





HELL THREE has been guided through conception, nurtured during pregnancy, and finally brought screaming into the world by the members of the infamous Manchester Axis, who hide behind the aliases of Brian Robinson and Paul A Skelton. The said Axis stretches 5 miles between 9 Linwood Grove, Manchester M12 4QH (Group H.Q.) and 122 Mile End Lane, Heaviley, Stockport SK2 6BY (abandoned outpost). It is intended for the January 1972 mailing of OMPA. Available outside the organisation for trade, LoC, 3p stamp etc. etc.

FESTER-IN-CHESTER/FESTER-IN-CHESTER/FESTER-IN-CHESTER/FESTER-IN-CHESTER

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Interior art this issue, what there is of it; SKEL

NB: Views expressed in articles herein are not necessarily shared by the individual or collective editors.

STOP PRESS

After beating a hasty retreat, the Skel entity has set up a fortified position at:-

Flat 185, Pendlebury Towers, Lancashire Hill,
STOCKPORT.

Those sufficiently unbalanced to communicate with him should memorize this address then eat the page. Indigestion tablets available for a small fee from Brian.

ON THE PERILS OF PRODUCTION, AND OTHER MATTERS.

The date is the 16th December, and I am blazing mad. Though not perfect in every way, I do like to keep promises I've made, and thus expect others to do likewise. For the second time since HELL's birth I've written a nasty letter to the bods who do our electro's. When we first dealt with them, they assured us that they operates a 'By Return Of Post' service. Now, I expect the post to take two weeks if it happens to come from Siberia, but I'm damned sure that Manchester 10 isn't that far away. In fact, I'm sufficiently gullible to believe the map when it gives the distance as four miles. With time on someone else's side, we've decided to do without the illos, and probably change our supplier.

Our typer problem is perhaps cleared up now, though the two white machines that we're using do not belong to us. But it's wirth the both-er just to keep the customer satisfied. Being able to get so much more on a page is fine, of course, but naturally means that we have to actually write more, as Paul found out when thinking of a third page for Gripe Water. He chickened out, and who can blame him.

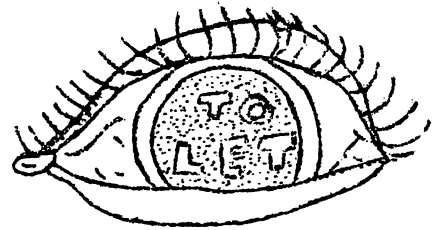
Talking of Gripe Water, my own views on Ulster are more or less this: For me, the situation has already become what Paul calls the REAL tragedy. The sight of a headline on Ulster is enough to turn my attention to other matters. I'm that sick of hearing about the place. As for a solution, I can't see that a political settlement is possible. The only thing to do would seem either to increase the numbers of the security forces to the point where no-o could blow his nose without being highly suspect (which would get us nowhere fast), or to pull out all the British forces, and let the silly bastards kill themselves. I'm now of a mind to seriously advocate the latter move. But whatever is done, the possibility of peace remains unlikely, whilst people insist on creating religious ghettos. Protestants and Catholics over there are idiots of the first order. Pardon my abysmal ignorance, but it IS the same God and Christ that they worship, isn't it? You could be excused for thinking differently. If they'd for once try and place some reliance on their brains (if indeed they have any) instead of a mythical being, who obviously doesn't give a damn, they may one day be able to live together.

Back to HELLish matters. I think it was Dave Rowe who complained about articles being continued on later, or earlier, pages. Well, Dave, unless we were able to compose an actual copy of the final thing ON PAPER, I'm afraid that it'll never come about. This is the sort of luxurious work that we can't afford in terms of time. Of course, if all you nice people would like to make life easier for us by typing letters and articles on quarto paper with an elite typer.....

Here is where I have to give way to the person who's pushing hard from behind. He tells me his editorial will be very personal, thus destroying our carefully preserved anonymity. I may do the same next time (you should be so unlucky!!).

THE
ONE

LOGIC
EYED



LOGICIAN

I am somewhat hesitant to open my mouth here lest, like Malcolm Allisson, I end up eating both my feet. I am undaunted and shall make known my intention. What is my intention? I am going to paint you a picture. A self-portrait, done in a medium of my interests, peeves and mild meanderings like a river, reluctantly, to the sea. First, the bold outline.....

Here I stand, still on the threshold of fandom, clutching fiercely my sole unbilical....HELL. I appear to have lost that impetus which carried me thusfar..... a keen, passionate love of SF. I hardly seem to read any of it these days. This may be partly because my kind of SF is getting harder to find..... Heinlein, Russell, Asimov.... storytellers all. I am unable to sum up much interest in even the most beautifully written mood piece, unless it happens to be poetry and even there I am conservative enough to prefer my poetry to rhyme.

Musically, I am a complete Philistine. My interests are mostly instrumental, and mainly 'soul' music at that. Groups like Booker T. & The M.G.'s, The Mar-Keys (Both now sadly but memories). Blues too, mainly Hank Crawford. Some jazz, some orchestral, some c&w... a mess of stuff in fact. Vocally I find myself on the 'modern' folk bandwagon. Dylan, Neil, Baez (since 'Farewell Angelina'), Collins... and various obscure artists like.... Judy Roderick, Linda Ronstadt....

What else brings pleasure into my life? Well..... Gas of course. So much pleasure here, but this really goes without saying. Being loved..... Waking up in the morning with Gas there, asleep, vulnerable, mine. But I only have a page. What else? 'The Perishers' cartoon strip in the Daily Mirror. Still filling in the finer detail.... Monty Python, The Lovers, Morecambe & Wise..... comedies all. I find it very difficult to be serious for any length of time.

Little things.... walking to work on a cool summer morning, through the park.... At night, warm and snug beneath some fortuitous shelter, watching it piss down and breathing out great clouds of vapour, to be shredded by the bulleting rain.... Waking up, confused - the joy of finally realising that it's Saturday and I don't have to get up and go to work. Like I said, little things.....me.

St. Mary's Home for Elderly Ladies,
Margaret Street,
Stone,
Staffs.

29th December, 1971.

Dear Mr. Pellington,

I am writing to thank you for the lovely transistor radio you so kindly sent me at Christmas time. It is all the more wonderful that an absolute stranger like yourself should remember an old lady such as me.

I am 80 years old, and have been at the home for over 18 years. We are treated very kindly, but the lonely hours are often very hard to bear.

My room mate, Mrs. James, has a radio, but will never let me listen to it, and even turns it off whenever I come into the room. Well, now I have one of my own.

My son and daughter are very nice, and come to see me once a month, but I know that they only visit me from a sense of duty. This is why your gift is all the more thrilling to me as it was given out of compassion for a fellow human being. God bless you.

Today Mrs. James' radio went wrong and she asked if she could listen to mine. I told her to fuck off.

Yours sincerely,

Alice Charlesworth

Alice Charlesworth.

"Brian Robinson is a cardboard replica of a figment of
my imagination"

.....Robin Christopher Gillon.

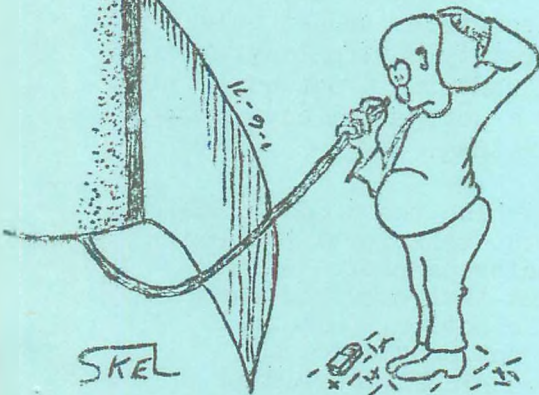
22/11/71.

