

HELL



Contents	3.
Brian's Bit	4.
Inferno	7.
Stop Cock	15.
.....an article by Pete Presford	
Babel - Version 5	20.
.....a column by John Piggott	
Rememberance	24.
.....a poem by Lisa I. Conesa	
The Story Of The Jazz Guitar - Conclusion	25.
.....a series by Mike Meara	
Cas	29.
.....a column by Skel's bit	
Crossfire	32.
Skel's Other Bit	44.

FRONT AND BACK COVERS - SKEL

Joan Sharpe -- 15.16.17.19.

Dave Rowe -- 36.39.46.

Harry Bell -- 5.

Skel -- 6.20.22.24.29.30.31.32.33.34.44.

BRIAN'S BIT

I sit here, faced with a chicken salad, two bottles of ale, an Olivetta 4C electric typer, and scarcely a thing about which to prattle. The whole trouble is that I have messed about for the last few weeks, knowing full well that the collating party was approaching, but done nothing about getting this editorial written. As I hack this out there are exactly 32 hours to go, and I have yet to run off the last six stencils, not to mention writing something on three of them.

Running off the last six presents a problem, insofar as last night this firm I work for did the dirty on us. Y'see, using the spare duper was okay, as long as we stuck to it and left the main one alone. Fair enough. But this company believes in a dreaded document called "THE LEASE", which, as anyone with one iota of sense will tell you, is just bloody silly. Considering the useful life of most business machines, and the fact that you have to sort out a separate maintenance contract, it becomes obvious that buying the machine outright is the best policy. Obvious, that is, to anyone except the people I work for. Let me give you an example:

The Anita LS1 1011 calculator which is sitting on the other side of the desk costs about £4 a month to hire, and has a life of, say, 4 years before it becomes obsolete. That makes hiring it for that period something like £192, plus the maintenance contract. Buying it outright costs £115. Yet we had the greatest difficulty in persuading the management to buy it. The same thing applies to dupers. I was told that the lease on the main duper had about a month to run, and that they would not replace it with a new one, but use instead the older machine that I've been using. This got me really pissed off, but my complaints fell upon deaf ears. Last night I trekked over to the other side of the offices and.....you guessed it.....the spare duper had vanished. Where was it? Where else...in the general office, having been translated thither to become the main (in fact, the only) duper. No warning, no nothing - they just shifted it quietly, probably hoping I'd say not a word. They are about to learn the opposite. When the Assistant Company Secretary gets back from lunch I'll.....well, I worked with him for three years so I'm allowed to swear at him.

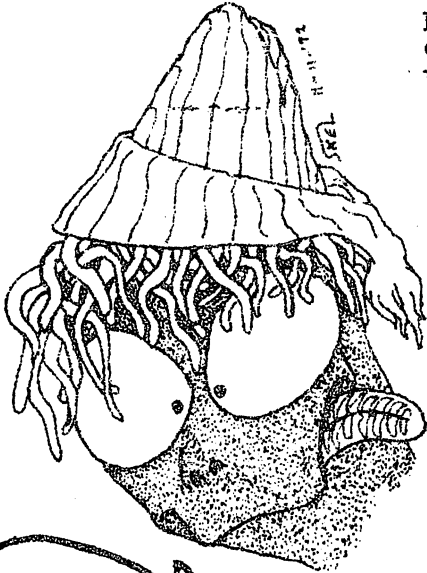
So yet again we are forced to rely on the good nature of Pete Presford to save our lives. Assuming I finish this by then, I'll be round at his place this evening. licking his boots (yeeachhh), saying nice things about his zines, and promising faithfully notto attack Anita. But by the time No. 8 hits the market we'll have our own machine, I promise. Er...can any of you lend us the cash to buy it???

I'm pretty sure that Skelton hasn't done a "Coming Next Issue" anywhere in here, so I'll mention a thing or two. Firstly the cover, if it's ready in time. When at school, one of my best friends was a lad called Brent Duttson. When we were in the forth year his parents upped and emigrated with the whole family, leaving a nasty gap in our basket-ball team. Now, however, Brent has returned, deciding that he can't do without his old friends. Always good in the art class he has now turned his attention to scrious things, like doing art for fanzines. I know that he has already given Presford a cover, and the next one is for us. He tells me that he's having difficulty with it, and after seeing the half-finished thing I agree withhim entirely. Still, he's got another three months to sort out the problem. Next ish there is also the possibility of a controversial piece by Chuck Partington. At least, it's been promised, so I'll just have to keep the whip handy for the next month or so.

Talking of Gannets (which I wasn't, but there is one below this) we had another visit from Ian Williams. Over here for a wedding in Warrington, he got in touch with with Presford and it was decided to pick him up and bring him back in this direction. So, disgustingly early one disgustingly rainy a.m. in...er....October, I think.....Pete and I set out in the van to collect him.

We found him on the bridge over the Ship Cana} on the A49 & hurriedly bungle him into the back, I be ng too lousy to let him ride up front. On the way back the Presford motoring bug struck again , when a tyre gave up the ghost on the motorway!!! Fortunately we were only doing about 35, and Pete was able to stop safely. He changed the tyre easily enough, but was annoyed at Williams and myself who insisted on taking photographs of him working. Well what do you expect us to do in circumstances





like that??? Anyway, we eventually arrived at Pete's place, and were treated to some of Anita's excellent coffee. She put milk in mine, which is unforgivable, but as white coffee it was okay. Skel and Cas arrived around three o'clock, and once more Williams was astonished to find that we Manchester and Stockport fen just refuse to talk s.f. when we have a meeting of any sort. Apart from a hilarious phone call from Chuck Partington, the evening passed off quietly enough, though we finished with sore throats from the amount of talking we did. Thwarted in his intention to catch the last train, Williams left next morning, with a promise to extort some artwork from Harry Bell for us. Turn back a page and you'll see that he succeeded.

Those of us who made it to Novacon enjoyed themselves very much. Kevin Hall and I travelled down with Pete in the trusty old van, giving a lift to a young lady of Kevin's acquaintance. Very nice too!!! I can't say a thing about the majority of the programme items, as we all gave them a wide berth. Except of course for the auctions, which were great fun. Dear old Gray Boak took care of one of them, and it was suitably hilarious, especially when a certain zine (the name of which I'll leave out

for fear of annoying it's editor) had to be removed from a pile of fanzines before they could be sold. The other programme item that we saw was the film "Marooned". I emphasise the word saw as we couldn't hear a damned thing that happened, being sat next to Fred Hemmings, who would insist on punctuating the action every few seconds with the most unbelievably inane remarks. Now I'm willing to admit that the film is badly flawed, but when I sit down to watch it I want to do so in peace without someone bellecking down me wacke. Hemmings take note - next year you wear a gag!

By now you are probably wondering about the illo up there. Well, it was like this. Dear ol' Kevin had never seen her, never even heard of her, and when we told him who she was he asked...."Which of these assembled femfen is she?" Presford pointed her out. I needn't say more, except to apologise to the management of the hotel for the foam which ruined the carpet. Poor lad - last time I saw him he still hadn't recovered. But the best thing about Novacon was something that couldn't be photographed, it happened so fast. Kevin either did something or said something to Chuck, and ran. Chuck followed, by leaping over the chair - almost. SPLAT!!!!!!! Spread-eagled face down on the bar floor. I've never seen anyone bring him down so fast and so thoroughly, though it nearly cost Kev a broken neck when Chuck caught him.

Which brings this page to an end. Last thing to mention is an apology to Jan Jansen for not including a review of his zine in the OMPA comments. We simply forgot it until it was too late and we'd used up all the space. Skel said that he intends to post it off to him, which is a kind thought. My only worry now that this issue is finished is saving the cash for that dupe we have to buy. Like....er...shit!!



.....by Pete Presford

Some people say that fannish happenings are very rare nowadays, perhaps they do happen but are shrouded in a tangle of pubic hair.

Here is the tale of one such happening, only the words are spelt wrong to protect the innocent.....

One balmy summer's eve I lay in my bath listening to the rain dripping through the hole in the gutter outside and contemplating the extensions of my mind(!) on the inside. Reposing in tepid bath water is of course the beginning of a signal; this then travels along the ether waves to the nearest receptive person, who promptly bloody well phones me up.

On this occasion my wife Anita was in and from the garble of one-way conversation that followed I guessed it must be some fannish person.....

"Hello, 1452."

"Who?"

"Could you speak up?"

"Home for unmarried Fan Editors."

"Oh, it's you is it?"

"He's in the bath."

"No he hasn't got a rubber duck."

(Untrue)

"O.K. I'll tell him if he surfaces."

The foolish person this time was none other than that multi-coloured Zappa lover and perveyor of honey in phone boxes, Dave Britton.....

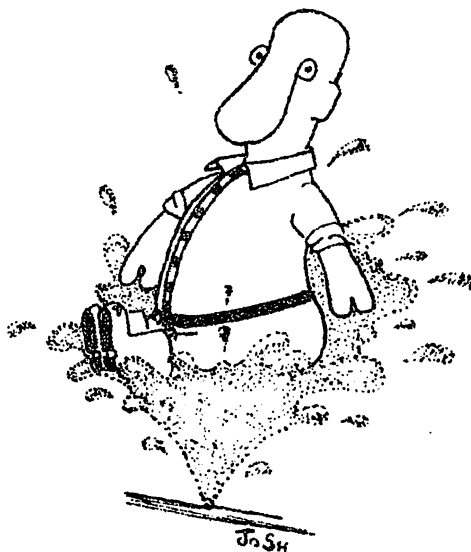
After putting my periscope away then drying myself, I hastened downstairs to phone Dave back, after many tries I finally got through. That guy wont accept reverse charges.

Things it seemed were very desperate, Britton was suffering from a leak, every time he went into the kitchen water covered the floor; I should of course hasten to add that the water on the floor was nothing to do with the physical attributes of Dave himself.

