

GROSS ENCOUNTERS

12

.... NOW LET'S SEE, HOW ELSE CAN I DISPLAY MY DYNAMISM ABOUT SEACON '84? MAYBE GET SOME SEACON TOILET ROLLS MADE UP.... THAT WOULD CERTAINLY GET ME OUT OF SOME SILKY SITUATIONS.... I COULD ALWAYS DO A PROGRAMME ITEM ON HOW TO BLOW SMOKE RINGS: YES THAT'S IT - IN A WAY, SMOKE RINGS ARE JUST LIKE ME. THEY'RE HOLLOW, SERVE NO PURPOSE AND EVAPORATE WITHIN SECONDS. PERFECT. NOW ALL I NEED IS ANOTHER BEER. COMMITTEE WORK IS SO EXHAUSTING.



NOT
GILES

This is GROSS ENCOUNTERS 12 from: ALAN DOREY, 22 Summerfield Drive, MIDDLETON, Lancs, M24 2WW. Dated May 12 th 1984. This is a special "Thank God bloody Seacon '84 is over" issue. In a packed edition, the truth about everybody's favourite Eastercon is revealed; mythical character Dave Langford is finally laid to rest; Graham James takes a back-seat role at Yorcon III; D.West makes even more money; Alyson Abramowitz discusses home decoration and her Masterplan to encourage Rochelle to take up cycling; my masterplan for destroying the Eurovisio; Song Contest; why I won't be involved with the proposed Contravention bid and whole pages of fun, hype, thrills 'n spills and good old honest gossip. Yes, it's all in this issue - not available from your newsagent - Now!

THE MUSIC JUST KEEPS ON PLAYING

I've never felt uneasy about a convention before.

Let me explain. Several years ago, 1980 to be precise, I had this fleeting thought that it would be a good idea to bring a Eurocon over to Britain. That was it. That was the thought, and I soon went back to finishing my drink as I sat, ruminating in the Castle on Harrow Hill. I still can't work out why I thought it would be a good idea; most likely just a way of getting myself involved with a Different sort of con in my Empire Building Days.

After four years of work and effort, of continuous doubts about the way certain things were going, the whole shooting match took place. And I felt uneasy.

I explained at length in the last issue (GE#11) why I stayed with the convention. I wasn't happy that it had been combined with the Eastercon. I wasn't happy about the Grand Design for using every square inch of the Hotel and Exhibition Halls. I wasn't desparately excited about the Mega-Programming that was promised. But, in my own little way, I believed that firstly, I couldn't let the committee down at a late stage by resigning, and secondly, I honestly expected to be able to exert some influence over the direction in which it was heading. Perhaps then, the average convention or fanzine fan might find it attractive enough to attend.

I guess that I was wrong on that last count.

I'll go into more of my thoughts on Seacon a little later (in an item stunningly entitled "Seacon - The Naked Truth"). The two weeks before the con were genuinely exciting, and thus I have gone into a little bit of detail about those days to highlight some of my initial enthusiasms which were quickly dampened upon arrival at the convention proper. For those of you expecting all the dirty mind-wrenching nitty-gritty, the sordid low-down of committee personality clashes, this item is Not for you. I don't see the point. I don't wish to air those difficulties; it won't illuminate the situation and I certainly don't want to irritate some friends who served on the committee. What I want to do is explain why I don't think it worked, but without getting into the "well, if you'd only listened to me" syndrome. We all - as a committee - could write volumes on

that. I owe it to the fans that went along, the people I respect; I owe you some inner thoughts on how it could have been better - more fun and less like hard work.

And take it from me, it was too much like bloody hard work.

I've agonised long and hard about the need for this item. I have no idea as to what sort of reaction it will get, but it had to be done, if only for my own peace of mind. Forgive my indulgence.

I hope you find it worthwhile.

ALONE AGAIN, OR...WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY

Rochelle and Amanda are still in the USA at the time of writing. This has given me nearly a whole month in which to get Things Done. Fanzines, decorating, sorting out the BSFA and playing music very loud late at night. Far from being a dull and lonely time, I've discovered that I'm quite enjoying the 'break'. I've been able to gear myself up for a completely different daily routine, one which I haven't known for a while. Whilst I can't wait for R&A to get back, I've been making hay while the sun shines, and most importantly, I've had time to think. Fanzine's and fandom's what it's all about. None of that Seacon stuff- just good ole honest fandom.

Contrary to what certain evil minds might be thinking, I have had a good time. The simple pleasure of making a spontaneous decision to do something, visit some fans, write a Loc, get an APA contribution done and so on has been almost a voyage of discovery. It's like suddenly realising that there is life apart from watching TV all day (not that I would wish to equate Rochelle and Amanda with TV viewing - far from it; besides, I rarely watch the box these days). All those things that you keep putting off can actually get done; they're not as onerous or as difficult as you had imagined and I find that I get a positive charge out of seeing something through. Call it a sense of achievement if you will, but even the little things take on the hint of accomplishment akin to maybe climbing Everest. That warm inner glow, that contentment. It's all good stuff.

I'm sure you know what I mean.

Anyway, let's get the fanzine on the road. I had a number of grandiose schemes for what this issue of Gross Encounters would look like. Gradually, one by one, they've all been abandoned. Only one thought constantly looms on my mind, the guilt feeling about taking so long (these days) to get an issue published. It's about bloody time that I got myself back into the old routine; publish on a regular schedule. Fuck Seacon; APAs are two a penny (although great to write for!) and the BSFA's turning into a Public Relations Exercise at times. I've got two options. Stick to my schedule and make sure that the fanzines are good, or forget it, and exit - tail between my legs.

This then, is the moment of truth. This issue hits the world just before Mexican. The next will be at Silicon. The next at Novacon. You have been warned.

Read on, read on....I've got another fanzine to do!

I READ A BOOK ONCE

I don't read that much SF. As a matter of interest, I never have done. My involvement was solely on the basis that some of the more interesting books I happened to be reading were SF. Fortunately, this didn't encourage me to rush out and read every book that had those magical letters on the cover and, as a result, I have missed reading a whole number of books that now, I'm glad I never saw.

There are too many good books to read in this world to worry about wasting time on the rubbish. There isn't the motivation to religiously pick up every SF novel and, having digested its contents, become nothing more than a trivia expert. I guess that my most compressed SF reading period was from about the age of ten to thirteen, like many others. I still treasure an early Penguin edition of Wells' "The War of the Worlds", given to me by grandmother one birthday. I still get visibly embarrassed when I open it to see my childish writing proclaiming to all the world that "This book belongs to Alan Stuart Dorey, Age 9".

