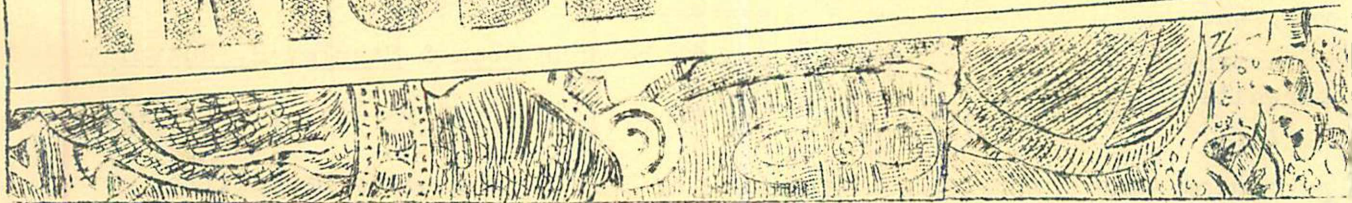


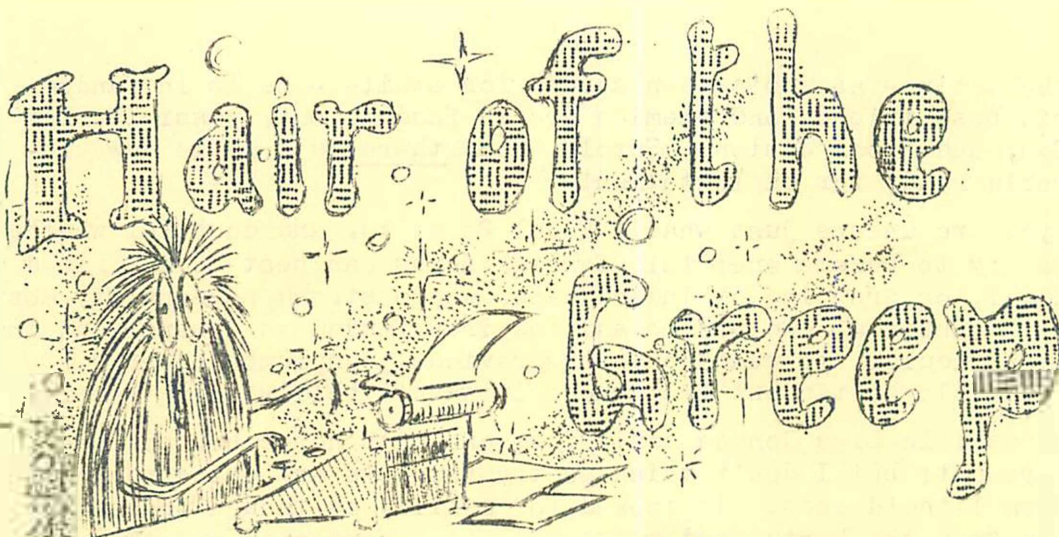
PLANET

stories



TRIODE QUARTERLY No: **21**
JUNE 1975





QUO VADIS WHO ?

Some little time ago in the first issue of TRIODE, I wrote a rather pretentiously titled editorial, "Quo Vadis Fandom". At that time also, there was concern and contention over the future of British Fandom...fans, it would appear, have always been in the wholesale soul searching trade. What U.K. fandom needed then is now fairly irrelevant...and what fandom needs now is something quite different anyway...

FOCAL POINTS!! (...and the same to you, sir.)

At least, that's what British Fandom needs now in my not unduly humble opinion. It certainly does not need a revived or revised BSFA, or any similar organisation. There is no shortage of people coming into fandom; there isn't even a shortage of people in fandom - fans. What is in short supply is activity on their part! Leaving aside Outside Influences such as high postal rates, which, relatively speaking, are no more outside the average fans income than they ever were...the problem seems to be one of sheer lack of direction. British fandom appears to be drifting aimlessly in at least sixteen different directions, as well as moving closer to the Continent every ten years.

Something Must Be Done About It... Just what, obviously depends on what kind of fandom you want - we've 'had' a science-fiction orientated fandom now for quite some time; it doesn't seem to be working very well, does it? The fact is that SF doesn't need fandom, it now has its own well-paid, full-time propagandists as well as the SF Foundation and John Brunner. And fandom shouldn't need SF...other than as a 'common background factor'. At least, it should not need it if its members have enough interest in what they've already started doing; communicating ideas, likes and dislikes, experiences...lies....stemming from what can only be described (pretentiously but correctly) as a common heritage.

No organisation can really help with this. Fans are not going to get all frenetically active because of some directive from an amorphous mass which purports to represent them. Fandom, meyer, is not so a religious body, and I don't care what Degler told you... Elsewhere in this issue, Alan Hunter in a very well reasoned article, points up a possible Focal Point (Focal Patch ?) that might fill the bill.

Not for the active-fan who's been around for awhile - he is in fandom because his best friends and enemies are in fandom; but, possibly, for the neo-fan, and Peter Weston! Surely, too, there is a whole new pie-selling world ready for exploitation!

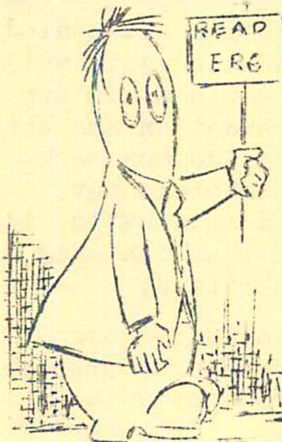
If you are unsure just what a Focal Point is, and doubtful whether you should try to become one; this fannish nexus can best be described as an individual, or grouping of individuals, whose strong personality most generally in fanzines, encourages and inspires fandom in general and fanz fandom in particular, to reach out for previously unplumbed depths. Probably at a slight tangent from where it wasn't boldly going before.

Its possible Lisa Conesa could form one with her cohort of co-ed's, past and present; but I don't think poetry soiree's are quite what fandom needs - even litho'd ones. It looked, for awhile, as though those publishing dwarves from the North East were going to become one, and then they put on a con and tear and wear overcame them.

Focal Points should, ideally, spring unbidden phoenix-like from the ashes of some burnt-out BNF. They should. They should? (Quick Terry, Ethel, Norman, Archie; get your beanies fireproofed!) Right now though, I can't see any a-springing, so it may be necessary to stimulate one or two. In the past there has been little or no research into how this can be done; however, after some considerable analysis of the body fandom and enough hard thinking to make my cranium steam, I believe I have found out just how this can be done.

There are several factors common to the problem, but for the sake of brevity I will discourse only on what is quite obviously the prime causatory element, concussion. Yes, simple, isn't it! But most truly great discoveries are. The Wheels of IF only became a Focal Point after their brain-cells were stimulated by constant shuttlecock bombardment. Fabulous Berkeley Fandom only became so after the 'Bheercan Tower To The Moon' project collapsed, abortively, on top of Terry Carr and Ron Ellick. And, I have it on good authority that many other well-known FP's of the past were dropped on their heads at an early age.

I'm sure the theory is correct. Why, only a week ago I had a letter from Peter Roberts bemoaning the fact that several of the British Museum's heavier tome's had fallen on him; and before that week was out EGG 9 came positively hurtling through the letter-box.



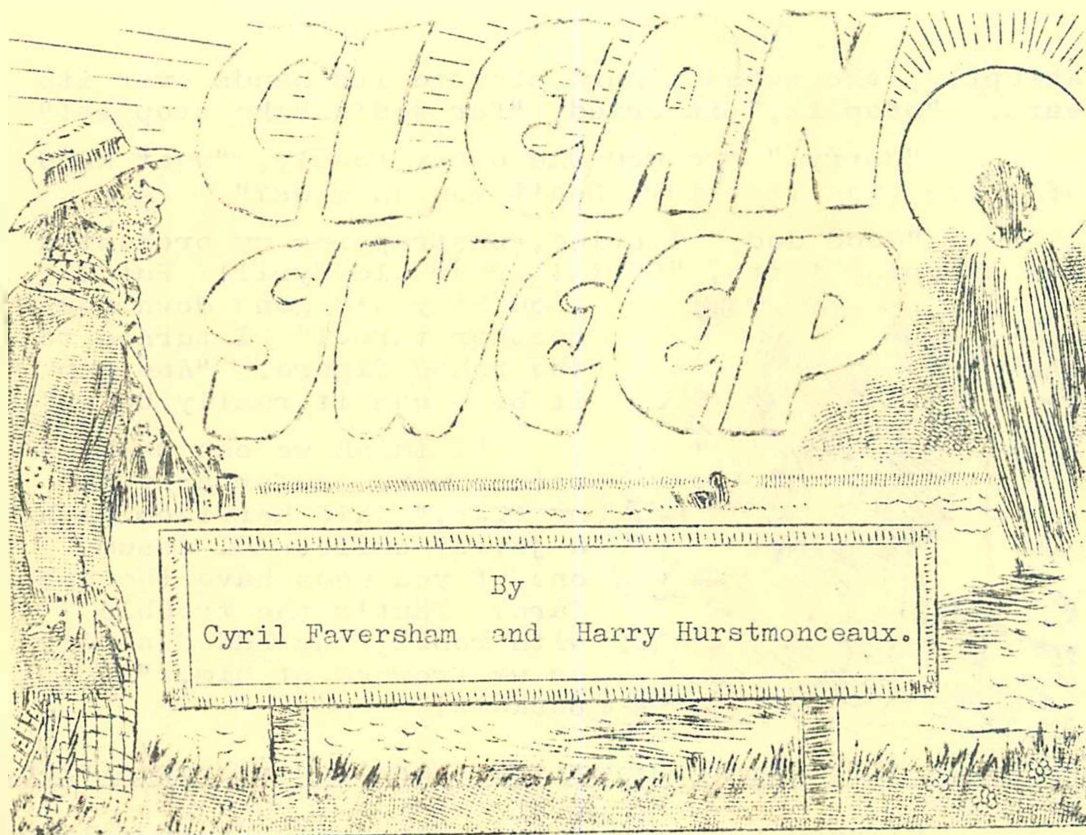
So....now you know what you have to do. Next convention-time, pick out a potential Focal Point and start lambasting him about the head. Not too hard, you want to stimulate him not addle him. Thusly you can solve all British Fandoms inactive ills.

Even if my theory is wrong, I'm sure the fueds started will serve almost the same purpose!

PER ROYALE

I'm pleased with this issue of TRIODE
- I was pleased with much of the material
in T19 and T20, particularly Mike's fine
spooof last issue -

Continued on Page 41.....



Prologue I: Narrative of Cyril Faversham, III.

Glancing up disconsolately from my trayful of unsold Richard Nixon Talking Dolls (Batteries & Tapes Extra), my eyes bulged as I beheld the white-robed figure striding towards me across the park lake. I squinted in disbelief, but as he stumbled up the bank, tripped over a hydrangea bush, and cursed in fluent Bulgarian, the last of my doubts were dispelled. It was Him!

"Faversham," he said simply, "I have come again."

"Bloody hell," I said, "not again!"

Prologue II: Narrative of Harry Hurstmonceaux, OBE.

The two figures were nearer now, and I could see that one of them - a veritable scarecrow of a man - carried suspended from his neck a trayful of unsold Richard Nixon Talking Dolls, while the other, clad in a white crimplene tube-line robe, seemed to be leaving behind him a copious trail of slimy water and pondweed. Still, I thought charitably, it takes all sorts, and they may be good for a copper or two; and without further ado I launched into my piece de résistance, "The Happy Wanderer", not unduly stressing the obbligator and allowing the melodic line its full sonority.

Abruptly, the robed figure clapped its hands over its ears. "Stop it," it cried, "for God's sake stop it!"

"Harry," croaked the other feebly, "what kind of a greeting is this? Don't you know us?"

"Good God," I cried, unstrapping my orchestra and stepping forth, "Cyril! Dear old Cyril! But I thought you'd gone down for another three!" I turned to the robed figure. "And can it be - can it really be - "



"I think we can talk rather more comfortably in my flat," said Harrison with a jovial smile. "I assume one of you does have the cab-fare? That's the trouble with robes," he added easily as we frowned at him, "no pockets!"

Prologue III: Joint Narrative. Harrison's Proposition.

"I need you both," said Harrison, as we relaxed in his flat over a quarter-bottle of Iberian Airways rose, "for a rather interesting little stunt."

Faversham staggered weakly to his feet. "Now look here, guv'nor," he croaked hotly, "I may have sunk low, lower than I ever thought possible, but there are certain things - "

"No, no, Cyril," said Harrison, smiling, "you misunderstand me. I meant your sort of stunt - yours and Harry's."

"It's a lie!" croaked Faversham. "A filthy lie!"

"Cyril," said Harrison with a light laugh, "I'm talking about danger, travel, high adventure - saving civilisation!"

"Good grief," croaked Faversham, "not the Belfast Constabulary!"

"No, no," said Harrison, chuckling, "serving me, men - serving me!"

"Well," murmured Hurstmonceux, "I don't know about that..."

"Good!" Harrison said heartily. "Then it's all settled. My God, if I'd only had three battalions of men like you in Mozambique! ...But to business."

Now I'll need to make reservations at Heathrow, so first we'll have to find a public phone-box." He smiled winningly. "I assume one or other of you has some loose change?"