It was merely the fact that his Immersion Heater was leaking. Not wishing to venture into the untamed heights of Blackley by myself I phoned Bri Robinson, who foolishly agreed to go with me.

I saw that this trip could serve another purpose, namely the posting of artwork for electro stencilling at Biro's much praised N.F.M.C.U. Ltd. Once again the A to Z of Manchester played no mean part in this, how man ever landed on the Moon never ceases to amaze me. The street on which the above firm was situated was a typical Newcastle byway. Tarred? No. Cobbled? No; just plain good old fashioned dirt.

N.F.M.C.U. Ltd. proved to be the first house, or it could have been the last. We hesitated to get out of the paddy wagon, such was the scene. We waited a little while but no I.R.A. bombers or gunmen appeared. Telling Biro to wait in the wagon, I removed myself from its metal shell and bravely



knocked upon the door with the shin bone provided.

Footsteps echoed upon the floor within, I looked up at the bullet scarred windows and stepped back, ready.

I was looking up the street when the door opened;

"Yes." said a silk smooth voice, I knew it couldn't be Robinson so I turned around. You have heard about that sagging jaw, well folks mine did.

She stood there the fairest of dusky beauties(!), slim legs, flared yellow dress set upon gentle swelling hips, a blue halter top, that spelt instant sex appeal. One wonders sometimes what the good things in life are and sometimes you just know. Handing the artwork over I turned to leave, but somehow Biro had escaped from the wagon and prostrated himself across the bonnet.

"Can you manage?" He muttered thick tongued.

Such was his dedication to helping me that I had great difficulty getting him back in that van, one could say he had to be softened up a little.

My driving from that point onwards, until we reached Dave's was to say the least, weaving. So it goes.

Dave welcomed us with open arms, he's like that you know. I don't mind but there was no need for Biro to kiss him on both cheeks. Dave led us into the kitchen and pointed to the wet floor, "Well!" he said, "Dave" I answered "Your right, it's leaking," I then wandered into the front room and looked at Dave's excellent collection of books with Biro.

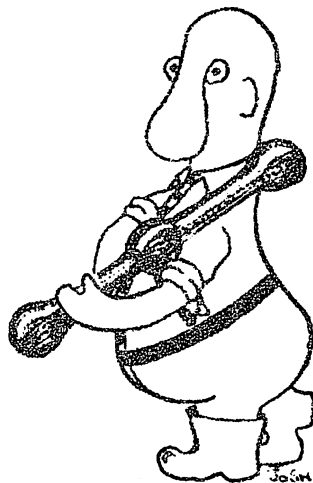
"Brew up Dave while you're in there." I shouted.

"Two sugars please." echoed Biro.

A few minutes later a slightly bemused Britton drifted in. "Ere, what about" he started to say. "I will see to that in due course worrying one." I cut in. A couple of hours later and several cups of Dave's excellent coffee, too much talk was brought to an end with Dave bringing out standard issue WIMPY wellies. Such was the water.

Well I suppose all good things must come to an end. The first logical step was to turn the water off; finding the tap was easy, but turning it off was an entirely different matter.

Reaching down with my trusty left hand I turned.....SNAP.....



ah well; have you ever snapped off somebodys brass knob missus, nasty. In the end an adjustable wrench did the trick, but did the water stop flowing? Did it bloody hell!!!!

Dave and Biro stared at me with open admiration, they knew I had things under control. I stared back with that silly look one gets when thinking fast in a desperate situation. Of course find the cold water tank and turn it off there.

Dave, unfortunately for me, remembered where it was, in the goddam roof. I peered down at what were then fairly clean and respectable garments draped about my frame.

So upstairs we trolled, "A ladder please Dave." oops silly me, no ladder. So a chair six feet short was brought in and up I swung. The other pair in this ambiguous trio took one look at the dark gloomy (how do dere honey.) hole I uncovered and waved tatty bye. Swines!!!!

Acomplishing a special Tarzan, Conan come Elric feat of strength and agility, I swung into the roof.

If Lovecraft were still alive I should leave it to him to describe that darkness between the stars. But seeing he aint I'll tell you; IT WAS BLOODY FILTHY.....

You may have guessed by now that any hope of finding another stop tap disappeared as fast as the cobwebs that draped themselves across my face. So a piece of string sufficed, to tie the ballcock up.....the one in the water tank, fools.....

Minutes later I staggered into the living room. Dave and Biro leaped back in horror and screams rent the air.

"Cthulhu comes at last." screamed Britton.

"Good God it's Al Jolson.." muttered Biro.

Ignoring all this infantile behaviour I passed their quaking bodies and walked into the kitchen where the water still dripped from the hot water tank.

It was then that I noticed, partially hidden by six months supply of sweaty socks, a drain off tap for the hot water system. Such were my groans and sighs of relief that Hocus and Pocus rushed through the door to find out what kind of woman I had smuggled in.

"Quick, a bucket," I yelled, "I need to get rid of some water."

"We aren't that bad," glowered Dave, "we do have a toilet."

"No, no," I explained, "if we drain two or three buckets of water off, it will stop leaking."

I should inject at this part of the proceedings that I happen to be, in my chosen profession, an Electrical Contractor; and how I ended up pissing about with water systems is still a complete mystery to me.



Dave at this point did what was necessary and brewed up as well. Deciding that Dave could carry out the ablutions by his tod, Robinson and I retired to the front lounge to sup our instant coffee. From the gurgles of joy carrying into the lounge from the kitchen, it seemed that the bucket and water had carried Dave (I should think that would take some doing.) back to the days of his early childhood, when he used to bury old ladies in the sand, then wait for the tide to come in.

Biro and myself settled down to listen to Dave's multi scratched Zappa L.P.s and crow in delight at the young ladies in a book called 'Leather is for Kicks', figure that one out for yourselves.

After an hours easy talking accompanied by Big Frank shouting 'It's A Monster' every couple of minutes and the gentle sloshing of water from the kitchen.

Suddenly the latter noise stopped.

"Hey," came a voice, "is this thing connected to the Irish Sea?"

Britton, my God I had forgotten all about that fellow. Rushing into the kitchen we saw Dave standing there muttering to himself.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill."

"O.K. Dave," you can stop.

"Easy now."

We led him into the living room, his trusty face carrying a somewhat bemused look. I went back into the kitchen and guess what....the water had stopped.

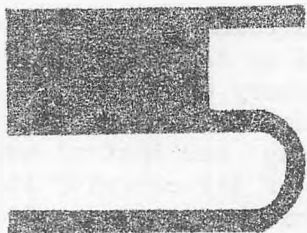
All that remained now was:-

The removing of the old immersion heater and the resoldering of the leaking flange, but then that's another story. Which I am glad to say took place a week later.

So it goes.

BARBELL

V
E
R
S
I
O
N



an irregular column, by John Piggott

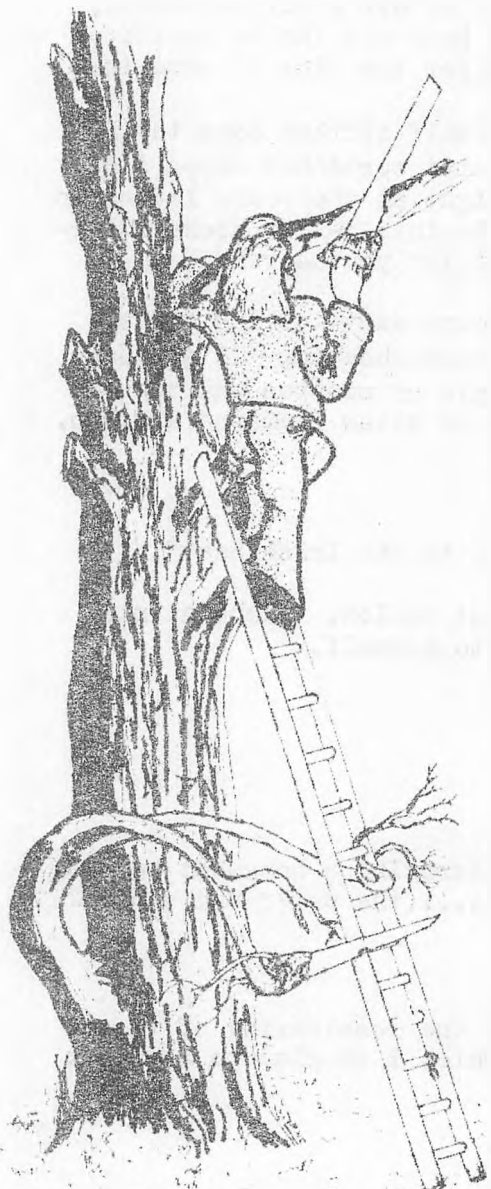
It all started quite innocuously, I swear. I was living quite happily, merely receiving the odd fanzine or two, when out of the blue came pleas for material. Oh, I paid little enough attention to these at first, but they kept appearing, so when April came around I resolved actually to write something for these Mancunians. "Paul Skelton," I said, "I'll write something - I promise."

But for one reason or another, I was prevented from doing this. My own fanzine and the onset of the dreaded Triplex disease combined to take up all my free time. And so the matter rested.

Events then took a more dramatic and sinister turn. The second issue of Turning Worm appeared early in June, and from the 18th level of the Pendlebury urban monad, a structure of the Manstock constellation, militant letters of comment flowed thick and fast. There could be only one reason for this sudden upsurge of activity - the inhabitants of level 18, tiring of using conventional methods to extract contributions, were resorting to low cunning! The final straw came when HELL 5 appeared: the envelope contained a two-page plea for me to contribute, in addition to the collection of crudsheets they laughingly called a magazine.

I had only two courses left open to me - and one of them was not to refuse. I tried, guv, really I did, but in the same circumstances, could you out there have done any better?

Gather round, then, people and exult in the fruits of my labours.



