

normal, quiet sort of bloke, apart from this strange obsession he has, that the Irish are plotting to infiltrate Fort Knox and plant an atomic bomb amid all that lovely gold. Why, I don't know, but when they write the book of the film they'll have to call it 'Potatofinger'.

However, discerning fen who have long been dissatisfied with the state of the economy and the price of a tube of ink will be keen to seize the opportunity of replacing this long-outdated monetary standard with something of more lasting fannish worth. Now, as all fwen (fwen? I must be pissed out of my mind.) know, there are only two things which we value sufficiently highly to consider using as a replacement. Having discounted Sam Moscovitz's socks for obvious reasons, we are only left with...fanzines. The Goblins of Newcastle, hastily sworn in as replacements for the Gnomes of Zurich, have decided that the highest denomination of the new currency shall be the Hyphen, and the lowest, the Viol. (Have you ever wondered about the sources of the Viol? No? Never mind...it's the sort of joke that'll ketchup with you eventually.) Obviously, some of the practices which proved to be the downfall of the old system would have to be outlawed. Speculation would be out, for a start. (Makes a change.) Also, some current titles would have to be changed: 'Stop Breaking Down', for instance, would have to become 'Stop Devaluing'.



The Rt. Hon. Mr. Dodd Clegler, First President of Fandom, speaking from his office at the newly-opened Fanzine Reserves Repository at Fort Knockers, announced that the Hyphen was to be devalued, and accordingly has commissioned several pages of Brad Parks' artwork.



(Cries of 'Rt. Hon. man, Rt. Hon.!!')

There ought to be many more ramifications of this idea; but I was prevented from thinking of them by a sudden blinding vision of fortifications entirely consisting of sheep. Obviously somebody has been pulling the wool over my eyes. Ram the manparts!! (Pardon?)

"Go to Hell!!" said the faned.

"But what exactly did he mean by that?" we ask ourselves (He meant 'fuck off' mutters Meara, pissed as usual). What exactly is a fannish Hell? Let us consult the Encyclopaedia Britfannica, volume 13 (Habakkuk to Innuendo).

'HELL' (n.) 1. Crudzine published by Skel and Brian Robinson. 2. A place in which faneds labour to produce 'The Ultimate Fanzine', typing up outside contributions, justifying margins, duplicating, slipsheeting, collating, stapling (all the more boring aspects of fanac) and never getting any response.

revenge is bitter

or, to be more precise, revenge is Watney's Party Seven, currently providing

most of the inspiration for this.....er,,,,,thing, (Snide comments may be entirely justified but are not in order,) The legend on the can affirms that the contents are Draught Bitter, but the taste tends to indicate that it may very well be a First Draught.

This is one area in which the Americans have an advantage, beer-wise. I am prepared to state, without prior knowledge, that there are no similarly-sized cans of American beer, since there can be very few Americans with sufficient endurance to consume them. So this is one can that Donn Brazier's son definitely hasn't got. What am I bid, Donn?

Give generously - an appeal on behalf of the Inferno party.

There can't be many of you who treasure INFERNO like it was the next 'golden age of fanzines'. There must be some of you who read it and sling it out the window. Whoever you are, if you don't save it, please send it back. At least two people who ought to have gotten INFERNO 11 were denied the privilege. One, an Old And Tired fan, sent a LoC just a few days after Skel had dropped him from the mailing list and sent out all copies of that issue. The other was sent a copy but unfortunately the Canadian PO must have had a rush of blood to the husky, or something, because it never arrived (Hi Susan), although in the latter case please send it direct to Susan Wood who was mentioned therein and ought to have a copy of how and why. Unfortunately I don't have any spare copies Susan, otherwise it would have been on its way. And we're hoping to send empty cans to Donn Brazier? Hope springs eternal, which is more than can be said of Mike's coffee which is taking an interminable time to come to fruition.

NEW! IMPROVED!! INSTANT FANAC!!!

Yes! Just add water to this harmless (well...) powder and line up to collect your Hugo! Children and adults alike will thrill with wonderful egoboo! So simple even a six-year-old child can use it. (But publishers of fanzine reviewzines living in Lancaster should write for extra-detailed instruction booklet.) Sample pack contains enough for one pint of TRUE RAT or 38 gallons of FANZINE FANATIQUE. (Dilute to taste...or infinity.) Only -1 per pack.

SEE the faneds posture as they overpraise each other's fanzines!

SEE the pseudish ones scratch each other's backs!

WATCH them pub singly or in ever-changing in-groups!

FREE! with every two packs: 'Comprehensive Guide to Fan-Publishing' by Keith Walker.

Or, is Spaceship Earth a cosmic bun in a galactic oven? Ghod Mike, but that's heavy. What the fuck am I supposed to do with an intro like that tho? Actually, if I cast my mind back (zwonk...over my shoulder goes one mind....) I realise that this ties in with the 'Flat Bun Theory' which Mike and I postulated upon surveying the results of Cas's first attempt at baking with her new super-duper food mixer. Erich Von Daniken at regulo 5 (electric 350°c). This theory ~~postulates~~ postulates that the world is a giant currant bun. This theory is thin at one end, threadbare at the other, and lacking in currants, which have sunk to the bottom (well, you've heard of ocean currants, haven't you....this last was contributed by Pat who is demanding parity with the men or she won't defend her honour next year).

Proponents of the Big Bun Theory (the raisin d'etre of which is not to be confused with the Steady Date Theory), as epitomised in Asimov's 'The Currants Of Space' will readily accept this, although supporters of the opposite viewpoint claim this is a half-baked theory and that the earth-bun has in reality been floating on a giant lake of custard for all eternity, and that the stars are merely holes in the greaseproof paper allowing the oven-light to shine through.

Both camps agree, however, that the centre of the earth-bun has a filling of red-hot jam, which occasionally bursts through the overlying bread strata to form natural pockets of jam butties, such as those mined at Knotty Ash.

'Can't we work in treacle mines somewhere?' interjects Pat.

'If you prefer', I reply, 'but I should have thought computer programming was more congenial.'

One final thought: could it just be that the Earth is merely a giant food-parcel, in transit via the Intergalactic Postal Service? If their standards are as low as those of our own beloved GPO, we could be in for a pretty rough time when we finally do get to wherever it is we're going. Food for thought, certainly.

Friends come in boxes...and so do colophons.

This has been DON'T GO COLUMBUS, YOU'LL FALL OFF THE CRUNCHY BIT, published by Skel and Mearae (editorial address: 25 Bowland Close; Offerton; Stockport; Cheshire; SK2 5NW) in commemoration of the bicentenary of their loss and our gain (i.e. it's two hundred years since the rotten bastards beat us.) It is also dedicated to the proposition that a simple, one-paragraph apologia for the non-appearance of KfN this quarter can turn into a four-page one-shot before you can say Alpine Ayingerbrau.

Typoed under my hand this fourth day of July, 1976.