THE NON-TECHNICAL PROBLEMS OF SPACE -TRAVEL AND THEIR SOLUTIONS

84

AD4

SHARPE



PART THREE

The five major problems concerning environmental changes between space and earth have now been dealt with. Other problems, however, arise out of the situation existing aboard the spacecraft in flight, namely the lack of gravity. Simple, everyday tasks take on enormous complexities and many require special equipment to combat this abnormal condition. For example, at meal-time an astronaut will select his balanced intake, and place the packages on "zero-gravity" trays. They must be held down, or they would float away at the slightest movement of the tray.

The astronauts on a long duration space flight will have some adjustments to make in terms of personal hygiene. They will sacrifice warm tub-baths and invigorating showers for the zero-gravity sponge. Even the squeezing of the sponge will become a mechanical task, since it must be enclosed, otherwise the cleansing fluid, instead of running out, would gather into a globule of moisture, to go floating about the spacecraft with the slightest motion. Brushing teeth in zero-gravity is not much different but it is best done while strapped to a bunk. Astronauts will have to be careful not to squirt paste, and must keep their mouths closed while brushing.

Shaving could become a minor problem, since ordinary blade or electric razors would contaminate the atmosphere with floating shaving cream and bristles. Yet the spaceman needs to shave, or his space helmet might eventually close him in. To solve this problem, engineers have developed an electric razor that vacuums as it shaves. Nail clippers will be enclosed in plastic bags into which an astronaut must insert his finger. A haircut would require special precautions and dandruff poses another big problem and so it is highly probable that crewmen will shave their heads.

As previously mentioned clothing will probably be disposable and so washday problems will be eliminated, the washing machine being replaced by the waste collector. A special programme of exercises is needed to keep spacemen fit. The absence of gravity takes the exercises out of conventional push-ups and weight-lifting because there is no load on the muscles. Instead, crewmen will use well-planned regimens of isometrics, chest pulls and other similar devices which do not depend on a gravity environment. It is also likely that the spacecraft will have a small centrifuge between decks. Astronauts will spin-up in these devices for a set period on a regular basis. This will help keep muscles from deteriorating.

Not only must the body be kept clean and fit but also the minds of the astronauts must be kept alert and active. However, the behavioral problems associated with expeditions in which prolonged and enforced close living exists have already been widely studied. The problems that occurred were surmounted and it is thought that with careful crew selection, this will always be the case. Mixed male and female crews are not considered a requisite, ~~but neither is the concept of selecting technically qualified females, possibly scientists, rejected.~~ It would entail only minor design complications. The interior decor of the spacecraft would, where possible, promote a relaxed attitude.

Waste collection equipment and facilities in board a long duration spacecraft will be designed to overcome the no-gravity problem. For example, the commode will use forced air as a transport force instead of water. The commode's receptor contains a bag made from special material that allows air to pass through, but captures solids and liquids. An object entering the bag is caught by a continuous flow of air which forces it to the bottom and holds it there. To dispose of the bag, the astronaut carefully closes it, removes it and places it in the waste drier. When the lid is closed, this container is sealed off from the spacecraft. Heat is then provided inside the container, and a valve is opened which exposes the materials to the vacuum of space. Between the container and the exit to space, there is a filter which captures bacteria and other contaminants. After drying, waste products are removed from the drier and stored in collector "trash barrels". Into these also go the used filters from various components, such as the carbon filters from the Bosch Reactor and wicks from the evaporative water recovery units.

It would be simpler to dump the waste into space, but scientists of most nations have agreed that space missions should not clutter space with debris or bacteria. All waste will eventually be brought back into the earth's atmosphere. An alternate proposal suggests that waste rockets could be sent hurtling back into the atmosphere, where the objectionable materials inside them would burn up during re-entry.

LIFE SUPPORT MATERIAL BALANCE

<u>IN</u>	<u>LBS/DAY</u>	<u>OUT</u>	<u>LBS/DAY</u>
Oxygen Consumption	2.00	Water vapour generation	2.20
Food Requirement (dry basis)	1.32	Urine Production	3.00
Carbon in food converted into CO ₂	0.62	Fecal Water (at 75%)	<u>0.25</u>
Hydrogen in food converted to H ₂ O	0.05	Total H ₂ O output	5.45
H ₂ O derived from food	0.99	CO ₂ generation	2.25
H ₂ O derived from other sources	<u>3.42</u>	Solid waste from food	0.08
Net water intake for drinking and food preperation	4.46	Fecal output	0.33
		Metabolic water generation	0.29
Total	<u>8.40</u>	Total	<u>8.40</u>

Briefly this article has attempted to describe the major problems of providing for manned long duration space flight. Every component or subsystem in the spacecraft will have a backup. If a unit should malfunction, there will be an identical unit to take over, or a substitute method of performing the same operation. Crew safety and reliability are factors which are paramount in the design of all equipment and development of procedures.

The development of life support systems for living in space is still in its infancy. The systems described are the finest NASA scientists, and their contemporaries in industry, have so far been able to devise for conserving air, water and energy in a spacecraft. As improvements are made, they will be incorporated into the system. More and more use will be made of materials and energy which are at present discarded. Ten years ago the manned space flight realities of today would have seemed like fanciful dreams. Who knows what the next decade may bring?

end

THE WRITES OF SPRING

With the next issue, we embark upon a sea of music. Mike Meara, gentle and kind person, attunes his ear once in a while to the sweet sounds of the jazz guitar, & has, for our and your benefit, written the first part of a series (which may be long or short) on the history of the instrument. If one of the editors can find the illustration accompanying part one, it will be electro'd for inclusion in the article.

A beautiful and delightful young lady, who prefers to remain anonymous and will therefore be known as Imogene Eustace Nogg has presented us with "A PROGRAMMED GUIDE TO HELL-READING", an exercise in logic(?) to ease the strains of modern living. And a computer manual has given up the secrets of cheap drinking in bars, which will undoubtedly stand all fen in good stead during the Eastercon, though what might happen if everyone followed it's instructions is too horrible to contemplate.

Kenneth Mardle recently sent us an illustration which, if we can transform it's colour into suitable black & white, will most likely form the basis of our cover for No. 4. For once we'll have a cover illo that fits the title. Other art will be forthcoming from Mr. Skelton, Ian Maule, Mike Meara, with the possibility of George White and Lisa Conesa making an appearance.



OFF TRAILS 63 (The Organisation Man) We vote yes to both propositions!!!

-(The Corporate Duo)-

We reckon that with something like
25 current members, we can safely
bring down the permissible member-

ship to 35, and ask for 35 copies of the zines to be sent for each mailing. God alone knows what the prospects for OMPA are, but we would think that 35 would be okay for some considerable time yet. We hope that we're wrong on this, though. Getting the membership up to 50 would be great, but let's face reality and admit that it's unlikely in the immediate future. With regards to the staggered dues proposal, the drawback you mention could easily be overcome by imposing limits at the lower ends of both the activity and dues tables, thus:

pp.	£.p.
100	80 minimum
90	90
80	1.00
70	1.10
60	1.20
50	1.30
40	1.40
30	1.50
minimum 20	1.60

Now to the Ompacon. Frankly, if the great bulk of the work isn't done by Ompans, then we don't really think we'd be justified in calling it an APA con. (Duck as 26 mailings come ~~whizzing~~ floating lightly towards us). With a chance like this, though, we reckon we really ought to push the fanZINE side of Fandom to a greater extent than is usual. Birmingham & environs is an extremely suitable venue if only for it's centrality. Travelling further than, say, Worcester would be off-putting for us, and fills us with pity (or something akin) for the poor fellow-fen in such out of the way hamlets as, say, Sunderland, Helston and London. We like the look of the prices even though they're certain to have risen during the next eighteen months or so. By that time, however, we should have had a salary increase or two ourselves, so..... Hey, do you think anyone'd blow his mind on a suite???