THERE WAS THIS APPLE TREE IN OUR GARDEN, SEE, and it had been there for thirty years. Some twenty feet tall it was, from the base of its gnarled and mossy trunk to the topmost branch. It stood bang in the centre of our lawn, leering balefully at the Ash, Cypress and Cherry trees in neighbouring gardens, striving to reach the same heights as these giants of the forest. In a way, it was a bit of a distinction for us, this apple tree, because they always say that apple trees are dwarfs, tiny little things. And ours wasn't.

This situation would have been very fine, were it not for one thing. Regularly, twice a year, the apple tree would interfere with our radio aerial. In the Spring, as it grew up, the branches of the tree would rub against the bottom of the aerial. We would hook the branches over the top, but in the Autumn, as the apples grew, the branches would bend back down again, interfering once again with the perfect reception we consider we have a right to enjoy. They weren't even very nice apples, either, and by the time we got to eat any of them the birds had already eaten their fill, in any case.

We had talked for years, my mother and I, about getting rid of this tree. I was never very keen on the idea myself. Cutting down a tree always seemed too much like manual labour, an activity which is only acceptable if you happen to be a member of a chain gang or Tarzan. But when the interference on the radio reached such a level that I was forced to miss a programme on science fiction earlier this year, I decided it was time to take action, even if it did mean using my muscle-power.

A thorough search of our shed revealed a small saw and a little chopper. Armed with these, I set out to deal with the tree. The bottom branches were mainly thin and I was able to make short work of these. Every so often a crackling sound gave notice that yet another branch was severed, and the adrenalin flowed thick and fast in my body as the pile of dead wood at my feet grew higher and higher. I could even feel my biceps developing.

It was after the bottom branches had already been chopped off that the snags started to appear. I found that standing on the ground, I was not tall enough to reach the really high branches. So I decided to use a step-ladder to get at these. It was only a small thing, some four feet high in all, and I felt I didn't stand much chance of falling off. (I am a coward, through and through). At least I hoped I didn't stand much chance of falling off!

So off came some more branches. I made a nice pile of them down at the bottom of the garden, just where they would annoy the neighbours most. "What are we going to do with them?" asked my mother. "You surely can't leave them there - we'll have to chop them up and get rid of them. The dustmen will never take them as they are now."

I personally didn't see why they shouldn't stay there till they rotted away. I suggested that we bury them, planning to carve my initials on each branch before interment, for the delight of any future palaeontologist. This idea met with scorn, but I continued chopping off more and more of the remaining branches. The pile grew higher.....and higher.....

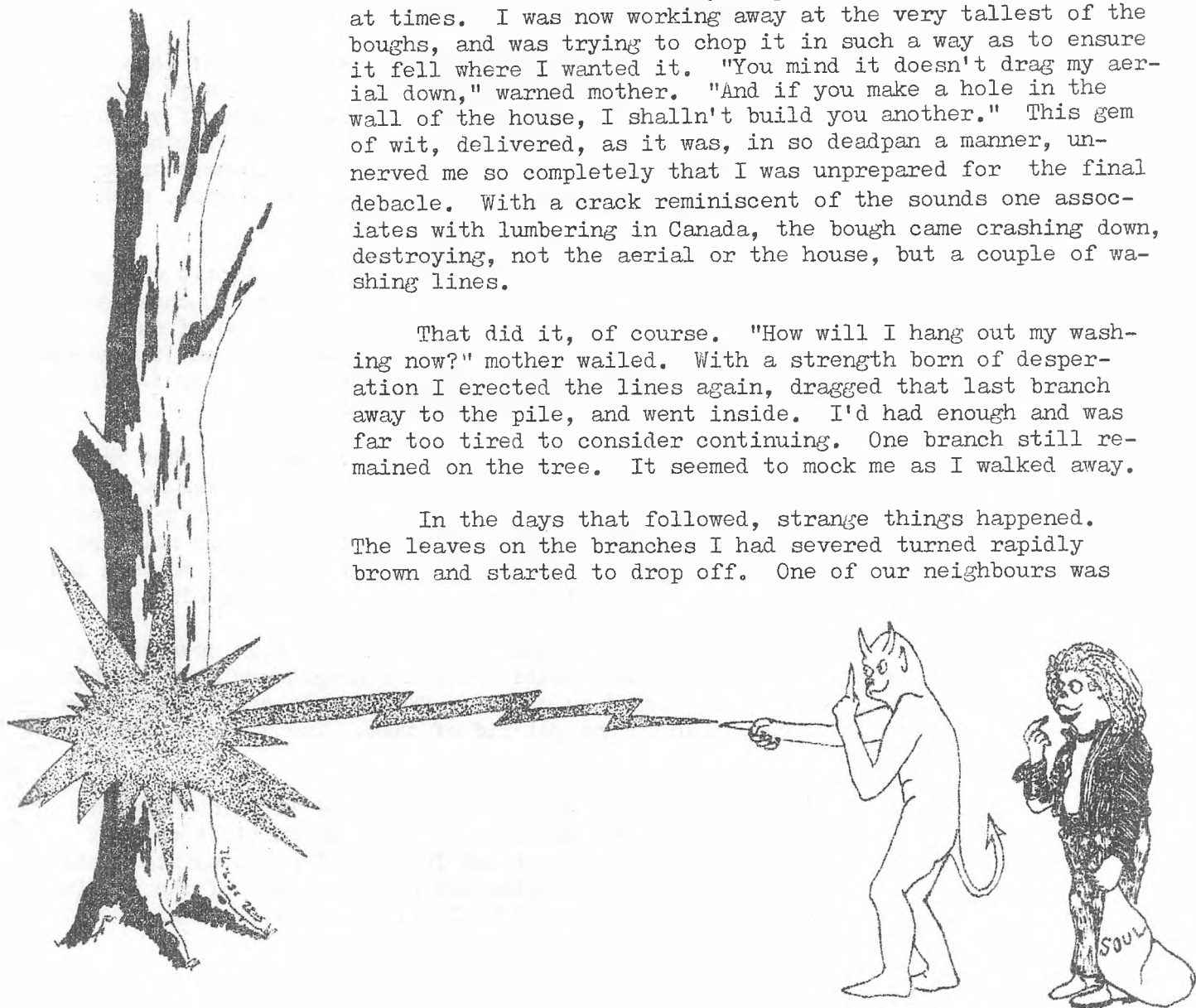
Another snag then appeared. By this time I was standing precariously on top of the stepladder, with the axe in one hand and the other hand clinging for dear life to the trunk. The only way I could get at the rest of the branches was to stand directly underneath them as I chopped, and my hair was getting inundated with wood chips and sawdust. Not only was this rather discomfiting, but it completely ruined my coiffure, ducky. I was getting rather sorry I'd ever started the job, but it was too late to stop now.

"Mr. Harris will lend you his ladder if you ask him," suggested mother, noting my predicament. I quickly put paid to any thoughts of that! "But I'll catch you if you fall," she said complacently. Despite these assurances and others, Mr. Harris' ladder stayed unasked for. I wasn't going to risk using that rickety contraption.

Ever ready with new hints and advice, mother continued watching. Normally she is of a sweet and kindly disposition, but she can go on at times. I was now working away at the very tallest of the boughs, and was trying to chop it in such a way as to ensure it fell where I wanted it. "You mind it doesn't drag my aerial down," warned mother. "And if you make a hole in the wall of the house, I shalln't build you another." This gem of wit, delivered, as it was, in so deadpan a manner, unnerved me so completely that I was unprepared for the final debacle. With a crack reminiscent of the sounds one associates with lumbering in Canada, the bough came crashing down, destroying, not the aerial or the house, but a couple of washing lines.

That did it, of course. "How will I hang out my washing now?" mother wailed. With a strength born of desperation I erected the lines again, dragged that last branch away to the pile, and went inside. I'd had enough and was far too tired to consider continuing. One branch still remained on the tree. It seemed to mock me as I walked away.

In the days that followed, strange things happened. The leaves on the branches I had severed turned rapidly brown and started to drop off. One of our neighbours was



heard to utter words such as "This mess! Awful! Terrible!" whilst gesturing at the pile, though those on the other side were more tolerant. I suspect they thought it at least a slight improvement on the ugly tree in full bloom. The trunk of the apple tree, together with its one remaining branch shows no signs of dying yet, however. I believe it's even thriving. So much for any thoughts I had of killing a living creature. Even the ants and aphides haven't left it.

I guess I'll just leave it now. I've completely lost interest in the idea of doing any more axe work, and my mother isn't interested. Provided, of course, that it doesn't die from the numerous diseases living in it's unhealthy bark, the tree will probably grow more branches and live for another thirty years. Good bloody luck to it.

So there it is. The story of a failed executioner, told here for the first time. I must admit that while doing the job my main thought was that I'd be killing the thing off entirely - a bloody notion, I will agree, but one nevertheless not without logicality. But in fact, far from ending life, I have nurtured new growth. Not only does the remainder of the tree look like continuing, but when I looked at the pile of debris last week a wasps' nest appeared to be there.

