

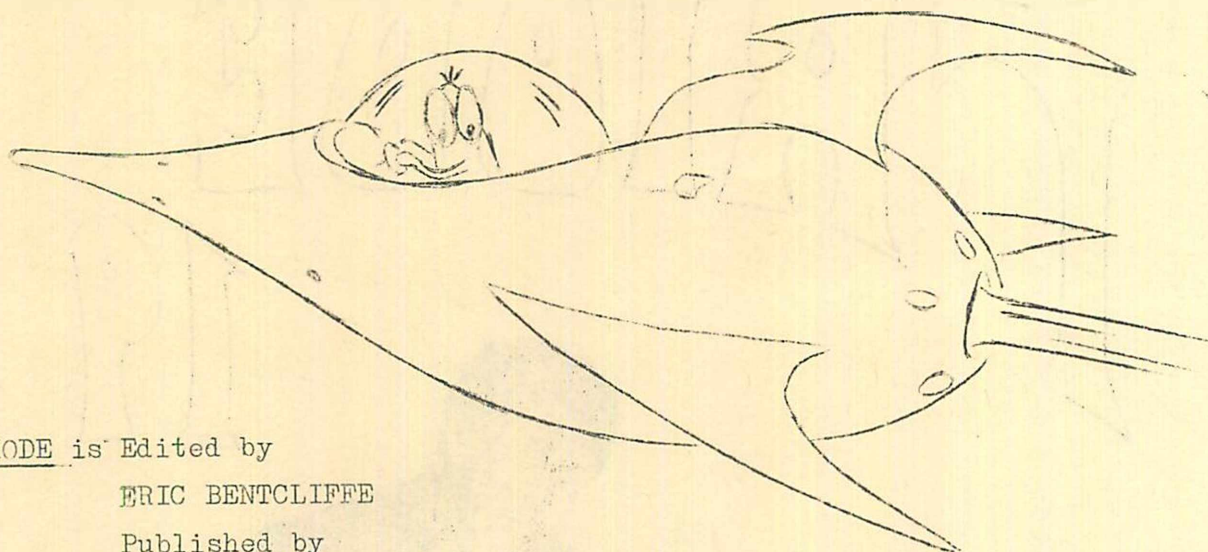
# TRIODE

19



Weatherlop





TRIODE is Edited by

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

Published by

TERRY JEEVES.

For "THE DANESIDE AND ECCLESHALL DOG AND CAKE WALKING SOCIETY".

TRIODE probably the only fanzine published entirely by relics of 7th. Fandom, can be obtained in numerous ways, but preferential treatment will be given to those who send either money, material, or goodly letters-of-comment. Subscription Rate is £1.00(\$2.50) for three issues. All monies, loc's and stuff to Eric, please, at:- 17, RIVERSIDE CRESCENT, HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE. CW4 7NR.U.K. Threats of legal action, on the other hand, should go to our publisher at:- 230, Bannerdale Rd, SHEFFIELD. S11 9FE. U.K. As should presents of ink, styli, and duplicaters.....

TRIODE Would be particularly pleased to receive artwork and material from other survivors of earlier-fandoms. Where are you, Mal Ashworth, Nigel Lindsey, John Berry et al ( Al Lewis, that is.).

TRIODE Sits. Vac. Dept. Reliable Agents required throughout the Colonies. Ability to make excuses an asset. Richard Nixon kindly don't apply.

TRIODE Is willing to trade fanzines with you if you receive this issue.

TRIODE NINETEEN is eopyrate March 1974.

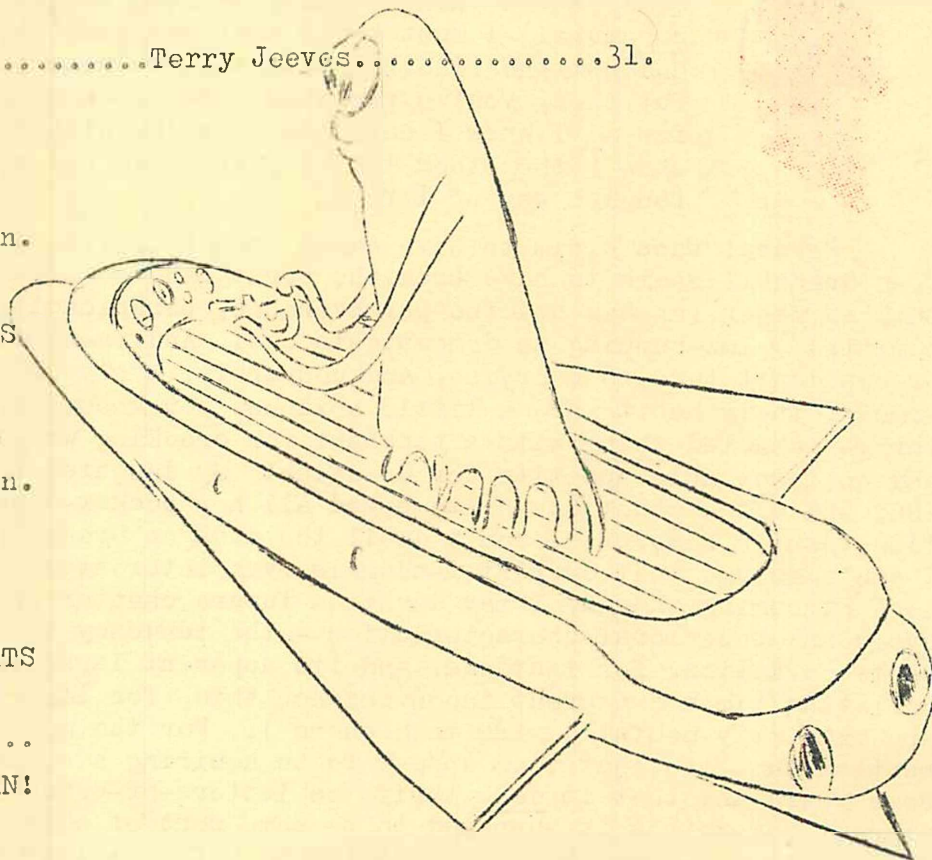
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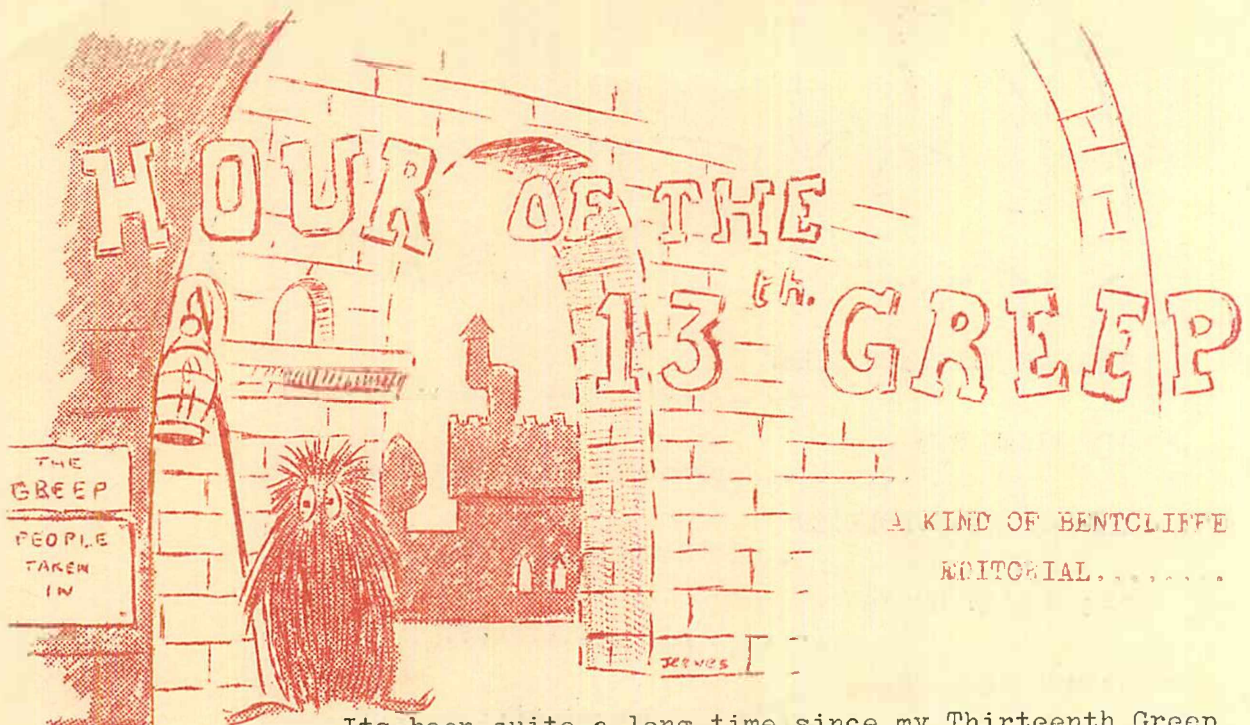
COVER  
"Weathertop".  
by  
Jim Cawthorn.

INTERIOR ILLOS  
by  
Terry Jeeves.  
Arthur Thomson.  
and  
Don Allen.

TRIODE SUPPORTS  
PETER ROBERTS  
FOR TAFF.....  
VOTE FOR A FAN!







Its been quite a long time since my Thirteenth Greep last had its hour, you may have noticed; and a little further on in this magazine you will find an account of some of the things that have been croggling the poor creature. I must admit that the thing is now slightly sere and not the fine bushy-tentacled Greep that it once was. But then, you've probably never seen one, anyway, for as far as I know I have the only domesticated Greep in existence ( the other twelve just could not adapt to a normal fannish way of life ).

Several fans claim to have eaten them ( Crottled, of course ), and Dean Grennell seems to have been the first fan to encounter the genus... but, no other fan has had the perseverance, perspicacity, and ( it must be admitted ) low-cunning to domesticate one. And then, it must said that Greeps don't take to everyone, and conversly, everyone don't take to Greeps, some of their habits are a little noxious, you know. Not everyone likes a furry-tentacled thing with a penchant for cracking walnuts during Star Treck and an insatiable appetite for Goldfish! My daughter for one, she complains loud and often about having to spend all her pocket-money on re-filling the fish tank. However, I won't dwell too much on Greeps for the moment; for I can't assume that current fandom is even interested in them. If demand is forthcoming though, I may devote a future chapter or two to their life-cycle and behavioral-characteristics - the tendency to hibernate during the hosts gafiation, for instance, and its apparent lapse into catalepsy during collating times ( a great inconvenience this, for its many suckered footsies are extremely useful during this chore ). For the moment, though, I'll just mention that-its coat does appear to be aquiring a sheen it hasn't had for some years and that it does thrive on letters-of-comment, and cease to digress. For this is supposed to be some sort of editorial in which some vague Editorial Policy shall be defined; not a biological treatise on the genus Greep - no matter how much that is needed, today.



Fandom, in the context of fanzine publishing is, to me, something to be enjoyed, something to have fun with. The new, revived TRIODE then, will be a fanzine to enjoy oneself in; a vehicle in which I shall attempt to ride easy. There will be no pretentious poetry, no dubious social comment ( unless it applies to a science-fiction or fantasy story of current interest); there will be articles of a serious nature which do not take themselves too seriously, and there will also, I hope, be a whole scad of faanish humour. And that is as close a definition of an Editorial Policy as you are likely to get. Care to dance ?

