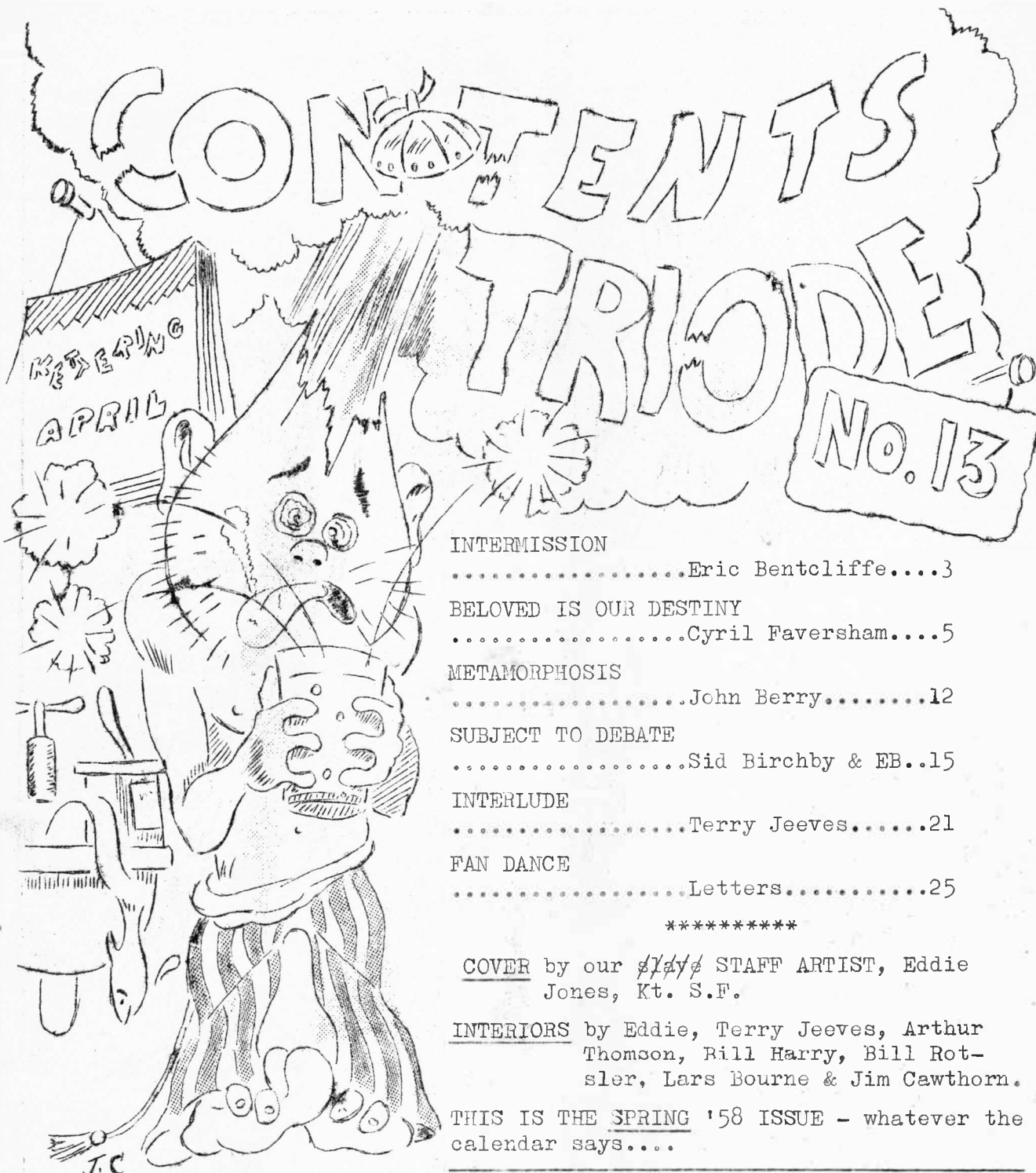


TRIGUDE

NO. 13.

INSIDE • PART 3 OF *Beloved is our destiny*



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COVER by our ~~staff~~ STAFF ARTIST, Eddie Jones, Kt. S.F.

INTERIORS by Eddie, Terry Jeeves, Arthur Thomson, Bill Harry, Bill Rot-sler, Lars Bourne & Jim Cawthorn.

THIS IS THE SPRING '58 ISSUE - whatever the calendar says....

TRIODE is edited and published by Eric Bentcliffe, E.C.L.S.F.S., Kt.S.F. and Terry Jeeves, Kt. S.F. Material, & UK subs @ 1/6 per issue should be sent to EB at 47, Alldis St, Gt Moor, Stockport, Ches. Art to TJ at 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks. Dollar-lolly can be sent to Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

This issue is dedicated to the British Scientists who produced ZETA - just think, Atomic Energy from Zap-gun ammunition!



Bentcliffe's bit.....

As I'm rather well-represented in other parts of TRIODE, this issue, I've decided to turn INTERMISSION into a glorified fan-mag review column - space has been at a premium for the last few issues and there just hasn't been room to feature reviews. Thus saving myself a good deal of head-scratching for a suitable topic to discourse upon, and relieving my guilt complex at one blow.

However, before I turn to the fmz I have a rather distasteful announcement to make. THE COST OF ~~LOVING~~ LIVING is going up. And, so is the subscription rate to TRIODE. As of this issue the rate per single copy will be 1/6 sterling, or 20cents in the export market. Bargain rates of 4 issues for 5/-, and 6 for One Dollar will operate.

Before any accusations of vile-huckster's are made I'd better say that we aren't trying to make a profit, or even break even.....we just can't afford to spend too much cash on TRIODE, and the new postal regs have been the final straw. All subs received before this issue is mailed out will be accepted at the old rates, and the extant s bs will not be adjusted.

Fanzines, material (accepted for publication), tapes, and Letters of Comment (if regular) will still be acceptable in lieu of hard cash. Come to think of it if enough fanzines put up their sub-rates it might encourage the reader-type-fen to become more active!

That's done. Now let's look at a few zines....I make no apologies if some of the reviews are a little dated, I haven't been able to do any reviews for quite a while and I want to try and fit in mentions of all the fmz that regularly thud through the letter box.

Turn Page.

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YANDRO No 60 pubbed monthly (and it is, too!) by Buck & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana. 10d or 15cents. British rep is Alan Dodd, Swedish rep, Alvar Appletoffee.

YANDRO, is usually an unpretentious zine but with this, the Fifth Anniversary issue, it attempts a little more than usual - The Cover is a very effective litho job drawn by Morris Scott Dollens - and runs to 34 pages. Personally, I didn't enjoy it as much as I usually do, probably because although the contents are well up to the usual standard, the cover leads you to expect something terrific. The artwork herein is good, particularly that by Dan Adkins and Eddie Jones, and well reproduced. Material: by Bennett (a rather pointless thing), Stuefloten (a piece of fiction, egad...which almost comes off - and is rather suitably titled "Wind", I'll bet that's just what it was....Alan Dodd, among others. None of it particularly outstanding but quite pleasing. Worth the money.

METROFAN No 7 pubbed by David McDonald, 39, East 4th st, New York 3. This, it says here, is a Monthly, but as I gather that it hasn't appeared for almost a year you'd better not take that too literally. 50cents a year.

Apart from an excellent survey of the s-f & fantasy films of 1957 by Ken Beale, this one seems to be mainly concerned with the petty-politiking which goes on in New York fandom. If you're interested in who has been unfair to so-and-so you'll lap this up, but I was bored by it. Main thing in this issue is "Dave Kyle Confidential" by one Edsel McCune (it rhymes with Prune), which deals with the evils of Kyle. It all makes me rather glad that I'm not a New York fan. Not recommended unless you read the IMMORTAL STORM for enjoyment!

ABAS No 10 pubbed by Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9.

A very good issue of one of the top fanzines of the moment, and particularly outstanding for Boyd's own reporting of his trip to Europe and The Worldcon.

Boyd, is an extremely good reporter, and should be coerced into writing more, more often (Threaten him with the Royal Teens, Gerry). The rest of the magazine is taken up (which is rather an offhand way of putting it..) by Tucker, Bloch, Harry Warner, Carl Brandon, Rich Kirs, Dick Ellington, all in very good form. There's an amusing DEROGATION, too....and I wonder how many American fen have been flooged by the reference to the Tommy Steele Record Boiling Society. And it's all topped off by an excellent lettercol. Nice.

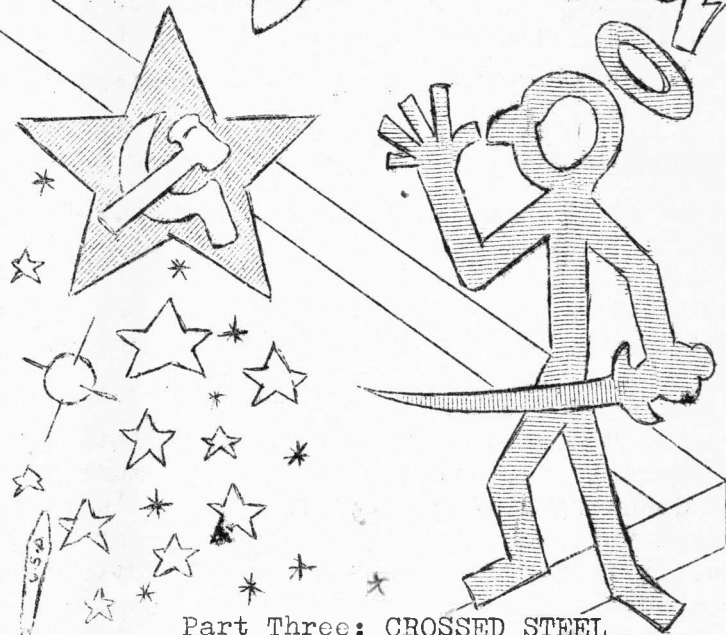
SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS No 15 pubbed by Clarke & Sanderson Ltd, 7 Inchmery Rd, Catford, London. Published all too infrequently, alas.

A good round-up of the news and views of UK fandom....which, I hope, will force Jansen's hand and inspire him to put out CONTACT again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.....

Beloved is our Destiny

EDITORIAL NOTE: Harrison (known throughout the East as 'The Great White God', in Europe as 'The Master', and in the New World as 'The Fox'), having contributed what He has described as his "modest bit" towards the winning of World War II, is as active as ever in the ensuing Cold War. His adventures in the uneasy postwar years are legion, but few, if any, have reached the ears of the general public. The following is one of them, as pieced together by Cyril Faversham, who, together with Harry Hurst-monceaux, is still occasionally called upon by the Great Man to assist Him in His work.



Part Three: CROSSED STEEL

As related by Cyril Faversham



At precisely one-twenty-four p.m. on Friday, June 27th, 1946, the man generally acknowledged to be the most discerning gastronome in Northern Europe seated himself in the restaurant car of the Zagreb-Bucharest Express. At precisely three-forty-three p.m., an oily Armenian waiter of dubious antecedents and even more dubious allegiances, brought Turkish coffee to the gastronomes table. The Gastronomer raised the cup to his lips, wrinkled his nostrils delicately, and set the cup down untouched. He looked up at the waiter, his clear blue eyes twinkling merrily.