Even then, though, SF was only a part - a decreasingly small part - of my reading repertoire. It was about this time that my passion for transport history started to develop, and in their terms, I'm still a neo, tending towards the serious and constructive side. I don't go to that many transport festivals, rallies or conventions (although I do haunt museums), but I do eagerly buy old volumes of railway histories, pick up back issues of ancient magazines and timetables and generally behave in a curiously restrained fashion. This allows my knowledge to increase, without having to get too involved. I have started specialising in certain elements of history, but always balk at getting involved on the social side. Firstly, SF fandom would take an awful lot of beating (and where would I find the time?) and secondly, I am a novice and enjoy that feeling.

I still do enjoy reading though; it has to be a pretty special sort of book that makes me want to stop everything and get down and consume it. This past year or so, I've only read a handful of SF novels, but I have liked them all - particularly John Sladek's comic masterpiece, Tik Tok which must finally prove to the masses what a great writer he is. Aside from those, I've read a number of biographies, reference works and sports books. Indeed, some of my favourite reading can be found in cricket books, an unusual genre wherein the history and statistical interest of the game have happily combined to give a unique type of author. The fascination of some old cricket books is not merely in what they have to say, but their evocation of a time gone by. This is done in an indirect and passive fashion; glimpses of everyday life help to build up a wonderful portrait of Britain in, say, the 1890s. An odd reference there, a snatch of a name here, a fleeting glance at an old newspaper cutting or advertisement in sepia photographs - these images all help to pin down the essence of an old lifestyle.

The importance behind these snatches is not so much that they tell you how things were, but that they give you an indication. And what an indication! The raw building blocks upon which references culled from many other sources can be added to provide you with that Essence. The danger is to accept those few faded photographs as being the

reality, and then using them to blanket all your other perceptions with their hardened image. We keep reading that the camera cannot lie, but what it shows is entirely dependant upon the direction in which the operator is pointing it. By judicious angling, a dull, dour scene can be transformed into something completely different. Views can so easily become selective, and as the years go by and the photographs become harder to obtain, the evocation of another world becomes more and more restrictive, depending more and more upon a few increasingly familiar pictures. The Vietnam War was one of the most photographed events on this planet, and yet the image that instantly flashes to mind is that of the young naked girl, Kim Phuc, running down that dusty road, arms aloft and the effects of burning napalm all too evident. That picture may well sum up the horrors of that war, but to the average punter all it really does is to reinforce their already limited view of Vietnam. An isolated incident, frozen on the photographer's frame and millions can share in that second of agony

But to return to cricket writers....these often tended to be a fairly literate lot; witty, amusing and able to use the written word in such a way that the absence of moving pictures to illustrate their descriptions is hardly noticed. One of my favourite books at the moment is a slim volume entitled "Bobby Able - Professional Cricketer" by David Kynaston (Secker & Warburg, 1982). Kynaston wrote the book almost entirely from records and information provided by contemporary papers. Able played up to 1904, making it difficult to find anyone who recalls seeing him in action! Somehow, Kynaston has given me what I consider to be a far more vivid and lively picture of British life in the late Victorian period than many an historic scholar. He wasn't seeking to explain (with hindsight) why things happened so much as trying to report what happened in the context of describing the life of a Surrey cricketer. Many interesting facts emerged from his writings; the Oval (home of Surrey County Cricket Club) even then has those massive gas holders at one end, but the other, far from being the busy and tortuous Kennington Road simply ran into some rather wild and woolly farmland.

Test matches against Australia drew the same depth of feeling that they do now, and yet trips to Australia took weeks by sea, there was little reliable land transport other than the railway, and quite apart from the difficulties in getting to a game (bearing in mind the size of Australia), there was no reliable method of knowing just what the players looked like. Newspapers still hadn't mastered a sufficiently inexpensive method of reproducing photographs and relied almost wholly on cartoonists and caricaturists. Yet despite that, cricketers still became folk heroes and personalities and were recognised wherever they went in the cause of the game.

Whilst the value of money was somewhat different then, the contracts were little different. Bobby Able went on tour one year to South Africa for the princely reward of £100 plus "reasonable boarding and travel expenses". Able, being one of the then very rare Professionals was permitted to receive payment in return for his services. The very terms 'Professional' and 'Amateur' conjure up all sorts of pictures in the mind. The Amateurs were usually Gentlemen of means, public school types who saw their role in cricket as being a jolly healthy way of passing the time. The Professionals (curious how these days, the roles have reversed - professionals being elevated to star status and the amateur little hard of), or Players, were ordinary folk who made it up

through the rigours of village and club cricket, often without proper equipment, decent pitches (there are many descriptions in early cricket books of the cows and sheep having to be removed from the meadow in order that the game may take place) and had the sole aim of using their skills to earn money in order to make a living. There was often continuous bickering between the two camps, especially when it came to selecting players to represent All England against the natives. Occasionally there was the case where two rival teams toured under the same name, but one of Pros and one of Amateurs. The class system may still be with us today (and even more so at times, thanks to M. Thatcher), but it was never so overtly upheld - even by those to whom it meant that they would never be able to break out of it and 'Get On' (as George Orwell might have put it).

I have written before that certain cricket writers have adopted a fannish style of commentary in order to make their points. The example I used was Leicestershire's David Gower when writing in the inaugural issue of Wisden Cricket Monthly in 1979. But, it goes back much further than that. Indeed, one of the earliest examples of what can be accepted as a 'fannish style' crops up in the Able book. Able himself writes (in a Sunday newspaper) of his performance against Yorkshire in 1885:

"I bowled Ulyett a slow, pitched up wide of the off-stump. The burly Yorkshireman, jumping out, made a tremendous lunge at the ball, missed it, and was bowled. Walking from the crease in evident disgust at missing such a soft ball, he remarked to me 'If ah'd hit it, it wud ha' gone to Lunnon!'"

I am sure there are many other examples elsewhere, and not just in cricketing folklore, but the fact remains that here, instead of a dry, journalistic report of an incident which no doubt happened dozens of times a season, we have Able injecting a little humour, embellishing the situation and thus making it far more entertaining and visual. The fact that he resorts to using a form of phonetic spelling to highlight Ulyett's accent I find very amusing.

