet still preserving the light sophistication of the late Fifties fmz; a touch much needed in these days of sercon fueds and brash fan-writing. ((We also make typos...!))

Casting film stars in my favourite SF stories is one of my more futile pastimes as well as Greenleaf's (down with pseudonyms!)((Truth can be stranger than fiction, Jim, Greenleaf lives...and he's pretty deeply rooted, as well!)), but I only go as far as leads and more important; the director. My current project is Steve McQueen in Zelazny's DAMNATION ALLEY directed by either Roger Corman or Dennis Hopper. When casting for Phil Dick's novels I come up with the same repertory company of Donald Sutherland, Dustin Hoffman, Martin Balsam ((Any relation to Friars Balsam ?)), Walter Matthau, Sandy Dennis, and Julie Christie. Directors are difficult; Hitchcock would be good for UBIK (did you see VERTIGO ?) ((No. But I think Mike Moorcock did!)), while George Roy Hill and Robert Aldrich have done some quite stunning time-reality distortion effects in, respectively,

SLAUGHTERHOUSE 5, and KISS ME DEADLY, which makes them obvious choices. There is a rumour going round that John Boorman gave up his proposed project to film LOTR because he couldn't shrink Marlon Brando down to Hobbit size, he made ZARDOZ instead...uhh?. ((So, it looks as though Mickey Rooney never will get to play Bilbo, you think ?))

Yet another version of the saga of Burgess's Lights, will this fan-nish myth making never end ? My favourite Burgess Tale (and this is true) concerns an occurrence at George Locke's Halloween party in '62 at his old Chelsea Bridge Road address. Brian had turned up with two smashing birds from an escort agency. Towards midnight there was a terrific screech of brakes outside, we all looked outside to see two impacted cars in such a state as to give J.G. Ballard an immediate ejaculation. Standing by the scene of the accident was a weeping girl. " Oh," said Brian, " I'll make her a cup of tea." this he proceeded to do and five minutes later was carrying the tea gently down four flights of stairs and across the road to the distressed female. Then to the astonishment of the fans observing from Georges window; he halted directly in front of the girl, drank the tea himself in one gulp and walked away without saying a word to her! ((Thank you, Jim, that story has a real Sense Of Window about it. And, now, at this time, I would like to announce a Grand Triode Tourney for Your Best Burgess Story. The prize shall remain a secret until next issue, but do compete.))

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ont.

Whatever the reason you saw fit to include me on the mailing list for the revived TRIODE, I most heartily thank you for it. If Seventh Fandom is going to live again, I'm going to be delighted to share in its rebirth. Naturally I've little experience with the great publications of that era, but the few copies of HYPHEN, RETRIBUTION etc that I've seen have impressed me greatly, and this TRIODE is very strongly reminiscent of many of the best aspects of these old giants. In appearance, this has to be one of the most remarkable fnz I've seen in ages. The hand cut Tolkien illos by Cawthorn are simply mind-boggling! Did he cut them himself, or was Terry in action ? ((Jim drew the illos directly onto stencil, he's one of the old-time masters of the art.)) The entire atmosphere created by the hand-stencilled illos worked into the type is completely different from the general style of fnz today and I for one love it. It's like getting a piece of history in the mail, or receiving a time machine. I don't think you need worry any more: your temporal surgery at the '54 con has been overwhelmingly successful and fanzines are fun once more! ((But remnants of NaSFaS still linger, I fear...))

I suppose it isn't a particularly blinding revelation to say that few people are writing Seventh Fandom material nowadays. And I find that sort of material difficult to comment on. I enjoy it, mind you, but beyond that there's not much else to say. What can one say, for example, about The Harrison Story ? Groan out loud twenty times or so and send a cassette tape of reaction ? Or just enjoy the story and mention it as something they should try to get hold of ? ((Both permissible, Mike, and I'm sending you a copy of the Harrison Hymn which, if sung frequently helps to inspire Hurstmonceaux and Faversham.)) Or perhaps bemoan the fact that this is the first time I've had the pleasure of reading His adventures and it seems destined to be the last time also ? None gives the amount of egoboo deserved for this clever and amusing piece.

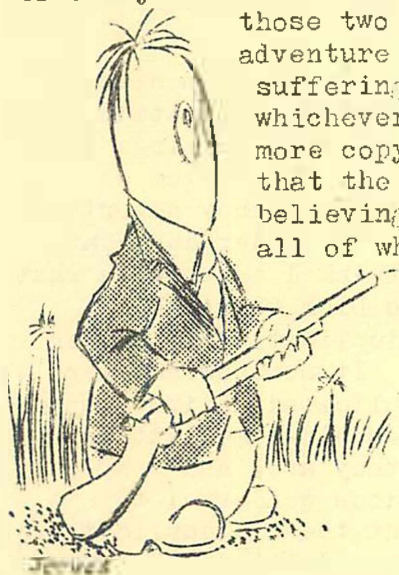
Is Don Allen going to do a series of articles, looking at a year of fannish history each time? I'd be delighted to hear that he was. All of us would be true-fen are interested in fannish history and there are too few people both qualified and interested in writing it. With Harry Warner just starting on fandom in the Fifties, it's going to be far too long a wait until we get to the sort of fannish events that have some relevance to fans of today. Somehow the political wrangling of New York fandom in the early '40s lacks any immediacy for me (although I was interested in it from a historical viewpoint) whereas the history of Irish Fandom is far more involvin. More, more, I'm still not satisfied! ((It would seem fairly obvious that there will be a fair amount of time-binding in TRIODE; inevitable even, perhaps.... but the overall intention is to produce a fanzine-of-today that has the ambience of yesterday, thus fan-history will not be treated too seriously in style...which, since we're dealing mainly with a period when fen didn't take themselves, generally, too seriously is perhaps the best way ??))

I've been interviewed for various media in the last few years and invariably the interviewer gets round to sf as a prediction source. It's very hard for most of the general public to realize that prediction is very low on the list of priorities of sf writers. And that's exactly where it should be. To me, it's silly for fans to point out where writers have missed in their predictions, as it is for them to take personal pride in the fact that occasionally writers have been extremely accurate. That isn't what sf is about, at least not for me.

I thoroughly enjoyed TRIODE 19, Eric, and there's much excellent writing in it. It reads as if it were fun to put out, and I hope you'll be continuing with it on a regular basis. ((Providing the feedback is as good as with this issue, I doubt that we'll be able to resist the temptation..))

William Harrison, Federal Palace Hotel, Lagos, Nigeria.

Have just had the latest TRIODE relayed to me on the tribal tom-toms. A very fine effort. Certainly Owen is to be congratulated, on the punctuation at least. If those two greedy swine believe that this will be my last adventure to be recorded they are, as I always thought, suffering from severe mental aberrations - or affluence - whichever is the worst. Leave this to me. You will have more copy!! ((One of the hazards of fannish writing is that the characters write back!! Some of them even start believing what you've written about them, too..... all of which I wouldn't mind, but I do wish they'd give native-runners their fare home or else use more normal means of sending letters!))