The Story. I. Joint Narrative. Scene: the Observation Lounge of a Goodyear Dirigible, high in the azure heavens above the glittering snow-capped peaks of the mighty Andes.

"Ever wonder about the hot-air balloons you see all over the place these days?" queried Harrison, meditatively munching a morsel of marzipan meringue.

We masticated in bewilderment. "Balloons?"

"My God," groaned Harrison, "they've been hovering over every major city in the world for weeks now - don't you ever read the papers?"

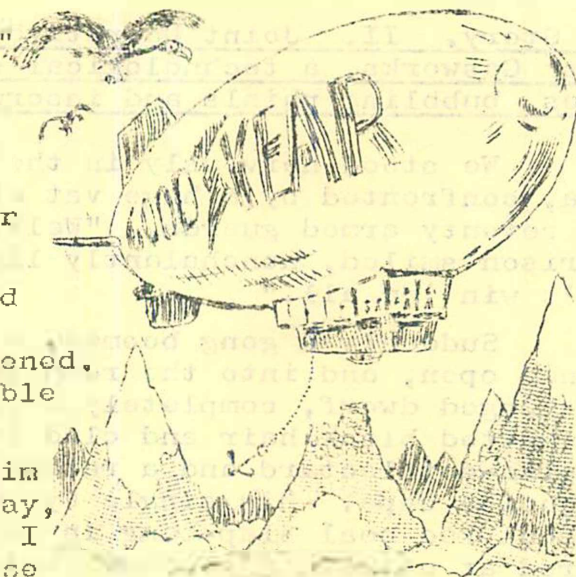
"Only Andy Capp and the racing," we muttered shamefacedly, then brightened. "Something to do with Nimble Bread, maybe?"

Harrison gave a grim smile. "What would you say, gentlemen," he asked, "if I were to tell you that these balloons were in fact huge aerosol sprays, manned by fanatical crews who await imminent delivery of 'RKO', a deadly disintegration gas capable of reducing bricks, mortar, concrete and wood to a fine powder in forty-five seconds flat? What would you say, eh?"

"We'd say," we replied, "that your glue was beginning to melt."

"Indeed?" said Harrison, his smile as thin as the butter on a British Rail sandwich. "And if I were to tell you that the man behind the entire hellish enterprise was the deadliest enemy humanity has ever faced, the incredibly revolting V.T. Flask?"

We blanched and trembled alternately; now blanching, now trembling. V.T. Flask! The most odious creature in either hemisphere! A man so evil he made Attila the Hun look like Pat Boone! A man so physically repulsive it was impossible to pay him a compliment! V.T. Flask, inventor of such nightmarish horrors as the



blunt corkscrew, the hexagonal tyre, the chastity-belt alarm-bell! V.T. Flask!

"Not V.T. Flask!" we ejaculated simultaneously.

"The same," said Harrison. "And immediately below us now, men, lie the fiend's infernal gasworks." He slid open the door and turned to us, smiling, his hairpiece fluttering in the stiff Andean breeze like chickweed in a hurricane. "Gentlemen," he cried, "Dinocchio!"

"Don't you mean 'Geronimo', sir?" we stammered; but he had already jumped.

The Story. II. Joint Narrative. Scene: The V.T. Flask Gasworks, a technological wonderland of white tiles, bubbling phials and inscrutable dials.

We stood nervously in the central manufacturing area, confronted by a huge vat of gurgling mauve liquid and seventy armed guards. "Well, as I've always said," Harrison smiled, nonchalantly lighting a cheroot, "you can't win 'em all."

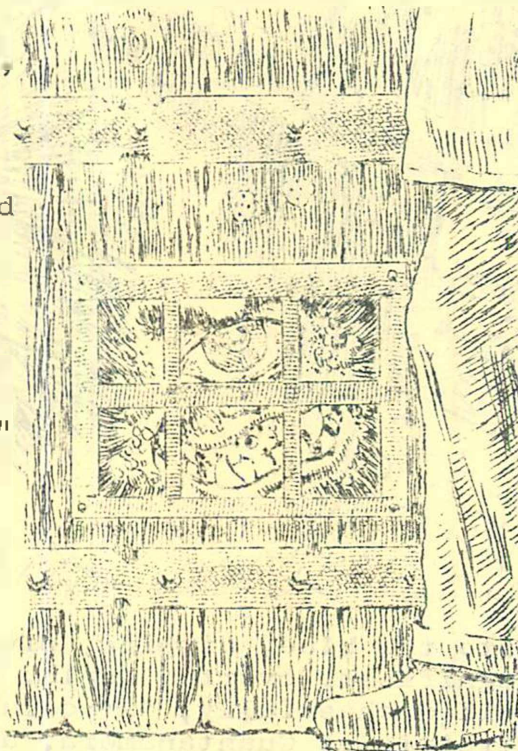
Suddenly a gong boomed, a great oaken door whined open, and into the room lurched a one-armed, one-legged dwarf, completely covered in warts, pustules and matted black hair and clad in Army surplus boots, a polka-dot leotard and a rather fetching thigh-length turquoise cape. His single Cyclopean eye, set like a hideous red coal slap-bang in the middle of his forehead, glared at us with a venomous hate, and we shuddered uncontrollably. It could be none other than V.T. Flask



himself! V.T. Flask, a man so depraved he made the Marquis de Sade look like Gene Autry! V.T. Flask, the man Bela Lugosi used to have nightmares about! V.T. Flask, the only human being to have been deported from Tangiers at the age of 44! The indescribably revolting, revoltingly indescribable V.T. Flask!

"V.T. Flask, I presume," Harrison murmured, carelessly tossing his cheroot into the vat.

"No," croaked the dwarf, drawing a gold-plated laser pistol from his sock, "I'm his P.R.O. I'm afraid Mr. Flask can't be here to greet you himself - he's taking a little holiday in Melanesia until things blow over. -Blow over, get it?!" And he cackled maniacally for several minutes, the guards dutifully cackling with him. "Right," he muttered at last, "let's cut the cackle and get on with it. Kindly walk ahead of me to that sinister archway."

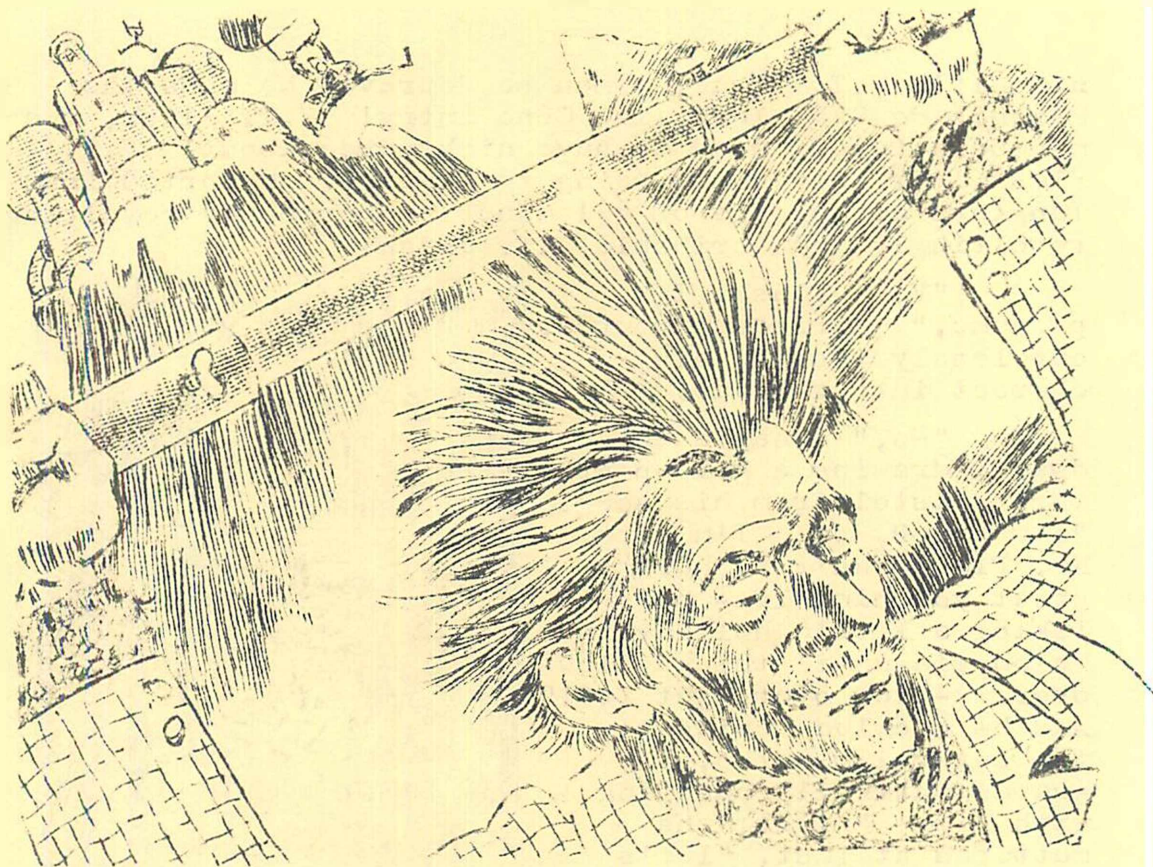


We did so, and the fiend prodded us with his laser up a flight of slimy stone steps into a dim, dank, armadillo-ridden attic. Sliding home the door's massive bolt, he leered at us through the tiny grating. "What a gas!" he cackled, and lurched away, leaving behind him a trail of what looked like undercooked green porridge.

"Don't panic, chaps," Harrison smiled, turning to us. "Just watch me, and do exactly as I do."

So saying, he swiftly began to dismantle his tubular-steel bunk, reassembling it within moments in the form of a hand-glider, its sails ingeniously constructed from the bunk's flimsy blankets. Amazed as always by the man's resourcefulness, we quickly followed suit, and ten minutes later the three of us stood shoulder-to-shoulder at the attic window, tightly gripping our tubes and gazing down at the snow-capped Andes far below us.

"This is it, men," smiled Harrison. "Remember the Alimony!" And with this brave cry he soared forth



into the blue, dipping, pivoting and rising like some magnificent overfed eagle. "Come along, lads," he called cheerfully, "I've laid on a BAC-111 at the airstrip at Guantanamera, and there's a splendid thermal out here that'll take us all the way there!"

We stared at each other in resignation, shrugged, and stepped together into the azure void.

Envoi. Joint Narrative.

The BAC-111 glistened as if it had been freshly scrubbed, and we were pleased to note that the carpets and upholstery appeared to have been recently shampooed. Dinner was excellent, apart from a faintly soapy taste to the crepes Suzette, but the cognac, we felt, was underlaid with a distinct flavour of washing-up liquid. We mentioned this to Harrison.

"Washing-up liquid, eh?" He grinned, and glanced out of the window. "Below us now, gentlemen, lies New York City. Care to take a peek?"

We peered through the port-side pane, and our eyes started from their sockets. Hastily replacing them, we gazed down in amazement. Below us was a fantastic sight - the principal thoroughfares of New York lay storeys deep in a foaming mass of coruscating

mauve bubbles! Here and there, a titanic bubble completely enveloped some legendary landmark - Liberty pointed the tip of her torch through an enormous shining sphere, the Empire State Building glimmered a vague mauve inside its huge, elongated bleb - the Jefferson Memorial, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Hoover Dam, all wore vast, shimmering skins of transparent mauve! We turned to Harrison, stuttering out our incredulity, and he smiled.

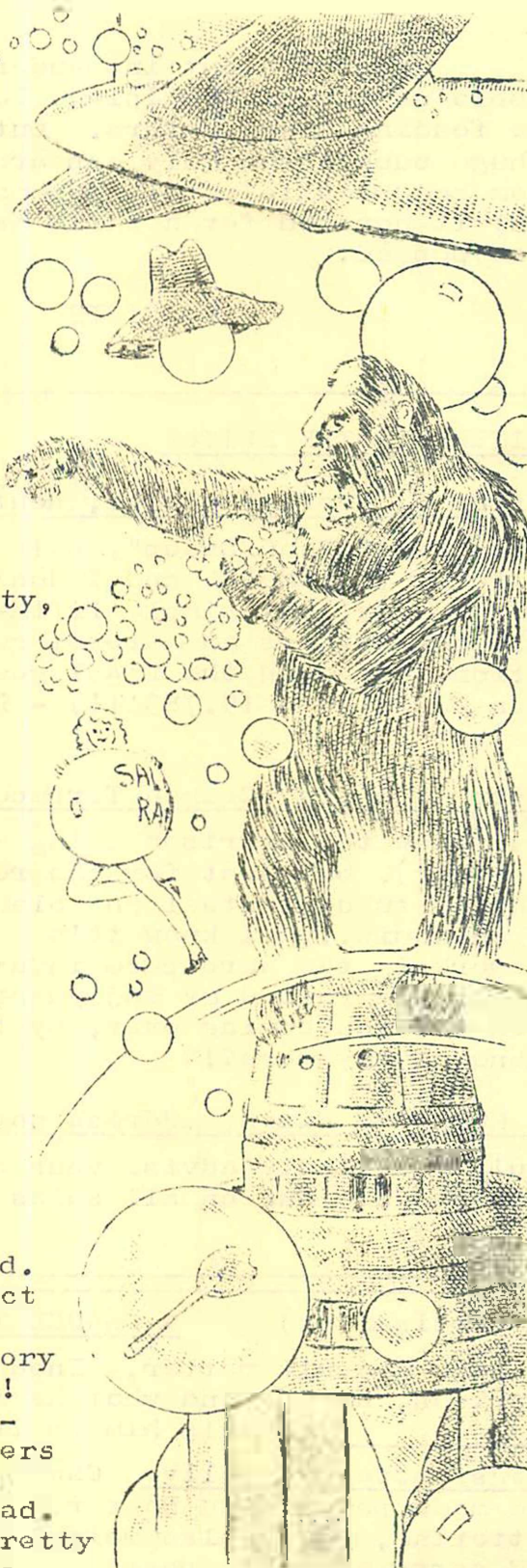
"D'you recall that magnificent moment in the gasworks, chaps," he said, "when I nonchalantly tossed my cheroot into the vat?"