One of the reasons I read books - or to be more accurate, why I read a certain sort of book, is to learn something about a subject at which I have a basic grounding, but little else. Cricket comes into this easily; I was never a very outstanding player at school (adequate is the adjective which normally lurches into my mind), and yet reading a whole series of good cricket books gives me more of an insight into the game and makes me feel an integral part of the whole embracing world that cricket inhabits. I don't get any better at the game, but my empathy and feel for it increases.

The same can be said about my tastes in music, a subject which generally turns me off when I read about it in fanzines (although, for those of you out there who need to know what music is currently inspiring me to write this issue, well, this bit was written with the Rolling Stones' "Get Yer Ya-Yas Out" ricocheting around the room; when writing a fanzine, it's got to be live music - all the better to get an atmosphere going and feel more motivated). It's so often a very personal thing, certain bands or albums or tracks meaning different things at different times. If I listed ten terrific groups right now, not only would I irritate many of you out there in Readerland, but if I came back to read this paragraph in a month's time, I'd be pretty irritated too. No matter how infectious or enthusiastic a fan often is (when writing about music), unless I happen to be on the same wavelength

at the time of reading, I'm sure I lose a lot. My moods dictate what I listen to - and I know I'm not unusual in that. Many years ago, when the Leeds group was but a fledgling enterprise and Yorcon was unheard of, we used to wend our way back to the James household after meetings to party the night away. Graham never played any requests; it had to be entirely his selection of music, because by that time he was either so tanked up (or high) that his mood had to be maintained. This bugged me occasionally, but I see (with a lot of learning in between) the importance to him of being able to do that. It even happens to me frequently now; a couple of nights ago, I put the Beatles' White Album on - and then ran through a whole range of other music as my moods changed; one track would slip into a different feeling which would instantly recall another track which I had to listen to - very often I'd be whipping albums out, hearing that one vital cut and then changing reaching for the next link in the chain. I used to make up Mood Tapes, so that I could save my energy, but there were problems. After a while, you just knew which track followed which and it all got a little bit predictable. Rather than my moods dictating the direction, the tapes were trying to control my moods. This was all too rigid. The mood may change, but the music stayed the same.

However, I do enjoy reading books (and magazines) about music. I still persist with the NME every week and Rolling Stone every fortnight. In a way - as with cricket books - certain music volumes help build up a picture of a time gone by, even if it may only be a year's worth of time that I actually lived through. A different perspective is brought to bear, combining my feelings at the time with the cold print upon the page. To Owen Whiteoak's undoubted delight, I've just finished reading Blair Jackson's biography of the Grateful Dead. (Owen, by the way, is the only person I've actually met at a gig - The Dead at the Rainbow - that I knew. Out of the thousand that were there, we ran into each other; in the bar of course). Jackson is unique in terms of sycophantic group followers in that he can actually write, tells a story well, and isn't afraid to criticise or condemn where necessary. The Dead, for example, are a band I've only seen the once (referred to above), I wasn't really au fait with their music until the latter seventies, and yet Jackson's book has opened up more background for me - I can go off and listen to the albums and appreciate the circumstances surrounding their creation, rather than dismissing them as being of little consequence. For me at least, his honest approach to his subject has paid dividends. I will tend to go along with what he says. I still differ on a number of points, but it's so refreshing to get away from the "Gosh wow, this is the best fucking band ever and no mistake" style of journalism all too frequently seen in pop papers such as Smash Hits and the new, revised, terrible Record Mirror.

The most pleasant surprise of the Dead Book is not so much the explanations, the revelations (for on that basis, the book is really rather shallow), but the obvious passion and commitment shown in the descriptions of the concerts and gigs. It is very difficult to describe a rock concert in terms of its music. You can describe the atmosphere, talk about the heat, the fights, the drugs, the sound system and so on, but you try describing the sound of a song firstly, to someone not familiar with the music, let alone the band itself. I carried out a simple test whilst reading some of Jackson's descriptions of songs; I played the songs and listened. Allowing for a certain degree of my mind

hearing what I was told to hear, I found that Jackson was remarkably capable of performing this feat. I compared his efforts in this direction with some of the best football writers in the Guardian - it helps to have seen the game or the players they are talking about, but it's interesting even if you haven't. The only other time I've felt the same way on reading a music book was when perusing an item on the late Sandy Denny, that super singer formerly of Fairport Convention. And that's saying something.

Music to me is a vitally important element of my life. Indeed, it was music (rather than fandom - although that was the excuse) that got Rochelle and I together. We had (and still do!) have a wonderful time talking about bands and albums and songs that we both know well. We might have heard them originally in different circumstances - not just on different continents, but perhaps I saw a band live whilst Rochelle heard the album and vice-versa. The cultural exchange increases the fascination, but I still can't understand how so many of those really flaccid, ordinary British groups are currently riding so high on the US music scene - Def Leppard, A flock of Seagulls, The Alarm and, my God, Duran Duran. Perhaps the Americans no longer possess any taste.

The subject of music books leads me into another genre of books that I enjoy, namely works of reference. I can pore for hours over Pete Frame's "Rock Family Trees", just speculating what might have been if one or two links were altered. I can leaf through the illustrated "Encyclopaedia of Rock" until my eyes hurt - even if the volume is very generalised, omits many important bands and is flawed in places. I collect facts, rearrange them and then become incredibly tedious at parties when I hear a "hook" item. "That was recorded at the Fillmore East in 1971, two days before it was closed by Bill Graham and stars the New Riders of the Purple Sage on backing tracks ...blah...blah...blah." Of course, the next time I hear it, I may not be so lucky, the facts become a little more twisted (like Chinese Whispers) since I have yet to attain the ability to remember (and recall) everything I read. That is a gift I'd willingly sell my soul to the Devil for. Just think of the vast mass of reading material the average person gets through in a life time and the amount of information contained therein. If there are say, in the UK alone, two thousand titles published every year, I can probably read (if I had access) maybe three hundred of them. Taking the number of books published each year since only 1900 as being a constant 2000, that's 168,000 books I've got to catch up upon without counting those that will appear in say, fifty more years of being on this planet. That's another 100,000 titles, making some 268,000 titles altogether, and I'm going to be able to read no more (at maximum) than say 21,000. Now, multiply the number of volumes published in the UK by the number of countries in the Western world, and we're approaching perhaps two or three million titles, and I'm only going to be able to see my 21,000. Now you can appreciate why I don't want to spend my time reading the dross. I can't afford to! Mind-stretching indeed - and it's cheaper than hash.

