

TAS 4

Intro, etc.

Profuse apologies for not getting TASH out sooner. What with one thing and three others I've been too busy to get it typed up and then too poor to get it copied. I hope you all enjoy the finished result, at least this time you should be able to make out the print! Thanks for that must go to Walt Willis who lent me and a few other young fans his Duplicator, another reason for putting off TASH for a while. At the moment I'm working over the holidays so I should be able to get another issue out before I go back to University this Autumn and then another out before, or just after, Christmas. Although I do have quite a lot of material I still need some more, especially full size (A4) artwork.

Those of you seeing TASH for the first time will be a little dislocated with all the part 2's- don't worry I've learnt my lesson and there won't be any more (see LOCCOL). If you all didn't already know it I'm involved in running NIcon '83 in Belfast (now back in the student's union) taking place from 16-18th September. Guests include Katherine Kurtz, James White, John Flynn, Paul Campbell (ex- editor of EXTRO SF Mag.) and Will Simpson, artist on 2000AD's Judge Dredd strip. Cost is £5.00 attending and £2.00 non- attending (price goes up to, wait for it, £6 & £2 after AlbaCon) made payable to "NICON" and sent to Joe McNally, t 106 Somerton Rd., Belfast BT15 4BG, N.I. If your going to WinCon this year remember to vote NIcon for UNICON 10 in 1989!!!
As always more artwork and articles will be welcomed at the editorial address. So who the hell am I? Tommy Ferguson, part of the Knew Mutant Express, stopping soon at a fanzine near you.

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ARTWORK :

Shep- cover
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Ken Cheslin- Olaf The Viking Cartoons.
From TAPA, artist unknown- p.8
Stephen Walker- pps. 11, 12, 15
TASH 5 Deadline- Now that is a good question!

Campus Fugit - Bob Shaw

At one point Mrs. Thatcher became involved, but I quickly slipped her a copy of a Doc Smith book and when she saw all those descriptions of planet-smashers she was quickly won over to our side. (In fact she became inflamed with the idea of appointing Kimball Kinnison as minister of defence, but when she heard the probable cost of an inter-dimensional vortex blaster she quickly lost interest and switched back to Trident, which is about 5% cheaper.)

The university flourished for a year or so, banishing mistaken notions about science and supplanting them with the stuff we all know to be true. For instance, we dealt with the effects of lightening on the human body. The traditional view is that being struck by lightening kills a person, but any body who reads much SF knows better. A much more likely effect is that the person on the receiving end, the strikee, will be hurled back into the remote past.

The exact distance he will be bounced back in time depends on three factors -- his body weight measured in grammes, the number of volts in the electric discharge, and the period of history the author has been boning up on.

If that sounds alarming don't worry too much, because I have devised a full proof method of avoiding being struck by lightening. It is based on the fact that in all the billions of words of printed SF there is not one example of a person being hurled back into some ancient culture without having University degrees in that culture's history and language.

So all you have to do is avoid classical studies and you'll be as safe as a house. Houses with lightening conductors, that is. Latin is the most dangerous subject of all. One of my students at GUSS came to me one day with a pile of books under his arm and said, "I'm an avid reader."

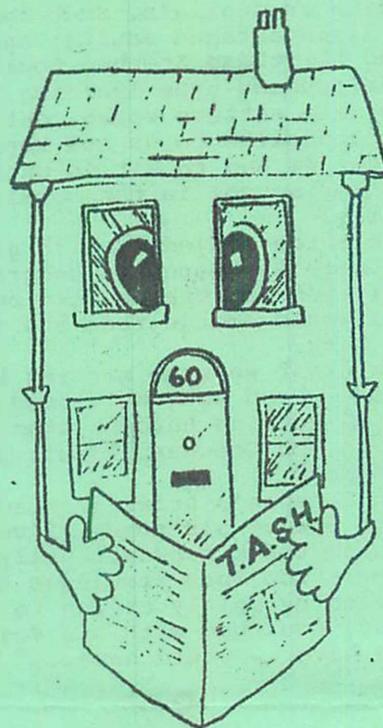
I said to him, "You're taking a hell of a risk with any of those Roman poets. He went away with a puzzled expression which indicated there might have been a communications failure.

I won't go into too much detail about the University's curriculum at this stage, because -- sad to relate -- Von Donegan and I were about to be over taken by dramatic events. (If you can't make it funny, make it dramatic.) The University was doing too well, you see. Other organisations were becoming jealous and resentful because we were attracting all the best students, in spite of our rigorous entrance standards. To obtain a place at GUSS a student had to have three A-levels (ANALOG levels) and at least ten O-levels (OMNI levels).

In particular, we got into trouble with the teacher's unions, most of which had trouble coming to terms with the idea that -- in our University -- a person with four years at teacher training college was less qualified than some one who had done three months behind the counter at Dark They Were And Golden Eyed.

To cut a long story short, our enemies managed to get an official enquiry going, and Von Donegan and I were suspended from our jobs at our own University on the grounds that -- this will make you laugh -- that we weren't

T.A.S.H.?



properly qualified to head a place of learning! Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?

We appealed, of course, and produced all our official diplomas -- but even the sight of my 50-years breast stroke Certificate failed to sway the committee. My hopes were raised for a moment when Von Donegan brought out a letter from the Pasteur Institute, but it only turned out to be a note warning him to stop lurking about the back of their premises trying to steal the milk. The upshot of it all was that we were given a year to acquire some proper mundane credentials. Such ignominy! Von and I had to enrol at a special school for disadvantaged adults, and it was terrible. There we were -- stuck in among all those Stephen Donaldson fans -- trying to cram ten years of accepted establishment-type learning into a single school year.

To make matters worse, our tutor -- a sarcastic monster named Higgins -- took a dislike to us and kept loading us down with homework we had so much of it that we had to sit up until the small hours every night, then we would be late for school in the morning and would get a fresh barrage of sarcasm from Higgins.

The three subjects which gave us the most trouble and took up most of our time were Shakespeare, geography and geometry. There was just too much of them, even for brains like ours, and it began to look as though Von Donegan and I would emerge from the course as abject failures and would never get our jobs back.

One night we were sitting in our apartment, toying with a couple of pink ladies -- and wishing we had a drink instead -- when I realised that I had no hope of getting through that night's work. "Something will have to be done," I said to Von Donegan. "Can't you come up with a solution to this home work problem?"

Von Donegan's brows knitted so furiously that a little pullover appeared on the bridge of his nose. "I've got it!" he said, "Where we went wrong was to begin to think conventionally, instead of like the SF geniuses that we are. There is too much knowledge for us to cope with -- and we reacted like mundanes by vainly trying to take it all in, just the same. But a true SF genius, equipped with his Vogtian double mind and William Gibson phrase book, would have... would have..." "Yes, yes," I said eagerly, privileged to watch



raw genius at work.
"... would have reduced the amount of knowledge

"How could you do that?" I said, suddenly feeling sorry for Von Donegan. It was obvious that the recent strain had unhinged his brain.

