



TRIODE

11.

CONTENTS

TRIODE

NO.11.



PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS
OF TRUE MUGGLETONIANISM.

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TRIODE

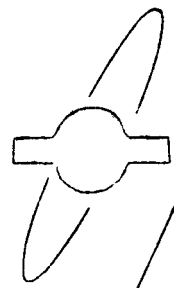
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Is edited and published by Eric Bentcliffe, E.C.L.S.F.S. (Film Rites owned by Mersey And Deeside Productions), and Terry Jeeves, (The Soggiest). Material and U.K. subs to EB at 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. Artwork to TJ at 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield. U.S.A. subs to Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis, Minn. The price is 1/- per issue, U.K. 7 for one Dollar, U.S.A. Tapes and Fanzines welcomed at either address.

STAFF ARTIST - Eddie Jones, C.L.S.F.S.

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INTERMISSION



I was reading a couple of days ago some fans opinion of why there aren't very many new fen entering Fandom these days, I can't recall which fanzine this was in but if anyone recognises their thoughts and cares to write me I'll send him or her a stick of New Brighton Fannish Rock, in recognition of giving me something to argue about.

Anyway, this fan blamed it all on films....no, not the international institution of the Back Row.....the quality of science-fiction films, or lack of, which are currently showing; was his pointer. Can't say I blame him for arriving at this conclusion even if I don't agree with him. I've seen some stinkers myself of late, just last week the popsy er, dragged me to see, a couple of so-called horror films which were purporting to be s-f. What were they called. Ah yes. "Attack of the Crab Monsters", and "Not of this Earth". The latter was the better of the two but even this was abysmally poor, the idea was that old one of the alien coming to Earth to do a recce for the invading hordes from home. The idea itself is still quite a plausible and possible one but when you throw in everything from 'death-ray eyes' to the alien equivalent of the kitchen sink (in this case an ultra-light wave communicator), things get a little fantastic. As someone with a stronger stomach than myself is bound to review the Other film I'll ignore it except to say that even the girl-friend laughed during the horrorist portions, and she is usually terrified by the veriest thought of Frankenstein.

I did see one film recently which I'd like to unreservedly recommend to Fandom at large. This is a French Fantasy called "Once Upon A Time", not a very original title but the film more than makes up for this. It's the most unusual film I've seen for years, it is (basically) a Fairy Tale in which all the actors are animals....no, it's not a cartoon film, Real, Live Animals. Ducks, Geese, Cats, Dogs, and a monkey; who is The Evil Spirit replete with a super-scientific hide out (from where he watches the other animals by visi-screen - and has his own guided missile base). The film had an English dialogue supplied by Robert Beatty when I saw it, and was paired with "Ill Met By Moonlight" (which is also worth seeing, even if it has no connection with s-f). "Once Upon A Time", is thoroughly delightful and has such a pleasantly whacky air about it that I expected to see the name of Jean Linard amongst the credits, but was disappointed.

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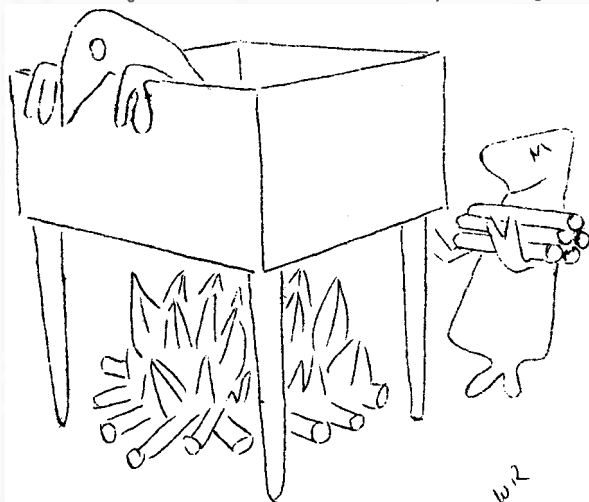
However, I was about to put forward an opinion when my train of thought got on the wrong track. Sorry. Anyway, what I was about to say a hundred words or so back, was that I don't agree that the poor quality of the current s-f films is the reason why we aren't getting many newcomers into Fandom these days. I'll admit that it's probably one of the factots involved, but I think that the principal reason is the lack of a good argumentative letter-column in any of the extant pro-zines.

There is one magazine in which argument still rages, namely Astounding, but the arguments are on such a cerebral level that I think it can be ruled out for the purpose under discussion. You've gathered what that is by now, I hope ?

The lettercols which really fostered fandom, and helped it keep alive by ensuring new transfusions of neofan blood at relatively regular intervals are, alas, a thing of the past. I'm refering, of course, to the letter departments in STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER STORIES. And to a lesser degree, PLANET. In these magazines you had an open field of discussion, arguments on every subject under the sun. The sort of thing which you couldn't help but get interested in, and as most of the letter-writers were fans...you couldn't help getting involved in Fandom at the same time. Here was a ~~bleeding~~ breeding ground.

Let's pick out an odd issue of one of the mags just to illustrate the point I'm trying to make. TWS Feb'51...herein we find Lin Carter, Shelby Vick, Bill Morse, Ken Slater, and quite a few other household names (I didn't specify what kind of 'Household'). In the following issue there's Walt Willis, Bill Temple, Derek Pickles, and Poul Anderson & Algys Budrys for good measure - so, it was a breeding ground for authors, too. I'm not going to turn this into a list of names but if you care to look back through the letter columns of these magazines you'll find a heck of a lot of familiar names. Vern McCain, The Coles, Rev. Moorhead, Georgina Ellis, Dick Geis....etcetra.

And whilst you're browsing, compare these lettercols with the lifeless, insipid, over-edited (compliments only) type that we have in the current magazines. There isn't any one prozine which has a really decent lettercol, today. You'll still find an occasional



screeed of interest even now but it will definitely be in the minority, immersed beneath letters of comment only. One of the main reasons for this is of course that none of the editors of today (or the publishers) are prepared to give over as much of the magazine to the reader as were Mines, Merwin, Bixby, and their respective bosses. So the letters have to be cut, arguments lengthily (and interestedly expounded) are too long for inclusion...out they go, leaving story ratings and praise...which are rather dull - except to the editor.

Probably if you asked them (the editors), they'd say that the readers pay for stories not for letters. They have a point there, I'm prejudiced and I don't agree with them, but they have a point. I think the readers pay for entertainment and I know of little that is more entertaining than a good argument well expounded, even if it has nothing to do with s-f. There's a pointer in that the top s-f magazine by most ratings, Astounding, gives more pages over to letters and readers departments than any of its contemporaries, even tho' Asf doesn't run the type of letter column which is relevant here.

Is there any solution? Anyway we can coerce the prozine editors into running lettercols which will breed more fans to pay more subscriptions to fanzines? I can't think of any easy solution other than getting as many pro-eds as possible tight and extracting promises from them under threat of blackmail afterwards.

Unless, some pro-editor who is also a fan will volunteer to try out a lettercol of the TWS type....providing that the fen promise to start off a few arguments for him.

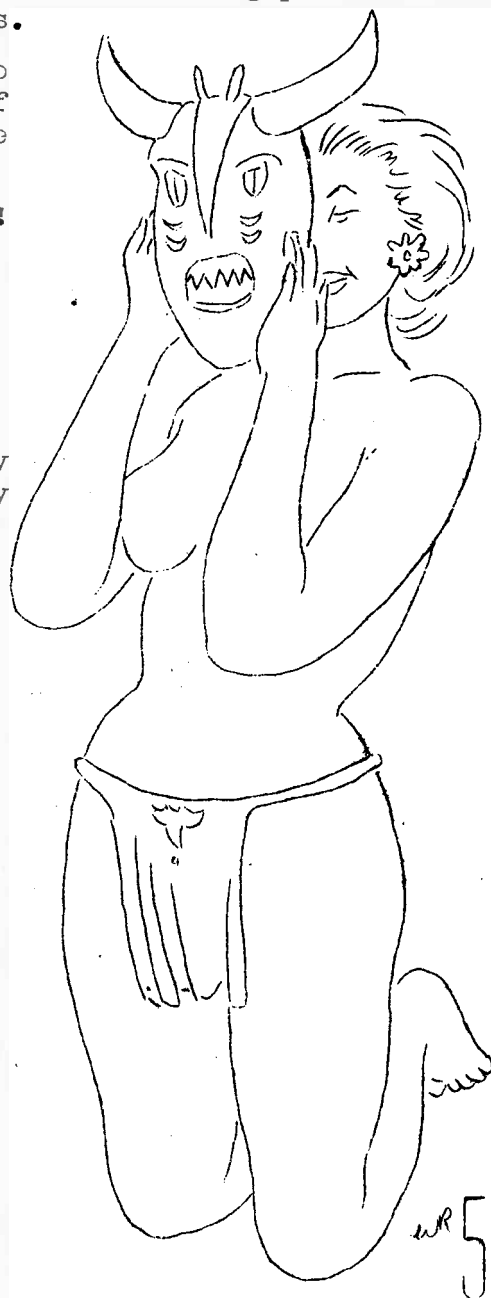
Passed to L. Shaw Ltd., for action!

* * * * *

Since the last Triode there have been one or two fannish gatherings of note. There was Kettering, of course, which was very fine this year...more like a large house-party than a convention and all the more enjoyable because of this. The only newcomers to the Kettering scene were Dave and Rusty Jenrette, and Ted Tubb's wife (now we know why you've been hiding her, Ted), and they fitted in nicely. Dave and Rusty making a welcome addition to the small band of dusk till dawn Brag enthusiasts.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find reference to a ploy which was played on me at the George....as I was the last arrival I was honored with an Apple Pie Bed. However, the conspirators gave themselves away by over-acting and I soon found out that something was amiss. I mean, if only one femme fan had prostrated herself on my bed to stop me sitting on it I should have suspected nothing....but when three do it, well!

One of the highspots of this session was the announcement of a new fannish Order, The Knights Of Saint Fantony, by the Cheltenham Group. Who initiated the band of fen from Liverpool into the Order.



Then there was Whitsun, and a foregathering at Liverpool, which was also very enjoyable. I went over to Les Shorrocks on the Saturday evening and had the pleasure of a preview of the film they were sending over to the Midwescon....I feature very briefly in this, if you see the film watch for the bod lighting a fire under Ellis Mills, that's me. He is now a subscriber to Triode.

I gather that I am also to be featured in a film being made for the Worldcon by the Liverpool Mersey And Deeside Production Unit. Dave Newman's suggestion that this should be titled 'Birth Of A Nation' in my honor has not been accepted despite any foul rumours put out by my co-editor.

Main 'business' of the Whit weekend was to launch the new Liverpool Club Room, Vat 69a, which is located at 69a, Bold St, hence the name. It was well and truly launched, we all had something to drink, then Ron Bennett made a speech, after which we all had a lot more to drink.

Latest news from the Liverpool front is that the International Geophysical Year has been declared open. Whilst at a New Brighton fun-fair prior to the launching of the club room we discovered a skee-ball alley which was malfunctioning, and all won giant sticks of rock there. To celebrate the commencement of the I.G.Y., LaSFaS have fired a 3d rocket from Vat69 out of one of the tubes containing Fannish New Brighton Rock. I have it on good authority that this burst over Central Station....and if ever a rocket was well-placed.

There are still a few sticks of NBFR left and as these are a somewhat fabulous fannish trophy I would like to announce a competition. The first fan to guess who is/are the author/s of 'Beloved Is Our Destiny', will receive one of these. Personally inscribed at only a small extra cost.

I'm playing Brag by post with Bennett!