E.C. Tubb, London.

He...he...pappy, you sure gonna show these neo's how it should be done. TRIODE 19 received with thanks and reading it was like tasting a rare and unusual vintage wine. Naturally I liked it, the little touches of ancient fan humour - ((Oy!))

where oh where has it gone of late ? The artwork superb, the editorial - I suggest it should be compulsory reading for all would-be faneds - His Final Bow - never! Harrison will live!! ((That's what he says, too.))

TIME TRAVAIL tweaked my heart - was all that so long ago ? But surely Burgess wasn't selling pies at the Supermancon...still in an alternate universe anything can happen, and to read about the old, ancient days brought to mind the true-fan tales and other pieces of that era. A pity that someone - you ? - couldn't sit down and compile a history of those hectic days. I don't suppose anyone who wasn't around then would possibly be interested, but the older you get the more nostalgic you become - at least I do. And, crying in my beer, I ask for more. Nice work, Eric. Very nice indeed, Terry. ((Thanks, Ted. See you at the annual 'Wheelchair to Brighton' run ?))

Archie Mercer, 21 Trenethick Parc, Holston, Cornwall.

Many thanks for TRIODE the nineteenth. It is (naturally) good - maybe even excellent - of its kind. I am, however, prompted at this point to wonder, and to wonder seriously at that, just what its kind is doing in 1974 fandom. I'm not perhaps the best person to wonder thus, inasmuch as I myself don't have all that much to do with 1974 fandom nowadays. However, it does seem reasonably evident that T19 is a deliberate attempt to recreate the past. And I am frankly dubious at its chance of making it on anything more than a much-reduced and increasingly ingrowing scale. ((I'm not sure about this myself, Archie. It all depends whether enough young fan and old can be arm-twisted into writing the kind of material that will convince others that fandom is a place to have fun in....but not, necessarily in any stereotyped-written manner. However, let it be known that TRIODE isn't set on a Gholly Hrusade against the sercon infidel. Nowt so serious.))

This particular Harrison episode is as good as any I can recall and probably better. I seem to recall not being entirely 'with' some of the earlier ones, never having read deeply in certain near-contemporary branches of far-fetched-though-non-sf-fiction. I can happily report that 'His Final Bow' does not appear to suffer from the same defect, though whether the difference is in the content thereof or simply in my having become in the interim somewhat more acclimatised to the genre's nuances is another matter.

Not that it has any direct bearing on TRIODE, but you do mention that the lost BLAZON is or was designed as a lithographed publication, and I find this news slightly disturbing. To my mind, the only fanzines that should be lithoed are those which contrive to transcend the medium so that remaining fnz at heart and appealing greatly to fans, they nevertheless appeal also to sufficient of the general public to render duplication impracticable in the terms of fan-hours consumed. ((Think I agree with what you are thinking. Litho' is ideal for a fnz such as Dick Geis' 'ALIEN CRITIC' which caters for the pro' and reader of sf; duplication is better for the publication devoted to the inveterate faan. It somehow has more 'atmosphere', probably because when fans use the duplicated medium they do things with it that nowone else has tried (Terry has old-time letters from Gestetner to prove this), whilst with litho' they are, and can, only ape the professionals. Bill Bowers, for instance, does wonderful things with layout in OUTWORLDS using the litho' medium, but the old duplicated fnz he produced were more pleasing, to me. Prejudice admitted.))

I opened the envelope thinking: what's this? - why it's not - no - surely not! But there it was T19. For a moment you had me in the state of mind which used to make me wonder if Cthulhu might rise again. Well, almost: I don't flip back easily to adolescence these days. Which is perhaps why I found TRIODE an odd, slightly uneasy, rather frustrating experience. Heaven knows I recognised all the references: Alan Dodd, the Arkadin of fandom; the fueds; zap-guns; Wansborough, Burgess' Lights. Equally, nostalgia is timely: Hollywood is making a fortune with it right now. Yet strain costively as I might, I couldn't make contact with the nostalgia you and your contributors so clearly and enjoyably felt. All right, so I wasn't there. I wasn't involved in the events everyone's reminiscing about. At least, not physically; but my heavens, I remember steeping myself in all the fanzine reports of them, when I joined LiG in '60: saturating myself (pto)

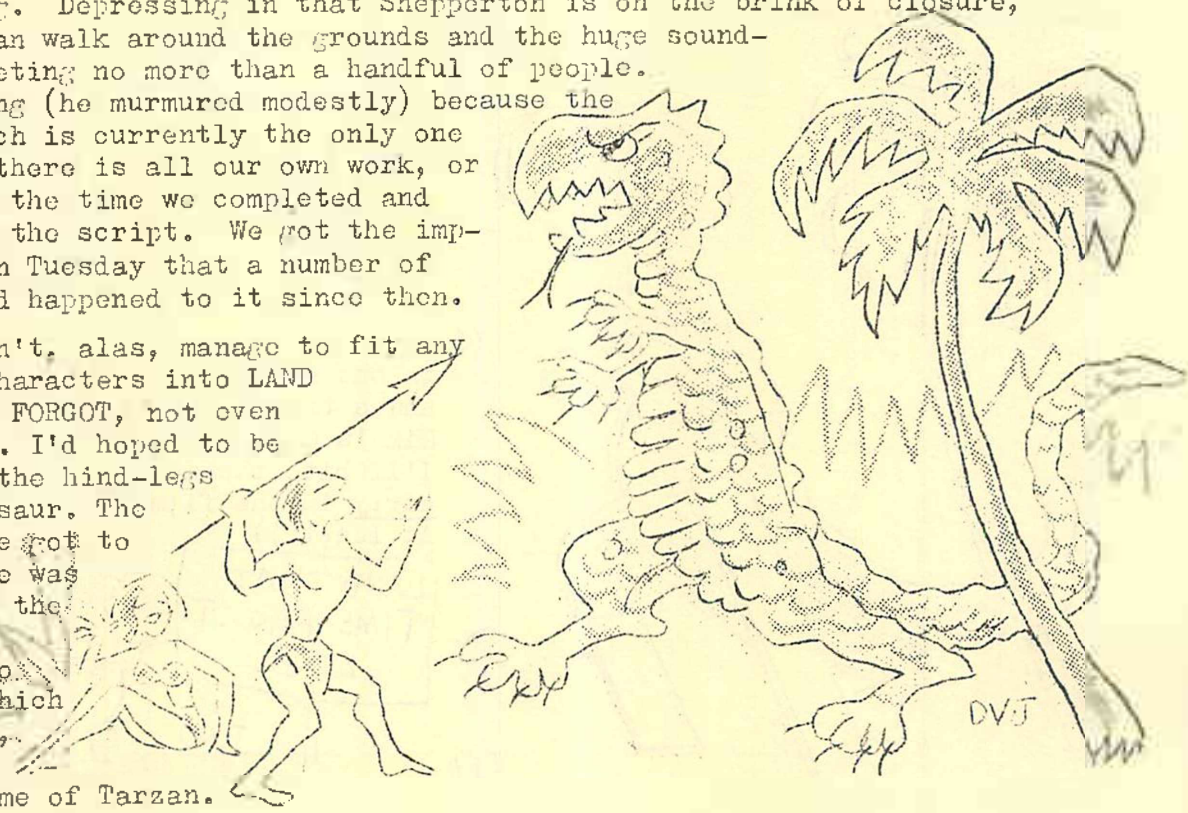
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MEANWHILE AT THE EARTH'S CORE WITH JIM CAWTHORNE.

