

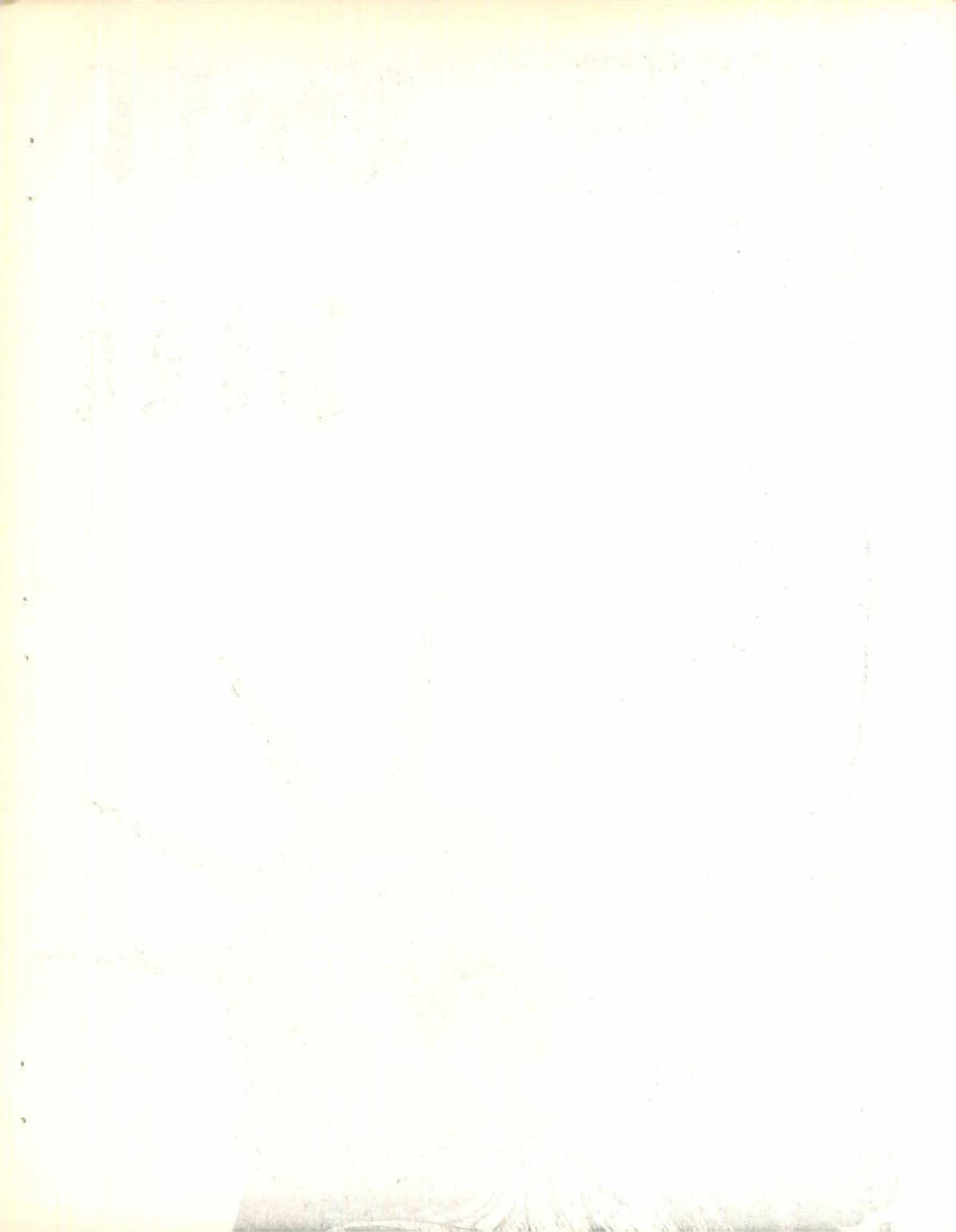
HOTEL

Hell

Will



ER.... ABOUT THIS
OVERFLOW HOTEL, FRED....



WELCOME TO HELL, FRIENDS!
THE SHOW IS JUST ABOUT
TO BEGIN...

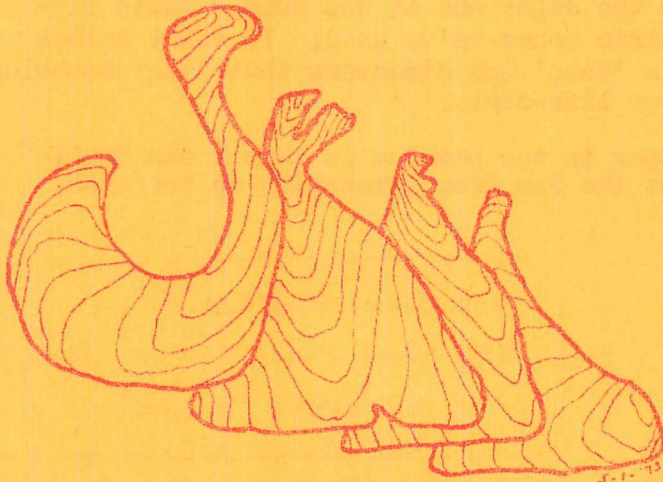


This is 'Son Of My Son', more widely and mundanely known as HELL eight and produced by my son Halfaroneosevenfiftyelectric Skelton and B-Ro's bastard offspring, Halfaroneosevenfiftyelectric Robinson. Son Of My Son's name has been put down for that exclusive public school known as OMPA, commencing with the 69th. term. Unless you are a school chum acceptance into his clique will require an initiation ceremony taking in such hazards as:- LoCing, Trading, Contributing etc. Enquiries may be made to the respective grandparents at :- 185 Pendlebury Towers, Stockport, SK5 7RW ; and, 9 Linwood Grove , Manchester, M12 4QH.

Contents	4.
A Load Of Crud From Skel	5.
The Gospel According To St. Kevin	8.
.....an enigma by Kevin Hall	
Inferno	12.
Abortion	19.
.....a poem by Cy Chauvin	
What To Say When The Analyst Comes	20.
.....an article by Eric Lindsay	
A Christmas Card Received On December 29th.	22.
Lancer	24.
.....a poem by Kevin Hall	
Crossfire	26.
The Drooping Brewer Speaks	36.

BOTH COVERS -- BRENT DUTTSON

Joan Sharpe -- 11. Harry Bell -- 36. Pete Colley -- 32.
 Dave Rowe -- 31. Sheryl Birkhead -- 34-35. Skel -- 36-37-38.
 Brent Duttson -- 24-25. Pages 22 and 23 copyright by GALLERY FIVE.



Well, we finally scraped together enough cash to go ahead and churpase our very own duper. Oh, he's the image of his father. Well, not exactly, maybe, but that's the way I feel at the moment. You know how you feel when you get the thing you've wanted most for years. Married!! That's how you feel when you've got the thing you wanted most. OK, so let's say it's the thing I wanted nextmost. Anyway, that's how I feel. Paternal, like. I have this urge (?) to rush madly round the office shouting "It's a Roneo!!!", ramming cigars into the spaces left by all the hanging jaws.

As far as the mundane details are concerned, I can reveal that our Sagramotholou is a Roneo 750 electric model, second-hand, but done up by a friendly Roneo repairman, with certain extras (NO, the Roneo) like fer instance, a filter ink pad (...".....which you need for reproducing colour photographs.....mind you, you'd need 20 colour change drums and a colour-mix unit too"), a new impression roller and sundry knick-knacks. Saggy has set us back £25.00 so far, but there is a cabinet and a colour-change drum on it's way which will push the cost up to just over thirty quid.

We're getting used to the smell of ink in the bedroom too. The main drawback, at the moment, seems to be Presford's red drum which we are currently borrowing and which forms a novel and somewhat sticky hazard upon my return, very early, before the dim dawn light, from the quest to which late-

night cider drinking has condemned me. Maybe I should switch to the side of the bed nearest to the door, thus avoiding the obstacle course. Cas's boots are tricky too. They seem to have developed the habit, during my hours of torpid slumber, of slithering round to my side of the bed and laying in wait with a malignant pedestrian patience. Then again, maybe I should just give up drinking the cider.