Of course, reference books pepper the sporting world, and whilst to many people the idea of sitting down and reading Wisden or the Rothman's Football Yearbook is akin to studying the London telephone Directory A-E, it's the odd incongruous fact that pops up every now and again that entices me. I constantly flip through Leonard Maltin's TV Movie Guide for this very reason - and all this helps me in another interest of mine, compiling questions for quizzes, about which

, more later. Reference books are an exciting discovery; you don't have to read the whole thing in one sitting. You can dip into one at will to fill in a few minutes, or hours, depending upon your inclination. I haunt second-hand bookshops digging out old reference works; chiefly sporting ones, but also Year Books, which because of their immediacy at the time, comment rather than interpret the contemporary events they describe. Whilst interpretation and explanations can be important on occasions, I prefer to be presented with the facts (or some semblance of them) and then use my own mind to draw a conclusion.

Of all the reference books I regularly acquire, the ones I most treasure are pre-1960 British Rail timetables. I must admit, I don't actually sit down and read each page, but so much of a by-gone era can be found in their pages. The old adverts extolling the virtues of Torquay (The English Riviera); the prices of consumer goods; the very 1950s style of graphic design (ranging from early austerity to late flamboyance when we'd Never Had It So Good) and most interestingly, the level of rail service in parts of the country where lines no longer exist. Times are given in a.m and p.m (which on looking back, seems such an awkward way of doing it); distances between stations are given, special trains are listed and the devolment and decline of a part of the British Isles can be studied by comparing and contrasting the level of service over, say, a ten year period. It's only when you start looking at the current BR timetable (1984/5 due out as I type these words), that a great feeling of depression clouds the mind of any railway historian or enthusiast. Of course things had to change; I would be a fool to try and argue for the retention of costly redundant services, but the changing railway scene is a vivid illustration, a stark symptom, of the things this Thatcher government has in store for us. It's a warning worth heeding and to me, far more potent than any interpretation of events that the Tv or newspapers can tell you. The timetables present their facts for a specific purpose. There's no hint of political leaning in the way they are presented (even if British Rail's house colours are BLUE and grey, they do not relish a Tory administration).

You may be able to garner from the forgoing that, as I said at the outset, SF is not that important to me when it comes to reading. The SF I do read, that rare number of volumes each year, though, is amongst the best and most stimulating reading I do. It has to be otherwise the covers don't get opened beyond the first few pages. Forgive my general lack of enthusiasm for it though; the whole approach to creating new SF needs overhauling before my interest can be rekindled. INTERZONE (subscribe now - only five pounds to David Pringle, 124 Osborne Road, BRIGHTON, Sussex) is a part of a process that I see as being vital to the furtherance of good, literary SF in this country, but in the meanwhile, there's too much else that's really worth reading.

And, with impending censorship (it seems) looming all around us; perhaps there'll never be as good a time again to get some worthy reading done. Oppose censorship at all costs! We must be allowed to make our own choices, otherwise as dimwitted convict Heslop said in TV's "Porridge":

"I read a book once - Green it was"

BLOOD ON THE ROOFTOPS

YAWNCON III (Copyright G.C.James, 1979)

Look like the old Yorcon Curse has struck again. If there's one convention calculated to upset as many people as it pleases, then Yorcon's the one. The new Leeds Mafia have secured the bid to hold Yorcon III in Leeds next Easter and already the moaners have gone to work. The Yorcon team did their level best to explain the concept behind their 'dual-site' bid, but regrettably, certain members of fandom decided before the bid (it seems) that it was a non-starter and attempted to be rather negative about it.

This is the situation. Assuming (for the moment) that the concept of an Eastercon as we know it is to continue, then the number of available sites has been dramatically reduced to two, perhaps three: Brighton, the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham and possibly Blackpool. To break out of this restrictive mould - without limiting convention numbers - needs an imaginative leap, and that's exactly what the Yorcon crew did. The Dragonara Hotel, host of two previous (successful) Eastercons (1979, 1981), had shown their willingness to do it again, and this time the nearby Queens Hotel would be roped in to solve the problem of convention facility space. What could be simpler. An answer (note, not the answer) to the con-site problem. And what happens? The bidding session (only Leeds had any serious bid organised) turns into a ridiculous 'Audience versus Yorcon' and 'Yorcon versus Audience' slanging match. Firstly, the audience didn't seem to really want to listen to the whys and wherefors of Yorcon's bid. They heard what was being said, but appeared not to inwardly digest if some of the dumb questions were anything to go by. Most of the audience didn't have a better answer, of course. It's often those who have never had anything to do with the running of a large convention who shout the loudest. And they did. More people officially abstained from voting than voted. That was too silly for words and I for one was saddened to see the hostility visible in some people's faces.

Certainly the Yorcon bid (at the session) didn't show the audience any favours. There were too many presenters on the panel, several of whom quite happily (but unintentionally) contradicted each other, or gave their own version of the events. Graham James looked remarkably restrained whilst Tom Shippey, at that stage the brightest of the lot, found it difficult to get a word in edgeways. The Yorcon crew had done their pre-publicity, making it perfectly clear what they intended to do so that there could be no doubt. Certain 'outside' fans had been in on early committee meetings, seen the Hotel set-ups and agreed that it was an idea worthy of support. But, it seemed that the groundwork was to no avail, which was a pity.

I wonder, though, what the reaction would have been if another question had been posed: "Do we need an Eastercon?"

POOR FAN COMES GOOD

D.West arrived at Seacon through the able assistance of Pete Lyon, a man charged with the responsibility of leaping around the country picking up items of necessary equipment for the event. This meant

hiring a large van and turning a five hour journey from Leeds into a marathon of thirteen hours. "When you've got no money and you fuckers won't play dominoes for vast stakes, you get desparate" commented a pale-faced West as he arrived at the Metropole Hotel at 1.30 a.m on the Friday.