Don't know if you've heard that Mike Moorcock and I scripted the film version of Burrough's LAND THAT TIME FORGOT for Amicus. It's now in production at Shepperton and we went out there on tuesday to see them work. On the way, we drove past Heathrow, and if the film contains even one scene half so hair-raising as watching a jumbo-jet apparently about to touch down on the motorway just ahead of us, it ought to out-gross THE EXORCIST.

I realise that you lot are hardened and cynical movie-makers, but this was my first visit to a studio, and it was both fascinating and depressing. Depressing in that Shepperton is on the brink of closure, and you can walk around the grounds and the huge sound-stages meeting no more than a handful of people. Fascinating (he murmured modestly) because the film, which is currently the only one shooting there is all our own work, or was up to the time we completed and delivered the script. We got the impression on Tuesday that a number of things had happened to it since then.

We didn't, alas, manage to fit any fannish characters into LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, not even ourselves. I'd hoped to be at least the hind-legs of a dinosaur. The nearest we got to an in-joke was to change the heroine's surname to Clayton, which of course, is the family name of Tarzan.



until I might just as well have lived through it all, so word perfect was I. Now I look back on myself, raving about heavy-handed Hammer films, and writing verbose horror fiction, and believing Lovecraft was the greatest writer I'd ever read, and cricking my neck as I admired the first real writers I'd met ((James White and Bob Shaw, perhaps ??)), and being terribly ill that first night of my first con, and hoping I'd be able to watch fans squirting each other with water, maybe even participate, and - well, I'd be putting it too strongly to say I'm embarrassed as I look back; but I don't see anything worth salvaging, either. ((Neither did we, at the time, when we picked you up off the floor and put you to bed!))

All right, so you say on page five that the whole point is having fun. Fair enough, but I can't help having the same insistent doubt that I feel when I'm told that the point of the Knights of Saint Pantony is having fun: if that's the point then why, despite all the jocularity and the -
pto.

When Amicus accepted our script they took it away from our grubby little fingers and didn't let us do anything more to it. What they have done to it will only become apparent when we see the first 'cut' of the completed film. Anyhow, they've asked us to adapt a second ERB novel, AT THE EARTH'S CORE, the production of which largely depends on how well LAND THAT TIME FORGOT does at the box-office during its X'mas release in the U.S.A., and in the West End. We'll be submitting an outline of the script for AT THE EARTH'S CORE, when we go to see the first complete version of LTTF. If it is accepted, things will probably follow a similar schedule to the previous film. Script to be delivered by year-end, shooting to begin in spring '75. Assuming that the entire economic structure of the Western World hasn't collapsed before then!

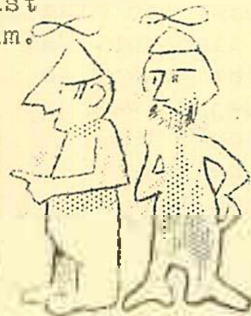
I wonder if we could get your name into the second film?

" According to the Bentcliffe Effect, we should be able to reach Barsoom almost instantaneously..." Or, " The last of our chaps who tried to penetrate Pollucidar was Bentcliffe. Damn' good fella, old Bentcliffe. Pity..."

((After my appearance as a bar-tender in one of Bob Tuckers' thrillers, and a brief guest-appearance in Mike's CURE FOR CANCER, I suspect I'll bite the dust early in the film.

(At least...))

LAND THAT
TIME FORGOT
SET 20



nudging, is everyone so damn serious ? Beneath your jollity, and Terry's, and Don Allen's, there's an almost incessant refrain of Golden Age, Golden Age, Golden Age. Maybe it's just in my head. But if it isn't then I find it a bit belated, even redundant, when I turn to the Sunday Times and find Godfrey Smith taking not only sf but fanzines, fandom and Eastercons quite seriously (and yes, to head off any insular protests, it does matter - unless fandom feels it's desirable to give him and the rest of the media reason to do the opposite). ((As to old Godfrey; I think what he is taking seriously is the present sf-oriented fandom and fanzines, which is rather a different thing from what the, yclept Golden Age is all about. At the time when I became relatively active in fandom again, a couple of years back, there was constant reference to this Golden Age by the newer active-fans; as there has been since. Personally, I've never referred to it as such without qualification because it isn't my personal 'Golden Age' of fandom. Probably because I don't know the characters of current-fandom sufficiently well to feature them in tales of fannish frolic (or to know how they'd react to this cavalier treatment!), I write mainly about those I do, or did, know well. I suspect similar 'excuses' would be valid for Don and Terry.))

Yes, I laughed sometimes, in case you were wondering: at things as diverse as Bjo's slogan, your built-up shoes, Terry's BLAZON sideswipe, and the Harrison Adventure. Jim Cawthorn's work is as remarkable as ever; I've seen enough good sf and fantasy films not to need to invent any, and I'm surprised Greenleaf stopped short of set design, camera and direction; and your editorial leaves me wondering how dubious social comment may be distinguished from any other kind, or what your criteria are. ((Make a dubious social comment, and find out!))

Sam Loner, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida.

Thank you, than you. I had read that TRIODE was out, and was about to write and ask you for a copy when what should I find in my letterbox but a copy of that excellent fnz. Excellent and fannish. All the way thru, I was either chuckling or guff-awing: I haven't had so much fun reading a fnz in a long time.

For instance, in your editorial: it's obvious that you've never heard of FLAW, the Front for the Liberation of Aardvarks and Wombats, a guerilla organization that is trying to overthrow the oppressive silly-animal fandoms under which those poor animals (and others) suffer. And, by the way, I hope you will publish some fannish poetry: ie funny or light fannish/faanish stuff like my Parodies Lost and Parodies Regained. But 'serious' fan poetry ? Never. I'm fully in agreement there. It's 99.9% junk. By the way, is that a Greep on page 4 ? What is the exact relationship between a Greep and a Soggy ? ((In this permissive world... your guess is as good as mine!)) It's been a long time since we had a really fannish superhero. There's the Purple Flash, of course, who saved the American fannish world from the evil clutches of LaSFS back in '65 or so, but WHM seems fully his equal. I like a good fannish epic, and the WHM saga was surely one.