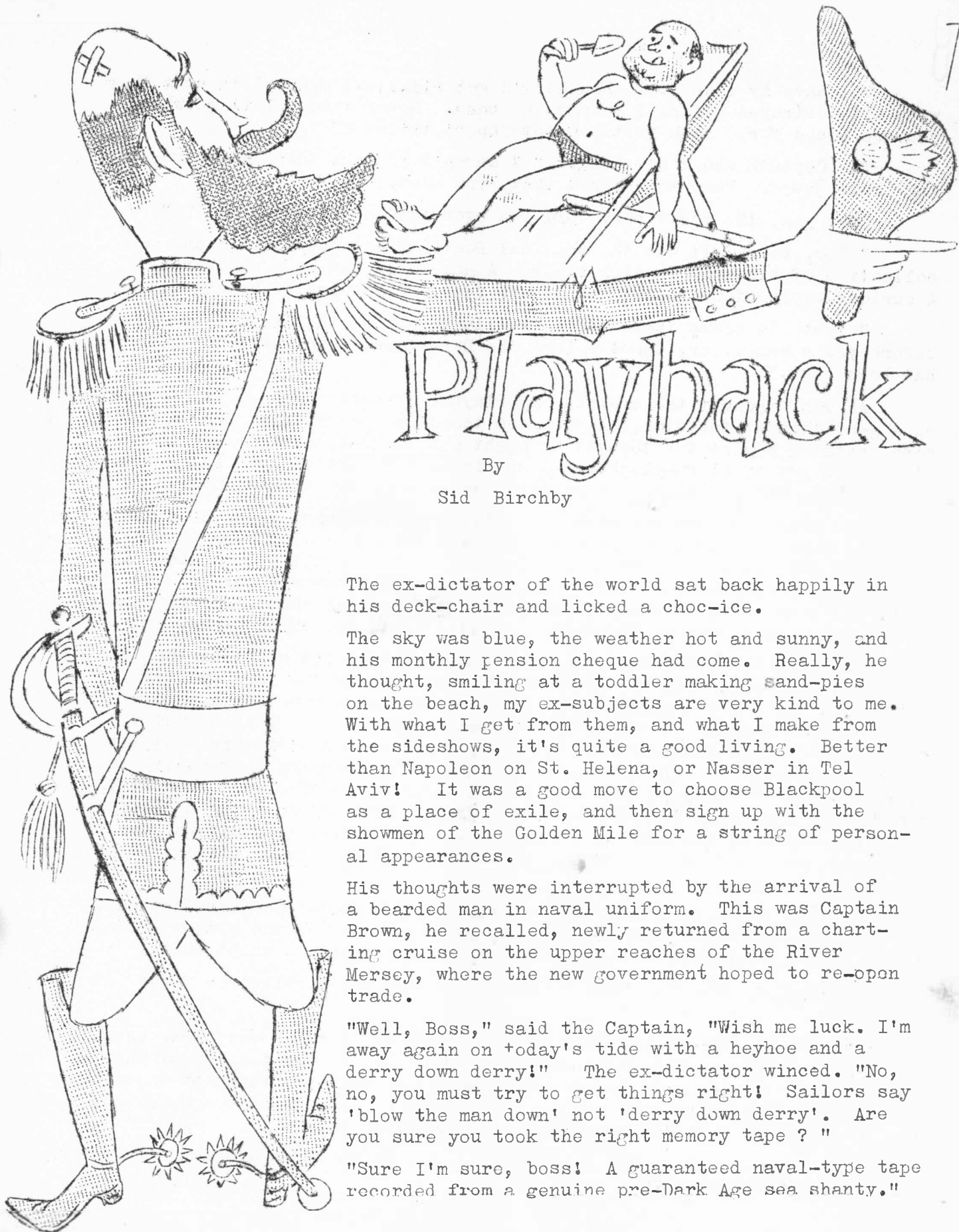
I suppose I should say a few words about this issue of T before I sign off, but there really isn't very much to say except that I like it! And that I'm grateful to the fen (including myself) who wrote it. And that I hope you-all will write oodles and oodles of letters of comment and argument wrapped around £5 notes or five dollar bills (Note to Dave Jenrette, Confederate Money not accepted). And that there will be another issue out before very long which will probably contain an account of the Bentcliffe-Jeeves sorte to JanJansenland and to the Worldcon.

And that if there is a slip in with this issue saying that your sub is due it means that your sub is due....

And that I'll be looking forward to seeing you all at the Worldcon. And bring your own pack of cards.

Cheers


Eric Bentcliffe



Playback

By

Sid Birchby

The ex-dictator of the world sat back happily in his deck-chair and licked a choc-ice.

The sky was blue, the weather hot and sunny, and his monthly pension cheque had come. Really, he thought, smiling at a toddler making sand-pies on the beach, my ex-subjects are very kind to me. With what I get from them, and what I make from the sideshows, it's quite a good living. Better than Napoleon on St. Helena, or Nasser in Tel Aviv! It was a good move to choose Blackpool as a place of exile, and then sign up with the showmen of the Golden Mile for a string of personal appearances.

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a bearded man in naval uniform. This was Captain Brown, he recalled, newly returned from a charting cruise on the upper reaches of the River Mersey, where the new government hoped to re-open trade.

"Well, Boss," said the Captain, "Wish me luck. I'm away again on today's tide with a heyhoe and a derry down derry!" The ex-dictator winced. "No, no, you must try to get things right! Sailors say 'blow the man down' not 'derry down derry'. Are you sure you took the right memory tape?"

"Sure I'm sure, boss! A guaranteed naval-type tape recorded from a genuine pre-Dark Age sea shanty."

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" I have my doubts. I thought I'd got rid.....I mean, I thought they were all destroyed before I became the boss. Never mind. Tell me where you are bound for. Back to the Wa-Stockport tribes ?"

The Captain shook his head. " I daren't go back there after stealing their ju-ju. They worshipped that, you know. "

"Oh, yes, the magic box. Did you ever find out what it was ? "

" Yes, boss. It was the original Bentcliffe tape-recorder and collection of historic fannish tapes. A new world has been uncovered!" A curious expression crossed the others face. " Fannish ?" he asked.

" Yes! It seems there was a brilliant culture that flourished just before you became....er...just before the Dark Ages, Boss. All the records had been lost."

Ah yes, thought the ex-boss, my Playback Process again. It had seemed a good idea at the time. A painless technique for erasing from a man's mind anything a dictator thought he ought not to know, such as how to make time-bombs out of alarm-clocks, and supplying him instead with false memories of, say, happy childhood days being dangled on the boss's knee.

The snag had appeared when he realised what a large chunk of a man's memories must be erased in order to make him fit for a dictatorship. All hatred of the boss, for instance, which meant erasing all events since the revolution, pretty nearly. And next, all nostalgic memories of the old days, which disposed of every pleasant event since childhood, and left only unpleasant things such as thrashings at school and the chicken-pox.

He had been appalled to see what a half-witted lot of slobs the Process turned out. They could quote Walt Whitman by the yard (poetry being o.k. for false memories), but they couldn't even remember how to switch on the radio. In the end, he'd had to abdicate, or, as he put it in the last of the false-memory handouts, " go, as all dictators must, into serene retirement ". The standard of living was dropping so rapidly, and alarmingly, with everyone thinking more about "Leaves of Grass" than fixing the TV set or canning fruit, that there was no more joy in being a dictator. So he had retired, resigned to waiting until the native ingenuity of man, backed by the complaints of woman, should jack up the living standard back where it belonged.

And man had done pretty well so far. These choc-ices, for instance, had been re-discovered only last month, just in time for the summer trade. So far only in vanilla, he noted, but peppermint would no doubt come.

Meanwhile, here was this oafish Captain Brown, babbling on about fandom.

"These fannish people must have had a great culture, you know, boss. You should just hear the music of a fan called Satchmo on the tapes! Then they produced poetry, and drama, and literature, and inventions by the score, some of which we still only know by name, such as Rocket-Ships and Zap-guns. Why, do you know that the Fannish People invented bheer ?"

"Most remarkable. And where did you say these tapes are now ? Do you think I might see them ?"

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" Oh no, the Government has locked them away for safe keeping."

" Pity. I should have liked to erase...I mean peruse them."

" Never mind, Boss. The Government thinks they are so important that transcripts will be on sale everywhere soon. And now...I blow!!" With which startling piece of nautical vocabulary, he produced a large ukelele and twanging it merrily began to move away.

" What on earth are you doing with that ?" yelled the dictator. "Well, like it says in the shanty, Boss. 'Oh the Captains name was Henry Brown, And he played his ukelele as the ship went down!'"

" Clot ! Come here!" The Captain approached nervously. " Let me break the news to you. You aren't cut out for sailing. In fact, if it were any of my business, I wouldn't let you loose with a rowboat."

" But what else can I do ? I must be someone. That's the law."

" Be quiet a minute. I'm having an idea."

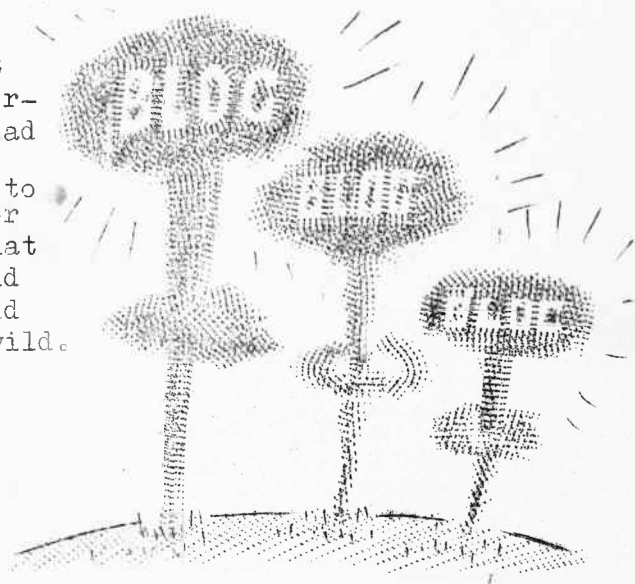
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During the next few weeks, a few of the Blackpool beach-combers noticed idly that one of their number was missing. But the loss caused little stir. Everyone was too excited at the sudden news about fandom. Transcripts of the Bentcliffe Tapes sold by the millions. Everyone wanted to hear for himself what the Golden Age of the past had really been like. At last there was a slice of real history to absorb. Poetry became a back number. Here, at last, were the missing memories! This was what the Ancient World had been like....and here were the tapes to prove it !

The tapes were studied lovingly, word by word. The most popular name for baby boys became Cecil, after the mystical companion, thought by many scholars to be a Solar Myth, of one of the Elder Fen. The most popular pastime was playing Brag, a game reconstructed from a tape of a Liverpool fan party. Three universities were blown up in their efforts to synthesize Blog.

Suddenly, at the height of the great revival came the Rumour. The famous explorer Captain Brown was on his way back. He had been to the Antarctic as the result of a hitherto secret tape which made reference to a fannish society for Preserving Blokes For Posterity. And the rumour went that in that land of germ-free snow and ice he had found a real live Ancient Fan in deep-freeze, and was bringing him back. The country went wild.

In due course, the ship was sighted, sailing curiously enough out of the Peak Forest Canal in the Wa-Romiley country. A large crowd gathered on the docks as she berthed.





The Captain came ashore escorting a heavily bearded man of about the same build as the ex-dictator. There was a buzz of excitement as the crowd saw the peculiar hat the stranger wore. So that's what a "Beanie" was! Real Cool! The word went quickly around. This was the legendary Joe Fan, mentioned on many a tape.

Someone plucked timidly at the man's arm.

"Are you really one of the Elder Fen?" he asked.

The newcomer smiled: "Dig this crazy zap-gun!" he answered, and squirted a stream of water from a peculiar object into a policeman's eye. The crowd roared with delight.

From that beginning, Joe Fan never looked back. There followed his triumphal tour of the country (Sponsored by the Blackpool Showmen's Guild, whose business methods he seemed to know almost by instinct), his offer to act as advisor on fannish culture to the Government, and later his acceptance of the post of Minister For Fannish Affairs. The know-alls predicted that he would be asked to head the next Administration.

During his rise to fame, he endeared himself to everyone by the way he refused to forsake old friends. His constant companion was one Captain Brown, who sometimes absent-mindedly referred to him as 'boss'.

Neither of them ever mentioned the ex-dictator, though. Sometimes the honest Captain would remark in a puzzled voice: "Boss, it beats me how you knew what beanies and zap-guns were. I never told you that. It's just as if....."

But at that point Joe Fan always shut him up.

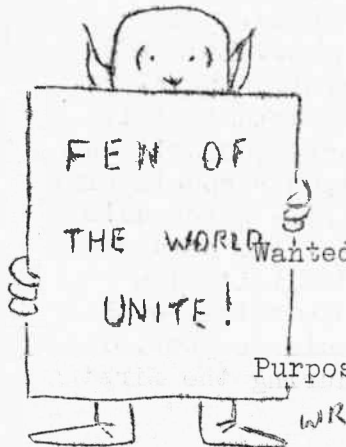
WERE THE
MUGGLETONIANS
RIGHT?

A STATE OF FANDOM



By

Dale R. Smith



Wanted: one uninhabited island, peninsula, or other region possessing sharp lines of demarcation and mild climate.