"Easy!" he said, a visionary gleam appearing in his eyes. "We start by travelling into the past. First of all, we visit Euclid and explain to him how much heartache all his theorems are going to cause -- not only for us, but to untold millions of school children. We persuade him to take up some other occupation -- and that gets rid of most of the field of geometry in one go."

"Then we visit Columbus and persuade him to turn back before he discovers America -- and without the new world to consider future geographical studies are reduced by a large percentage. Then we visit Shakespeare and persuade him to lay off the plays and sonnets, thus wiping out about half of our English studies."



"It's all so simple and obvious," Von Donegan enthused. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

"I don't know," I confessed. "especially as the whole plan is so eminently practicable. How are we going to get back into the past? By being struck by lightning?"

"Lightning is too unreliable," Von Donegan said. "Besides, I'm afraid of thunder. No, I'll design and build a time machine, and we'll use that."

I gaped at him in astonishment. "But your the one who only yesterday couldn't change a fuse."

"That's mundane terminology," Von Donegan said. "We're talking SF terminology now, and that I can handle. You go out and have a couple of pints, and when you get back the machine will be ready."

I did as I was told and, incredibly, when I got back to the apartment the time machine was completed and ready to go. It was a typical 1940s ASTOUNDING model, consisting of a cage made of shimmering rods which met at peculiar angles which produced a strange wrenching sensation in my eyes when I tried to follow the geometries.

"You've done it!" I cried. "I can tell this is a time machine because of the way the shimmering rods meet at strange angles which produce a strange wrenching sensation in my eyes when I try to follow the geometries."

"Sorry about that," Von Donegan muttered. "I fell up against it a while ago and got it out of shape." He grabbed the cage and pulled it into a normal rectangular configuration. It kept right on shimmering, ready to take us into the past just as far as we wanted to go -- just like the history of Irish Fandom panel later this afternoon.

"There is one major problem," Von Donegan said. "When I switch the machine on the power drain will be so great that we'll only have a minute or so each with Euclid, Columbus and Shakespeare."

I nodded knowingly. "That's because of the billions of electron volts needed to overcome the resistance of the temporal matrix."

"No," Von Donegan said. "It's because I only had one fifty pence for the electricity meter. I don't suppose you could...?"

"Sorry," I said hastily. "I've just given my last change to the Captain James T. Kirk hostel for redundant television actors."

"Oh well, we'd better go then," Von Donegan said. "Let's see now -- how long ago did Euclid live?"

"Around 300BC," I said stepping into the shimmering cage beside him. He took out his calculator, pressed the keys and said, "That means we have to go back exactly 2287 years." He turned to the hastily assembled control

console and tapped in some figures on the buttons, buttons which looked oddly familiar to me.

"Hey," I said, "that looks like part of my video recorder!"

He nodded. "I had to borrow the timer unit."

"I hope it works better for you than it did for me," I grumbled. "I never even once managed to record a programme while I was out. The damned instruction manual is written in cyberpunk, and..."

At that moment Von Donegan threw a massive lever. I ducked and the lever flew harmlessly over my head. He then threw a couple of switches, the cage began to hum, and the scene beyond the bars dissolved into a hazy, formless, flickering blur. It was just like watching film being projected by Gerbish at an EasterCon. Suddenly the humming and flickering stopped, bright sunshine washed over us -- and there we were in ancient Egypt!

I recognised it at once because there was a lot of sand around, and in the middle distance some people were building a pyramid. The pyramid had a sign on it. Von Donegan who speaks fluent hieroglyphic, translated the sign for me. It read: CONDOS FOR SALE.

"That's funny," I murmured. "Most countries have banned pyramid selling." Von Donegan looked ill. "Shaw," he gritted, "don't start the ancient Egypt puns."



I gaped at him. "Can't I even do the one about the explorer who fell out of his aeroplane and hit the Nile on the head?"

An argument might have ensued, but at that moment we noticed near us a gloomy looking man who was staring in bafflement at some diagrams he had scratched in the sand. He looked amazingly like Omar Shariff, but I stared at once that he was Euclid.

I said to him, "Are you Euclid?"

"What do you think I am?" he replied sarcastically. "Omar Shariff?"

"What way is that to greet visitors from the future?" Von Donegan cut in.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm sorry," Euclid said. "Life has been pretty grim for me recently. You see I lost my job when the great library at Alexandria went bust."

"What happened?"

"Poor financial management," Euclid explained. "The library was supposed to exist on the fines it charged when members kept scrolls out too long."

"That seems reasonable," I said.

Euclid nodded. "Yes, but the big problem is that time backwards here, and no matter how long when he brought it back it was always equal. It was enough to break a librarian's head."

"You have my sympathy," Von Donegan said. "I did my best," Euclid went on. "I spent a couple of years trying to design a date stamping machine which would run backwards, but the money dried up. I got a job as a mathematician, but I'm not making much headway with these problems." He raised his head and suddenly he noticed the calculator Von Donegan was still holding in his hands.

s that we're living in B.C. We count backwards. If a member kept a scroll at home longer than when he had taken it out!

"I spent a couple of years trying to design a date stamping machine, but the money dried up. I got a job as a mathematician, but I'm not making much headway with these problems." He raised his head and suddenly he noticed the calculator Von Donegan was still holding in his hands.

"What's that?" Euclid cried, snatching the machine from Von Donegan's grasp. He pressed a few buttons, and his eyes widened as his unique genius for mathematics supplied the answer to his own question. With this marvelous instrument," Euclid breathed, "I will be able to produce ten times as many theorems as before. My name will live forever!"

"Not so fast," Von Donegan said indignantly, trying to grab the calculator back. "I paid £3.99 for that at Dixon's, and I demand..." But he was too late. Suddenly there was a loud whooshing noise, and Von Donegan and I were back in the time machine and surrounded by the flickering blurs of the Gerbish effect.

"You made a right mess of that," I said accusingly to Von Donegan. "Things are going to be worse than ever in the future now that you've handed your calculator over to Euclid."

Von Donegan threw up his hands -- which surprised me because I hadn't even noticed him swallowing them. "Why didn't you say something to him?" he said. "You're supposed to be the great talker."

Before I could reply the flickering ceased and we dropped onto the deck of a small sailing ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. We were close to a worried looking man, who was sitting at a bench covered with clocks which he was obviously trying to repair or adjust.

"Are you Christopher Colombus?" I said.

He nodded.

"And," I said, "did you set sail in 1492?"

"I had to," he replied. "I wanted to leave a year earlier, but it was forbidden because nobody could think of an Ocean colour that rhymed with 1491. What do you want anyway?"

"We have come to make a plea on behalf of future generations of geography students," I said to Colombus. "If you would only agree to turn back..."

"Wait a minute," he interrupted, turning to speak to a passing sailor, "Manuel," he said, "take over the steering of the ship." Colombus turned back to me. "Sorry about that -- I was putting the ship under Manuel control."