Why Sagromotholou???? Well, if I remember correctly, "Sagromotholou was the third." There, a quotation from Eric Frank Russell's 'Wasp'. This Roneo is Cas's and my third offspring. We intend (E. & O. E.) having a third child and have for some time referred to 'him' in jest as Sagromotholou. Brian suggested that we switch the name to the duper and it was done. Quite fitting too, as Saggy is the third electric Roneo we've used. It won't matter now even if somebody does consult his 'Wasp' and discovers that "Sagromotholou was the second." Saggy is part of our life-style.

One advantage of keeping the duper in the bedroom is that I can hustle it into bed on cold nights to prevent the ink from thickening up too much. Cas says she wouldn't mind so much, but the duplicator's table isn't very comfortable, and besides, her pillow keeps slipping off the edge. Some women just won't make even the smallest of sacrifices.

"THAT WAS VERY INTERESTING SKEL.....
.....NOW GET LOST!"

Someone just buzzed on the entry-phone and shouted "FRONT DOOR".

I told them we already had one.

"WASN'T THAT A MOST PECULIAR PLAY, JESSICA?"

I've just watched 'A Point In Time'. Mary Whitehouse will be throwing a fit by now but I am looking past the violence and the full frontal nudity (with difficulty). I am even looking past the play itself or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, not as far as the play itself. I'm only considering it from an SF viewpoint, or rather, from a 'televised science fiction' aspect.

SF on the box just doesn't seem to come across. There is no 'sensawunda' about it, no suspension of disbelief. It all comes across like an attempt to televise SF, not like SF per se. Mostly the defficiency lies in the story. The only really good SF idea on television recently was in the 'Doctor Who -- Carnival Of

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH HAS
PERSONALLY DECLARED THIS FANZINE
UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION.



Monsters' serial. Here we had a really good idea marred only by the low budget and the children's format. It might help if they gave one of the two leading characters some reason for being there. Apart from these drawbacks it wouldn't have been out of place, as a story, in the old 'ASTOUNDING'. In fact, John Pertwee's face looks like it has been drawn by Kelly Freas.

At the opposite end of the pendulum's swing we have the apparently endless rehashing of Star Trek. This is basically crud SF, but performed/presented to perfection. Somewhere there should be a middle way. However, to limp tardily back to my point, have you ever paid particular attention to the 'Outside-on-an-alien-world' scenes in Star Trek? Don't they just look like cardboard rocks and such? Even when they take the trouble to use the real outdoors it only succeeds in looking like some deserted part of the Southport sand dunes. Now let's take 'A Point In Time'. To be precise let us take the hunting sequence. To start with let's look at the component parts :-

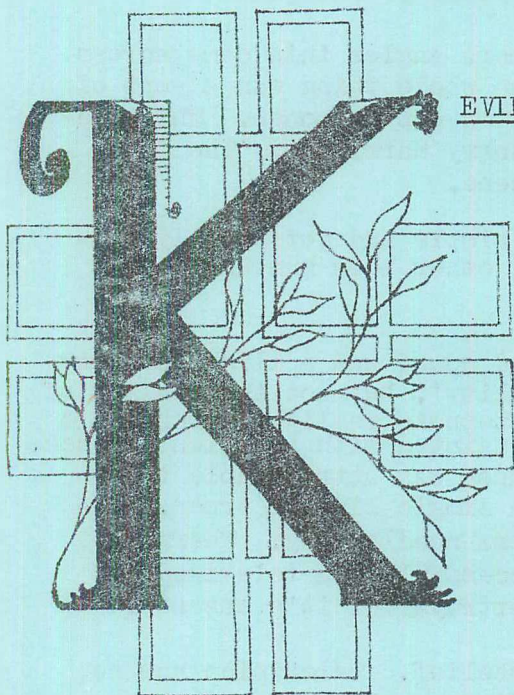
1). The Landscape. By skillful use of camera angles this came across as definitely 'alien'. This was essential as the whole thing was a sort of dream sequence, but SF can use this effect for it's own purposes. The landscape suggested to me the planet Felicity from Harry Harrison's 'The Horse Barbarians', especially in the context of the scene.

2). The Huntsmen. The costumes were very simple and yet totally menacing in action. These riders could be nothing other than huntsmen even though obviously from no known culture.

To these were added the ingredients of muted sound and a slight slowing of the film. The overall effect was one of 'reality', but not the reality of this world. Instead we had a strangely valid alternate reality. There were other scenes where the landscape was undeniably tainted with an alien essence. Perfectly ordinary scenes too. In one the alieness was attributable to nothing more than a sense of imbalance caused by a single line of trees. Incongruities which don't jar but which nevertheless needle away. There were techniques here which I have never seen used successfully in televised SF, but which televised SF needs for a meaningful portrayal of it's essence.

Science fiction must have suspension of disbelief. Television has so far failed, generally, to ease this upon the audience. Fans can make the effort required and so enjoy televised SF to a large extent but it is the great viewing mass at which television is aimed and this audience will not consciously make such an effort. Because of this even the televising of good SF (BBC 2's 'Out Of The Unknown') only succeeds in convincing the viewers that science fiction is silly.....".....as if you could believe that rubbish!"

So, in regards to science fiction, BBC is preaching to the converted. This is a shame. I care about SF. It is the only form of light reading which consistently stimulates me. I feel I owe something to SF and this indebtedness stimulates the missionary spirit within me. I would like others to become converted to the joys of science fiction. Television is the obvious medium for converting large numbers of people into additional royalties for the SF author. This would rebound to everyone's benefit, author, reader and publisher. It's the proverbial 'Ill Wind' in reverse, something for nothing for everybody. So how come we're missing out?



EVIN HALL

Ye Unterm-time address:- 12 Lound
Street; KENDAL, Westmoreland.

Dated this fourth day of the month
of January in this year of grace One
Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventy -
Three.

To our friend and Councillor Brian,
Earl Designate of Linwood and Marqui
Marquiatz of Levenshulme.....also
by indirection to his alter-ego Skel.

GREETINGS

Today's lesson is taken from the 1st
book of Genesis. Revised New English
Edition.

1. In the beginning ghod created fan-
dom and the phillistines.
2. And fandom was without form and
void. Yea verily a load of crap was
upon the face of fandom.
3. And ghod said, "LET THERE BE LIGHT,"
but a spokesman for the Central Elec-
tricity Generating Board said, "Due
to an Industrial Dispute Light will
be held up for several millenia." So
ghod gave the lighting contract to
LAING instead.
- 3a. Consequently the lighting was
installed by expert navvies from
Droghed. When it was discovered that

the light was defective ghod had only himself to blame.

4. And ghod saw the light, that it was defective, and ghod divided the light from the darkness.

5. And ghod called the light HELL 7 and the darkness he called Malfunction. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

6. And ghod said, "LET THERE BE CONS," and in response the first Con Committee was called into being. And Worcester begat Novacon. And Novacon begat Chessmancon. And Chessmancon begat Novacon 2.

The Second Lesson is taken from The Gospel according to St. Luke. 2.i.(Ditto source).

1. And it came to pass that in those days a decree went out from Caesar Presford that all the MAD domain should go to Novacon 2 and sleep on the scarfes floor.

2. And this decree went out even when Pea-twes-tun was governor of Brumagen.

3. And three went to the con, every one from Madland.

4. And all went in the incredible, miraculous, Presfordvan. With Brenda (ghasp) to keep them company on the way down. And all agreed that it was truly a miracle that they got anywhere. (All except the Press-stud who just swore at the others).

5. And it came to pass that there was no room in the car park, so the three set themselves up in the bar with occasional side trips to the scarfe's palatial room for kip. And the evening and the morning were the Friday night.

6. And on Saturday, in between bouts of drinking, the three wise fen managed to fit in a trip to see Marooned. And Lo, an angel of the Lord came down, heavily disguised as Fred Hemmings, and announced himself to be the Profit yea even the voice of ghod. And he declared that the fen had strayed from the word, so he gave a running commentary on the film.