We nodded dazedly.

"Well," he went on, "the tip of the cheroot contained 'MGM', a powerful counter-reagent of my own invention, which transformed the 'RKO' into a completely harmless and rather exotically-perfumed," he chuckled gently, "bubble-bath soap."

"Bubble-bath soap?"

"Just so." He grinned. "Little did V.T. Plask suspect that he was undertaking the biggest clean-up in the history of environmental enhancement! London now shines like fresh-hewn marble, Liverpool glitters in snowy splendour, and even Port Said doesn't smell so bad. In addition, the stuff's a pretty fair aphrodisiac. I may take out a patent," he added genially, raising his tankard of cognac to his lips.



We stared out in wonder. Far below, the great bubble of the Staten Island Ferry drifted dreamlike over the foaming mauve waters. Outside our aircraft window, a huge bubble suddenly appeared, like a balloon strayed from some cosmic revel, shimmering in the mellow afternoon sun; it hovered for a while as if smiling in at Harrison, then popped.

FINIS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Darius T. Pfaffermueller, Route C38107, Bleached Bones, N.M.

...As for "Clean Sweep", well - I know it was supposed to be funny (hor-hor), and I don't want to sound like an ole fuddy-duddy, but simple fifth-grade physics should've told the authors an aerosol gun just WON'T spray bath-lotion, not even the LEAST gooey!!! (Let E3 equal 1428, then $E23 \times 5C = 19.783!!!$) - Loved the rest of the ish, tho'.

Peter G. Retch, Crimea Terrace (Unadopted), Slunton.

...I know the Harrison thing was supposed to be a joke (hor-hor), but just for the record, Eric, a hand-glider made of tubular steel and blankets just wouldn't be aerodynamic... I know it's a small point, but I happen to work in the aerospace industry and I'm afraid it completely ruined my enjoyment (?) of the Harrison thing. When are you coming over, by the way? And why don't you phone me any more?!

R. Mulhouse Nixon, address not given.

Would you kindly advise your contributors that royalty payments are due on all sales of dolls.

(Advertisement) A CHANCE TO GIVE!

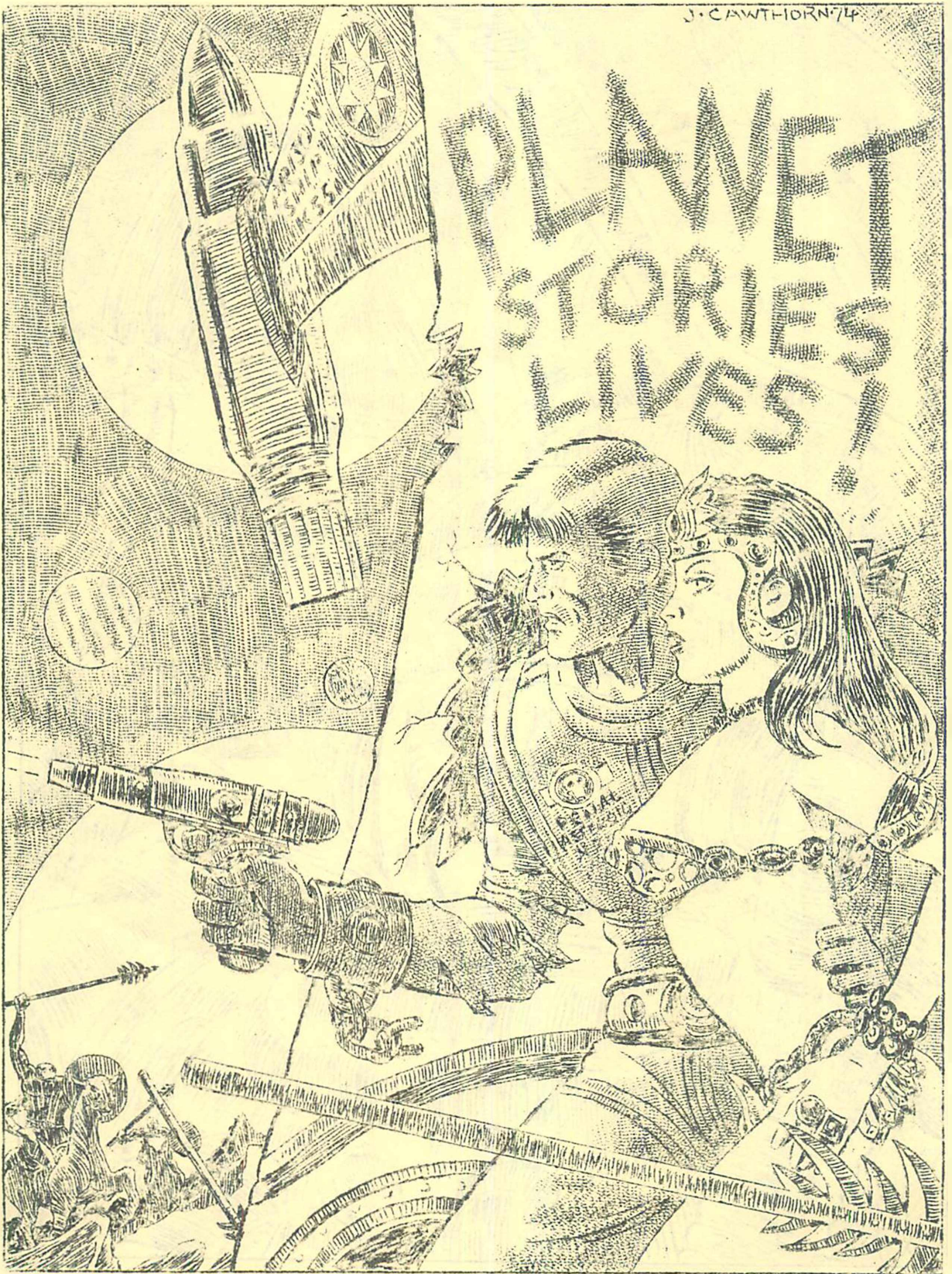
My name doesn't matter. Enough to say that I believe in Harrison, understand what he is trying to do, and enclose _____ to help him do it.

Please note carefully: Cheques and POs should be uncrossed, and made payable to Bearer. Coins, antiques and lead guttering, while also welcome, should be carefully packed and carry adequate postage. NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO.

Address all gifts to The Harrison Foundation, Club Sexy, Biarritz.

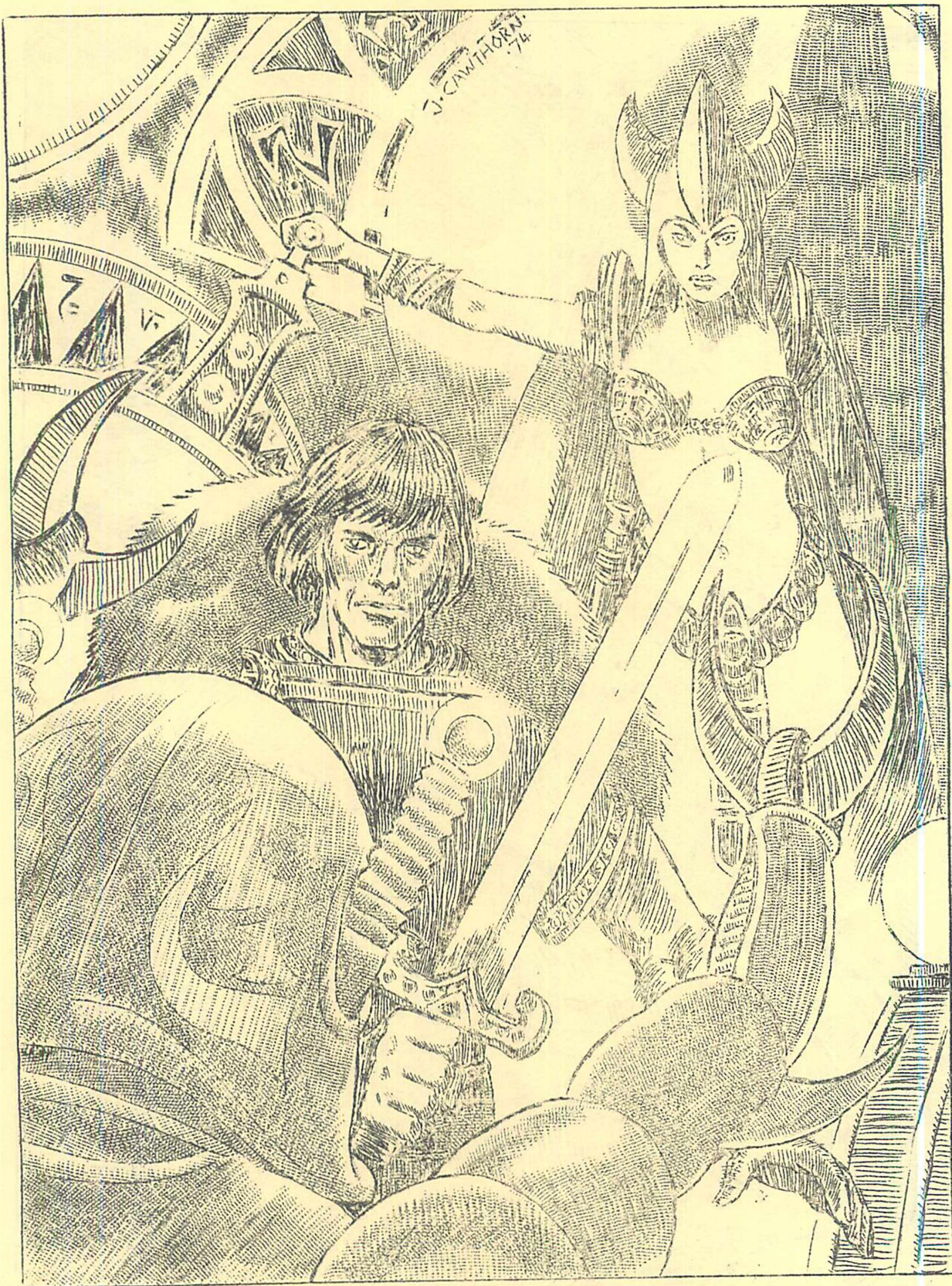
J. CAWTHORN/74

PLANET STORIES LIVES!









FANSARD



THE
COMMENT
COLUMN. . .

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, Va. 23605.

Gee, only two staples...

That is a novel system. Actually, there is little reason to staple a zine you are sending to another fanned in an envelope - he can easily staple himself on receipt, ((Yes, and the fnz too!!)) and make the PO's load a bit lighter. For one zine it might not mean much, but if everyone did it, why postal rates might only go up 10% next year... Eventually I think this idea of sending only what is necessary will be extended to the paper itself. After all, it is not the paper you want to get to your fellow fan, or the staple, or even the ink, but rather the image itself, the hole in chaos. This is already technically possible between any two fans who have telephones - if they also have several thousand dollars worth (each) of accoustic couplers and terminal units. Say \$5000 retail, but that includes a lot of time-sharin, computer interface capability that would not be needed for simple image transmission. And prices may well come down - the electronic calculator that cost \$400 a couple of years ago can be had today for \$100. ((Think I've got a simpler and better solution, Ned. Scrabble Letters! Admittedly the message might get garbled in transit, but just think of the sheer variety in loc you would receive!))

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Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Cres, Harrogate, Yorks.

I'd intended to write a loc on TRIODE 19 a year after having received it but you've done that one in the eye by now producing number 20. I thoroughly enjoyed 19 but this latest issue is even better and more enjoyable, I think. Except for one small matter which I've not noticed anyone else mention. There is one factor about this TRIODE revival which saddens me more than somewhat. I can't help feeling that BASTION which after all did replace the original TRIODE series is going to be ignored and I really feel that that would be a pity. It was a good title and a good magazine and there's a niggling feeling at the back of my heart, head, ears, toupee (or wherever one gets these feelings) that I'd have preferred you to revive BASTION not TRIODE. ((In actual fact, Ron, I did have thoughts in this direction....but there were unsurmountable problems. You'll recall, I'm quite sure, that Norman Shorrocks that fine and sterling publisher of BASTION does like making exotic drinks ? Well, for the past six years he's been using the Bastion duper-drum as a mixer in his search for the penultimate Pimms. The coating that it now has would desolve any known duplicating stencil in forty-seconds flat!))