Oh well. See you again in 2002, you DAMN tree.

```
*****
*****
**
**
** This is HELL 7, proving once again that good things
** come in sevens and stilling the cry that they didn't
** come in issues one to six, that's for sure. HELL 7
** is published, in it's entirety, only through that
** organisation known, for it's perversions, as OMPA.
** This issue will be distributed through the sixty-
** eighth mailing of said association but a somewhat
** abridged version, lacking the mailing comments will
** be generally available by way of LoC & 3p stamp.....
** contribution.....trade.....extortion.....or
** any other equally fannish activity. In the unlikely
** event that you either wish to comply with one of the
** above requirements or, that you are nymphomaniac
** siamese twins, you may contact the editors, Brian
** Robinson and Paul Skelton at :- 9 Linwood Grove,
** Manchester, M12 4QH; and at :-185 Pendlebury Towers,
** Lancashire Hill, Stockport, Cheshire, SK5 7RW.
**
*****
*****
```

a poem by

l
i
e
a
i
c
o
n
e
s
a

REMEMBERANCE

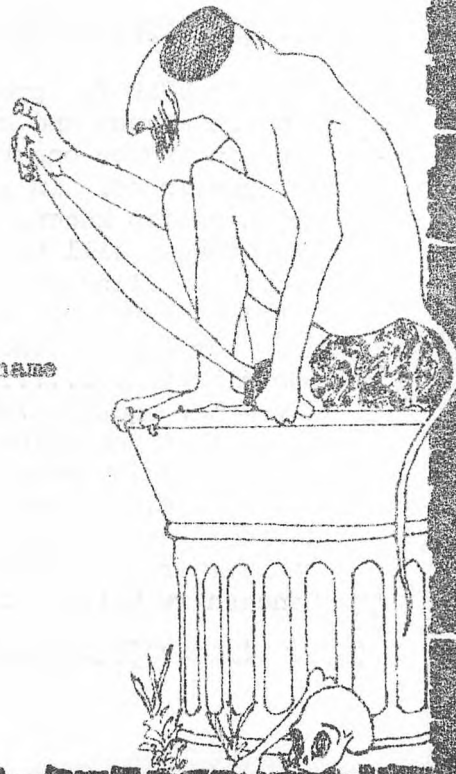
The night sky wrapped us in a veil of silence
the sky drank in
our sadness

starless
the sky was gasping
in
it's eternal longing
for the dawn
kisses of radiance

On the film of rememberance
our joint experiences
carved out a concealed sign of your name

The Spring
wearing a garland of green
under sky-blue fabric
enchanted me with it's colours
and you
sang me a song

in the book of passed experiences
again
I turn over a well-read page



the story of the jazz guitar

part four

(conclusion)

by mike meara

* I N T E G R A T I O N * *****

In this, the last part of the series, I want to mention briefly some of the more important guitarists who have been influenced by Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt, the two great leaders of the field in the thirties and forties, and conclude by taking a brief look at some present day developments.

The guitarist who can best be described as a real disciple of Charlie Christian, in the beginning at least, is Barney Kessel. Born in Oklahoma, he took the place of his idol in the local band when Christian left to join Benny Goodman. By 1945 he'd become well-known as a member of Artie Shaw's band, but his work at this time was still very derivative. He went on to develop a style of great fluency and technical brilliance, and his greatest achievement is undoubtedly the series of recordings he made with bassist Ray Brown and drummer Shelley Manne, as "The Pollwinners" in the mid-fifties. In the years since then, however, he has done little more than add polish to an already fixed style.

Tal Farlow is another whose first inspiration was Charlie Christian and, like Christian, he devised his own amplification set-up from a \$20 amplifier and some old radio earphones. His predominantly single-string playing clearly shows the influence of Christian, though it has a fluency which Christian's never had. His fame really began in 1949 when he became, like Barney Kessel, a member of a trio, with vibist Red Norvo and bassist Red Kelley. He has never been a prolific musician, and his records are much sought after by collectors. Little has been heard of him in recent years, though he made something of a comeback with an LP in 1969. I'm told that this is a good LP, though I haven't heard it myself and so am unable to say whether or not he has escaped the sad fate of Barney Kessel.

Following the same path, but slightly later in time, Wes Montgomery is the man considered by many to be the greatest guitarist since Christian, in terms of innovation. A rare recording with Lionel Hampton's orchestra from about 1950 shows him to be just another Christian copyist at this time. He was born in Indianapolis, hardly the centre of the jazz world, and there, mainly, he stayed until the late fifties when he formed a group with his brothers Buddy and Monk. Consequently it was quite a surprise to see just how far he had developed. He disliked the sound he obtained with the plectrum, so used his thumb instead, which gave him a unique and much more personal tone. He could improvise fluently in octaves, a stylistic trick which he borrowed from Django and developed further. In 1960 he began making records as a leader, and these were much praised, but as the years went by he began to get involved with large orchestras, strings and eventually the worst kind of commercial pop-jazz. Because of this he became very successful financially - rare in a jazz musician - but ironically, like three other great jazz guitar innovators before him, he died young, at the age of forty-three.

Jim Hall claims Reinhardt, Christian and Kessel to have been his major influences during his formative years, but his playing with the Chico Hamilton quintet, where he first became well known in 1955, shows the second of these to be most prominent. He went on to develop a thoughtful, rather introspective way of playing, allied to a very pure tone. He has recorded prolifically in a variety of settings, though less so in recent years, and was involved with Gunther Schuller's "third stream" music, which was an attempt to apply some of the techniques of classical music to jazz. Again, his best work has been in the context of a small group.

One of the few guitarists to use the unamplified Spanish guitar in jazz, Charlie Byrd gained a great deal of experience, including wartime jam-sessions with Django Reinhardt and others, before spending a six-year period devoted to the study of the classical guitar, including a course of study with Andres Segovia in 1954. In the late fifties his interest in jazz re-awakened and he made his first jazz recordings under his own name in 1957. A successful State Department tour of South America followed in 1961, and the stage was now set for a revolution in the art of the jazz guitar, insomuch as the application of the sound and fingerstyle techniques of the classical guitar to the new source-material from South America could have provided jazz with a much needed impetus. The Bossa Nova was a phenomenon which is still with us today, ten years after Byrd and others began it all, but the number of jazzmen -

including guitarists - willing or able to come to terms with it was always a small minority. Byrd himself is not highly thought of as a jazz guitarist: his ability as an improviser is limited, and his sense of dynamics poor, so that his playing tends to be "all at one level" and hence can easily become boring. Possibly this is part of the reason why the impetus never materialised, but it seems a pity that such an opportunity was not made better use of by other jazz guitarists.

The guitarist most able to interpret the blues in a modern jazz context is undoubtedly Kenny Burrell. Like Charlie Byrd, he too had some classical guitar instruction in the early fifties, but he uses the electric instrument almost exclusively and produces from it a much richer tone than is usual. He is one of the few guitarists to sound as good in a larger group as in a trio or quartet, and he has recorded successfully with a large orchestra. As with so many other jazz guitarists however, on the evidence of recent recordings his development appears to have slowed or stopped.

Of course there are many other jazz guitarists worthy of mention, all of whom have contributed to the story of the jazz guitar in a greater or lesser degree, but the six men discussed above are probably the most important. Although five of them are still happily with us, not one of these five could today be regarded as a pacesetter, and this, I believe, is because jazz is once again at a turning point in its evolution, as it has often been before. The past few years have seen some changes in the jazz world which seem disturbing to some people; I believe them to be inevitable. Jazz is no longer the Negro's music as it once was, at least from an audience point of view. The young coloured people of America now have their own different brand of popular music. Perhaps jazz has become too intellectual, too abstract in evolving along its present path; like modern classical music, it no longer appeals to the emotions.

So what alternatives are there to explore? One I have already mentioned: the unsuccessful "third stream" approach. Another which had slightly greater success was the attempted fusion of jazz with Indian music; perhaps "fusion" is too strong a word, for Eastern and Western musics are too dissimilar for any link to be anything more than superficial, although Indian music does of course contain an element of improvisation. Nevertheless some interesting and enjoyable music was produced, and the Indian guitarist Amancio d'Silva made several successful records with British musicians.

This brings me to another point: in the sixties the impetus for new developments in jazz began to come increasingly from Europe, and especially Britain. Although American guitarists such as Larry Coryell with Gary Burton's quartet were among the first to make use of such devices of "progressive" music as controlled feedback etc., these were developed further by British musicians, especially Ray Russell. On this particular frontier the boundaries between jazz and progressive music are becoming more and more diffuse, as jazz guitarists make more use of electronic gadgetry, and progressive musicians leave more room for improvisation in their music. My knowledge of the progressive music scene is not great, but it seems to me that groups such as Caravan, Soft Machine and the European group Focus are good examples of the latter phenomenon. Guitarist John McLaughlin, pre-

sumably inspired by his discovery of Truth via Krishna Consciousness, has also been producing new and startling music on both the electric and unamplified instruments with his Mahavishnu Orchestra. Although it is difficult, if not impossible, to see things in perspective whilst they are still happening, nevertheless I believe that this is the way jazz must go if it is to retain, or even regain, it's vitality and viability.

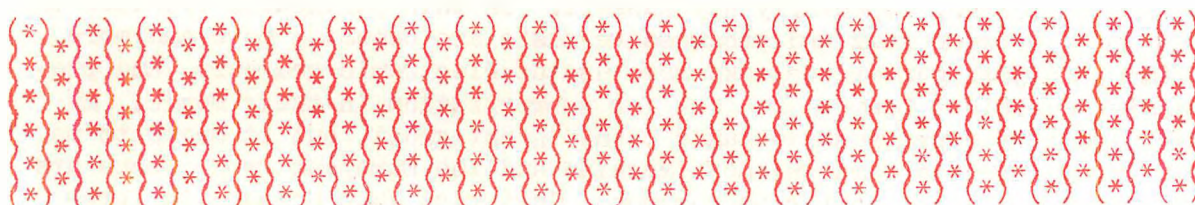
N.B:- Obviously, as the events which I discuss become more recent in time, so do they become more matters of opinion than fact. If you disagree with what I've said, why not let me know, either directly or via the editors? Maybe we could get a good argument going!