I reeled back, wondering if I had at last met somebody whose puns were worse than mine.

"I'd better deal with this, because we're short of time," Von Donegan cut in, glancing at his wrist watch.

"What's that?" Colombus cried, snatching the watch from Von Donegan's wrist. He pressed a few of it's buttons, and his eyes widened as his unique genius for navigation supplied the answer to his own questions.

"I was about to turn back because, without an accurate timepiece, I couldn't work out my latitude," he breathed. "But with this marvelous instrument I'll be able to navigate with complete confidence and discover lots and lots of new lands."

"Not so fast," Von Donegan said indignantly, trying to grab the watch back. "I paid £3.99 for that at Dixon's and I demand..."

Suddenly there was another loud whooshing noise, and Von Donegan and I were back in the time machine again, surrounded by the flickering blur.

"You made a right mess of that," I said to him.

"Things are going to be even worse in the future now that you've handed your watch over to Colombus"

Von Donegan rolled his eyes at me -- which surprised me as I hadn't even noticed ~~me~~ taking them out. "Things are going badly for us," he admitted.

"In the next part of the time voyage we'll just have to put our faith in



God."

"Does that mean you're putting the time machine under Emmanuel control?" I chortled.

Von Donegan gritted his teeth so hard that little bits of gravel ran down his chin. "Shaw," he said, "don't start on the biblical puns."

"I wouldn't dream of being irreligious," I said. "I know that many people still think everything in the bible is gospel."

Before Von Donegan could reply the flickering ceased, and we found ourselves standing on the doorstep of a lovely cottage close to a pretty English river. I rang the door bell and was about to say, "Avon calling," when I noticed Von Donegan glaring at me with clenched fists. How he managed to glare at me with his fists I'll never know, unless he had picked up his eyes after rolling them at me.

A voice told us to enter the cottage, and when we went in we saw a frustrated-looking man sitting at a desk which was surrounded by heaps of broken quill pens and terribly blotted pages of manuscript.

"We have come from the future," Von Donegan began hurriedly, "with an urgent and vitally important piece of news for you..."

"Not again!" Shakespeare said irritably. "Don't tell me I've been awarded another six numbers in the READERS DIGEST prize draw."

"That isn't it," Von Donegan said.

"What is it then?" Shakespeare said. "Can't you see I'm busy? I'm working on a sequel to THE TEMPEST. It's all about this spaceship which lands on a planet where it gets attacked by an invisible monster. Trouble is, I can't think of a good title for it."

Von Donegan eyes lit up -- possibly scorching his fingers -- as he saw his chance to influence the history of literature. "Will, baby," perhaps I can help you with a title. Here's a hint -- just think of a big bookshop... in London... Tottenham Court Road area..."

"I've got it!" Shakespeare cried. "Foyles! That's a great title for my play!"

Von Donegan looked so comically upset that I decided to write up the whole incident for either the TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT or ANSIBLE. I took out my new six colour ball point pen to make a note.

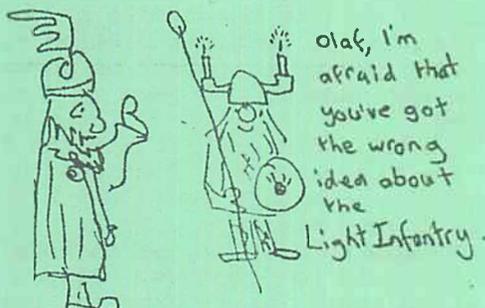
"What's that?" Shakespeare cried, snatching the pen from my grasp. He flipped the points in and out a few times, and his eyes widened as his unique genius for anything connected with writing answered his own question.

"With this wonderful instrument which glides so easily over the paper I will be able to write all the plays and sonnets which clamour in my mind but which I have not been able to commit to paper because of the stupid quills I've been forced to use."

"Not so fast," I said indignantly, trying to snatch the pen back, but at that moment there was another loud whoosh and suddenly Von Donegan and I found ourselves back in our apartment. The time machine crumpled up and fell apart -- just like the Warrington group's bid for the 1988 EasterCon.

"You made a right mess of things, bringing out that damned pen," Von Donegan said bitterly. "Now there'll be more Shakespeare plays than ever!"

"And if there's one called Foyles it's all your fault," I retorted angrily.



We spent the rest of the evening blaming each other for all that had gone wrong, arguing so much that we completely forgot to do our homework. Next morning Higgins flew into a rage when we told him we hadn't even touched our assignments, especially as the only excuse we could offer was that we simply could not cope with the work.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," Higgins snarled.

"Just look at how much work was achieved in the past by great men like ... Euclid... and Columbus... and Shakespeare -- and they didn't have all your fancy, labour saving, modern gadgets to help them!"

Needless to say that was more than enough for Von Donegan and myself. We stormed straight out of that classroom and head for the nearest bar -- which sounds like a very good idea for all of us...

Not A Mike Ashley Article - KME

I wake in the bed stained brown with my incontinence. I stumble down stairs snorting Amyl to start the day. Out in the street I see some mongrel dogs that scavenge in the dustbins, it reminds me to lay in more paraffin. Time to hit the town.

I spot her down an alley, handbag bulging with pension for her and her blind husband. First wages of the day I suss. A half brick to the back of the head relieves her of my prize. I think about the brooch on her collar, (slowly becoming caked in blood) but realise that its description would hit the hock shops before dark. If they don't want their grannies robbed they'd give them sub-machine guns.

The newsagents, run by Pakis of course, the vermin of our nation. I glide in and glance at the porno mags whilst flicking through the Radio Times I push a Lesbian Love mag under my blazer. Turning to go I see a bookshelf. "Science Fiction," I sniff myself, "its all so much crud."

I see the skinheads sniffing from a bootworts bag, Evostik eyes gone bloodshot. Bootboys bring pain to the world, theirs is the future of our nation.

I pass a plastic dog with big eyes bleeding pennies for some charity. I put it on my list to knock off some time. The fuzz go by in their clean machine. They dream of running down protesters, smiling at me because I'm white. "Yer," I think, "perhaps Nazi Germany had the right idea after all."

Back at my home I flick through the mail, who is this Ashley guy, I'm not him, why do these people write to me? I open some and read about some boozy weekend planned. Perhaps I'll crash it...

NICon '87: Report (pt.2) - Me

Sunday morning came far too early for me and I trundled down to the union at about half nine. We had to pay £20.00 to get it opened at that time, though everywhere I look it says that the union is open at 8.00am seven days a week. As usual no-one was there that early except for the mentally deficient and those responsible for the con i.e. me!

On Sunday though we had the use of another room which, when we opened the door of the reading room, we could cross to via the roof of the students' union. This saved everyone going down two flights of stairs, traversing the building and up another two flights to get to the door. I decided to shift the whole programme into this room and set up the P. A. (after Euge and Joy had set up the seats). This meant that the other room could be left for the videos and dealers to try and attract the early Sunday morning custom between them.