OSTEEN UNIVERSITY REVIEW 4 (Sam)

-(Skel)-

Now how can I possibly comment on this without upsetting Gray? Mmm, maybe I can stretch this out to at least four pages. The obvious place to which one should deport hardened criminals is Northern Ireland, where they would probably be canonised. How does St. Ian Brady grab you? With regard to your comments on Ray Denton's piece, I feel it's a safe bet that had electrical hardware been available to Bach, things might have been a touch different. Oh well, so I didn't manage four pages. *P*S*I*G*H*

F.H.T.V. (John) (& Jane. Sorry)

-(Brian)-

I seem to recall that we (well, Paul) gave you a hard time in the lastish. Not to worry, it happens to the best of us, as we can attest having read a certain something in this mailing. One thing that's missing from here is the mailing comments. Either you didn't have the time, or there was nothing worth commenting on. Surely you found something that stirred you, if only to invective. One of the main things about Ompa as far as I'm concerned is reading what others think of. So how about some comments next time, huh? I didn't read the thing about Cornwall Nationalism all that closely because of the picture it conjures up. It's all very well for the people (some of the people) of Cornwall, Wales or Scotland to go around screaming for self-rule, but do they think about what it would mean carried to the end of the line? Customs, tariffs, trade agreements, passports, all the paraphernalia involved in moving people and goods from one country to another. Do they think that any of the areas I mentioned could really go it alone without massive financial help? Have they sufficient industry and commerce to stand on their own feet? I think not. Now don't get me wrong here - as far as I'm concerned they can have self-rule tomorrow, but how long would it be before they'd come crawling back, tails between their legs, waving empty purses and begging for alms?

SCYTHROP 24 (John)

-(Skel)-

Dead sneaky making one staple suffice for two zines. One thing I appreciate is the wordage you get onto a single page without cramping the layout. Hell did suffer through having to rely on two grotty pica typers. Your cost breakdown was fascinating but I would be interested to know just how much do you recoup in subscriptions, roughly speaking. One of the Keats and Chapman anecdotes suffered in having a too long-winded a build-up, and the other went right over my head. This however could be due to my extreme dwarfishness.

WHATSI 21 (Kench)

-(Brian)-

The first bit I liked quite a lot, being such typically fannish nonsense, but I'm afraid the second lot was rather boring. Maybe if I read it again.....

'OT ON THE TRAILS 7
T.T.A.N.W.M.O.S.&.S.
THE POSTAL MENACE
THE BESEIGED CITY (Gerb)

-(Brian)-

Lies, all lies. I said you'd get SHOT!! I've said before that I just love the chatty style of your (dare I call it this??) diary. It's just insane enough to warrant two readings, if only to convince myself that it's actually there on paper. Ye gods, don't you ever rest? If I tried to rush around like U do, I'd fade away within a week or so. Hey, that day in Manchester so long ago is getting some coverage, isn't it? Three reports so far. I hope that Lisa doesn't mention it in ZIMRI - it couldn't stand another airing. How the hell did you lose your way to the station? It's signposted well enough. Drunk, must have been! The Postal Menace was good -muchos fun- but it didn't measure up to Terry's offering last time. I don't think anything could. As for Gerald Taylor's memory.....well.....I won't bother to correct him here. Do you think he was stoned before he arrived??

YSELT (Carey)

-(Brian)-

things could be worse. Roll on Yselt's future, and hope it grows fat!

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 8 (John)(again)

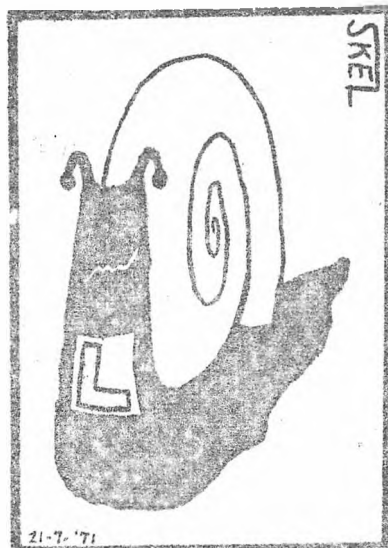
-(Skel)-

produced and illo'ed, and then you go and mar the whole thing by penny - pinching nit-de-staples; Goddan!!! Nobody could tell, though, that you haven't been spirit-dupering all your life, unless I got an above average copy. I particularly like your excellent and restrained use of colour.

THE RECKONING ()

-(Brian)-

I'll take Ken's word for the fact that this is Keith Walker. Perhaps my eyesight is failing, but I can't find a name anywhere. It might, of course, be in a bit that I couldn't read, like the arse-end of the first ~~page~~ side. I don't see eye to eye with you on reprint material. You want to see half a mailing of such stuff, eh? God forbid! Okay, so very



few people get most of the zines currently going the rounds. So what? If something's worth reprinting, surely someone will do it. Why on earth clutter Ompa up with such stuff? I can see it being used to pad out some zines that otherwise wouldn't have the weight to be noticable. Either that, or original material would be left out. No, leave well alone here. I'm glad to see that you intend to do better with future zines, even though you did exceed ac requirement this year. No more one sheet horrors, eh?

RABBIE ROUSER 1 (Will)

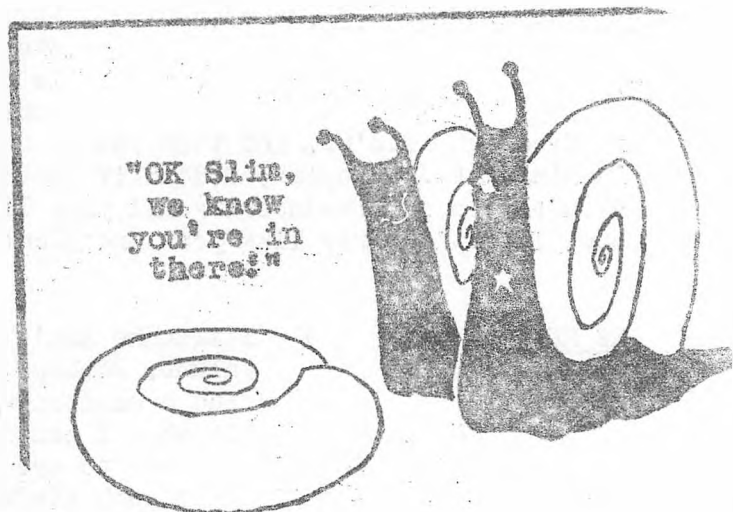
-(Skel)-

I thought the definition of a fan was someone who never gets bored with talking about himself. Nice long introduction, Will. I see that "Ridings" are used over there as well as in Yorkshire. Obviously Canadians know a good idea when they see one. I agree that with less members one learns more about each member remaining, but what did you learn about Darroll from Pablo??? I always start to read any poem, but it's rare that I finish any in fanzines. Too much review material for a good balance, but I curled up at..... "St. Catherines, which is 20 or so males from here" ??????????????????

ERG 36 (Terence)

-(Brian)-

Dodgy things, dupers, I agree. All lies, of course, that Ted and I held your machine together. The way he runs things, you'd never have finished thish at all. Alan talks sense in places. I can see his point about Ompa, but feel that such a policy would cut the membership down to a ridiculously low level. How many current members would survive a purge like that? Six? Ten? Fifteen? Not enough!! If things got that bad, I'd pull out from sheer frustration. Sure, I/we could circulate HELL sans Ompa, but I like belonging here. Sorry, Alan, okay in theory, but not very practical. Terry, ol' pal, I like having HELL called the best zine in the mailing, but.....I'm not being modest.....it was a bit of a shambles really. But thanks anyway. Thou art guilty of misrepresentation in the Who's Who. I don't repair computers - just write reams of rubbish for the programmers to sort out. Very non-technical. I feel that banda'ed covers on their own are awful, but I like what you did here. If the ERG had been central on the blue bit.... but that's nit-picking. Er.....tell Alan that ~~Thou~~ er...~~Thou~~... ..er...~~Thou~~er.... Mr. Penman does indeed exist. Luvrly fella. Fun. He was in superb form during the MAE group's visit to Gannet fandom, as Pete Presford will attest. He has the scar to proove it. One last thing....WE GOT A LOC FROM BENTERS!!!!!!!