But D. did have a masterplan - his long awaited Collected Works, "Fanzines in Theory and Practice", the price of which was arranged on an ingenious sliding scale. This depended upon A) which country you came from (the more exotic, the more expensive) and B) how pissed you were whenever dealer D lurched into sight. D. calmly pocketed a substantial sum of money, and despite kipping on a different floor each night, pronounced himself well pleased. Future plans include more money-spinning publications to be sold to lucky charter subscribers - all scheduled to pay for his attendance at a convention. D. figures that this is preferable to getting a proper job. Watch out for the following titles:

- 1) The Collected Works of Job Application Letters
- 2) The D. West novel rejection slips (Two volumes)
- 3) The D. West Guide to sartorial elegance
- 4) How to get pissed on 50p
- 5) The irrelevance of Health Foods
- 6) How to win (or lose) TAFF

These are available from D at the usual address.

PRIVATE EYE - PRIVATE EAR

So Dave Langford offered Paul Barnett 50p to stroke some pretty young girl's thigh? All these exciting revelations and more in the May 4th issue of Lord Gnome's famous organ. Oh how are the mighty fallen, resorting to paying a former editor money for a quick sexual thrill. Barnett, of course, attempts weakly to deny that Dave Langford ever existed. A curious notion, really. If Langford is really into paying folk in order to stroke thighs, I suggest he contacts Malcolm Edwards. I don't think Malcolm would offer his thighs, but he must have plenty of contacts throughout the publishing world who would willingly acquiesce to the Langford charm.

Even D. West might be enticed into the arena, since he has dashed off a missive to Private Eye in response. This has yet to see print (at the time of writing), but in it, West discusses the Masonic nature of the Astral League and implicates a number of respected fans, Langford especially. I am sure that if they all came to an arrangement, the correspondence columns of the Eye could become suitably filled for the next few months - even beyond Richard Ingrams' wildest dreams. Actually, I think I should tip the wink to Auberon Waugh about this sad little affair. No doubt he would find some reason to denounce them all on the basis that all fans are members of the proletariat and thus beneath contempt.

BOLTON GROUP COMES BAD

The Bolton Group are one of those curious agglomerations of fans; they meet every week, most people seem to have heard of the group, yet little is known of their activities. This is hardly surprising considering the sordid goings on that they get involved with. On

my infrequent visits to the region, I am constantly bombarded with tittle-tattle and small talk that would shock even the most broad-minded of normal people:

"...and the flat was so small that after the party we all had to sleep in the front room and when the landlord came in at nine in the morning, J had his prick in C's mouth and she was enjoying it."

"...I don't mind screwing guys or gals, but it's the people queuing up to buy tickets that I object to."

"I only like small boys. They're very smooth"

They all seem such innocent, virginal people at heart. I am sure that I am missing something somewhere. On a recent visit, the most heated topic of debate was who was going to get the next round in. I usually like to have a pint to work on, and then one more "in the tube" to maintain the continuity. They drink 95% of their pints very quickly, and then nurse that last quarter inch for perhaps an hour, waiting for me or famous writer Steve Gallagher to get the next one in. They look at you like sad bloodhounds, eyes drooping, their bodies charged with all the expectancy of awaiting their master's decision to take them out walkies. It is all so very pitiful. No doubt all this varied sexual activity drains them so much that a short walk to the pub leaves them too exhausted to manage a short walk to the bank. Maybe they will be given an Arts Council Grant on the understanding that they perform live on stage at the Crucible Theatre in Sheffield. That would make a change from Steve Davis and Alex Higgins playing with their balls all night.

AILING OUNSLLEY

The great subject of speculation at the moment is the state of health of poor old Simon Ounsley. He has been suffering from glandular fever since the turn of the year. The Leeds group, in their usual thorough fashion, have been consulting their medical dictionaries and were aghast to discover that its prime cause is close physical contact with a fellow sufferer - especially where infected saliva gets passed from one to the other. Hurried glances at each other soon dispelled any fears, however as thankfully, none of them appeared to be displaying the classic symptoms. Simon's girl friend is also afflicted at present, but the question remains, where did it originate, or was it some form of immaculate infection? I think we should be told. (Oh, and Simon, get well soon Boss!)

WARRINGTON - WHERE THE VALLIES COME FROM

Although a lively and interesting group, the Warrington people felt it essential to name their group. A title or acronym seemed curiously necessary to them, a monicker that would trip off the tongue as easily as 'Garnets' did at one time. Taking an unintentional lead from Eric Bentcliffe's fanzine 'Waldo', that's what they came up with. They did it the wrong way round, though, since the adoption of this title left them with the job of making up words to fit the letters. Their collective brains came up with Warrington And Local District Organisation. What a let down. As I keep informing Paul Groom, an impressionable young fellow, it ought to be Wallies Are Less Dangerous - Official. I still await their confirmation, but once they've paid me my commission, I shall go around repeating it enough times and it will soon catch on. This is

what Dave Pringle did with INERTZONE. The only problem is, he hasn't stopped going around and telling people yet.

BIRMINGHAM FANS UPSET

I learn from my American sources that Martin Tudor and company (possibly Paul Vincent, but the description I was given was a little vague) are very annoyed with me at the moment. This is just like old times, nothing like a fannish feud to fuel the fires of fanzine production. I wish I could fathom out just why I am the subject of their ire. I suspect that it is not unentirely connected with what I said about them in my review of Fandom 1983 in the Seacon Programme Book. I quote:-

"Birmingham saw the development and rise of a whole plethora of new fans eager to write fanzines and take over the world. These included Martin Tudor (now part of the 1987 Worldcon bid) who published some quite promising issues of his fanzine Empties and Paul Vincent who (between drinks) produced Abdump another interesting fanzine".

Such terrible things indeed. I can see just why they are so irritated with me. I wonder though, why they haven't actually mentioned anything to me yet? I've probably bothered them even more now by mentioning it. I would have been very happy if someone had mentioned me favourably in a fandom review. Perhaps they don't like being very happy, which is no doubt why they are upset with me.

But seriously though (and I can be serious, so PAY ATTENTION), if I have irritated you, it certainly wasn't part of any grand design. There are plenty enough people who do deserve it, rather than me wasting my time handing it out to those (like yourselves) who don't.

MONEYSPINNING FANDOM

Seacon '84 on its latest projections has broken even financially, but obviously the proposed bid to get the 1987 Worldcon over here looks like being a licence to print money. I read in the Brighton Evening Argus that 65,00 people are expected to turn up if it's held in Brighton. Correspondent John Brunner sold the idea that Brighton would benefit to the tune of several million pounds if all these rich Americans came over and spent their hard-earned bucks in the area. Does Malcolm Edwards know this? Does Martin Tudor know this? Do the book room dealers know this? I think we should be told.