Ah nostalgia! Fifty-nine was a good fannish year; weren't they all ? A goodly number of the fans named are still around. But on to casting films of books. It's not often I 'cast' books, but I often find myself turning the book into a film in my mind, -

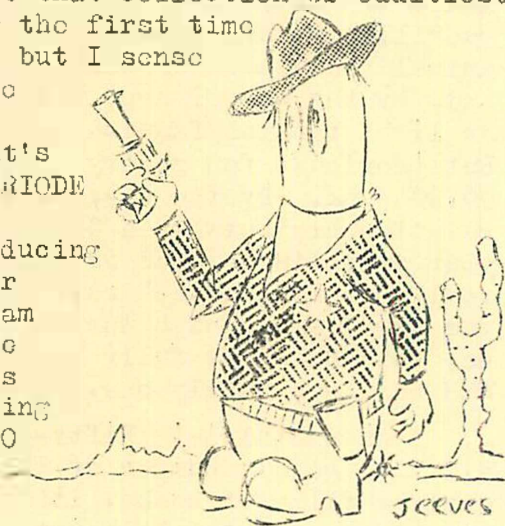
or at least mulling over how I'd go about it, usually with myself playing some part. For instance, I'd dearly love to play Jubal Harshaw in a film of SISL, but I'm forced to admit that I'm neither the physical nor mental type for it. Perhaps Ben Caxton? Now here's a question; what characters would you like to play in a film of your favourite SF (or other) books? ((I'd like to film AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, as a first choice, the SS first-version of the story, that is; but doubt that I'd be suited to any of the roles either. And I've always thought that Ed Hamilton's CITY AT WORLDS END (also from Startling) would make a good film. However, if it came to appearing in a film; being something (?) of a piano-player I'd like to feature in one of the old, lush, hollywood musicals....one that was not made, in fact...I'd like to play Hoagy Carmichael; in the film of the same name! There's a reaction you didn't expect.))

Jim Cawthorne's Tolkien portfolio was excellent, except for one thing: the picture 'Anduril' should have been titled 'Gimli at Deepning Wall'; and there was a touch of awkwardness in 'At Orthanc': the wizards' hands and face didn't look wrinkled enough. ((Remarkable this, since Jim cut the stencils back in '62 and I've been hoarding them ever since!! In fact one of the driving forces behind TRIODE's re-appearance was quite possibly the guilt I felt over them languishing in the file. So interesting to know if any other hand-cut stencils have been run after such a long time?))

Pamela Boal, 43 Hawthorne Cres, Grove, Wantage.

I really enjoyed Emile Greenloaf's offering; I am unable to go to the cinema so can not suggest other stars (except from tv 'images'). Gordon Jackson might do well for Fritharik. Glonda Jackson a candidate for Mathaswena. I think Paul Newman is pretty rather than handsome and wonder if Peter O'Toole would not be a better choice. Any way, great fun; I hope Emile will do another article like that and perhaps we could also kick around a scenario for another story, suggest settings and special-effects? ((Mmm. Well, how about helping Mike and Jim with their project on AT THE EARTH'S CORE. Let's have some pellucid comment on this.))

Thank you (I think) for classing me with the younger fans. I would suspect I am a bit of an oddity, even amongst that collection of oddities. Very few people first wonder into fandom for the first time at my age, and even fewer women. Forgive me but I sense a slight schism between the two factions, the older group tending to say "we did it better in our day", and the younger retorting; "That's as maybe but we are doing it now." I think TRIODE has a more important role than you see in it yourself. The fact that an older fan is producing a fnz that is good, will interest the younger element and might help heal that breach. (I am particularly happy to note that you avoid the paternalistic tone that I see in some letters from the older fans.) Added to the two existing groups was a third at the Tynecon; over a 100 neo's brought in, I gather, by th SciFi Monthly. I see a danger of the whole thing splitting asunder, three ways. ((Well, we do call it TRIODE!))



Bill Harry, Queensway, London.

Ye gods, there I was in my local pub, cranking my aged arms in the legitimate task of docking a pint of lager into the orifice between my trembling lips when this fresh-faced young man came striding by with a handful of fanzines. Peter Roberts by name, he'd received a note from me previously regarding the close proximity of our respective habitations. You could have knocked me down with a Beanie, for atop this heap was something I took for a very ancient document. A copy of TRIODE. After helping myself to another medicinal pint I enquired whether this familiar salmon-covered blast from the past was an antique, and discovered it was a newly-inked cub of the old dog.

So, after twelve years in the wilderness, I take to the typewriter again as on my first fanletter; trembling so much that I once again get the typewriter stutter and litter the sheet with typo's and mis-spellings having written impeccable letters in the course of my work during the past decade-and-a-bit. What happened to Peter Reaney? How come Terry's illustrations retain the fine bold stylus line after all these years, I thought he'd be doddering all over the page; ((Well, I do let him stencil the illos before I do the typing!)) talking of Doddering, what happened to Alan Dodd? Ron Bennett is back in Harrogate I hear, did he leave Cecil in Singapore or is that small elephant still searching for Damon Runyon; for years I've wanted to know what happened to John Ashcroft and Southport Fandom?

After I left fandom I started a newspaper called Mersey Beat. After five years of blood, sweat and tears I retreated to Manchester to do some publicity for bands and then ended up in London as manager of The Four Pennies. When they disbanded ((Er, still punning, I see...)) I became a hack for the music papers and was asked to become press agent for The Kinks and Hollies. Then I began to handle press for music groups - Led Zeppelin, Free, Jethro Tull, Procol Harum, The Beach Boys, Ten Years After, Mott The Hoople (they do sound like fanzines, don't they?) and am still engaged in this work with artists such as Suzi Quatro, Mungo Jerry, Cozy Powell and more of the like. ((So how about a few fannish tales of the pop-groups, Bill?))

Don Allen, 12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle.

The arrival of TRIODE was like a breath of spring. I've read so many lousy fanzines this past year I was beginning to believe that the spirit of Trufanism was dying. Now and again a good fanzine would come along, such as TRIODE, and so keep the flame kindled. A welcome blast from the past. The Golden Age of Fandom lives again! ((Watch it! You'll start Ramsey off again...))

It was Leonardo da Vinci who invented the submarine, along with numerous other things, and not Verne or Wells as Terry thinks. ((Yes, but his sunk!)) Did you see that program on tv about him? (No, not Terry, bloody Leonardo). If anyone has to be called the Father of SF it should be him! His writings and drawings were far ahead of his time. ((Yes, very much like some of Atom's earlier work, as I recall))

ENDLINES FROM JOHN OWEN Many thanks to Terry for depicting Harrison as we'd all like to remember Him, and not as He actually now is.// And for Mathaswena, how about Sydne Rome who would look even better in castiron bra, chainmail mini-skirt and thonged golden wellies....

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"SO WE ALL GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY"

BEING A HISTORY, yecept, of
BRITISH FANDOM in sundry and
diverse parts.....

By

Eric Bentcliffe.

There's quite a deal of discussion around fanzines and fandom at the moment as to whether or not the B.S.F.A. is a necessary adjunct to British Fandom.....or even, whether it has anything to do with Fandom!