Still, a superior fanzine by any name is not to be sneezed at. And as far as writing a letter of comment on the issue is concerned, I hardly know where to start. The entire billion or so pages ouzed with bright, sparkling measures of throw-away humour, each example of which would be worth a tangential comment on its own, like those excellent fannish definitions or that cover illustration signature. I also liked your personal rating system, the high (or otherwise) esteem in which you hold your fannish friends signified by the number of staples which hold the issue together. I'm overwhelmed that you used no fewer than seven on my copy, but did they all have to be second hand and very rusty ? ((Curare, unfortunately, does cause some little corrosion of metal.))

Was that a deliberate mistake on page 21 ? You give William Harrison's address as the Federal Palace Hotel, Lagos, Nigeria. Surely you err ? Surely the word "Hotel" has been included inadvertently ?

My own favourite memory of the 1954 SuperMancon is of my introduction to quote cards (everyone's introduction, I think) and Chuck Harris standing outside the hotel near the Cathedral handing them out to passers-by with odd comments like " Bless you, madam," and " The end of the world is at hand."

Liked your account of the formation of the BSFA. This should be pinned to the notice-board of every convention. I haven't attended all that many recently but cropping up regularly seems to be the amazement and sheer disbelief that the august BSFA was originally formed by fans. For fans. Ah, well. Indeed, ah well. I suppose that it will be said somewhere that the BSFA has done more for fandom during this past year than during all the other years of its existence. ((Inadvertently, I think it has. John Brunner hasn't written a thing for the past twelve months, y' know.))

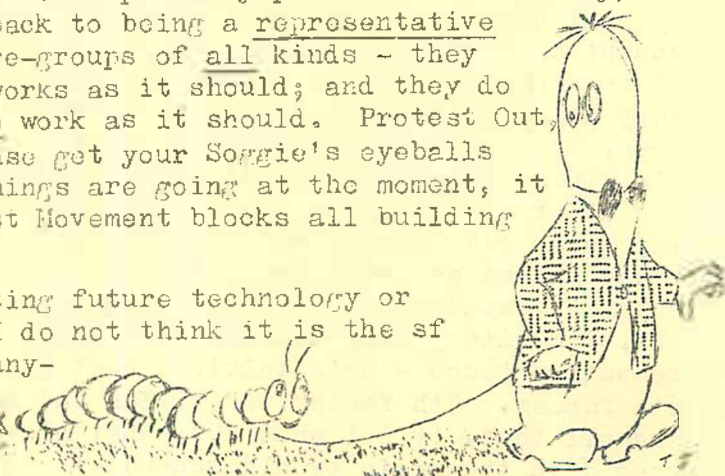
....speaking of problems of the 50's, I wonder if any research has ever been done into the side-effects of wearing DAY-GLO socks ? - Jim Cawthorn.

Pamela Boal, 43 Hawthorne Cres, Grove, Wantage, Oxon.

Michael Moorcock is responsible for my discovering a new disease 'Specbluritus'. While reading his 'THE STONE THING' I found that the page blurred at approximately every twelfth word. Fortunately this alarming state of affairs had a simple explanation. I have a sympathetic nose, when I smile it wrinkles which tends to dislodge my newly aquired reading specs, thus Mike's smile worthy tale brought on an acute attack of 'Specbluritus'. ((There's no known cure, either...))

As you stress that Triode's main aim is fun, I am glad that you realise that odd balls like myself actually get fun out of discussing more serious topics. I so agree with your back-page sentiment. I too fear that we are in danger of raising a generation of children who are incapable of seeing natural beauty because their eyes are continually directed to the muck heap. If the moaners would only get off the Motor-ways and look, or even open their eyes whilst on the m-ways (well, passengers anyway) they would see that much of England (never mind the rest of Europe) is still a green and pleasant land. I do not for an instant propose that we should ignore the very real dangers that exist, or that we should not try to clear up the very real messes that we have made. I do suggest that the doom and gloomers act more responsibly. Hasty, ill-founded research for the sake of getting in on the boom of ecological interest adds fuel to the problem. Manufacturers who have a vested economical interest in ignoring dangers can find their own experts to refute the unsound findings, so that when the real problem is isolated it is too late to do anything about it. The tendency of preservation pressure groups to act in a parochial manner, concerned only with their beauty spots or places of interest is also a danger. As I pointed out to the chairman of an Oxford Group fighting the building of a dam. People need water, if everyone protests the authorities have no choice but to put it in the area of least protest; economics aside. If all the groups and everyone concerned got together and accepted that the dam had to come and did their own research as to the best place from their point of view, they could then expect a best solution and work together on ways of moving and conserving the things of interest on the chosen site. ((Yes, but how do they decide this, Pamela, by majority vote ??? In which case the more powerful pressure-groups would probably prevail. Personally, I think we should strive to get back to being a representative democracy, and get rid of pressure-groups of all kinds - they aren't necessary if a democracy works as it should; and they do make it very difficult for one to work as it should. Protest Out, Reason In! (Terry, will you please get your Soggie's eyeballs out of this argument) The way things are going at the moment, it won't be long before the Anti-Rust Movement blocks all building of dams...))

As to the sf writer predicting future technology or sociological trends... frankly, I do not think it is the sf writers bounden duty to predict anything. A writer in any field has only one duty, to write as well as he possibly can.



If he does invent a gadget; he fails to write well if he produces it out of thin air, and leaves it layin' there. If I produced, and used, an anti-gravity machine, someone, somewhere would react (not least of all me!). If a socioological trend developed where anyone not having a transistor radio of cassette-recorder slung over their shoulder (with ear plug inserted) was suspected of political subversion, moral degradation, or insanity..... the effect on every-day life, laws, education, codes of conduct, would all take a deal of working out. Yet some writers would have just such a situation come about and leave people living otherwise exactly as today.

In my opinion Bob Shaw's 'Slow Glass' is a superb example of how to do it right. He not only considered all the uses it could be put to; he also considered the effects it would have on both individuals and society as a whole. He also changed the background in a subtle and logical way. Some writers reading about an ecological house in 1970, will proceed to write a story set in 1980 and hey presto, all our energy consuming homes have vanished and we are all living in snug little bungalows run by solar wind & energy. There are, of course, no miners or power-workers, oilmen etcetra out of work; with a blink of an eye they have all turned to making solar-cells! If I have written a story well you should not pause to say 'ah ha' a prediction, because it should be a natural part of the story.

Ken Bulmer, 19 Orchard Way, Horsmonden, Tonbridge, Kent.

Thank you for TRIODE which is a most welcome indenter of the front door mat. It looks exactly what a fnz should be, in parts it reads exactly what a fnz should be, it has the right names and good illos and so - please keep it going. I notice you claim in your 'Hair of the Greep' (a slight alliteration, you said? ((Yes, it was a deliberate corruption, Ken))) that the words will be the same altho' probably in a different sequential order. I disagree. At least, I think I do. It does seem to me that your writing has changed a lot over the years, and I suppose this means you are a much more mature fan than of yore. You are a much better read and I look forward to more of the ineffable Bentcliffe in Triode, and if by the use of 'mature' you imagine that I am trying to insult you, you are mistaken. ((And I did it all by playing Scrabble, too!))

I refuse to look back too much to the good olde days, being far too caught up in what is going on now and what is going to happen. As far as sf is concerned I keep well in touch through NEW WRITINGS IN SF and am very happy to be able to say there are a large number of fine stories to come, by people whose names may well amaze a portion of fandom. ((Yer.. I'm kinder too, now, Ken, I allow free-advertising!)) But the general run of sf novels these days is poor stuff, it seems to me, and I own I may be an old grouch; but I do see some stuff I wouldn't hang in the bog being hailed as great and brilliant and all the tired old cliches of super fuggheadedness. ((If you mean too much style and not enough content, I'm with you.)) On the olde days, tho', this guy Glicksohn seems to be out of touch - he's talking about 7th fandom when, I think, he means 6th fandom. 7th fandom was Harlan and dogs kneeling people in the groin, and all that. ((All what ??? What else is there when you've just been knee'd in the groin by a daschund!)) 8th fandom, by my reckoning, was all the women. What happened thereafter I don't fully know.((Susceptible, were you....)) I'd be interested to know what fandom we inhabit today.

I liked Archie's piece, very nice and gentle and typical Archie, and much enjoyed. Mike's piece was a joy - the man is a delight. Your most interesting piece about the BSFA was fascinating. I was not at the con where the BSFA was founded. I do not think Vince was there, either, contrary to what your failing memory prompts you to say. Vince and I had been talking about forming a club, for the various good intentions we all wot of, and Vince had been circulating thoughts etc. But we didn't go to the con, and altho' I was amused by the actual doing of something in fandom, and happy that Ted had really got things moving, I seem to recall that Vince and that lot round there were livid. They were really put out that things had not gone their way. ((On re-searching my failing memory; I think you're right, Ken, Vince wasn't there. The trouble was that I was to busy re-writing British fan-history....too busy trying to make it live up to that Golden Age Image it appears to have aquired...to be over concerned with with facts!! And, anyway, its more fun to write it that way..))

I see by the loc that you were talking about 1959 - the main event of that year was the visit by the London Circle to the Cheltenham bods, the drinking, feasting and jousting, the subsequent marriage, a real fan-nish event. Sad to think that three of the Cheltenham stalwarts have since died. ((Was the marriage a result of the drinking or the jousting, Ken ?))

Finally, your ontries for the fan dictionary are really great. As of necessity they lean heavily on the Liverpool fraternity, and this is fine. Maybe someone might try their hand at collecting other entries from other groups and areas. It's all part of the rich tapestry, folks. And, really finally, as for STEAM - well, there was a plan to collate STEAM with NIRVANA but the aqueous vapour dissipated into the blue yonder, much to the general loss of fandom. ((So that's what's responsible for the continually deteriorating weather!! Thanks for a nice letter, Ken.))

Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Hunts.

TRIODE hasn't changed much in its 14 years absence. Issue 19 could well have come out six-months after 18, and would have fitted in quite happily.

I think it still has a place in the fnz scene, but it isn't by any means in the main stream of fanzine development as it is going at the moment. The time-zone I think it is in is circa 1960. That timezone is the one of my own introduction to fandom, and I have fond and no doubt rose-tinted memories of the fnz of that time. But fandom has got a lot bigger, and changed in the process, the traditional genzine (such as Triode is) does not dominate the field like it used to. Much fan publishing has gone out of sight into the 'secret'

APA's; many fans prefer to publish a small circulation magazine: it's not possible to reach more than a small part of the potential audience anymore. Some people do try to put out a large genzine, and some succeed, but nowadays they're just the tip of the iceberg.

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To summarise, I like TRIODE, but its a fanzine whose format seems stuck in a previous era. But please don't put it away for another 14 years: six months seems more reasonable! ((Interesting thoughts, Darroll but, naturally, I don't agree with them all. I would say (judging from the response to Triode) that it is still possible to reach most of the active fanzine fans (excluding the 'secret' APA's...) with a similar number of copies (around 140) as in the '60s. Possibly I'm getting this response because Triode is something of a 'sport', but I don't really think so. British fandom in the main is much more introverted now, that is obvious. Perhaps relevant is the fact that Triode is getting a good response from new-fen, as well as old - the only folk who don't seem to like it are those who found fandom during its recent science-fiction-based period. A fnz has to be an sf fnz for them to relate, perhaps ?))

David Griffin, Churchill College, Cambridge.CB3 0D5.

I have just been given a copy of Triode and am quite impressed with it. I am one of the 'long-haired (well, its not quite that long) neofen' that you (or someone) mentioned, but I must admit, I haven't read anything else recently that made me laugh as much as Triode did, even though most of the references didn't mean a thing to me. It was interesting to read of the formation of the BSFA - especially having recently read of its demise, or whatever has happened. Personally, I think they have slipped into an alternative time-track, or is it a clever plot to destroy British Fandom by Herr. von Neumann ? ((Certainly not...he is in favour of it! Gets most of his evil henchmen from amongst its members, in fact!)) There were some useful tips in the "LAST POST", especially relevant at the moment, but if you can stick enough ^{1p} stamps on 'em the post office machine can't count! The illustrations were all very good; Terry's are as distinctive as ever, those eyes are instantly recognisable, but does he ever draw teeth ? ((Only by appointment....))

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ont. M6p 2S3.

The thing that grabs you once again with T20 is the magnificence of the hand-stencilled artwork, both the more ambitious satirical sketches used for the Moorcock spoof and the simpler cartoons scattered so effectively throughout the rest of the issue to illustrate and complement the text so well. As Ted Tubb said, you're certainly showing them how it should be done and I'm sure I'm one of many who are enjoying every minute of it! (Er..that are goes with many not with one which would make it is which would sound better but doesn't seem to be quite what I wanted to say...um...ah..... I knew I should have paid this month's installment on my syn tax...)