7. And into the bar, among the assembled multitude of fen, it came to pass that the conch-airwo-man appeared. And she did move through the assembled

multitude like an icebreaker in the Bering Straights. And upon inquiry she was pointed out to the scarfe, and the scarfe was sore amazed. (See illo, HELL 7.vi.).

8. But upon seeing her the scarfe turned to the B-RO for advice. And Lo, a miracle had occurred, Manchester's only self-raising idiot had changed into a red tie. But no, it was only the B-RO's tongue hanging out. So the scarfe had to fend for himself.

9. After that time the B-RO expended more of his precious film on one topic, pore-line-dun-gayt, than on anything else. He was last seen wearing a bur-moose, heading in the direction of Algiers muttering "Feelthy peekchers". Rumour has it that he has sent that roll of film to 'PLAYBOOB'.

The Third Lesson is taken from GENESIS. 1.vii. (Same source).

7. And ghod said let there be MAD meetings, and let them be held on the first Wednesday of every month, for the time being at the Crown and Anchor 'cos it's near Dave an Chucks pornemporium. But let it's venue change often to baffle as many dumb fen as possible.

8. And ghod decreed that great quantities of bheer were to be quaffed to the name of the son of ghod, Sfandumb.

9. And ghod said, "LET SCIENCE FICTION BE THE LAST THING TO BE DISCUSSED, RATHER LET FILTHY JOKES, DOUBLE ENTENDRES, DISGUSTING REMARKS AT OTHER PEOPLES EXPENCE AND UNPROVOKED LECHING AFTER CAS, LINDA AND ANITA BE THE ORDER OF THE DAY."

10. And ghod saw that this was so and he saw that it was good.

(The third lesson included for the benefit of Cas. Ref. Hell 7 P31 Col 1 last line)

The final lesson is from Ecclesiasticus 3. i. Ref. King James Bible 16 oh dot

1. To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

This final statement validated the entirety of the whole argument used in the afore presented loc, or article if it's too long for a loc and not too fahrkin orful. It shows that even HELL has a place within the scheme of all things. Actually it was a very good zine, one of the best so far.....

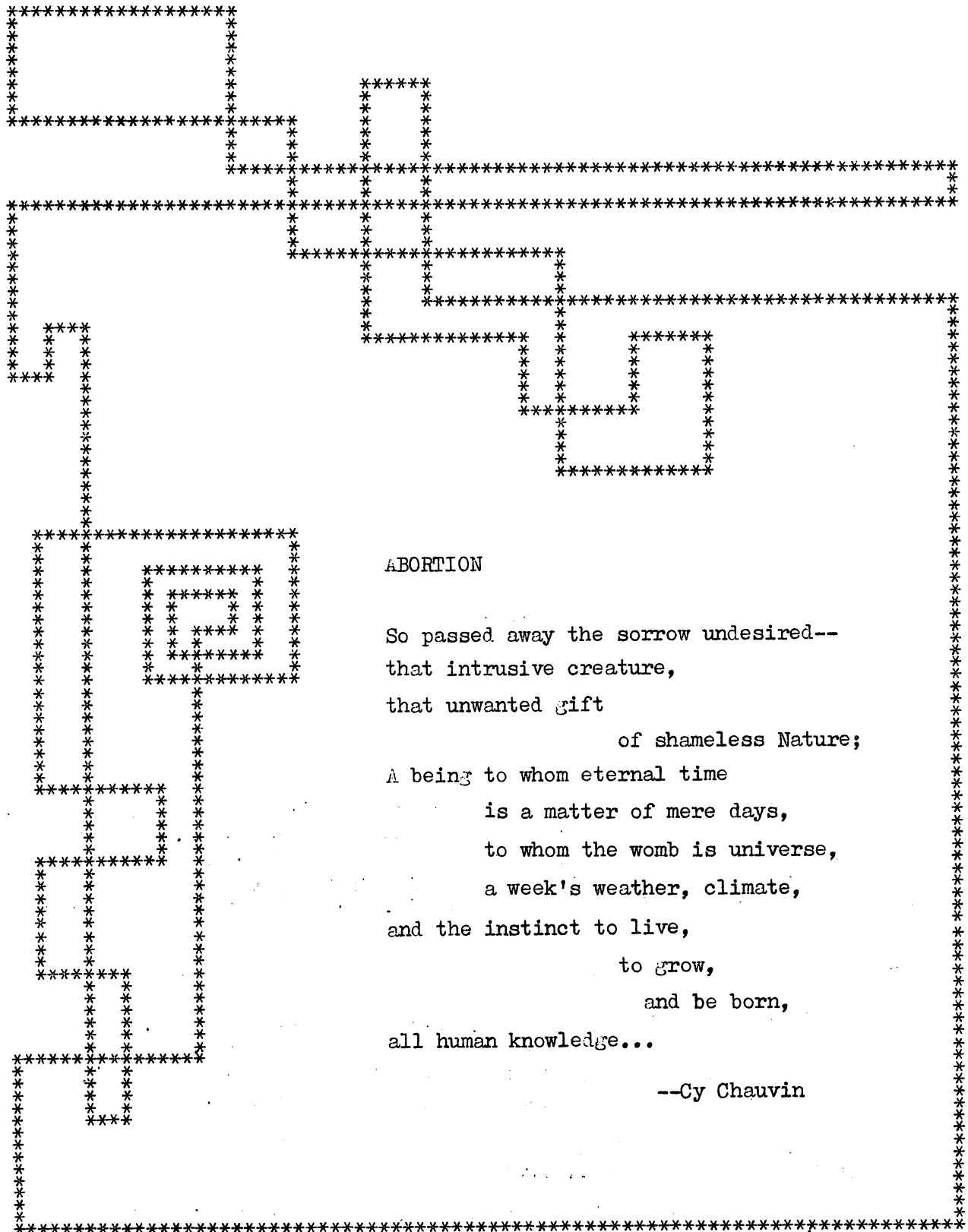
The final reading is back to Genesis. See 1st reference. Verse 12.

12. And on the fourth day ghod rested. This was partly cos he was a lazy git and wouldn't do a full weeks work, partly it was becasue he saw what a mess he had made. And ghod said "FUKADUK, WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP I HAVE CREATED, HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING. CAN'T HAVE A UNIVERSE ACTING LIKE THAT."

13. Behold the end of the world is at hand.....

Peace and plenty(?????????)

KEV.....



ABORTION

So passed away the sorrow undesired--
that intrusive creature,
that unwanted gift
 of shameless Nature;
A being to whom eternal time
 is a matter of mere days,
to whom the womb is universe,
a week's weather, climate,
and the instinct to live,
 to grow,
 and be born,
all human knowledge...