Now these are dialectical matters which are much too profound for your humble author to attempt to resolve. But, they do provide a pertinent excuse for a little time-binding relevant to the forming of the Association - about which, there have also been Questions Asked of late. "Was it a ruse?" you ask, "to get additional subscribers for the fanzines of the day? Or, perhaps, just a means of getting more money into the Bennett Postal Brag Scheme? Or, even, a last-ditch attempt to find 'extras' willing to appear in Harry Nadler's gory fannish movies?"

Well, it was all these, of course....plus, I suspect, a sort of fannish death-wish. Anyway, it all began some weeks before the 1958 Kettering Convention - the third, and alas, last, of the conventions to be held at the George Hotel so justly famed for its Blog Drinking and Brag Playing facilities.

Just a few weeks prior to the convention, Vin~~o~~ Clarke had circulated to most of the active fans of the day a little thing called "DON'T JUST SIT THERE...", the message of which was that U.K. Fandom was in dire danger of ingrowing its existence. It had become so esoteric to anyone now appearing on its fringe that it had no apparent connection to the Science-Fiction Fandom that it was supposed (?) to be. We were, it intimated, in danger of bringing true a faanish parable of the time...

"The Last Faan sat alone in his room, nowone knocked at the door!"

So, it was agreed that a meeting should be held during the convention weekend; that the bar would be closed early, and Norman Shorrocks Room locked and barred at the same time, to make this possible.....all Zap-guns,

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playing cards and femme-fans would be confiscated at 3p.m. on the Sunday afternoon. Now, I'm not going to attempt to give a coherent account of that meeting - apart from the fact that it happened a looong time ago, it was rather a traumatic experience for me; and I'm referring to the fact that I was inveigled into becoming a member of the committee rather than the diabolical locking of the Shorrocks room!

I think that Vinç spoke first, and embroidered on the message in his pamphlet. Dave Newman then elected himself chairman of the meeting and after waking all those who had already dozed off, introduced the fan who did the real damage - Edwin C. Tubb.

Now, Ted Tubb, as anyone will know who has been to a convention auction and purchased a tattered Volsted Gridban pb under the apprehension that it was progressive porn', has A Silver Tongue. A Harsh Voice, but a Silver Tongue. A Harsh Voice, A Silver Tongue and A Warm Heart.

" Why should we," he enquired, " carouse every Easter and some of us even more often, when there are science-fiction readers all over the country deprived of this privilege - soberly, secretively reading their aSF when they could be here, with us, buying us drinks, worshipping at our feet, carrying us up to bed at dawn....."

It was a magnificent speech and even before he had finished it and we'd wiped the tears from our eyes, we all knew what had to be done - Ted Tubb must be Chairman of whatever it was we were about to form. However, we reckoned without Ted's adeptness and experience in fandom for, without pausing for breath, he announced just how disappointed he was that he was unable to stand for office due to his numerous dependants and a bad foot. Gritting our collective teeth at his anguish, we still avowed that he shouldn't escape scot-free!

Sometime round about here a noble being managed to get things bogged down by bringing up the topic of what the new organisation, association, or society should be called. This was a very clever gambit and almost resulted in the meeting being adjourned to 1959, or '60, at the behest of several thirsty fans. However, after much altercation it was decided to call it 'THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, over several dead bodies.

It was now becoming obvious to those of us who hadn't managed to, by fair means or foul, escape the meeting-room that someone was going to be elected to something if someone wasn't very careful. It had been allright deciding on a title for the Association; it hadn't, even, been too bad being locked Blog-less in a room for five-hourse - we were, after all, working up a fine thirst - but, we'd have to be very, very careful now... The crucial moment, the crunch, was delayed by an argument as to how many officers the association should have, what their powers should be.....and several more (frantic) attempts to get the meeting adjourned until 1959!

Undeterred though, by all the gentle hints, Dave Newman called the meeting to order again, and above the cries of "...three straight Blog's, and fifteen Shorrocks 99's...." and such, uttered in a loud voice that we must get on with the business of electing suitable officers to the Association. Within five nana-seconds he had been elected as Chairman!!

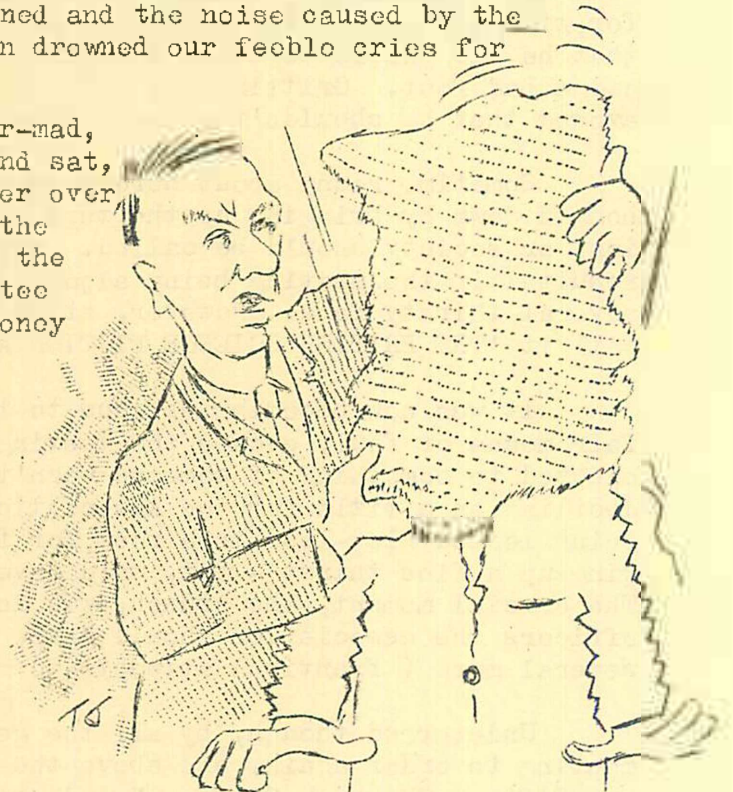
It had been decided earlier that the association would have a committee of four, their titles to be Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, and Official Editor. Approaching the moment of truth obliquely, it was decided to vote on the Treasury Department next - this being generally agreed to be the least difficult post to fill. Archie Mercer, his caravan in dire need of repair and renovation, was prevailed upon to accept the post.

Walt Willis was put forward as the Editor of the association's journal - he not being present at the meeting; but the already elected Chairman ruled his swift and unanimous election out-of-order. The post was then 'offered' to Ted Tubb, who, still suffering from laryngitis after his earlier heroic speech was unable to say 'no' loud enough above the cheers and cries of "Rhubarb", to avoid being elected!

Now we came to who was going to be Secretary; and a long, very loud silence! Norman G. Wansborough was proposed, but with most unusual elan and alacrity, managed to escape at that very moment through a tunnel he had dug into the Devil's Kitchen. Terry Jeeves was proposed, but regretfully declined the honour on the grounds of insanity! I was proposed, and since Terry had just used the excuse I had thoughtlessly written on my cuff, found myself in a most awkward position - the three chairs I had just piled on top of one another in an endeavor to reach an unbarred skylight, collapsed and deposited me directly in front of the podium. Momentarily paralysed, I could only temporise by saying that I couldn't possibly do the job myself - "Allright, they said, cruelly, " so we'll elect Jeeves to help you!" Before either Terry or myself could think up a suitable reply to this, the meeting was adjourned and the noise caused by the rapid exodus of a horde of thirsty fen drowned our feeble cries for mercy.