Fandom then is to me A Hobby, not A Way Of Life; I went through that stage a decade or more ago and enjoyable as it was I've neither the time, money, or inclination to turn the fingers back on that particular clock. A hobby to be enjoyed when time and inspiration allows...allows escape from the mundane world into the fannish World of Imagination in which something of interest and amusement can be created to entertain other fans, and of course, myself. Its a world that currently seems to be lacking the inspirations and aspirations of 7th and 8th fandoms, but of interest nonetheless because there appears to be an obvious desire to engender another ( so-called ) Golden Age. There's Silly Animal Fandom, and I'm highly in favour of Aardvarks and similar ridiculous beasts, but there's so much else that could be created in our world of imagination. For instance, let's borrow one or two of the themes of the S-F and Fantasy genre and pervert them to our needs. There are all kinds of wild and wobbly ideas that kindly authors have left lying around for us to pick up and transpose. Elsewhere in this issue I've stolen a couple, Time Travel and Alternate Worlds - how well I've succeeded in perverting them is up to you to decide - I enjoyed kicking them around and I have (already!) vague thoughts on a sequel or two.

The Alternate Worlds theme, in particular, is one which appeals to me; the question of what would have happened if. And if there is anyone out there who would care to help fill in the Alternate World in which the NaSFaS exists, I'm open to ideas and thoughts on the subject. There are many other ways in which the idea could be used, of course, for instance back when TRIODE was being published somewhat more frequently I featured a fictional serial entitled The Future History of Fandom. Written by such fannish critturs as Walt Willis, Vince Clarke, Mal Ashworth, John Berry, and Arthur Thomson, its theme was that Fandom, disgruntled with the snarled upper lip of the mundane masses, set out by raft, Belfast Ferry, and ( naturally ) Courtenay's Boat, to set up its own 'civilisation' on a remote Pacific isle. When last heard of the characters were settling in nicely and busily setting up fortifications to keep out any wandering neofans and Orville Mosher. I've a thought that it might be possible to link this in with Poul Anderson's 'Maurai Federation' yarns....after all, such a fine conglomeration of fannish minds must have come up with some interesting inventions and social ideas during the past decade.

And it seems to me that there are possibilities to explore regarding former BNF's who have, apparently, vanished from fankinds ken. It's quite possible, I think, that Walt Willis may have discovered whilst playing Ghoddminton some principle applicable to space-flight; and that, even now, he may be on some far off planet where the rivers run with corflu and the sea's are a form of duplicating ink. But, alas, stranded because the feathers of his shuttlecock-craft have developed moult!

5



Mayhap, Mal Ashworth, ( in yet another Alternate World ) fell through a Time-Fault whilst caving and is, sadly, no longer in a world which has a Fandom. The horrible thought occurs, even, that there may be a world in which Norman Shorrocks' penchant for making highly potent potions is non-existent, and that he is a Major in the Salvation Army! And what world, I wonder, welcomed Norman G. Wansborough? But that's a thought I'd rather not dwell on just at the moment....

#### KOOK OF THE MONTH

Ann Chamberlain, in a letter-of-comment in TONG (Mae Strelkov's personal-zine), reveals that Shaverism Is Not Dead and that she is, apparently, an adherent of the cult. The Elder Gods, it seems are well and still playing happily with their stim-machines and Telaug-rays somewhere down in the Deep Caverns. Ann, I'm sure, would be interested in a conversation I had the other day with O. Krazan of the nearby Middlewich S-F Soc. (known to Us Enlightened Ones as 'The Middlewich Cuckoo's'). O. Krazan is a most intriguing person; raised in the region of Lake Chad by a wandering herd of Ostriches who, apparently, took him for one of their young when he decended head-first from a passing hi-jacked jumbo-jet and raised him as such. He lays claim to being something of a philosopher and future issues of this magazine may feature some of his thoughts. However, during this particular conversation, Krazan mentioned his theory that at one time the Ostrcih race lived in vast-caves under the desert ( from which, one can presume, they were cast out by Elder Baddies), and that their racial characteristic of sticking their heads in the sand is in actual fact due to a race-memory, and when doing this they are trying to find the way back down! Perhaps when Ann is next in touch with the Elder Race she would be kind enough to ask a boon for the poor Ostrich race?

There may though, be more to this Shaver business than at first appears. It could explain, for instance, many of the troubles we are having with not-so urbane gcurillas, militant layabouts and associated anarchists. Maybe its a spot of retaliation by the Elder Baddies; using their stim-machines to stir things up and get rid of this peevish race of ours which keeps boring holes in their ceiling and letting off atomic-bangers when they are trying to sleep. You must admit, its a more fannish thought than 'reds under the beds'....

#### REVELATIONS

There have at various times been attempts to unmask the authors of the Harrison Saga's; these have been thwarted, in the past, by whatever means have been necessary by the government in power. Its possible that TRIODE has been the only fanzine subject to 'D' Notices. However, since sometime has passed since The Master was last used in an active capacity I have now obtained the permission of The Ministry in question to reveal the identities of His chroniclers, known previously only as Cyril Faversham and Harry Hurstmonceaux. They are that well-known Liverpool Group double-act John Owen and Stanley H. Nuttall. And whilst the Harrison story in this issue purports to be their final opus; I am hoping that fannish public demand will encourage them to continue with their chronicling of Sir. Wm. Makepeace Harrison's exploits. Can we hear it for John O. and 'Old Nutters', Please ???

.....Eric Bentcliffe.



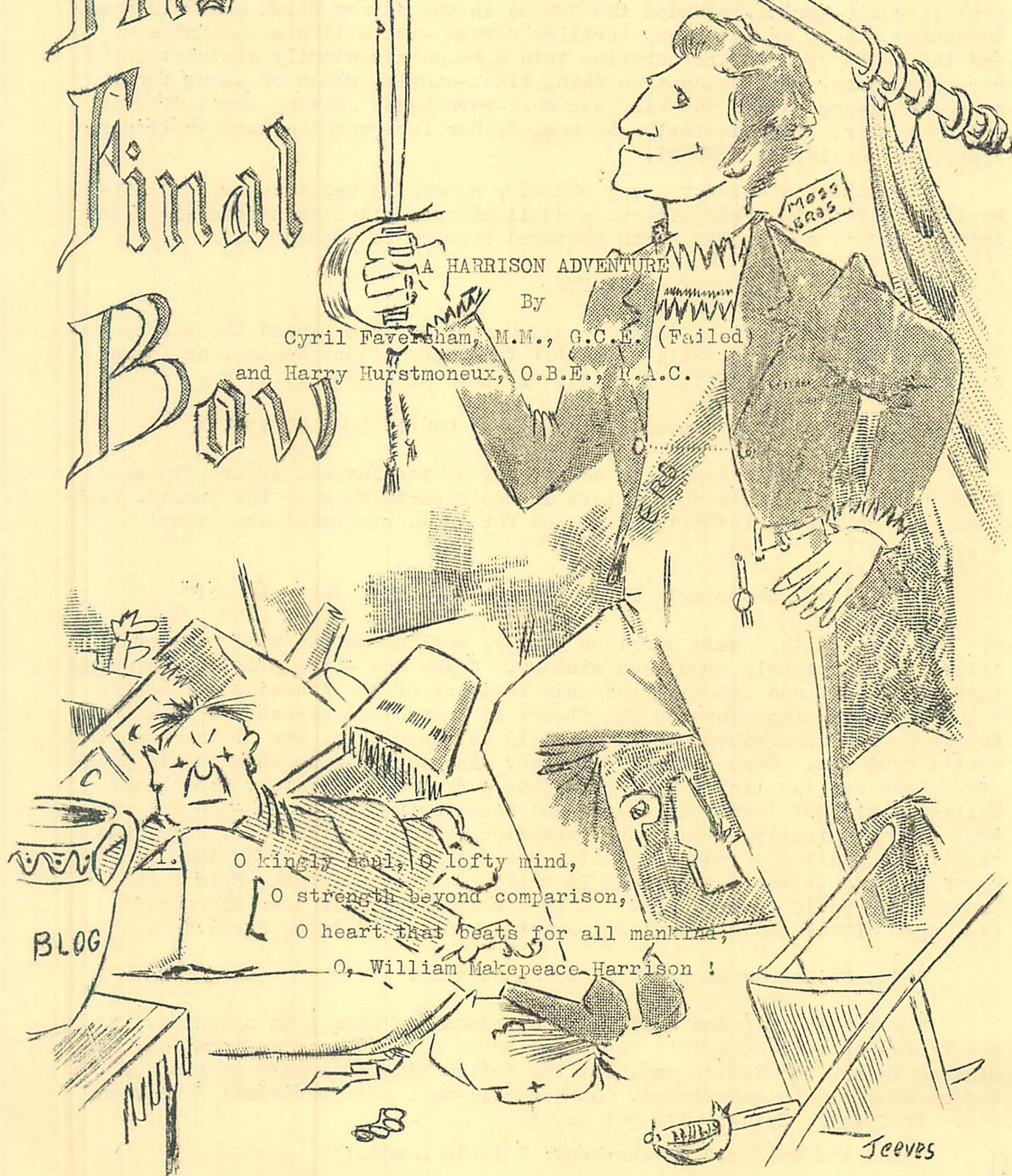
# His Final Bow

A HARRISON ADVENTURE

By

Cyril Faversham, M.M., G.C.E. (Failed)

and Harry Hurstmoneux, O.B.E., R.A.C.



BLOG

O kingly soul, O lofty mind,  
O strength beyond comparison,  
O heart that beats for all mankind,  
O, William Makepeace Harrison !

Seeves



WITH A HARSH SCREAM FROM ITS TYRES, brakes and passengers, the tulip-bodied Hispano-Suiza with the Zubrowski-fitted 8 litre Issotta Fraschini quadruple overhead camshaft engine ( bored out to 12 litres with two-stage supercharger ), and sporting a fluttering Red Ensign and squat, almost phallic radio-aerial, rounded the U-bend in the narrow Welsh mountain road. Suddenly, there was another, shriller scream - this time a peasant's - and the sight of a figure hurtling into a hedge momentarily distracted the cars occupants. The peasant, a thin, black-shawled woman of about forty, stared wild-eyed after the car, her work-worn hands clawing impotently at the empty air. " Assassins!" she howled, her face working uncontrollably. "Eongleesh meelords! MERDE!!"

From the fast-disappearing vehicle, something was thrown. It glittered briefly in the late afternoon sunlight and fell with a metallic clink into the dusty road. The woman tottered forward to examine it.

It was a golden half-sovereign.

" Hate that sort of thing," said Harrison, from behind the wheel; "not good for my image. Still, that'll take care of any damage, one hopes. And now, men, to the matter in hand. Z wants me back in..... "

" Look out! That coach! It's full of nuns! Look OUT!!"

"....Back in Whitehall by seven p.m. at the latest. Apparently since OGRE got James, there's nobody left in the Department with the jaunty, reckless courage (or scriptwriters) needed for these bigger stunts except myself..... "

" The level crossing! The gate! Yah! No! Yah! AHIII!!"

" Have faith," said Harrison simply, smiling as the wood and metal splintered harmlessly about our windows. " And now - the plot. One evening last week, as I was entering the main lavatory of the Athenaeum, I noticed a chap sprawled face down on the floor; so I strolled across and looked the fellow over. Recognised him immediately as young Kyle, one of the Department's best men. Stone dead, of course. And they'd gone through his pockets. Even cut the lining of his jacket; Jermyn St. job, too. The bloody Philistines! But I knew Kyle - damned resourceful young cub - so I kept on looking. Finally, I took the carnation from his buttonhole. And I was right: it wasn't a carnation at all, but a carefully-crumpled piece of beetroot. On it was a message. It said: 'Contact Shorrock. Spider in London.' Cryptic enough, eh? Until I remembered Professor Shorrock's in charge of the AEC's methylated-spirits plant at Sodding Parva."

" The Professor Shorrock?" we ejaculated.

" None other. ( And kindly do not ejaculate when I am speaking.) Well, the Professor told me Kyle'd been working on a leakage of information. He'd managed to nab the inside man, but the fellow hanged himself in his cell before he could be questioned. On his cell-wall he'd scrawled: ' Only way out. If I talk, Spider will get me. '

" And the Spider," we chorused, " is in London! "



" So Kyle believed," said Harrison. " And that reminds me, I must contact the bogey's - the poor devil will still be there on the washroom floor."