--Cy Chauvin

What to say

When the analyst comes

by Eric
Lindsay

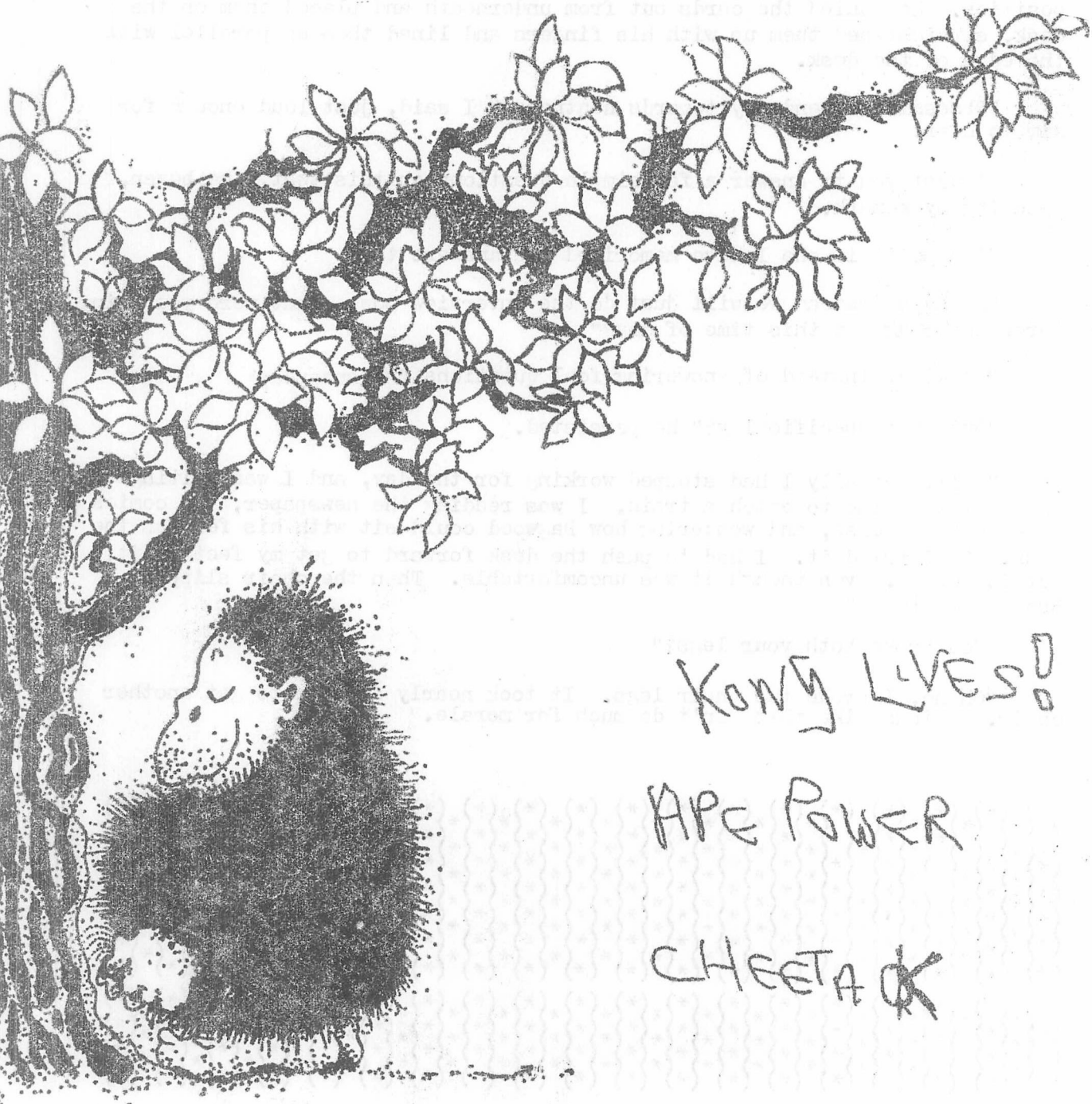
He sat in a straight, high-backed chair in the Personnel Manager's office, his whole posture expressing sincerity and confidence. He motioned me to a low slung, overstuffed armchair in front of the curved desk with an expansive gesture of one arm. I had read Machiavelli as well, so I sat on the corner of the desk and waited for him to begin. Silence lengthened uncomfortably, deliberately, so I started.

"What happened to the couch, doc?"

Distaste flittered across his face, followed by annoyance, pursued and subdued after an almost audible struggle by a forced smile. 'Expression 5A' I categorised it; pleasant, but wishing to get down to serious business. He shuffled some cards around below the level of the desktop.

"We are helping to conduct a survey on work attitudes and employee morale within the industry and....."

His patter was smooth and well rehearsed, but then he'd had plenty of practice. He shuffled some more cards around below the desktop.



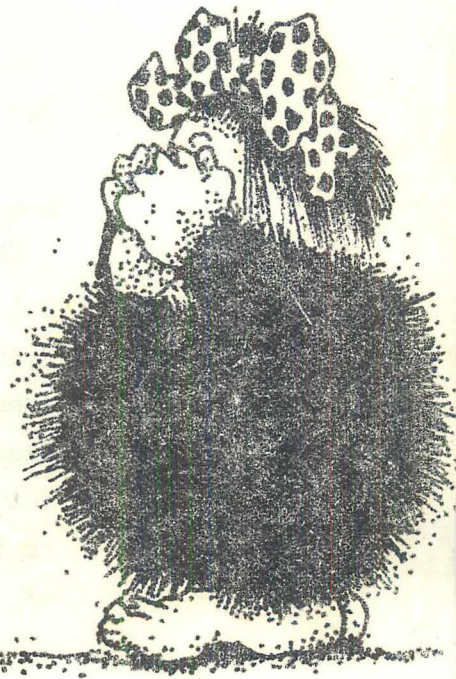
KONG LIVES!

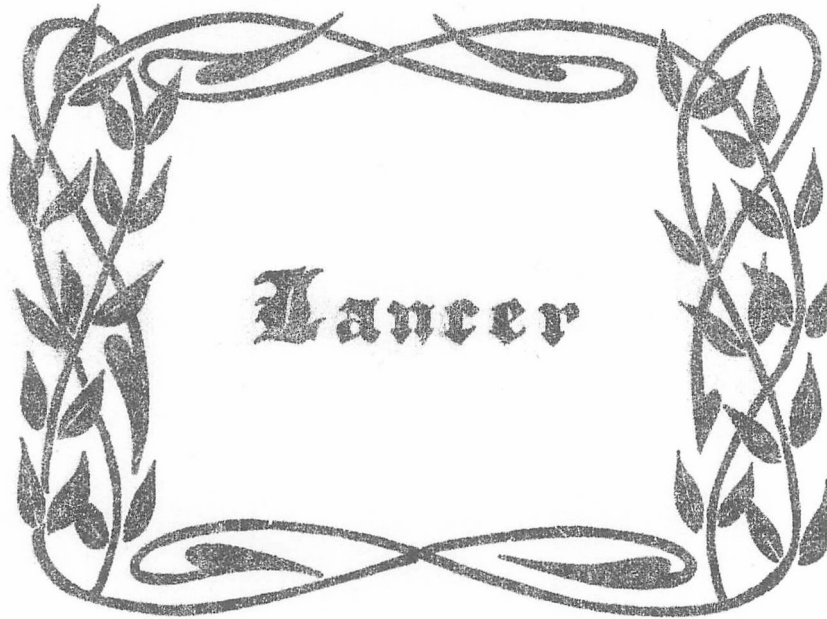
APE POWER

CHEETA 

I WAS SORTING
THRU THE KARDZ AT
THE LOCAL HEAD-SHOP,
WHEN I CAME ACROSS
THIS. THIS ONE I
COULDN'T RESIST! IT MAY
NOT BE XMASSY, BUT...

MERRY XMAS AND A
DRUNKEN NEW YEAR, SKELIN C!
FROM UTILE THOMMY PENNAW
(ON BEHALF OF GAMETOWER)





It was late afternoon when they told her.
"Your husband's dead," that was all.
Shot down in his prime.
Weep for him Marie, no one else can.
The nation weeps today, but not for him.

How are the mighty fallen?
A knight in armour, brightly gleaming.
Bold Lancer with a scrap of Lace upon his arm.
Dying midst the remnants of his realm.
A newer, braver Camelot.
Excalibur had gained a nuclear tip.
Yet Arthur died as easily
as though he were the meanest subject
of the land.