I was much impressed by the nature of your Staple Pecking Order - Triode. SPOT seems like the perfect solution to the annoying problem I've faced of late; finally getting to read a fnz that has been sitting here for anything up to a year, and encountering in some obscure corner of the thing a detailed instruction as to how to interpret my mailing label! My mailing label for Ghu's sake, was thrown out with the envelope weeks before, and not even my fannish dedication is going to send me rooting through the Toronto dump for an effluent smeared scrap of decomposing paper which informs me that I'm trading on a one-to-many part-time basis as long as I loc each issue and offer the fan-ed my first born child. With SPOT, such annoying inconveniences are a thing of the past:

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I now know immediately upon glancing at the fanzine just what is required of me. (I was a little bewildered by the fact that TRIODE 20 had seemingly been welded shut with an electric arc welder, but I'm sure I'll get the proper interpretation soon.) ((Actually, it was a 'Get weld soon' message to your late reptilian friend...)) This revolutionary system ought to be adopted by other fanzine editors (all of whom would pay you royalties, naturally), in fact, it ought to be mandatory! I think I'll bring it up at the next meeting of the National Council of Fanzines. You have performed a noble fannish service, sir! ((Yer, its time I cornered the hole market! Agree with you on Mailing Label ambiguity, Mike, and would like to suggest we hold an election for the Most Confusing. For a start I'd like to nominate Don Miller & SOTW...I'm his U.K. agent in receipt of Full Explanations...but I still can't work it out!))

Moorcock's satire is a gem. One of the best and most enjoyable features I've seen in a fnz this year. The writing is, naturally, excellent, and the satire is a delight, and the Cawthorn illustrations are masterful. I wish you luck in getting similar fannish pastiches from other English writers; you just might have the necessary clout to do it, too, and I'll selfishly sit back and enjoy the fruits of your labour. ((C'mon Ted, you can finish that Dumarest send-up. Egoboo's awaiting you...))

I'm tempted to make up a Burgess Story just to get in on the competition and win the Secret Prize but on the off-chance the prize is one of his Infamous Pies, I'll refrain. (I'm not in the least hesitant to enter simply because I've never met the man, and know practically nothing of him: from what little I've read, nothing I could possibly make up would be too ridiculous or impossible to be believed. Only my innate sense of fannish honesty compels me to disqualify myself from the contest. Besides, if its anything like your damnable Premium Bonds, I'd only get embroiled in a lengthy series of letters about how I can't get the prize because I'm an alien and rubbish like that.)

In defiance of Ramsey Campbell, here's one fan who simply enjoyed the high quality of the writing in TRIODE, without recourse to the appeal of nostalgia. Not being a British fan, I've not even had a chance to learn of the events in British Fan History, but that didn't prevent me from enjoying last issue, nor this issue either. Maybe Ramsey can't see the forest for the trees ? Try looking at Triode as a fanzine, not as a fanzine from the past. It holds up remarkably well...on either count!

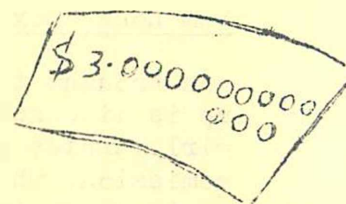
Jim Cawthorn, 106, Oxford Gardens, London.

Thanks for T20. Hitting the public again while they're still reeling from No.19 was a masterly stroke. No.20 proves that the TRIODE tradition has bridged the years with ease. Or maybe it just proves that none of us has grown up!

How about publishing a TRIODE FANNISH COLOURING BOOK ?

Like....

((You draw it...I'll publish it, Jim.))



This is a typical British Fantasy Artist looking at one of Frank Frazetta's cheques. Colour him green!

One of my favourite bits of film-book-casting, but non-sf, has just come true. Robert Mitchum as Chandler's Phillip Marlowe in 'FAREWELL MY LOVELY'. About fifteen years too late to be ideal, but better than then never. MGM are supposed to be considering an epic-length version of TARZAN OF THE APES, another intriguing problem in casting. Given the advances in simian simulation made by PLANET OF THE APES and 2001, there should be no difficulty with the apes, but what about the lad himself? Certainly, none of the recent screen Tarzans are really up to the role, especially in a true-to-the-book characterisation. ((Right, Weissmuller's too old now, even if his platt-deutsch accent was dubbed over. Anyone any suggestions?))

Re Archie's comments on litho's fnz - my own criticism of them is that too often the level of the contents doesn't justify the expense of production. But fanzine publishing does seem to be sliding inevitably towards pro or semi-pro status as costs increase. ((There also seems to be inbuilt inhibitions - probably because they are going to be printed and read by 'outsiders' - against there being of a fannish nature. Dave Jenrette's TABEBUIAN is one of the very few that seems to come over with a fannish personality.))

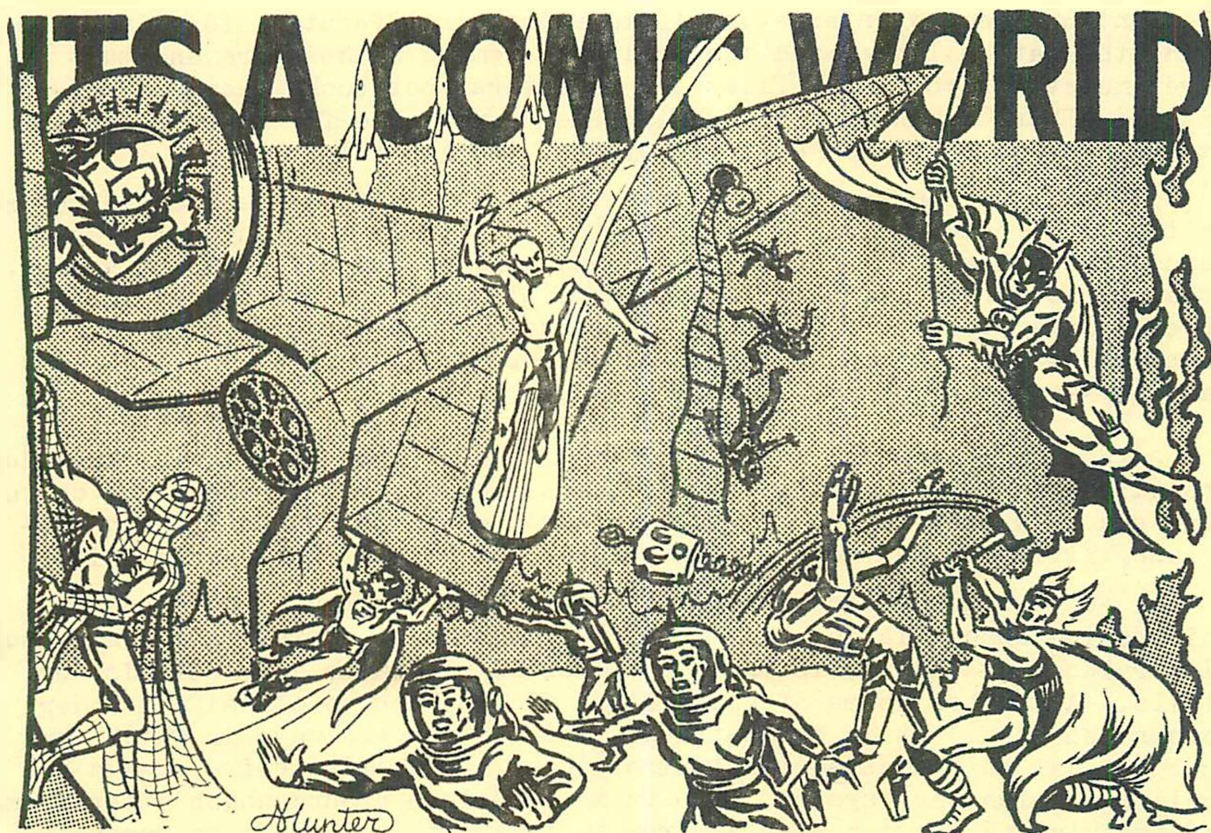
John Owen, Croxteth Grange Manor, Liverpool.

I liked everything in T20 and I loved THE STONE THING, a beautiful put-down of a largely rubbishy genre and a devilishly accurate parody of its strained phoney-poetic style. (Loved the dirty jokes in it, too) Would Mike Moorcock now like to apply his parodic gifts to the twee, babyish, bumbling, rambling, turgid, pretentious, sentimental, ludicrously overrated works of Professor Tolkien? ((Well...perhaps not in so many words! But I'd be delighted if he did; or with further exploits of Catharz and the evil Cwlwyywnn - even if it did give me stencil-cutters twitch for three months afterwards!))

I wasn't aware TRIODE was a nostalgiazine (which shows how long I've been off-scene). Isn't fandom like that any more? At cons, is Peter Reaney no longer ritually buried up to his waist (head down)? Does Burgess no longer clump through early-morning hotel corridors wearing nothing but his pie-tray? If so, then I think it's a pity. There's a strong old-maidish element in so-called "serious" fandom which leads to feuds, recriminations, actions for libel and sometimes attempted murder, and personally I'll take vanilla. Or better still... TRIODE, whenever you care to send it.

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925.

Bill Harry's 'disbanded' pun brought to mind a whole string of others. An orchestra which splits up is disconcerted; a wig-maker who goes bankrupt is distressed; when a girl marries she is dismissed; when she is divorced she is obtaining remission; when a forecaster calls for strong winds and there are none he is disgusted; Brian Burgess was delighted; a sacked accountant would be disfigured; a butcher in similar circumstances would be disjointed. I could go on, but I think I'll go for an After Eight and stop here, lest you think me de-minted. ((Hoo-boy, I think it's time to wind up the letter-column. Greatly appreciated LETTERS also came from Bill Harry, Mike Moorcock, Alan Hunter, Eric Mayer, Sheryl Birkhead, Archie Mercer, Harry Turner, Lynn Hicman (!), Don Malcolm, Graham Poole & John Brunner.))



By

ALAN HUNTER.

I firmly believe that science-fiction has had its day and the present fans are living not in the future but the past. The reason most of them continue their activity or interest is because they have not found anything else which gives them the same escape from everyday, humdrum reality. To them I would advise a good, hard look at COMICS and the active fandom they are attracting in increasing numbers every day. And if anyone sneers, saying that comics are for the illiterate, then I know they have no idea of what I am talking about. For their benefit I will elucidate.

Let me take one point at a time commencing with my initial statement, for the present failures in s-f as a fan activity are the same as the reasons for the popularity of comics.

Back in the 1950's I first became a s-f fan, that pre-space decade when rockets were becoming a feasible proposition and the informed fan could smile at the critics who said space-travel was an impossibility. The fan believed he had a cause, to bring enlightenment to the ignorant majority. This drive of purpose was reflected in the mushroom growth of s-f in that period.

Conventions became international, magazines proliferated, fan activities made the national news and the desire to remove space-opera and bug-eyed monsters from mags, films and reporters' notebooks became a major issue. There was heated discussion over a new name for science-fiction to help improve its image in the eyes of the general public.

Then, of course, came the event that all fans had been anticipating, although it came at least ten years too soon to do them any good; man conquered space. He reached the moon. And overnight, or so it seemed, the bubble burst. If this incontrovertible proof of space-travel had been delayed ten years, then s-f would have had a longer period to consolidate as a genre as strong as western or detective stories. Just as s-f was coming of age, fiction became reality.

No longer was the fan a derided prophet. Even unbelievers knew how to adjust to the inevitable; s-f became accepted, and ignored. How can a fan react to indifference? In this instance he retreated into an in-group, living on the memory of a valiant flight that ended in a void.

Now I hear a voice, probably several, saying that I have been discussing space fiction, not science-fiction. To me they are synonymous. Interplanetary fiction is the foundation on which the genre stands, or falls. All other forms of speculative fiction can be classified under other headings. It is space-travel, and the diverse ways in which the subject can be presented, that strengthens and unifies s-f. Like a sun holding a planetary system, this forms a nucleus around which other forms of speculative fiction revolve, remove it and they fly off to roost in disparate pigeon-holes neatly prepared for them.

All of which may appear to be digressing far from the subject of comics. This is not so, for comics to-day hold a similar social position to s-f in the 1950's. They are growing, experimenting, improving in the medium of art and literature as a combined form of communication. Yet those over the age of 15 who admit openly that they read comics lay themselves open to a charge of being mentally retarded, despite the fact that the number of top artists and writers, displaying great ingenuity, are increasing and producing a greater range of entertainment in strip drawing than ever before. Batman, Superman and Spiderman are the bug-eyed monsters of the comic world, the early influence which fans are still trying to live down, despite the fact that Batman of to-day is vastly different from his counterpart of ten, or even five years ago. Also, in common with s-f fans of the 50's, there have been serious suggestions that comics should be spelt "COMIX" in order to attempt a change of image and separate the serious interest in "comix" from the much maligned wealth of childrens "comics".

To-day, comics not only in the traditional "comic-book" style but also in magazine format, pocket-book and even hard-covers, are being published in every major country in the world -- and the language barrier is less formidable when the story is told in pictures as well as text. For source material they use, in addition to specially written material, adaptations of stories by such well-known authors as Sturgeon, van Vogt, Moorcock, Lovecraft, Howard, Sheckley etc. They include sword and sorcery, science-fiction, fantasy and horror, and the presentation is often novel, bold and experimental.

Perhaps the best regular exponents of the modern picture strip idiom are to be found in the American magazines *CREMPY* and *EBERIE*. Any artist whose work is original or striking may appear in their pages: irrespective of origin. They introduced Maroto, an outstanding Spanish artist, to the American public; Neary was another find, from the ranks of British fandom; Corben rose from the world of Underground comics.