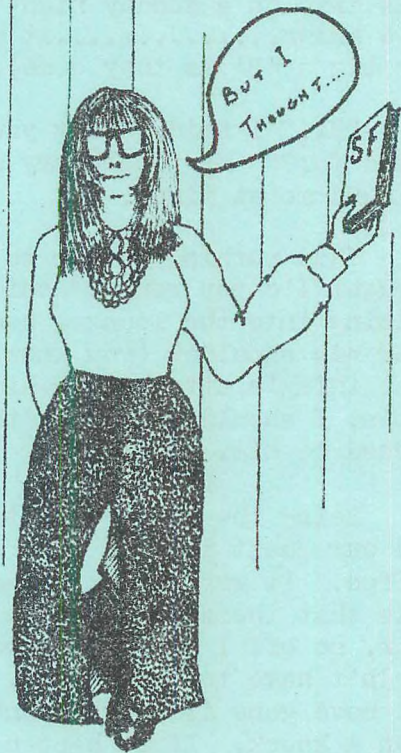
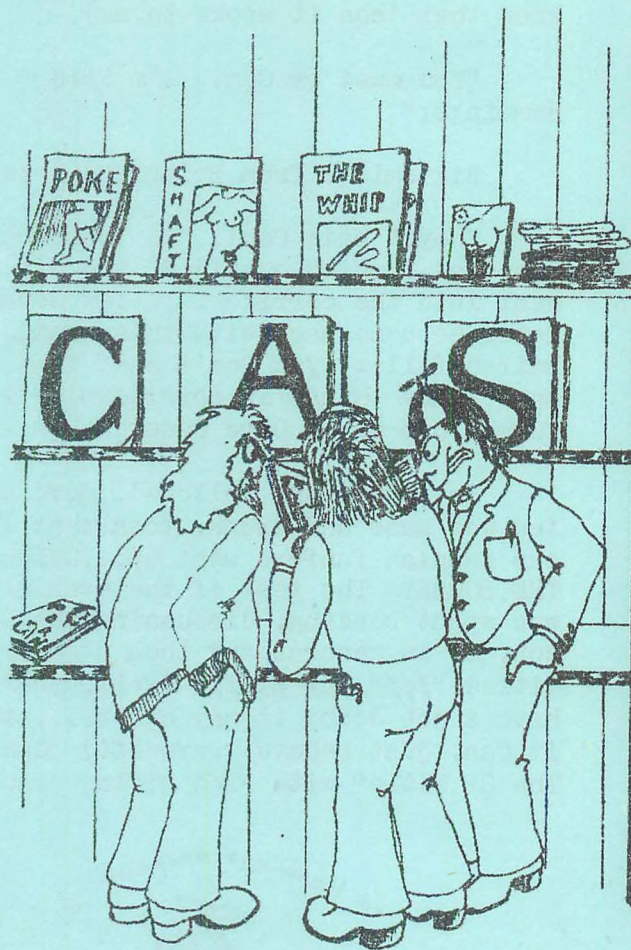
M. J. Meara - October 1972.

Recommended Records:

1. Easy Like (Barney Kessel): Contemporary LAC12082. R (Recorded) 1954.
2. The Pollwinners (Barney Kessel): Contemporary LAC12122. R 1957.
3. Move - The Red Norvo Trio (Tal Farlow): Realm RM158. R about 1954.
4. The Return Of Tal Farlow: Prestige S7732. R about 1969.
5. Grooveyard (The Montgomery Bros.): Riverside RLP362. R 1961.
6. The Incredible Jazz Guitar Of Wes Montgomery: Riverside RLP320. R 1960.
7. The Chico Hamilton Quintet In Hi-Fi (Jim Hall): Vogue LAE12045. R 1956.
8. The Jimmy Giuffre Three (Jim Hall): Atlantic 1254. R late fifties.
9. Blues For Night People (Charlie Byrd): Realm RM150. R 1957.
10. Jazz Samba (Stan Getz & Charlie Byrd): Verve VLP9013. R 1962.
11. Soul Call (Kenny Burrell): Prestige PR7315. R 1964.
12. Guitar Forms (Kenny Burrell & Gil Evans Orch.): Verve VLP9099. R 1965.
13. Integration (Amancio d'Silva): Columbia SX6322. R about 1969.
14. Lofty Fake Anagram - Gary Burton 4 (Larry Coryell): RCA RD7923. R a 1967.
15. Turn Circle (Ray Russell): CBS/Realm 52586. R 1968.
16. My Goal's Beyond (John McLaughlin): Douglas DGL69014. R about 1970.

The majority of the above are either imports or deleted, but may still be obtainable through specialist dealers.





BY GREAT POPULAR DEMAND, after my last thingy for HELL (well my best pal Joan Sharpe liked it) here I am continuing "Mrs. SKELTON'S DIARY" an everyday story of ~~sex~~ ~~my~~ ~~life~~ ~~fen~~ in the North Country.....now, what's been happening fandom-wise around here since I last put finger to typer?

As already mentioned in HELL 6. we, being various members of the MAD (insane would be more appropriate) group, went trogging up to Durham to meet, eventually, the Gannets at a

party given by that young, debonair bachelor of fandom....Ian Williams. I enjoyed it, honestly I did. The fact that I fell asleep half-way through the evening didn't mean that I was fed up. The thing is, I'm not a good traveller and having my brains or whatever's in my head half knocked out (Who said "It shows!"?) on the side of the van doesn't help one to be the life and soul of the party. Anyway, I like the Gannets, especially that great South Shields Sitar Strummer, Thom Penman...(he's ducky, isn't he, though?).

A month or so later whilst I was sat twiddling my thumbs and my husband (Paul or Skel to you, my ghod, have I committed bigamy?) was drawing pretty pictures for HELL, there came a buzz on the entryphone. Well, it was either that or a dirty great bee. Who the hell can that be at this time on a Sunday night? I might have known.....it was Brian. (As big a 'B' as they come).

"Hi," I said, "what you come round for?" My vocabulary and charm astound me at times.

"Had nothing better to do so thought I'd pop round." said Brian walking into the lounge, camera slung over his shoulder (you know, I'm sure that thing's attached to him. No you fools, I should hope that thing's attached to him. Really!).

Being the perfect hostess, I asked our guest if he'd like a cup of coffee. It was whilst I was making this that there was a knock on the door, so off I went to answer it. I needn't have told you that. I would not have gone if there hadn't have been a knock. If it happens again I'll just say I went to the door, then you can say, "Must've been a knock." (You may be asking yourself why Paul couldn't have answered the door as I was busy. I'll tell you why... 'COS HE'S A LAZY SOD....aren't you, sweetie-gronph?). I opened the door to reveal, Pete Presford.

"I'm making coffee, would you like some?"

"Yes, and I'll have a coffee too." said Pete.

Coffee made, I went back into the lounge to find this large cuddly thing standing in the doorway (no it wasn't Chi-Chi the Giant Panda. I

knew that 'cos it spoke to me).

"You must be Cas. I'm Fred Hemmings."

Big smirks from Brian and Pete.

"Hey," said Paul, "is there anyone else lurking outside?" and off he went into the corridor. A few moments later he came back with this blonde-haired fellow (you don't half find some funny things in corridors). It turned out to be Dave Rowe.

Introductions followed, more coffee was made and drunk, then that famous fannish fanfare went up...WHERE'S THE BOOZE? The rest of the evening was spent boozing, discussing the OMPA con, SF in general and then a game entitled "~~Booze~~ ~~Cas~~ ~~Stiff~~" (well, you'd have a job doing it any other....stop it Cas, just behave yourself!) "Guess The SF Title" with Fred giving desc-



riptions of fancy dress rig-outs and everyone except me trying to work out what the title of the book was.

Next morning there was a great rush of people having breakfast, getting ready for work and school, and departing in various directions. I arrived back from taking Deborah and Nicholas (our two terrors) to school and spent an enjoyable morning nattering to Fred and Dave. Very kind gentlemen they are, even helped me wash and dry the dishes. Bet you didn't know they were house trained. I think they finally set off for home at 12.30 pm; the gallant Dave kissing my hand, followed by a big hug from Fred. Then Fred hugged me too.

Wednesday October 4th. was a big day for the MAD group. Paul and I went to our first meeting at 'The Crown And Anchor', a pub next door to Chuck and Dave's shop - "House on the Borderland" on Port Street. The following mob turned up :- Pete, Brian, Chuck Partington, Roger Johnson, Kevin Hall, Childe Colley and Dave Frost.... and I actually had a good time. Well, I thought all they did at MAD meets was talk about SF. For about thirty

minutes out of the whole evening they did, but the conversation consisted mostly of fandom, zines, dirty books in C & D's shop, artwork for zines, dirty books in C & D's shop, contribs for zines, why weren't the rest of the merry crew there and, you've guessed it, dirty books in..... It's a wonder we weren't asked to leave, what with Pete screaming obscenities every few minutes and Chuck showing everyone his hairy chest. I think the MAD meet will become a regular happening for Paul and I from now on.

We found a Chinese Restaurant we did, which Paul and I decided to visit after the MAD meet. Just we two as the other lot either couldn't afford or didn't fancy such delicacies as Chicken and Shark Fin Soup, or Peking Crunch Duck. This being our first visit we played safe and ordered King Prawn Chow Mein, which I enjoyed but Thunderguts thought disapointing. Halfway through the meal we were joined by a group of four who ordered a delicious looking meal. Paul being the nosy type asked them what they were eating and was told, Sweet And Sour Spare Ribs, Chicken And Cashew Nuts, Fried Rice and Prawn Crackers. "Do try some," said one of the women, "it's gorgeous!" So try some we did and gorgeous it was. Guess what we are going to have next time.....