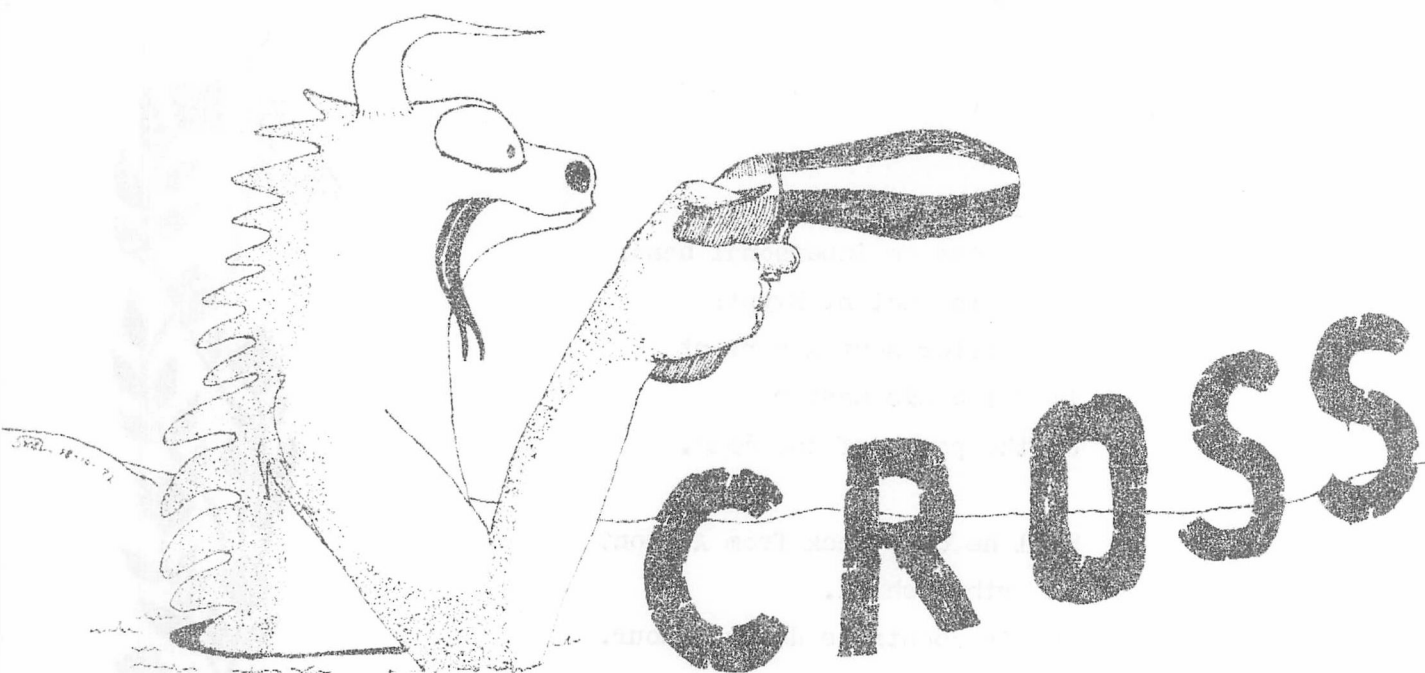
Death has an impersonal hand.
As if in ancient Egypt:
The killer sent a servant
to guide his master
on the paths of the dead.

Will he come back from Avalon?
As Arthur shall.
In his country's darkest hour.
This newer martyr.

For Camelot is gone!
Left us here alone, and weeping.
For now the king is dead.
Long.....live the King?

Kevin Hall





@@@Skel@@@

((B-ro)))

EDWARD KODAK Ifugaddawntaddy Woods, Taddy, Monmouth.

Your representation of a sex-mad Dave Rowe as one of my kin, was one of the most intolerable pieces of anti-genus-Ursus seen since Harry Corbett's portrait of the bear as an adolescent delinquent. As is well known, since the retirement of Winnie-the-Pooh, the persecution and derision of Teddy Bears has grown. Apart from the work of Paddington and Smoky, little or nothing has been done for the advancement of our civil liberties, until the recent upsurge of Rupert's following. It seems that, at last, Justice and Equality are in sight for the Teddy Bear and he will then be able to take his rightful place as a bedfellow of man.

Such reactionary chauvinism as yours is the product of ignorant repressors, for surely Fred Hemmings looks more like a clockwork soldier, whereas Dave Rowe is the doopleganger

@@@Doopleganger??????@

of that character-doll on the crucifixes. The recent preference for displaying Ian Williams as a 'teddy' is yet another insipid artifice of warped human humour, for, in his unshaven state he shows an uncanny resemblance to a Gollywog, and

FIRE



the sooner these aliens are re-nationalised to their own country the better it will be, It's about time Britain was an island fit for the true master race of British Teddy Bears alone!

@@@ Unfortunately The Freeze prevents just such a renationalisation of Old Fashioned Toys. This would have been classed as better conditions and, as you didn't have a Britain fit for the true master race of british Teddy Bears alone during the corresponding period of 1971, then I'm afraid that you can't have it now either.....unless, of course, you're prepared to take a corresponding cut in your Sugar Puffs????????????@@@

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IAN MAULE

13 Weardale Ave., Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, NE12 OHX.

Firstly, thank you very much indeed for the Christmas card, which was gratefully received. My only grouse is that you made me curl up and die when I opened the envelope and saw who it was from. Actually, I died about ten times during Christmas cos I don't send cards to anyone but people are still good enough to send them to me.

@@@ Well, you've got Williams to blame for receiving our card. Just before Christmas we received this card signed simply (?) Ian. Now seeing as how we had some spare

cards, and seeing as how we got 'em free with
yoghurt tops and seeing that Cas has a con-
science etc. etc.....@@@

Up here Christmas was, as usual, very quiet for me. There was nothing on TV that took my fancy so I stayed in my bedroom for two days reading ~~Misses of The Vale~~ a mainstream novel, all 700 pages of the bloody thing. Two days I spent reading that novel. Two days in which the rest of the world sped by without even a backward glance in my direction. It wasn't until New Year's Eve's eve that I livened up sufficiently to attend a fan-nish party. Went to another party on the Eve itself. This was a sort of family gathering at Harry's house. For about three hours Gannetfandom sat in Harry's bedroom talking and then at midnight we were conned into meeting the family. We milled around at the back of the room and one of Harry's aunts even propositioned me in an off-handed manner. After some hour and a half of this we moved back into the bedroom and started ~~chopping it up~~ in on the conversation again.

Speaking of parties.....MAD mob don't realise how lucky they are. Up here we all live with parents and the like, so really if we want a party or anything we have to contain ourselves in one room. When Goblin and I were staying at Pete's that time he was pretty cheesed off simply 'cos you'd got it made in Manchester, what with SF bookshops and everything. He was so dejected that he even considered moving down to your neck of the woods after graduation. Beware the ides of Goblin?

@@@Maybe it's more than just a matter of sheer luck. Maybe we PAY more for living as we do. Even so, when I lived with my parents they did go out from time to time and I never had any trouble fitting in with those occasions....@@@

There was talk of the Gannetcon again. This time we even got as far as naming a committee. I think we did anyway. I seem to remember nominating Harry for something; or was that to fetch the beer? The tentative date was to be Easter 1974. A sort of rival con. You know about the proposed mamoth con to be held in London; comics, horror and sf? Well this was intended as something for the people who didn't fancy spending three days with about 1,000 other people. Much quieter and informal.

Do you want a few comment on HELL? Little John's account of chopping down an apple tree was enjoyable and the best thing in the issue. I've long said that John is a good writer, and here he proves that my faith in him hasn't been unjustified. Yes, it really is a good article, possibly one of the best to come out of British fandom this year. Certainly anyone attempting to compile an anthology of British fanwriting for 1972 would be well advised to reprint this. And what about Presford's little contrib???? Not up to the standard of John or anyone else for that matter, but for Presford this is a great improvement. It even puts him ahead of such notable writers as P.G. Trips and Ian Maule. I notice that your layout has improved and your duplicating is getting better. You still seem to get grey illo's though surely you must realise by now that turning the handle slowly

when running electrostencils makes the illo come out black. Unfortunately, if you don't run them off seperately the text comes out as a blurry blob. So it goes.

@@@Most of the artwork in nos. 7 and 8 was/will be run off seperately. Our major problem seems to be striking a balance between jet-black repro and considerable showthrough on the one hand and greyer illos with no show through..@@@

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LITTLE THOMMY PENMAN

14 Winterbottom St., South Shields, Co. Durham,
NE33 2LX, The People's Republic Of Free Northumbria.

I'm glad to see HELL is still trying to better itself--I don't know, you Manchester & District natives might even be as good as we Herrenpholk of Northumbria, one of these days. HELL still strikes me as low density however. I work on a sort of scrapbook principle based on this 'you throw away the phanzine, what bits of it do you cut out and keep?' thing. I think FOULER and PARANOID are the only phanzines that'd remain almost intact under this scrutiny, true, but then, that's phandumb: Complacent (complaining but complacent) over-ready to praise or accept due to the ever presence of worse, phanatically dedicated to churning out the same old identical stuff....(at this point Penman begins to froth at the typewriter and the stern-looking Bell-alien-humanoids that Goblin has phoned for come and take him off in a little van).