"Please inform your employers that they must be more subtle," he said, with great good-humour. "Potassium Cyanide is a little obvious, you know."

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With a snarl the Armenian turned away; and the gastronome, chuckling, picked up his copy of 'The Times' and began to read. He had barely had time to appraise the latest Test scores, however, when he felt the pressure of a hand upon his. He looked up, startled; and his eyebrows lifted, slightly, in appreciation, for above him stood one of the most beautiful young women he had ever seen in his life.

"Are you He? Are you Harrison?" the girl asked breathlessly.

"I think I may lay claim to that distinction," said the Great Man nonchalantly. "Would you honour me by joining me in a liqueur?"

"My name is Ilse von Haundog..."

"The Countess von Haundog?" queried Harrison.

The girl nodded. "That was once my title... Until these - these scum took possession of my beloved country."

"I am honoured, Countess," said Harrison. "Won't you sit down?"

"Let us be done with formailities," said the girl urgently, seating herself opposite to him. "You must help me, you must! My father, the Grand Duke of Serbia, is being held in the Schloss Heuriger by the Secret Police. God knows what they may be doing to him. Perhaps, even now, it is too late...." Her voice broke, and she dabbed at her eyes with an absurd lace handkerchief. Suddenly, her eyes dilated. "Look out!" she screamed.

But Harrison had seen the stiletto coming. Laughing, he inclined his head an inch or two to one side, and heard the weapon bury itself with a thug in the wooden panel behind his left ear. He turned, extricated the stiletto, and tossed it nonchalantly to a gentleman of Teutonic origin who was wrestling determinedly with a portion of Maria-Theresa-schnitzel at the next table. "Hard lines, old man," said Harrison, smiling. The Teuton looked up, directing a glance of venomous hatred at him; then turned away, and stared fixedly through the windows at the hilly, heavily-wooded Balkan landscape as it rolled past them.

"Who is he?" hissed the Countess.

"Don't know, really; been following me from Belgrade," said Harrison casually, and produced a slim gold cigarette case.

"Care for one? Turkish this side, Russian that.... Where is Schloss Heuriger, by the way?"

"I knew you would not fail me!" cried the girl. "I knew it as soon as...."

"Steady on, old thing," said Harrison soberly. "We are now about to enter the Zobrovny tunnel, which, besides being a masterpiece of engineering, is almost one kilometre in length."

The girl blanched. "You mean...?"



" I do," said Harrison. " Under the table, quickly!"

With an ear-splitting shriek from its whistle the train thundered into the tunnel, and the compartment was plunged into blackness. Suddenly a great orange star exploded definitely not ten feet away from them; there was a horrible gurgling scream, followed by a sudden babel of voices. A few confused seconds later, brilliant sunlight flooded the compartment as the train emerged from the tunnel. The occupants of the dining-car blinked, then gasped. The Teuton who had thrown the stiletto lay sprawled across the table, a bullet through his brain.

Harrison looked levelly at his fellow-diners. " Whoever was responsible for this," he said, indicating the dead man, " ought really to brush up on his, or her, marksmanship." He picked up his copy of 'The Times'. " We are now approaching the outer suburbs of Bucharest," he said, taking the Countess gently by the arm. " Shall we prepare to leave?"

* * * *

The Cafe Dobra, in the heart of Rumania's capital, was as crowded and noisy as ever, but there was little real gaiety about it; gaiety being unfashionable in a People's Democracy. Harrison, however, had insisted upon visiting it, for he knew that the chef could still prepare the most succulent paprika-goulash in Rumania, and it was an idiosyncrasy of his always to eat well before undertaking a venture which might in any way hazardous. And indeed, he thought comfortably, it had proved to be a memorable meal. He picked up the pepper-pot and scattered a few grains of the yellow powder over his vodka; then raising the glass to his lips, drained the spirit at one gulp.

The Countess stared at him fascinatedly. " Why did you do that ?" she asked.

Harrison smiled. " Little trick I learned in Moscow," he said. " The pepper takes the fusel oil to the bottom of the glass - makes the drink a good deal more palatable. I....." He looked up, suddenly, as a hand was placed on his shoulder.

A small, greasy-looking individual stood above him. " You - English man ?" he grinned.

" I have that privilege," said Harrison, coldly.

" Ah, so I have thought!" cried the man with nauseating bonhomie. " Then shall you drink with me!" Unbidden, he seated himself at their table and beckoned across to a waiter. " Three large measures of szilva - and quickly!"

The greasy individual, whose name appeared to be Lupescu, began to talk loudly and volubly about nothing in particular. Mistaking Harrison's steely silence for an absorbed interest, he presently began to regale them with an account of the achievements of the New Rumania. " I have been reading from your so famous author Dickens. Can things be so terrible like he describes them ?"

" There is a kernel of truth in what Dickens says," said Harrison suavely, " but we're improving all the time;" and, in the split-second in

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which the other's eyes left his, he had adroitly switched glasses. " For example, we've recently succeeded in abolishing whipping posts."

" I am exceedingly glad to hear it," said Lupescu with a sneer, gulping down the fiery spirit before him. " Exceedingly glad. The New Rumania...."

He coughed, and set down his glass. " The...New Rumania..."

Suddenly his eyes bulged horribly; he coughed and spluttered for a few seconds; then slumped down across the table - dead.

The Countess gave a shrill little scream, and Harrison put a hand upon her shoulder. " Steady on, old girl," he said. " We must keep our heads. The Schloss Heuriger next, I think ?"

* * * *

Two hours' furious driving along the tortuous, rutted Balkan roads brought them at last to the Schloss; a gaunt, forbidding edifice perched precariously at the top of a steep wooded hill. Harrison parked his scarlet hispano behind a dense clump of foliage, and got out. " Please remain here," he said to the Countess, in a voice courteous but firm; then strode off, like the lion-hearted man of action that he was, towards the dark walls of the castle.

His mountaineering jaunts in the Himilayas had prepared him for emergencies such as these; in a moment, he had secured his foothold and was beginning to scale the vine-covered battlements. A few minutes of careful climbing brought him to a point immediately beneath a narrow, open window about eighty feet from the ground. He squeezed himself dexterously through this narrow aperture, and jumped nimbly to the floor of the room within.

The room was large, and apparently unoccupied. A few logs, crackling and blazing in the huge open fireplace, provided the only source of light; he could see dimly that the walls were covered with hunting-trophies, swords, firearms and the like. There was little furniture to be seen - a few heavy chairs, a table....



" Welcome," said a voice from behind him.

Harrison spun round. A lean, tall figure stood silhouetted in an open doorway to his right. Something glittered in the man's hand. Suddenly he had moved, and the glittering object was flashing towards Harrison.

Harrison ducked nimbly, and the knife clattered against the wall behind him. " Hardly the most hospitable welcome," he said suavely; "However, since you have a taste for the melodramatic..."

He turned swiftly removed his impeccably-cut blazer, and having rolled up his shirt-sleeves to the elbow; took two epees - ornamental, but nonetheless very lethal - from the wall above him. One of these he tossed to the stranger with a light laugh.

The man's nostrils flared like a stallion's. " You choose to pit yourself against me ?" he snarled, catching the weapon. "Against Gregori Tabori, the greatest swordsman in all Rumania ? Very well, you have chosen, it shall be so - to the death!"

He stepped forward. Harrison retreated a pace or two, quiet and watchful; suddenly, however, he moved quickly forward, tightening his fingers on the grip to give it a beat in septime. His opponent deceived over the blade, threatening the wrist, and Harrison smoothly reversed his direction.

Tabori cursed, and they began a rapid series of lunges and counter-parries, the clash of their blades echoing through the high, empty room. " Do they teach you swordsmanship, too, on the playing-fields of Eton?" snarled Tabori, recognising his adversary's mettle.

" I'm afraid I can't say, old chap," chuckled Harrison; " I'm a Harrow man myself, you know." and he beat his opponents blade with a light contemptuous touch. Suddenly, he came in quickly, as if to follow through, but checked himself just out of reach. Tabori cursed, fiercely and fluently.

Back and forth across the great hall the two men thrust and parried, the flickering firelight casting their shadows hugely against the wall behind them. Tabori, who had retreated watchfully behind the table, suddenly levered it upwards with his left foot; it swayed over towards Harrison and crashed noisily to the floor, missing him narrowly.

" Have you nine lives, Englishman ?" snarled Tabori.

" Perhaps," said Harrison, with a light laugh; but you have only one, and I mean to curtail that."

His opponents face was now livid with a baffled fury. Suddenly, he made a savage rush forward, obviously intent on a quick kill. At this, Harrison pulled his feet together, rising to the balls of his





..... feet and pivoting his body to the right. At the same time his blade flicked out over his adversary's bell and caught him full in the chest.

"My round, I think," said Harrison lightly, stepping back a pace; and Tabori sank to one knee with a groan.

"Not quite!" said a sharp voice from behind him; and Harrison, turning, saw the Countess von Haundog, a cold fury in her eyes, levelling a tiny silver automatic at his heart.

"You fool," cried the girl, her eyes blazing, "I am not the Countess. She died in '52 on a Smolensk collective-farm - from eating too much!"

"My dear girl, I knew that from the beginning," said Harrison chuckling.

"But how....?"

"No member of the aristocracy - even of the Rumanian aristocracy - drinks Kremser Wachtberg with Yoghourt," Harrison smiled.

"You are very clever, Englishman," said the girl coldly. Within her furious anger was battling with a certain half-reluctant admiration. "But if you knew this, why did you accompany me here?"

"Because, my dear, you are Irena Pudovkin." The girl gasped. "And because this gentleman, if I am not mistaken, is Vassilyi Dovzenko." Dovzenko, at the mention of his name, staggered to his feet and bowed painfully. "I have heard you described as two of Moscow's most astute agents, and I was anxious to meet you, as you, it seems, were anxious to meet me."

"But you fool, you have walked into a trap!" cried Irena Pudovkin, infuriated by the Englishmans imperturbable sang-froid.



"Not quite, my poppet," said Harrison, smiling. "If you will do me the honour of looking behind you, you will observe that you are being watched by the men of the Fifth Battalion, Royal Scots Guards."

The girl blanched, as she saw the grim line of kilted men behind her. "But...how...?"

"They travelled with me on the train, disguised as Albanian Match-sellers."

"But - the Armenian Waiter?" said the girl, bewilderedly.

Harrison chuckled. " Dickie Lascelles - M.I.5."

The girls beautiful lower-lip trembled slightly. "And the German in the Restaurant Car ?"

" Aubrey Beauchamp, very old friend of mine. Fellow-Harrobian, too. A very decent sort."

" And Lupescu, the Rumanian ? I suppose - he ?"

" Sir Godfrey Tremaine," said Harrison, stifling a yawn., "Intelligence Counter-Espionage. Eton man, but quite sound."

" The two zigeuners," said the girl weakly, "at the Cafe Dobra ?"

" Cyril Faversham and Harry Hurstmonceux, two of my most able and devoted lieutenants," said Harrison. " Ah, I see them in the doorway now. Come in, gentlemen."