Purpose: establishment of a kingdom, state or dominion of Science Fiction Fen.

* * *

Don't read this and just shrug. Read on and think! Some thought today concerning Science Fiction and your future may pay you handsome dividends and also exert a profound influence upon the course of our history.

Science Fiction Fandom is a large but nebulous thing; it covers the world with a thin web of wonder which sometimes congeals into tangibility in remote and unsuspected spots. Science Fiction Fandom is a loosely circuited energy net shimmering around the world in an ever-changing pattern to produce occasional flashes of brilliance. Science Fiction Fandom has energy, mass and motion. We have here all the essential elements of the Universe. If a plan can now be put into operation that will substantially increase these factors Science Fiction Fandom can become the controlling force in the future history of mankind.

The Plan (and I have no objection to it being called the Smith Plan - as long as everyone knows which Smith is referred to) will succeed because it is basically simple and because it will provide security for fen in their old age. (There will be some sceptics who will say that the author is just trying to provide for his own retirement. This I deny as vigorously as my age permits.) But on to the Plan.

First, an area is required that is owned and under the complete control of Science Fiction Fandom. This will be our state. Here a community can be established which will serve as a vibrant nucleus to radiate a unifying and strengthening force. Here the business of Science Fiction Fandom can be directed so as to prod the human race up the path to a utopia on Earth and into an orbit of Galactic Empire.

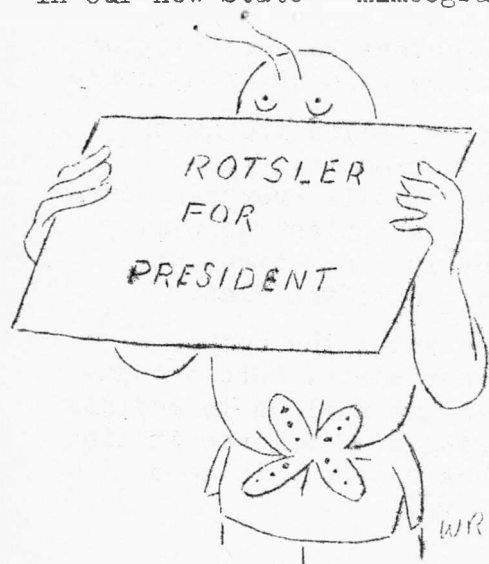
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A small financial problem exists before this Plan can actually be implemented. However, this should not prove insurmountable and a course of action is clearly indicated. Elect a central committee composed of fifteen members and charge this committee with the establishment and development of a State of Science Fiction.

Several methods of developing a sound financial basis for our new State are immediately apparent and must be acted on by the committee at once. A tax can be levied against all amateur publications; one cent for each issue produced, with a minimum tax of One Dollar per issue. This tax should net the SSF Treasury approximately \$500.00 per year. Each fanzine paying the tax would be issued a certificate of approval. Spurious publications would of course be banned and their editors excommunicated.

- A surtax on each attendee at all local, national and world conventions would also be imposed at the rate of 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00 respectively. Revenue from this source is estimated at \$1,500.00 per year. - A schedule of "contributions" can also be established for the pro mags and the hard and paperback book publishers. Sources that respond to this "solicitation" will also be issued with certificates of merit. - Taken in total, with our exploitation of similar revenue possibilities, it should be possible to realise an income of approximately \$6,000.00 per year during the first few years of the Plan's operation.

A parallel problem for the central committee must be the acquisition of a suitable tract or area upon which the flag (yet to be designed) of our new state may be planted. There are good possibilities of obtaining an island for free, or there are other areas which might be deeded outright to the cause.

The committee must consider climate, accessibility, and flora of all possible locations. The climate should be mild enough for easy living - not so hot as to be satiating and not so cold as to be stupifying. The area must be reasonably accessible so that directives and emissaries may be sent forth unto the masses as required. A good stand of the proper type of trees is essential so that a supply of pulp wood will be assured in our new State - mimeograph paper will be a cornerstone.



Once the location of science-fiction-land has been determined it will then be necessary for the committee to work out the details of a method for selecting qualified citizens. Not just any self-styled fan should be issued such a valuable passport. Minimum qualifications must be agreed on, i.e., number of issues of fanzines published, number of conventions attended, pints of Blog consumed before Other Worlds is pronounced without sneering, number of hoaxes perpetrated, etc. Citizenship should be granted on either a temporary or a permanent basis. This, of course, will depend upon what the individual has to offer the new State: collection of pro mags, negotiable currency, -

well-stocked wine cellar, ready cash, stencil cutting ability, comprehensive accident insurance policy, or just being female may be qualification enough.

The first ten to be granted SSF citizenship should also be selected for pioneering spirit, for to them will fall the task of preparing the foundations of the new land. Construction of dormitories and administration buildings must be started in conjunction with the clearing of a farm area: the new State must be self-sufficient.

A great diversity of talent is embraced by the members of Science Fiction Fandom. The new State must call upon this knowledge and skill to erect firm bulwarks in this troubled era. An atomic power plant, hydroponic gardens, a plant for extracting raw materials from the ocean, and a highly advanced communications system should be planned and installed as soon as possible. A publishing house must be established so that true science fiction may be made available to the masses - at a price. A motion picture studio should also be provided for so that the SSF may exhibit to the world the real sense of wonder inherent in the genuine science fiction epic.

These things and many others will occupy the ever-growing populace of our new State. There will be a library to assemble and catalogue, shrines to be planned and erected in memory of the immortals of science fiction, and research programs to be instigated so that our new State may progress in a rapid and natural manner to a position of prominence in world opinion and leadership.

Early in the history of our State of Science Fiction, membership in the United Nations must be requested. We will then be in a position to request financial aid from the United States - large, long-term loans for which there is little precedent for repayment.

With representation in the United Nations and financial stability assured through foreign aid it will be an appropriate time for the SSF State Department to begin negotiations for more territory. Annexation by plebiscites, and occupation and development of relatively uninhabited areas are recommended as major tools for this expansion program.

The State of Science Fiction can, through the imagination and technical skills of its citizens, hold before the rest of the world an example of the full and exciting life. Our new State can promote the conquest of space, establish colonies on the inner planets and on the satellites of the outer worlds of our solar system. Preparing, meanwhile exploratory expeditions to visit the nearer stars. Our SSF banner will spread through space taking the fundamentals of the only good way of life to the natives of all extra-terrestrial systems.

But you, the members of the present day Science Fiction Fandom must act if the First Galactic Empire is to bear our standards. You have been presented with the Smith Plan. I charge you with its execution!

.....DRS.

IS IT TRUE ?

There are many American fans who ask this question....is it true about Scottish Girls ? And the answer ? No, it is not. Not that Scottish Girls don't, (THEY DO!) but the question properly relates to a phenomena known as Scottish Hospitality, which most certainly is true.

In the Western Hiellands of Scotland, the weary, footworn wayfarer is quite liable to be dragged into a hielan' cabin by a married couple, washed, fed, rested, and then expected to sleep, as an honour, with the Gudewife. This is true in every respect. It is an honour. It should be apparent that any Scots Girl who goes around waylaying weary footworn wayfarers, feeding them, resting them, etc. etc. etc., without a husband....that girl is likely to be considered immoral.

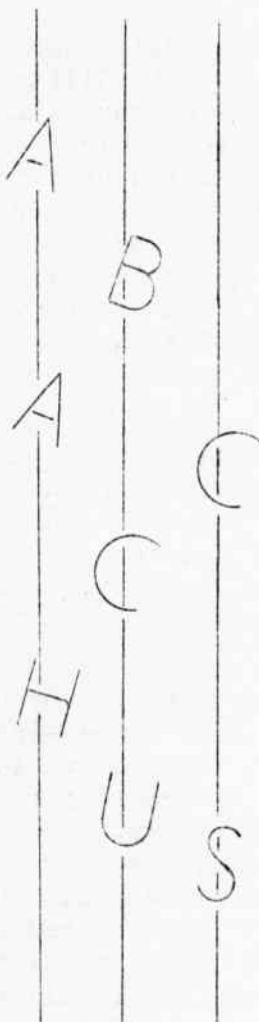
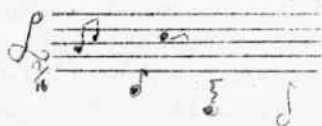
Furhher more, it is no use driving around hielan' crofts in a 4-litre Cadillac hoping to be rested, fed and honoured. You've to be a wayfarer, preferably footworn and weary, and not lusting after a gudewife in particular. (Damn clover these Scots.) The crofters are of the opinion that any-onw with a 4-litre Cadillac could well start up a croft, with a hut of his own, and go in for waylaying weary, footworn wayfarers, himself.

There are a couple of other points to be taken into consideration. You are also expected to eat the food which is supplied, and it is impolite to refuse. But remember...a haggis can only be eaten when subdued by the sound of bagpipes. Oatmeal bannocks, barley pudding, chumpit tatties, stewed neeps and the like produce a very tough form of humanity, which can live anyweere on earth. Only, reflect on what thing could be common to all Scots settlers all over the world, which could drive all of them away from Scotland....and you have it. Salt Porridge, no less. Yes, any man who can tackle Scots food and the Gudewife afterwards just couldn't be footworn, weary, at all, to begin with. Another thing is that the crofter and his wife may only have one bed. No doubt a weary footworn wayfarer might be glad of any sort of bed. Hopeful visiting firemen might find this intrusion of the husband rather disconcerting. Now you know. Ahhhhh, you say....how do you know ?

Weeell, it's nigh on twelve years back now, when I was a'cranking round Western Scotland with an RAF bycicle one weekend. It was raining fierce indeed, pardner. I was so wet that I took shelter in a big, stone-built old house lying back amongst some trees from the road. They took me in. Stuck me in front of a huge fire. Plied me with all the food I could eat, and, as it went dark, the old couple said, "Aiblins ye'd better stay the night." So I decided to stay the night. In the bedroom, while I was getting ready tae wash masel', the maid, a buxom wee wifie hie'd hersel' in, and said. "The master says I'm to stay the night with ye and comfort ye in bad". Married, too, the brazen thing. Controlling my dismay as best I could, and holding England's honour high, I nodded, turned away as she began to undress, and began to get washed.

Now there was a song going round at that time called 'Friendship' and I'd had it in my head and on the tip of my tangle for weeks, unconsciously I began to whistle it as I washed. I turned and saw the maid fully dressed again, indignant look in her eyes. "Och I don't mind sleeping with any man," she said, "But I'll no sleep with anyone who whistles on the Sabbath!"

I slept alone, and haven't whistled since.



By

Mal Ashworth

Sometimes I feel that it is all very inevitable. It a rather awesome thought. There are times when I feel that, say, ten trillion years ago, two minute amoebae kept a rendezvous on the shores of a steaming lake and poured over even minuter diagrams they had laboriously sqiggled in the mud. "Well now," the first amoeba would say, "Lessee - if you do the splits at sundown on the third day after the end of the rainy season, and I make a schizo of myself a couple of days later, you can see what's going to happen in ten trillion years, can't you?" "Boy," says the second amoeba wiggling happily in the bubbling mud, "can I! We'll do that thing." And away they splosh.

That is how I feel sometimes. I can, in fact, find no other reasonable explanation. For being a fan, I mean. Science - fiction is just a good excuse; the real responsibility rests with the amoebae.

Take me, for example. (It is always wise to use complete strangers as examples - one avoids getting too personal.) I have only been reading science-fiction for about nine or ten years - a mere trifle out of an existence stretching over the vast distance of twenty-three years. And yet I know for a fact that I have been a fan for far longer than that. The plentitude of proof in support of this is almost overwhelming. The Time I Was The Prince Of India, for instance.

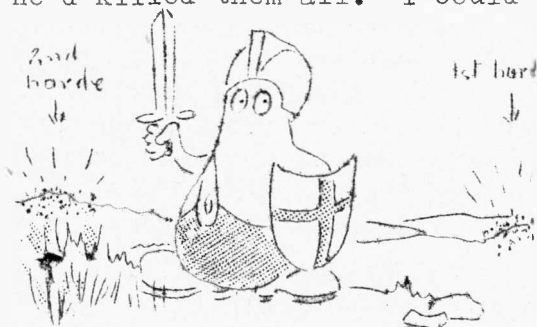
I used to be The Prince Of India. I was only masquerading as an ordinary person, of course, and very often, when everyone else was sleeping (so as not to create too much of a disturbance) I used to 'whizzzzh' back to India just to see that everything was going smoothly in my absense.