((((The scrapbook principle is fine, theoretically, but after reading through that monstrous (enjoyable, but monstrous) thing that you Gannets have perpetrated one comes to the conclusion that theory is very different in practice, or so it would seem, to me at any rate.....)))

Dear oh dear, Jesus wept, this little Piggy-Wiggy went to cut down a tree. Wow. I can hardly wait for the next enballing installment of Johnnie's column. 'The Perils Of Pauline' an' 'Flash Gordon and The Under-Water City' were never as good as this. I know it's a tradition to write articles on the most inconsequential, trivial and pointless things you can think of or have experienced, the sort of thing that would never willingly be withstood in conversation, and indeed, reputations have on innumerable occasions been based on this very thing, but if nothing else this is at least tolerable when perpetrated with an interesting execution or personal 'prescence'. I'm sorry, but 'Babel 5' (I wish Piggy'd picked another title--it gives me a deep grievous pain here, thump-thump--ahh. Silly me, of course you can't see where I'm pointing) is one of the bits which should have been cut out. Of course this might just be my little way -- maybe phandumb was holding it's composite big breath awaiting the outcome of Piggott's crapbabbble saliva tree (not wanting to mince words). Ah, but man,

page twenty-four was something. One of the best pages I've ever seen in a phanzine. Both as artist and poetess (far be it from me to enlarge the list) Lisa is sometimes really good and sometimes really bad. A lot of lousy stuff has oft times to be sifted before the exquisite appears. So here's something bright and glittery in the sludge and fish-shit at the bottom of the pan. Its production was almost faultless, and greatly enhanced the actual poem itself. Let's have more.

((You think that Miss Conesa did the artwork?
Think again! In my copy the page bears the
legend "Skel 19-9-72", bottom right. Skel ob-
viously didn't see this point when he read
your letter else he would, I'm sure, have been
rather irate, his style being quite distinct -
Nothing like L.C.....)))

Another thing which might be worth placing an order for is more sheets from The III-Bird's 'My very own picture book', tho naturally translating it into English is a bind and you may have to keep an eye on quality control. Presford is very funny and he's also quite humorous, and his writing inevitably interesting or having some character, usually bad, unlike say, mild, too mild, Mole or even Goblin. Williams can handle, just like his joke telling, straight stand-up type humour (do you think I was to blame for 'The Grooving Gannets' you bastards??). Personally I prefer the suprahigh-density belly-larf extract (just add urine and stir) of Kettleditorial and Pickersgillie-isms. This actual article, Stopcock, is chronicling a shade too much, tho never as bad as Goblin's 'A Piss-Up At Penman's' say. Good humorous chronicling is obviously highly dependant on a good supply of goons and idiots: nobody's going to tell me Bob Shaw's telephone bill was more humorous or as funny as FOULER at fan condom capers. Manchester is fortunate in that it has eccentrics, buffoons, fantastics, idjits, Pete Colley, mongoloids, muties and those similarly afflicted, in large numbers, indeed, they've overspilled into surrounding areas.

Consider the desolate wasteland of such places as Sunderland where Ian Williams attempting to stroke my thigh, Thom Penman turning up at the Gannet wearing plastic bags in his feet, and drunken little Goblin falling and rolling away out of control down a steep bank after Irene's 21st. party, are all considered matters of burning recordable interest. At times one is driven to considering doing things slightly eccentrically just so Goblin or Mauler can bounce up and down with glee and talk about doing write-ups, distorting naturally. I realise those prophets an' sages an' screw balls, Ratfan and his young ward the Boy Goshwowsensawundar perform (there's a word to conjur with) in just such a manner, as do the star turns of their road show, as a matter of course, if not instinct, but then, I mean to say....(dot dot dot).

((As I recall our last visit to the Marches
of the Mancunian Empire, slumming in the
depths of South Shields, you spent half of the
party scribbling supposedly quotable quotes
in a (ghod help us all and Oscar Wilde) Meth-

-odist Diary, which places you in the same category as Maule/Williams. What happened to them by the way? The quotes, not Maule/Williams!)))

Is it true that when Cas walksx (freudian typo I think) down the street (~~the little birdies go in with their feet~~) she is accosted by gentlemen in cars who draw up at the pavement and make lewd suggestions????

((Yup, but Mrs. Presford is trying to make him kick the habit.....)))

John Hall is ZIMRI's new master? I don't believe it.

((.....Who would??.....)))

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DAVE ROWE 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex.

If you no longer agree with any of your earlier statements say so. A fan is usually judged by his LoCs (apart from his immediate circle of fan-friends) and I know I'm not the only fan who has for some time known you by that LoC in ZIMRI, and your writing in HELL has done little to dispel this impression, I'm sorry to say. Yet your editorial in No. 6 was a fair improvement. I think you lost the thread when you tried to explain just how you were going to use the instruments to regain the purse. However, before this point the article was thoroughly enjoyable and above the usual panable standard of HELL. Keep it up.

OK, so what's wrong with minority interests? I can read away quite happily about snail-spotting in the Upper Puddingbeek District as long as it's written in an interesting style (Preferably humorous). This is where I find myself at cross-purposes with Greg. Agreed encyclopedical aeticles are the kiss of death to a fnz; however I can't agree that all articles should be about fans and fandom. Sure, fandom's fun and should always be so, but if every article was about fandom we'd soon become bored sick with stereotyped fnz.

SHUT UP MARDLE!
You a disgrace to
British fan-'artists'
& British fan-'art' is
disgraceful enough!



A couple of months ago, round at Gray's, we were discussing fnzs, and HELL came up for slaughtering.

"HELL" said Gray, "has everything. Except talent." Regular pubbing, good layout, readable repro etc.

Since when did I say that "every fan artist could become a beanie'd Van Gogh"? If you want a statement in that vein how about SHOW ME ONE

FANARTIST THAT CANNOT IMPROVE! If you can get a look at the earliest pieces from Atom to Ames, you will find little difference from the churned out crud of today. If you get any fun out of a hobby you get it by increasing it, in quantity and quality, i.e. improving it. As you say, the level is FANart, but I don't wanna see fanART, I wanna see FANART. Ghod, I'm sick of churned out crud. Yeah! The current quality of UK artwork is bad and you must have had a really small experience of fnzs (no insult implied) not to have seen better. No need to look at England's great and glorious past just get some of the better foreign zines around today, and blow "artistic training". One should be able to improve by realizing ones own mistakes and acting against them.



@@@I agree in theory that every fan artist can improve but unfortunately I can't offhand see the area in which Harry Bell (my HERO) is less than perfect. Not unless it's in the non-toon field, and as he is a toonist that doesn't count. I agree that US (if that's what you mean by 'foreign') artwork makes UKart look yukkart, but then it always has, or is that just my inexperience talking again. One reason why American artwork (and zines) is better is the better standard of living over there (= more money, better equipment and more time) and if that doesn't make a difference then I'd like to see all this good fan art and these great fanzines that come out of areas more under-developed than ourselves. No Laotian zine has yet been nominated for a Hugo. Another reason is that fandom is not international enough. In theory, with today's communications, the pool of fandom should be there for all to fish. Unfortunately this just is not working out. Americans tend to contribute to US zines, Belgians to Belgian zines and UK citizens to UK zines. Fandom also appears to have a fifty mile limit. OK Skel, put your money where your mouth is and get yourself an American correspondent, after all, why should

Jim Goddard be so all fired special, uh? If ARCANUM can stir itself up enough to get a column from Cy Chauvin then it behooves Skel not to sit idly upon his sitting thing.....@@@

In reply to your reply, I did not spend nearly all night on those illoes which appeared in HELL 7. Ghod, after a weekend's consumption of cider and plonk, next to nothing to eat, sleeping for little more than that, not to mention a severe blow to my left temple from one of those three inch wooden platform heels, I should have that much concentration left!

The layout continues to improve, I earnestly hope it will not stop there. Pete was good too, but he shouldn't use pro-comics lines. John (perhaps Cas) not so good, but keep it up. HELL is progressing, but swearing spoils it. I got nothing out of Mike's or Lisa's pieces and the LoCol seemed it's usual uninteresting self with just a few bright sparks here and there. Apart from his last page Brian's bit wasn't worth reading (Ghod, get more go into it, man). Skel wasn't too bad (wasn't too good either) but it was readable. Now am I sending nicer LoCs because Skel sent me a nice letter of explanation, or is HELL really improving?