(.....At that very moment, half the world away, a Bosnian samovar-attendant was painfully scribbling a note in Attic Greek to the British Attache at Macchu Picchu. A long pearl-handled knife protruded from his head; but the Old Country was in danger, and the message - had - to get - through....)

\* \* \* \* \*

## II. THE PLOT (You Should Excuse The Expression) THICKENS.

In war, His martial stamina astonished every garrison;  
Many a daughter and mama dreams blissfully of Harrison.

. . . . .

Eight-thirty the following evening saw us at Harrison's chic little pied-a-terre beneath Blackfriars Bridge, where an informal little gathering (white tie and decorations) was being held. Threading His way through the throng, our Master beamed us a greeting and introduced us to our fellow-guests.

" First I'd like you to meet Gavin and Julia Malpractise...(Gentlemen, I have grave news)...May I introduce Arnold Longstaffe and his friend Sandy - what a stunning necklace, Sandy!...(The news, gentlemen, concerns our old adversary Von Neumann)...and this is Hyacinth Heartcease; God, but you look too utterly devastating, my sweet...(Von Neumann is alive)...Sir Hubert and Lady Mountebank, may I present..."

" Alive, Sir ? But..."

" I think you know Beverly Winn, of 'Lovely Lady' magazine...(you recall that the fiend was thought to have perished in that C-Bomb testing area?) ...and this charming creature is Lady Pamela Playthinge...(well, it wasn't a testing area - it was Vegas!)... Sir Bertram Bumble, how very good of you to come,sir...(Map-reading, gentlemen, was never my forte)...And now I really think you know everyone."

" Everyone except that swarthy little man in the corner,Sir," we murmured, pointing to a nondescript-looking individual wearing a grey opera-hat, Oxford bags, canary yellow pullover and ankle-length sealskin greatcoat.

" That fellow," said Harrison gravely, " will lead us to von Neumann." He unfolded a fragment of beetroot. He's just brought me this message. Here, read it."



' Your presence is urgently requested', we read 'at secret emergency meeting of Cabinet at disused warehouse in Camberwell. Bring minions. Bearer will guide you.'

" Sounds all right, as you see," said Harrison casually. " But there's one trifling flaw. If Harold sent him, where's his Young Socialists Badge?"

( Little did we then suspect that, at that very moment, the British Attache at Macchu Picchu - having shaken off the greasy little man in the alpaca jacket and panama hat - was wrinkling his brows over a tiny scrap of paper he'd received that morning from a certain Anglophilic wine-waiter at the Balinese legation...)

\* \* \* \* \*

### III. DER SCHPIDER

Montevideo, far Cathay, New York 'n' Basra, Paris 'n'  
Vienna, Mold and Mandalay, He's seen them all,  
has Harrison.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our Master's purple and gold Ford Nucleon ( its front fender already crumpled, " but then," as He often said, "what are fenders for ?") propelled us violently through the bustling streets to the fashionable heart of Camberwell. Our sinister guide remained silent; and we, too, sat without speaking mutely admiring the vehicle's interior decor (undoubtedly Cecil Beaton's chef d'oeuvre), and ruminating on the possible outcome of this strange Rendezvous with Destiny.

After some light badinage with a seventy-year-old pedestrian on a zebra-crossing, and a friendly bout of fisticuffs with two taxi-drivers, we came to a halt before a huge block of luxury flats. Entering the foyer, we squeezed ourselves into the penthouse lift and swiftly glided upwards. Suddenly, we stopped; the lift-doors slid back, and we found ourselves at the threshold of a palatial apartment. Our 'guide', who had suddenly produced a Smith & Wesson 45, prodded us forward with a foul oath.

The room in which we now found ourselves was furnished in unimaginable splendour. Its carpeted walls, extending fully to the ceilings, were hung with the works of Matisse, Saint-Saens, Braque, and Eddic. Innumerable gas-jets flooded the room with brilliant radiance, and white tiger-skins and ivory chaise-longues, each one worth a King's Ransome, were scattered carelessly across the floor. But beyond the cool, softly-playing fountains - there, in the room's farthest corner - there, beneath a heavily-shaded light -

In that corner, Reader, stood a low, four-wheeled trolley. On it rested a huge spheroidal shape, like a distorted beachball, and about the Shape was a network of fine wire mesh. Behind, on a second trolley, we could see three tall metal tanks, bearing the respective legends 'Carbon', 'Schnapps', and 'H2O'; from these, three tubes fed directly into the centre of the Blob. Drawing closer we beheld, with a shudder of revulsion, that the pink jelly beneath the mesh was pulsating!



" Ahhh," came a faint, guttural voice from somewhere within the jelly; " mein guests have arrived..."

" Von Neumann!" we cried, aghast, " But - what devilish misfortune has brought you to this pass ?"

" Mein Gott," quivered the Blob, " vot a question, do you read BASTION or don't you ? Eaten alive by piranha, impaled on railings, fed into cogwheels - you think I'm immortal, already ? And besides, isn't this the final episode ? But von thing's for sure - this time I'm taking you three with me!"

Harrison smiled with quiet confidence, knowing the writers were on His side. " We shall see," He murmured. " So you, von Neumann, are the infamous Spider."

" Not qvite!" barked the bestial blob. " Allow me to present to you - der Schpider's oder four logs!"

(...Meanwhile, in a filthy estaminet in the Old Town of Marseilles, two Greek stevedores were discussing pigeon-racing over a bottle of anisette. They looked up, suddenly, as the door swung open and a lean, haggard Englishman, clad only in a loincloth and monocle, staggered into the room. The newcomer smiled wanly at them, and then, without a word, produced a tattered slip of beetroot from his nether-regions before dropping, lifeless, to the floor...)

\* \* \* \* \*

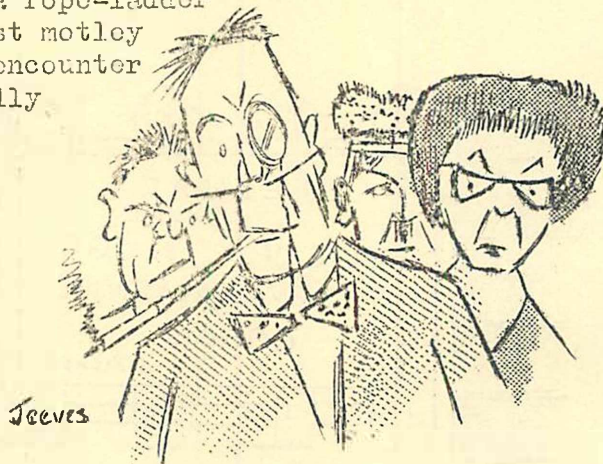
#### IV. HOMO GESTETNER

Should you but mock at Empire's cause, 'twould be unwise to tarry, son;  
Best to evade the vengeful claws of William Makepeace Harrison!  
But relish ye the sparkling jest, the verbal thrust-and-parry, son?  
Then search Earth over, none can best the wit of William Harrison.

. . . . .

A trap door in the ceiling opened, a rope-ladder was uncoiled and down it clambered the most motley assortment of humanity one could hope to encounter outside an OMPA session. Neumann ironically introduced them, one by one, as they descended; they were, however, already known to us: the notorious 'Pretty Boy' Bourgeois, Phonella Barker, Peter South, ex-lighting cameraman for Hammer, and James T. Phulovit, the prominent oral sadist.

" Und vo," screeched Neumann, quivering like a half-set blancmango in an earth-tremor, " der Schpider compose!"



12 " Collectively ?" queried Harrison intently.

" Correct," smirked South, " individually we are merely an agglomeration of steaming nits, but together we constitute a new and tremendously powerful species - Homo Gestetner!"

" Go on," said Harrison, His green eyes steeley.

" Herr von Neumann," continued South, " is the central ganglion of a complex organism composed of myself (computer); Bourgeois and Barker (teleports); and Phulovit (telekineticist and press-agent). Together," he added matter-of-factly, " we shall conquer the World. Eh, gentlemen ?"

" Oberammergau!" chortled Neumann. " You can say dot again! Boot now," he continued, pulsating vilely, " it is time for der reckoning - nichts ? Alors, I an idea haf got, und dis ist it: ve vill der Meister und minions into der roof-garten getake; und den, funf seconds start vill ve gegive; und den....upon dem vill ve geloose - der hell-hounds!!

" Excellent," grinned South.

" Worthy of me," stated Phulovit.

" Jeezoz," we murmured.

(...At that precise moment, above the trim green lawns of Lord's, twenty-seven racing pigeons fluttered towards Kensington. Only one man looked up at them; but he looked long and hard. If asked, he would have given his name as Theodopolous Cantheridos, and his occupation as an importer of raisans; but his eyes gleamed with a strange, unfathomable joy as he watched the birds fly over...)

\* \* \* \* \*

## V. THE HOUNDS OF DOOM

Then trust in Him through thick and thin, for by the Great Lord Harry, son, Aryan Blobs JUST CANNOT WIN when matched with William Harrison!

.....



TS

And this, Gentile Readers, is where you came in. Handcuffed, and bedaubed from toupees to toenails with a well-known beef extract (with 7 different ingredients), we stood at the threshold of the extensive, thickly-wooded roof garden. To our right was a low brick wall, and against this were chained twelve huge Pembrokehire Corgis, straining furiously at their fetters and and glaring at us with red, malevolent eyes...



Harrison turned to us, His brown eyes twinkling. " Stand firm, chaps," said He imperturbably; and on no account attempt to run." And he began to hum a little tune from Milhauds ' Saudades do Brasil '. \*

" Schum!" roared Neumann, manifesting every symptom of Progressive Disintegration of the Psyche. " Your funf seconds oop ist! You haf to stay poot chosen, und so - " and he gave a shrill maniacal laugh - "release der hunden!!"

The chains dropped from the wall, and the pack of huge dogs rushed forward, baying and howling madly. We shuddered, awaiting our fearful fate -

And then - mirabile dictu! - the hounds paused, as if uncertain, and scented the air for a moment or two. Then, instead of making for us, they turned about, growling, and began to advance menacingly towards - Neumann and his followers!

The latter backed away, their faces transformed into white masks of fear, their gestetner co-ordination completely shattered by terror. In a moment, the first of the dogs was tearing at von Neumann's mesh....

The moments that followed were Not A Pretty Sight. We averted our eyes; and when the last of the hoarse screams had died away, and we returned our gaze to the hellish scene, our antagonists were gone. We recognised a fragment of Barker's plus-fours; South's Leica, developing-tank and collection box; a few shreds of Neumann's wire mesh; a much thumbled copy of 'BASTION' where Phulovit had been - and that was all.

" But, Sir - " we stammered, as the twelve plump dogs, happily wagging their tails, nuzzled against us....

\* \* \* \* \*

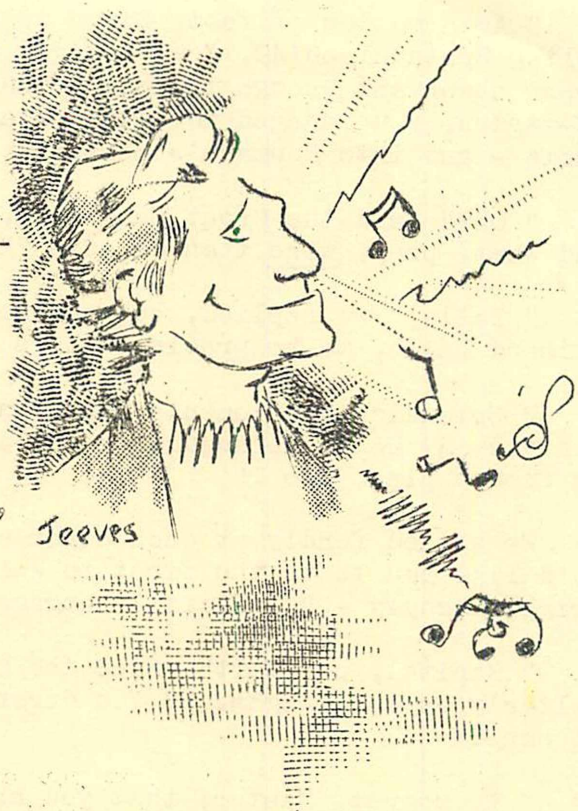
## VI. ENVOI

Thus shall we end our hymn of praise (before it gets embarrassin'):  
Unto the ending of our days - we'll serve Thee, Makepeace Harrison!