The Marvel group publish a series of magazines which include *SAVAGE TALES* and *UNKNOWN WORLDS of SCIENCE FICTION*, but they are slightly less experimental. In France *PILOTE*, a glossy family magazine with an extensive strip section, has presented the work of several remarkable artists, including Druillet with his wildy inventive imagination and soaring perspectives.

It is difficult to find out what is happening in other countries because the picture strip has developed so rapidly in the last few years, while publications are slow to reach British bookshops and difficult to obtain. But isolated gems of comic-book creativity can turn up almost anywhere, including the Underground comics, so many of which are usually childishly obscene and childishly drawn. *SKULL* comics in the U.S. and occasionally the Cosmic group in the U.K. have printed some excellently original strips. The connoisseur dare not ignore any new comic, however unpromising it may look at first glance. Even Batman can contain some striking Adams art or Ellison scripting.

Then there are the fanzines, more professional in every respect than most s-f fanzines. Off-set litho is the process most frequently used, giving a neater, more compact format and the contents are of equal interest to neo-fan or experienced collector. There is little of the "in-crowd" or "mutual admiration society" so prevalent in the s-f fanzine. It is true that most carry a lot of advertising but this is useful to the collector anyway and never, except in the case of the pure adzine of which there are several, is allowed to occupy more than half of the zine. Also, the revenue from the advertising helps to pay for a better publication. I cannot see anything wrong with this arrangement.

For instance, *FANTASY ADVERTISER INTERNATIONAL* is a giant A4 off-set litho zine of 48 pages for only 20p, reputed to circulate in sixteen countries. It carries a wealth of advertising, but also articles, reviews, art-folio's and reader's letters. Copiously illustrated, it is a must for keeping in touch with what is being published here and abroad.

FANTASY UNLIMITED at a mere 15p, is 50 pages quarto and one of the few duplicated zines, although it has a wrap-around litho cover. Around ten pages only are devoted to the editor's own advertising, the remainder being articles, features and letters, with plenty of electro-stencilled illustrations. On several occasions this has been voted the top comics fanzine. The same editor has published several one-shots such as "The Comic Book Price Guide", "The Golden Age Fanzine" (the golden age for comics is taken to be the 1940's) and "The Marvel Super-Hero Index".

To complete the triangulation of my selection I will choose *COMIC MEDIA NEWS*. Its 12 pages are A4 containing the latest news from the world of comics, including reproductions of new and forthcoming covers.

At 16p it may seem lower value but it carries a minimum of advertising and with reduced litho it manages to crowd a lot of news and repros into the space available. As a bonus it covers films, TV, books as well as fan activities. Its news coverage is the best in Britain.

The charge is sometimes levelled at comic fans that they are mercenary, because they often appear to be more interested in monetary values than intrinsic merit. This is understandable when certain rare comics can fetch prices ranging between £5 and £50 - in America, the equivalent of £600 was paid for Action 1 published in 1939, and even more for Superman 1. This is, I feel, a very healthy sign for every organisation needs to pay its way. While s-f fans meet in dingy pubs or once a year at expensive conventions, comic marts are held bi-monthly in London and almost as frequently in other large towns. Admission is free and a free film show is usually included. It is paid for by the sales and rental of dealer's tables.

In addition, I have noticed that comic fans are more liberal than their s-f counterparts, for s-f books and magazines are always well represented at a mart. In fact, not only old and rare items to gladden the heart of any s-f collector, but also recent publications are on display. If this is not enough, there are also publications on associated subjects such as the film, including posters and stills, fantasy art and literature, and fanzines of every type from all over the world. I have yet to see any significant examples of comic books on display at a s-f convention.

On every count the comic world has moved in to replace, and sometimes to surpass, the lost glory of science-fiction. This is evident in the rapidly growing popularity of comic collecting and the expression of this in exhibitions, marts, conventions and fanzines. Unlike science-fiction, there is no possibility that any unexpected cultural or scientific development could destroy the appeal. On the contrary, every aspect of the social scene, its wishes, desires and achievements, are all source material and any change, whether forward or backward, will be reflected in the comic strip.

For the general collector comics are more plentiful than s-f mags and, excepting a small proportion of rare issues, they are cheaper. Comics also have a past where the fan who has a mania for collecting overrides his financial caution, can delve until his interest or bank balance fades. That there is more attraction in old comics than old s-f magazines is proved by the higher prices they attract in the collector's market. Take for instance Conan 1, barely five years old yet already fetching £3.50. What s-f mag of a similar age can display such inflation?

Finally, there are the opportunities open to the acti-fan with talent. Back in the 50's with professional s-f mags becoming so numerous that there was a dearth of material to fill them, new talent was being searched out and encouraged. Stories from the fanzines were being bought and published and many writers graduated from the fan world to professional status. How that situation has changed! To-day, with so few s-f mags appearing, the majority of publications available are in the form of reprints from the classics of the past and newer writing goes largely unheeded. There is a minor revival in the horror genre but opportunities in a purely s-f sphere are virtually nil.

Comics publishers, on the other hand, are now grabbing all the talent they can find and several new names have graduated from the fanzines in the last year or so. Such names as Gibbons, Neary, Parkhouse, Simpson and Smith spring immediately to mind from the U.K. fans alone. As was the case back in the 50's, the major opportunities seem to be in the States, but good old England, as usual, is slowly following their example. The most experimental strips here are appearing in Underground comics, which vary greatly in quality and subject matter, but there is nothing to prevent aspiring strip writers and artists submitting to the States, as many have already done, even to the extent of emigrating to America when their work has made the grade. There is no lack of encouragement for the talented fan.

So, if you are dissatisfied with what the current s-f scene has to offer and are looking for an alternative; if you are interested in the latest ideas on combining art and literature as communication; if you would like to invest in items which are increasing in value faster than inflation; if you wish to champion a cause that is gaining rapidly in popularity but has not yet reached the point of general acclaim; if you prefer to collect something with fantasy and s-f connections which is still being published and therefore has a continuity and a progression - in fact, everything which s-f once had but has now lost - you cannot do better than collect comics.

Think about it, seriously sample the goods, and you will agree.

* * * * *

The Following information is given for those who are clear-thinking enough to wish to make use of it -

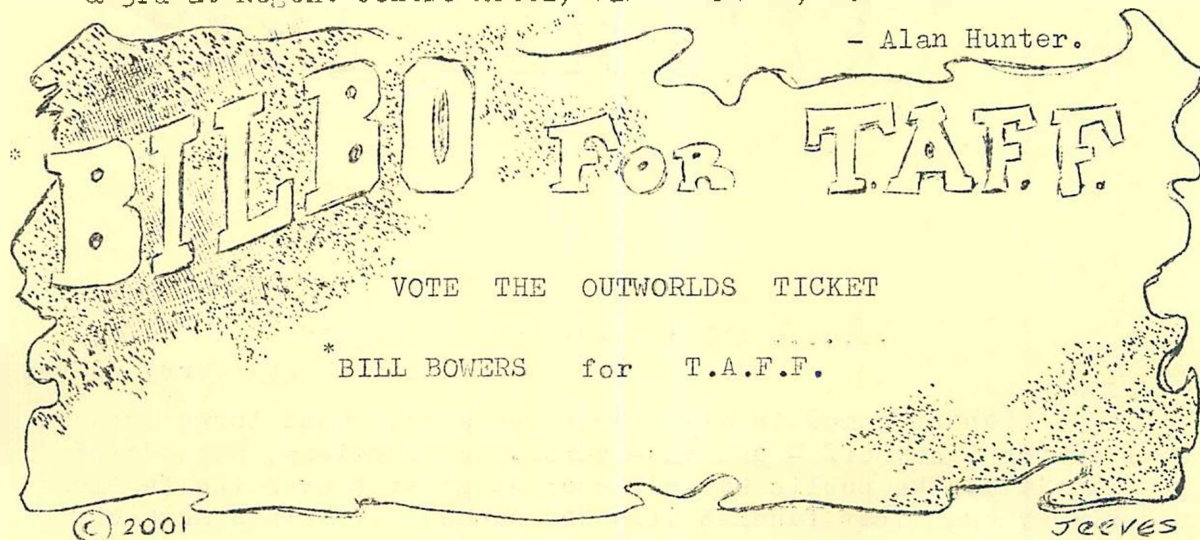
FANTASY ADVERTISER INTERNATIONAL is published by Derek G. Skinn, 116 Western Rd, Goole, Yorks. DN14 6AD.

FANTASY UNLIMITED by Alan Austin, 180 Lr. Clapton Rd, London E5.

COMIC MEDIA NEWS by R. Burton, 22 Woodhaw, Egham, Surrey.

LONDON COMIC MEETS take place on June 7th, Oct 4th and Dec 6th at Central Hall, Storey's Gate, Westminster, and on August 2nd & 3rd at Regent Centre Hotel, Carburton St, W.1.

- Alan Hunter.



Terry Jeeves is one of those fans "who needs no introduction" (but if I don't write something here, I won't get this ish of Triode...so, ...) He is also one of Britain's few members of First Fandom, his interest in s-f dating back to 1932, when he was only 10 years old. (Can't you just imagine him scribbling Soggies in the margins of his exercise books?). That would be a misconception as he started by writing articles in the 40s and then moved across to illoes, which sometimes gave pro-sales as in 'Nebula', 'Visions of Tomorrow', 'Movie Maker', 'Tape Recording' etc. One cartoon sale included the slogan 'Bentcliffe For Taff', a small feat for which Terry is justly proud.

Byron Terence Jeeves is a self-taught 'fan artist' (like most), who - as I have said elsewhere - tends to sacrifice quality for quantity, but then comes up with the fantastic creation of the Soggies, and I mean fantastic. It's difficult enough to draw original cartoon characters but to do so without any facial features (apart from oval eyes and dot pupils and still make them expressive is nigh impossible. There, I think is the true depth of Terry's talent

.....Dave Rowe

THE ARTIST WRITES

"..... AND THE ART WORK WAS LOUSY"

by Terry Jeeves

Fanart comes in all shapes and sizes; what turns Fred on may well switch Fanny off - and vice versa. Nevertheless, methods of getting it to the public haven't changed greatly over the fannish years. My own first fannish illo was hacked out with a scratchy

stylus on a mimeo stencil, and much of my output, including virtually all of ERG is still done that way. To many people (such as the rule compilers for the McIntyre Award), such work isn't Art (Capital 'A') and is therefore ineligible for entry. Rather a pity, since for some 30 years, hand-cut stencils have been the backbone of fannish art-work. It seems a bit like saying that a story isn't eligible for a Nebula, since only printed copies are available, and not the original Ms.

Quibbling aside, there are other methods available. Triode often featured the use of 'brush' stencils, which, etched by a mild acid, allowed the use of large areas of black. Similarly, electronic stencils (where the pen and ink illo is transferred to stencil by an electric spark) give the best stencil reproduction there is. However, if you start with a lousy illo, you still end up with a lousy illo in the magazine (although since this time, there is an original, it is eligible for entry) Likewise the thermo stencil, where a heat-transfer method will put a rather fuzzy picture on to stencil, and one which is easily exceeded in quality by a competently cut hand job.

There are other methods of putting fanart before fandom, but these three are used on the whacking great balance of fanart going through the fannish mill. The big question is why? I don't mean why do we have fan art, or why does a fanned want it, but simply why does the fanartist supply the raw material in the first place. Write a story or article, umpteen LOCs will tell you umpteen things about it. Publish a fanzine, and with luck, the same thing will happen. Draw an illo, and you are lucky if buried somewhere in an unprinted LOC, the writer concludes a sentence with, "...and the artwork was lousy". Naturally, the fanned doesn't pass the letter along to you. Offhand I have only know two who ever did. So, in effect, your lovingly drawn illo (hand-cut or what-have you) has got you one gree fanzine.

I have been supplying fanzine artwork for around 25 years, and have met with a few even more off-putting editorial quirks. Take one editor who shall be nameless...although as far as I'm concerned, it ought to be Mud. Friend Mud solicited assorted art from me (in the usual way of asking for some without mentioning what treatment he had in mind). I sent off a batch, including one on scraper board. In order to try and get the thick card through an electronic machine, he soaked the thing in water to try and remove the illo from its chalk base !!! Undaunted by this faux-pas, he then tried to repeat the process with others drawn on card. Result, all the illos ruined. Later, he came cap in hand to plead for some illos to be hand cut on stencil for a special article. Being historical pieces, this also involved quite a bit of library research. I was pleased with the result - but aghast when the fanzine appeared. Mud had conflated out the heads of my characters, and very crudely, had cut in heads to his own design.... naturally,, "...the art work was lousy"

Then there was my cartoon strip 'Supersoggy' I drew the original 5-page strip and Tom Reamy snapped it up for his zine, Trumpet. Years went by, an ad appeared plugging Trumpet and saying that the next issue would carry 'Supersoggy'. I never got the zine, never got my strip back, and all letters to Reamy went unanswered. Luckily, I had photographed the original, so I was able to re-cut it

for use in ERG. As if that wasn't enough adversity the comment drawn by the strip was minimal. A pro-ed (Movie Maker) said it was great, a columnist 'enjoyed it', two fans thought it too long and that was the total response. I don't defend the strip..it may have been good, bad or indifferent ...but whatever, a fanartist loves to know how his work is received. Heck, I can guarantee a better response by making one mildly controversial statement in ERG.