At this stage, about 10.30am, I was severely pissed off at just about everyone but mainly the students union. One person though really did annoy me and was to continue to annoy me even after the con was over for the things she said about it and the other members of the con comm. This was Yoma Megarry.

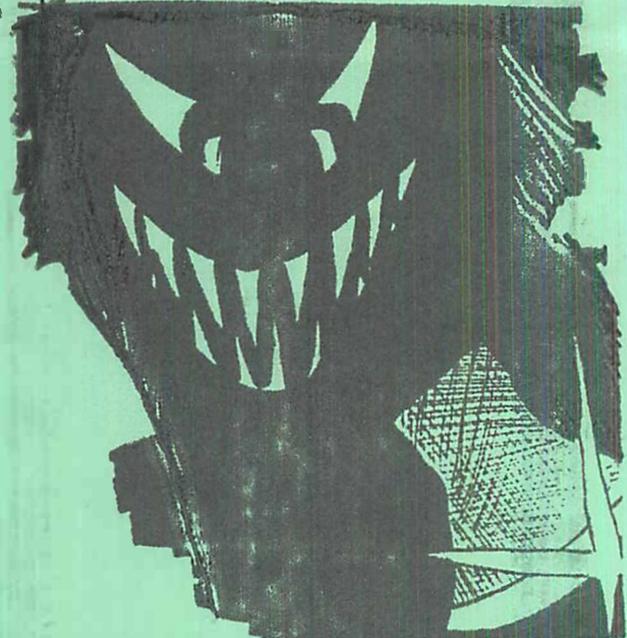
Her sole reason for being on the con comm was to keep her quiet. If she didn't get on she would have raised hell with everyone she knew who was going and try and get them to boycott the event. Hence I didn't really expect that much from her over the weekend except to do as she promised and keep quiet. She did this amazingly well on Friday night, so good in fact that I didn't even know she was there. Later on, of course, I found out that she wasn't.

When she turned up on Saturday, lunch time or thereabouts, she created havoc by simply being there. It turns out that she had resigned from the committee in disgust at the way the con was going! How could she possibly KNOW I asked myself! Next: the two Glasgow Ian's (Chairs and Thomas) had been promised sleeping space by Yoma on Saturday afternoon and then she buggered off all day. So the two Ian's gaining a vague knowledge of her character through this, arranged alternative accomodation with my girlfriend, Nyree.

Skipping through the day and everyone was in the bar that night and I promised to take the Ian's over to Nyree's house. On the way out though who do we meet but Yoma. All three of us made a quick soujourn to the bog to try and find a solution to this problem! I thought of either facing Yoma or Nyree with the news. It must say something about my relationship with Nyree and the general ability of Yoma to annoy that I let the Ian's be dragged off to wherever she took them that night (the mind boggles!).

Back to Nyree's to break the news and in mid sentence I collapse onto her sofa and promptly fell asleep. This goes in some way to explain the way I felt that Sunday morning. Now back to the report.

11.00am came and went with about 3 or 4 people in the hall for the Queen's Science Fiction and Fantasy Society AGM- comparable to BSFA AGM's at EasterCon. The fact that two of those 4 people were me and Euge, committee members of the society, did nothing to impress the rest of the crowd. This led



IN THE DARKNESS,
DWELLS A BEAR...

to me getting increasingly annoyed and 12.00 noon came and went with an increase of about 5 or 6. At 12.15 I got really pissed off and went over to the other hall and dragged enough people back with me to get the meeting started at 12.30.

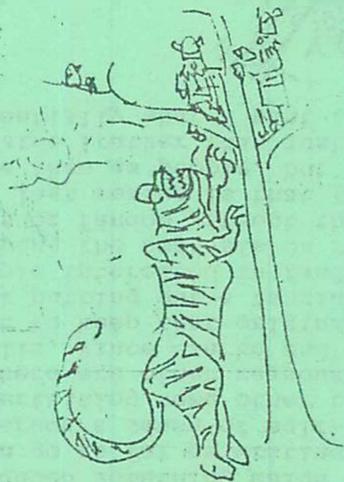
As Euge didn't want to do anything ("I'm only the secretary, Tommy, you're the Chairperson"), I grabbed the microphone and a copy of the agenda- which I just happened to have drawn up myself. I made sure that there was five other members of the society in the audience to make up the quorum and went through the meeting like a Greg Pickersgill fanzine review. Hence I was able to pass all the motions that needed to be passed and got myself re- elected in the process.

It was because of these time delays that the fanzine panel was cancelled and John Flynn went on to strut his stuff. I missed both this and Bob Shaw's GOH speech because someone had to look after the dealer's material in the reading room and guess who assumed the mantle?

As soon as Bob was finished the room emptied again, as if Bob had farted and no- one wanted to mention it to the con GCH. The next item on was a book review panel, cancelled due to lack of interest, not from the audience this time but the panel members. These included Yoma (what a surprise) who walked in and declared she didn't want to do it and walked out again, Euge and Joe McNally who made equally silly excuses. I showed an interest only because I was the only one who had read at least half the books in question (one of which was Battlefield Earth which I was dying to thrash).

That started the downward trend (about 5.00pm) that was only stopped by the con being thrown out of the union at 10.30pm. To start with, after the auction, was Bill's attempt to host "fun with food" a game that actually could have been a lot of fun. It was extremely embarrassing and I'm glad I missed it, especially when, later, I had to clean up most of the mess (that also managed to include a mess that fails my descriptive powers stuck on the back wall of the hall).

After that was Call My SF Bluff which could have been a great success if half the panel were sober and the other half interested. After that came the Golden Gnomes award ceremony which also could have, and was at some stages, been very interesting and funny. It ended up though that awards were being thrown around the room and the audience were extremely irritating. After those came the fireworks which left the room completely filled with smoke, somehow I imagine a dried ice party would have had a similar effect. This cleared the room very quickly and everyone retired either to the bar or the other room for filk singing.



when I said I fancied a bit of pussy Olaf this is not what I had in mind.

I left Bob to the hotel and arranged his expenses and came back to see the filkies going well with Euge and Joe even contributing their own little on-the-spot ditty. I went in and cleaned the other room, stacked the chairs again and stashed the P. A. system in the basement with the video and T. V. for the night. Next into the other room and a vague attempt to clean it up which was heightened by the porters coming five minutes later and telling us to leave. I didn't eat much on Sunday either.

The following week I collapsed a total of three times due to lack of food and sleep over the weekend. Diagnosis: sheer exhaustion. This left me prone to all

sorts of bugs and I had it bad for a few days with some sort of flu or falling sickness or whatever. This report is obviously biased because I'm writing it in bed with dropsy or something.

NICon '86 was a disaster. NICon '87 from a personal point of view was also a disaster. NICon '88 can only get better, can't it?

My Bit-Me

Well, what am I going to write about in this issue? Most people found my last bit interesting but somewhat remote so this time I'm going to write about something closer to the average fan's heart - his rib cage. (Just a little joke there). Fanzines.