. . . . .

" I know, I know," chuckled the Master over Souper Intime at Prunier's; " you are doubtless agog for me to explain why, during our recent little Stunt, the hell-hounds refrained from devouring us ?"

\* No mean feat!





" As a matter of fact, Sir," we said, decanting a little Tiroler Riesling Spatauslese '49, " we managed to work that bit out for ourselves. We were observant enough to notice that, whilst being escorted into the roof-garden, you managed to slip certain objects into our opponents' jacket-pockets - and into Neumann's mesh."

" Oh?" said the Great Man wryly, nibbling at His Savarin Chantilly; " and what, pray, were those objects?"

" Balls," we replied, between mouthfuls of Escalope de Chien Andalou. " Aniseed Balls, to be precise. Dogs are reputed to find them irresistible."

" Splendid, gentlemen!" quoth Harrison, His clear blue eyes sparkling above His '47 Reine Pedauque. " You do Me credit. And now may I ask what your future plans are?"

We smiled fondly at each other over our Carbonnades a la Flamande. " We'd like you to be the first to know, Sir," we said. " We are now" - we giggled shyly - " officially engaged."

" Capital, capital!" cried the Master heartily, clapping His hands familiarly on our thighs. " You deserve each other. I am, of course, to be Best Man?"

" We regret, Master, that you are not," we said firmly, sniffing suspiciously at our Saltimbocca alla Bel Paese. " It's to be a quiet affair at St. Jame's, and we don't want any bombs in our bouquets. You understand, we trust, Sir?"

" Of course," chuckled Harrison, as the Tia Maria vat was trundled in. " Well, it's been a splendid partnership, gentlemen; absolutely splendid. We may not meet again in this great cricket-match called Life - but who knows? There may yet be another Innings on some greater Pitch, where the grass is forever green, and the Great Umpire never calls 'Out'..."

" Yes," we replied with moist eyes, " and think of the money we've made, too! Alien have just offered us a cool eighteen bob for the 8-mm cine rights to the series. That, plus out ten per cent from you - "

" Ten per cent?" queried Harrison sharply.

" Why, yes - the ten per cent for doing the series, Lord."

Harrison's voice was cold. " I'm afraid I don't follow."

" You mean" - we spluttered, almost choking on our Martell Cordon Argent - "you mean, you think we've been playing Brian Epstein to you all this perishin' time for free!?"

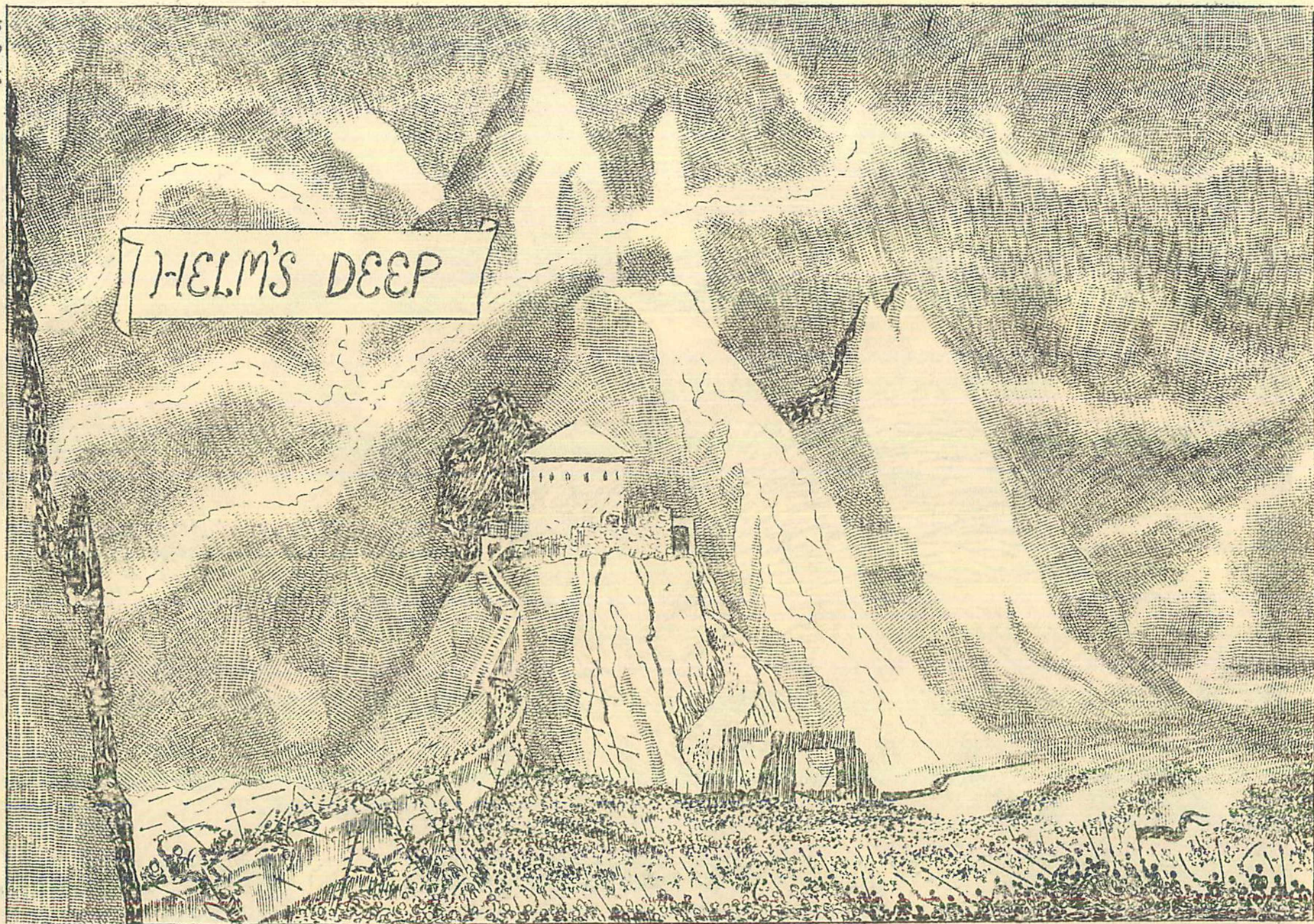
Harrison's tiny button-eyes gleamed shiftily. " My dear chaps...." he began, in his best Ronald Colman manner; but our hands were already at his throat.