We entered the room, still attired in our colourful gipsy costumes. " Faversham, Hurstmonceux," said Harrison, " you will convey this lady and this gentleman to London, where you will present them to His Majesty's accredited authorities with my compliments. A BEA Viscount is awaiting you on the lawn to convey the whole party home. As for me - I shall see you again, no doubt."

" But sir - aren't you coming back with us to England ?" I asked faintly.

" England..." said the Great Man, his eyes clouding in a pleasant reverie. " I have not seen Old England these five long years... Tell me," he asked, his voice lightly nostalgic, "does the Wye still meander like a silver ribbon through Her verdant meads ? Is the click of bat against ball still heard through the drowsy afternoons upon Her village greens ? Is the sweet Devon Cider still quaffed beneath the shade of Her great trees ? And is there - honey, still, for tea ?"

" England is England yet," said Hurstmonceux, his voice trembling, despite those damned Socialists. The finest damned country in the world, sir!"

Harrison nodded, as if reassured. " One day I shall return there, until then - au revoir!

With two or three agile steps he had reached the window. He stood there, framed in it, for an instant; then waved, once, and was gone.

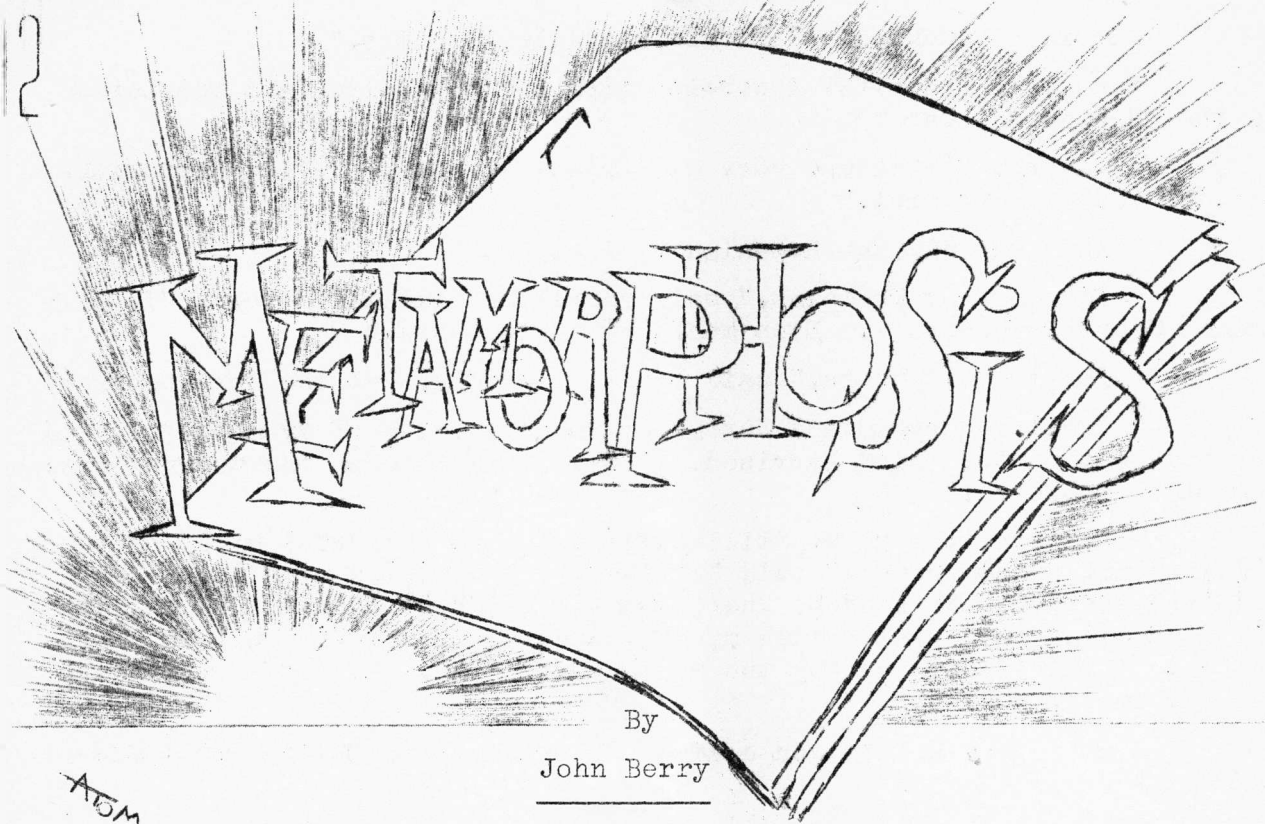
We stood, looking at the place where he had been; and none of us spoke for a while.

" I could love such a man," said Irena Pudovkin, tears glittering in her eyes.

I turned to her. " But men of such a stamp are not destined for the love of one woman alone, or of one great Nation, even; for it is their proud destiny to dedicate themselves to the service, not only of England and Her Mighty Empire - though that will always come first - but of all Mankind. His is a lonely path, but tread it he must - it is his Noble Heritage, and his greatest joy, so to do."

We stood a moment, in contemplative silence, before leaving.

- End - Part Three -



The thin-faced man with the high intellectual forehead looked down at his two superiors, as they glowered at him across the desk. He shuffled his feet.

"You have been brought before me this morning," announced the High Official, "because your immediate superior, Mr. Battersby here, complains that you have been guilty of gross neglect of duty. Have you anything to say?"

The accused faced them squarely. "I would like to hear fuller details of my alleged neglect, sir," he replied.

The High Official turned to Battersby and waved a commanding hand.

Battersby cleared his throat, and began to speak. "Abercrombie used to be one of our most loyal and conscientious officials, sir. When he first came into the Censorship Department, he would go through a pile of mail and sometimes confiscate as much as seventy-five percent of it without a flicker of remorse. He was completely ruthless, and I had him noted down for early promotion. Then, a few weeks ago, I noticed a change...gradual, but nevertheless, readily apparent. I noticed that he began to slip a few envelopes through without examining the contents." He took a sip from the glass of water on his desk, and continued. "One day last week he didn't confiscate a single item, he sent batches of brown envelopes through without even a cursory examination. No one knows what pornography has been allowed to poison the minds of innocents, as a result of this neglect. This morning, however, came the climax. Abercrombie let 149 envelopes through without opening one, and yet, he stamped them all as duly censored!"

The High Official regarded Abercrombie with amazement. He looked at Battersby. "Does this vast carelessness apply to any particular item?"

Battersby nodded. "I'm afraid so, sir. Abercrombie is in charge of the Printed Matter section, and he deals with quite a few remarkable missives called...er...fanzines."

"Fanzines?" gasped the High Official.

"Yes, strange documents, mostly of an amateurish nature, usually stapled loosely together, and printed by a variety of methods, good, bad, and illegible. Some of these fanzines contain items which interest the Censorship Department...you remember that informant's letter we got from somewhere in Wiltshire, sir? And Abercrombie was instructed by myself to be particularly severe in his examination and to confiscate anything which contained the slightest hint of pornography, politics, or racial..."

"Yes, yes," snapped the High Official, "I'm fully conversant with the postal laws. Now, go into details about Abercrombie's slackness."

Battersby continued. "Well, sir, I checked his counter after he had left and discovered that he had let five ORION's, three PLOY's, eight HYPHEN's and four ABANDON's through without even a superficial examination."

The High Official turned to Abercrombie, once more. "Well...?"

"There was no need to censor the ABANDON's."

"Oh, and why not?"

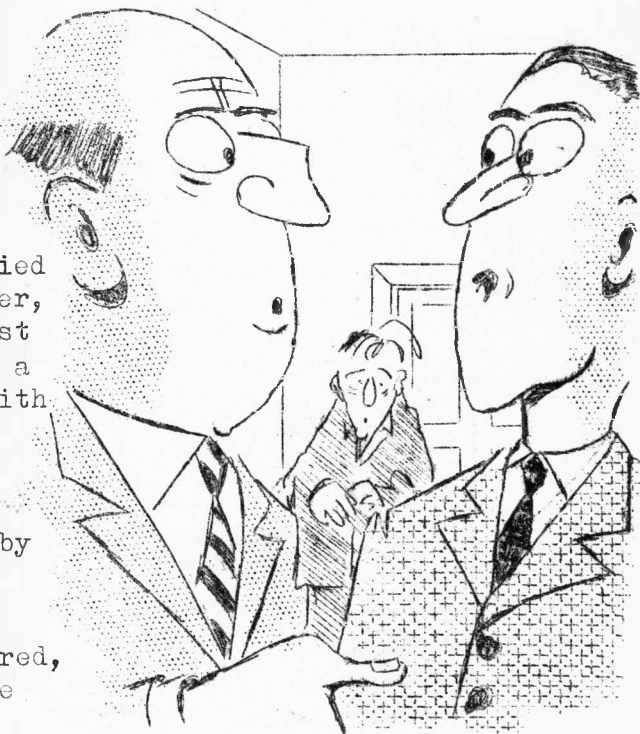
"Because they didn't contain any pornographic, political, or racial material."

"How do you know, if you did not examine them?"

"Well, sir," he finally replied after some little hesitation, "I...er, I published ABANDON myself. My first issue...the main article was rather a humorous one, and dealt at length with various methods that have been used by fen to evade the Printed Matter Regulations."

The High Official and Battersby looked at one another in amazement.

"Fantastic....incredible," panted the High Official. He gestured weakly to his subordinate, "Tell me the worst, what was it the fool did this morning?"



" As I mentioned before, sir, he passed 149 envelopes without inspecting one. I discovered later that these contained copies of TRIODE....published by a person called Bentcliffe, and you know what subject he specializes in. He's next to the top on that list we drew up the other day...."

" I know all about that," snapped the High Official. He looked at Abercrombie, his face contorted with rage. " You fool, for this I am going to have you transferred to the Postage Due Department as a junior stamp-remover. And, if I hear of you letting Bennett get away with anything I'll have you back on a red pedal cycle before you can say 'imperforate'. Now, go. Get out of my sight."

Abercrombie, with the air of a martyr, withdrew.

The door closed behind him, and both the High Official and Battersby relaxed visibly.

The High Official grinned, and clicked his fingers. " Come on now, where is it....Give."

Battersby threw an envelope on the table, and his chief grabbed it and hastily pulled out the buff-coloured sheets within.

" Ahh.."the High Official exclaimed, " I'm so glad you managed to get the 150th TRIODE before Abercrombie saw it. Now I can find out how that wonderful Future History of Fandom serial ended!"

Cackling happily to himself, he flicked the pages over.