PABLO 15 (Darroll)

-(Brian)-

Well! Er.....I suppose you could call this interesting, but I ask you, what's the point of putting out a 'thing' like this and calling it a fanzine? If this sort of thing is going to be done at all, I'd have thought that it was the job of the A.E., or, if a member wants to do it himself, then it shouldn't be called a zine. This must have taken you all of two hours to stencil and run off, thus just creeping into the lower levels of what I call minac. For God's sake, Darroll, do what Paul suggested and concentrate on SPINCE instead of this nonsense.

BELTANE 1 (Rosemary)

-(Brian)-

What, Ro, apart from the title, is the difference between this and SEAGULL?? I realise that I could be more unresponsive than usual, but cover the name, and it may as well be SEAGULL. I agree that few people seem able to draw women well. The original for the cover of HELL 1 was, however, superb, but I ruined it by lousy stencilling. I plead inexperience. You know, it may be a good idea to forget about Freudian significances and such. I've thought of three others regarding unicorns. Ended as of now, okay? As for waning enthusiasm, we'll just have to wait & see. After a mammoth HELL 2 we're dropping back to what we consider a more manageable size of about 36 pages, give or take a couple. And we will keep to our basic policy of producing at least one years activity per mailing. It's a funny thing about mailing comments - I intended demolishing PABLO and BELTANE in a few terse sentences, and now find myself almost running off at the mouth.

QWERTYUIOP 5 (The Ubiquitous Sam)

-(Skel)-

Aha, I come to comment on this, and find that I have only read half of it. Skel is "a guerrilla organisation trying to overthrow the repressive Aardvark and Wombat Fandoms". Send money!! Robinson will take the arms. ATSOTA rambled entertainingly, which was fortunate as ESOTWA which followed was a bit of a drag. Okay in parts, but not enough meat. Mr. S.L. Supercaver had a good piece though. Now for a quick break whilst I grouch the rest of the zine. Hmmm....the Bestiary is best forgotten, suffering from much the same trouble as ESOTWA and TFEOMI.B (which was abominably boring). Letter column is interesting though, and I'm glad to hear that gr is a member of Sanity Inc., or as it is occasionally referred to, "The Eric Frank Russell Appreciation Society". I don't like this use of numbers 4 words bit though. I find it very hard to catch the drift of things. Hmmm, regarding Mary Legg's "Foundation", how about a girdle with a rope on it :- "Foundation & Empire"? I'm also so sorry to hear that Chuck's are different from Jack's. Chuck's are small, light, wooden cubes?????? The mind boggles. However, the condition of having a pre-boggled mind is ideal for moving on to.....



SKEL

I am currently feeling rather ashamed of the human race, or at least that portion of the human race which hails from Northern Ireland. Seamus O' Cretin is currently demonstrating that a non-sapient branch of the human race has managed to survive into the twentieth century. This is definite proof that Man's intelligence has in fact had absolutely nothing to do with his survival.

Admittedly the Irish sub-species (and I do mean SUB-species) is not a very good proof of this as it is a protected species. It is being protected, at the moment, from self extermination. The selfless struggles of the Irish along this rocky road would warm the heart of any self-respecting lemming.

No matter what the original causes of the current conflict it is now firmly established as a purely religious war, at least within the boundaries of Northern Ireland itself. True, I will grant, politics and other side issues do intrude, but only externally. To the battle-hardened haridans of Bogside it is surely a religious war, a crusade if you will. You wish to argue the point? OK, show me just one Protestant fighting alongside the Catholics, one Papist pledged to the Orange cause. Damn right you can't!!! The situation in Northern Ireland has deteriorated too far for ideals. No man can now make a personal stand based on his own feelings, else a sprinkling of reasonable and influential men from both sides would be making their voices heard above the animal noises.

The real tragedy of Northern Ireland is NOT the violence, the shootings, bombings or the looting. NOT the fear and misery that have come crashing into thousands of lives. NOT

GRIPE WATER

the deaths of the innocents. The real tragedy of Belfast lies at a deeper, more basic level.

There will always be differences of opinion between groups of people with different interests. Civilization is the result of the harmonious working together of these groups and sub-groups. With only one opinion group you get a static tribal culture. With a near infinite number of such opinion groups the result is total anarchy. Civilization is the happy medium. All the opinion groups and sub-groups intermingle at all levels of society, thus preventing any group from isolating itself. In any well balanced society religion, politics, occupation, hobbies, sport etc. etc; cut right across one another's boundaries and no one aspect of life achieves outright dominance over all others.

Having stated 'The-Problem-As-I-See-It' I shall now climb down from my John W. Campbell chair and astound the world with a brilliantly incisive thrust to the previously unsuspected cause of the whole laughable-if-it-wasn't-so-bloody-pityful mess.

One of the two main causes is the Pope's chair. It's too damn comfortable. People in Northern Ireland are banding together under the aegis of the Catholic Church to commit violence and murder and all Pope Whatsit the Umpteenth can do is sit back on his bloody arse and tut-tut.

The Chief Synod Of The Church Of England, or whatever it's called, is no better either. While they are all sat there waffling into each other's ear-muffs the situation is crying out for some positive action from the decision-

making level. What concrete steps have they taken? What action to calm the situation. What have they done to prevent the man-in-the-street from shooting down the man-in-the-sentry-box? BUGGER ALL !!!!!

Not one single decree has been decreed. It makes you sick. The Church is always going on about Christian responsibilities but has been caught with it's mitre missing in this case. The Church is just not discharging it's responsibilities. Oh, it's still exacting it's rights O.K. though. Priests and Ministers in Northern Ireland are still taking up their collections. I suppose that in a way this is a good thing for every pound given to the Church is a pound not spent on a petrol bomb.

The tragedy of Northern Ireland is the strength of the Christian churches there. No other aspect of life in Northern Ireland carries with it the importance or ease of affiliation with which one associates the church. Irish politics is a joke, as are all other aspects of Irish life except the church. The only thing an Irishman can take pride in is his religion, and so in this one thing he takes a fierce pride. The church is all important. You are either Catholic or Protestant. There is no middle ground.

The final tragedy of Belfast is that the whole damned shooting match has endured for far too long. If I am anything to go by then people are just about fed up with it all and will soon turn the page at the first sight of...

MORE BOMBINGS IN ULSTER

This will be the real tragedy!

**** RECENT READING **** A brief look at a couple of books that Brian happened to pick up in the last two months.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL by Robert A. Heinlein. Putnam, New York, 1970.

When I thought of reviewing this book, I decided to read it again. It was a mistake! I'd almost forgotten how boring it is.

The basic story: Johann Smith is dying. Desperate to break away from the life-support system that keeps him alive, he submits himself to a brain transplant operation, more than half-hoping that it will fail. It doesn't; his brain is transferred into the dead body of his beautiful secretary, who happens to have the same rare blood group. The next year or so is spent indulging in sex, sex, and more sex, until the body dies from a combination of childbirth and rejection syndrome.

Annoyingly present here is one of Heinlein's great failings of the last ten years or so - ever since STARSHIP TROOPERS in fact - the incredible coincidence. Incredible to us, that is, never to the characters in the story. Smith's secretary, Eunice, has the same rare blood group, as I've said. She just happens to be killed by a mugger at the time a body is needed. Her ego just happens to stay in the body, despite the fact that the brain is removed. Where does Smith/Eunice's lawyer/lover's ego end up when he dies of a stroke? Into the same body - troilism of the finest sort. And the egos of all three persons, when the body dies in childbirth (the child being Smith's, courtesy of a sperm bank)well, where else could they possibly go but into the head of the child. None of this is explained in the slightest - it is merely presented to the reader as a 'fait accompli'. Disgustingly bad workmanship.