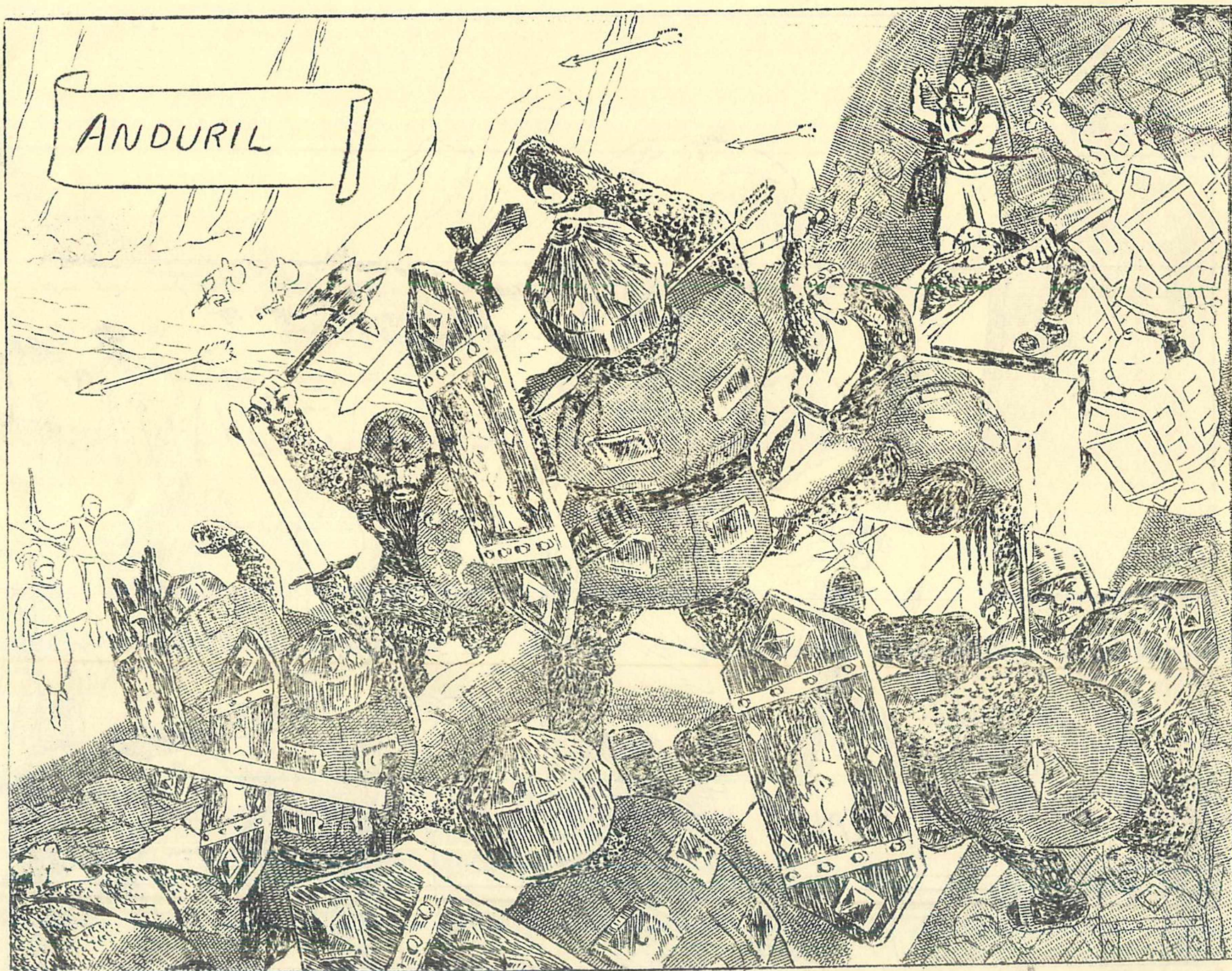


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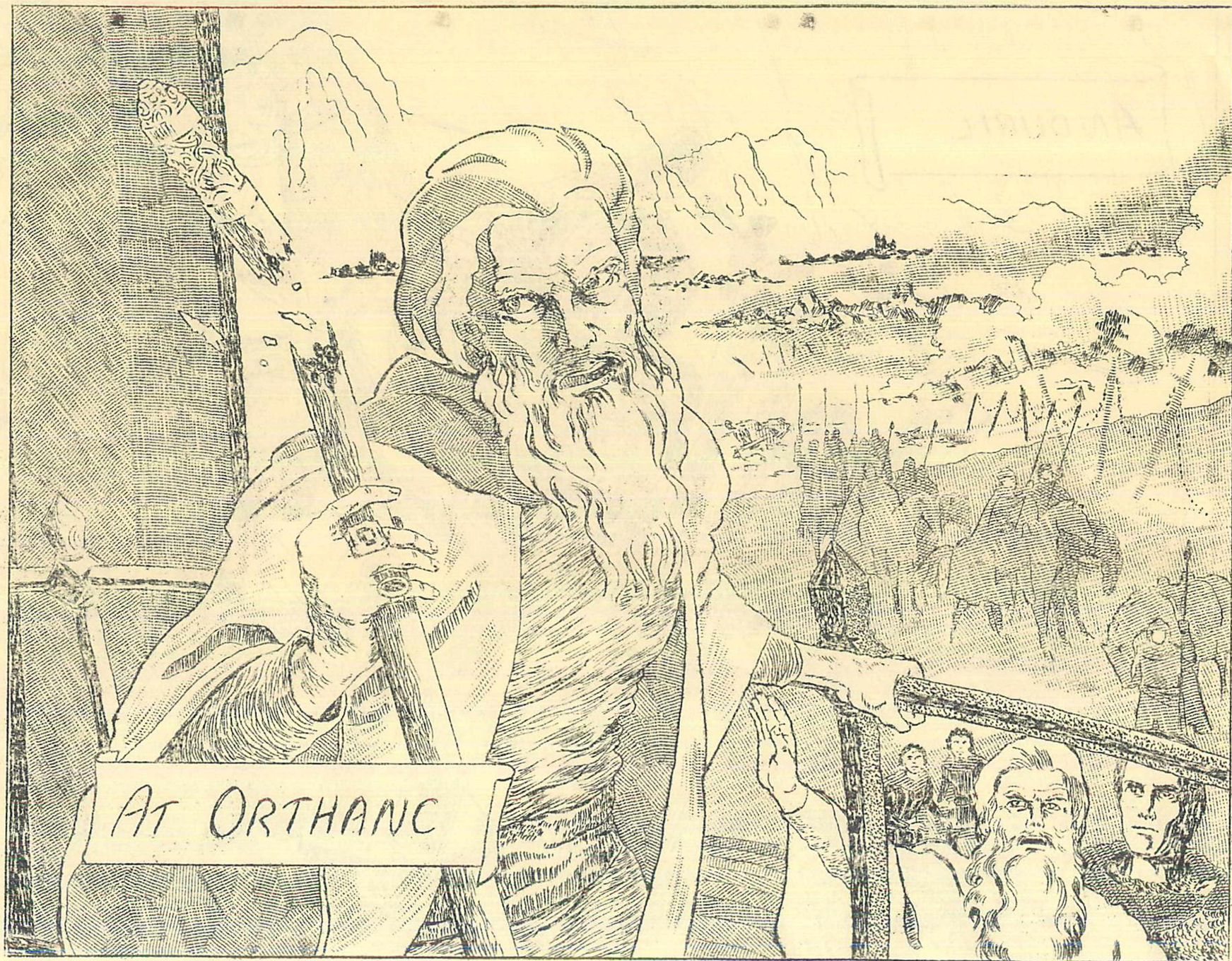










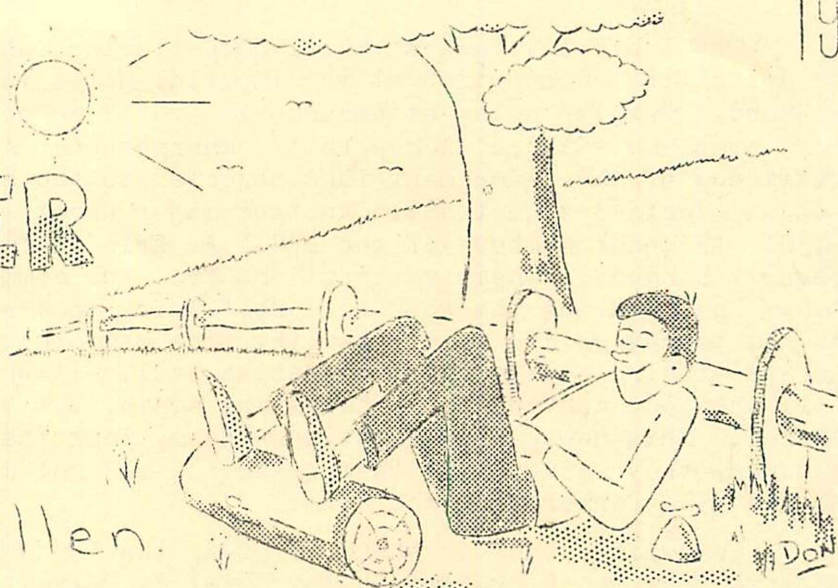




# THE SUMMER

OF  
'59

by Don Allen.



IT WAS HOT!! So blazing hot that the ink oozed off the dupe like butter off hot-toast. It was a waste of time trying to work in such heat. The ink was duly poured back into the tube and I prepared to stash away all the gear. SATELLITE 9 will just be a little late this year. Jim would most certainly welcome the break anyway. He had been working on the latest Dizzy Pin-up a good five minutes. I knocked on the cupboard door and told him to pack up. Leave the breast till later. He called out that he'd broken his pencil so it was pointless him going on, anyway. He had come to a sort of drawn conclusion.

A decision was made that since we were moving house and most of the bricks were packed, SATELLITE 9 would be published from the new abode. I tore off another page of my "Inchmery" Fan Calendar....time, as they say, coalesced.

Outside the rain was hissing down. It was cold and dark. The summer of '72 wasn't much to crack on about. It was now as good a time as any to continue from where I had left off. At first I couldn't recall where the removal-men had put the crate of fanning-gear. I hunted high and low both in the house and the garage, until Dorothy told me she had last seen it in the garden. I took a scyth to the grass, and scythed with relief when I found it was still there. After dragging the cumbersome thing into the house and prying it open, I peered inside. Fanzines, prozines, letters, half-cut stencils, and sober ones too, all came tumbling out.

And memories.....

It was a very good year. Fans on both sides of the Atlantic were indulging in a fervour of fanac. The liar-service carried the usual innuendos. Vital questions were being asked..... 'Will John W. Campbell keep on writing those editorials?' 'Will that tower of bheer cans ever reach the moon?' 'Would the TAFF vote-buyer be named?' 'Did Bill Harry really understand Bonovans Drain?' 'Does Alan Dodd really exist?' 'Will SF TIMES ever fold?' 'Would the WSPS really go to court?' 'Would G.M. Carr plunge all fandom into war?' 'Would a fiver to Norman G. Wansborough really ensure my getting to the next Stateside convention and become president of the N3F??'

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The B.S.F.A., born at the 1958 Kettering Convention, now one year old, held its first convention at the Imperial Hotel in Birmingham over Easter weekend. Despite a low attendance it proved to be a success, though there were problems with an uncooperative management. Along with criticism of the tattiness of the place many fans objected to the high prices in the restaurant and decided to eat out. Another major upset was that the bar closed at 9.30! Founder members of the B.S.F.A. Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves both eagerly handed in their resignations from the committee at the associations A.G.M. held during the weekend. Doc' Weir took over, but later in the year he had to resign due to ill health. The mammoth task of looking after the BSFA's affairs was taken on by Sandra Hall. It was originally planned to hold the 1960 convention in Kettering again, but this was later changed to London. This news, when first announced, took the London Circle by surprise. However, they soon sorted themselves out and got down to the planning. Neofan Ella Parker took the helm.

Meanwhile, back in the U.S. of A, the '59 Worldcon took place during September at the Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel in Detroit. This was quite an event. Guest of Honour was Poul Anderson, but there was an even more popular guest from the fan-scene. John Berry, the Goon himself, was in attendance. Throughout the year a group of John's admirers had successfully campaigned to raise funds to bring him to Detroit after he had been beaten in the TAFF election by Ron Bennett. John proved to be an excellent ambassador to the Detention. Rick Sneary was also present, still flushed from his triumph of achieving "Southgate in '58", he was heard to cry frequently "Once Again In 2010!" Nearer in time bids were made for the 1960 site by Washington DC, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh. Eventually, Pittsburgh won.

At that time the Worldcon had only once been held outside the U.S.A.; in in London in '57. Somewhere in the distance, the faint cry of " Gay Paree in '63" could be heard coming from Michel Boulet, Jean Linard and Pierre Versins.

TAFF candidates for the 1960 conventions were nominated. From England it was a choice between Mal Ashworth, Eric Bentcliffe and Sandy Sanderson. Whilst America put up Don Ford, Terry Carr and Bjo Wells. An extensive fan-zine campaign began. Ron Ellick announced that the FANAC slogan would be " Vote for Terry Carr - he's a Good Man." Bjo quickly replied with " Vote for Bjo - she's a Bad Woman." She was also reported to have said, " I dreamt I went to England in my Maidenform Bra,"

The most outstanding fan publication of the year proved to be Dick Eney's massive FANCYCLOPEDIA II. Unveiled at the Detention, this 200page masterpiece of fannish information and legend, quickly sold out. Another worthy item was the TAPEBOOK put out by Bob Pavlat and Bill Rotsler. Tape-recording between acti-fen was then very much the vogue, and this booklet listed all fans known to have a taper interested in exchanging tapes, and gave details of tape speeds available to them. Ron Bennett also supplemented this information and up-dated it in his annual FAN DIRECTORY. Ron also launched SKYRACK. This was the British equivalent of the U.S. newszine FANAC. There was also good nudes from Sweden. A bevy of delightful beauties were illustrated in Bo Stenfors' SEXY VENUS.

At the cinema, fans had to queue, along with spiders, to see the latest SF film " The Fly". While BBCTV was keeping everyone indoors on Wednesday nights with the popular serial " Quatermass and the Pit".



On a Saturday in May ITV transmitted H. G. Wells " Things to Come". Plans were afoot in Hollywood to film Ray Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles".

The heat of that year must have had an effect on Pete Campbell. Strange lights were seen over Lake Windermere, and in his new fanzine EAST & WEST Pete announced to the world that he was giving up Fandom and turning his interest to the occult and flying-saucers. Terry Carr, also in heat, got wed to Miriam Pyles. Its possible that the heat also had some bearing on John Berry's attempt to break the tea-drinking record set up by your author in competition with John at Oblique House in '57 ( see Ret.6. or CRY 124. for full reports).

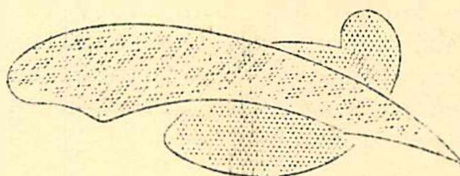
Mike Moorcock also decided to join in the midsummer frolic. The latest TARZAN comics contained some beautiful fannish terms. Mike had apparently changed the scripts of some foreign strips he had bought. "Yngvi, you louse", " Down with Mimeo", " Ty-pur", " Fan-zeen", and "Kill Vahgo". To quote but a few. The sales of pro-zine NEBULA were going up! So said Peter Hamilton in a newspaper interview. Science-fiction was also becoming more popular with the general public, he informed the open-mouthed reporter.

Rumour of internal squabbles within the London Circle were promptly denied by its various active members. Things were definitely happening though! Vinç Clarke was looking for a suitable club-room away from the Globe. Attendances were dropping quite alarmingly. It was in December '59 that the LO went formal for the first time. Ted Tubb was mainly responsible for this change of policy. A Committee was formed, dues collected, and even membership cards printed. It was decided to continue having social nights every Thursday at the Globe, but business meetings would be held at the White Horse. The "Inchmery Group" meanwhile, were busy settling into new premises from which a great deal of activity was soon to emanate, neofan Nicola being the inspiration behind it all. At whitsun the whole group went to Cheltenham as the guests of Eric Jones and his cohorts, and whilst there due homage was paid to the Shrine of St. Fantony. Later in the year, stories of more troubles in London fandom became rife. Even Laurence Sandfield was going on about SF fans always knocking Jazz. In June, Vinç dropped out of OMPA. The LO reverted back to being an informal group. Ken and Irene Potter moved to London and joined in the fun and games. Then in October, yet a third group was formed. The Science Fiction Club of London was formed. Meetings were at "Inchmery".