..... John Berry

* * * * *

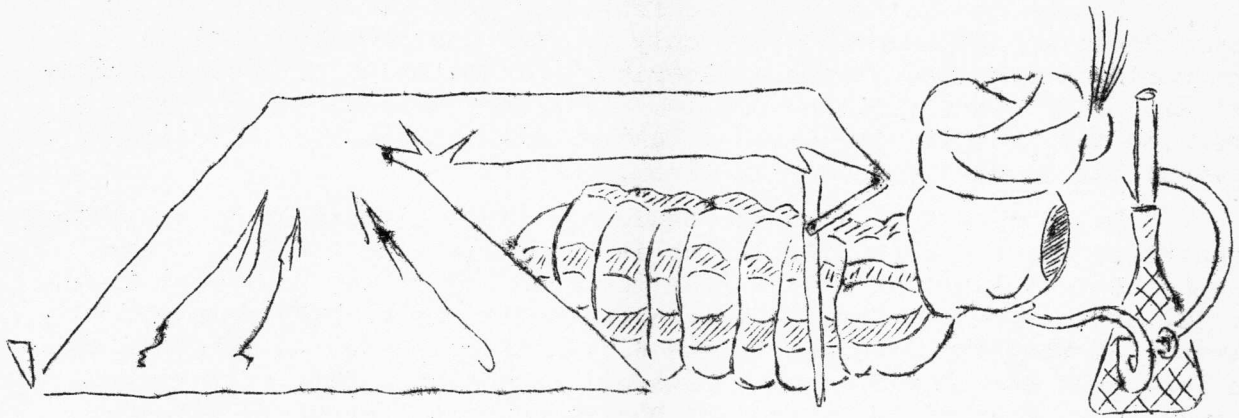


TRIODE SUGGESTS..... That you-all
help to send
the Chronic-
Leer of I.F.
to South Gate
In '58

BERRY

FOR

TAFF



SUBJECT TO DEBATE

THIS is a new type of column (I think), and is intended to cater for those who feel frustrated by reading only one-side of an argument in a fmz and having to wait anything up to six-months for its repercussions. Whether it will be a success depends on the amount of support it gets - Sid and I can't go on arguing for ever without running out of topics, so if you like the idea, send us an argument. A Motion For Debate, in fact, and one or other of us will do our best to pull it to pieces. Subject immaterial, but name-calling (except in a polite manner) not allowed. Oh yes, let it be said that...THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS COLUMN ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE AUTHOR.
...eb.

MOTION FOR DEBATE: That The Russian Satellite Is A Good Thing.

ARGUMENT FOR: presented by Eric Bentcliffe (who, at the weigh-in refused to shake hands with his opponent).

After some considerable head-scratching about this topic I've come to the conclusion that the Russian Satellite, and the Space Race, is going to be of great benefit to mankind (this includes fen) not only because of the knowledge we will inevitably gain (such as what a rocket does push against), but also because it will greatly reduce the possibilities of another, and final, War.

I've two principal reasons for thinking this; prey hark whilst I elaborate.

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Reason One is based on the fantastic cost of competing in the Space Race; a cost so great that only the two most wealthy nations of the world, the United States of America, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics can afford to compete. The fact that these two nations are also the most likely powers to cause, either directly or indirectly, a Final War is also a factor involved.

Let's take a look at the basic political situations in these two countries; first, the U.S.A., which is generally acknowledged to have the highest standard of living (for the majority of its populace) in the world, at the present day. It is a fantastically wealthy country, but, already, a very large amount of its wealth as collected in taxes is spoken for. The Race For Space will mean either a higher rate of taxation, or a reduction of costs by Government Departments; the Services etcetra. American's are a very politically minded people (as regards the politics of their own country), and have always in the past tied this in with a love of the Golden Buck....by which I mean that when a government has overspent and increased taxation it has soon been swept out of office.

Taking this into account, and assuming that the U.S.A. wants to compete in the Space Race, and that the present government desires to stay in power - I don't think anyone will care to dispute either assumption - then it becomes reasonably obvious that rather than raise the rate of taxation overmuch, cuts in governmental spending will be ordered. I can advance arguments to the effect that the greatest cuts will be made in defense (Offense ?) spending. The essential public services within the country can not be axed without a public outcry, and loss of voters to the party in power; Diplomatic Spending, foreign aid and the Showing Of The Flag, is also unlikely to be cut - could not be cut without the USA loosing much of its influence over the countries concerned, one thing it most definitely does not wish to do lest Soviet infiltration results. Cuts in defense can certainly be made - it seems obvious to any outsider (and must to many Americans) that the American armed-services are very often competing when they should be cooperating. And cuts in defense will mean a greater desire for peace on the part of the Policy Makers. If we have to win the Space Race, we have to save money, and if we have to save money we can't afford a war.

On the other side of the fence, also under starters orders - and with a smaller handicap - is the USSR. A country where the standard of living (for the majority) is among the lowest in the world. Here, too, I believe, the Space Race will result in less money being spent on armaments....there have been revolutions in Russia before and it's conceivable that there could be one in the relatively near future if the now slowly-rising standard of living, was once more halted, and reversed. It is relatively easy to inspire in your people during a 'Hot-War' that they must sacrifice their all for the love of their country, but a different thing again in 'peace-time'. In Russia too, then, it seems logical that cuts in defense (offense ?) will be made to allow spending - spending - for the Space Race, with a resultant lowering of tension throughout the world.

It seems logical to assume, also, that if the two most powerful nations in the world both engage themselves in competing in the Space Race (and as National Prestige is at stake, they have to), they are going to have to concentrate the greater part of their national scientific

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effort on space-vehicles.....and it will be the scientists now working on such devilish devices as the ICBM who will be switched to this research. Of course, much of the knowledge gained in one field is applicable to the other, but the cost of going full steam ahead with both Rockets For Space and Rockets For War is, I hope and believe, going to prove prohibitive. If you doubt me on this point just check your files for the cost of the American 'Explorer'....bearing in mind that this is only the beginning.

Yes, I think the Russian Satellite Is A Good Thing...I think the American one is, too, but the Russian one was first and was the one which started the Space Race.

Peace In Our Time, anyone ?

* * *

ARGUMENT AGAINST THE MOTION: by Sid Birchby (who is perhaps best known as leader of the Lower Levenshulme Jug and Bottle Band).

On the face of it, Eric's argument is deceptively true. A Space Race costs so much money that neither the USA nor Russia will have any cash left over for warlike purposes.

However, the Space Race IS a warlike purpose in itself. The only reason Russia and America have embarked on it is because the winner will be able to dictate to the rest of mankind....will be in the happy position of the man in the song, who dream't he could " Stand on the edge of Creation, and p... on the buggers below".

Certainly the cost of Operation Space is going to be high. And I agree that there may be cuts in conventional armaments because neither side can keep up otherwise. But the issue involves plain Survival, and no price has ever been thought too high when that is at stake.

On both sides, the Space Rockets of tomorrow are being designed from the experience gained from today's Missile Programs, which in turn grew out of the 1945 Bomb, which first made it possible for a few missiles to swamp every other tactical weapon. So that the fact that there is now a shift in emphasis from tactical weapons to space flight chiefly demonstrates that the warlords are still at their old game of leapfrog. In itself it doesn't in the least suggest that the danger of war will lessen. Will anyone feel one bit safer when the Russians reach the Moon ? Even the Russians ?

The only hope is for a quantum shift to take place when space flight is achieved. By this I mean a change of heart in the Kremlin, chiefly.

I suppose that it is just possible that when the first Russians and the first Americans stand together on the Moon, they may realise that it is time for humanity to grow up and stop feuding. After all, no one these days expects Lancashire and Yorkshire to go to war, though there was a time when they did, and they are still traditional rivals.

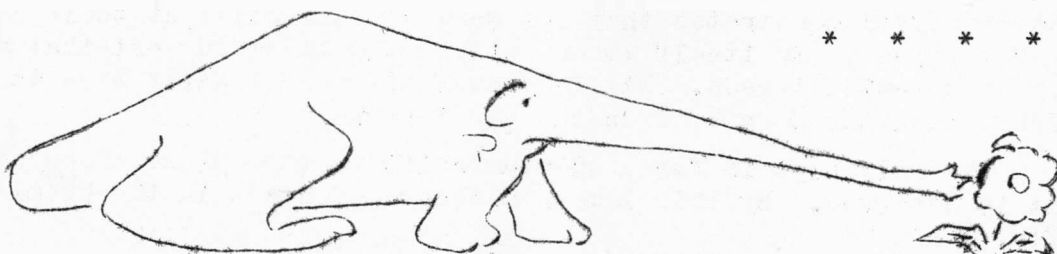
That it is a good thing from some points of view I will readily admit. James Thurber, in an interview, recently said: "...the most heartening thing that has happened in America recently is the Russians getting ahead of us in the Sputniks. Because for the first time since the dark ages of McCarthy, the Americans are coming to the realization that God likes other countries as well as this one....that it is possible for American superiority to be exceeded." (The Sunday Times, London, Feb. 9th '58.)

But neither Eric or myself are interested in the Sputnik when considered as a douche of cold-water. He looks upon it as a war-substitute. As I have said, I do not consider it to be such. What is more, I submit that it is a rank bad thing for the West. It has so shaken the World's faith in the USA as the top tech. nation that many of the 'uncommitted' nations are perceptibly more pro-Russian or at best, more anti-West. It is at least partly responsible for the formation of the new Arab Federation, which brings a little nearer the next Middle East war.

What is more, it has shaken the American's faith in themselves, and is an important element in the deepening American economic slump. Any economic crisis is to some extent a crisis in confidence. If you have faith in Fred's Emporium, you don't sell your shares. If you do sell, and so does the next man, eventually a critical mass of selling is reached, and the panic is on, leaping from industry to industry, until you get such episodes as that of the two men who jumped hand-in-hand from a high window in New York - they held a joint-account (Prof. Galbraith: 'The Great Crash, 1929').

American confidence has received a series of hammer-blows...the first was the Sputnik, then came the series of Vanguard flops, then the news of Zeta. And of course all the secondary effects, mentioned above, plus a few I won't mention, since Eisenhower is my old wartime buddy (a few ranks higher up, of course).

The pity of it all is that America could so easily have been first with the satellite. The 'Explorer' could have been launched a year ago....in which case, there might not have been nearly five-million unemployed now in the USA, and a poorer outlook in Britain.



MOTION FOR DEBATE: That Fandom will fade away with the coming of Space-flight....and gradually become extinct.

ARGUMENT AGAINST: by Birch Sidby (a nom de plum, if ever there was one).

(The argument 'For' is assumed to be, very briefly, that the prime attraction of s-f is its speculation about space-flight, and that the fates of s-f & of fandom are linked together; once space-flight is a reality, s-f will have lost its charm.)

The other day I got out my files of ASF and Galaxy for 1957, and proceeded to compile a few facts and figures on their contents, just to show that Sam Moskowitz hasn't got a monopoly on statistics. The results are interesting. In '57 Astounding published 51 stories, only 38 of which were remotely connected with space (ie, invading aliens). For Galaxy, the figure is 38 out of 70!

Articles published: ASF, 2 Of 14; Galaxy 5 of 12. Covers: ASF 6 of 12; Galaxy 11 of 12. You will perceive from this that Galaxy has the firm impression that the eye-catcher for the casual, bookstall reader is the space-cover. ASF, on the other hand, is fifty-fifty about it.

As regards contents, both demonstrate that there is still a lot more to s-f than space-flight. The next most-featured subjects are those of time-travel, the future, robots and other dimensions.

So s-f will still have something to speculate about even when space-flight is a reality. Whether fandom will still be skimming the cream of its readers is a different matter.