UNBIASED FANDOM RULES

That paragon of impartiality, Martin Easterbrook was responsible for editing the Daily Newsheet, the Brighton Early, at Seacon '84. Obviously any negative references to the proposed Yorcon III bid were the general feeling of the Seacon Committee (some of whom by co-incidence, are also involved with Yorcon III). Indeed, any pointed comments about my goodself (at least one each day) were written in a similar vein. It was all fascinating reading - I just had no idea that the committee could be so honest with their opinions - of course, the fact that none of them saw any of the

copy before the rag was produced had nothing to do with it. Martin was just printing the bare facts without any editorial comment, wasn't he. Any previous references of an essentially similar nature in the pages of his One Tun rag, Small Mammal over the years must surely be entirely unconnected.

It really is comforting to know that the Good Name of fandom is in such obviously capable hands.

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT

Mexicon Man, Greg Pickersgill does his Alec Guinness impersonation by turning up in Brighton wearing a new white Convention Suit. No doubt his previous jacket hadisintegrated over the years; one only hopes that the same fate as that which befell AG in an Ealing comedy/thriller does not strike down our Gregory. Here, a whitesuit - supposedly indestructible, started breaking down causing acute embarrassment to our hero. The fact that Greg also has Ealing connections, though, cannot bode well for the future. I suggest he steers well clear of anybody who's likely to accidentally (or otherwise) spill beer over it. Polymer breakdwon cannot be far away. The world waits with bated breath. Will the truth be revealed at Mexicon?

SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ASTRONAUT?

Ageless lothario Gerry Webb managed to keep the usual number of women in tow at Seacon, no doubt juggling their favours with the practised ease of a card-sharp. He must cut down on the drink, though, with all its carbohydrates. As he advances in years he must learn to take life more easilly. Otherwise he'll be starring in another remade classic Ealing movie, Kind Tarts and Coronaries.

IF JIM COULD FIX IT

The TV show hosted by ageing coalminer Jimmy Saville annoys me. All those kids with truly boring dreams that the benevolent BBC brings to fruition. What they need is a bit of imagination. If I wrote in this is what I would say:

Dear Jim,

Will you fix it for me to appear as a walk-on character in the TV Show Cheers. I would need to be liberally supplied with drink throughout the whole episode and complain bitterly about the piss-poor American Beer. I would also sign up the Coach for membership of the BSFA as we could obviously do with a man of his undoubted intelligence and integrity. I would also make sure that Norman would really get pissed out of his gourd (as they say in Boston) and puke up on the floor. It is obvious to me that this Bar, Cheers, is too good natured and it needs a lot of livening up. I enclose the usual Five Pounds for Stoke Mandeville Hospital and think that you are a Truly Wonderful Human Being.

Best wishes,

Alan Dorey (9½)

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SEACON - THE NAKED TRUTH

I had big plans to write this really super conrep on Seacon '84. The last one I wrote was after Yorcon I, five years ago, entitled "Dragonburger Boogie". I felt the item was successful, it being an interesting amalgam of the usual scandal that I saw (or heard about) and the views of someone involved with its organisation. The item I hoped to be able to write this time round would have been in a similar vein, only dwelling a little longer on the actual logistics of putting such a big thing together. However, as I briefly explained at the start of this issue of GE, this was not meant to be, and I for one was very disappointed not to be able to do that.

Some people may not like this item. Who wants to wash dirty linen in public? Who wants to write a fairly sober item when it could be fun-filled and action-packed? Not me, although if I thought hard enough about it (for at least five seconds) I could quite easily do that. Indeed, some people involved with the Seacon committee have also burst into print in order to expunge every last vestige of their involvement with it. Some have named names. I won't - not this time anyway.

All I seek to do is to highlight some of the reasons why Seacon '84 didn't work. Some of them may appear to be obvious; some will seem to be insignificant, whilst some will make you really wonder just what the hell was going on.

The facts are thus: A large committee of reasonably experienced people try to run a convention which right from the outset, raised doubts in many fans minds simply because of its ambitions and size. Regrettably, those doubts - ever lingering - never quite got answered satisfactorily and the convention, whilst working on several levels, never really got itself into gear. I'll come back at the end on the things that did work, just in case you didn't notice them.

THE SET UP

One of the major difficulties manifested itself right at the beginning, and this was to plague us throughout. Even before the inaugural meeting at Yorcon II in 1981, the train started coming off the tracks. Most conventions happen as a result of a bunch of local people deciding to get a bid together. Seacon was different. Appeals for help were broadcast to all and sundry and a whole range of people responded. Unfortunately, the ability spectrum was colossal and the willingness/experience ratio was not at all satisfactory. Tasks were given to people by certain organisers on the basis that they volunteered to do it, whether or not they were capable of doing it. Even when those of us who protested at this tried to do something to halt this real danger, it just kept going on. The Programme immediately springs to mind. We were going to be a large con; there would be several programmes; it would seem logical to ask somebody who'd established some sort of track-record. Not a bit of it, and this aspect of the con rapidly took a nosedive until Chris Donaldson rescued it from oblivion. Several potentially good people dropped out at this stage; they had seen

that sense and reason was rapidly departing.

Fortunately, there was a fairly close-knit band of people who remained. We were determined to make the best of a bad start, and there were times when we felt that we'd got it right.

This mismanagement wasn't the whole reason that the convention was a let down, but it was an invidious thread that permeated through everything we tried to do. If you can't get the people right, then the rest of the framework has got to be unsound.

This was amply demonstrated at Albacon, the occasions when we had to present our bid. Whether we liked it or not, in order for us to get the bid against strong opposition, we had to appear to be professional. It was essential to pacify and reassure people about certain horror stories that had circulated at previous Brighton cons about the ability of the Metropole Hotel to host the event. This was why we had one of their managers along to answer questions from the floor during the bid. Straight away, we had gone along a hyped-up Professionalism Route, rather than good-humoured fannish voluntary effort. This meant that if anybody fell down on their job, it put that much more pressure on everybody else. Certain committee people failed totally to pull their weight; I as a member of the committee will eternally regret the missed chances I had to make public (within the committee) my thoughts on those people. Instead, it was just covered over with a sweep of the Cosmetic brush, leaving a puppet figurehead without even the pleasure of somebody pulling the strings.