1959 was certainly a fan-active year!

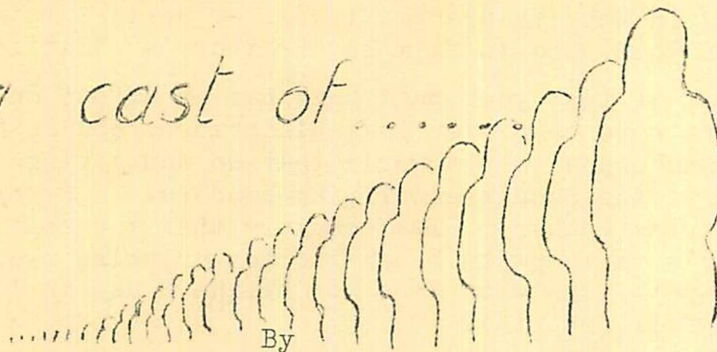
Suddenly, as I sat amidst the memories, a cold chill came over me! What if it has all gone ? Suppose there is nowone left out there ? It was like the feeling you get when you hear a knock at the door and immediately think you are the last Man on Earth. It can't all be gone. It was all too wonderful to fade away and die. Out there, some of the old fans, not too old and tired, must still be carrying the flag.

And, perhaps, beyond the sunset another fandom would be dawning.



- Don Allen.

# With a cast of .....



Emile Greenleaf.

It has recently come to my attention that back in the days of 7th. Fandom a certain Californian fan-group indulged in a most interesting bit of imaginative exercise. It seems that they planned a motion picture based upon the stories of J.R.R. Tolkien. Now, whilst the movie moguls weren't convinced by the scenario that the idea was worth taking up, I nonetheless applaud the considerable effort expended in designing sets, composing background music, and selecting a cast. I am sure that a great number of fans, dissatisfied with the sludge foisted upon us by the film studio as science-fiction or fantasy, have engaged in similar imaginative excursions. This has been one of my favourite idle pastimes, too. I have exercised my imagination as regards several stories; but most of my thoughts have revolved around L. Sprague de Camp's "Lest Darkness Fall".

This novel is among my all-time favourites, and is, in my opinion, the best time-travel story ever written. The action takes place in Italy of the Sixth Century A.D., and the use of a background which can be made vivid and authentic through historic research also qualifies the story as a viable screen-play. Properly handled, it could be made into a first-rate movie.

Herein I've devoted my thoughts to casting this epic, since the scenery, screenplay, music and such would offer few problems not presented by any carefully planned historical film; such things as authenticity of costume and architecture can be assumed to be reasonably easily attained.

There are eight characters which I regard as outstanding, and have consequently limited my casting to them. I know some of my readers will want to add other names to the list, and no doubt I shall be lambasted unmercifully by some for choosing some particular actor over another for a particular role. But then, it's impossible to please everyone, and I am eager to hear new ideas. So fire away, everyone.

Including L. Sprague de Camp !

The main character is Martin Padway, an American archeologist visiting Rome around the late thirties. He is struck by lightning, and thrown backwards in time fourteen centuries. The story is the account of his two-fold plan to survive and to prevent the ensuing Dark Ages. He is equipped solely with his knowledge of the future, some small amount of practical technical knowledge, the normal items a man would be carrying in his pockets (circa '39), and his wits.



Padway is, to my mind, a typical "de Camp hero". By that I mean that he is physically unimposing, but more than compensates for his lack of stature by his intelligence. He represents the ideal of the triumph of brain over brawn. Padway is described as small and slender, with a large nose, outstanding ears, brown hair, and a rather high-pitched voice. He is rather introverted; which, with the other factor of his physical appearance, earned him the nickname of "Mouse" in his younger days. Yet, he is anything but a jellyfish. He was a track star in college, is not afraid of a fair fight, and has thrived on field work on several archeological expeditions. He is clever and shrewd, and can be hard when the occasion demands. Furthermore, he has sufficient determination and force of personality to earn the respect of his peers.

This is the most difficult role to cast properly. I have considered over a dozen actors for the part and only after much rumination and a suggestion from Eric both as to the part and that the now-age of the actor be disregarded; have decided upon Alec Guinness. If there is anyone who has not heard of Guinness, let him be stoned from the temple!

Padway's first acquaintance in the Sixth Century is Nevitta, a gothic soldier-farmer. Nevitta is described as stocky, with a brown moustache. He has a grown son, so is about forty or so. He is rather crude and boisterous, but is generous, friendly, and reliable. For the role I would select American actor Lee J. Cobb.

Thomasus the Syrian is the flamboyant, cunning, and very hilarious money lender who finances Padway's enterprises. He is capable and honest - but you have to watch him! In this role, I feel that capturing the personality of the character is of greater importance than rigid adherence to the physical appearance as described. So, I hereby nominate Peter Ustinov for the role. Second choice: Robert Morley. Third: Alan Mowbray.

During the course of events, Padway picks up a down-and-out Vandal soldier, Fritharik, and hires him as bodyguard. Pessimism is the dominant theme of Fritharik's personality. He is so gloomy that he shares comic relief duties with Thomasus with his constant prophecy; "We shall all end in nameless graves!" This part is also somewhat of a puzzler. I get the impression that the Vandal is approaching middle-age, but is still in excellent shape and has quite a few fights left in him. He is tall and lean, and blondish. Nominations, anyone?

Thiudshad, King of the Ostrogoths and Italians, is a frustrated scholar. He would rather write poems and read manuscripts than govern his Kingdom. And when he does decide to fulfill his kingly duties, he is a grasping, corrupt, stupid, ineffectual little despot whose only saving virtue is the fact that he is amenable to Padway's suggestions. As of the moment, my choice for the role is Barry Jones, who played Aristotle in ALEXANDER THE GREAT; Audrey Hepburn's father in WAR AND PEACE; and the missionary in RETURN TO PARADISE.

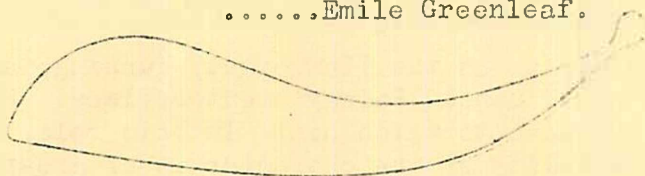
Belisarius, the Byzantine general conducting Justinian's Italian campaign. This is an actual historical figure, who is fairly well known. de Camp describes him as being rather young at the time of the story; tall and stout, with a curly brown beard, and obviously-slavic features. The part is not filled to my satisfaction, yet, but I lean towards Yul Brynner as a possible choice.

Urias, the young Goth who becomes king, succeeding Thiudahad, with Padway's not inconsiderable assistance. He is rather handsome, so I have tentatively selected Paul Newman for the role, but am willing to back off if enough vetoes come in!

There are three female characters in the story, and the most fascinating and exciting of the three is Mathaswentha, the lovely, passionate, brilliant, headstrong, and very, very bloodthirsty blonde Gothic princess. She's fabulous! To do the role justice we would need a girl with both beauty and talent, who can also radiate! My nomination for the part is Swedish actress May Britt. Note: I said actress. So stay away the tope-heavy-but-talentless brigade. Other choices: Germans Hildegard Neff and Maria Schell, and American Joanne Woodward. I think it is more important for the actress who plays Mathaswentha to be talented than beautiful, since it is the princess' strong personality which one remembers.

So, there are my choices of the main roles, with some suggestions as to who might fill them. If you have ideas for filling out the cast let's hear them. If you disagree with my choice; let fly your thunderbolts!

.....Emile Greenleaf.



#### ONE OF OUR FANZINES IS MISSING ?

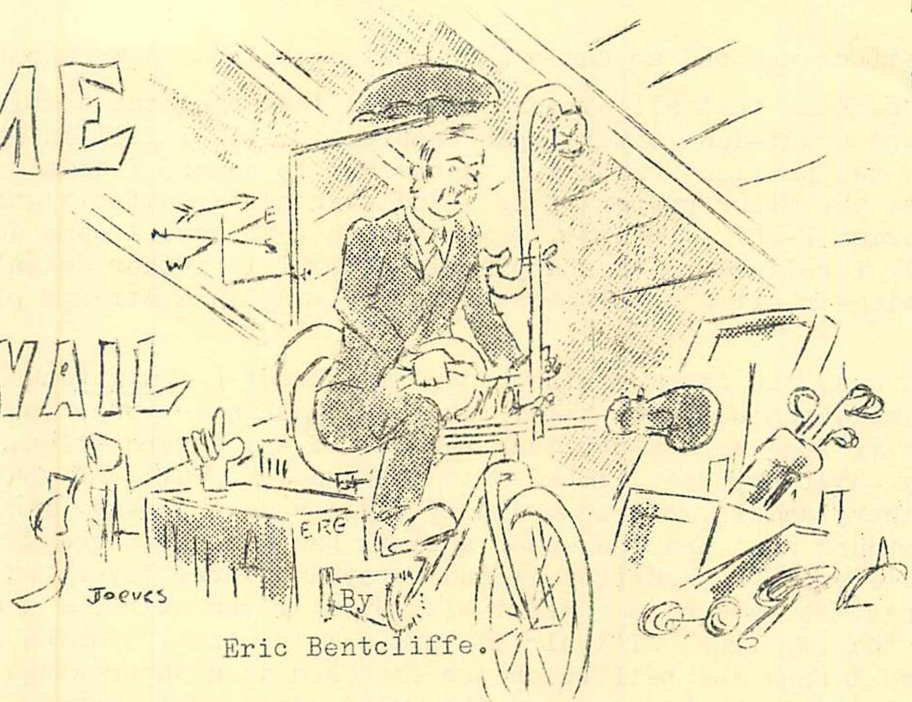
You may have heard that something like two years ago I started work on editing out a magazine for the Knights of St. Fantasy; BLAZON, yeapt. You may have heard ? Unfortunately, it was decided by a round-table of Knights that this was to be a lithoed 'zine - I had originally envisaged something less pretentious and easier to get out - however, Eddie Jones was to do the layout, and Harry Nadler was to do the printing. Suspicious as I was of anything fannish involving team work, the team looked good. Material was solicited, and by August '72 was all with Eddie for lay-out to take place. Around this time Eddie got married, and business pressures also built up; by June '73 he had been able to draw an excellent cover, and paste up some fifteen pages but was no longer in a position to carry on. I got things moving again with the help of Harry Nadler and the pasting-up was completed by September. Then Harry's press decided to fall apart!! Since TRIODE is being sent to all those who were kind enough to contribute material and artwork for BLAZON, I'd like to offer profuse apologies to all those who haven't seen their contributions appear. As of the time of writing (February 24th) Harry's machine has been repaired, and only lack of time prevents BLAZON from being printed....I'm assured that it will be printed for Easter, this Easter (1974). If it isn't, I propose to use all the un-dated material in future issues of TRIODE. Meanwhile, I'll carry on re-addressing all those 300 envelopes I seem to have been constantly re-addressing for the past couple of years and continue typing with my fingers-crossed. I'm now getting quite good at this!!

.....eb.



# TIME

# TRAVAIL



" The Exciting Adventures Of The Author In Time And Space."

I had a few days off from the firm, the wife and daughter were firmly esconced in front of the television set, the cat was out and the dog was out looking for the cat. It seemed like a good and opportune time to set the seal on my years of research - those years when fandom, its upper-lip collectively snarled, considered that I was a fake-fan, that I had gone Gafia, that I'd succumbed to one of Norman Shorrock's penultimate Pimm's. Yes, it was time to demonstrate that none of these rumours were correct.