I suspect we may be due for a swing of the fannish pendulum back to the Serious Constructive. I suspect that when the Anglo-American technological drive gets going, it will be something like heresy to poke fun at science. Science is about to become even more of a sacred cow than in Charles Fort's day, and that may very well mean an upsurge in public favour for s-f magazines, and a whole lot more budding rocket-engineers being inspired to take their first fumbling steps into space through reading Heinlein.

Which will mean a radical alteration to the face of fandom. Once more we shall get those interminable lists of the works of Jules Verne, and fanzines will run articles with equations in 'em. (That has happened before, and you'd be surprised to know where)

All this will be a pity. What fandom needs are more fans with stars in their eyes, and fewer with ice in their stares.*

* * * * *

(Prov. Pat. Pending.)

ARGUMENT FOR THE MOTION: by Urk Buncliffe (Thank You, Dean Grennell).

To answer Sid's argument is not very easy, at least, I don't find it so for before I can adequately counter it I must first define just what does attract a person to s-f and thence to fandom.....this I feel is not merely difficult but almost impossible.

Obviously, I should know, because I was attracted to s-f and to fandom myself, but quite frankly I am at a loss to explain just why I was so attracted. The nearest I can come to a reason is to say that there must be some subconscious desire in the type of person who becomes a fan which makes him, or her, look for a hobby that is different. Something slightly out-of-the-rut, shall we say? Blase?

I think it is fair to state that the majority of fans have entered fandom because of an interest in s-f, there can be cases cited where this is not true, but in the main I think it is a fair assumption to base an argument on. (Dissenters please queue to the left..) I think that it is also permissible to say that the overriding theme of s-f to anyone who has not delved into the media is that of Space-flight. Certainly, s-f covers other fields as well, we know that, but to anyone unacquainted with s-f, or someone casting a cursory eye over a magazine display, Space-flight is the thing.

It follows logically then, that the type of person who is attracted (subconsciously!) to a hobby that is different, will no longer be attracted to Fandom (our fandom) via s-f, when space-flight becomes mundane fact rather than a breathless vision.

S-F is quite rapidly becoming fact, s-f is quite rapidly becoming blase...and the type of person who has discovered fandom through the science-fiction magazines isn't going to delve into s-f mags any longer. He is going to look (still subconsciously) for a different hobby. Perhaps he'll enter the Fandom of the Hi-Fi enthusiasts; perhaps he'll turn to the worship of Brubeck and the MJQ. He might even venture the Fandom of the Opera! (Sorry, Chuck.) But it doesn't really matter to us where he goes, if he doesn't come into our Fandom.

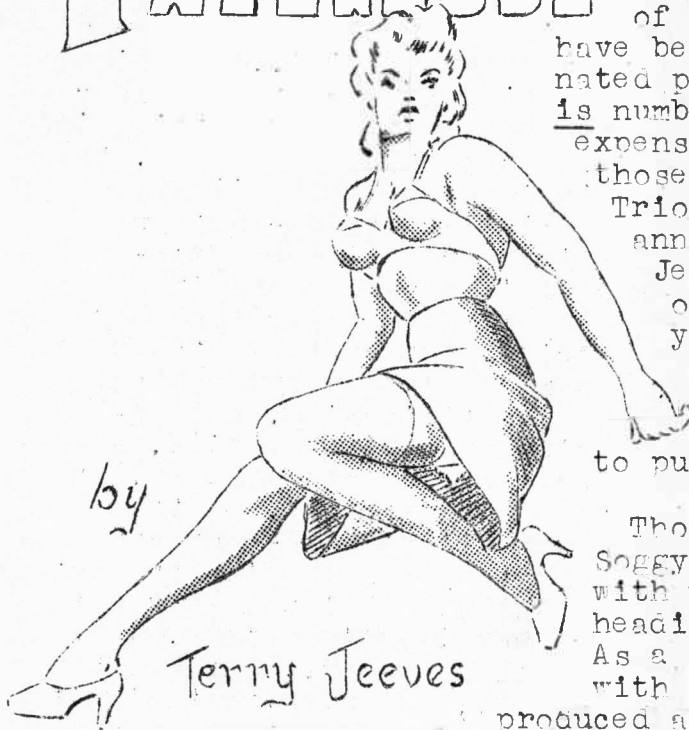
That's my argument, and you might say I'm stuck with it..... until it's disproved, at least. Personally, I hope I'm wrong but the theory does seem to hold water, let's hope I've got a hold of a leaky bucket, metaphorically.

* * * * *

PS. If Sid is correct in his surmise that Science is about to become a Sacred Cow....I can envisage a big split between Fandom and S-F Fandom. Or rather, that the rift which already exists will get wider and wider. And that, also, could lead to fandom's extinction. Nice thought....!

END

I N T E R L U D E



Terry Jeeves

According to the best rules of superstition, this issue should have been duplicated upon salt impregnated paper. However, even though it is number thirteen, we didn't feel the expense was justified; worse still, those rabid readers who simply devour Triode might have been greatly annoyed. Anyway, here at palatial Jeeves' manor, we ignore such idle old wives' tales. The fact that you are reading this issue at all proves that the frozen ink, late paper delivery, and the roof falling in, were only due to pure coincidence.

Those of you who expected to see a Soggy in the heading illo, must bear with me. I decided to dedicate the heading to Jack Wilson who hates nudes. As a result, she has been supplied with clothes. Jack, incidentally, has produced another of his 'epics of the iron horse' for Dave Cohen's 'Blue Moon' now on stencil with its third issue... 'Thrice in a B-M', I understand, but what comes next ??? Can we expect to see 'quads in a B-M' in the future ? Ideas to Dave.

Fanactivity seems to have sagged rather badly since the World Convention, but one or two doings have been did. Notably, Liverpool parties, and the Cheltenham Submicrocon which took place towards the end of February. Many of the Liverpuolians came along, and we were conducted on a tour of St. Fanthony's shrine, during a steady down-pour, which Eric Jones assured us, was genuine St. Fanthony's water. In the evening, we were conducted around the club-room (disguised as the tomb of St. You-know-who). Eric led us by candlelight, and bottled beer was issued on receipt of passes at the door. From there, we were led on a five mile hike around the back streets and back to the club room, thus giving the boys a chance to re-organise the place. That hike allowed us to finish the beer, and being thrifty souls, we hung on to the bottles, and serenaded the locals with an impromptu rendering of 'The Foghorn Serenade' played on the empties. Back at the clubroom, we skiffled, jived, boozed, talked and had a thoroughly good time. At one point, Eddie Jones and I engaged in a spot of wall decorating, and at midnight, we repaired to the 'Star Hotel', where the manager welcomed us with a blast on a coaching horn, in an effort to prove that he was just 'one of the boys'. Sad to say, he didn't know what he was in for, and it was interesting to watch his face gradually lose the smile, and grow longer and longer as the party wore on. However, he didn't throw us out, and stuck with it until the bitter end. 'Nobly, nobly done' and a credit to the Cheltenhamites for a terrific reception. An unusual item, was the non-appearance of the latest Mk. XX. rsionics machine.

W/E DO NOT
BELIEVE IN
THE POSSIBILITY
OF DEFEAT !

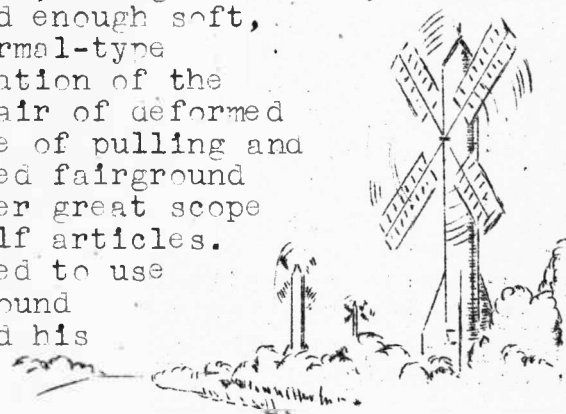


Breaking with fanzine tradition, this seems as good a place as any to mention a bit of current science-fiction. I've just ploughed through the latest Galaxy serial.. 'The Big Time', and find it hard to remember the last time I met so much tripe in one dose. For quite a while now, the stories in 'Galaxy' have all seemed to have a similar style - rather like the 'Reader's Digest syrup-type-formula'. I have heard it suggested that Gold re-writes many of the stories, but whatever the real reason, Galaxy no longer brings that happy glow of anticipation. Asf still manages to give me a minor thrill, now that we have escaped from atomic doom, and

the psionics kick is not present in 50% of the stories. On the other hand, have you noticed how many dumb aliens hell-bent on invasion, manage to get all snafued when they tangle with the hot shots of planet Earth? Eric Frank Russell has obviously taken to this plot, in preference to his more serious alien invasions. I even suspect that 'Christopher Anvil' is not all he seems...curious how he either alternates, or appears with E.F.R., and with that dimwit alien invasion plot. Mark you, the yarns are good, but you can even get tired of a diet of strawberries.

Peter Reaney (whose own inimitable prose appears elsewhere) wishes it to be known that he is honoured to have become the first Burgher of Fandom, but would like to contact anyone owning a good dictionary in which the word 'Burgher' can be found. Incidentally, Peter has recently given up a navvying job, owing to a difference of opinion over a barrowful of steam. He rang me up the other day to tell me about an article he has written. Apparently he has done a brilliant job of exposing Eric Bentcliffe. I suppose that his ambition is to appear in an Ace 'double' with compatriot Sanderson. Certainly, there is a marked resemblance in the styles.

Having been bitten even harder by the tape-recording bug, I lashed out and bought myself a Ferrograph. This is a marvelous piece of equipment, but suffers from one big disadvantage... it doesn't fit on the sideboard. However, using a 7" reel, and a speed of 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " per sec, you can record enough soft, sweet, music to last through any normal-type snogging session. A simple modification of the tape reels, and the addition of a pair of deformed hair grips, and the taper is capable of pulling and twisting soft toffee, in the approved fairground manner. In addition, recorders offer great scope as a source of fanzine do-it-yourself articles. The other week-end, Eric and I wanted to use a zither (yes, I do have one) for sound effects....number one son had parked his stickjaw in a non-strategic area and this gave us an idea for a

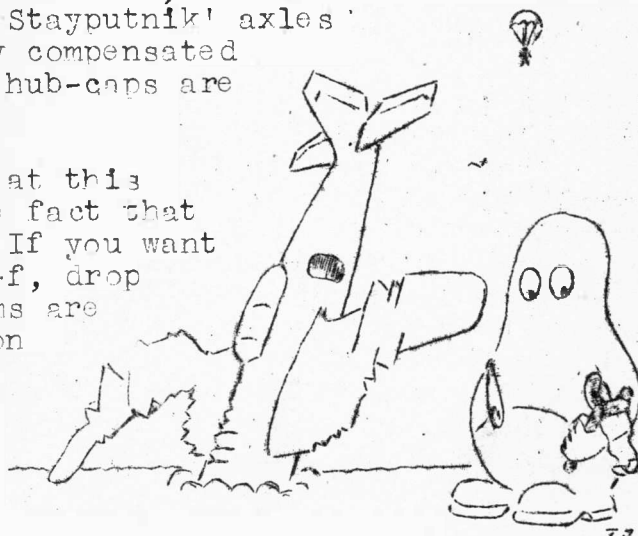


brilliant article called, 'How to Remove Toffee From Your Zither'. A quick pooling of brains (In a handy thimble) produced other gems of do-it-yourselfery.... 'Embalm Your Mother In Law', and 'Convert That Old Midden Into A Greenhouse' having particular appeal. The usefulness of a tape-recorder as a plotting machine does not end there. A concealed microphone at a hen-party will give you hours (and pages) of good clean fun. Old tapes can be dyed black, slit into threads and festooned around the room to resemble cobwebs, and you can make your friends hysterical by simply recording a fake series of football results and getting them to check their coupons.