Artwork, fannish style) can be loosely divided into two groups - cartoon work and the straight (serious ?) illo. In general, the former is easier to produce, more forgiving of error, and usually more generally acceptable for filling the odd fanzine corner. Because of this, many fanartists simply doodle a grotesque little shape onto paper, scribble in a rather inapt phrase and by churning out a few bucketsful of these, quickly become known as top-of-the-muck-pile. You can't really blame him. Such material draws as much comment as an illo which took hours to create. Over the years, great fanartists have risen, flourished and moved on - Turner, Cawthorn, Jones, Aton, Harry, Hunter and the like. These paragons still appear occasionally, but with none of their former frequency. Could one of the reasons be right under our noses ? Certainly it was never written of their work that it was lousy...but was much written about it at all ?

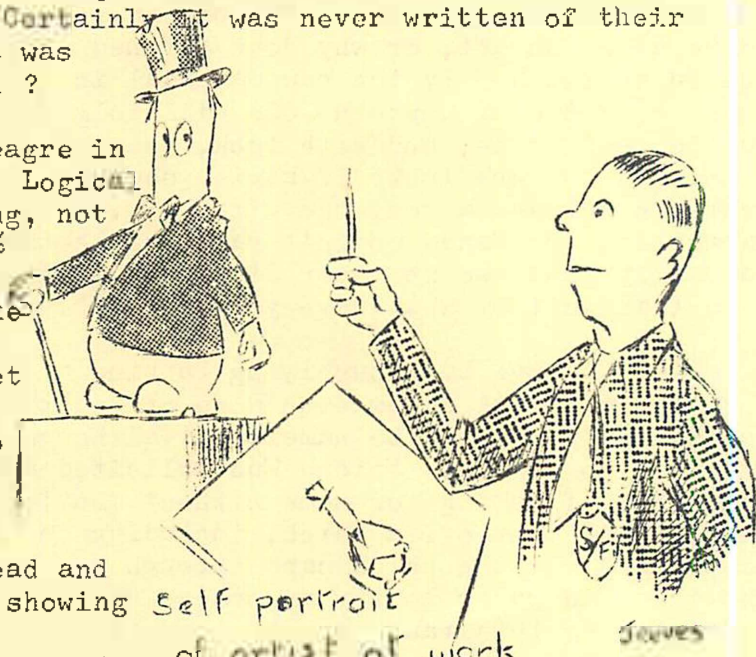
If fanart is so meagre in rewards, why do it at all ? Logical question. It isn't rewarding, not in the cash lolly sense. 90% of it gets no comment, even so, the 10% response can make up for a heck of a lot.

Then again, it is nice to get a new fanzine and find your work therein. It IS nice to get letters from strangers asking for artwork or help with their zine...and there are some faneds who tower head and shoulders above the rest by showing self portrait appreciation...such as,

Bill Donaho, who sent me some fifty of artist of work assorted colour run-offs of my work. ... Another editor who culled all comment on my drawings from his locs and sent the clippings to me ... and of course, the rare faned who encloses return postage when launching artwork. Couple all this with the fun one gets out of fan dom, and as far as I'm concerned, as long as faneds ask for my stuff, I'll gladly keep on supplying it.

For anyone who has stayed with me so far, I would make this request. Next time you LOC a fanzine, don't just comment on the written material, spare a thought for the poor underpaid fanartist in his garret (no relation to Randall). Pan or praise him as you choose but DO comment. My ambition is to read a LOC in the latest GYRUSKI ending with the words.. "And the written material was lousy" .

T.J.





A question that is frequently asked in the SF world is: 'If Time Travel is to become possible in the future, why have we not seen time travellers among us ?'

Only this morning I was talking to a well-known SF author in the bar, and I said to him, " Can I have that fiver you borrowed last Easter ?"

He scrutinised me keenly for a moment and said, " Bob, if time travel is to become possible in the future, why have we not seen time travellers among us ?"

There are a number of possible answers to that question - a favourite one among SF writers being that anybody who visits us from the future has to obey the Prime Directive that you do not interfere in any way with a culture in a less advanced stage of developement than your own. This Prime Directive is applied without fail whether the visitors are arriving from the future or from another world, say, beaming down onto a strange planet from the SS Enterprise. It is applied so often, in fact, and repeated and chanted and intoned that it is easy to get the impression that it has the status of a universal law - like the one about toast always landing on the buttered side when you drop it on the floor; or the one about ICS courses which states that no matter which course you do with them - accountancy, draughtsmanship, dress-making, it doesn't matter - you always end up as foreman of the machine shop. I've seen it all in the ads in the back of old Astoundings, and I know.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that the Prime Directive was invented by SF authors and promoted by them for no other reason than that it provides a useful bit of plot complication. If Kirk, Spock and McCoy were allowed to do the logical thing and shoot any warlike primitives who attacked them, many episodes of Star Trek would have been over in about five minutes. Which might not have been a bad thing - it would have let you get onto the good SF on television, like the Cadbury's Smash Commercials!

What it boils down to is that visitors from the future have to dress up in the clothes of the period they are visiting and be careful not to make themselves conspicuous, or to do anything which would influence the course of history.

If they don't obey the rules the Chrono Police come after them, or the Paradox Police, or the Legion of Time...

Great stuff this! If any of you missed the Golden Age of SF - this is what it was all about. Mind you, I don't know what would happen if a time traveller carelessly changed the course of history, and the segment of the future he wiped out was the one in which the Paradox Police were formed! Anyway, they're still a fine body of men.

The point about time travellers blending into the background is important because it means that the apparent evidence that the time machine will not be invented in the future is not admissable evidence. You can take it from me that time travel will become possible; and I'm going to go on to present a reasoned, carefully worked out, irrefutable, logical proof of that statement.

Unfortunately, I can't reveal exactly how it will be done.

One perhaps likes to think of a time machine as being something like a telephone booth, or a cage made up of shimmering rods which are joined together in a way which produces a curious wrenching pain in the eyes when you try to follow their geometrics. More Golden Age stuff, this...

I once actually drew a time machine on a gestetner stencil for the cover of a fanzine. I chose to draw the telephone booth type...mainly because I didn't have a proper stencil-cutting stylus, and it's almost impossible to portray shimmering rods and subtle mind-twisting geometrics on stencil with a dried-up ballpoint pen.

The drawing showed the time machine in a shop window. There was a notice on it quoting the price at £2,000 - but there was an extra bit saying that you had four years to pay. This happened a long time ago, but I think the idea was that you could put down your deposit, get in, drive four years forward, and reappear when you owned the thing. The only trouble was, I never figured out who actually made the payments in the meantime. This goes to show you what a complicated thing time actually is....

I'm firmly convinced that time is complex in its nature, and not a linear thing in the way it is so often regarded. It has always struck me as strange that time - the one dimension we know least about - is the one about which people are most dogmatic. For example, people often get precognitive dreams. It's an established fact. I've had them lots of time - and yet orthodoxy says they're impossible.

There's this fantastic explanation about one half of your brain receiving its data a fraction of a second later than the other, thus creating an impression that an event which actually is new to you is one that has already occurred, already been experienced.

This neurological trickery is used to convince you that the evidence of your senses is unreliable, in some special cases, i.e. the ones where the nature of time is called into question. Your senses are considered good enough though for minor things, like giving evidence in a murder trial.

I mean, if you were walking along a street and heard a shot, and then saw a man running out of a house, and then looked in the window and saw a body lying there; and if you swore to all that -

they would be prepared to take some wretch away and hang him. Your evidence would be acceptable. But...if the defense counsel got up and said, "The witness saw the defendant running out of the house, and then he heard the shot, but because one half of his brain receives its information a fraction of a second later than the other this gave him the impression things happened the other way around," he would be laughed out of court.

In the case of the precognitive dream, they always ask you if you wrote it down or told anybody before the predicted event occurred. And - naturally - you haven't. When you get up in the morning, faced with the prospect of working all day, late for the office, feeling like death, ready to burst into tears, you can't be expected to take two or three hours off to tell people everything you dreamed during the night.

Even if you tried it you would probably pick the wrong things, because precognition occurs in odd little fragments of dreams which are not recognised as significant until the event. A perfect example is a dream I had at the last Novacon.

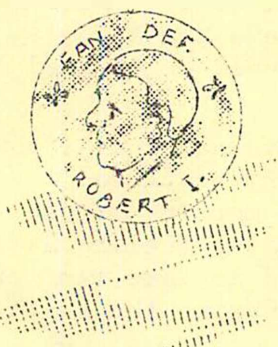
On the Friday night I dreamed I was in a room helping somebody to look for their contact lenses, which had fallen on the floor. I looked down and saw them lying on the carpet, right at my feet, but they were much larger than I had expected and looked like solid hemispheres of glass.

Next day I was ordering some drinks at the bar, and the barman dropped an ice cube which fell at my feet. I don't know if you know this, but the ice cubes in the Novacon hotel aren't cubes at all - they use fancy bits of ice shaped like two hemispheres joined together on the curved side, like very squat hour glasses. This ice cube which fell had split in half, and when I looked down there were the two little glassy hemispheres lying on the carpet at my feet, just as I'd seen them in the dream.

In spite of the difficulties involved, I have tried to tell people in advance, just to get the precognitive thing established with them - but it is a very curious fact that events you decide to relate to people are the very ones which never actually come to pass.

The only logical explanation is that there must be a kind of feedback from the future which is triggered off by your voicing a dream, and which modifies the subsequent course of events. In all probability there are Time Guardians - an undercover branch of our old friends the Paradox Police - whose job it is to prevent anybody setting himself up as a successful seer. No doubt they think they are very clever, but it was by seeing through their scheme that - in 1957 - I was able to save the life of our greatest statesman, Sir Winston Churchill!

The fact that Churchill was in London at the time, while I was 5,000 miles away, living in Western Canada, only goes to show the true extent of the fantastic powers we are dealing with here. There was a period of about two weeks in the summer of 1957 when I got a continuous run of precognitive dreams. Every night I would dream about something, get up in the morning, go to the drawing office where I worked, and when I walked into the office the other engineers were discussing the very thing I had dreamed about.



I got mild enjoyment from the phenomenon for about a fortnight - then came the night when I had a vivid dream that Sir Winston had died. This put me on something of a spot.

On the one hand, I wanted the supreme vindication of my precognitive powers; on the other hand, it was the time of the Suez crisis, and all that, and Britain had dire need of Sir Winston's presence among the living. In the end I did the unselfish thing.

I hurried out to work without turning on the radio, dashed into the design office and - before anyone could utter a word - shouted, "I dreamed Sir Winston Churchill died last night!"

The other engineers stared at me in silence for a moment - perhaps in some dim way they could sense the great wheels of time moving into new positions, or perhaps they just thought I had flipped my lid. In any case, I had the satisfaction of knowing that by voicing the dream I had tricked the Time Guardians into sparing the great man's life. As it turned out, I had wangled Sir Winston an extra eight years, and - even though he did not do too much with them - the whole episode shows you how a good knowledge of science fiction and science fantasy can be put to practical use in everyday life.

It may seem - to those of you who recall that we are supposed to be discussing time travellers among us - that I have strayed a little from the subject. But, in fact, my remarks have been very pertinent.

The point is that, because of the very nature of SF, its writers and keen readers have acquired insights into time that are denied to ordinary people. You must admit that this afternoon you have heard me say things about time which mundane outside society would view with some scepticism. We - the writers and readers of SF - are the biggest danger to secret time travellers, because we are alerted to the sort of things that go on!

If anybody is going to spot visitors from the future and queer the works for them, it is us right here in the convention hall!

At this point in my talk I'm going to stray away from hard scientific fact and become a little speculative. It is my considered opinion that in a very short time - just a year or two, perhaps - some SF writers and readers will have deduced and learned so much about the activities of the time travellers among us that the time travellers will have to take action to preserve their secret. And what action will they take?

At first I found this problem insoluble, then the other night I was sitting having a few pint whisky shandies and the whole thing became obvious to me. To preserve their secrecy, the time travellers have only to kidnap any SF people who get onto them, carry them back into the past, and maroon them there!

I predict that, in a year or so, leading SF authors and fans will begin mysteriously vanishing. Even without me reminding them that they owe me a fiver.

That may sound improbable, but here the Time Guardians have slipped up again - because the evidence is available for us all to see...in the pages of our history books!

The Time Guardians obviously expected the kidnapped SF people to sink without a trace in the vast swamps of history - but they reckoned without the genius and drive and ability for sheer hard work which all SF authors have in such abundance. I would like you to look for a moment - with an unprejudiced eye - at any fragment of an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs from the valley of the Nile. These are, in fact the very first appearance in print of Roger Zelazny.

His initials are clearly visible down in the right hand corner of most of them. The obviously mythological figures are, of course, a Zelazny trademark, one that he has built up in many of his novels. As far as I can tell, when Roger found himself stranded back in the ancient world he decided to cash in on the situation, so he went around different countries inventing mythologies and spreading them all over the place so that he could write SF novels about them in the 20th century. This explains why all the various myth figures fit so neatly into his stories. Good thinking, Roger.