I got the ladder out of the garage and ascended to the loft. The thing was there, ready, pulsing and eager to go. Heath Robinson, that dear old mentor of Arthur Thomson, would have been proud of me if he could have seen it. Taking a hint from Poul Anderson I'd built the machine around an old cycle; taking a tip from every-other time-travel story I'd read I'd sited it in the loft rather than the cellar - I was very glad I came across those hints because we have a loft, but don't possess a cellar. Taking further hints from other well-known experts in the field I'd drawn a pentagram round the machine, hung three rabbits feet from the handlebars ( one might not be enough where I was going...), fitted a schnorkel to the front-lamp bracket ( they say the water level is rising several feet each year, and I didn't want to get mine wet!), and a sort of mini-battering-ram to the front forks in case of trouble with porlock type persons.

The machine itself, whilst based on a bi-cycle frame could never really be mistaken for something useable on the public highway; there was no rear-lamp, for instance. The components were probably of almost equal part plastic and metal with animal adjuncts - I'd tried to remove most of these latter which dated from an early experiment a la Bertram Chandler when I'd coupled two dog-brains into the circuit; this experiment could not be considered a success for each time I came out of time-jump -

I was either wrapped around a lamp-post or halfway down a rabbit hole!

Checking that all systems were go, I started the combined alarm-clock and count-down timer (this ensured that if I fell asleep waiting for the two penlight batteries to come up to power, I didn't fail to complete the other preparations), and started to suitably garb myself in my Superman T-shirt, Beanie, boxer-shorts ( in case I came across a rebellion), fur-lined boots and plastic-mac. This author doesn't believe in writing-in extra problems such as arriving in a strange place mother-naked.

I hung the Ankh necklace round my throat ( I might need an ankhor!) walked widdershins three times round the machine - more, you understand, because my legs were stiff than because of any superstition. Threw salt over my shoulder, and climbed into the saddle. This, of course, was not an ordinary saddle, not an ordinary cycle-saddle anyway; I'd come across it in a junk shop and the owner said it had once belonged to Roy Rogers: after I'd suitably modified it and scraped several layers of Trigger out from under it was quite comfortable, even if the stirrups were six-inches longer than my legs. I'd already pre-set the time which I intended to visit so I rang the bell which was attached to a three-stage rheostat dipole switch, which energised the multi stage, solid-state, dynamo. (You will forgive, dear reader, the technical explanations and diagrams which are, of course, an integral part of any time-travel story ). I then started to pedal like hell to get up power.

I experienced the usual mind-shattering sensation of being pulled in several directions at once by the time-vortex, the sense of being suspended in a vast enshrouded space, weightless, and with only my over-long stirrups to hang onto. I wasn't really worried. I'd felt far worse after many a Liverpool Group party!

After apparent eons of non-time, non-space, with only the glowing thoughts of my being the first fan to travel in time to uphold me the machine gave a judder, the very fabric of time seemed to coalesce around me....and a jet of water hit me in the eye. It was obvious to me, at once, that the machine had not only carried me to my destination, but had done so with incredible accuracy. I had arrived safely at Easter '54, at the Supermancon during what was to be one of the final moments of the great zap-gun wars!

\* \* \* \* \*

As the machine came fully out of stasis, I found myself gradually settling near a bed in a rather dingy hotel room. On the bed were two characters who I recognised immediately; Ted Tubb and Ken Bulmer. Ted, with what I considered to be great panache, leapt to his feet, muttered something about " that fool Campbell and his experiments!!!" and pausing only to auction-off to me three dog-eared copies of Bert's latest novel, dashed out of the room. Ken, was obviously of sterner stuff, he moved not a muscle whilst I proceeded to disentangle myself from the machine....in fact, it wasn't until after I'd discarded my plastic-mac and tested the action on my propeller-beanie that he made any reaction to my presence. " Ouch....that Shorrocks stuff has a hell of a kick, I must have been asleep for hours! Where's Tubb, is the bar open or has he had to take over the auction again..." With which, he too, left the room. I had obviously achieved my initial aim of arriving at the con unnoticed!



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Naturally, I had taken precautions against being recognised as myself, even if rapid ageing and the moustache I had grown since those days didn't ensure this, anyway. I took my equipment out of the saddle-pannier and began to ready myself for The Great Adventure. First, the long-hair wig I keep for Novacon time, then the plastic nose with the built in filter-tip and, finally, the built-up shoes so I could talk face to face with Irish Fandom.

Pausing only to check that my zap-gun was fully charged ( I had thoughtfully confiscated it from my daughter several days previously ), and the action unnafeected by the time-stasis - on a previous excursion I had found myself out of time-jump facing a herd of charging mammoth's with a frozen zap-gun! I mean, what can you do about charging mammoth's when your zap-gun is frozen? However, the heating coils around the barrel had done the trick...and I cautiously opened the room door to look out along one of the long and gloomy corridors the Grosvenor was famous for.

Dimly distant a few doors away I perceived a tall, familiar figure, walking away from me and a high treble voice could be heard crying, " Pies, anyone for pies...", a door just ahead of the pie-vendor opened abruptly, several streams of water shot out and for a moment, Brian, appeared to be partially immersed. " That'll freshen up your stock! " cried an unkind voice as the door slammed shut again. Having tasted a few of Brians pies in my misspent youth I could sympathise with the zap-gunners even if I couldn't condone their action, so, walking stealthily up to the now closed door I put the nozzle of my weapon to the keyhole. Giving the weapon full elevation, I depressed the trigger...loud screams resulted immediatly. 'At least', I thought, if nothing else has improved in the world, the '70s can be proud of their zap-gun development. The thought that I out gunned any other fan at the convention was to be a constantly consolling thought throughout my mission.

As I cat-footed down the corridor it was obvious from the noise emanating from the various rooms that this, the last of the faanish conventions, was all that I had remembered it to be. I heard muted girlish screams, horrible Irish puns, and even more excrutiating early-bentcliffe puns... Behind one door, where I stopped to listen for a moment, there came a most peculiar sound, a sort of gurgling punctuated by a variety of slurping and burping; I was momentarily disconcerted until I recalled that this must be the room in which Norman Sherrock had set up his portable distillery.

Reluctantly, I turned away from the sounds of fannish gaiety, with a feeling of regret that I could not join in the festivities - and, a sense of pity. For this, of course, was the last of the fannish conventions. After this, the NaSFaS was to take over science-fiction fandom and change it completely from a fun-loving fraternity to a sercon, frighteningly efficient body in which fun and the fannish way of life had no place. Zap-guns were soon to be banned, puns were to become an excuse for ex-communication. Ghu, Foo-Foo, and Pogo worship was to be proscribed - Bickerstaffe, was to be the only true-ghod.

But perhaps, for the benefit of the younger readers, I should digress a little here, and draw in some of the history of the period in which the now, all-powerful, NaSFaS was to come into being.



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It had all started some months before the Supermancon. A radical action-group based in the outskirts of London had formulated plans to take over the convention programme from the haphazard, but reasonably fannish, organising committee of the NorWest Science Fantasy Society. The leader of this group was, of course, Gus Bickerstaffe; ably assisted by his lieutenants Hillary Crumborne and Groot Mackenzie. Their successful take-over of the convention, enabled them, within a matter of months to form the National Science-Fiction Association; which, after an extensive recruiting drive became the numerically superior body in British fandom. The NaSFaS was to hold all future conventions, and gradually, dominate science-fiction fandom in the United Kingdom. Its fanatical aims were to become the dominant factor in fandom, and by often dastardly methods, it was to either drive-out or subvert all fannish elements.

That it succeeded in its aims, we now know only too well. By fair means or foul. The true-fans were subjected to such a vitriolic campaign of character assassination that they were soon to disappear from the scene.

For a while such groups as the Belfast Wheels of IF, and the Knights of St. Fantony, had held out against Bickerstaffe and his minions, but since they were not prepared to fight him on his own evil terms - his letter to the postal authorities that HYPHEN was a pornographic publication, being a typical example - they isolated themselves as best they could from the NaSFaS influence. The Knights of St. Fantony withdrew to a castle in a remote part of Transylvania; taking with them the Shorrocks still and an adequate supply of MAD comics. Other truefans of the period either went underground, Mal Ashworth, for instance is still believed to be alive and well in a underground cavern in Yorkshire, or fled the country. Ron Bennett went so far as to join a tribe of head-hunters in Malaya with the professed intent of finally becoming a head-master. Still others followed the lead of Walt Willis, Bob Shaw and James White, and emigrated to the States; where fandom was still A Way Of Life.

U.K. Fandom was now Bickerstaffe and the NaSFaS. As it is today. And this was the real purpose behind my mission. I didn't like it that way!

I'd carefully researched the period through such proscribed fanzines as Hyphen, Bem, and Satellite; and Willis's sad goodbye piece to British Fandom "The Disenchanted Duplicator". If I was right, and the theories of my favourite authors were right, perhaps things could be changed..... perhaps time was an inconstant factor and could be, by the correction of a single foul action be changed. Of one thing I was sure; the nexus point was here, for all my researches had convinced me that it was from a single incident at the Supermancon that the evil forces of NaSFaS had gained ascendancy.

That single incident was the successful use of Burgess's Lights to so stun the attendees at the convention, that Bickerstaffe's takeover became easily accomplished! Yes, those 'Gholy Relics', which are now so carefully preserved by NaSFaS and brought out only on Bickerstaffe's annual re-election day. Much mythology has since been written regarding these all-powerful entrails, but the truth, as always, is somewhat more prosaic.



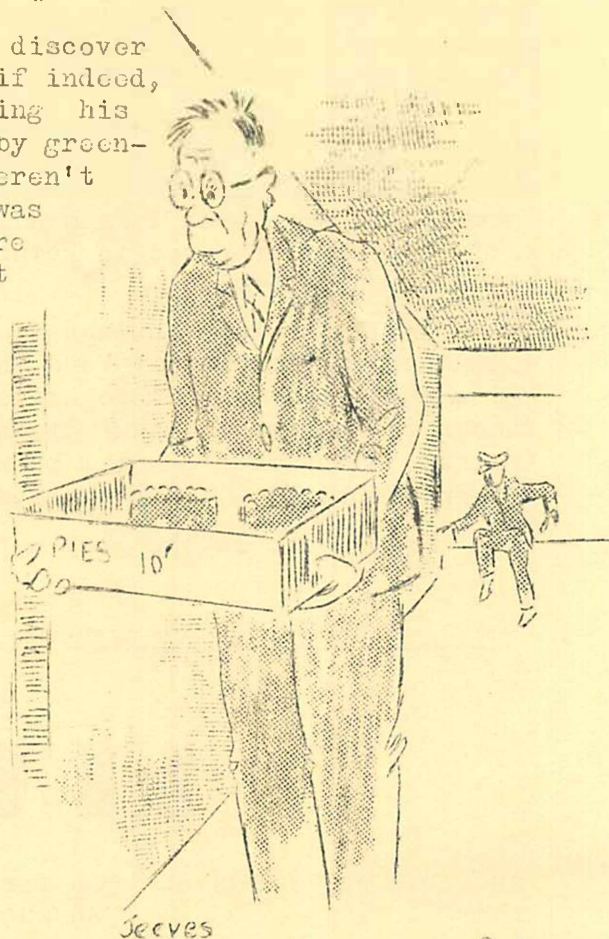
Brian Burgess, had, for a number of years, been selling various edible commodities at conventions as a means of paying his fare to the con. Pies were his best seller, but he'd also tried such things as Haggis, Black Pudden's, and Eccles Cakes ( these enjoyed a certain vogue due to the Goon Show ). At the London convention the year prior to the Supermancon he'd tried to develop a market for offal...but this had proved to be too offal for his customers. However, never one to waste 'good' food, Brian had carefully preserved in formalin-sauce the unsold entrails in the hopes of finding a less discerning customer at the Supermancon. After all, Banqueting fare never has been particularly good.... and someone was bound to be voraciously hungry. Or, so he thought.