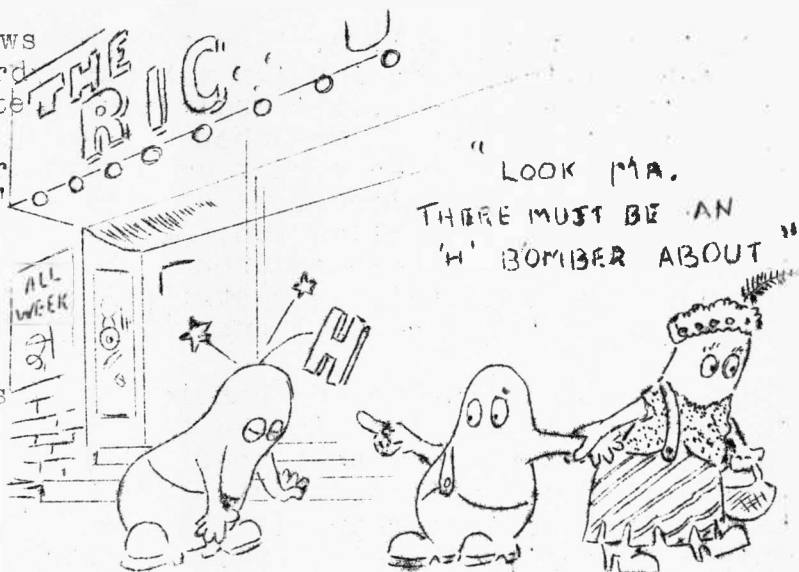
Those of you who are considering moving into the dog-kennel in order to leave space in the bed room for your old fanzines, will be interested to know that your problem has been solved. Seth Johnson, of 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey, has written to say that he is forming (or helping with...I'm not quite sure which) a fanzine 'Foundation'. He would appreciate receiving any old (good condition) fanzines that you may have around. The idea is that any neo-fan who is in doubt whether or not to subscribe to a fanzine...and even in doubt over which fanzine (not having heard of TRIODE)...can write to the Foundation, and get samples of any 'zine under consideration. This ought to help out over the beef Eric makes in the lettercol, about people who write for free samples and are never heard from again. Letters of comment are the life blood of most fanzines, and no one wants to mail copies into a postal vacuum. As it is, fanzines run at a loss, and the subs do not cover production costs, but merely help to defray them a little. Sooooo, send your old zines to Seth.

Trichlorophenolmethyliodosalicyl, is inserted at this point in order to please Alan Bramall. Alan asked for more 'vocabulary' in Triode...his letter arrived too late for inclusion in 'Fan Dance'...so I'm doing my best to please. For those of you who never read the small print on the label, you can always substitute T.C.P., for the opening bit of 'vocabulary'. Next time you write to Alan, don't forget to use big words..if you're stuck for any, buy a tube of Gibbs 'S.R.' (free advt) Failing that, you can always look up the advertising for American cars, which have 'Dynaflow', 'Synchromonatomic', 'Stayputnik' axles on all sprooxling bars, and fully compensated toodleflosh movements. Even the hub-caps are shaped like Flying Saucers.

Filthy huckster department at this point, has no connection with the fact that I bought that Ferrograph (liar). If you want to buy any mags, or hard cover s-f, drop me a line for catalogue. All items are tastefully printed in black ink on white-type paper. The English language is used throughout to facilitate comprehension.(How's that Alan?) This firm has no connection with Ken Slater.



According to the news on T.V., the Vanguard has at last put a satellite in orbit....I'm not quite sure whether the announcer said "3 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs", or "3 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs" but either way, it is so much lighter than heavy old bulky Sputnik 2, that it simply proves the triumphs of miniaturisation. Pity the genius boys can't find something to improve my typer (and my typing) and then I could cut lovely stencils like Eric.

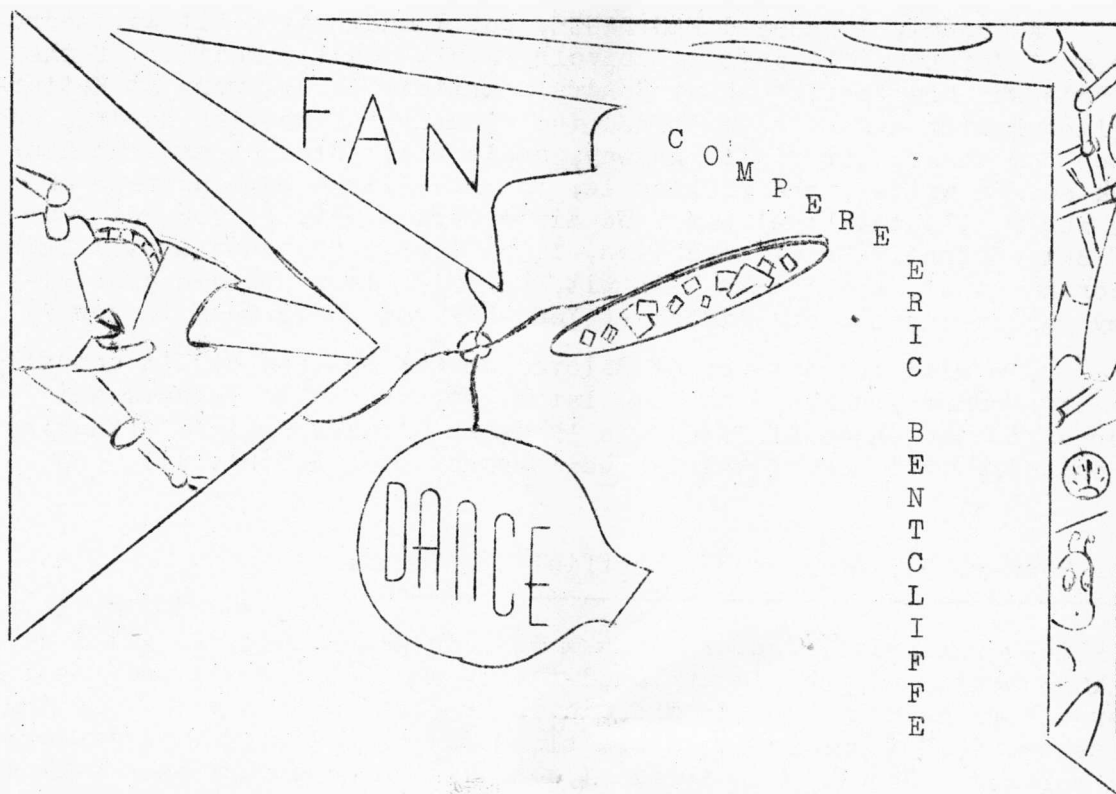


I paid a flying visit to Manchester last week-end, and in addition to meeting up with Eric, Dave Cohen, Phil Sless and Sid Birchby, I even managed to meet that old, old fan Harry Turner. Harry, in addition to having caught the Hi-Fi bug, and forming an 'Anti-Tape-Recorder-Society', now has a new job with the 'Manchester Guardian'. This bit of news resulted in a deep laid plot. At some date in the future, Harry is going to arrange that all the employees are on holiday...all acti-fen will be alerted in advance, and we will take over the thundering presses. Imagine the faces of the public on opening their copies of the 'Manchester Guardian', complete with Atom illos, and a John Berry 'leader'. This carefully planned coup should cause a revival of a flagging fandom. All fen with an active knowledge of typesetting, block-making, and poker playing are requested to contact Harry....P.S., like Hamilton, we will need a distributor.

ODDENDA

According to Rick Eney's latest opus, Contact has folded, and subs will be returned. I don't know how correct this is, but if Fanjan is listening, will he please stir once in his grave to give me an idea. Eric and I are beginning to wonder if we overtaxed Jan's energy when we went over last year, if this is so, Jan, drop us a line and we'll come and nurse you back into health. Don Allen is back in covvies, and has illustrated a large portion of 'Thrice in a Blue Moon'. Phil Sless plans to attend his first convention on a 'pop pop'. Eric Jones would like to contact anyone who can supply him with elastic of 3.20009" dia. He's building a new psionics machine. H.P. Sanderson would like elastic of any diameter, he wants a bigger catapult. Niels Augustin, Veltmanstraat 30, Amsterdam is producing a FANNUAL..contact him for details. I would like a copy of Ploy 11, if Ron Bennett has one, if you read this Ron, how about it ?? The Liverpool Group is descending on Belgium's Festival...(and on Jan Jansen if the helicopter has engine failure) and finally, since stencils, like Campbell's type metal, are not elastic (3.20009" diameter), we come to

THE END



Bob Richardson, 19 Courtiers Drive, Bishops Cleeve, Glos.

TRIODE 12 was in fine form, thank you very much, what with the sparkling accounts of your travels; Eddie's...oops, pardon me, Sir Eddie's fine artistry, and an original cover. ((You mean it was original because Jeeves changed the whole face of Europe ?)) It made excellent reading over Xmas and shall eventually rest in my bookcase next to the Giles Annual, and that to my mind is an honour indeed.

Very kind of you, Terry old chap, to remark on my fancy-dress. I won five bob with it tho'....Les Child's was daft enough to bet me I'd make the grade. The fancy dress efforts were above expectation, weren't they? In my humble opinion, Tony Thorne with his Dracula rig-out should have got something because when we were all getting messed about by the B.B.C., and becoming thoroughly fed up, he appeared before Anne Steul who let rip the prize scream of the entire con. Well done Tony. ((You sure it was Anne who screamed ?))

I agree with Eric's pointed remarks about photographers, but the fact is that they were business people, not fen, they just were not concerned with whose view they obstructed, photos they wanted and photos they were going to get! Let's have an official photog by all means, but let him bring a little common courtesy and good manners with his camera. Frank Dietz set a fine example as the official Recorder for the W.S.F.S., he spent hours taking films but never got in anybody's way.

As usual, I enjoyed FAN DANCE, but I must say a bit in Sandra Lawrence' defense. (The days of chivalry ain't dead!) Neither of the two bods who are beefing about Sandra's article in Tll were at Kettering last Easter and so haven't had the pleasure of meeting Sandra, and I weep for them....or do I! Anyway, she's real alright and she does speak as she writes, the problem is, is she a first rate actress or does she really talk that way? We ain't sure - yet. ((You get yourself out of that mess of semantics, I got lost a sentence ago.)) This is certain tho', she speaks with wit, has nice legs and can come play in my garden anytime she likes. ((You have some Wild Oats to sow?))