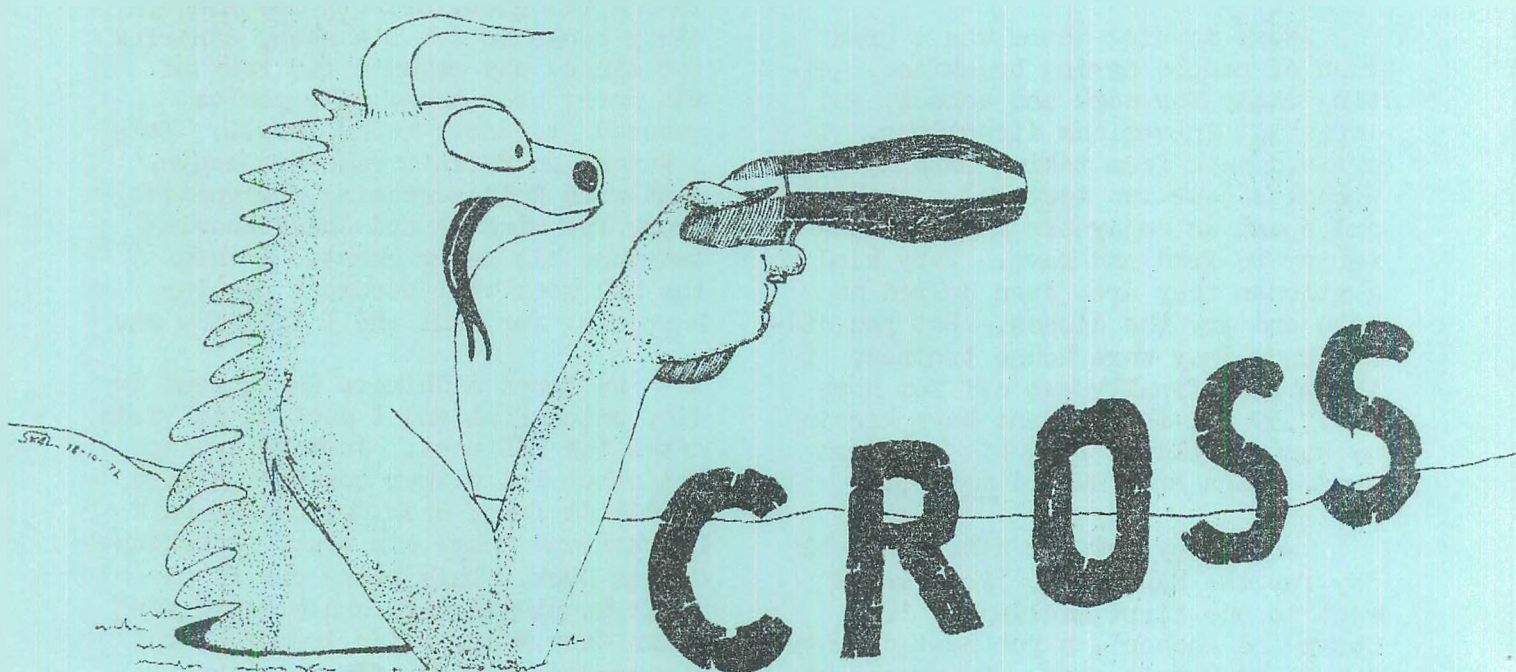
Well friends of fandom your Auntie Cas will have to get some housework done now but if any of you are ever in the vicinity ~~for Christmas~~ ~~take don't call on us~~ please come and see us. We can even put you up for the night if you don't mind sleeping on air-beds. Charges are quite nominal, and as follows :-

Bed and Breakfast.....3 illo's.

Full boardproportional.

Bye Bye.





@@@Skel@@@

((B-ro)))

IAN WILLIAMS 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham, SR4 7RD.

Shit a brick!!! You nearly produced a good issue. I hadn't thought it was possible. But for sixteen irrelevant pages it would have been a very good faanish chatzine.

Sixteen pages, did I say? OMPAreviews -- you say that you are an OMPazine and that this is your justification for including them. How many of your copies go to OMPA, I wonder? If, as I suspect, it is a minority then don't you think you're being a little unfair in foisting them on nonOMPA members? It isn't too difficult to duplicate them as a supplement to be sent out along with HELL, but solely to OMPAns. This is by far the most sensible idea and you'd find it would go a long way toward improving the general internal atmosphere. I still can't understand why such nice people as you should waste your time in such a lousy apa.

@@@As you will notice, Brian and I had already come up with our own version of your solution. I just do not like the idea of a zine being devoted entirely to mailing comments. I'm pissed off up to here with everyone telling me what a lousy apa OMPA is. OK, I've never been able to

FIRE



justify being in an apa, any apa, even to myself, but that doesn't stop me enjoying belonging to one. Personally, I'm convinced that OMPA is on the upswing. Anyway, Kench is making a black-list of everyone who badmouths OMPA and we're all going to get together at the OMPAcon and call down the curse of 'Duper's Dropsy' upon them..@@@

Anyway, that was only eight pages. The others were devoted to Mike Meara's piece which was very much out of place. It wasn't interesting either but that's neither here nor there. Really is a shame you included those two items, you'd have had a really good 36pp zine otherwise.

I was very impressed with the layout on several pages. The announcement was very funny with nice self-urine extracting illo's. Good layout on Kevin Hall's poem which wasn't bad either. The illo and layout for my piece were really good (as was your choice of title. Very apt.) Lettercol heading is pretty inept -- about time you got a new one.

@@@Er, like er, looky here williams. How come you are calling all these shots before we've got 'em into print? Or maybe we're second guessing you. Anyway, raise your eyes and give thanks to your deity or, if Penman's not listening, thank some bugger else. Ta too for appreciating the layout on the poem. One thing I hate in fan-zines is the way that they mistreat poetry. Four poems on one page sometimes or generally filling odd part-pages with them. If one runs poetry one should do right by it and give it the same consideration in respect of artwork and layout that one would any other contribution.....@@@

Enjoyed the two editorials, nice and light, good fannish anecdotes. Cas writes the way she talks -- far be it from me to say more, but I can't imagine anyone wanting to be gentle with her -- I mean, she's not exactly the frail type is she? (I think I just lost a friend) Very good portrait of you on p.49, angel (I don't think that was the right thing to say either).

Quite a reasonable lettercol. Standout was Lascivious Lisa's Loc and Randy Robinson's Riotous Reply. It was a neat piece of demolition of some very silly remarks. I really admire the way you wielded that scalpel, Brian, it took skill. Holdcock's even sillier loc was an appropriate follow-up. 'Rabbit' is Peter Roberts -- Peter Rabbit, or are you that ignorant? For a quiet little boy, Peter Colley is managing to make some remarkably stupid comments in every loc he sends. I can't remember the last thing he liked. Then, after reading Keith Freeman's loc, I get the distinct impression that you're catching a dose of the Conesas -- that horrible urge to print everything you get.

Things have been pretty routine over here. No scandalous gossip, unfortunately. I've now gone six weeks without a cigarette, which is a record. I think Mauler may be cracking up. He's asked Terry Jeeves to edit a fanzine reprint section for MAYA 6 -- yech!

@@@I hope I caught your meaning right back there where I changed your "Conesa's" to omit the apostrophe. The notice board at the Gifford notwithstanding.....she could sue@@@

JOAN SHARPE

145 Dunmow Court,
Oiferton,
Stockport,
Cheshire.



Gosh, and other words of astonishment! Who spent all that time and patience on the page trim for "The Light Of Ancient Days"? What a shame that the poem itself wasn't as good as the decor. I do wish that you'd either get some

good poetry or stop using it altogether. I know everyone has a cross to bear and HELL's cross was.....you've guessed it....."At The Sign Of The Crucified Gannet". Great title, great illo, great finish, but oh what a mess in the middle.

@@@What do ya mean, "great illo"? There were two of them.....@@@

When it comes to Cas's article I am afraid that it's time for some hard hitting, below the belt, scathing criticism. IT WAS TOO SHORT (as the actress said to....., but that's a different story). I started to read it only to find that it finished just when it should have widened from an introduction to an article. Apart from that it was amusing. The interdelineations were funny. Some were downright disgusting (if you have a Cas-type mind, which I have), but please, if you use the idea again, don't stick them in the middle of things. OK ?

@@@Most of the interdelineations were meant to be downright disgusting, but unless you know the level of depravity of the crowd that made them, then you wouldn't always find the right meaning. I think you can take it as a general rule that if you don't understand anything in HELL, look for the dirty meaning. It'll be in there somewhere.....@@@

** **

** **

** **

JOHN PIGGOTT Jesus College, Cambridge, CB5 8BL.

I turned to page twenty-five of HELL 6 and saw the legend, "The Fanzine Of Alternatives". I chose the second alternative and threw the thing away.....which is why you aren't getting a longer LoC from me this timecheers!

** **

** **

** **

DAVE ROWE 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex.

Right you cowards, this is a prompt letter, if you're as good as your word put it first and be damned (although you probably are, already). Not you Cas, I never insult a lady, and you can put that rolling pin down as you can't possibly throw it all the way from Stockport to Wick.....00000W!

For once we actually agree. Ring out the joy-bells! Flutter the flags! Sound the trumpets! Hand 'round the booze! Stop that Skel, she's supposed to be typing. Yes, I do agree. Let's have a Skelton Memorial Award and a Robinson Memorial award, and the sooner the better! Although I'm sur-

prised at you admitting to a finite lifetime, illusions of immortality is surely a free extra that comes with every paranoid editorship.

All for now I feel, apart from evil laughter as the non-pubbing of my last LoC and the pubbing of another in LURK 3 begins the score. One up to me gentlemen, if I'm not too far mistaken. Please credit those illo's I did you to Dowth De Tromp. I'm disowning all rushed artwork and just about packing that side of the game in.

@@@Sorry about those illo credits Dave, but we just don't hang around when it comes to getting stuffed electro'd and run off.....and you did sign 'em, you know.....anyway what is all this 'rushed' crap? You seemed to spend nearly all night on them. Didn't we have to be re-introduced the following morning? With reference to your last paragraph, Dave, I am not, repeat NOT going to drag something on which originated way back with HELL 1 (indirectly) and more directly, with HELL 3. Shit Dave, that was a year ago and it just isn't worth it...@@@

** **

** **

** **

JOHN PIGGOTT Jesus College, Cambridge, CB5 8BL. (Still).

.....and having writ, I lifted HELL 6 out of it's resting place and read the rest of it. An improvement on previous issues, I think. Even the OMPAreviews and the Skeletorial (or whatever he calls it) were readable.....or maybe it's just me growing old. I'd like to endorse what Cy says about OMPAreviews. Now that you're only talking about the larger ones, (i.e. the ones that might conceivably be of interest to the outsider) and since HELL has an appreciable circulation outside OMPA, why not run the kind of fanzine reviews one finds in FOULER or THE TURNING WORM, he added modestly. I've already set out reasons why I won't join, in various places, and reviews such as I've described above would be of interest both to OMPA members and to outsiders.