As you are reading this in my fanzine the obvious starting point is why do I put out a fanzine? Well the egoboo is the first main answer. I like having produced something which other people find interesting and like to read, and even go as far as writing pages of comment to tell me so. It does wonders for a person's sense of self- importance as well as the thought that I am entertaining some other people with what I produce.

There are other reasons as well, though. Unlike a lot of trufans (e.g. Walt Willis, Vince Clarke and Chuck Harris) I do want to write and talk about SF, I want to keep that original basis of communication open. I also like to think that putting out a fanzine will help bring new blood into fandom and get other people interested in fandom who previously wouldn't have given a toss. By keeping the emphasis on SF then this new blood can be drawn in to the nebulous webs of fandom without them even knowing it.

A last reason is that I want to meet and communicate with people. I may not like them as people, but I'm willing to give it a chance. By publishing my own fanzine (rather than just LOCCING) I think I can further this aim better. Essentially what I want is feedback from my zine.



don't argue Alice
we've never done
so well on
'Trick or Treat' before.



oops, sorry
mog.

The question now turns to how to get that feedback and what issues you want to discuss in your fanzine. Other ways I've noticed whilst in fandom include:

The trufen way. This is achieved through a long time by building up a network of friends on a social basis, meeting at cons and regularly writing and contributing to each others zines. Obviously this would seem to lead to elitism and a cliquey nature but, if you read Pulp and similar zines, you will find out that this simply isn't the case. It may take you a while to get accepted and begin to recognise all the names of the various people involved but it's worth it.

Another way is to put out a "consumer zine," one which is aimed at the non-letter hacks amongst fandom. Ansible is (used to be?) a zine of this type and the new Critical Wave is also similar. They provide a news service which, although at times of dubious quality, always proves to be entertaining.

Then there is the major portion of zines, the so called genzine (general zine). This has a mixed readership, as the name implies, with one editor but contributions from various people; TASH is an example of this type of zine. A lot here depends on the editor of the particular zine as to what happens within it's pages, compare Ron Gemmel to Dick Shears for example. Most zines of this nature are very enjoyable and well produced.

Next comes the more controversial zines which deal with topics that are

generally considered taboo by most fans. Such zines as Fuck The Tories and Sic Buiscuit Disentgraf will only appeal to a certain percentage of fandom who want to read that type of material or take part in that type of discussion. Other fans possibly don't like the forthrightness of these zines saying what they want the way they want to.

Finally there is the perzine. A Personal Zine is all that it's label connotates; a missive from someone who wants to communicate with a set group of people, usually on topics that deeply interest them. The people who receive these generally know what they are in for and sometimes they prove extremely worthwhile.

These are the major types of zines that, as a somewhat fannish fan, I've come across. There are also society zines, RPG zines, gaming zines, zines devoted to one author and media zines which obviously have a much more limited appeal. Is this all there is to zines though, an editorial whim? Is there not a much higher model or purpose for the fanzine? Some objective standard to which all faneds should aspire? I think not.

Joe Nicholas, no matter what people think of him personally, does have some brilliant insights into the world of fanzines. I think, though, that even he does not get to the very heart of the matter:

"Fannish material and material about SF usually don't mix together very well because one is usually addressing two quite distinct audiences. Rants about the state of the world... aren't worth publishing in a fanzine because fanzines fulfil a different function -- they aren't little magazines, small because they can't be big, but small because they have a particular appeal to a particular interest group."

I hope that Joe doesn't mind me using his letter to illustrate my argument but it does point out two aspects of zines which I wholeheartedly disagree with. First I think that SF and fannish material can intermix and do so successfully in a number of cases (the BSFA publications for example). It also goes hand in hand with the desire to get people who read SF only more active in (even aware of, in some case) fandom. Fanzines with mixes of material might appeal to this "floating SF fan" and bring new blood into fandom.

Secondly most people who read zines are above the age of 18 and, generally speaking, reflect this level of maturity. Therefore a serious discussion between adults on topics that are important (like the state of the world) are, I think, a viable content for zines. If fans want to discuss what is happening around them then a fanzine seems to me to be the perfect place, TASH will certainly harbour such discussions I hope.

I'd be interested in hearing reactions to these views and my definition of fanzines at the editorial address.



Through The Glass - Stephen Walker

The planet had fully covered my floor screen now, halting my sudden feverish activities. I was looking at a very familiar pattern of land and water. I was looking at a very, very familiar planet and I was crest-fallen. I was looking at Earth's own inverted image.

Somehow, I seemed to have picked up a reflection of the ground 27,000 miles below me, evidently from an errant satellite or piece of space debris. That no such debris or satellite existed where we were was perplexing enough, but then there was no way of telling what possible sources of reflection might lie within the range and trajectory of our telescope. The image remained for six hours before moving off the screen. I felt I would find it impossible to explain anything of its presence to anyone.

I had been in space for the recommended three months and was due to return home for re-acclimatisation. I didn't mention my visitation and avoided answering direct questions regarding my current endeavours. The University heads of table barely disguised their suspicions that I was free-loading on their gullibility, but I really had very little to tell them, and until I got back up and had another look, that would continue to be the case.

For three months, I took regular radio and spectrographic readings of Beta Pictoris. I noticed gravitational effects and doppler shifts in areas where earlier theories had suggested planets might be lurking, but the odds, and clumsiness of Earthbound equipment, were set against my discovering the paths of any of them, although one mathematical projection did seem to correlate with my own possible, impossible sighting.

I calculated that in three hundred days or so I would have some basis for further speculation. If it was a planet, if it was our own planet, if it was a reflection, if the source of the reflection remained fixed, under any of these circumstances, I could begin making educated guesses. Or I could try and forget about it. Or I could drive myself crazy.

I casually mentioned my mysterious phenomenon to a few close friends and associates. No one laughed in my face.

Practically a year, then, to prepare all the ultra-sensitive digital units that I had rejected long ago as having no place in my so perfect researches, all the while hoping fervently that their promised superior image definition (which, to me at least, always seemed to clarify the one area only slightly less than it clouded the other) was more than an advertiser's hyperbole. I'm afraid that I had all but abandoned my pretensions towards the demands of my days-ago youth; that all important infinite detail.

My colleagues thought that I was maturing at last. I thought I was copping out. But if I was looking at an optical illusion, I would be able to trace it's source, by analysis of the data, to whatever aberration was causing it. If I was, on the other hand, seeing for the first time Earth's twin sister, I would know that too.

My colleagues thought I was fantacising again. I thought I had an open mind. I had run out of preparations almost a month before the eclipse was due. It



was the third week of my third term in space. I believe in neither charms nor omens.

The time had disappeared so alarmingly quick but now it dug it's heels into the soil. I spent each of the next twenty- seven days studying all the data, all my analyses, convincing myself that my mind was free from pre-supposition.