(I haven't been back for quite a while and just look at the place now!) The process used to mystify my younger brother, Vernon, somewhat, but as I told him at the time, he was far too young fully to appreciate the mighty ramifications involved. As a completely irrelevant aside, I naturally had to keep up some slight shadow of my lordly reality, even in my mundane existence and to show my rank in some small way, like having a prior claim on the choicest lead soldiers and toy cars.

Or there was Garner; and not only Garner, but Unga, Silly Cesser, Sensible Cesser and Clifton. These were all villages, except Clifton, which was, more or less, a town. Maybe even a city. They were all nice peaceful sorts of places. All except Silly Cesser, anyway, which Vernon found himself in every time I felt in a giddy mood, and which used to exasperate him no end. Vernon lived in Garner; I believe he was a pupil there of a wise and benevolent old schoolmaster (me). He loved a comely village maiden by the name of Miss Panton (also me). All this involved no effort on his part - it was a mark of my generous, childish nature that I arranged it all for him and whizzzzd him there whenever I thought he ought to go. Or back whenever I thought he oughtn't to stay.

Now, Garner (and Unga and.....all the lot) were menaced by the raids and incursions of two mighty, evil, alien hordes (me). As everyone knows, when mighty, evil, alien hordes are menacing peaceful villages, there is only one thing to do - elect a hero to go out and fight them. I elected one - Vernon. I made him a sword. I made myself half a dozen swords and a couple of daggers (after all, you can't be a mighty, evil, alien horde with only one mingy little sword, can you ?). And out went Vernon to fight these mighty, evil, alien hordes.

I forget the name of the main horde now, but they were led by an old man (me) and his twelve terrible sons (also me), all with awe-inspiring names. They were massive, bullheaded, rip-roaring monsters who wielded claymores and bore a rather remarkable resemblance to the characteristics attributed by English daily newspapers to the German soldiery. The other mighty, evil, alien horde fought with rapiers, slunk around corners and stabbed people in the back, had a beautifully descriptive name like Dirty Little Gutter Dogs, lived in a place called the Vicious Circle, and always reminded me of, rather strangely, the English daily newspaper version of Japanese soldiers. The actual numbers of either mighty, evil, alien horde was never estimated - which was useful if Vernon got fed up and said he'd killed them all. I could always bring on another ten battalions.



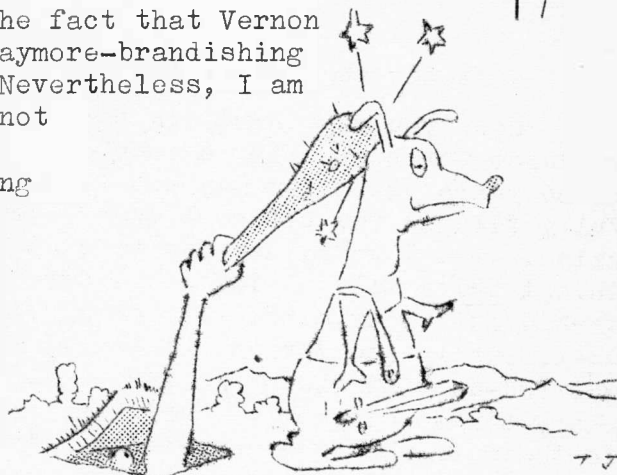
'Sir Vernon'

So there is Vernon, faced by two mighty, evil, alien hordes (me). Perhaps you are closing your eyes in horror, refusing to watch him go down gallantly before their bloodthirsty onrushes ? In that case you are quite safe in opening them again; you have overlooked something. Vernon's future is not quite as black - or as short - as you might think. The point you have overlooked is this - Vernon is Good and these mighty, evil, alien hordes are Bad.

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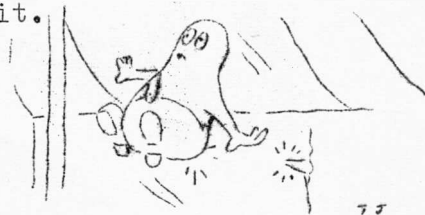
Beside that fact, mere reality - like the fact that Vernon is facing twenty thousand, screaming claymore-brandishing warriors - pales into insignificance. Nevertheless, I am prepared to admit that his future does not look so rosy. Maybe he needs a little help. He gets it - it comes as something of a surprise to him (as you might imagine) - from the Gundras (me). He did not even know they existed.

The Gundras are a body of utterly fearless underground fighters. They fight underground while Vernon fights on the surface (all the enemy are on the surface; this is one reason the Gundras are so fearless). Every once in a while they come up to the surface and stab somebody in the back or poison a detachment or two of one of the mighty, evil, alien hordes. They are Good. They remind me, rather peculiarly, of the English daily newspaper version of the French maquis. They are equipped with the best weapons owned by either side - Gundra daggers. These have a black-painted handle, an orange-painted blade and a handguard which went on straight. For this reason they are the best weapons in the whole war. They remind me, rather amazingly, of Bowie knives.



Vernon does a great job. He kills hundreds of the claymore-wielding horde and thousands of the rapier-using Dirty Little Gutter Dogs. He kills one of the old man's twelve sons, Gargrabble the Lion (me). Gargrabble, however, subsequently turns out to be only badly wounded as he has got a rather terrific name and it would take me a long time to think up another one as good. Whenever Vernon is captured he is rescued by some fearless underground Gundra fighter (me) or by a mysterious lone individual who races madly round the garden on roller-skates and snatches Vernon from under the enemy's nose. Vernon is married to Miss Pantom (me) by the kindly old schoolmaster (me) or maybe a kindly old priest (me). He lives in a tent on the patch of grass in the front garden - in Garner, of course - and has, in lieu of a house-dog, a tent-kitten named Jingles. Sometimes the Gundras come for him in the middle of the night, to take him out on a raid with them, and summon him silently by sticking one of their famous Gundra daggers through the side of the tent - hoping, in their silly old, sentimental way, that he is not sleeping on that side. A strange old man wearing a red dressing-gown (me) teaches him herbal secrets that have been handed down through generations of devoted mystics - like how to mash dandelions into an unrecognisable pulp in an old tin helmet. Thousands of Dirty Little Gutter Dogs are poisoned mysteriously and the Gundras know nothing about it.

And that is the last I remember of the desperate situation. Perhaps something went wrong with the whizzzzng apparatus; perhaps Vernon deserted his post at a crucial moment to go to the pictures.



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Whatever the cause, that is the last I remember of it.

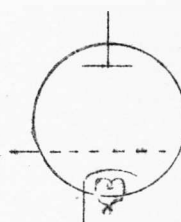
Now, you may think, in the circumstances, that that is pretty flimsy evidence for suspecting a couple of amoebae of plotting me, ten trillion or so years ago. You may not regard it as conclusive proof that I was a fully fledged fan before I ever so much as sat on a science-fiction magazine. But I would ask you to suspend judgement for just a moment; that is not quite all. You see I already had the solution of the whole thing worked out in my mind. The culmination would come about suddenly and unexpectedly (to Vernon, at least) whenever I (or, less likely, Vernon) got fed-up with the whole business. All the Dirty Little Gutter Dogs and every single claymore-flourishing bullhead would suddenly be stricken dead in their tracks by a devastating, intangible weapon never before known to any of them and more deadly even than a Gundra dagger.

And, if you haven't already guessed, it would have been unleashed by the little old man in the red dressing-gown (me, you may remember) who had secretly come down to earth from a distant planet to fight for the Forces Of Good and who held, within his sage old head, all the secrets of the universe.

I regard that as quite conclusive evidence. Why, any one of you could name three or four magazines which would absolutely jump at the chance of buying that if it were written down in story form.

At least, I hope they will.

Mal Ashworth.....

TRIODE 

WELCOMES YOU TO THE

WORLD CON



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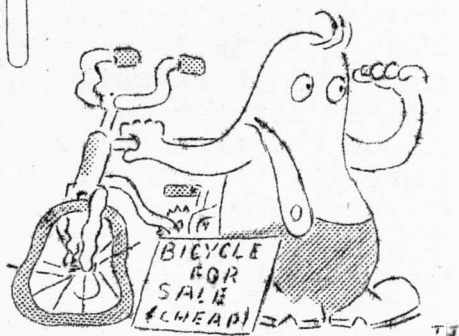
I'm sitting down to type this, with only one more day of toil before me. One final frantic Friday, and then six glorious weeks of re-building my shattered nerves in readiness for the mass attack of yet another round of the three R's.

Right now, many fond parents will be happily criticising schoolteachers, and their long holidays...cushy job and all that. In roughly three weeks time, they will be heartily fed up with the doings of young Tom, Dick and Harry, and will be praising teachers who have them all the year round..."I'll be glad when you're back at school" being the usual line. Of course, these poor struggling parents only have their own offspring to cope with...I'd love to see them with forty or more. Right now, that character on the back row (the one with a high pitched voice (character, not row)) is saying, "What the hell has this to do with fandom?" Well for Greg Benford, I'll explain. My six weeks holiday also enable me to catch up with my fanac. The recent heat-wave brought me near to Gafia, and during that time I erected another 80 feet of shelving for the expanding collection. Examinations also took a large slice of spare time, so for anyone who thought I'd kicked the bucket, hard lines, but my apologies for any unanswered letters. Deficiencies will be rectified during the next few weeks.

Kettering proved an unqualified success, and the thanks for this must go to Dave Newman. I don't remember much about the affair, other than the fact that Eric did not discover his apple-pie bed. On the other hand, he did discover several tons of winkles deposited in his room by Geoff Shaddock. Geoff incidentally, came down with me and posed as a press photographer. He even borrowed the equipment and took several photographs. Perhaps the best one being that taken in the bar. Geoff posed his group, fiddled around with flash and camera, called out, "Hold it !" and a blinding flash was followed by a dull thud as the plate fell out of the camera.....ah well, remember the old slogan....."Have a wrinkle" Incidentally, Dave found the hood of his duffle coat filled with the things. Naturally, he blamed Geoff, and proceeded to fill Geoff's glass (of beer) with winkles. This really amused me...I was the geezer who had filled the hood with winkles. The

best sight of the weekend was undoubtedly Peter Reaney...I managed to coerce him into showing his co-ordination by stretching his arms wide and then bringing his finger tips together. He had to do this six times with eyes closed. The event took place in the crowded bar, and when Peter opened his eyes at the end, he found himself alone but for goggle-eyed residents.





I nipped over to Manchester the other week-end, just to see that Eric wasn't drinking away the Triode fund. I discovered that my partner-in-crime had flogged the bike he was bragging about in the last issue. Apparently he had found out he was supposed to pedal the thing. Anyway, this happy event not only reduces the fringe area of the Bentcliffe amours, but also saves me the job of trying to explain that though it might be possible to make a printing press from a bike (and a copy of Slant), it just isn't practical to try and

convert the things into pedal powered tape-recorders. Eric's new love is a three-speed record changer, and he lavishes great care and attention on the thing. The only snag being the fact that he only has records recorded at 78 rpm...I got a bit tired of this collection....I heard both of them fifteen times. The best bit came when he was changing discs...he sat down on the 'Dark Town Poker Club'...half his collection gone in one shot ! This setback enabled us to get down to some serious recording. We moved the chairs on to the bed, and lifted the orange-box I usually sleep in over against the wall. We put the shoe-box holding his science-fiction collection under the bed, and got down to business.

Other visiting this season included a flying visit by Geoff Shaddock and myself, to Mike Rosenblum's mansion in Leeds. In spite of Mike's instructions we managed to find the place very easily...Ron Bennett was there, and had tethered Cecil outside. We spent several happy hours nattering, drinking, looking at Mike's lovely books, and his even lovelier wife. Now I know why Mike never brings her to conventions - with a wife like that, I don't know why he comes himself - or even why he wastes time on s-f. We left Grosvenor Park around 2am, and ran Northwards to drop Bennett in Harrogate. Three circuits (and a bump) around the traffic island, and course was set due South for Sheffield. Amazingly, we made it, although on the way, Geoff and I had a heated argument about a queer light in the sky. I said it was an U.F.O., while Geoff claimed it was a blast-furnace...it turned out to be the sunrise.