((((See announcement elsewhere re. OMPA reviews:
as for the rest.....we're
thinking on it.)))



"LOOK, COLLEY, PISS OFF!!"

Dear me, Pete Colley sounds a very nasty little boy. His criticisms of HELL are fairly severe, but he appears to lack the ability to be really foul. Ne're mind, Pete, keep it up and I'm sure fandom will come to know you as lovely in the end.

((He has good reason to be merely part-nasty - I live only five minutes away. As for that last statement of yours.....well, I can't speak for fandom but his end is the last part of him that I'd consider lovely...or even consider!)))

My interest in such subjects as the immortal Djingle Djangale is minimal. I'll say no more about it here except that I thought eight pages was a little long, although it's well-enough written. More to my taste was the Williams epic. I've seen him write better, but it was about fans and fandom and therefore interesting anyway. Now if there was only a fan group in Cambridge I could produce brilliant stuff like this..... I get the feeling that this LoC's a little shallow. I regret this but with four tripox questions to do sometime today I'm not really in the prescribed mood for thinking.

((((I could say summat there!! We implored Mike to keep part four of 'TSOTJG' within reasonable limits, and he obliged. In answer to comments made by others, about anyone interested in jazz already being acquainted with the substance of Mike's article, I ought to say that I've been a jazz fiend for years, but knew very little of the detail behind the musicians. It surely is enough to like the music. I therefore enjoyed the article muchly - so why shouldn't elsebody? A shallow LoC perhaps, but then, you're busy thinking about the second part of your own saga aren't you????????????????????????????????????))))))

MIKE (Roneo, Roneo, Wherefore Art Thou, Roneo?) MEARA 5 Kedleston Rd., Derby.

The subject of the slightly modified quotation above is, of course, our new old Roneo 750 duper which we purchased whilst in London. It arrived mid-October after some delay, and is currently doing a good job of blocking up the hallway. We bought a different colour drum with it, so LURK 4 may be in glorious Technicolor®.

((Our experiences recently have been marked with a singular lack of success where dupers are concerned. The one I use at work is over-inking profusely, as is the spare, so at the time of typing this we're counting on Presford to save the day. Skelton noticed an ad in some local rag for an electric, going at £35.00 including a load of supplies, and we arranged a demo, but the chappie sold the damn thing before we got that far. Bloody good job too. I spent most of the £17.50 (my share) on a new lens three days before.....)))

A few general comments. Artwork was of a high standard, with Joan showing up particularly well. I especially liked the phoenix on p. 14. However, you've boobed once again with the cover, which is not only irrelevant, but also badly drawn - the cloaked figure has no detail at all, and the whole thing should have been lithoed anyway. Some of the duplication was a bit rough, notably page five, and the Jeeves on page forty was a complete waste of time. Both covers were spoiled by faintness along the right-hand edge; looks like your duper could do with an overhaul.

((((Sounds as though that's directed at me, though it was Skelton who ran it off. Not his fault - he's inexperienced.....and what's all this natter about litho - you think maybe we're made of money????????????????????????????????))))

Well done! You win this year's award for the Contents Page Using Boxes But Still Looking Good. What I didn't care for was this random mixture of paper colours, which looks even worse than all white. Why not try a bit of colour-coding? It may not be possible to stick strictly to it, but at least it's better than nothing, and certainly better than your present system.

((((What system? Actually, with the things we are hoping to do in the future, colour-coding should be reasonably easy to achieve in the main, but we are somewhat restricted in respect of what paper we can get when, as I'm sure you will understand.....))))

I like the idea of one editorial at each end of the zine. I think Skel came across better, mainly because of the way in which he expanded a small incident like forgetting the keys into two and a half pages of entertainment, reminded me of the talent of the columnists in zines of old - not seen often these days. On the other hand, 'Back Chat' seemed rather bitty, though at least it's possible to distinguish between your writing styles, despite my embarrassing boob last time.

((((I tried to cover several things, ol' mate, which is probably why.....))))

Good mailing comments once more, though I suspect Brian's motives in including ISEULT 2, a non-OMPazine, were just so he could pull it to pieces. Naughty, naughty!! Thanks for voting LURK best zine, though you really mean 'best zine other than HELL', don't you? Funny - we think that HELL is the best zine other than LURK.

@@@OK, so I'm only stencilling this, but any more of this mutual bumming-up and I think I just might puke, which would gum up the typer and might affect the repro of the stencil...@@@

((((Michael, friend, do you honestly mean to say that you think I'm nasty like that? Really!!!! What happened was that we had heard rumours that

it wasn't one of us no more, but I couldn't resist the temptation, just in case it was. As it didn't appear in the latest issue of OFF TRAILS as a post-mailing, I assume it to be gone to the far beyond. Pity - I like a zine to sharpen my teeth on now and then.....)))

Cas's column came over well, but she should in future steer clear of covering yet again subjects which both eds have covered in their editorials, like the visit to the Gannets. Don't get me wrong, obviously she wasn't guilty this time, but what I'm saying is that it might prove a tempting, easy way out in future.

((((Cas has great integrity - she just wouldn't do such a thing ~~off/very/d/bell/very/round/the/ear~~ and she's standing right behind me right now)))

Curses.....in the above confusion I forgot the general conclusions I wanted to add. After the enthusiasm-but-not-much-else of the first two issues, and the rather aimless quality of the next two, issues five and six seem to have developed a definite style and quality which I hope you'll be able to maintain. It's been a long time coming, but worth it, I think.

((((.....Ta!.....)))

** **

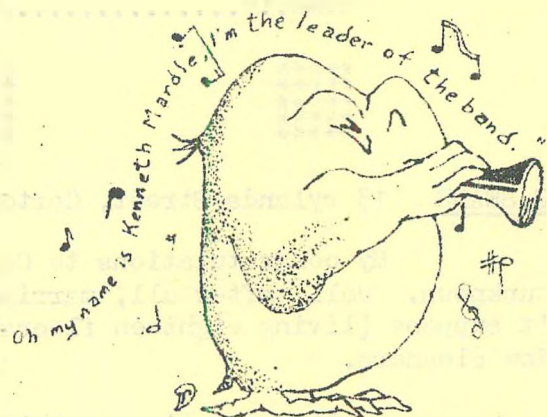
** **

** **

KEN MARDLE 44 Charles Bradlaugh House, Haynes Close, Tottenham, London

Thanks for using my design cover for HELL 6; comparing the issues of your zine to date (although I lack number one) I THINK my cover is the best! Perhaps I am biased, but I would like to see a higher standard of artwork on the covers of HELL, and indeed, on the covers of fanzines in general.

@@@Well I still reckon that number four was our best cover yet, but Dave Frost is supposed to be doing one for this issue which should be good..@@@



I would prefer to see the American type style entering the English fanzine scene. At present there is too much sameness about all the zines in OMPA and from what I've seen, all the same standard - which is pretty bad.

It is mainly through this reason that I'm opting out of the fannish scene and fading into the background. However, you have not seen or heard the last of me - I shall still haunt the Cons and speak out occasionally!

@@@I'm sure you'll be a great loss to fandom,
Ken, but we'll try and struggle through.....@@@

** **

** **

** **

another inane LoC from ROB HOLDSTOCK 15 Highbury Grange, London N5.

Thank's for HELL 6, a beautifully produced and duplicated piece of fannish typicality.

((((An insult, I think????????????????????))))

This is to beg for HELL 7. I enjoyed it, honest. Right now I'm sweating blood trying to get a few qualifications i.e. 4,000 quid a year. That's when I'm fifty and too old to remember what money can be used for. So forgive me if I don't go into raptures over your zine. Others will. Just send it, that's all.

((((I suppose the above could be used as an excuse for the fact that you were wandering about Novacon looking faintly lost. I have to admit, though, Presford and I thought of a different reason, but I won't embarrass you by mentioning it here. All I'll say is, "Better luck next time!!".....))))

** **

** **

** **

DAVE SEALE 13 Rylands Street, Gorton, Manchester, M18 8GD.

My congratulations to Cas and Paul on their recent venture into the unknown. Well, after all, marriage does have it's tax rebates, and I don't suppose (living eighteen floors up) that they'll have any trouble with window cleaners.

((((No, that's one thing about living in the sky. Mind you, unlike the Seales of this world, they close the curtains when they...at least I think they do. Skelton's idea of marital finance is

to borrow money from Cas to buy her a flower
(singular) on the way back from the Register
Office. How tight can you get????????????????))

@@@That is all lies, Robinson. I lent her the
money, so she could buy her own. Come to think
of it, she hasn't paid me back yet either...@@@

Except for the big splodge on page forty the artwork was again up to it's
usual good standard. I didn't notice, at first, the continued Skeltoon and
thought that "THWAP" was in his edichat, e.g. "The purse had landed with THWAP
the note compartment uppermost". Surely 'The Crucified Gannet' and Brian's
editorial were of the same piss-up/party? Two of the same thing? Bad, that.
Which leads me to uncover a sinister plot. After rigging the voting you come
up with The Crown And Anchor as a new venue for the MAD group and, knowing
how much SF is discussed and how much boozing goes on, this leads me to be-
lieve that the 'C and A', a Whitbread pub, will treble it's sales once a
month and, being a Managed House, the entire profit will go to the brewery
thus increasing Brian's salary. What's that you say.....if only???

((((Had 'TCG' been about the MAD visit to Gannet
land, I'm sure that Williams would have been
gracious enough to mention the fact that we
were there. Now, I guess you're right about
the voting for a new pub to meet in. Skelton
suggested we move to the Tiviot, 100 yards from
the flat. Presford and I vetoed that. I men-
tioned the fact that central Manchester was the
ideal place and Presford immediately latched on
to the Crown & Anchor. I consulted those mem-
bers who were easily available and sent a cir-
cular to the others informing them of the
change. Funny, we've seen not a thing of Tony,
Marge and Lisa since!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!))))