Bickerstaffe, meanwhile, had heard of Burgess's secreted lights, and thought up a most diabolical plan involving them. Prior to the convention he, Crumborne, and his other adherents had worked out an alternative programme for the convention which, after an attention getting start, would, through the use of certain subliminal techniques, culminate in the formation of the NaSFaS with Bickerstaffe as President. And the signal for the take-over was to be the casting at the N.S.F.C. Chairman, Dave Cohen, of Burgess's Lights. Thus demoralising the convention committee and allowing Bickerstaffe's voiciferous minority to take over.

\* \* \* \* \*

One thing that I hadn't been able to discover in my researches was Brian's room number; if indeed, he was staying in the hotel and not following his usual practice of camping out on some nearby greensward. However, since I knew that there weren't many greenswards in central Manchester, I was fairly sure that he would be based somewhere in the hotel. It was fortunate then, that I had spotted him so soon after coming out of time-warp. I shadowed him along the Grosvenors many musty corridors, hiding in convenient pools of shadow whenever he entered a room-party to vend his wares, until his tray was empty, and he started out for his room to replenish his stock.

I had several narrow escapes along the way, but managed to evade detection by donning a peaked-cap, and pretending to be one of the hotel staff whenever confronted directly by fans - before they could speak to me, I muttered something about guests complaining of the noise in room 12 which immediately decided them that room 12 was far more worthy of attention than I was! Since I knew this was Bickerstaffe's room this ruse served the double purpose of keeping him busy fending off unwanted revelers whilst I put my plan into operation.





Brian didn't waste much time in his room, stopping only long enough to refill his tray once more. I waited outside until he had disappeared round a twist in the corridor, then proceeded to pick the lock on his door. Inside, I was at first bemused and amazed by the extent of his stock and the problems this presented. There was, literally, food everywhere. The bed sagged under an enormous, amorphous mass of tripe and onions; on the dresser was a huge plastic-wrapped stack of pies carrying date stamps of various era's. 'He must be a completist', I thought, as I came across a 1917 Walls Steak & Kidney. A very rare ( in more ways than one ) item. I wondered, casually, whether he truly realised the value of some of the items he was selling. However, after sorting out aroma from aroma, my nose finally led me to a receptacle under the bed in which, noxiously, languished the Lights.

Having discovered the Lights, I hastily crossed the room to the window. Much to my relief it opened easily, for by this time I was feeling somewhat faint, either from the tense situation or the noxious aroma. Holding a handkerchief over my nose, I picked up the receptacle and cast the noisome contents out of the window and down into the already polluted River Irwell.

I could have been mistaken, the night was overcast, but I'm sure I saw the few fish that were left in the river hurriedly heading downstream away from the vicinity. It was time for me too, to make my exit; my mission was completed - without Burgess's Lights, Bickerstaffe's plan and his successful take-over of fandom surely could not take place.

I hastened once more, down corridors, past rooms loud with fannish chatter, until I regained my temporary base. I had been fortunate in that Ted had not, so far, managed to tempt the delectable Shirley Marriott back to his room - as I knew his intention to be - and now one was present as I carefully prepared to return through time. Wondering if my mission had been successful.

Would I return through time to find fandom still under the despotic dominance of Bickerstaffe and the NaSFas ? Or would I find that my plan had worked; that puns were no longer outlawed, that there was once more humour in fanzines....that Stateside 'zines were allowed into the country again. Had Tucker's hotel been completed; had LaSFas succeeded in their attempt to build a bheer-can tower to the moon ?

Lost again in the grey murkiness of time....I wondered.

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# INTERLUDE

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by  
Terry Jeeves

OF 14 YEARS

The Blog-plated Bentcliffian bath-chair stood on the sweeping, 15 foot drive fronting the venerable crumbling Jeeves' mansion.

The occasion was

our annual draughts match which this year had somehow managed to mutate itself into a fiendish game of Scrabble.

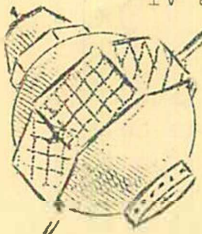
Our respective offspring were somewhere up the garden teaching the dog to play 'Nurses' (I hope this encourages Ethel Lindsay) and our spouses (Pl. 'spice' ?) were making womanly and exceedingly non-fannish noises in the kitchen. The Scrabble game fizzled fitfully

to a finish and the tru-fannish conversation drifted round to fandom's Golden Age...and inevitably, to TRIODE (Pat, applied for..accept no substitute). We agreed unanimously, more or less, that another issue was about due. Admittedly, there had been some delay since No.18, but as Eric explained, he had mislaid the LOCs on that issue, and had been looking for them ever since - apart from a spell in the Glades Of GAFIA, and a certain amount of Bewilderment over Blazon. The latter incidentally, may be sung to the tune, "Has Anyone Here Seen Blazon"...but please, not near Eddie Jones. (Only kidding Eddie, you're doing a grand job)(For the Opposition). Eventually, we talked ourselves into a corner labelled...BUT UP.... or SHUT UP Well, what red (ink)blooded fan can resist such a challenge ? Eric only had to twist my arm for half an hour before I thumped my stupid head against the wall, and agreed that we should GO AHEAD. The Golden-plated Age is re-born, and (Son of) TRIODE rides again.

Meanwhile, back on the ranch, as we laughingly call the Crumbling Jeeves' Mansion (Set like a jewel on the mudflats of Sheffield), I had been talking to Fred. Fred happens to be our friendly neighbourhood blackbird. An admirable character for talking to, as he never answers back, and never argues. He doesn't compose poetry (or even 'decompose' it), has never used a four-letter word and has no colour prejudices. So I had been talking to Fred - about s-f, naturally.

"Take Cavorite", I said. "Cavbrite, Bergenholms, Retardite. All well-known 'impossible inventions of s-f. Impossible, since their chances of ever coming to pass about equal the chances of Mary Whitehouse becoming 'Fan Of The Year'." Fred nodded, so I went on. "On the other hand, how many other s-f 'impossibles' now exist without our noticing them. Arthur Clarke's synchronous satellites hang poised over the Indian Ocean to bring us world-wide





TV and radio coverage. Man has walked on the moon. Our homes are lit, at least in part, by electricity derived from atomic fission. The laser beam bids fair to become the much vaunted 'ray gun' of s-f. Dick Tracy's wrist watch radio is no longer a 'gish wow' gimmick thanks to integrated circuitry, and no doubt you can extend the list even further." Fred didn't rise to my bait, so I continued, "The surprising thing about all these - and dozens more, is that one time they were all considered impossible and yet they arrived without fuss and were integrated into daily life with virtually no fanfare. Humanity in general, has a wonderful ability to adapt to anything, be it Gagarin in orbit, the four-minute mile, or simply ball-point pens in every pocket. It is rather shattering to think that only five years ago, our TV station opened up in the wee small hours of the morning...after an unprecedentedly late close down, and millions either stayed up all night, or having turned in late, arose once more around 4am. A man was 'up' there getting ready to walk on the moon. If you missed that moment, you can never recapture it. Yet in that five years, space has become so old hat, that the recent record breaking Skylab crew made its splash down with no TV coverage, their flight was almost completely ignored, and this is the pattern for any future flight -unless disaster strikes. It wasn't long ago that space travel stood on the side of the impossibles.

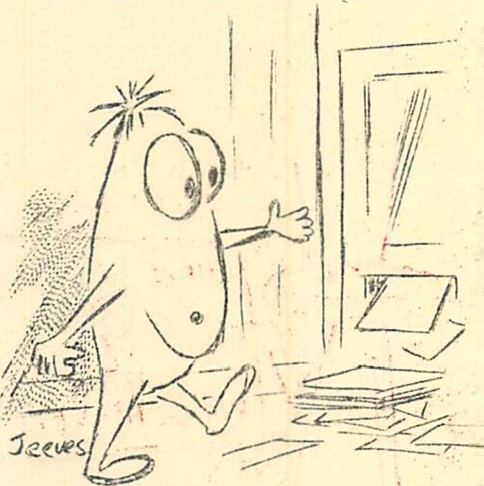
It must be because of this adaptation, and acceptance of progress, that even science fiction fans tend to sell themselves short by pointing to the genre's errors of prediction. They either overlook the prime fact that s-f's prediction is only incidental. When it does happen to predict - and scores a bullseye, the fact gets overlooked. The 'magic jewels' which the aliens once used for communication, sound suspiciously like vat-grown transistor material and the more recent monolithic circuit. An air-cushion vehicle is a close approximation of an 'anti-gravity raft' until something better comes along. The 'flying belt' used by Buck Rogers is already standard issue in the US army (and a mock-up saw its way into a Bond movie.) Gernsback, in his tedious Ralph 124C41+, described radar very neatly, and I gather, though cannot confirm, that both the tank and the submarine first appeared in s-f (Verne & Wells ?)." Fred was getting a bit restless by now, but if a bloke can't talk to his bird, who can he talk to ? I gave Fred a black look, and pressed on.

"The point is plain. S-F doesn't set out to predict things. Prophecy is just a side effect. Nevertheless, when any reasonably competent and clear-thinking sets out to tell a tale, the result is often remarkably accurate. A sort of automatic mental censor takes over and as he rattles happily along at umpteen cents a word, he automatically rejects those ideas which stick in his craw, and instead, uses gimmicks which make sense, even if only to him. In general, you can divide these forecasts into two types. The way-out shoot-the-wad, speculative prediction as to what we can expect to find wandering outside whatever passes for the kitchen window some 5,000 years ahead. Or, you can play safe, and sticking closer to



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the present day, extrapolate present trends a couple of inches into the future. This is a much safer method, especially if you cheat a little by keeping up with the technical press. A quick-snitch author can build quite a reputation by doing this. His readers lap up the daring tales of Spaceman Bill, and the writer's stock soars even higher when the gimmick in his story (which he pinched from the patent files) comes on the market a few months later. Luckily, very few writers use this method, most of them, when they have to predict, take current technology and trends, and work out which way it seems to be going...and that of course is where the story comes from." Fred had stood enough. With a hoarse croak, he taxied along the runway, got airborne, and vanished over the trees, tucking up his undercarriage as he went. I got the message. My uplifting lecture had been just for the birds...and that one hadn't wanted it. Sadly, I went indoors and checked the mail pile.



One of the items busily knocking years off the life of our genuine Bokthara tufted nylon in foam rubber, was the first copy of the new, tabloid-sized S-F Monthly. If you have already seen this publication, you will have formed your own impressions, but if not, then I suggest you nip out and buy the current issue (another is now out). Strictly speaking, it can hardly be classed as s-f. A fairer tag would be, 'S-F Art Monthly'. The mad does have some s-f inside...but the first issue didn't have much...and it wasn't so hot either. The second issue has

more, but it also has a much larger slice of extract material from a S&J hardcover book. (SFM comes from NEL, which is an offshoot of S & J) (Translation supplied on receipt of SAE) This is mere quibblification however. In addition to a nice little news column and pieces on S-F films, the great attraction of the new magazine is the superb spread given to artwork. For a bonus, each issue has an article putting the artist in the spotlight. Get your order in soon if you're an art bug, this one will become a collector's item very quickly.

Another choice item in the heap, was a little note telling me that the new tape recorder I ordered two months ago... "is now out of stock, would you please select an alternative." Now there's modern efficiency for you. In the bad old days, you could hardly put the 'phone down and get to the door to open it and take in your order. That sort of rush could give you the heeje beebies.

Fred is back in the garden - a glutton for punishment that bird. However, I must tell him about why he should vote for Roberts (a fan who publishes) for TAFF. All the best, and keep those LOCs a-cming.

Bestest to all, *Terry*