Remember the boy who cried 'Wolf', then returned to his moutons to find he had let a faux past ? Well, in the same category comes the next item. BIPED has appeared ! Published by Bill Harry, and bearing no mention of Peter Reaney, this new zine is well filled, and well produced. However, it does contain a relic of the Reaney regime in the shape of 'Bonovan's Drain' written by the editors of Triode. This mind shattering

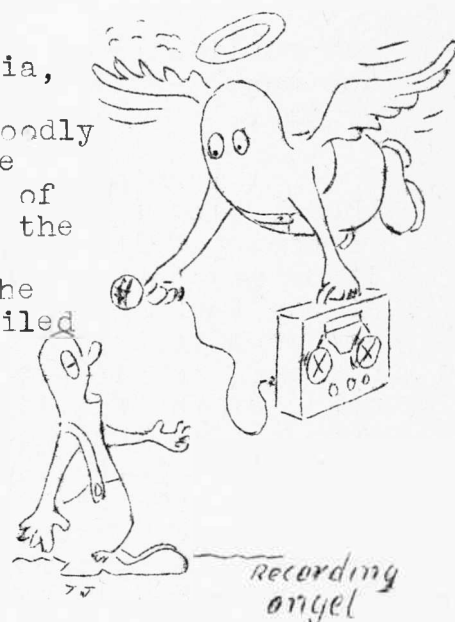


story collected mounds of fanzine rejections before we dumped it on Peter - somehow, it survived the editorial change, and Eric and I are now considering extending our visit to Antwerp.

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Back to Manchester for a moment to give Dave Cohen some free publicity. Dave, ever the optimist, has formed a new society. I forget the exact title, but it is something like.. "The Manchester Peripatetic Science Fiction Debating Society", and this dynamic club meets regularly (?) at the York Hotel off Market Street, every Sunday at 8 pm. Eric and I dropped in to Debate with them, and met the first two bods to arrive, before we dashed off to catch my train at 9 pm. We did observe why Dave likes the place though. He obviously likes mathematical types...we saw several in there, good figures and easy payments. Apparently Dave's isn't the only group to meet there, though the other one seems to haggle, rather than debate.

Remember I once said that Eric Jones was strring restlessly in the glades of Gafia, and muttering something about rejoining the old firm? Well, his Cheltenham group...a goodly mob...are at work on a secret project for the Worldcon, and Eric asked me to do him a set of four paintings for the thing. This involved the psionics wizard in writing three letters of query and advice, plus afourth asking how the pics were going along..Two days later, I mailed them to him, and asked for a verdict. That was many moons ago, so I must assume that the shock of seeing my work has driven Eric back to the glades. I'm sort of hoping that by the time this appears, he might have written to me, but if not, then maybe old Jonesy will creep sheepishly to his typer and remember the old firm.



Every so often, I pick up a 'zine which either praises piffle...soryyyyy, skiffle, or pans tape recording as having little or no place in fandom. At this point, herewith my two cents. S-f fandom, is supported almost entirely by correspondence, and if tape recording isn't a very helpful extension of the postal type, I don't know what is. Piffle, on the other hand; and with this term, I include Jazz, swing, bop, slop, etc, comes nowhere near to conveying half as much. not even to the initiated. Try asking three addicts to interpret the same piece, and see how they fail to agree. Oh I know the answer, it isn't interpretation, but only a sense of rhythm that sends you. Maybe it won't get sent so far once the Postal rates go up, anyway, I'm hoping for some such result. I enjoyed hearing Sandy's guitar at Kettering..as background-ground music, but I was rather shocked to see several fen sitting slack jawed, and with tapping feet, around the toes of the master. Some of them were even sitting in the midst of a riotous party, with their ears bunged into the speaker of a portable record player. Presumably the wagging fingers and glassy eyes meant the music had more appeal than the party they were attending. This

particular bit of vitriol is printed in the hope of starting a new feud in fandom. It ought to make for more fun than the search for a sense of blunder.



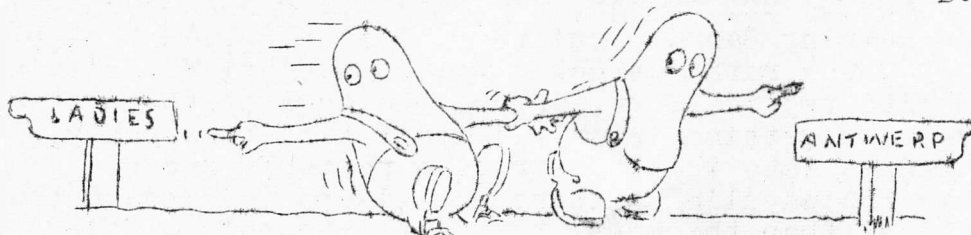
By the way, work on the '58 Calender has been seriously hampered by a lack of artistic support. I'm still hoping to get the thing out, but so far only one or two artists have helped out, or offered to help out. Two of them haven't even bothered to answer letters asking if they would like to take part in the illustrating. I'm not naming any names at the moment, but I did expect to

get replies to my queries, even if the answer was only "Sorry, too busy" Methinks these artists must have joined skiffle groups.

Turning to brighter things, and I do not refer to bheer, Blog (shouldn't that be 'Bhlog' ?) or female type women of the opposite sex, although possibly all these estimable items may have a place in the 'brighter thing'..let us speak of our forthcoming trip to Antwerp. The grapevine tells me that Ron Bennett has been stung to life by my offer to look after his Belgian girl-friend..(When I met him in Leeds, he tried to make out she was fifty, a strict Catholic, under parental chaperoning which could outdo the Pinkerton agency, and also repulsive) Anyway, I hear he is (or has been) setting his class homework, and then letting them off doing it for the payment of 1/- a go. By this and other devious subterfuges, he has grossed nearly enough to finance a trip to Antwerp. The deficit was amassed by a skilful bit of skulduggery with his dinner money account. Ergo, Bennett is coming to see that the chaperone service isn't circumnavigated by Eric and myself. On the other hand, he may have intentions of pushing us overboard in mid-Channel. If such is his idea, he's foiled before he begins, as we're going by plane. I'm not worried about Bennett wrecking our trip, my trouble is going to be getting Eric aboard the plane and isolated from women and snogging grounds for a whole 35 minutes. I intend to tell him that our 'plane has an air hostess... maybe that will get him aboard. Then he'll probably dash up the gangway too fast, and fall through the other side of the kite. Oh well, we'll make it somehow.

Bess Twitches,

Terry.



The Letters and
Bentcliffe....



John Berry, 31 Campbell Pk Ave, Belfast.

Triode arrived in good shape during the week. I meant to give detailed comment on number nine, and was just geared to do so when number ten came in.

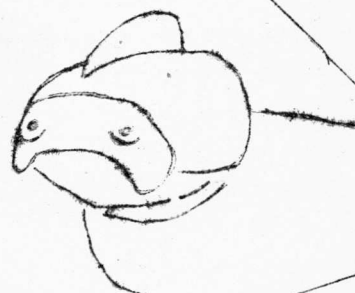
In fact, as I was cycling home from the office this morning, I passed Walt's house, and saw that he was cutting the grass on the front lawn. This in itself was enough reason to cause me to nip smartly off my bike, lean on the gate, and watch the performance. But we got talking, as fans do, and talk came to Triode, and especially number ten. Walt said, to which I agree, that Triode is an exeptionally good fmz, and more important, one that is underestimated. There he has the kernal of the matter. ((You mean, we're both nuts ?)) To my mind Triode is just about the most consistent fanzine, consistently good, I mean, that

one could obtain. Triode always seems to me to be unobtrusive. One always reads good reviews of it, the material is always of a high standard, and much liked are the two editorial columns. The duping is 100%, and much egoboo to Terry for the cover of T10. But where was I ? ((Leaning over Walts hedge - which makes you about nine foot tall)) Unobtrusive. Yep. Triode is now such an integral part of fandom that fen accept it as part of their fare without question, which is such a good thing that it could quite easily be taken for granted.

It is also refreshing to see such a bevy of top grade artists at your command..... the list is only bettered by the latest VOID. ((So he asked me in his high-pitched voice...and I couldn't refuse.)) Congrats also on sound fanzine revoo column with your capable handling of CONSERVATIVE.

Look left....this is a new layout designed to give you eye-strain.

← That's left!



Try next page.

Incidentally, I'm trying to fill in that poll in the current VOID...my main difficulty is trying to work out the top ten in the correct sequence. I've gotta put HYPHEN and GRUE first and second, but I'm stuck for third place with TRIODE and OBLIQUE. Stuck isn't the right word, but you know what I mean, and if anything swings TRIODE to number 3 it will be the aforementioned consistency. ((If consistency helps we could ret-
itle the mag GLUE! But, I know what you mean. I agree with your two first place choices and being a modest character, unlike my co-editor, I'd probably rate OOPSLA number three now the mags about again. I'll be interested to see how Triode comes out in this poll, VOID seems to be a fairly well distributed mag so the results should be a fair sampling of fandoms current taste.))

John (Kippax) Hynam, 23 Sallows Rd, Peterborough, Northants.

TRIODE NOW.

My opinion on this sort of thing is absolutely useless, for I am a middle aged man who is new to SF to writing, and certainly to Fandom. But the other so called fan mags I have seen, (some of them at anyrate) made me want to wonder why the hell I was wasting my time, whereas with this effort I sat down and read it at a sitting, and derived quite a lot of (occasionally mystified) amusement from it. I think that the magazine is well produced, and the standard of illustration is good. There is a welcome absense of vulgarity. I enjoyed ESSENCE OF SHARK, but was rather baffled by THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM, even though I know Ken Bulmer. I suppose I look askance on this sort of thing (what do I mean by that?) ((Bulmer ??)) because having been a schoolteacher for longer than I care to remember, one gets touched ((Like Jeeves.)) by certain occupational diseases. My favourite hallucination is of being pursued by a gigantic and ever increasing pile of unmarked exercise books. Certain of the profession who can stand this no longer have been known to turn it in, uttering sharp yelps, and demanding to put their names down for easier jobs, like Everest climbing or brain surgery. ((Jeeves will never go in for either of those, it takes him all his time to climb into bed at night....and they haven't developed a micro-electroencephalograph, so far.)) (Bentcliffe is a lice)

One thing that TRIODE did to me, was to make me wish that I knew some of its 'characters' (a clanger?) ((Possibly one or two are.)) better. There is a good friendly atmosphere about the publication, and nowone tries to be too damned clever.

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

TLO being of

course the main subject of discussion, with just a passing appreciation of KETTERING at Easter - very nice, very fannish, not enough women but you can't have everything. ((Yes, t'was a goodly 'do', and a Triode vote of thanks goes to DAVE NEWMAN for organising it.)) Or something.

Joy Clarke is a Good Man.

I can't take long - it's nearly nine already and I want to get some reading in before I go to bed. I just boiled a kettle between these two paragraphs by the way, and just as the whistle blew the Malleable Siren went off out-of-hours. Sympathetic magic or something. Anyway, to get back to TRIODE. Nigel's been a long time absent from fanzines it seems, his return is welcomed - even though of course you've probably been holding this piece for two years. ((Only a couple of months, actually, Archie.))

FutHist STILL doesn't clear up the angle of the fen in maritime museums and aquaria and places. ((I feel rather gillty about that! What did happen to them John ??)) Somebody's slipped up badly there. But this episode still upholds the generally extraordinarily high standard of the series. Oh - and the N&T thing was a bit of all right, too. Leaves editorial ramblings and letters and what have you - all nothing to complain about. So I won't.

Ken Slater, Leach's Farm, Lynn Rd, Walsoken, Wisbech, Cambs.

I think the enclosed is worthy of a wider audience than Joyce and I. As you can see I put a gentle reminder in the June catalogue, that I was pruning out the "dead wood" again. This mornings mail brought in the enclosed - which you'll observe cost me 6d - and conveys the information that some illiterate idiot doesn't want any more catalogues - the fact that he doesn't say who he is, of course, is a problem!!

Actually, having a good memory for Goons, I recall this idiot as a type who asked for catalogues in January, purchased one copy of the BRE FATE for ninepence, sent it back about ten days later as he said he'd read it already - and could he have another one. I gave him the benefit of the doubt and sent him another copy as an exchange, pointing out that he had ordered the issue sent, and that it was up to him to order issue's he had not read. But in this instance we'd exchange free, not charge even the postage.

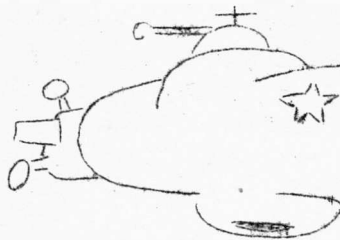
Can't find the subsequent correspondence, but here is the original letter. ((And a beautiful piece of work it is, rivalling Reaney and NGW for mastery of prose, and a star struck spider for clarity of print. I'll reproduce it below for the benefit of you masses, but won't give the er, gents name and address for obvious reasons. However, if anyone wants to correspond with the bloke (Peter ??) I'll be pleased to let them have it. Particularly, Peter.))