But the worst thing about this novel is the schizoid chat between Smith and Eunice, inhabiting the same head. From page 88 onwards, the reader is subjected to the most incredibly boring and sickening cross-chat. Would that the two personalities had something interesting to say, but no. Until I read this book, I thought PODKAYNE (OF MARS) the worst female appearing in Heinlein's work. Now I have to revise that opinion. The combination of Smith and Eunice is nothing more than a mutual admiration society.

Taken as a whole, this book is a bloody great bore from acceptable beginning to stupid and pointless ending, and it's a damn shame that Heinlein ever wrote it. Even more of a shame that Putnam printed it - I could have saved a couple of quid. In SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, Alexei Panshin says (roughly) "I doubt that Heinlein will write another book.....and I WILL FEAR NO EVIL is a poor monument".

Agreed!

Note from the editors. Due to pressure of work and other sundry reasons which escape our minds at the moment, this will have to be the only review in this issue. But fear not!! Recent releases from Pan will be looked at next time. They are:

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by Robert Silverberg
and ALPHA ONE edited by Robert Silverberg.

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ROLLONTHEREVOLUTIONROLLONTHEREVOLUTIONROLLONTHEREVOLUTIONROLLONTHEREVOLUTION

by Peter Linnett.

Sf is in a rut. Thanks to a number of authors who insist on wandering the same old squirrel cage of ideas over and over, the genre has fallen prey to that same old trap of ritualism which is now afflicting "contemporary" literature. Sf readers tend to be rather condescending when reviewing the latter with it's preoccupations- problems of adolescence, love affairs, difficulties of living in our society, etc etc, but sf is still just preoccupied with it's "classic" themes.

All of which sounds very serious, but that's the only way to describe the direction in which sf is heading (or had headed). What I (at least) read sf for are ideas - involvings a situation that isn't restricted to conditions today, a concept that isn't dependant on "reality". But some authors seem obsessed with the same antiquated ideas - what they do is give them some twist or variation from story to story.

Some examples. In The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction of June 1971, for instance, there is one story involving time travel - ("There's A Wolf In My Time Machine"(!), Larry Niven), one telepathy - ("The Butterflies of Beauty", Joseph Green), and atomic war - ("The Day They Had The War", Richard Wilson). There's no excuse for dragging any one of those themes in now, regardless of the worth of the story, and any writer who does so hardly deserves to be called a creative artist. The magazines could be doing a lot towards getting sf back on the right track, but this they don't seem willing to do, as they still go on publishing the same old crap. The only sf magazine that allowed writers to go as far as they liked was New Worlds which no longer exists in the format which gave writers the greatest freedom.

More instances can be found in anthologies, which draw almost all of their material from the magazines. In The Year's Best Science Fiction for 1969, edited by Harrison and Aldiss, there are two stories which introduce time travel; in World's Best Science Fiction 1969 edited by Wollheim and Carr, there are two stories involving telepathy, one time travel. Various others such as the Galaxy Reader or Nebula Award Winners can be included here. Novels are still being written involving immortality, spaceship communication, robots, etc, etc. Okay for a 1940 Astounding perhaps, but a bit out of place now. What's more, these efforts are winning awards, the short stories are being reprinted - saying to authors "Carry on", and they do.

Which is not to say that the authors who write this stuff don't often turn out good stories that are original and different - most of them do - but it seems to me that they turn too easily to the old themes when an idea is lacking. Here readers can exert an influence. All right, you say, I'm satisfied with the situation, who are you, telling me I'm not? But really, didn't you heave a sigh of relief when you finished the thousandth story you've read about time travel/mutations/robots/space warp/immortality/atomic war/alien invasion/last man of Earth/deep-freeze of humans/space journeys lasting generations/totalitarian governments/bug-eyed monsters/matter transmitters/translating machines/telepathy/sun going nova/counterfeit humans/ - ?

As long as this stuff keeps coming out, and readers keep on buying it, then sf is going to continue sinking into the bog until it is completely submerged. It won't surface, nor will it deserve to. But if readers begin demanding a revolution, then one day the crop of cliches will be demolished. There are a great number (the majority, thank God) of authors to whom what I'm saying doesn't apply, but the thing is, those to whom it does are colouring the efforts of others. Ask someone who doesn't read sf what it's about, and they'll say "Oh, you know, monsters, robots, space - ships...." ("Things that are improbable" is the verdict of someone I know). And you want to tell them that all has changed, because largely it has, but when they can still see a picture of (eg) a man in a spacesuit on the front cover of a professional sf magazine, well, what can you say? If readers didn't swallow all this, then editors would perhaps begin to revise their policies. If your sentiments are similar to mine, do something. We need another evolution similar to the English New Wave, which accomplished a lot in Britain but not in America where it's needed most. Good God, are you going to sit there absorbing cliches all your life? Those who do are making it doubly sure that the rest of us continue to suffer. For although I try to avoid the stuff, I can't always succeed. But I would be interested to know what other people think here. We need a bit of controversy.

LIMERICKS FROM LYRAE

by David Stuart Seale.

A nasty old being from Sirius
Was found to be quite delirious.
They put him away
For a year and a day,
And told him he should be more serious.

A student from Carinae star Canopus
Told his student mates, "Every last one of us
Should not pay our tax,
Must give help to the blacks,
And threaten the dons on the Cam-o-pus".

A girl from near Centauri
To her male friend said, "Don't hurry,
When crossing the road
Use the Highway Code,
And walk across, don't hurry!"

A man with the gout from Arcturus
When in pain sounds like a cats' chorus.
"Oh, I cannot go on
While my foot weighs a ton,
And there's more like me. Please cure us!"