What a charming writer is Cas. She should be writing for that polite
zine.....LURK.

((((That's what we keep saying, but she ignores
us completely.....))))

** **

** **

** **

PETE PRESFORD 10 Dalkeith Road, South Reddish, Stockport, Cheshire.

HELL is OK for an OMPazine, but no decent zine can stay within
OMPA and justify it's existence, the field is just too narrow. HELL, if it's
stay within OMPA is to be a long one, must pacify those outside. Just to aim
at the narrow field of OMPA can do nothing but still the three editors, to be
recognised as a good OMPazine, well this recognition must come from outside.

You know the kind of thing. OMPA might be worth joining if has good zines! like HELL in it. OMPA will never grow until zines of quality filter through to the outside. Never mind that crap statement, sod those outside OMPA, that attitude will never get you new members or even better zines.

@@@.....?.....@@@
(((.....Pissed again!.....)))

** **

** **

** **

ERIC LINDSAY 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia.

Do you realise I had to read your entire bloody fanzine before I could discover who the hell sent it to me. Gee.....I nearly went blind. Which reminds me of a line from a Goon Show recently where one character says:

"I'll make you a companion of Honor Blackman."

"Ooh, gee, golly, wow....."

"Stop it! Stop it I say....you'll go blind!!!"

Well, you duplicating is nice, mostly, although the electro-stencils could use more ink. Were the Skelton illo's hand cut? If so they are really good - but then my hand cut things look like a stencil subjected to the Death of a Thousand Cuts by FuManchu, so that may not mean much. Actually it's easy to get good blacks on an electrostencil if you run it by itself by hand (about ten seconds a page), pump the ink control every page, buy cheap ink before you start - lots of it, about apound of ink per 1,000 sheets for really black stuff - and interleave everything...nothing to it really.

(((This assumes (a) that the duper has an ink control - a Roneo hasn't; and (b) you have the time to interleave and run off by hand. Though this is a possibility in the near future - the company duper we use is about to be denied us, as soon as the lease runs out on the other machine. Which means that we'll either have to continue sponging off Presford or buy a machine of our own. This latter idea is fraught with difficulties of the worst kind - neither of us has anywhere we could keep it.....)))

** **

** **

** **

ARCHIE MERCER 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall.

It's a good point about old fanzines not mentioning Lisa - however, there are compensations. Lisa is only, I think, a sort of twentieth

century Mary Reed (Legg).

Oh, I see. Skel's the one who used not to be married to Cas, but now is. Robbo's the one who also used not to be married to Cas, but is now married to Skel - or have I got that right? I know - let's start from the other end. Cas is the one who is now married. Skel is the one to whom she used not to be married. Robbo is the other one, to whom she used to be also not married (simultaneously, what's more). I wonder if the other seventeen floors are as bad??? Anyway, please accept Beryl's and my heartiest good wishes for the new set-up.....whatever it is.

I hate to say it, but HELL seems to be going slowly downhill. The personal bits are the best - including Cas's own column. Sometimes I wonder what she wants you lot around for anyway.

Actually my favourite spot was the bit about the doctor who took one look and muttered "Antibitoics". That I'd love to have heard! What have the poor bitoics done to produce such a fervent opposition movement, anyway?

@@@Glad to see you've finally worked out the set-up. The best thing about getting married was the time when young Deborah dashed with us into a crowded lift, shouting "Mummy's getting Married", whilst Cas and I tried vainly not to burst out laughing at the obvious misinterpretation that everyone would make. You shouldn't have said that about Cas's column. She sits waiting for the postman every day now in case he brings notification that she's been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.....@@@

** **

** **

** **

TERRY JEEVES 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield, S11 9FE.

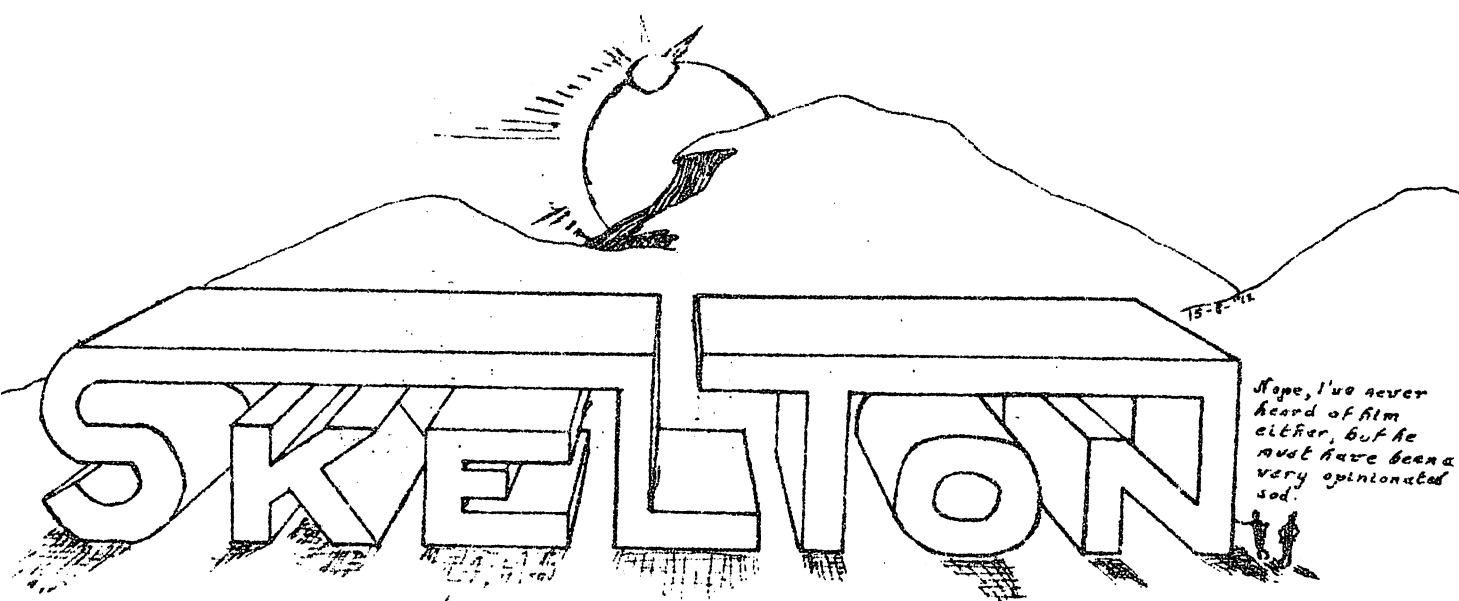
Re your book banning query.....I didn't ban anything my off-spring read, but I did ban reading after 'lights out'....and found that they would try it on all the same.....so I presume that the same would apply to reading material banned elsewhere.

I'm interested in your zine graph.....what are you plotting along the axiis??? Zine/Egoboo attained, Zine/pages per issue, or what?

@@@Well, Brian tried a graph of Member/Pages per mailing, but dropped that because everybody's graph, except for a certain Mr. B. T. Jeeves's, went up and down like a mountain goat with hiccups. Also, with the amount of information required on them, the graphs would need printing and it isn't worth it@@@

Cas has got a job. Not a life-work or anything like that, just a filling-in-time job until something better comes along. Well the advantages are obvious, but I'll bet no mundane would believe one of the disadvantages. Like what? Like divorce, that's what. Well not quite divorce, but....sit back and kindly uncle Skel will reveal the wisdom of the ages.....and possibly a little more besides.

It all started innocently enough. I had felt it my prime duty to blackmail, threaten, chivvy and otherwise obtain another instalment of her column from Cas. No chance. For about nine weeks there was just nothing down for me then one day, upon coming back from my travail, I was confronted by a hyperactive wife who bustled hither & yon, mostly yon, and who proceeded to lay it upon me, thus :-----



"We've got a contrib."

"Oh, who from?"

"Me."

That is where it started, or maybe a little later with her remark :-

"Oh no. This time I'm not bothered what people think of it, oh no."

"Take it or leave it!"


She was obviously feeling a touch grotched. I could insist, but it was obviously a time for being realistic and getting my priorities right. Let's face it, which was more important, my marriage or my fanzine? Damn right!!! My fanzine!!! Bloody stupid question that, anyway. After a night of alternating sulks and adamant attitudes I had my victory. She would re-write it....."when she got time."

Mind you, to make sure she got the time I had to type all the stencils for this issue. All my share that is, but to date there seems to be no difference. When is Robinson going to extract his digit?? But I digress. Where was I? Oh yes, typing all the stencils for HELL No.7. Do you get the idea that this is beginning to sound like a pretty crummy sort of victory?? Too bloody true..... and to cap it all, she still didn't have time for a re-write. In the end I had to fettle the blasted thing up as I stencilled it. But I won, dammit, I won a victory for fandom, a victory for every lonely little fan-ed who has to suffer the outrages of overbearing contributors. A victory which will shine forever in the annals of fandom and.....and stop sniggering at the back there!!

OH WELL, NOW FOR THE TALE OF IMMINENT CASH OUTGOINGS...

Like what was mentioned elsewhere (a contrived way of avoiding starting with "As has.....") we are about to loose the use of our primary duplicator. We will still have a rather limited unofficial access to the Roneo at the place where I work, but I have to wait until our Regional Accountant is out so that he can claim to know nothing about my using it if I break the thing. So, we are looking around for a little duper to call our very own. Brian lives with his parents so we can't keep it there. He did ask, but got a definite 'NO'. So, we're currently sponging off Pete Presford in an attempt to master the intricacies of a second-hand, non-automatic Roneo. Vicious little bugger has already ruined my casual jacket as I struggled with an inky stencil. Trouble is, we have got to get one of our own, we can't keep using Pete's indefinitely. Snag is, our flat is so damn small, the only place we can put it is in the bedroom.....but if anyone comes to the door and Deborah tells them that we're in the bedroom.....REPRODUCING.





"Tell me Greg, what is your
reaction when faced with
something small and harmless?"