" Just a letter to you to hand, in this letter i am asking you to send forward a copy of the British FATE magazine to me, find enclosed a 9d postal order for that same, this order to you is for one of the issues which you had in stock during the past year 1956. NOTE - the order is for a copy for the month of MARCH 1956 so send on by return, i will also accept other different variety of MAGAZINES from you as well, all back issues which you had available up to March 1956. enclose a full list.

i thank you very much...."

((No wonder you call it Fantast....)) (Sounds like Bentcliffe home)

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Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Harrogate, Yorks.

After waiting in Leeds Dispensary for three hours getting anti-tetanus injections for a sploynter in my finger, I'm just in the right mood to acknowledge Triode. ((Have the Mad Dogs which knee-ed Ellison in the Groin, been after you ??))

On the whole, I think your standard has dropped somewhat this issue - it's now only very good. I still think you've got a darn-good fanzine there and I still think that this is a darn good issue, but somehow it didn't ring the bell as being as outstanding as other recent issues of Triode. Nice to see Nigel back writing again - and heck, what a complaycated plot. Very good reading.

Now the Future History has come to its first end, I suppose I should sit down and go over the whole series. Wonder whether there'll be the continuity there should be ? ((Like most serials it tends to get a little frustrating when read all together because of the 'cliffhanger' endings. Perhaps one of these days I'll work up the enthusiasm to pub the effort in it's entirety, after souping up the

continuity, that is.)) Still, John has had us in some messes in the past, and it's nice to see that he's got us safely to Beetle Juice. And like Nigel's plot and Terry's cover this episode was magnificent in its originality. Thoroughly ingenious. Don't do it again. It's too much. What a blooming good way to make a spaceship on the cheap, though. Wonder if Eric Jones is going to try it out ? ((Spaceship was almost as ingenious a one as the one Arthur Clarke and Bill Temple conceived for the Festiven-tion...they grew a giant onion and the first spaceship was powered by mytogenetic rays (?), the passengers, of course, lived off the ship. Tears rolled down there faces when they reached the moon safely!))

Then there was Terry's editorial which was nicely written and well received, especially the line about 'stronger elastic' which raised a guffaw. Jones letter a beaut and the replay again sheer genius.

Y'know, Eric, looking back over these comments, I don't see what I've been moaning about - that this issue wasn't quite up to the standard of previous issues. Perhaps not from the viewpoint of over-all excellence. But to balance this there are hall-marks of genius about some of the gimmicks used in the articles, as I've said, and to set this Triode out miles above the previous nine, there is of course no column from Ashworth.((Tut))

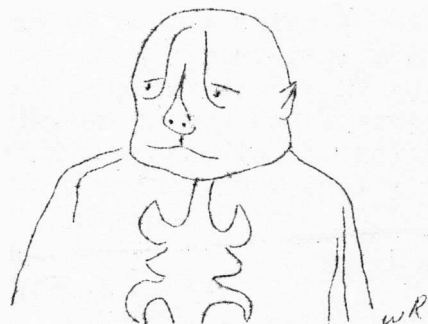


27
Bob Richardson, 32 Gloucester Place, Cheltenham, Glos.

Have a winkle -
just finished reading Triode 10. Good Stuff. I especially liked the front cover, Peter Reaney's letter & Eric's reply thereof - and his little bit about our mob. ((The Cheltenham Mongolians)) I'd like to correct you on a couple of points though. A) Eric, or rather, Jonesy, ain't the only active fan in these parts, he is the most active, true, but a few of us are beating our brains out as well, trying to earn that active rating. B) It won't be a matter of years before our mob will be interesting enough to visit, what with Jonesy spurring us on, and the grand example set by Liverpool we'll be well on the road to stardom this time next year. Give us time boy, give us time. ((That's what I was doing! Seriously, t'was nice to see Audrey, Les, and yourself (and Eric & Margeret) at Kettering. And if you keep on drinking that stuff brewed by Les you'll all either be superfen, or alcoholics, by this time next year.))

Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.

Triode again (and I hope that you appreciate that I am commenting on Triode to the sounds of Mozart - the significance you can work out for yourself). ((Dunno about Mo, but I think your Bach is worse than your bite..)) Essense of Shark was enjoyable, but Lindsay has done better than this - it isn't up to his usual level. (carp, carp, complain, that's all I do) Future History ended with a nice sort of indeterminate glug...the way has most certainly (and how's that for a split verb?) been left open for a continuation. Somehow, through all the episodes I have read, I have felt that the parts by Thomson were superior to those by Berry. I think that Thomson should be drug to a typer more often. Now for Jeeve's column. I find his comments on Mana 2 intiguing. Certainly it contained some naughty words, which as Terry says could bring down the wrath of the postal authorities, but some of the comments I find most mystifying. "One particular item attributed to General Patton is nothing more than the ravings of a foul-mouthed lunatic" How? I can't see anything particularly raving or lunatic about that particular passage. Foul mouthed, coarse, uncouth, brutal, vulgar, certainly, but "raving" ? "lunatic" ? "The most frequently used words are usually reserved for latrine walls by the feeble minded." Oh come now. The most frequently used word in that particular passage, while rarely used in print, and never in "polite" mixed company, is a perfectly good Anglo-Saxon term. A rather succinct, earthy term, perhaps, but you can't kid me that even in England it's use is confined to feeble minded writing on "latrine walls". ((Postulating that you are not in the least "feeble minded", do you then go around writing earthy Anglo-Saxon words on latrine walls ?? I don't think Terry was arguing that the word wasn't in general usage, merely that it is out of place in a fmz...when used, as here, for it's shock value. Or for any other reason, for that matter.)) I feel that Courval is maybe just trying to shock people with this sort of stuff and I fully agree with Terry that he is grossly in error in printing such material.



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20
But, let's be reasonable in our objections. ((Oh, we are.)) Your review of CONSERVATIVE shows that you view the matter in The Proper Light, and are a Right Thinking Person. ((Henceforward I shall be addressed as Eric Bentcliffe, E.C.L.S.F.S., R.T.B.))

Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St, Hightown, Manchester 8.

Just a few lines to inform you of a change in the meeting place of the Manchester Circle. We were generally getting a bit tired of the Ping Hong, and last Sunday after visiting a few pubs we eventually landed at the York Hotel in Fountain Street. ((Printed for the benefit of any star-begotten fen likely to visit Manchester.)) Besides the above it has been suggested to commence a Science Fiction Debateing Society on Friday evenings at the Waterloo Hotel. ((Shades of the N.S.F.C.!!)) Further preparations are now on their way for the second issue of of Once In A Blue Moon. to be entitled 'Twice in A Blue Moon'. ((Logical.))

Greg Benford, 10 Liliencron Strasse, Frankfurt/Main.

Before I get on to TRIODE 10, a slight bit of arguing about this derogation thing. What we are exactly speaking about is rather muddled, it seems when I mention satire re: deros, it means just that - derogations. And as usual, you are overlooking the main impression that I was trying to make when speaking of the differences between Yanks and Britons. From over here it looks like one of the main differences is the definition of "fueds". Considering the statements you and others have made, I gather most of the English fen think any disagreement, no matter how small, is a raging battleground of dissent, with people chopping madly at each other. ((In the traditiond on Georgie Washington ?)) A fued (or at least the North American definition of one) is a major clash of ideas, which goes beyond the bounds of normal arguing. ((Which are ?)) There haven't been any actual fueds in American-Canadian fandom for some time now, except for the occasional irritation from Wetzels, and possible, Hall. Why man, term the arguments, etc. that go on all the time in both US and UK fandom as 'fueds', what would you call the things that went on in the late thirties ? ((Probably fueds. I can't challenge your definition of the word 'fued' because it isn't in either of the dictionaries I possess. However, to get all Campbellish, does a fued exist because two or more people are slanging each other, or because any unspecified number of people believe they are ? Interesting topic, ain't it.))

A point Arthur Thomson made while we were in London might prove valid in this derogation thing. As Art said, the chief difference between UK and American fandom is that we tend to hang out all our political intrigue and rumour-mongering, while the British keep theirs under wraps. ((That's not just a fannish difference, it's a National one.)) I personally feel your managing of this sort of thing is better than ours.

Anyway, Triode 10 was much appreciated. Eddie's cartoon on the contents page was well-cut, but something in me objects to the occasional tearing

Born on a mountain top in
Tennessee
Died of starvation at the
age of three...

of stencil around the lines. Whoever cut it had a sharp stylo, and pressed slightly hard. ((You really must do something about that six-inch nail, Terry.))

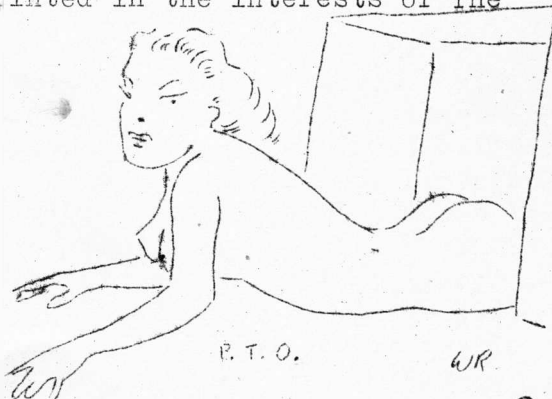
Essence of Shark about the best thing in the issue, barring the end of the Future History. I hope someone comes up with a continuation of this series - it seems a pity to let it go down the drain after all the situations that could have been developed. If an original tone is kept, the HISTORY could very well go on for ever, to the great amusement of fandom. Agree with Terry on Courval's MANA. Why the hell he ever included such trash is beyond me; not that I am overly offended or anything of the sort, but the sheer uselessness of the obscene words reflects the atmosphere in which they were intended. Any intelligent adult has seen plenty of this sort of stuff and has no need for further examples.

Your editorial was interesting, but it seems to me that they're falling into a certain style and mood that becomes quickly boring. Not that I'm bored now, but I can see in a few more issues this manner of writing will get pretty dead. Don't know exactly what it is...possibly just that I've had the sensation of reading it all before. ((Where?)) For instance, when carrying out the usual business such as announcing that the next issue will be late, or that additional submissions are welcomed on the FUTURE HISTORY series, you take half a page. Adding up the slight bits, I'd say that a good three or four pages each T are useless as far as entertainment goes. ((That's more or less the trouble with any fmz editorial, Greg. Unless you happen to be a Grennell.))

Jean Young, 10 Sumner Rd, Cambridge 38, Mass.

T10 arrived yesterday; I haven't had a chance to read it, though I laughed myself purple over the cover. We also got T8, eons and eons ago, and never replied. Andy kept meaning to, but there are many things he (& I) keep meaning to do that we don't. Anyway, we both loved 8, and we both loved the cover of 10; and we sent SDance as a conscience-assuager; and Andy has sent POO7 and I've sent GARAGE FLOOR ((Send the roof next pal, will ya the cars getting rusty..)) and there will be more coming one of these days. And Andy still intends to write, and we sent copies to Terry, too, I think, and we love his Soggies. ((Printed in the interests of The More Writing On Pockets Society))

- And that is all the letter section
X for this time, due partly to a
X shortage of quotable letters - due
X partly, I think, because we did the
X UK distribution of T10 at Kettering
X and when folk have said thanks in
X person, they're less likely to
X write in as well. Guess I'll have
to put the Rev. Moorhead on the sub
list to work up a controversy! EB.



SON OF FAN DANCE!!! Being letters which arrived too late for inclusion!

H. Ken Bulmer, Tresco, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, London, S.E.6.

Triode 10 came in the other day and I was enormously impressed. You and Terry have a first class magazine there and, of course, there is always room to carry on from there. Interested to read you'd been pursued by Sharks. Had to bone up on them recently - for obvious reasons ((Your agent giving you trouble, Ken ??)) - and the quack should have prescribed copper acetate. Also, if you were under water relative to the sharks and acted with your normal belligerence then they'd have ignored you - in fact, been scared. Until you dangled your feet in the swimming baths, that is. ((Can't help but think that there's a 'thinly veiled insult' there, somewhere. Just because I haven't got webbed-feet like you and Arthur... Think I'll write a serial for NW and call it "Greenhorn Destiny!)). A good little piece - congratulate Nigel.