I was prepared. I waited. And I watched.

The view screen showed a digitised representation of Beta Pictorus, bright and clear -golden. In a few hours, the planet, if there was a planet, should replace that image.

I had time over to rehearse how I would laugh the folly off if it proved necessary to do so. Time over, and the shadow began to make it's reappearance. I set the printer, started the recorder and began, very slowly, to magnify the image by factors of ten.

I proved part of a theory before I had gone beyond a hundred and eight pars.

There was Australia so that must be Tasmania behind those clouds. Back- to- front, upside down, and still famialr. I pulled myself around the floor screen to take the kink out of my neck. Directly over Adelaide should be Arista. I had stupidly expected to see it.

Increased magnification picked out what I took to be buildings. Image enhancement proved them to be, old and ramshackle.

The picture was becoming a pattern of broken squares, some of which were moving. These were people, animals, vehicles. But the patterns were all wrong and I shopuld have realised why. Where were the towns and cities? Why was there so much country- side in a place that hasn't been so blessed in well over a century?

The readout looked ridiculous. The source of these pictures was purportedly seventy- eight light years away. The reflection had to be coming from Beta Pictorus. Not after all from some comparatively tiny reflective source some where in between us, but from a mirror at least the size of a planet well within the star's orbit.

A ludicrously vast mirror focussed on a tiny planet orbiting a star called Sol.

Reflecting 156 year- old light back where it came from.

I don't like old songs, but the words of one kept coming into mind: "You were looking back to see if I was looking back to see if you were looking back to see..."

I have since studied fifty- seven stars and sixteen planetary systems. And seen our ancestors looking back at me from ten different planets.

19-21st Aug 1988, King Alfred's College, Winchester:

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WINCON (Unicon 9) 11 Rutland St,
Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent Staffs ST1 5JG

Guests: 17 PATRICK TILLEY MICHAEL DE LARRABEITI

Books - Kev Mc Veigh

"The Enchantments of Flesh and Spirit - Wraeththu 1"
Storm Constantine (Futura £3.95)

"The Bewitchments of Love and Hate - Wraeththu 2"
Storm Constantine (Macdonald £12.95)

Society is collapsing. (You'd noticed?) In the north there are tales of terrible mutated humans destroying everything. They call these people Wraeththu, if they speak of them at all. It is all a tale told by travellers for young Pellaz, until one of those travellers is Cal, a beautiful Wraeththu who draws Pellaz to him and they travel on together to the protected Wraeththu town of Saltrock where Pellaz is incepted in an occult ceremony to be Wraeththu and his body under-goes various changes.

From there we follow Cal and Pell between various Wraeththu tribes to Pell's ultimate destiny as ruler of the most powerful Wraeththu tribe the Gelaming. On the way we lose Cal, but pick up on several interesting characters who we may yet see more of.

All that is Storm Constantine's impressive debut novel, the first part of a trilogy that has no quest, except that it is all a quest, perhaps. The Wraeththu are well drawn hermaphrodite ex-humans, initially with a homosexual view and feel, later they develop a new sexuality. They use the occult and sex to further their development and eventually reduce humanity to a shambling wreck. It is a first novel, with all the flaws that that can imply, and the ending feels rushed to me, as though Ms Constantine didn't know how to close one book successfully yet leaving a departure point for the second. Nevertheless this is a very stylish work

In the second book, we start with minor characters from the first, Swift, Terzian, and Cobweb. Again Cal appears to change their lives, and Swift mirrors Pellaz at times. I'll say no more about the plot(s), but book 2 is much stronger than it's predecessor, and could perhaps stand on its own better than book 1. I think book 2 is solidier than the first which itself was only weak in a few points. There is a lot of crap fantasy around, this is probably the best of the last few years, and there isn't a Tolkien reference in sight. The setting has a strong post apocalyptic reel, the characters are real, and strong, and the story is well-paced. What more could you want? Book 3, as soon as possible.

"The Essential Ellison"
Edited by Terry Dowling (Nemo Press \$29.95)

I like Ellison's writing, so much that it fills half a shelf here. This should be an explanation as to why I bought the book. Now I shall explain why I am unhappy with it.

For starters I could easily pass any sensible word limit just by listing the omissions, and then go on to criticise several inclusions. This is a marvellous looking book, well laid out and nicely made, but it isn't what it claims to be. I can make allowances for the inclusion of a handful of juvenile writings, as they take up less than 50 pages of this 1000 page monster. It's the little bits from here and there that really don't match Harlan's best yet



I wonder what sort of
hide and seek can only
be played by two
people?

have pushed out several classics. Perhaps this book should be longer to fit the others in, perhaps someone should just publish the original collections instead, most of them have never seen a British paperback edition.

(If anyone is interested in what I would collect as Essential Ellison, please drop me a line.)

"St. Hiroshima"

Leigh Kennedy (Bloomsbury £11.95)

Kate sees a car accident, whilst still schocked she sees newsreel of Hiroshima and somehow the two events are confused in her young mind. Phil plays the piano well, but somehow feels that it is unamerican. Thus begin two bizarre obsessions in Leigh Kennedy's second novel. From there we see brief fragments of the two growing up, becoming lovers, parting again, all in the context of the Cuban Missile Crisis and the raid on Tripoli and so on.

Both character's response to events around them is controlled by their obsessions as Katie ends up in a very inappropriate marriage, whilst Phil finds himself in the arms of a pistol-waving actress, drifting from unfulfiling jobs. Like Kennedy's previous novel, "The Journal of Nicholas the American," there is a deep sadness admist the various endings as well as some good and happiness.

This is a sensitive study of the shadow of the bomb, and the shadow of our teachers told in a disjointed manner that actually flows in quite a surprising manner around two people who shared World War Three alone together, and cannot cope afterwards in the real world.

Bloomsbury have produced a beautiful volume to surround a marvellous, charming and dislocating book. Leigh Kennedy is an author to watch for, on the very edge of SF, writing mainstream novels of haunting strength and style.



'The Crack'

Walt Willis,
32 Warren Rd.,
Donaghadee,
N. I. BT21 OPD.

Dear Tommy, Belated thanks for TASH 3. I thought the best thing in it, apart from Bob's talk, was your own convention report. It was quite vivid, and harrowing to the point of poignancy. It reminded me a bit of those t.v. holiday

programmes, watching which you find yourself giving devout thanks that you don't have to go THERE and do THAT. I remember during the previous incarnation of Irish Fandom we used to congratulate ourselves that we had the Irish sea to preserve us from the temptation of organising a convention. How courageous of you to volunteer for martyrdom. ((My sentiments exactly!))

Your fanzine reviews were interesting and fair, and your letter section full of interest. You have a pretty good fanzine there: all it needs is a little better presentation. ((Many thanx Walt. I hope this is a lot clearer to those who couldn't read the poor quality last ish.))