A young folk singer from Vega
To come to Earth was quite eager.
He wanted to hear
The song loud and clear,
"We shall overcome" by Pete Seeger.

~~~~~FIRE  
KUS:-TITE

@@@Skel@@@

(((Brian)))

ERIC BENTCLIFFE 17 Riverside Crescent; Holmes Chapel; Cheshire.

I hope you get this letter; it appears that you are attempting to frustrate your readers by not letting them know your address....I've looked all through the fershlugginer issue for your editorial habitat. Is this modesty, or cowardice!?!

@@@Doesn't everyone put the colophon on page 36@@@

I have, I'm afraid, more or less retired from fanac though I do manage to get to the occasional con, and I'm still in contact with a few fans. Norman Shorrock, for instance, always lets me know when a new vintage is ready for drinking and other members of LiG have been known to frequent my address. Steve Stiles was the last overseas fan visitor, following in the footsteps of champion-chicken-eater Wally Webber and numerous others. Terry's article brought back some pleasant memories, all lies that it was of course, but it did a little mindbending for me. I'm surprised he didn't mention our unique method of selecting material for TRIODE.....this hinged on 'The Jeeves Billiard Table Gambit' whenever too much material was received for a particular issue. The method was to initial the balls

@@@????????????????????????????????@@@

with the authors soubriquet (or more often, alias)

@@@...Oh!...@@@

and proceed to see who could be potted first and achieve immortality. Well I recall the time I knocked Ken Bulmer in off John Brunner! I didn't really use Terry's engagement as an excuse to break up the partnership...but it was his impending marriage which was the reason for my letting the lad have his evenings free from stencil-cutting. I didn't think that Val would really have appreciated my having to go along on the honeymoon to make sure we got the next issue out...! Also, about that time LiG were wondering what to do about a successor to SPACE DIVERSIONS....and since Norman was offering three bottles of Dandelion Wine to anyone willing to become editor, BASTION was born. Frankly, I can't find much to comment on in the rest of the issue..the article on Spacemans Food was interesting but only succeeded in convincing me that spaceflight is not for me until a chef de cuisine is part of the crew of every spaceship! The bacover was very well-drawn, but what has it got to push against? In conclusion may I offer a more appropriate title for the Stockport SF Society.....The Heaviley Breathing Society.

@@@always nice to hear from a member of Noah's Ark Fandom!! Thanks for the additional ~~1/1/1/1~~ info on TRIODE.....I had a feeling Terry's article might have been slightly biased, but there's objective reporting for you.....@@@

MALC SHARPE Kozy Kabin; 16 Wingate Road; Heaton Chapel; Stockport; Cheshire.

KING KONG DIED FOR OUR SINS!

@@@It should have been Malc Sharpe@@@

On recently reading an article about Albert Einstein, I saw he was quoted as saying..."If a million monkeys were placed in front of a million typewriters for an infinite number of years, then eventually one of them will bash out the complete works of Shakespeare." Now, Being a true scientist I noticed that it didn't need a million monkeys. Just one would do, and for the same length of time at that, so off I went with my Ollivetti under my arm to the local zoo where I borrowed a charming chimp called Enoch

@@@Hmmm, a LoC with Social Comment@@@

and set him to work. After all, a lifetime's a fairly long spell and while I might not get 'Macbeth' I might just get 'Biggles Flies West' or something equally metaphysical, in about fifty years or so. Unfortunately my interest waned after a week and all I had for my experiment was six copies of HELL 1. This zine really wasn't very good you know. If I had written a LoC you wouldn't have published it anyway. However, I am here to write about HELL 2 which was a distinct improvement and promises good things for your next issue. I enjoyed reading it but I do have some criticisms to make. Firstly, a serious complaint.....Crossfire was an insult to our intelligence and should be radically changed.

@@@It is. Three more pages but about the same number of LoC's@@@ By only printing selected parts of letters you can completely change any meaning and qualify the intensity of complaint. How you have the nerve to ask people to write letters and then only print selected parts is unbelievable. This is censorship in it's worst form. Either print complete letters or nothing. "AHA!", you might say, "...but the letters are 90% drivel like this one." Well, so is your zine, and you publish that!!!! Next Limbo. Really, this was absolute rubbish. I mean, I know you both fairly well and I know the locations of most of your places of adventure which helps AND I WAS BORED STIFF BY IT. What part of your warped little minds makes you think that a meandering tale of "A Day In The Life Of Paul And Brian" could be of the slightest interest to anybody but Paul and Brian? I've read better things in 'Womans Own'. Have you been clipping your arteries again? T.N.T.R.O.S.T.A.T.S. must be a motive for "Fratricide passionello" if ever I saw one. He must be the only O.N.C. student to have his thesis published. Galactachump(part one) had me looking forward to part two which can't be bad.....or, as we hippies say, "Fuckin' far out. Elbow my tit baby!" I liked the artwork very much, especially the excellent drawing on page 11. The cover was rather runcible-less and not as good as that of HELL 1, but as both will fade to nothing when compared to HELL 3's cover, then it doesn't really matter. On the whole quite good. This critical appreciation, you will notice, is more critical than a appreciative but then you don't want a lot of people writing in and telling you how good they think you are, do you? Oh, you do? Oh well! In that case I will remain.....up YOURS if necessary....M.S.

@@@LoC's aren't chiefly for publishing Malc, but primarily for either reading with a warm glow of satisfaction, or for saying..."Thy, stupidfuckin-cretindoesn'tknowwhatthehellhe'sdrivellingabout!!!!", for ripping up, and for slinging down the bog. Now where did I put your LoC, hmmm.....@@@



MARY LEGG 20 Woodstock Close; Oxford; OX2 8DB.

All this and Hell too, yet. I notice Brian has a fannish address, i.e.: - 'Linwood Grove' - or has anyone else pointed this out to you?

@@@We pointed it out to the city council, but though they sympathised, it seems it isn't worth changing@@@

As I love Lear's nonsense, your very clever front cover earns applause from this quarter - have you seen his nonsense botany? Some are in some ways even cleverer than his verbal brilliance. Of your front cover illo I particularly liked the owl, which rather resembles a crowcut budgie.

Slugs, or rather snails, seem to be quite "The Thing" with HELL - any particular reason or is it just another branch - or should I say (eye)stalk of "Odd Animal Fandom"?

@@@SNUGS were kindly provided for Joe Patrizio, you know, the bloke who provides a zine for Gray Boak to put his mailing comments in, so that Gray doesn't have to bother putting a zine together very often@@@

Ah, nostalgia - your account of the events before, during and after the Air Show evoked memories of many mini-cons in past years, but especially a visit Hertsfandom to see the Shuttleworth Collection and an Air Display. I don't know if you've ever been to Shuttleworth (it's near Bedford) but if you like old planes and cars it is THE place to go. It was there I saw my first Spitfire close up - I'd seen some planes in the Imperial War Museum, of course - and I distinctly remember thinking "They went up in a machine that small?", as I peered into it. It makes events seem even more incredible when you see what I may term "living history" like that. Terry's account of his experiences with TRIODE awoke many a pang of remembrance, and must have done for any fanced who read it. Is the cover an original one from that run or based on one? A happy thought if so.

@@@Bask in happiness then, Mary. Terry sent us a couple of old covers and we had the one from TRIODE No. 1 electro'd. The original was a two colour job though, having a red printed border, yet!!!!!!!!!!!!@@@

Roy Sharpe's article clears up one or two points I'd been wondering about - water for example. The menus look all right - but what do they taste like? (The food, not the menus). Wasn't there an early story of space flight, where the astronauts had a "big meal" before they left? I'm all for long mailing-comment-columns as your INTERNO, so keep it up lads, keep it up. Galactachump raises a query - what was the thing in the bed? I'm all agog. Anyway, this is a bit bitty, but at least it's not gone unnoted! HELL shows. I think, Promise. That is not meant to sound condescending, so I hope you don't think it does. I look forward to seeing HELL develop into a good fanzine.

@@@The thing on the bed? Probably just another woman under tons of 'Venusian Mud-pack' It's just that Gc has a very morbid imagination. One point to clear up here - Gc was never meant to be continued, just left hanging with a view to a possible continuation, Ghu knows when. O.K.?????@@@

JOHN BIGGOTT 17 Monmouth Road; Oxford; OX1 4TD.

Here I am to comment on HELL 2, the superhuge zine that came through my door with a hollow :thunk: yesterday - the hollowmess perhaps indicating that there was really not much in the zine. I am contemplating producing a fanzine, possibly called...TURD, FUCKFACE, DEFEACTION, or mayhap HOWLER...(these titles suggested by the girls I work with. I'm the only male in a staff of twenty!). Basically the zine will probably resemble Greg and Roy's effort in more than a small way, though it'll likely be a deal more sane and restrained, but the whole thing's based on shaky foundations, viz. Whether I can spare the money, find a duper and most of all, the curse of my own apathy. Keep your fingers crossed.....