Look, I can stand being portraided as a sex-mad teddy bear and I realise our tempers have been frayed at times, and that fannish blows have been rained below fannish belts. I also realise that the mere sight of each other brings forth language which would make Greg Pickersgill look like Mary Legg.....HOWEVER, 'Cas' contained the lowest, most despicable piece of fan-pubbing that has ever seen print. Such blasphemy is totally banned under the Bill Of Human Rights. I hope you stay awake at night and quake with your consciences at the sheer harrowing memory of it. Quote :-

"Dave kissed my hand, followed by a big hug from Fred. Then Fred hugged me too.".....Unquote.

Am I to take it that I appeared in HELL as a typing mistake for Bulldozer Hemmings?

Gentlemen, THIS IS WAR!

@@@Before I go any further Dave, I had better point out to everybody else that the foregoing has been patched together from LoC-type portions of a couple of 'private' letters and that any incoherence is probably due to bad workmanship on my part. Dave seems so fierce in his letters that I hesitate to insert even so little as an 'and' to tidy things up in case he sues me for mis-quoting him. In answer to your question in this page's second paragraph Dave, I can only refer you to another bit of your LoC which I somehow seem to have omitted, namely.....
"...although it was written back in August, the main criticisms of my LoC still apply, that is

quite bluntly, that HELL is a rather catty - no
direction - next to no talent-zine." Hmnnnnnn@@@

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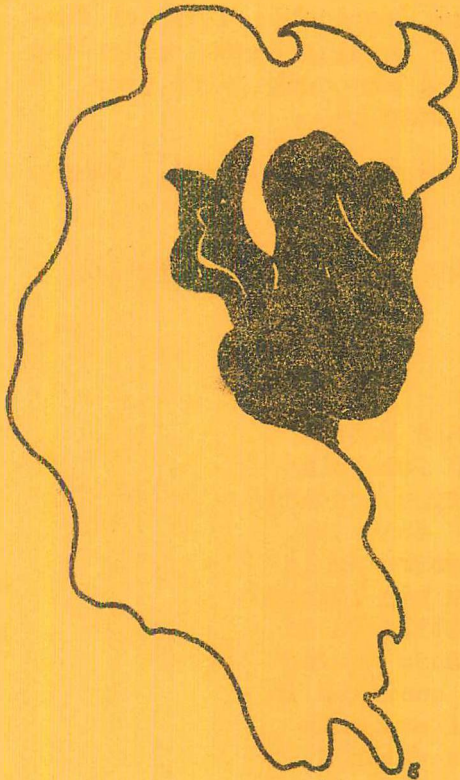
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ROGER WADDINGTON 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire.

What are you doing, printing John Piggott's fulminations against our arboreal cousins at the beginning of this year, officially claimed as 'Plant A Tree Year', not 'Chop A Tree Year'! Strains of Phil Harris and 'Woodman, Spare That Tree' are floating rapidly through my mind; and think of all the dryads that would be put out of work if everyone followed his example! T. B. Swann would have to join the dole queue or concentrate on teaching.

That cover looks remarkably like the alien being that Kelly Freas drew for a Christopher Anvil story in a long-ago Analog; do you share the same tastes in belligerent pussy-cats?

Gee, and I thought 'House On The Borderland' was so named because of its fantasy/sf connotations.....who says that sex and sf don't mix now? Though I suppose they did before, really, what with having to hunt for SF in the less savoury bookshops and sidling out with it under your coat, looking out for any passing policeman.....the wheel seems to have turned full circle! Does Bram Stokes know what he's missing? This is going to be the most depraved grope of fen ever, I'm thinking, even out-dupering those who produced that other pair of noted fanzines, SODOM and GOMORRAH; and you know what happened to them, for being too successful!



Love

((Did you know (didn't I tell you?) that upstairs from House On The Borderland was a - wait for it and be ready to laugh - a "massage parlour", 'Ring - A - Belle' by name. Now we have absolutely no evidence that they were anything other than what they claimed to be (despite the.....er...!invitation' that Dave Britton reputedly received), but being bent, twisted, perverted and other things of that ilk, we prefer to think otherwise. THE PEOPLE newspaper did an art-

icle about them at the end of January which you may have seen. They were given a clean bill of health. But when you turn up with a notebook, cameraman and PRESS tattooed on your penis..)))

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ARCHIE MERCER 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall.

You want to hang on to your Skel-artist; he's improving. The caption for the back cover is brilliant. You also want to hang onto Joan Sharpe (Cas permitting) - her artwork too is an asset rather than a liability. Another good thing about HELL 7 is the comparative rarity of Gannet. I would seriously suggest that you consider keeping things that way. Patronise your own local pits instead of sending to Newcastle for HELL's coals, and there's no reason why you shouldn't get into the top twenty someday. I liked Cas's bit again - but talking of Cas (you mean there are other subjects?) the Mystery deepens. How the fred do Deborah and Thingy fit into the overall jig-saw??? How many generations of You Lot are there?

@@@I'ts a new product on the market called 'instant chiddlies' which I am acting as a guinea pig for. You just add water, a step-father, stir with a marriage license, and allow to stand (preferably in a corner) for as long as possible. And talking of changing tyres..@@@

Changing tyres? We had a puncture recently, somewhere in the wilds between Penryn and Helston on our way home from work. First time I'd ever had to use that type of jack, or locate the jacking points and the fact that the only light available was from passing cars didn't exactly help. Still, we (mainly me, while Beryl stood around with chattering teeth making suggestions) got the wheel changed somehow (mainly by braille) and set off again. A couple of minutes later - another flat. The spare this time, though it had been brand new.

@@@Now there's a coincidence! Thom Penman was supposed to be coming down here today and we were supposed to be going to Presford's to get drunk together. Unfortunately Thom's tyre blew out in Durham & he crashed. Oh well, saves getting a sitter.@@@



Peace

THE DROOPING BREWER SPEAKS.....

.....though, truth to tell, IT stands up and I fall down. The following will show you what it means to have a co-ed who composes contents pages and titles without consulting his better half - me, that is, not Cas, whatever you may think. The awful title was heralded over the phone.....

"I've done the contents page."

"Good."

"I've titled you editorial."

"Er....oh...yes?"

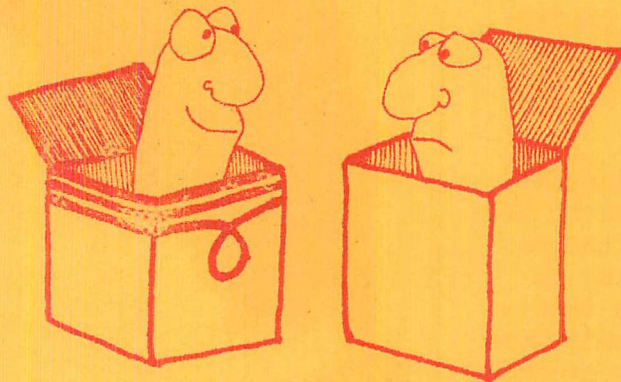
"Yes - 'The Drooping Brewer Speaks!'"

"AAARRGGHHHH!!!!!!"

That's how it was, no May I, D'you like it, D'you mind, Kiss me arse or You can change it if you want!! No chance! What rankles is that it casts a doubt or two here and there and.....aw, what the hell, it did give me a chance to crack that lousy joke up there. But it's true that brewers' droop seems not to affect brewers in the slightest. They are reputed to be able to go thro fourteen women in two hours (or one woman fourteen times) after the Brewers' Guild annual piss-up in Blackpool.

And talking about Whitbreads, which I wasn't really, but I have to slip in the occasional mention in case they read this (most unlikely, thank ghod) they have really done it on me (and others) this time. Two years hence they give the brewery in Salford the CHOP!! Closed down, defunct, useless. Production will move to the new complex in Samlesbury which, for those of you living below the Civilisation Line (a line drawn East-West $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of Derby) is somewhere between Preston and Blackburn, two miles East of the latter in fact. Not so much a brewery there, but more an automated chemical factory. At least a degree (honours, if not cum laude) in electronics, computer science and che-

mical engineering before they'll let you clean out the bog. One of our brewers is already practising being a car-park johnnie!!