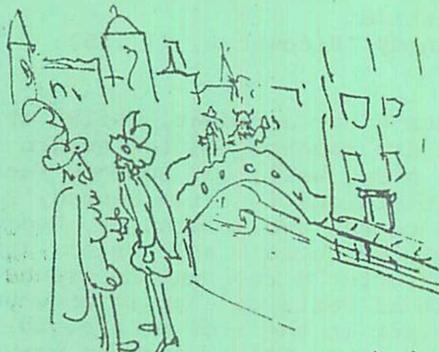
Jenny Glover,
16 Aviary Pl.,
Leeds, LS12 2NP;
UK

Just out of interest I'm going to tell you a bit about another side of student life. My first taste of student life was at college, studying publishing. I worked three nights a week term in term out even during my finals. That's outside work, not studying. Then when I came to do

a "proper" degree, I couldn't get a grant and had to pay the lot myself. This isn't complaining just showing another aspect of student life. Now Steven ((Jenny's husband)) went straight into second year (of a four years honours course) at Edinburgh. When he started post-grad he worked in a team with Japanese post-docs and so routinely worked six days a week. Nights too. Now he normally sees the children in the morning (we get up at about six or seven at the latest) walks Tara to school at nine on a normal day, but every fortnight or so works all night then simply continues at nine or ten the next day as usual... So we're not terribly impressed by claims of studying gosh wow 55 hours a week. But enjoy it while you can, though by the sound of the article, you don't need to be told that. ((It's probably because of the likes of me that the government has now stopped four year degrees. My class is the last of the honours schools at University and, because of the hassle of switching over to the new structure, we have things fairly easy.))

...There seem to be more than the normal part 1s. When is TASH 4 coming? And will it have anything other than lots of part 2s? ((Well here it is, judge for yourself. The reason for all the split articles was that I was getting free photo-coping and thought TASH 4 would be out in March at the latest. Of course, in the best fannish tradition, I was wrong.))

I particularly liked "The Starship Sails at Midnight" as a first line. It promised plenty. However, I get the feeling that the poet used words as toys rather than as tools to advance the plot. "Time moves treacle slow" sounds great...but I'm cynical about poetry. ((A great LOC, wish I could quote more of it...))



Oh Shylocks a nice enough chap,
for a Jew, it's his shifty eyed
new partners that I don't like.

Kev McVeigh,
37 Firs Rd.,
Milnthorpe,
Cumbria, LA7 7QF;
UK

As for your bit about October the 5th ((article Jenny was writing about above))- only the names change most of the rest is familiar. Just after new year helena and I went out for dinner with another couple, our share of the bill came to £37.00 including wine, but it WAS good. In contrast, in November we had a meal with Terry Pratchett and four others which cost £32.00

in total for seven of us! In many ways this was even a better meal. ((Nyree and I recently took my Landlords out for a Chinese. I thought it was expensive at £42.00 for the lot!))

I've never understood the religious (Christian, at least) objection to alcohol - after all did not Jesus turn water into wine at the wedding at Cana? Was there not wine at the last supper? Are these fundamentalists reading a different bible to the rest of us? Or are they just stupid? ((I wouldn't mix the first two questions with the last two, though I can see where you get the connection. Secondly never assume these people are stupid, thats one thing they aren't. But they are bloody dangerous.))

With regard to Worlds Apart ((reviewed last ish)) - I often wonder if such collections of gay and or lesbian (poetry, art whatever...) are actually acheiving what they intend to. Is it prehaps counter productive to isolate gay and or lesbian work like this? I hope that Alex Stewart's Sex in Space anthology has a good balance of sexual orientations so that homosexuality can be seen to be of equal status to hetrosexuality or any other form anyone manages to invent. Perhaps Joy can comment on this. Thats the end of the LOC. Thanks for TASH. ((Kev has his own book reviews in this ish.))

Ray Thompson,
6 Dene Terr.,
Winlton, . .
Tyne & Wear,
NE21 5QH, UK

It's unfortunate in a way that Bob Shaw allowed use of his talk to anyone, because almost every zine I've received since Conspiracy has printed it. I suspect that some people (Not you, Tommy, tsk, tsk, heaven forbid!) have used it simply as padding. Or perhaps I'm being pessimistic and the real reason is that the number of people who've used it have done so genuinely, the unprecedented over exposure being unforeseen. ((I knew it had been used before, but TASH 3 catered for a different audience (largely) to those other zines. Any overkill on the article though is obviously my responsibility.))

Being the proud owner of two cats (Fatcat and Flatcat) , I cannot support your fen against cats proposition. If you start up such an organisation I'll send Fatcat over to sort you out and he'll bring his pal Rueben (my Alsatian) with him. My counter- proposal, to which you must give equal paper time, is to set up CAFTANS (Cats Are Fucking Trendy And Neat, Suckers!). ((I still don't like the antics cats get up to, not cats themselves I hasten to add. The cartoons of cats in this ish are just that.))

In conclusion: you've got a good zine here, with (because of?) a good mix of



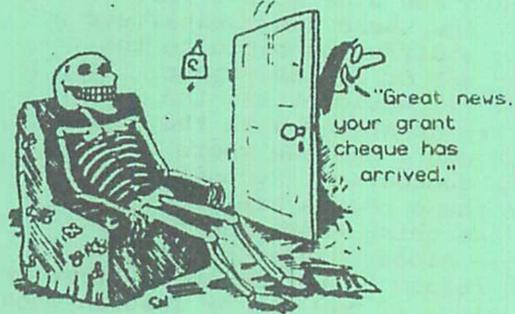
you're quite right, he has
got a unique sound,
but is the world
ready for it?

everything, but a bit heavy on the typos, even mis-spelling a correction to a mis-spelling! This reminded me of an apology printed in (I think) The Daily Express some time ago which stated that "We apologise for yesterday's column where general so- and- so was referred to as a battle scared Veteran. This should, of course, have read 'Bottle Scarred Veteran'." And on that note, yeeeee! ((It wouldn't be a TASH Press Production without a liberal dosage of typos, but I hope there are less in this ish.))

Ken Cheslin, Terminal,: I always think that poetry, especially serious
57 Vicarage Rd., poetry, is very hard to write...but so many people fancy
Amblecote, themselves at it. JN isn't bad but it didn't thrill me
Stourbridge, much. How about some comic verse? Fannish limericks?
West Mids. DY8 4JE; "Acadamus Benjamin Riffy, On Guinness got exceedingly
UK squiffy, He went for a stroll, and, exceedingly droll,
Fell head over heels in the Liffey."

I knew you were a preceptive and intelligent fan as soon as I saw your
comments on Olaf... ((In Jenny Glover's Maverick)).
Olaf dates back to before 1959...

I used to draw him for my
genzines and OMPazines, though
there was a one shot about 1965
titled "A Childs Garden of Olaf",
mainly my ideas but drawn by
Mike Higgs, then a well known
member of the Brum group. I was
a bit miffed some years ago when
Hagar the Horrible started
appearing in the n-papers. Mind
you most of mine are single illos.
not strips like Hagar...I find it
difficult to write and draw a strip.
Re. Hagar, in case it was thought
Olaf was an imitation of Hagar,
Olaf actually preceded him. ((Many
thanx for the wonderful and very
funny illos.))