@@@I'll look forward to FUCKFACE (my favourite), if your letters are anything to go by. The saner approach is a good idea, as people might actually take notice, rather than dismiss it all as the ravings of excretion-conscious infants. However, you will understand, I hope, if I don't hold my breath. I'll wait 'till I see it!!@@@

I still think the repro in HELL 1 was basically all right, except of course for the fearful faux pas of page 22, and a couple of other pages were a bit faint. Maybe my copy was better than most. You ask why I thought the editorial (No.1) was contrived? My idea of contrived is when two people sit down on a Saturday afternoon and say to each other, "How shall we write the editorial?", and one says, "Let's take turns at typing bits of it like a sort of conversation. That'll make a good gimmick." That I call contrived, like the editorial in HELL 1.

@@@By that reasoning, ANYTHING committed to paper is contrived. Even if somebody just sits at the typer and drivels, he must first say to himself..."I think i will just sit at the typewriter and drivel." --:BALLS:--!!!@@@

The new, compact-sized Gripe Water was much better, though not ideal, as one line is about what STAR TREK deserves, but at least the words used to describe the programme were suitably apt. Incidentally, I must protest at the gross misrepresentation of my letter in your WAHF column. Referring back to the letter I wrote, I had nice things to say about Dialog and The Ambush as well as your reviews! So what's all this...". the only thing he seemed to like was the review section."? Huh?

@@@That the hell are you going on about? You weren't in the WAHF column. And here I was, all set to grovel...@@@

Actually, the repro on your second issue seems little better than your first. Maybe your duplicator really is to blame! Tell people something often enough and they'll end up believing it, as the members of the House of Commons are fond of saying. I must confess being disturbed by your use of four different typers, one superb, two merely adequate and one bloody terrible. The artwork is reasonable and the front cover gave me a laugh 'till I noticed that nowhere in the picture was anyone(thing?) eating quince with a spoon. The owl was eating quince with his...wings?...fingers? whilst the pussycat was eating mince with a spoon, AND, this may seem like nit-picking(fuck off, whoever said 'damn right'), but the spoon appeared in no way runcible. Big black splodge there and a dunce's cap. Linbo was reasonably interesting, though I haven't

got much to say about it. The Triode Saga was also readable, though in my humble opinion there's far too much of this harking back to fandom's past. Terry was at least a part of 1950's-fandom, so he's presumably got a right to talk about it if he wants to, but when you get people like Pickersgill who rave on and on about things like HYPER when they've never seen a copy in all probability, then the whole thing becomes merely laughable. Flicking lightly past the pages which are smaller than the rest, we come to Secing Stars which gave me a smile or two. This is something I had envisaged doing myself at one point, but I hadn't got round to it yet, so no harm done.....

@@@Ain't you the lucky one, though! According to the venerable Boak they were :-"Unhumerous SF adverts (Christ! how many times have we seen these?)..." Well you hadn't and I hadn't and Brian hadn't and Dave hadn't but then maybe we haven't been around as long as Gray@@@

Roy Sharpe's second part - again interesting, but not really inviting much further comment from me. I'll just note that 'Solid Waste' is faeces, like most of this zine - only damn yanks call it 'feces'. Why not just call it shit? Then people will know what you're talking about. Roy's sample menus for long-duration flights reminded me of the menus you get in Army 'Compo' rations issued to men in the field. It's all tinned stuff and pretty monotonous. Like, for breakfast you get a choice of baked beans, baked beans, baked beans, or beans in tomato sauce. It's all incredibly constipating, though this would be an advantage in battle I suppose. Incidentally, I don't like coffee or tea; when I become an astronaut do you suppose they'll pack whisky for my use? Inferno didn't seem as good this time - maybe I wasn't in such a receptive mood for zine reviews, or maybe they just weren't as good. I'll just say that in 4M, which I've heard has now folded. I'm pretty sure that Harry Logan was a pseudonym for...guess who, Trevor Jones. Galactachump was childish, badly written.. and also rather funny. The letter column wasn't very interesting, and incredibly badly laid out. No doubt there will be an improvement nextish. After all, ~~you'll have this lot of stuff~~ now you've seen what a mess it looks on the printed page. When I first heard about HELL (in CHECKPOINT) it was described as 'sf and general'. The SF part seems to have shrunk this issue to just a very few pages. Come to think of it, HELL 1 contained little SF as well. While lauding your preoccupation with topics of general interest, I can't help thinking that it might be a good sign for the sercon fans if you were totally immersed in SF. What with rumours flying around to the effect that 4M, QUICKSILVER, SPECULATION are folding, and SFR just a tear in the eyes of certain old-time fans, this leaves only CYPHER and the Goblin's SF ARENA (if it succeeds) to sate the appetites of sercon fans over here. It could be that we need another. (Does this sound like I'm trying to influence the editorial policy of HELL?). I guess that ends it for another time. Reading through what I've written I think this letter is less nasty than the last one I sent. I don't consciously try to be a turd in my letters, but I used to make an effort to be nice, and it came out all wishy-washy. So now I just let it flow naturally and the fact that my letters are rude and despicable is probably more a reflection on my own foul personality rather than any intrinsic demerit in the zine I'm writing about.

@@@Interestingly written LoC John, which is why you got to be our first holder of the 'Running-Off-At-The-Mouth'

trophy. A brand new innovation which comes with an enlarged letter-column. Rather than try out your FOULER parody straight off in a zine of your own, how about a column for HELL. It'll allow you to test the water before ~~being pushed~~ jumping in. How about it?@@@

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PETER COLLEY 2 Bristol Avenue; Manchester; M19 3NU

I disagree with Paul on one point in his ZIMRI review. Graham Poole, in his conreport, probably included more detail of what happened at the Con than would appear in a conrep from a fairly well-established fan. The established fan will naturally leave out some aspects of a con which have become second nature and will not realise that these things may be unknown or of interest to the neo. Therefore, Graham's report, though it may not have interested long-standing con attendees, was probably of more interest to neos who did not attend.

((((This may be so, but it doesn't explain the fact that I found the report more than a little boring, despite being very much a neo-fan. But it's true that I did attend the con!)))

"An Alien Affair" was a fantastic load of rubbishy nonsense which, although being well-written, also managed to be utterly stupid & when's the next episode?

((((This was the general reaction to Gerry Taylor's piece, and I admit to being a little surprised. It's hard to believe that so many people could be as mad as Gerry, Paul and I. As for the next episode, well, who knows. If I pass all the comments on to Gerry, then things may happen.)))

I enjoyed most of the cartoons, especially the one about New Worlds. Was it supposed to indicate NW as 'an underground magazine(?)' or 'an emergence from the sewers draining people's money'?

((((You got it in two!)))

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MIKE MEARA Flat A; 5 kedleston Road; Derby.

My first comment is: you shoulda used longer staples. My copy, admittedly well-thumbed, is falling to pieces. However, as you say future issues will be thinner, then the problem won't arise again. The cover is a vast improvement over HELL 1 (sorry Brian), although a few bottles of Whitbread Pale Ale or C&C lemonade scattered around would have improved it still further. But wait! What is this black befeclered creature peering out from behind a dumblybob tree?.....well, what is it?

((((Ask Skel - he drew it. But it's nice to see that someone noticed the darn thing. If it's any consolation to those who didn't, neither did I at first sight.)))

Oh deary me. Two editorials covering nine pages in toto is definitely a bit much. Such was my first impression, but further investigation showed that the bit on page 4 was a good idea, a sort of explanation-cum-apology(((?)))

for the following 40-odd pages. The next bit was a different fettle of kish, since the subject matter (except the air-show) was of only marginal interest. Two things only made it bearable - the writing style and the superb illo on page 11. Congrats Brian and t'other fella - this would have made a fantastic and intriguing front cover.

(( mind!! I'm in enough trouble over that illo already. Well, not trouble exactly, but.....! Don't compound the felony by suggesting it as a cover.)))  
Terry's piece I really enjoyed. I hope you'll be able to find enough material to make this a regular feature. I'm too young to remember the GBF's, so I can't offer any suggestions there. The illo's - superb. I wish Terry'd concentrate on this type of thing rather than on the "Soggies".