There is very little I can say about the Future History. Anything of this nature I've always thought is a very good thing indeed. One recalls with affection the Road to Yoh Vombis, the cataclysm which left alive only actifen in the world; etc. This is the sort of piece which can only stem from an understood framework of cross-references and friendships and interests in common all firmly based on the sub-stratum of sf. Allied with this of course, is the series Walter is running in WOZ on his early days in Fandom covering his trials and tribulations; and the Clamorous Dreamers of Wally Gillings in Fido. This sort of historical recording and myth-making should be encouraged and I was pleased to see that you promise further passages in the particular adventures of the fen hardy enough to venture to Betelgeuse in Nirvana.

I suppose by now you're surfeited by fen writing in and saying that Triode is a good fmz, but without specifying just why. I'd hazard a guess that doing that is always difficult with any zine; and equally when a zine has more than one editor it never has the same flavour that a noneditorial zine has - so that with T the problem is aggravated. I'd say that you started shakily, not quite sure of what you wanted to do and that you now just don't care what you do; which is the secret of success in the field. Anyway, T has acquired a personality, and it's a good personality; I'm looking forward to further issues and the building up of a zine that carries on the good aspects of fandom. There are plenty around that don't seem to know or care that these aspects exist. ((You have some very pertinent points there, Ken, and you are probably quite right about the first issue or two of Triode. I think we've got the hang of things now. As the man said...))



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Re your request for a sequel to Green Destiny for Triode, quite sincerely I'd love to do it for you. I mean that. The only trouble is that I have to earn the old bread and butter in order to live and this means that I have to sell, so, if you could give me an idea of your rates we could then discuss it further. ((One signed photograph of Shirley Marriott, a pair of Ina's panties, two tattered snoods (useful for restraining beards), and seventy-three slightly used razor blades (you can use them for sharpening pencils); that's me highest offer.)) I know, of course, that all this is a joke; but - if only one could fan all the time and not have to do any work!

Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Ave, Levenshulme, Manchester 19.

And now I have to report on T10, which arrived quite a while ago and has been read twice by now. The cover was a minor work of art, ((Oops! Shouldn't have put that bit on stencil, Jeeves will want a smaller share of the losses...)) and sets the pace nicely. In fact the issue is impeccable throughout, and it's hard to single out any one thing at the expense of the rest. If I had to say what one feature stood out, it would probably be the two inter-'s ...the Mission and the lude. They achieved between them that certain sense of meshing together. The rest of the zine flows around them naturally. They would most certainly have casued the issue to flop if they had been omited.

It's curious that you should be talking about riding a bike. Only the month before, I had been doing likewise. I had a few days leave and decided I was getting too fat, so exercise was the thing. Believe it or not, and there is no reason why you should not, I got as far as Stratford-on-Avon, and in one day, forsooth. Once there, I found suitable digs, and a suitable pub where they sold a remarkable drink known as Dragon's Blood. I am now fatter than ever but resigned to it. ((I'm afraid that my ambitions as a cyclist do not run to this extreme, I can find ale to suit my taste a lot closer to home!))

Charles Lee Riddle, P.O.Box 27, Port Deposit, Maryland.

It's high time I settled down and started to write a few letters or people will begin to think that I have died! As you can see, I have started a new business here in the States, and it apparently is going to take up quite a bit of my time. The May issue of PEON is just about finished now, but the future of the mag looks doubtful. This printing and rubber stamp business is demanding quite a bit of spare time, my official duties have suddenly increased, and I just don't know if PEON is going to be on schedule any more. ((Was it ever ?.....This portion published for the benefit of the What The Hell Has Happened To Peon Society. Incidentally, Lee enclosed a price list of printing charges and rubber-stamp carvings, and the prices look most reasonable, he's a little too far away to get U.K. fandom's business but I think some of you Statesiders could do a lot worse than patronise the Peon Press.))

Pete Hope, 15 Claremont Ave, New York, 27, N.Y.

What is the correct appellation for those entities on the cover ? ((This is The End.....

32 Your editors have been very fortunate in obtaining for prior publication the serial rights on a forthcoming book on William Harrison, Head of the London Chapter of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society. You will all appreciate that this is quite a scoop and we can assure you that only in TRIODE will you be able to follow this saga. We understand that a humorous article on Harrison is appearing in another magazine, but this appears to be of a light nature and only includes some small anecdotes. Whereas, the full magnitude and scope of Harrison and his achievements will only be related in TRIODE.

We were hoping that Harrison himself might write a personal note for us, but we were informed by the Foreign Office that he is at present on a mission of some delicacy in South Patagonia. Nevertheless, we are proud to present:-

BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY

By

Harry Hurstmonceaux, O.B.E., and Cyril Faversham, M.M.,
(co-authors of "The Power Behind The Premier", "Man or God?", "The Coming Struggle For Harrison", "Safari With A Genius", "Harrison And The Balkans".)

Part One - 1937. Face To Face With A legend.

We knew of Him, though we had never seen Him. From the gaudy cabarets of Bucharest, from the bazaars of Singapore, from cool and sumptuous apartments in Washington and Delhi, and from the festering slums of Cairo, rumours and whisperings of Him had reached us.... A beggar (we had tossed him a few annas) had used His name in blessing, once, in Madras; an itinerant fruit-vendor had invoked Him in Santiago when we had refused to purchase his wares; in Mecca we were reprieved from the agonising Death Of The Infidel by a pretense that we were acquainted with Him (we were thereupon presented with the Freedom of the City). Lawrence had spoken of Him with unfeigned awe; Glubb Pasha with fervent admiration; Mahatma Ghandi with a rare quiet reverence. For all this, though, we had no more real knowledge of the man than if He inhabited another planet; we were unaware, even, of His whereabouts at any given time.



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He was reputed to be on a mission of some delicacy; where, though, was a closely guarded secret. Or He was somewhere East Of Zanzibar, on an assignment of Global Importance; that was all that could be told. But what manner of man was He ? What incredible secret of personal magnetism did He possess, that made all who knew Him worship Him ? All we knew for certain was, that there were some few score men in England who, having served under Him, acknowledged thenceforward but two leaders: His Majesty, and William Harrison. And they would willingly have laid down their lives for either.

It was in India, in that high summer of '37, that our story really begins; a dreamlike, deceptively tranquil time, when History still wore a rose, and Politics danced to the strains of a waltz.... Two raw subalterns, we had left behind us the glitter and gaiety of Delhi, and were part of a force that had taken up position near the Khyber Pass. Beyond this rocky gorge, the barbarian hordes, long jealous of the wealth and power of the British Raj, crouched in eternal readiness to pounce and devour. Although we were naturally proud to serve on such a frontier, the tediousness of such an envirement sometimes dispirited us. We had passed several weeks there, uneventful to the point of monotony; the heat was hellish in its intensity, the insect life omnipresent, the women scarce, and the whisky pretty vile. Little did we know as we grumbled in our boredom and frustration, that events about us were taking a crucial turn.

One evening, as we were taking our customary Chota Peg, we discerned a figure distantly silhouetted against the violent crimson sky. We cautioned the guards, but allowed our visitor to draw nearer. As he approached, we recognised him as a pathan, we could see clearly, too, that all was not well with him. He tottered towards us, babbling between parched lips, and collapsed grotesquely in front of our tent, scrabbling at the dirt in a pitiful effort to rise. Suspecting that he might be unwell, we enlisted medical aid, and had him removed to the Sick Bay.

It was several days before he was able to speak coherently to us, for he was in a high fever; but during his delirium a phrase or two fell from his broken lips that made us shiver with excitement and anticipation... At last the poor fellow passed the crisis, and though still very weak, was soon able to utter a few broken but intelligible sentences. We stood over his bedside, avid for his every word.

" Sahibs," he croaked at last,
" I have a command... from the White
Lord..."

" What the devil! You don't mean ?"

" Sahibs, the White Lord.....
Harrison, the great one..."

" Good grief! " we ejaculated.
" You can't mean ??"



" He is launching a Holy War, Sahibs, a Crusade." The mans eyes glittered with fanatical awe. " A war to destroy the Red Devils in the North." He raised his head painfully from his pillow. " My Master.... our Master, The Great One, the All-Seeing.... Come, I will lead you to Him. He requires us."

" Requires us ? You mean ? "

" Come Sahibs," the man cried feebly. " Come! We are but as dirt between the smallest of His toes, but He requires that we should do His bidding; and what more" - his eyes suddenly brimmed with tears - "what more can a man ask of life ?"

What more indeed! We thought, eyeing each other solemnly.

" We shall be ready to leave in ten minutes," we said.

* * * *

Two days later found us laboriously negotiating a narrow mountain track. We had been without food, water or sleep for all that time, we were hardly aware of our own discomfort. We were in rough terrain now, a region of precipitous gorges and high crags, and had not seen another human being for twenty-four hours. But we were nearing our destination, we were soon to meet Him face to face! That one thought maintained our flagging strength and kept our spirits buoyant. " Soon, Sahibs," breathed our guide, almost fainting with spiritual exaltation; " it will be soon now... See!" He pointed tremblingly towards a great opening in the cliff ahead of us; then, turning to us almost fearfully, he addressed us in a voice that was hushed with reverence. " Come," he breathed. "Speak not, but follow."

We followed him into the dark mouth of the cave, and found ourselves in a rough-hewn rocky chamber, where shadows danced eerily in the flickering light of torches. The place was bare, save for one great stone seat, almost thronelike in its proportions, and decorated with curious carvings, which stood at the foot of the farthest wall. We stood motionless, gazing about us in wonderment; suddenly, our guide gripped us fiercely by the arms.

" Kneel, Sahibs!" he hissed. "Kneel! The Great One approaches!"

We heard the sound of measured footsteps, reverberating slightly through the profound stillness of the cave. The sound grew somewhat louder, and then, stopped. Our throats were dry; our hearts hammered against our ribs for greatness walked among us. And then we knew it was all true, His personality projected and enveloped us like a protective cloak, the warmth of it surrounded us and as it did so we knew, as in a dream, that forever we were his servants.

A voice spoke. It contained within itself overtones of dignity, kindness, high purpose, a suavete and wit that one already knew would be matchless, and a resoluteness and integrity of purpose that were incomparable. " Arise," it said. Tremblingly, like children, we got to our feet and looked into the magnificent eyes of Harrison.

(To Be Continued)

OH MY HEAD!

By

Sandra Laurence



My dears, I went to Kettering again. But Kettering! I should have known better. I arrived at 11.30a.m., after getting up at the crack of dawn, but the positive crack, darlings.

Have you ever gone out at half past seven to catch a nine o'clock train? The streets! Positively deserted, darlings, and by no means properly aired. And half way there, in the train I mean, I woke up and there was Sandy sitting in the same compartment and holding hands with a negress. He was telling her all about the beauties of the country. You know, my dears, all those trees and things in between the stations, like Kew only bigger.

And the line! My dears, the girl was enthralled! And when I said "Good morning" she looked at me, but positive daggers, my dears. What I could have told her, too. Oh, that man. He's a menace.

Then everything went sort of dark and I was being chased by little red negroes in diving suits and all with beanies and Jet Morgan zap-guns and yelling "Kettering for the George!"

One of them put a supersonic shaker on my shoulder and said wake up stupid wake up, and I did, and I was standing on the platform with Sandy holding my bag and his and kissing this Jamaican girl and for some reason I was shouting "Porter, porter" and someone came up and put a foaming tankard in my hand and said one and ten, please.

So we got into a taxi and went down to Memphis - sorry, that's Betty and Dupree one can't always tell, can one?

Sandy told the man to drive straight into the George and he did and have you ever tried to climb out of a taxi stuck half way through a bar? My skirt caught round the beer pump and as I wasn't wearing any I had to cover my embarrassment with my hands. As I drew my dignity around me I heard gentleman remark in detached and academic tones: "Yes, one can tell with blondes, can't one!"