The Committee, momentarily power-mad, sent out for suitable refreshments, and sat, morosely commiserating with one another over our predicament. At least, we'd had the forethought to provide ourselves with the authority to co-opt additional committee members....and there was always the money to be made from selling the Meat Pie Concession to Brian Burgess at next years convention! A brief committee meeting was held to define jobs: Terry was to double as assistant-secretary and publisher of the association's journal. Dave Newman was to make his first priority the aquisition of a suitable President, to lend the B.S.F.A. an aura of Science-Fictional respectability.

The rest of the convention passed very pleasantly, everyone insisted on buying the committee members drinks, and congratulating them heartily;



CO-OPTING A COMMITTEE

in retrospect, I think that this was a gambit to ensure that none of the Committee were to be allowed to sober enough to resign! However, we all, at the time, appreciated the gesture.

For the first few weeks after the convention everything went uncommon smooth. Ted got to work on the first issue of VECTOR (indeed, he practically wrote it himself) and Terry oiled his duper in readiness to run it off. As I recall it, the first issue of VECTOR (Summer '58) appeared at the same time as TRIODE No.14; on which, fortunately, I'd done most of the stencilling prior to getting elected.

But.....and meanwhile, All Was Not Well With The Chairman....

I'd received no replies to letters sent to Dave, and neither had any of the other committee members. Since I was the closest to Dave (in terms of distance, that is), who was at that time living on the Wirral and also a member of The Liverpool Group; I delegated myself to find out what had happened to the lad. I hastily entrained for the Shorrock menage, then, as now, the principle meeting place for Liverpool Fandom; having previously phoned Norman & Ina requesting that they arrange one of the usual extra-ordinary LiG meetings. And this, I discovered, they had done with their usual flair when I arrived at Arnot Way. A note was pinned to the front door: " Meeting will take place outside Funny House, Pleasurelands, Southport, in half-an-hour. Hurry up!"



I hurried. And discovered on arrival at the appointed destination that Bad News Was At Hand. Norman, with an arm around my shoulder, hastily poured a bottle of Bollinger '43 into me and informed me that Dave Newman had, apparently, vanished from fankind. And, what was even worse, had taken the LiG minutes and best bottle-opener with him! Those discerning readers amongst you familiar with the saga of Sir. William Makepeace Harrison, may recollect that the series, not infrequently, features an arch-fiend by the name of Herr. von Neumann who, also not infrequently, is nibbled at by the dreaded piranha-fish, savaged by packs of wild-corgies, and dunked in noxious vats of unmentionable fluids. In such manner do we of LiG remember those who have left us!!

And, alas, Other Crises Were Looming. A certain faction called Inchmery Fandom made a bid for the Treasury..."They knew how to keep books and Archie," who only did it for a living,"couldn't possibly do it half so well..."

Resisting this tempting offer wasn't difficult; and we did explain to them that there really wasn't any Treasury to take over as yet, anyway! More serious was the reluctant resignation of Ted Tubb as Official Editor. Ted, was just breaking into the big-time as a writer and he just did not have the time to pursue his writing and edit VECTOR. He'd done a darn good job on the first issue of VECTOR, and those of us who were left were sorry to see him go.

This article, perhaps, should have been entitled ' And Then There Were Threc...', the Committee, as elected, now being two men short. However, we closed ranks and consoled ourselves that at least the fewer involved, the easier the decisions. Terry became Editor and Publisher of VECTOR, Archie continued as Treasurer, and I amalgamated the jobs of Chairman and Secretary. TRIODE was to be shelved for the duration of our term of office, and we'd all wear sercon hats for awhile.

And due to a fair amount of hard work by the committee, help, aid, and assistance from the majority of active fans of the period; quite a lot was accomplished in that first twelve months of the B.S.F.A. Four issues of VECTOR appeared; a Convention was organised - the late Bob Richardson was co-opted as organiser, and with the aid of Norman Shorrocks as programme-manager, plus the combined talents of the Liverpool and Cheltenham Groups, a pleasurable affair was held the following Easter at the Imperial Hotel (now the Imperial Centre Hotel, site of the Novacon) in Birmingham. Karl Dollner, a new member of the Association set to work on a GALAXY CHECKLIST, which was soon to see publication, but, which was just beaten into print by " A History and Checklist of NEW WORLDS".

The late Edward (Ted) J. Carnell, had been very helpful since the founding of the B.S.F.A., each issue of NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY carried free advertising for the association, which was a tremendous help in bringing in new members. And since NEW WORLDS was the premier British s-f magazine of the time (and under Ted's editorship, of all time, I think), I thought it a good idea to feature the magazine in what was intended to be the first of a series of bibliographical publications. Brian Burgess had, I knew, compiled a comprehensive listing of the magazines contents; so I wrote him. With typical Burgess Oblige he arrived on my doorstep two days later complete with Rucksack and Checklist!

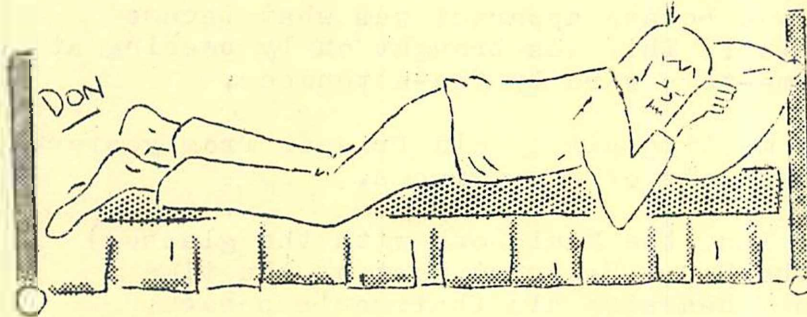
Despite this initial setback....I wrote to Ted to enquire if he would be good enough to pen a brief history of NEW WORLDS. This he was kind enough to do; and with the assistance of Arthur Tavinder (another active new fan) who stencilled the checklist, and Terry who did his usual immaculate job of duplicating, the booklet appeared in early '59.

It was quite a hectic year, but not an unenjoyable one. Nevertheless, I was not in the least reluctant to hand over office at the '59 Eastercon, and to return to being a fanarchist. Whether it was right to form the B.S.F.A. at that time, I don't really know....it did serve its purpose of bringing in a lot of new blood, that can't be denied. Perhaps if we had not founded the association there would have been a greater continuity of fannishness....perhaps HYPHEN would still be appearing, and RETRIBUTION, and..... But, somehow, I rather doubt it!

....Eric Bentcliffe.