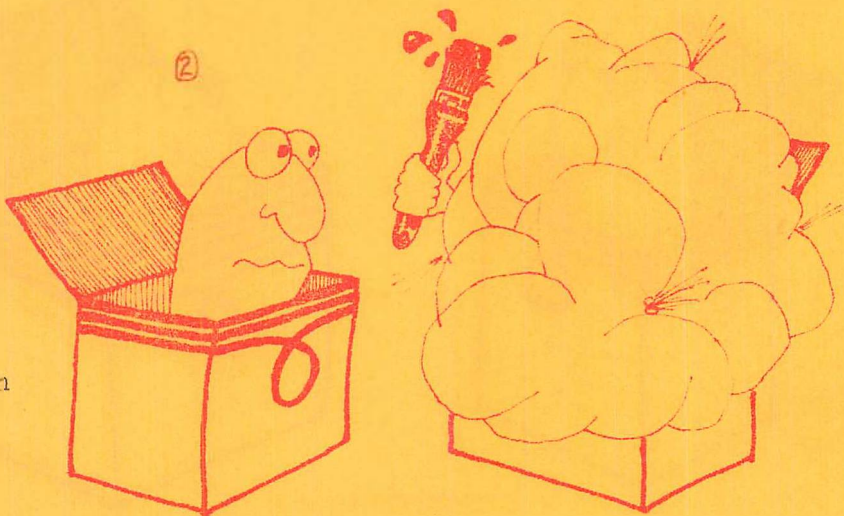
At least those snobs at our breweries in Blackburn and The Pool won't be able to laugh at us - - they get closed down as well!! But, if I may take a moment here to talk business, think of what will happen in just ONE department goes on strike. THIRTY-THOUSAND BARRELS of bheer lost in a week. 30,000. Think of it, 17,280,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint bottles of ye actual alcoholic beverage every

seven days. The mind boggles and the stomach revolts at such a thought. The possibility of having to move there, assuming that they offer me a job (which is by no means certain), will give me the incentive to do two things I've been casually turning over in my mind for the last year - getting myself motorised in some way (four wheels, lest I emulate Penman!!) and changing my address, thus moving away from enemies, creditors and unmarried mothers, & providing myself with the means of escape should they eventually find me.

But it may have the effect of killing HELL stone dead, even though the distance between there and here be a mere thirty-odd miles, and the motorway system round here is well-developed. Paul has said, no more than ten minutes ago as I type this, that there is no reason why we shouldn't carry on, but my mind is inevitably filled with visions, or should I call them nightmares, of a certain zine, ZIMRI by name, which has so far disposed of two co-editors, both of whom lived apart, in every sense, from their opposite number. Now I realise, before you all start telling me, that ZIMRI is still alive and kicking, but it looks like becoming a one-woman show in future. But, Christ, enough of sordid things like the death throes of a zine. This sort of premature obituary really belongs, if anywhere, in HELL 14 or so. On to more pleasant things.....

.....like the front (and back) cover this issue. As I mentioned an issue or two ago (damned if I can remember that far back with certainty) we had/have a cover done by old friend/one-time-very-good-basket-ball-player Brent Dutton, the 'one-time' referring more to the fact that he's put on weight (who hasn't?) in the last decade or so. After much heart-searching over the suggestion that it should be essentially frivolous, a suggestion forcefully rejected by Chuck Partington, he came up with what he considers to be a fair comment on the American sense of value. The great shame is that, we being mean, stingy, tight and downright miserly when money is concerned, some of the detail was lost in the printing, Paul's father understandably not using the sort of process that would cost the earth. Brent is at this moment looking over my shoulder, being interested in just what we do in the production of a zine, and is muttering not-so-veiled threats about people who shit-up (his words) his art in printing. Though he doesn't really mind, which must mean something, though god knows what.

Ah, but you are wondering about the back cover, or you will be if you've looked that far. Our inate (I damn near said 'inane', and why not?) sense of something akin to humour persuaded us to do something other than repeat a theme twice, and we hereby tender our apologies to Fred

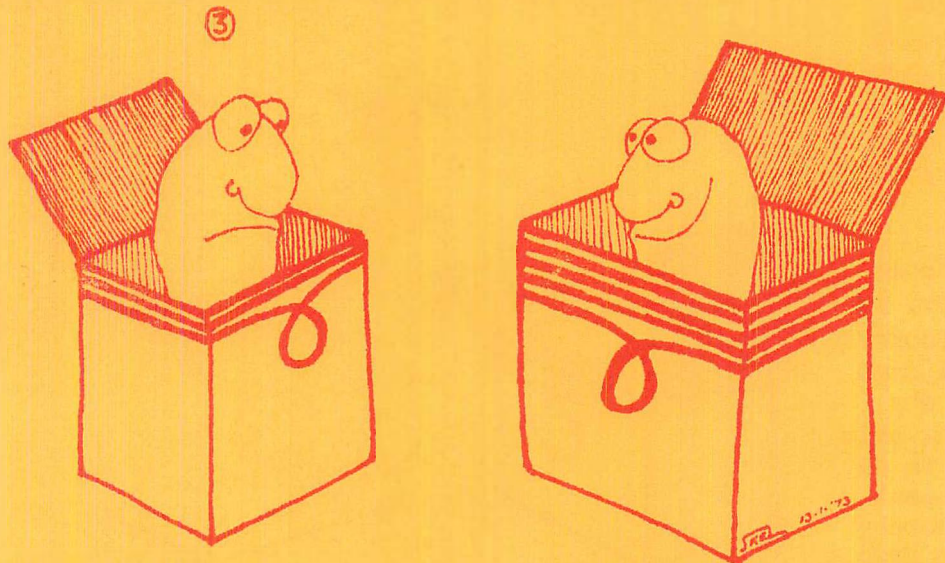


Hemmings, to whom the barb is directed, for casting aspersions on his work for the yet-to-be Ompacon 73.

Finding myself on the last page allotted, despite the fact that the draft for this editorial managed 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ pages to this point, I'd better get on to things that need to be said before I forget. The first is that, due mainly to the loss of certain records which I keep, several people at home and abroad didn't get a copy of either HELL 6 or 7. The loss occurred when, shortly before a social gathering at home in which I took no part, my father delivered what I considered to be a grave ultimatum. "SHIFT THAT BLOODY GREAT PILE OF STUFF BEFORE SUNDAY!!!!" What could I do but obey? I shifted that bloody great pile of stuff, and deposited it in a corner of my bedroom where it could do least harm, until such time as I needed it again. Aha, but did you ever try to find anything in my bedroom three months later??? Ye ghods, what a mess. I still haven't found those records, but the number of HELLS still around in Manchester and Stockport leave me with no choice but to accept that several of you have been deprived in the last few months, and of HELL as well. So, I hereby issue the following decree. Those of you who are shy a HELL 6 or a HELL 7 should write us a LoC on HELL 8 and say that you have missed out. I, personally, will despatch a copy of the missing issue/s forthwith if not immediately.

T'is time now, being slightly pissed this Thursday evening (Cas is working till midnight tonight, hence the unusually intense fan-ac)(have you noticed the way I seem to be slipping into a Thom Penman-type writing, by stringing together what would normally be two or three sentences into one), to make mention of those kind people who wrote, but who are not printed in the lettercol. Rob Holdstock wrote a great letter, not one of his more inane attempts of late, which we fully intended to use, but Skel in his....er.....I'm not sure what to call it, managed to forget it completely. He lies, now, in splendour, on the settee, dreaming no doubt of Cas slogging her guts out at work (the time is 22-45), blissfully ignorant of what I'm typing here. Rob, you have my permission to call him to your heart's content - I shall lift not a finger in his

defense. Also we received letters from Dave Seale, Alan Hunter and others, to whom our apologies for not using their efforts. Which, if I read these lines on the stencil correctly, brings us finally & irrevocably to the end of this issue. Cheers!!!



HOTEL

Hell

will