I'm glad the authors of Beloved Is Our Destiny didn't actually kill off Neumann, perhaps at some later date he can be rescued and returned to the pages of Triode in 'Neumann Strikes Again'. ((Knowing the authors, it's more likely to be 'Neumann Dies Again'...))

Peter Reaney, 53, Bromley St, Sheffield 3, Yorks.

And to what do I owe this great privilege of being a BHURGER OF FANDOM. As yet I do not know what a BHURGER is supposed to be, and for Terry's information no such word is mentioned in the dictionary, at least not the one that I possess. ((Not our fault if the bloke who compiled your dictionary is a moron.)) Secondly what have I done in fandom except make a bloody nuisance of myself to be given such an honour ((.....)). As far as I know my love life remains secret, and I don't think Jeeves has been snooping on me and gave it me for that, anyhow whatever it's for, thanks all the same. ((And, in case anyone has taken our little award too seriously, I'd better make mention of the fact that it is no intended to be taken that way. You just let us know, Petey, if anyone tries to take the mickey out of you, and we'll hold your coat while you beat 'em to a pulp.))

I took it rather as an honour, after all not many fen have initials after their names do they. If I remember right I once sent a letter to Triode saying that anything you said against me would be taken no too seriously, because I knew that you would only be joking. And if I can't take a joke, well, I think it's about time I packed up. ((Good lad.))

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

Your illos by Eddie are very good. Cool! Imagine having three artists in a bRe zine, ((A what zine?)) almost ostentatious.... ((Result of our Belgian journey, we've been Ostendatious ever since!)) I enjoyed the conreports even if neither of you mentioned what beautiful women manned the registration desk ((isn't that a contradiction?)). It is nice to relive it again, and I hope there will be more in some other zines. The more there are the more gaps are filled in, for even if you attended you could not possibly be able to know all that went on. Though I hear James White is having a dashed good try.

What I will never forget is the day I left....Monday. I had to get up at the hour of 6am to be on duty that day. First thing I saw when I got down was Mal sitting outside the Restaurant dorr. He had been up all night, and when he finally decided to go to bed, he couldn't get into his room as his room-mate had the key, and had locked the door. He asked me if he could try to open it with my key, and off he went with it. He came back jubilant to say that it had done the trick, and added that if the truth were known it would probably open all the doors! What a thought.

I had ordered a taxi, and as it arrived and I went out the door, so did Harry of the Globe crowd (whose second name I can never remember, but I think you'll know who I mean), he had to go to work too. As I stepped into the taxi I waved cheerio to him. I then turned round to confront the taxi-driver, and discovered that he had the most knowing leering expression on his face. I could read his thoughts as clearly as if he had spoke them out loud. I don't think it would have helped matters if I had told him the hotel was full of men I could have said cheerio to....do you? ((Rather doubt it, Ethel. And about the only thing I can see for you to do is to marry Brian Varley; thus salving your reputation and confounding Hyphen!))

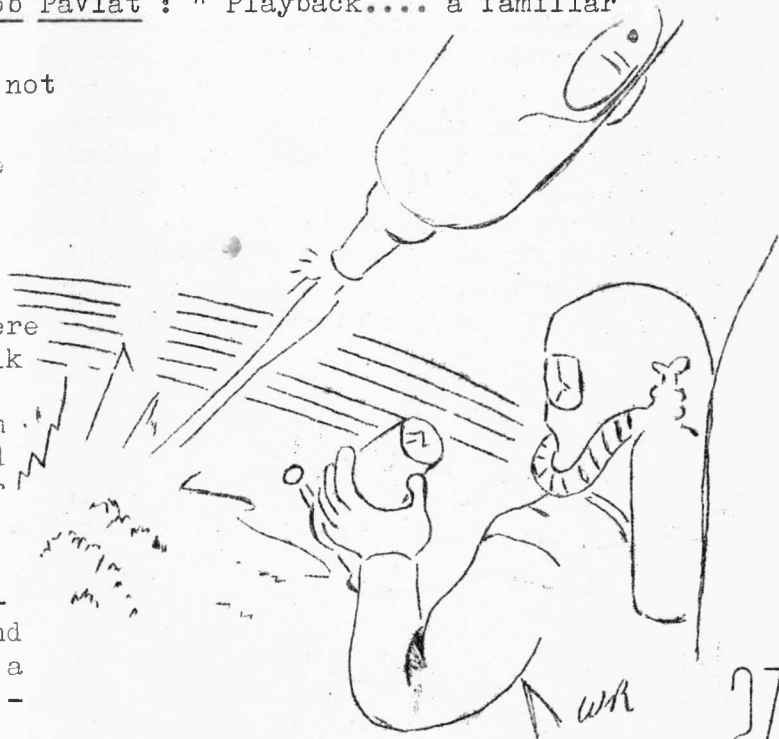
Sid Birchby, 1 Gloucester Ave, Levenshulme, Manchester 19.

One result of all the heart-searching in Triode about the State Of Fandom is that now you've got the liveliest lettercol for a long time. For instance, in T12, I was going through the letters marking off points to argue about when commenting and I found at least one per letter. First, of course, I picked out all the choice slices of egoboo relating to my article in the issue before. Ethel Lindsay : " Birchby has hit on a new idea for a fan story". Bob Pavlat : " Playback.... a familiar theme ".

Oh well, at least I'm not losing ground.

Then, getting onto the minor items, i.e., those that don't mention ME, I see that Harry Warner considers that quite a lot of potential fans are lost to fandom because there is no follow-up....lots of folk turn up to cons for the first time, and are never heard from again. He says that we should perhaps send them a fanzine or suchlike after the con.

One quick answer is that there is no worse introduction to fandom than to attend a con, which by its nature is a re-union of acquaintances and -



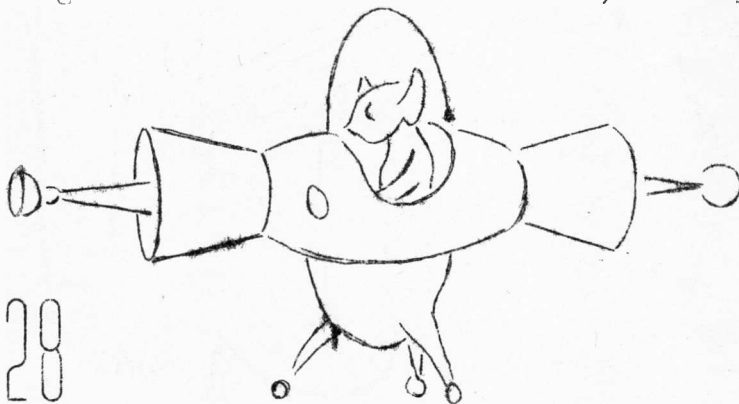
friends who have only met by letter or once a year, say, before then. A fringe-fan or neo is bound to feel out of it, surely? Not that any trufan would cold-shoulder him, but all the same, he'd have to make the effort to mix in, and not many newcomers would do that. I know that when I attended my first club meeting, I felt lost, and might never have gone to another if I hadn't had a number of acquaintances whom I knew from corresponding, thus giving me a start in getting the feel of things.

And a con is far worse....because it's bigger, and there's more of a feeling of things going on that the newcomer isn't yet sharing..... than just a weekly club meeting, where at least everyone is in the same room, or saloon bar. ((There's such a time element at conventions, too. There are so many people you just must have a natter with, and time spent explaining fandom to a newcomer seems 'wasted'.))

When I was over at Oblique House last Sunday (Fansmanship Ploy number one) Walt and I recorded a tape for Harry Warner in which we discussed what sort of a central theme Fandom will have now that it will soon be past the 'Southgate in '58' theme, which has been a rallying point for the last ten years. ((Venus Before We're Too Old ??)) I'll throw another hat into the ring by suggesting that maybe the big question is not so much how to get new fans but how to keep the ones we have! ((Or, even, where to keep them ?))

Boyd Raeburn in A BAS 10 (I think it was him) says that one difference between Anglofandom and Amerifandom is that the Angles don't seem to have the numbers of fringe-fans that the Americans get at their cons. You yourself, Eric, comment on the number of FF's that came over for the Worldcon in London. Perhaps that's due to the well-known British reserve ((Not to be confused with our Gold-reserve..)). Have we frozen them all out? And if so, is that a good thing? (('Tis most certainly not a good thing if one takes the long view, but it does make conventions much more enjoyable! I would say that a possible contributing factor to this lack of neo-fen over here has been the comparative 'secrecy' of our past three conventions at Kettering. There used to be a fair crop of neofen at British conventions when they were held in the larger cities (as there were at the Worldcon), but they have to a certain extent been 'discouraged' since the first Cyrtricon. I don't mean discouraged deliberately, but by the fact that there has been little advertising of these cons, nor a program to attract them. I'm not saying I don't enjoy Kettering all the more because of this, but in a few more years when the 'old blood is running thin for want of transfusion', a few pangs may be felt.))

While I was typing the above, you phoned, and we fixed up a meeting for tonight. ((Of the Bring Harry Turner Back To Fandom Society, that is!)) Good! I can save threepence by handing you this letter instead of posting it. ((He did, too.))



Art Hayes, c/o Bicroft Uranium Mines, Cardiff, Ontario.

BUT...what guarantee is there that the standards of a few established fans are what could be called Worthy? This deals with the idea of new blood in fandom. You mentioned that the Established fans might not notice the neo-fan until he has done something worthy of note. Who judges the worthiness of his fanac? ((That's an awkward question, ain't it....the nearest I can get to an answer is to say the recognised 'leaders' in the particular segment of fandom in which the neo-fan gets himself involved. But I don't think 'judge' is quite the right word.))

I'll admit that of the many new fen coming into the field, some drop out, and that the fact that it takes a little time and effort to become recognised does weed out some who would never be able to do much good in anything. But, I do think we are losing some who are able, willing, to donate something of value to fandom, but who are discouraged by lack of acceptance. ((This applies in any field, Art, surely. You don't garland anyone who says he is a fan, any more than you honour every member of an armycorps which has just fought a successful battle.)) What effect the letter columns of the past had I don't know. To a limited extent, it did bring me into an active position. My first experience was in a Canadian S.F. Club, one that for some reason did not make the grade. It couldn't keep going. My next was N3F, and despite the fact that much is said against this organization ((This WHAT?)), I honestly believe that it has been responsible for the making of more fans than any other organization you can name. ((I thought you'd find some way of qualifying that statement.)) OMPA, SAPS, and others merely accepted the fans, after organizations such as the N3F and ISFCC brought them up to the stage where they had to restrict their activities. ((Ahem...)) They took the short cut of joining up with organizations of 'retired' fans. To some extent it can be said that they are, to some extent (I repeat deliberately) resting on their laurels, and living on the egoboo of being able to say (whether it has meaning or not) that they belong to such-and-such prestige club. In any such campaign as Harry Warner suggests you will meet up with some whom you wish you had not, but some will be met, that you are pleased with. The misfits can be dropped, ((Where?)) ignored, or something. I know I would like to get the list of registrations for the London Convention. How much good it would do, I'm not sure, but I would like to give it a try. ((Despite being a confirmed fanarchist - which in itself is a contradiction in terms - I do want fandom to continue, so if there's anyone out there with a list of the Worldcon attendees....contact Art, please. NB. Not Me...Art.))

Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Off Victoria Rd, Bradford 2, Yorks.

The above abode has a letter-box every bit as small as most of the houses I seem to land in and just as unsuitable for anything bulky, i.e. larger than, say, a postage stamp. So if you ever send me an Elephant - or even an extra large postage stamp - it should go to 40 Makin St, still.



From deep inside this small-letter boxed abode, among the rolls of coiled lino and the curling twists of electric cable comes the twitting realization; 'My Ghod I have not said anything about the last TRIODE yet!' Flinging down a screw-driver I pick up a typewriterbut what can anyone do with their hands full of typewriter? ((Practise Psneeronics ?))

It's a bad business though, this removing and so on. I had flu' at the same time and it all came round about Xmas, so you can imagine what unadulterated chaos we were in. We are still sorting ourselves out, but at least we know where the door is now. Which helps. ((You've been Doormant ?))

And what can I say about TRIODE anyway? Merely to say that I enjoyed it sounds so insipid; to say that it was a very fine issue is true but obvious; and to say anything else would be inaccurate.

I did enjoy it though - particularly your travelloguelar (ugh!) con-report. If things go on like this fans will become a completely nomadic race wandering over the face of the earth. Which might not be a bad thing on the whole; I suppose one could arrange for a few specified fen to wander round in the opposite direction. At the very least, even if they don't become completely nomadic, it looks like being the fashion to spend the twelve months immediately before a convention travelling around the world - with the object, presumably, of broadening ones mind in preperation.

Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Rd, Wellington E.5. New Zealand.

Dale Smith had quite an idea in STATE OF FANDOM. I think it's a fairly old idea but he treated it well. But he left one thing out. He forgot to mention that an island for Fandom has already been found. Yep. It's in the Central Pacific, between Christmas and Washington Islands. Lat. 4.ON by Long. 159.40w. It's called, most appropriately, FANNING ISLAND. I can only assume that it was established there in a previous era when fandom had overcome the (then) world government. My guess is that the present H-bomb tests so close by the....sorry: THE ISLAND, are the outward signs of a Racial Memory man has inherited from this previous civilisation.

The Island isn't ideally suited, as far as we know. But who are we to doubt the wisdom of our ancestors? No doubt they had a reason for establishing a base there....((Hadn't there used to be an ancient place called MU around there, with beautiful women dashing around half-naked all day long ?))

Alvar Appeltoft, Klammerdammsgatan 20, Halmstad, Sweden. ((Who wrote a few weeks back demanding a copy of TRIODE, and who was informed that he'd either have to subscribe, trade, or write something first))

First of all: you seem to think me a neo, crying Dear Sir - I'm a fan please put me on your subbing list....((That was the impression given by the note you sent.)) Nope my room is occupied by a lot of US/UK promags and pbs etc and I've 430 fanzines it appears. I reserve checks for promags and fmzs like INSIDE, when the publishers cry irately for cash. Fanzine editors on the whole consent to some kind of a trade or perhaps give away copies. ((Look, Alvar, the position is this - we, and other faneds who put out largish zines, are not in general prepared to exchange 40ish pages for one-English-language-page....we want to encourage Swedish fandom just as we want to encourage other fans, but we ain't philanthropists. We don't particularly want money, a reaction is generally sufficient - 'being a fan' isn't. You say you want TRIODE, right, well when I entered fandom and wanted fmz I subscribed to them, at first, and later contributed to them and got free copies. If you want TRIODE (or any other fmz - and this applies to all you people who keep writing in but can't be bothered to either subscribe or write more than a two line request) you have to do something first to convince us that it's going to be 'worthwhile' to send you a copy. I know that you aren't a neo-fan, if you were I wouldn't print your letter and answer it in this fashion - having been in fandom a while gives you less of an excuse for saying 'I'm a fan, send me TRIODE.' You're getting this ish because you took the trouble to write a few extra sentences (after some prodding), whether you get future issues is up to you.))

Wanna get an interesting letter ? Interesting theory No.1: I think that when we reach the Moon we'll find traces there of space-rockets from Atlantis....There was a previous civilisation with rockets and atomic-bombs ((This makes it a 'civilisation' ?))...No.2: I think the reason why there is no real sense of wonder in the sf stories of today is because they aren't really original. ((Could be.))

Laurence Sandfield, 25 Leighton Rd, London W.13.

Let every fanzine-ed write to Ted Carnell and ask him for the name of a reader, one near the fan-eds home. Then let ye fanzine ed send a copy of his zine to the reader, together with an invitation to a meeting, not necessarily at the fans home but for a drink or something. ((I tried this once and got a peripatetic postman who believed in Bridey Murphy; TJ tried it and found Peter. Once bitten....))

Beloved Is Our Destiny. You know, this is quite a masterly satire. The number of adventure stories I've read with this fratefully comfortable old bey atmosphere. And the lovely purple sentiment at the end.... BHOY, chota peg, chop-chop! Illos, repro, bacover, excellent as usual. And that Bengalese Skiffle Group. I love skiffle, but man, how one can laugh at it. In which lies a good deal of its irresistible appeal. ((Want to join the "We Laughed At Wee Willie Harris Society" ??))

THAT'S ALL.

INTERMISSION

Cont. from page 4.

SATA No.8. pubbed by
Bill Pearson & Dan
Adkins at 4516 Glenrosa
Ave, Phoenix, Arizona.
The outstanding thing

about SAT is the artwork of Dan Adkins, the rest of the art (and most of the material) pales into significance beside it. I'm suprised that with his excellent technique he hasn't already forsaken fandom for the pro-fields...but then, that can be said of other fanartists, too....Eddie Jones, and Art Thomson on this side of the pond. The material mainly consists of a rather weak column by Alan Dodd, and two even weaker pieces of fiction by Roger Benson and Don Stuefloten. The lettercol is fair. At 25cents a throw, this one is a bit overpriced, but it's worth getting for a look at Dan's artwork.

PERIHELION No.2. Pubbed by Bryan Welham and the Clacton-on-Sea in '63 Group, at 179 Old Rd, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex. 1/- per issue, or 2/6 for three. Contributions wanted.

This issue bears out the promise in number one, it's far from being a top rank fanzine but the enthusiasm and work put into it hint that it's going to improve rapidly. Best things in this issue are the Lettercol, and natterings by Editor Bryan Welham & Bryan Bickers - The ed' comments on fandom in general, The Other Bryan takes care of local doings. Both write interestingly. There are 44pages in this issue, and where as none of the material is particularly distinguished it's all readable.....and intelligent.

RETRIBUTION No.9. Pubbed by John Berry (For TAFF) and Arthur Thomson, at 31, Campbell Park Ave, Belfast, and 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2. 1/- or 15cents.

A Tour de Farce....featuring the Goonery of John and Art, supported by Ron Bennett, Wally Weber, and Nurse Ethel Lindsay. Most of the material is indescribable, and I don't intend to get myself tied up trying to review it, but if you don't get RET, you should. Only weak spot is the lettercol, which isn't long enough.

BIPED No.1. Pubbed by Bill Harry, 69 Parliamnet St, Liverpool 8. This is available for money, but Bill doesn't seem to say how much...if you send him 1/6 I don't think he'll be insulted.

This one has been put out, in tru-fannish style, a couple of months after No.2, and I hope it will not create a precedent. There's some exceptional artwork therein, by EDDIE, Jim Cawthorne, Don McKay, and Bill Himself. Much of the material in this issue is perforce dated, but most of it still makes interesting reading, and the embellishments, as above, are excellent.

ABJECT No. 1. Pubbed by Peter Francis Skeberdis, 606 Crapo St, Flint 3, Michigan, U.S.A. Aboutwhich, I can only say that the title is singularly apt!

PLOY No.11. Pubbed by Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorks. 1/- per issue from Ron, or 15cents from Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyattsville, Maryland.

This, with one exception, contains some quite good material by some excellent fannish writers - Sid Birchby, Pete Daniels, Archie Mercer & Ron Himself. The exception (and I'll admit that I'm biased in this instant) is by one H.P. Sanderson, and is an illogically written, unprovoked attack on myself. I'd prefer to ignore this completely, but as there may be some fan somewhere clot enough to believe this mish-mash of half-truths, untruths, unwarranted conclusions and (let me not stint myself) perversions of fact, I'd better state that this thing is far more indicative of the type of person Sanderson is, than the type of person I am.

Actually, I'm rather surprised that Sandy wastes his time writing for fmz, with this technique of writing he could quite easily sell to CONFIDENTIAL! Or perhaps he couldn't, for the editors of this magazine (unlike the editor of PLOY) do have to ascertain that the basis of their slander has some factual referent.

I have rather got the impression that Sandy wanted to write something controversial for his first column for PLOY, and lacking any real idea's decided that the best thing to do was to attack someone he he had taken a dislike to. He's certainly taken the long way round to state ' I don't like Eric Bentcliffe'.

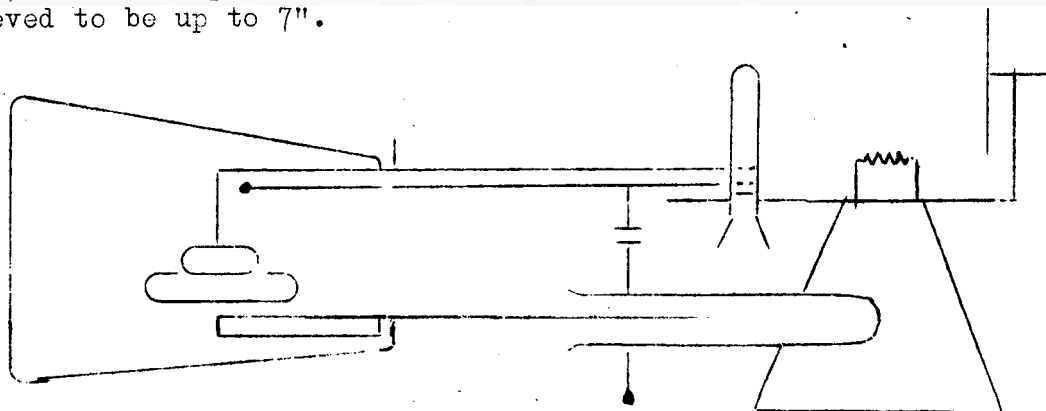
But, I don't intend to go off on a long dissertation on this thing for that would possibly start off the very faud which H.P. Sanderson is trying to provoke. Suffice it to say that whilst I am always willing to argue the hind-legs off a donkey in the interests of discussion, I dislike having to counter the brayings of an Ass.

* * * * *

NB. TO HOMO TAPIENS

Both Terry Jooes and Eric Bentcliffe now have Ferrograph Tape-recorders in addition to their Phillips machines, and can now cope with speeds of $3\frac{3}{4}$ and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per sec. and up to $8\frac{1}{4}$ " reels.

Bob Madle, 7720 Oxman Rd, Hyattsville, Maryland, has bought himself a taper, and can cope with the same two-speeds; reel-sizes not known but believed to be up to 7".



COME HOME
MUM WE'VE FOUND
YOUR TRIODAE