((The response to our pleas for this sort of thing has been with the exception of the Magnificent Terence, been NIL. Put more accurately, one almost point-blank NO, and a YES, IF I CAN FIND THE TIME. Damn shame, really as I think "Triode" was the best thing in No. 2, both for Terry's style of writing and the facts therein.)))

Part 2 of Roy's article was a big improvement over part 1. The description of the "water cycle" was particularly interesting. Wot, no curried aardvark, no mosquito knee consomme, no rancid polecat a la maison? I like my food to look like food, not lumps of dehydrated camel-snot.

((Does Monty Python know about you??)))

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PHIL MULDOONEY 7 The Elms; Stoke; Plymouth; Devon.

Although I suspect that Ol's head will go to twice the size it already is, I must say that I enjoyed his cartoons, and they are nearly the best thing in the whole zine, but he will have a long way to go before he can rival the illo on page 43, which was naturally quite superb.

((Creep!!!)))

The con report was entertaining, but a sight too long. I found myself getting lost in the middle of the air-show. The trouble with con- or minicon- or uni-con- reports is that, unless you know the people, they can often be as interesting as a left-handed Sanskrit writer. The mailing comments. Paul did a nice job of reviewing ZIMRI....

((Nice advertising, man!! Where's No. 2??)))

- for which many thanks. As for the Ompa zines, well Ompa seems as usual a bit sparse on material, in that what seems to end up in Ompa are personal zines which are relatively small. I wonder if you two are not having second thoughts on including 50 page HELLS, especially when you have to give so many spare copies.

((If our constant (and it will be constant) griping about small zines promotes just one or two members to increase their activity, then it's worth the effort. As for 50 pages, well, No 2 was a freak, like it's editors.)))

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DEREK PICKLES 15 Hallbank Drive; Bankfoot; Bradford 5.

I like LIMBO - I say that again - I like LIMBO.

((Thou art truly a fine fellow, dear heart)))

After that, what can I say. I like something that rambles. After seeing just a handful of the current zines, I'd half-decided not to dive back into fandom after 16 years -

((You mean "elevate" yourself, surely?)))

- I simply can't stand all this sercon stuff, and as for reviews of books and magazines - OH BROTHER!!! I'll say the same thing to you that I said to Phil Muldowney - if you don't get free review copies, don't review.

((Damn right)))

I see Terry is still surviving. Triode, well I saw the first few issues, but I take my hat off to anyone who put out 17 issues of anything. I see he decided justifying wasn't justified, something I discovered before I cut my first stencil. I cured the problem by just drawing a neat frame around the text. This confuses the optic nerve and it sees a straight margin.

((Hmm!)))

I like HELL 2, it's general air of humour (except for the spacefood nosh article and the bibliography), the duping is variable, stencil cutting highly variable. Might I suggest that the typewriter used to cut pages 28/9 be presented to the Stockport County F.C. to go with the rest of the souvenirs of better days?

((If that was meant as a jab at Paul, tough.

He supports those scrubbers at Old Trafford. As for the typer, I agree with you entirely, and hereby tell the world that it's mine. But never again will it be used for stencilling. From here on in, we use 'elite' type.)))

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

ARCHIE MERCER Somebloodywhere; Addressnottohand.

No nude woman this time, I note, but a nude owl, nude pussycat, and head of nude Trotsberger on the back cover almost make up for it. I approve of Mrs. D. Deakin's taste in Trotsbergers, whoever she may be. And I approve of the many cartoon style that HELL seems to have adopted for it's own - runcible picnics, horned invertebrates, things like that. Definitely fun. In fact, HELL seems altogether to be fun. (I'm sure the Bench of Bishops would never approve, whatever may say the errant Gerb). Possibly it represents a reaction against the ultra-serious fanzine that seems to have become the Thing recently. But it reminds me strongly of the sort of zine that drew me into fandom way back in the early 1950's.

((Not necessarily a reaction against such things.

Were I sufficiently (a) clever, (b) informed and (c) rich, there's nothing I'd like better than to publish something like SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW - my favourite zine, God rest it's soul.)))

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

( Continued on p. 32. )



SCIENCE FICTION IS A WAY OF LOVE  
An Analysis of Written Communication

by

Mike & Pat Moara

This analysis is based on the commonly accepted principle that, of any emotionally involved couple, the female will write long letters full of emotional verbiage (hereinafter referred to as "slush"), whereas the male will write much shorter letters, much less frequently, which are full of interesting information about hobbies etc., and with a negligible slush-count.

We thought (at the time) that it would be interesting to analyse our letters to each other, covering a period of about three years between 1967 & 1970, to see how this principle applied to us. We analysed each letter by counting the number of words on various different topics, and expressed the totals for each topic as percentages of the grand total. Given that the hobbies or interests of the male in question are:- science fiction (more of an obsession really), photography and record collecting, none of which greatly interested the female at that time, consider the following:

Number of letters from her to him ..... 45  
Number of letters from him to her ..... 45

Number of words written by her to him ..... 20,189  
Number of words written by him to her ..... 22,433

| <u>Topic</u> | <u>General</u> | <u>Holidays</u> | <u>Jobs</u> | <u>Money</u> | <u>Photography</u> | <u>Records</u> | <u>S.F.</u> | <u>Travel</u> | <u>Slush</u> |
|--------------|----------------|-----------------|-------------|--------------|--------------------|----------------|-------------|---------------|--------------|
| Her to him   | 39%            | 6%              | 11%         | 3%           | 6%                 | 2%             | 5%          | 6%            | 22%          |
| Him to her   | 26%            | 8%              | 7%          | 1%           | 11%                | 5%             | 30%         | 4%            | 8%           |

Well, the bit about frequency didn't apply, did it? Nor the bit about length - quite the reverse in fact. However, there could be something in that part about content. Despite his attempts to get her to share his interests, by writing about them for well over half of each letter, she remains somewhat reluctant to discuss them, preferring to concentrate on slush. She maintains that we each wrote the kind of letter which we would have preferred to have received, yet we married in spite of it.

So she says.

He prefers to regard it as a victory for science fiction - another convert, however unwilling. There are signs of addiction, he fancies.

We'll agree to differ.

+++++

(... CROSSFIRE... continued from p.30)

GRAY BOAK 6 Hawks Road; Kingston Upon Thames; Surrey.

My frost-bitten friends in the North having informed me that you were planning to descend on me at Novacon, with reference to my review of your fanzine in BINARY, I spent the entirety of that fine convention in fear and trembling of the prospect.

((Did you ever get the feeling that someone was being just a little sarcastic??)))

However, you didn't appear, so I am forced to take the offensive (?) in writing to you. I take it you have some words of amelioration to offer?

((Now, if I know what that meant..... but NO!)))

I'd better say now that I have no intention of taking any of my words back - Perhaps the exception of the comparison with ZINE - so I suggest that you sit down and write now, without proceeding any further with this letter until yours is sealed.

((Which of course I didn't.)))

For I must say that I was rather more impressed with HELL 2. Reproduction varied from acceptable to downright good though it was marred more than somewhat by poor stencilling, particularly in the letter-column.

I'MBO I enjoyed tremendously. This is the kind of article that I've wanted to see in fanzines for a while, but crops up all too infrequently. It could have been improved, especially by trimming some of the gosh-wow from it, but it shows the Right Spirit. More please. And the same about Terry's article. Marvellous. These two alone make the zine worthwhile -

((Perhaps you shouldn't have read any more.)))

- without them, what have we? Roy Sharpe's uninteresting epic, a continuation of a VOF checklist (yawn), a boring letter column (incidentally you shouldn't interrupt letters - keep your comments to the end. It's not only polite but makes them easier to read).

((You perhaps have a point)))

Galactochump - no comment. We're really only left with the zine reviews, which I was about to comment on adversely until I noticed the names underneath. Thus some modification appears necessary. I see that Paul is the gosh-wow merchant - couldn't you keep him to artwork alone?

((That's one question I daren't answer, for fear...)))

You don't make HELL 3 sound at all inviting, but if you continue the present rate of improvement H4 should be worth reading.

((I've used most of this letter because it confirms a suspicion that's been lurking within me - namely that Gray isn't the nasty, 'orrible person I called him when I saw the review in Binary. I'd go so far as to say that should we ever meet, I might even buy him a drink instead of...well, use your imaginations, though what Paul's comments on Binary will be..... never mind, Gray, we love you in spite of...)))

back cover

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