//Whilst this article is based on true events,
no incident or characterisation should be taken too seriously.//

THE FAN WHO WAS ONCE AND AGAIN



Part Four
Operation Armageddon
Outa Here!

by

DON
ALLEN

"Oh the blue skies, oh will I never again see the blue skies of Earth?" The voice from beneath the bed lamented. It was by sheer chance that I heard the plaintive cry. If I had not been at floor level myself then the wail of the forelorn fan would have been completely lost.

"Whatsa matter then, matey?" I asked, peering into the black depths of the Underbedworld. The figure in the gloom sobbed heavily and rolled away amidst a profusion of beer bottles which clinked and scattered in his wake. Having replenished my lungs with some of the oxygen still left in the packed room I rose, slowly, to my feet. I suppose it was only natural that the poor sad fan should actually roll away as I had never before noticed that the front bedrooms of the Royal Station Hotel were tilted! Though perhaps it was because one of my legs suddenly felt shorter than the other! Whatever the reason I did have trouble getting across the crowded room and out through the door. Things were much better in the corridor and I happily groped my way through a crowd of femme-fans.

"This is the first hotel I've been in with wall-to-wall people." James White told me.

"I suppose they ran out of rooms so these fans had to book a passage!" I said as I staggered away into the bar.

Peter Roberts was there ensuring that the shares in

Guinness would continue to yield a good profit. Stout Fellow! Peter was one of the first fans I saw on the first Thursday night of TyneCon. Before going into the hotel I did see Ian Williams standing on a box in the station portico writing 'This way to TyneCon' on the window-sills.

"Hallo Ian," I said.

"Not till bloody October 31st." he said and shuffled away into the hotel.

After that, from that moment on, the whole weekend tends to blur into one long period of fannish fun! The four days blended into one, a period commonly known as Convention Daze! Another symptom of the Con which soon became apparent was what became known as Identity-Card-Squint! This was brought on by peering at the tiny writing on the name-tags worn by Con-attendees.

What a delight it was meeting all my old friends from yester-year and equally nice to make lots of new friends.

I did not see much of Ian (the Maule one with the glasses) during the days prior to the Con. He spent most of the time locked away in his bedroom rehearsing his Chairman's speech. Unfortunately, at the Con, I missed most of it! I caught the beginning "Welcome" and the end "Er, Goodbye" but sadly did not hear the middle, which I am told was the best part. In fact I saw very little of the official programme. I would have a shift in the Con-Hall every now and then, listen awhile and then move out to circulate again.

"Good Ghod! Where'd they dig you up from then?" asked Ken Bulmer. "I fort you was dead!"

"Almost, Ken, almost. I've been in a state of suspended fan-imation." I told him and then went on to explain how I dropped out of Fandom all those years ago due to domestic commitments and a build up of fannish pressure. At one stage I just couldn't even face another crittur from Terry Carr! A lot of fans went Gafia in the early Sixties and the New Wave of sercon fans created an atmosphere that wasn't a very great gas with Fannish Fans. Now and then I looked in on the scene just to see what was going on but at times some of the new names confused me! I actually thought that GANNETS stood for Gateshead And Newcastle Neofan Educational Training Society and that RATs were Real Active Tru-fans!

"The time is right for a New Golden Age," I declared. "Even Eric Dentcliffe is renovating his wheel-chair!"

"Yer right, yer know, I agree it is The Time," said Ken as he steamed off singing his old Taff campaign song, "Tresco to San Francisco....."

The Disco was over before it really started! The ringing noise heard every once in awhile was just Harry Bell going like the clappers about his official duties. A Fan Dance sounds alright but not many fans can do the Pandango; perhaps a Knicker Dance, where they dance until they drop, would have been better. There was a Singing Nurse wandering about suffering from a chronic case of guitar!

"What a bleedin' noise!" cried Greg Pickersgill while we were sitting in the corridor outside the Con Hall as the Fancy Dress participants paraded forth.

"The guy in the tin-suit must be Pete Weston going as Sir Con," I remarked.

"No, I wouldn't speculate on that," answered Gray Boak dressed only in a slip-sheet. "This is the ideal clobber for a Tru-Faned. Much cooler too!" Then he was off down the Yellow Brick Road with the Liverpool Group.

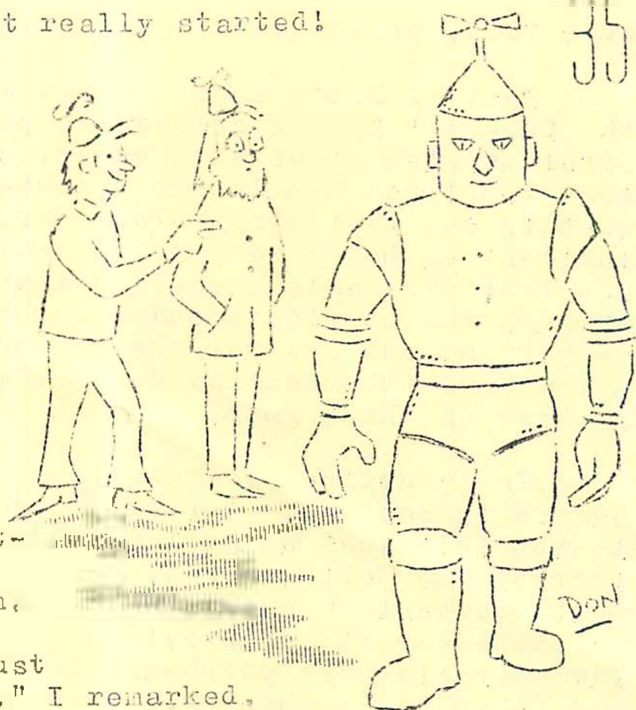
"Oh what am I doing watching bloody Amateur Dramatics at One o' clock in the morning?" wailed Jim Cawthorn.

The hotel food didn't go down very well with some fans! Eddie Jones complained about the cost, "I asked for quail but they must have charged me for a lousy whale!" German fan, Tom Schluck, was obviously sick of the same meat with his meal. "Ach Tongue!" I heard him cry out.

I was delighted to see that the BSFA was still alive and well. Judging by the number of neos constantly fawning around Bob Shaw it was obvious that the Bob Shaw Fan Association was bigger than ever.

"The Motor-car, which unfortunately still has Oirish number-plates, is surrounded by the British Army out in the Car-park. Will you be coming with me, Don, and explain to your Geordie-Police that Oi'm a nice sf fan just here for the cheer." So we went out to the Car-park to explain about sf and conventions.... surprisingly the Army was suddenly reinforced!

Bob Shaw's GoE speech, a sort of after-dinner-stint, was one of the highlights of the Convention. The other being that beautiful glass chandelier which hung above the grand staircase. Bob, a giant from the Golden Age, with his fresh concept of



Star Trek, proved once again that all that wit is not old!