That bidding session very nearly didn't come off. The individual charged with the responsibility of organising it, didn't. At the last minute (literally twelve hours before the bid was due) I had to take the bull by the horns. I went up to my room and wrote the bid. It was that desparate. I sacrificed a good part of my con sorting out something that wasn't my job. I ran around and managed to borrow an Overhead Projector and some transparencies, and set the whole thing up from there. The rest was pure adlib into the microphone at the bidding session. It looked slick (from what I was told) and I used all the persuasive skills that I could, but I felt uneasy. If something as vital as this couldn't be organised, what chance was there for the rest of Seacon '84? My mind wavered many, many times. Should I stay? Should I cut my losses and get out? I couldn't decide. There are many people outside of the Seacon crew who could testify to that. In the end, I stayed.

Once we'd won the bid (and I'd seen a gratifying number of okay people voting for us - even if I'd not been a Seacon organiser, though, I'd have voted Blackpool), my spirits rose. I started my job of publications, and things might just have been okay.

#### THE RUN UP

A large number of difficulties arose during the months leading up to the convention, but from my own con experience, most of them could be dismissed as being mere variations on a theme - the sort of problems that all convention committees go through.

However, there were several specific mistakes that soured much of the effort. The really active committee members lived at opposite ends of the country and co-ordination was hard. A game attempt was



made by people such as Paul Oldroyd to pull things together, but leading from the top was sadly lacking. That invidious thread strikes again. A reporting structure was seriously delayed which had disastrous consequences when it came to setting up the Operations network that was to run the convention on the day. This meant that, in isolation, individuals knew what they had to do, but had no concept at all of the team effort and joint responsibilities. Too many willing members of the committee ended up doing the work rather than ensuring that it was done. There is a vast difference between the two. In my own area, I had problems. Manchester Post Office messed us around no end, and two Progress Report mailings got delayed. Most of the PRs ended up being wholly written by me because essential, promised contributions were never written - despite reminders, prompters and lengthy telephone discussions with an answering machine. Time was tight; I often lacked vital pieces of information and I occasionally did a slack job as a result. Typing wasn't checked properly and information got delayed. The flak, of course came my way, but then it was my responsibility and I responded by being even more committed to doing a good job no matter what lack of assistance came my way. The Programme Book alone took me every spare evening and five week-ends for nearly two months solid just to design and paste-up. I thought it looked good; the contents were interesting; I was pleased - but proof-reading let me down.

I was not happy about the general drift of the convention; it seemed that the fanzine fans were being neglected in favour of catering for the Eurocon crowd. I agree that it was necessary to cater to some extent to the many foreigners we were expecting, but at times it really did feel as if all our efforts were being channeled in the wrong directions. From an early stage, it also became apparent that there was to be a number of intensive programme streams. I believed that to be a serious error of judgement, a case of the Vision rather than the practicality running the show. The hotel had agreed to let us use the whole of the Exhibition Centre (if required) free of charge. Rather than quantify our actual needs, people rushed headlong in to see how quickly the Halls could be filled. Little thought was given to the need to use all the Halls, it was just assumed that we had to. This meant splitting the con up into separate parts, consequently draining our imaginative and financial resources. A case of spreading the jam too thinly. Anne Warren in a post-con report expressed her concern that she'd never been to a con in an aircraft hangar before. Again, those running the organising side had totally failed to understand the practicalities. Hall One (the biggest) could quite easily lose five hundred people and still look empty. Simple cosmetic changes could have improved it; decent staging; proper drapes; maybe a few flower displays; subdued lighting. Chris Donaldson handled the actual arranging of the Programme very well, but it was obvious that she wasn't receiving the support she needed.

The root cause to me of our failure -apart from job allocation- was our inability to come up with an effective operations system at an early enough stage. I recall at an early stage sitting down with Paul Oldroyd spending the best part of a day listing the questions that we needed answers to and out tentative thoughts on how ops could be run and the structure supporting it. This was drawn up and sent around the committee by us, and then totally ignored by the one person who proclaimed that he was running ops.

This person failed us all miserably. Operations was going to be the real lynchpin of the con. Because of the size and large number of events going on, it was imperative that Organisation be as tight as possible. Great debates broke out as to who would be in charge of the radio-mikes. Yes, we needed them in a place that size, but the amount of time spent discussing that tedious item compared with the way it turned out (ie: wally-phone anarchy) is one of the most distressing things about the whole con. Last minute volunteers, it appeared, were being issued with these radio-mikes (contrary to what we had decided in committee about allocating them strictly to named people on the committee) and were then proceeding about their Desparately Important Business with the things at full volume. Not only that, their use was constantly abused ("hello I'm in the bookroom, do you need me?") and they actually blocked many of the channels that needed to be used by people on legitamate business. Control was non-existant. In fact, it wasn't until a hurried committee meeting late on the Friday night that we actually got up a rota of session chairmen and duty gophers, despite many pleas and requests for this over the preceeding year.

I'm not naming names; I'm not going to point the finger. Collectively we should have ensured that these things happened, rather than just leave it to those who had the responsibility.

#### THE CON

Organisation at the con was negligible for the first day and a half. I heard frequent comments that the committee were busy running around and doing things. And we were - completely rushed off our feet, but it was all so unnecessary. That's what the gophers were supposed to be there for, but since nobody had organised them, they were rarely visible and knew less of what was going on than we did. Chris Hughes and John Fairey, along with Bob Jewett, Keith Oborn and many more, kept things ticking over and all credit to them for their energies. But, all this additional burden left most committee people tired and restless, tempers got frayed and I began to doubt some people's abilities to cope with a crisis as a result.

I have vivid memories of getting down to Brighton over a week before the con in an effort to be on hand if anything needed doing. I still had the Programme Book to take delivery of, I still had the Pub Guide and Programme sheet to write and print and I had some late ads which needed making up as flyers. It was all rather exciting as I geared myself up to the convention, rushing around doing things and feeling a great sense of achievement when it was all done. Even when it came to stuffing the Programme Book envelopes, I was still on Cloud 9. There was a great feeling of camaraderie as people drifted in and out and ploughed in without being asked. Just ordinary folk who wanted to give us a hand. Badges, however, were a complete and utter cock-up, as none had been made (despite someone agreeing to do them and so on). Working with the machine we had, it was necessary to run a continuous shift throughout the con just to make up the badges. All of our equipment started arriving - but none of the promised gophers. I remember being asked to lend a hand on Thursday afternoon (in between a break from something else) and it was the bloody committee humping tables and chairs around, setting up the Book Room and so on. Anger welled up within me and



instead of a keen enthusiasm, my spirit was slowly sinking. If I hadn't felt so responsible to all those people to whom I had extolled the virtues of Seacon at the Albacon bidding session, I would have stopped there and then.