Andy Sawyer, I tend to agree with Joseph about the lack of clarity in
1, The Flaxyard, Tash. I'm not talking about the sometimes dodgy xx
Woodfall Lane, reproduction which seems to have especially afflicted
Little Neston, the first and last pages; more the sense that I'm not
Sth. Wirral, L64 4BT; really sure whats going on. Apart from Bob Shaw's piece
UK - and even that suffers from the dreadful disease I'm
going to describe in a minute- there's nothing that drags

the reader down to the bottom of the page. I only got to the end of Stephen
Walker's Through The Glass because I knew that all those detailed but
essentially boring scene- setting paragraphs HAD to be leading up to a really
awful Pun. I bravely fought against the temptation of letting my eyes slip
down to the bottom of the page- I was going to do the right thing and approach
this the way it was meant to be approached. And what happens? 'To be continued
next ish'- Jesus Toast, what a let down. And that seems to be the case with
everything: nothing is completed, its all "To Be Continued" apart from "day in
the life of..." in which nothing much happens anyway and a couple of iffy
poems- "Terminal" might sound OK with a few crashing guitar chords behind it
but what "No Single Sparrow" is meant to do I really don't know...To sum up
you should have junked half the zine and completed the rest: half completed

articles in fanzines usually don't work- there is far too much of a time lapse between issues. ((Well, er, yes, right. Seriously though comments taken in the spirit they were given. OK I admit the part 1s were a mistake, won't happen again. But the rest, I think, is just a matter of taste.))

Pamela Boal,
4 Westfield Way,
Charlton Heights,
Wantage,
Oxon, OX12 7EW;
UK

concerned you may be breaching copyrights with your "Peanuts" reprints? ((Just about all the cartoons broke some law last

ish, not so this ish I'm glad to say.)) I'm not happy that Campus Fugit and Through the Glass (the two best items for my money even though I don't pay any) are being continued next ish...The zine scene is a good piece of work, brief and to the point comments yet with enthusiasm. One quibble, I wish you had put the details about availability, reviews are a service to the reader and if you offer a service I feel it is important to give the pertinent details. I would for instance love to have a copy of Hyphen 37, true you provide Walt Willis's address and I can write to him and ask what would induce him to part with a copy but it would save both Walt and myself time and postage if you had given the 'password' with your reviews. ((To be frank I didn't feel

qualified to give the password, even if I knew it. I had written him to ask about guesting at NIcon a couple of times and showed an interest in his past work. A few days later in pops Hyphen 37 with an invitation to lunch. What can I say?))

I wonder if that cat so neatly drawn realises how vulnerable it is in your zine, I imagine it will be jetting through space in 4 as someone will have pulled its plug.((Katherine, the artist, would refuse to draw such an illustration- though others wouldn't.))

Shep,
42 Green Lane,
Belle Vue,
Carlise,
Cumbria, CA2 7QA;
UK

favourite piece. Stephen Walker managed to come up with a nice striking attention grabber.((The cover was the only part of the zine which everyone commented upon. Nice one Stephen!)) Of the interior illos., the one on page fourteen by Lawrence Kenny was the one I liked best, although I found it all very pleasing. All in all a pleasant little zine, I look forward to future issues.

((That's about the height of the letters, a fairly typical selection of what I recieved I think. Most people enjoyed it, but thought it could have been a) better presented and b) Not so many part 1s.))

While Joseph tends to present his viewpoint in a rather abrasive manner, it is a valid viewpoint and one that in certain respects I share. I'm glad you took his letter to heart because the presentation of TASH 3 is so much very better than that of TASH 2, faint print in parts notwithstanding and I'm sure you can deal with that. I'm a little



You have been reading...

TASH 4, a product of TASH Press productions, resident at The Amazing Sentient House, 60 Melrose St., Lisburn Rd., Belfast, BT9 7DN; N. I. TASH is available for all the usual reasons: Trade (your zine for mine), Letter of Comment, Contribution (written or artwork), a nice postcard for my wall (thanz Pete and Jenny), Stamps (used or otherwise), a copy of ASF (April 1934). If you can't manage any of those or have money to throw around £1.00 per year will get you 3 or 4 ishs.

This ish is dedicated to Walt Willis for returning a favour which another fan gave him years ago, a greater sign of good character I have yet to see. If you don't otherwise know why an Irish fnz is being dedicated to Walt come round to the house and I'll take great pleasure in telling you.

The big THANK dept. Bob Shaw, Stephen Walker, Kev McVeigh, Knew Mutant Express. All the artists for the original artwork. Also a big thanx to Euge and Joe for proof reading this zine (Ghod, it needed it!). For the electro-stenciling of the artwork, advice and example, for simply being there to consult, Vince Clarke. Special thanx to Irwin McLean for allowing me to use his Apple and Daisy wheel printer and all the other reasons only a landlord could know.

WHY YOU GOT THIS ZINE :

TRADE (We do/I would like to)
YOU CONTRIBUTED/LOCed
I MET YOU AT A CON
I'VE READ YOUR NAME SOMEWHERE
YOU FIGURE IT OUT!

*Read Walt's copy of
collected "Quondry"-
 Fantastic stuff. Many
 Thonz-hook forward to
 hearing from you, *Tommy**

OUT OF CONTEXT :

Walt's Warhoon 28- God's own Bible::Only 36 more copies to go::Tippex the fuck out of him::Anyone desiring a quiet life has done badly to be born in the C20th::Lets think of some more events for NIcon...piss off::That pillock with a hair clip around his eyes::There is nothing in it, Peter, please drink it::Excuse me sir, your wife is lying on the floor of the male toilets (OF THE METROPOLE) calling your name::Gibson had fucking horrible taste in shoes::What's Joe got between his legs?::He wasn't playing in his Judge's character, he kept shouting run away, run away::I helped McGooghan escape::Sponsered by "Kill a third world village pharmaceutical Co."::I've tried it, it only gives blood::Interesting, but dead::The Amazing Shit House::When my voice broke I lost all the pieces::In Venn diagram terms Yoma Megarry and the real world are non- connecting circles::I'll even LOC you sometime; in a small room with no windows::Spot hidden, please. (rattle, rattle) You go blind!::Is the bed warm? It should be, I've just pissed in it::A tall thin man, who wears glasses...well he doesn't actually, and he's not that tall...:I think I prefer alien scum::It's angry, aggressive, rough. It's crap::I just don't like leaving my Dark Knights lying around anywhere::We'll have to get together sometime and practice knots::That's a nice combat jacket. Yeah, I found it under a bandstand::Erstwhile crazy apeshit man::Bat Out Of Hell- must have had the mike inside a sock in a bucket of porridge.

YOURS,

Tommy
Tommy.