Part of Bob's speech dealt with the 1954 Supermancon and the Burgess' Lights episode in particular. There are so many offal stories about this caper, most of them being absolute tripe, that the truth has become somewhat distorted over the years. So what is the real story about Burgess' Lights? Bob credits the incident as being responsible for the very first 'Hum and Sway' session! The odious smell emitting from the entrails seeped through the corridors and rooms of the hotel. Fans hunted high, very high, and low for the source of the offending odour. Perhaps a few more illuminating details may help to shed a little more mystery on the Lights.

The practice of consulting oracles, astrology and casting augers is not new. Certain London fans dabbled in the occult and it was felt that a small demonstration of the Black Arts would impress the Northern Fen. Burgess was unanimously acclaimed a suitable warlock and assigned the task, as nobody else had the stomach for it, of providing the necessary organic offerings. The entrails were purchased in London, stuffed into a knapsack, and taken to Manchester. Once there, the knapsack was deposited in the bedroom of Peter Hamilton, who, not knowing the contents, thought he was just helping out by looking after Burgess' baggage. Later, on the Saturday night, Burgess returned to the empty bedroom and arranged the entrails on the floor in readiness for the ancient ceremony. In the meantime, Peter returned to his room, was horrified on seeing the disgusting mess on the floor and promptly tipped the whole lot out of the window and into the canal below.

Another story is that the entrails were part of the props for a secret item to be staged by the London Circle. A fake sacrifice on the stage which was to culminate in Ted Tubb throwing the entrails into the audience. Whatever the reason for the entrails being in the hotel the plan was smashed when they were dumped into the canal. That is a fact.

There is another mystery attached to the Supermancon and that is the ill-fated 'Operation Armageddon' alternative programme, planned by the London Circle, but which never really got off the ground. Bert Campbell, the project's key-man, mysteriously disappeared en route to Manchester. Did he chicken out in case the plan went foul on him? Was he fan-napped by Varley's Varlots? (Though it was rumoured at the time that Brian Varley was in cohesion with the LO plan) Bert was to stand trial at the Con for his 'Bloody Provincials' outburst; did he fear a guilty verdict? The trial was still conducted, with Ted Tubb as defence and Terry Jeeves prosecuting. Ron Buckmaster made a game attempt to stand in for Bert and even wore a false beard, but it wasn't very authentic!

The last person to see Bert en route was Vin/ Clarke.

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Together they had left London in the early hours of Saturday morning on Bert's motor-bike as part of the London Circle convoy. A varied assortment of vehicles including a taxi, conveying the cream of London Fandom northwards. About eighty miles south of Manchester Bert's bike seized up for want of a pint of oil. Vin/ volunteered to walk on into the misty night and look for a garage. That was the last time anyone saw poor old Bert! Vin/ eventually hitched a lift on a lorry and caught up with the rest of the convoy. Ted Tubb turned back in his car intending to pick up Bert, but came the dawn and he couldn't be found.

All that happened back in 1954, twenty years ago, I wonder what stories will be handed down over the next two decades about the 1974 Tynecon?

.....Don Allen.

POGLED!

I did say, some pages back, that there was not going to be much ado about fanzines in this issue of TRIODE. However, whilst there still isn't going to be much, certain of the zines received recently must force out my half-pare definitive dissertation on the socio-economic, politoco-religious ststus of Bulgaria. Next issue, Stefan. THE MOFFATT HOUSE ABROAD (Len & June Moffatt, Box 4456, Downey, Calif.)



is an entertaining account of Len & Junes TAFF travels and is most unreservedly recommended both for its low standard of puns and high standard of Cheesecake Recipe comparisons (two subjects quite dear to my heart). It is also most welcome as the first TAFF Trip Report to appear since Atom's in '64! As a former TAFF winner, and report writer, I feel that those interim winners who didn't bother to honour this unwritten obligation (okay...let's name them...Terry Carr, Thomas Schluck, Steve Stiles, Eddie Jones, Elliot Shorter, and Mario Bosnyak) haven't exactly helped to further the TAFF image. TMHA is Two Dollars of pleasant recollections. YANDRO 227 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt.3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348). Is the first copy of the zine I've seen in several years, but it hasn't changed...unpretentiously interesting, is the nearest I can come to an accurate capsule comment; with the accent on the interesting. OUTWORLDS 20 (Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio. 44281). An exceeding fine Impeccable Issue in which the standard of the material is as fine and interesting as the art and graphics. This issue has the first part of a symposium, GRANFANEDICA, which could bid fair to be the definitive sermon on the why, how-2, and wherefore of fanzines....if I can just get my two cents worth in, that is! NO 13/14/15. (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417). Three in one envelope of a fine fanzine in which there is much excellent material including Ruth's own G&S take-off "THE FANDOLIERS", and John (Goon) Berry's BERRY'S BAED-EKER". KARASS 5. (Linda Bushymer, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, Pa. 19076) Ten-page informative news-zine which could use a little more editorial involvement. DYNATRON (Roy Tackett, 915 Greenvalley Rd, Albuquerque, NM) A news, reviews, zine in which Roy is excellently involved.ob.

FROM WHERE THE SHEEP STILL LOOK UP

I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED of the over-emphasis on ecological disaster being currently promulgated by both s-f authors and any scientist-lecturer who can leap onto the bandwagon. There is, of course, a danger of our over-polluting our world, and making it untenable for any order of life than a mutated plastic-eating cockroach; but as of this moment they are grossly over stating their case. Naturally, there is a reason for this, ecology is the 'in' thing. If you choose it as a basis for a story it will help sell that story; and, if you happen to be a scientist in need of funding, this is a good way of creating a niche for yourself in society. (The psychiatrists did it, why can't we?) And, world-disaster has always made good copy. Now my observations are completely 'non-scientific'; they are not based on lengthy research in an enclosed laboratory-world, or on what I've been taught in the lecture room. My observations are based only on observation. For instance, I've flown over Europe a considerable number of times, and a return flight to Bulgaria through clear and sunny skies sparked off these thoughts. Europe is one of the most densely populated areas of the world, but the amount of land occupied by man and his works is small, very small, minute almost. There is pollution in and around the cities, large towns, motorways (though even here preventing the grass breaking up the hard-core is a problem!), and industrial complexes, but it's pretty damn minor taken against the whole canvas. Of course, it isn't entirely coincidence that most of the Univercities, most Colleges, most authors even, are situated in the polluted areas. I do wish our pessimistic prophets would go take a flight over England, Germany, the U.S.A., or any other 'heavily-industrialised' land before writing their next thesis or novel. It isn't quite time for that plastic-eating cockroach to take over yet.....want a clincher? The incidence of Black Spot is increasing. Black Spot is a disease that affects Rose Bushes and sundry other flowering shrubs and its caused by a lack of pollution! I manage a retail store that sells an awful lot of specifics (pollutants) for its cure, and talks with representatives of the big three Horticultural Chemical Combines confirm that my sales figures are repeated throughout Europe. Nature is much more resilient than most people seem to think. I'm not saying that some of the warnings voiced should not be heeded - I wouldn't be selling so much Black Spot specific if 'smokeless-zones' hadn't been the 'in' thing a few years back - but certain people are crying 'wolf' too hard and in far too shrill a voice.

*****.eb.