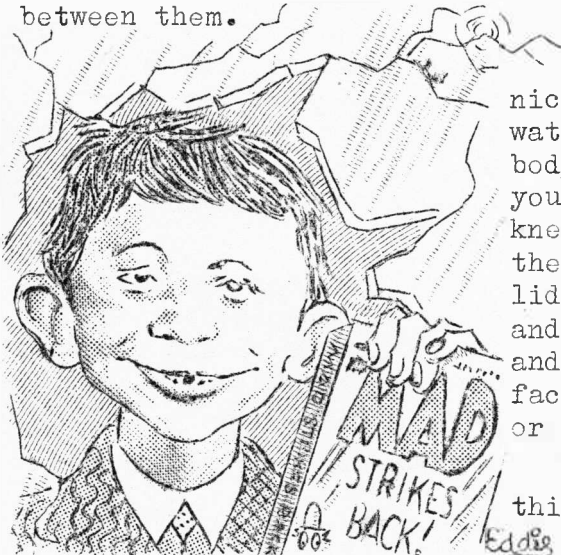
My dears, there was worse to come. I left Sandy to pay the taxi-man and went to reception. I got one. Joyce Poyton waved exquisitely manicured nails within an inch, no less, of my nose and said, "No 13, and leave Dave Newman alone this year!"

Darlings, I fled. In my room came the first ray of sunshine that day. This year I did not manage to drop my lipstick down the plughole.

When I got downstairs again everyone had decided to go shopping, so I borrowed 10/- off Dave just to teach Miss Poyton that I wasn't scared of her. Sandy was the first to buy something, he went into a manshop and came out with a cellophane envelope. Bill Harry immediately bought a balloon on a stick.

Now, darlings. As soon as Sandy's back was turned Bill picked his pocket. He opened the envelope and brought out a pair of men's briefs in pink crimped nylon. And so neat! Darlings, I wanted to trim them with black lace, there and then! Bill tied them to the balloon stick like a flag and we all marched down to Woolworths singing When The Saints Go Marching In. Honestly, darlings, the way people stopped and stared and formed a line down each side of the pavement one would have thought something out of the ordinary was happening. Then everyone went and bought sun-glasses and Little Richard records.

On the way back we stopped and looked in a magazine and joke shop and a big hand suddenly appeared in front of us waving something dazzling. So we put on our sun-glasses and the colours quietened and became a book with "Mad Strikes Back" on it. So we struck back and ran, leaving Dave to pay for the window. Later we learned that he and the shopkeeper and the shopkeepers insurance agent had all worked it out between them.



After lunch I had a bath. Isn't it nice, darlings, when you're tired and the water's warm and you can just see you're body through a mist of dissolving soap and you wonder what men see in it and your knee's are two islands on a sunny sea and the boat's rocking gently and your eye-lids sweep down....then a storm blows up and splashes you and suddenly there's Sandy and Ina and Norman splashing water in your face and shouting pull for the shore sail-or it's dinner time.

You know, darlings, things like this always happen to me.

And they'd disturbed me just because they wanted to make Eric Bentcliffe and apple pie bed. So they went down to the receptionist's desk and Dave made eyes at her while Ina purloined the key. Weren't they naughty, dears? While this was going on I got dressed and took the apples down. Darlings, we hatched the most delicious plot. All the girls were going to make a fuss of Eric when he came and sit on his bed so that he wouldn't notice we'd turned the mattress upside down. A box-spring mattress, dears.

So after dinner, they met Eric at the station and escorted him to his room and followed the plan, only to find that the chambermaid had turned the mattress right way up again!

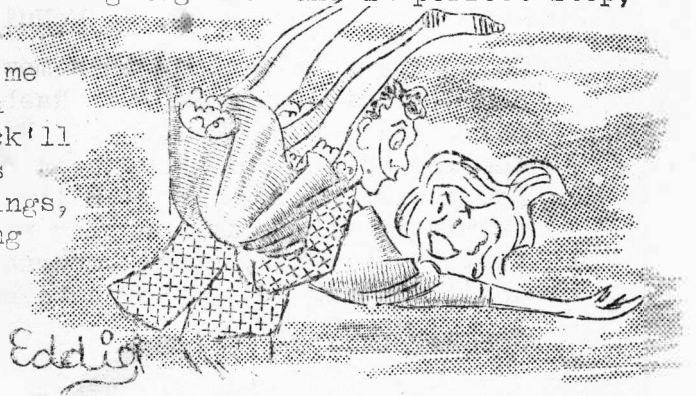
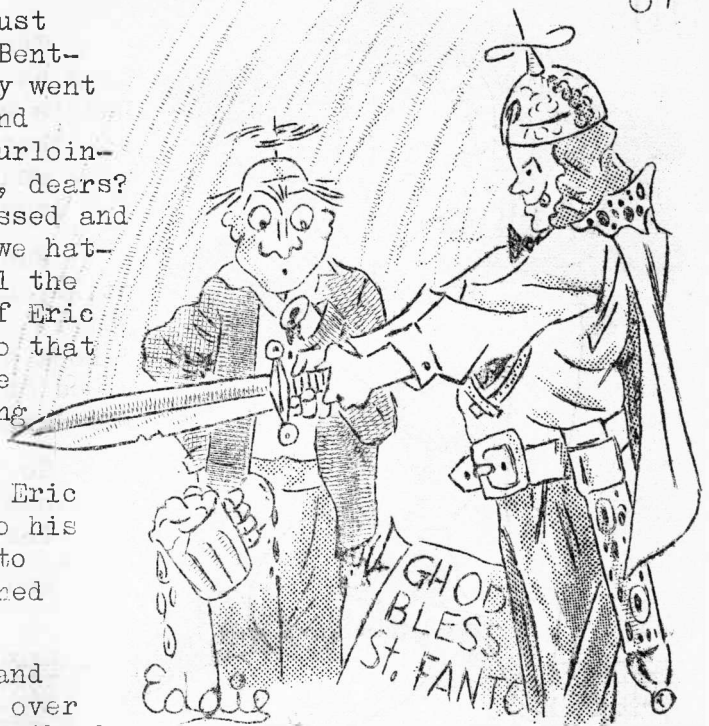
So Norman took Eric down and got him drunk while we did it all over again. Afterwards we went down to the bar and oh, those heavenly men! They kept buying me drinks and looked so hurt when I refused, darlings, I really couldn't. I mean. Well, one can't, can one.

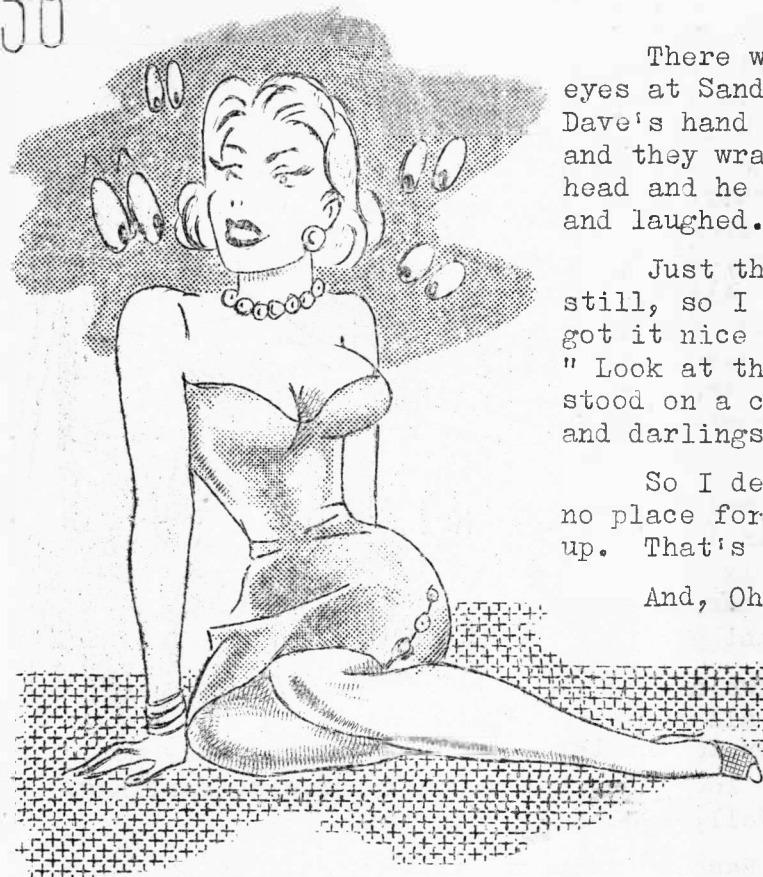
Then we went into the Basket Lounge to watch people being invested with the Order Of St. Fantony and darlings, the vests were all too short. Sandy sat at the back making sardonic chords on his guitar. One day, darlings, I shall kill that man. If everybody else doesn't get there first. They quelled him by putting a chair on his chest and all the Cheltenham girls, such nice girls, darlings, sat on it and sang the Volga Boatmen.

When the ceremony was over, they were silly enough to get up and let him get to the Punch. It was a peach punch, darlings, and Dave Newman made it and one positeley floated, dears, I mean. Well, Sandy started singing the blues and people were jiving then I noticed that Ina's twin sister had arrived, and they were dancing together and in perfect step, dears, they even walked together.

Then Eric The Bent siezed me and whirled me round and round and Sandy was singing "...and the black'll stick by you when the yella throws you down.." or something and darlings, they did and I couldn't do anything except kick them away before they tripped me.

But Darlings!





There was Joyce gazing with big blue eyes at Sandy while he sang and holding Dave's hand a lot higher than her waist and they wrapped themselves round Sandy's head and he didn't even notice. I laughed and laughed.

Just then I saw Eric holding the wall still, so I went to help him. We'd just got it nice and steady when someone said, "Look at that drunken bitch," and I stood on a chair to see who they meant, and darlings, they all were except me!

So I decided that such an orgy was no place for me and asked Eric to tuck me up. That's all he did, too.

And, Oh My Head....

Eddie

TAFF

The results of the election for this year are in, and it appears that First Fandom isn't Dead! Bob Madle is the winner. Here's the full line-up.

Bob Madle 486 points, Stu Hoffman 316, Richard Eney 287, Dick Ellington 158, Boyd Raeburn 135, Forry Ackerman 65, Ed McNulty 54, Raybin 44.

To me the result comes as somewhat of a shock, I'd expected (and hoped) that either Eney or Raeburn would get to be top of the poll, and to the Worldcon. From where I sit, both the two at the top of the poll have been relatively inactive over the past few years, whereas Eney, Ellington, and Raeburn have been quite prominent in the fan-pubbing world. To carry my train of thought further, however, would embarrass the TAFF officials and this I don't want to do....they have enough headaches already.

CONGRATULATIONS - BOB MADLE. U.K. Fandom will be looking forward to meeting you at the Worldcon.

HOMO TAPIENS

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Under this.....er, generic term you'll be likely to find things of interest to the taperbug. That Proud, Bloated Plutocrat of Fandom who possesses a tape-recorder! The department may be regular or irregular, large or small, depending on what there is to hand in the way of news, and material. This issue it's only going to run to one page, mainly because we want to keep the issue down to forty pages and sneak in under the 2d postage rate.

Last issue I mentioned that a one-shot on taper topics would be appearing from this address shortly. This project, due to one or two things cropping up.....a heat wave, for instance, and evryone being to busy preparing for the Worldcon to write anything for it...has been temporarily put on the shelf. I still want material for it and when sufficient arrives I shall shake of my lethargy and get cracking with stencil and stylo.

Meanwhile a similar publication is brewing at the address of that Good Man William Rotsler. Bill has been circulating fandom of late with a questionnaire to garner material for his TAPEBOOK, I have a feeling that the answers to the questionnaire will probably provide inspiration for an article or so not connected with tapering, also. It's quite a thing. One of the most interesting questionnaires I've seen, even if there isn't much room for the answers!

If you haven't had a questionnaire from Bill and you posses a taper, or are thinking of buying one, I suggest you drop him a line and ask for one. In case he's run out, you might mention details of your machine at the same time, thus ensuring that he gets the gen before he correlates the replies.

The address, in case you don't know is, Route One, Box 638, Camarillo, (pronounced Camareeo) California.

I'll be liasing somewhat with Bill on this publication so anyone who has appeared in a Triode listing of tapefen is fairly certain to be listed in the TAPEBOOK, and to get a copy. Next issue I'll probably pub a revised list of fen with tape-recorders, meanwhile you can add the two fen listed below onto the roster.

Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota. $3\frac{3}{4}$ - $7\frac{1}{2}$

Peter West, 23 Elgin Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London W.9. $3\frac{3}{4}$ - $7\frac{1}{2}$

Of interest to U.K. folk only is that it is now possible to insure your tape-recorder against FIRE, BURGLARY, ACCIDENTAL DAMAGE, etc., for a reasonable figure. The National Employer's Mutual Ins. Co. Ltd., of 57/63 Princess St, Manchester, have worked up a special policy. Write to them if you are interested.

Incidentally, they don't mention Acts Of Ghod.....

EB.

TRIODE