An event which in normal circumstances would have left me quietly chuckling, was the production of badges highlighting my errors in the Programme Book. (Strange how certain committee individuals found the energy to run these off and hand them out, and yet were incapable of assisting with Convention Badge Production). I would gladly have worn a badge, but for one important fact. Despite my restrained efforts not to openly criticise any of the committee in print (or even verbally where it would cause damage), despite my agreements with certain committee people that I wouldn't stir things, I find the committee wearing the badges. Was this merely a diversion from other cock-ups? Was it really meant? Did some of them see it as a little light-hearted fun? There's probably a grain of truth in all of those statements - but it was particularly galling to see colleagues openly flaunting comparatively minor quibbles about something I had put a large amount of time and effort into. If it was my own fanzine, I'd relish it. But this was a public occasion, it concerned an Official Seacon Publication, and I was thoroughly pissed off. I still didn't say anything though. I kept my word.

I didn't think things could get much worse, but they did. Programme items started slipping. Items got cancelled for a variety of reasons. The Ban Room was set up too late and was located in a particularly stupid out-of-the-way part of the Exhibition Halls. The Awards Ceremony, which had been intended to be A Highlight, became an utter shambles. Nothing was organised and they expected me to be the Master of Ceremonies. I didn't realise that meant me running around sorting the awards out and getting everybody up there and so on. The embarrassment I felt as I stood up there, babbling away to a half-filled (and slowly emptying) Hall 1 was indescribable. To my eternal gratitude, a number of folk such as Greg Pickersgill sympathised with me, saying that I made the best of a bad job. And when I learned on Monday morning that they expected me to do the Closing Ceremony, I drew the line. No way. I didn't even attend. I couldn't bear to hear artificial sycophantic comments about my help to the convention from the very people who only hours earlier had been chattering behind my back.

#### THE GOOD BITS

Yes, there were a number of successes at the convention. The weather was wonderful, a lot of people turned up and most folk seemed to be having a good time despite Seacon. For me, the thing that worked best was the Creche. This was superbly organised by Rochelle; it was very well handled and was a God-send to so many parents. It was her determination to make it work at whatever cost that brought it off. If only the desire to succeed had been more widespread.

The beer prices were very reasonable; this is a case for all cons to negotiate prices, rather than accept what the Hotel wants. We also had that superb rail deal through the auspices of the Theatre and Concert Rail Club, another service brought to our attention by eagle-eyed Arnold Akien. We had late breakfasts at the Metropole, which to me at least, is something we must always have in future.

But that was about all. A great pity.

### THE WRAP UP

Reading through the forgoing, I see that I've fallen into a trap I sought to avoid. It reads a little like "I know the answers, but none of you people are listening". Don't get me wrong; most people worked their bums off - even those I could criticise. But, I genuinely felt that people didn't do enough listening; they heard what they wanted to do and just went off and did their thing. It was a shame. It was the first time that I had been involved with a failure - and knew that it was a failure. And what was worse, I was powerless to do anything about it. I was pleased that I got support from friends and colleagues in some areas; I got tired of apologising to fans and agreeing with them that things weren't working. What more could we have done at the actual event itself?

It all ended up being one big PR exercise. We weren't running a con, we were running an event. We even had to sell its virtues, rather than let people make up their own minds, such was our financial set up. We needed lots of people. This meant hiring in chairs; this meant catering for numerous people who didn't ordinarily go to cons; this meant getting a large number of walk-ins. Seacon was a job of work, with little reward (a Free Membership) and that, as Paul Weller said, was "the bitterest pill I ever had to swallow". Four years of preparation evaporated in four days and we hadn't even got the consolation of knowing we'd put on a super con.

We have, most of us, learnt from the experience, but I for one don't feel happy about using nearly 1800 people as guinea pigs for our 'experimentation' and learning 'experience'.

We all sacrificed a lot of time for that convention. I stopped doing fanzines for a long time; I did the absolute minimum with the BSFA to keep it ticking over and my commitment to INTERZONE had to take a temporary back seat. And my experiences no doubt were echoed and reflected throughout the committee.

Would I get involved with a convention again? Yes, of course! At heart I love being involved - it's part of my nature and you must learn to take the rough with the smooth.

I guess that I'm owed just a little bit of the smooth.

I've withdrawn from the proposed Contravention bid; they're a super bunch of people, but I cannot afford the extensive travelling that committee meetings would require. I will still support and assist in my own way, but I must have time to catch up on the things I've neglected in the last three years. However, I am now involved with Yorcon III (although, when I wrote Blood On The Roof Tops, I wasn't!) - advertising's my job, very much a change and I'm looking forward to it tremendously. Some people are convention freaks; I don't consider that I am. I just love being able to run something with a group of friends and maybe plough back something of the good times that I've got out of other people's efforts. All very noble sounding, but it's true.

Thanks for listening.



THE BACK PAGE

So, Good 'ole D. West doesn't win TAFF. Even Stevens over here and a landslide for Hansen in the States. I guess they just don't want to take the chance and see some real action. Rob will be a very conscientious ambassador I'm sure, and since Avedon Carol has described him as "Britain's best Looking Fan" he might end up in the pages of Esquire yet.

D. doesn't seem to be very crestfallen about his abject failure to win around the Yankee vote. "It's all a conspiracy" he snarls at the West Riding. He doesn't say who's behind it though. "Americans have no taste", but he doesn't sound quite so convincing as he used to.

Football followers were obviously outraged at yet another poor showing by our fans in Belgium. Whilst Tottenham performed very well and look set to take The UEFA Cup at White Hart Lane, those fans who seek nothing but a bit of violence do give us Soccer Fans a bad name. A Tottenham youth was interviewed on TV the other night upon his return from Belgium: "Like, it's okay when we go there for trouble, your knives and such like, but I mean, guns, you know, like it's so unfair". Says it all really. Still, Tottenham for the Cup, Aldershot for promotion from Division Four and Barnsley to take the second Division title - all next season.

Anyway, this has been GROSS ENCOUNTERS #12 from:

ALAN DOREY, 22 Summerfield Drive, MIDDLETON, Lancs, M24 2WW

And I am sending it to:

John + Eve.

Don't forget to write a LoC - All lies published, and more!

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