Other marooned SF authors and fans have made their presences felt in similar ways - going around carving drawings of space men and rocket ships in places where they were most likely to be found by later generations. The person I feel sorry for in all this is poor old von Dannekin, with his "Chariots of the Gods" and so forth. Possibly the carvings were put there maliciously in the first place, just so that he would grab the wrong end of the stick. That's just the sort of thing Brian Burgess would do.

One of the things which put me on to all this was my visit to the King Tutankhamon exhibition last year. I looked closely at his sarcophagus - they can't touch you for it - and thought to myself, "Where have I seen that face before?" The beard gave it away. King Tut was John Brunner.

And when you look dispassionately at the history of the Trojan Wars, isn't it obvious that the whole thing was written, scripted and masterminded by Harry Harrison? I mean, that business of hiding inside a giant horse and springing out of it at night is straight out of a Stainless Steel Rat story. Nobody else would ever have thought up such a crazy idea.

The next significant event in history is the decline and fall of the Roman empire - engineered entirely, of course, by Isaac Asimov so that he could work out what he was going to put in Volume 3 of the Foundation series.

The Dark Ages came next, mainly brought on by L. Sprague de Camp, and then -



because SF writers had been so active in the preceeding centuries - an early form of SF fandom began to flourish. Britain led the way with the invention of conventions, and the first permanent convention hall was built at Stonehenge. News about the good times they all had at these affairs filtered across the Channel to French fandom, who promptly got jealous and came over here on a giant excursion in 1066. Because they were principally interested in finding out about conventions, or cons, this invasion was known as the Norman Con Quest.

Things settled down after that for awhile, until we had the beginnings of the TransAtlantic Fan Fund - in 1492. Columbus wasn't a very good TAFF delegate. He only won the election because he had a lot of votes bought for him by Queen Isabella, and I suspect he wasn't an SF fan at all, but some magazine huckster like Ron Bennett or Rog Peyton.

Legend has it that he hurried back to Isabella, not even taking time to write his TAFF trip report for SPECULATION, and reported to her - all excited - that he had found a country where the natives were so simple they were prepared to trade land against trinkets.

" That's marvellous," Isabella said.

" I know," Columbus replied. " Here's three strings of beads - we've to be out of Spain by next Thursday."

Other SF people did get across the Atlantic later on, though. Michael G. Coney went over and settled on Coney Island. Frank Belknap Long went over and settled on Long Island. Vargo Statten went over and settled on Statten Island. Volsted Gridban went over, but he was refused entry because there was no way the Americans were going to stand for part of their territory being labelled Gridban Island.

Dan Morgan sailed for the Caribbean and became a successful pirate. And John Russell Fearn went over and started all the ghostly legends of Sleepy Hollow by russelling a few ferns....

Back on this side of the Atlantic things weren't going too smoothly - a lot of the fueds which mar or enliven the SF scene began to break out. In the 16th Century there was a lot of trouble with the New Wave element, led by Martin Luther. And, up in Scotland, a dispute over Analog's editorial policies led to the Massacre of Glencoe - in which the John W.Campbells slaughtered the John D. MacDonalds.

Anyway, I hope I've said enough to let you see that this threat to SF authors and readers is deadly serious. Now that I've let you all in on the secret, you are more at risk than ever. In fact, I think I've noticed that a few people have disappeared from the back of the hall already!

" What can we do about it ?" you are asking yourselves.

Well, most of you are asking what time the bar opens, but some of you must be asking what can we do about this threat from the time travellers amongst us. My answer is that we shouldn't wait around, passively, to be kidnapped. We should carry the battle to the enemy by going into the future and destroying their time machine factories. Our technology has not yet reached the point of being able to build time machines, but - luckily for us - some years ago Walt Willis invented a non-mechanical method of time travel - namely, the subjective induced acceleration mode.

You know how slowly time goes when you are miserable ?

And how quickly it goes when nice things are happening to you ? Well, to send a volunteer into the future you start off by bringing time to a virtual standstill for him by putting him in a cold grey room, with a Lena Zavaroni record playing, with nothing to drink but tea brewed in the Novacon hotel, and make him read right through a file of WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY. After a day or so of this, when he's really in the stasis, you pull a lever and he drops through a trapdoor into a luxurious suite where nude girls cluster round him offering him cigars and glasses of champagne. This speeds up his time flow so abruptly that he goes into a kind of temporal overdrive, and vanishes into the future.

Last night, while the rest of you were enjoying yourselves at room parties, a group of us serious-minded types started on this project by sawing a hole through the floor of Harry Harrison's room into the room below.

All we need now is a supply of champagne, cigars, and nude girls.....

BOB SHAW.

// Being the TIME TRAVEL TALK given by BoSh at the 1975 British Convention.

His method of time travel does work, too...I tried it, and I was all speeded up.... but I was in the room above Brian Burgess!!//

" John Brunner wore day-glo
diapers."

39

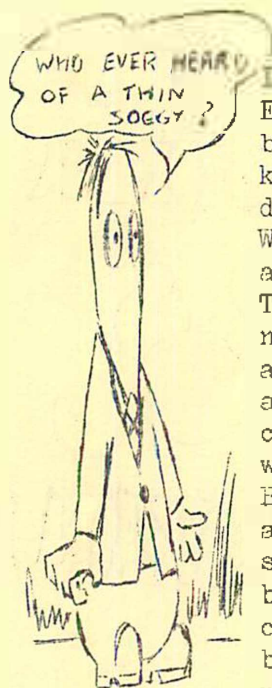
NIRVANA

SCHMIRVANA

By
MIKE GORRA.

Yeah, kid, I knew them all. I knew them all. I knew them before they were anything. You think that Burbee was great ? Keerist, I knew him when he was a starry-eyed neo-fan, even before he'd decided that he had a sensitive fannish face. He was a good kid, that Burb, and it is a shame he went wrong and started to write about sex and wire-recorders. We lost more good fanwriters to wire-recorders....

Warner, you say ? I was on the mailing list from the first issue of SPACEWAYS, I was indeed. That was a good fanzine, SPACEWAYS was. Of course it couldn't hold a candle to some of the ones that came after, but for its time, it was a good fanzine. Now you take LE ZOMBIE, though, well, as far as I and every other fan of the time was concerned, LE ZOMBIE was a crudzine. Really! But that Tucker, he was such a nice kid that we all gave him egoboo on it, just so he wouldn't go away...had a bit of talent, he did, though he didn't develop it for the longest time.



I knew Forry Ackerman before he ever picked up an Esperanto dictionary. Never much of a writer, Forry, but ch how he could make those puns..The Oblique Angles, kid? You would ask about them, every fan these days does! Yeah, they were nice boys, nice boys. That Willis could make puns even better than Forry could, and they weren't your normal namby-pamby fans, either. They took an active interest in sports like every normal person should. Willis was a good golfer and a top tennis player, and Bob Shaw was one of the top archers, of all things, in Northern Ireland. And, of course, they all played Ghoddminton too, even Charters whenever he could be-gotten out of his wheelchair. But as far as calling them the greatest fan-group of all-time, well, I don't know. They had talent, to be sure, but I kind of think the Decker Dillies had them beat seven ways to Sunday. But I have to admit, they could write, every single one of them, and at their best, they were the top fanwriters going, and the top publishers too, excepting, of course, for myself.

I see you don't believe me, kid. Well, let me tell you, from January of '46 until January of '69 I published the best fanzine the world has ever seen. I published it bi-monthly, and never missed a single issue, and every issue was at least fifty pages. Oh, you won't have heard of it. From the start, the whole thing was top secret. You think some of those apa's are secret? Keerist, kid, everybody knows about them. But the only people who knew about this fanzine were the 100 fans I picked especially for the mailing list. They were sworn to secrecy, and if somebody let something slip, whether in conversation or in print, well that was the end of him. You remember F. Towmer Laney, don't you? We got him, just after he mentioned it. Of course we did not go that far with most people who broke the rule, but his was an extreme case.

What did I have in my fanzine, you ask, kid? Well, I'll tell you. For one, I required that everybody on my mailing list send me something at least every other issue, without any exceptions, so I was never lacking for prime contributions or good letters, you can bet on that. In every issue I wrote long editorials usually eight or nine pages. You think that Rich Bergeron wrote good editorials? Mine put his to shame, and he said so, too. I would write about whatever I wanted, books, fanzines, politics, fannish doings, movies, philosophy, sports, anything, and they ate it up, they did indeed. Nothing like it ever before, and there isn't going to be anything like it now; I'm too old and tired to write for fanzines these days. A pity, some of them look pretty good. And then, after my editorial, well, there were the articles. I had them all. Burbee every single issue. And Warner, and Laney, until his accident, and Shaw and Hoffman and Berry and Grennell and Bloch even, and later Terry Carr and Ted White. All of them, almost every single issue. And Willis. Oh the stuff he used to write for me! Better than the "Harp", even....the "Harp" was filled with the bits and pieces I rejected, you know. He'd write up reams of stuff and send it to me, and I'd take the stuff I wanted and give him back the rest, and somebody else would print it.

When I folded my fanzine, he hardly had any place left to publish his good stuff, and that's why he didn't appear in fanzines after that. No lie, kid.

And we had art, kid. I was the only guy using electro-stencils in those days, and I had the best reproduced art you ever saw, better then ENERGUEN, even. Of course, I had a bit of hand-stencilling, too... Atom begged me to let him take a stylus to my pages, he wanted to be in so bad. I had only to snap my fingers, and I had art. Bob Stewart, Barr, Rotsler, Bjo, everybody.

Best of all, kid, was the letters. I got fifty letters of comment an issue. Fifty! As you can guess, I had to do a good job trimming them up, but that's where I excelled. I had the tightest edited, most brilliant, funniest lettercolumn fandom has ever seen. I even had letters from Claude Degler, long after he had disappeared from the rest of fandom. I printed a letter from Claude Degler in '65, kid.

Ah, but what am I telling you this for ? It'll only make you drool, kid. There's no chance of you seeing a copy, even if I wanted to let you, which I'm not sure I do....I mean, kid, you're a good fan and all that, but that fanzine was almost sacred to me and the rest of fandom, it really was, and I kinda think it would be sacrilege to let somebody who wasn't on the mailing list see it. You won't be able to get it from dealers, either...they were so good and so valuable that everybody who got it kept his copies filed away, almost under lock and key. Keerist, even now, six years after it's gone, you still can't get anyone to show you his collection of it, unless they know you were once on the mailing list. That fanzine was beautiful, kid, the best there was. Just ask Terry Carr, or Redd Boggs, or Ted White, if you can get them to talk about it. The absolute best.

It's been nice talking to you, kid, it really has. You know how to listen. You're not like most of the young fans these days, no respect for the good old days. If I was publishing these days, you'd be on my mailing list, you can bet on that. But I've got to get going now.

What's that, kid? A drink? Why sure, I guess I have time to stay for a drink. Just one, though, one is all I can stay for. I want to drop in on Lee Hoffman before this con is over, you know, and....

- Mike Gorra.

HAIR OF THE GREEP - Cont.

and, with John and Stanley's HIS SPLENDIDEST ADVENTURE in the first 'revival' issue. However, this time it all seems to hang together well and I'd like to thank all my contributors for helping it do so. Keep it up, chaps! At this joyfull time, I'm only sorry that I have to remind you that this fnz (like others) begs feedback. SPOT will help you define your status; ie, three staples and I.O.U., two and you will, I hope, respond in some manner to this issue, one...get the lead out! As a further incentive, I'm employing the Per Royale Rule from this time on - if this is the third TRIODE you've received and you haven't writ ...well, you'd better writ quick.

.....Eric Bentcliffe.

" We at LiG have done some research into the after-effects of wearing day-glo socks, but can't be sure whether Norman's feet glow in the dark because of this, or because of his cavorting at wine-pressing time. Incidentally, had you heard that John Brunner wears day-glo y-fronts ?" ...Anonymous LiG Member.

" Contemporary childrens sf seems sometimes to suffer from deficiency of the imagination when compared to the efforts of the old D.C. Thompson stable of writers. I still recall such 'classics' as THE LAST ROCKET TO VENUS, THE BLACK SAPPER, FULL SPEED AHEAD TO THE WORLDS OF FEAR (and that was only the title....), etc. And even the Westerns; TRIG McFEE AND THE LOST TEN THOUSAND, SOLO SOLOMON, SMOKY JOE'S LEAGUE OF GRANDFATHERS. And, one of the finest examples of the Thompson genius for combining two types of fiction: O'NEILL, THE SIX-GUN GORILLA. Follow that, Dr. Who...."

Jim Cawthorn.

" Have just exhausted myself in trying to defeat the innacuracies of an antiquated address file. Doubtless you know what that's like. You find a card from Walt Stumper and wonder who the hell he is and whether you should send him the next issue. Just to be on the safe side you do (that's how Walt gets all his fnz) and so it goes on, until you're sending out half your rint-run to long-gafiated fans. Mind you, I needn't tell you this, after your fifteen year gap with TRIODE; though perhaps your mailing list is accurate and that's the very cause of the delay ? Is it possible that in 1960 you were faced with a mass of moving fans, and consumed three lustrums of fannish energy in a desperate attempt to update the mailing list ? Yes, I thought so. Your secret is out. Okay everyone, he's caught up - time to move house again..."

Peter Roberts.

