

ANNIVERSARY - 1972



WOLF



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\* H E L L \*\*  
\*\* N I N E \*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

|       |       |     |                                 |   |
|-------|-------|-----|---------------------------------|---|
| ***** | ***** | 4.  | CONTENTS                        |   |
| ***** | ***** | 5.  | ART CREDITS AND COLOPHON        |   |
| ***** | ***** | 6.  | THE OTHER EDITORIAL             | Vague ramblings and mutterings by Brian....   |
| ***** | ***** | 10. | MAULE                           | An article of sorts from fandom's answer to Pinnochio.....  |
| ***** | ***** | 12. | I(R)ONIC                        | An introduction to our European correspondent, Alan B. Stewart.....   |
| ***** | ***** | 14. | CROSSWORD                       | Sorry, Lisa, but this one is compiled by Mike and Pat Meara, so it must be good.....  |
| ***** | ***** | 16. | FANHUNT                         |   |
| ***** | ***** | 17. | INFERNO (ompa copies only)      | Reviews and comments on the good old 69th..   |
| ***** | ***** | 27. | THE BOOK                        | Tome it may concern. Blame Cas for this, it was her idea to share it with you.....  |
| ***** | ***** | 34. | BABEL VERSION FIVE - NUMBER TWO | The ultimate in 'live now - pay later', John Piggott by instalments.....  |
| ***** | ***** | 37. | CAS                             | It's not enough that you should marry 'em, they start getting delusions of latent writing talents.....                            |
| ***** | ***** | 39. | CHUGGA, CHUGGA, PUFF, PUFF.     | Fan fiction (???) by David Stuart Seale....   |
| ***** | ***** | 44. | THE UPTIGHT ANTHROPOID          | Never mind Joan, you can always skip this poem by Kevin Hall.....   |
| ***** | ***** | 46. | WAITER, THIS PINEAPPLE IS OFF   | Where on earth does Pete Presford come up with titles (?) like this for his articles.   |
| ***** | ***** | 52. | CROSSFIRE                       | Where our uninformed readers again miss the point, quibble over trifles, show their ignorance and generally pull us to pieces.... |
| ***** | ***** | 63. | CROSSWORD SOLUTION              |   |
| ***** | ***** | 64. | CORFLU SNIFFIN' HIGH            | Even vaguer ramblings by Skel on the assumption that nobody can have stuck it this far anyway. He's a fool, ignore him.....       |

ARTWORK CREDITS

Skel ----- 5.16.18.38.57.64.65.66.67.68.

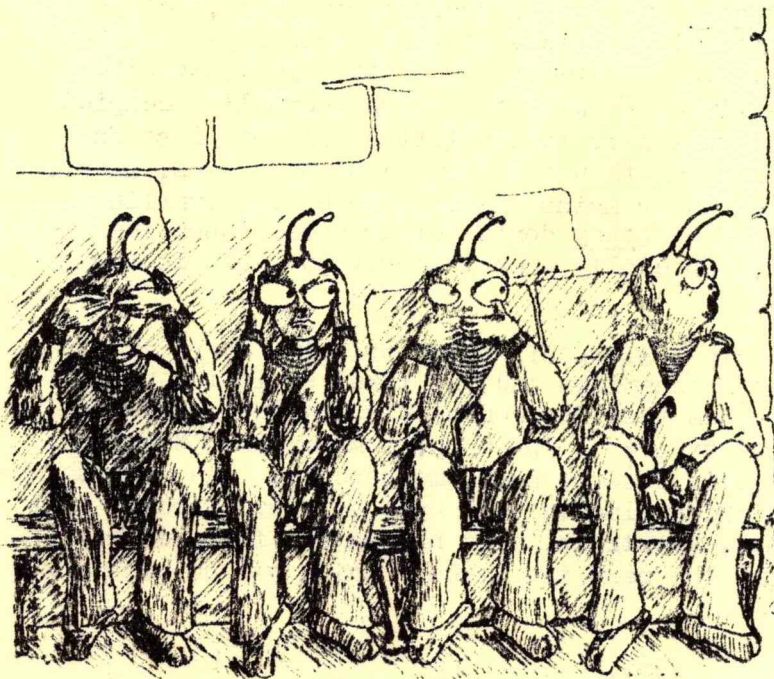
Harry Bell --- 54.64. Dave Rowe --- 62.

Joan Sharpe -- 19.20.22.24.26.46.47.49.51.

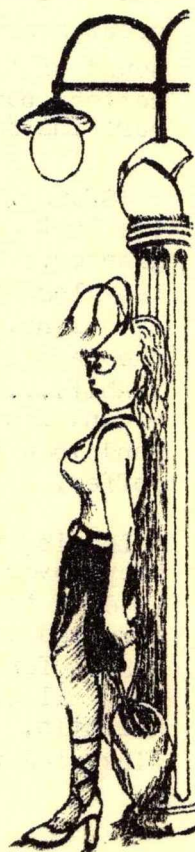
Terry Jeeves -- 21. COVERS -- Dave Frost

HELL 9, the fanzine hereinafter, has been grotched together over a period of, unbelievably, nine months and the editors have failed miserably in their original intention of making it 100 pages just for kicks,

and the secondannish. Paul Skelton still moons around 185 Pendelbury Towers, Lancashire Hill, Stockport, Cheshire, SK5 7RW, whilst looking for a house into which he may expand. Brian Robinson, on the other hand, has found an alternative abode in Blackburn and should be moving in sometime after September. For the moment, however, poison pen letters should be sent to 9 Linwood Grove, Manchester, M12 4QH. HELL 10 will be out October 1st., which makes the deadline for LoC's, contribs, brickbats etc., etc., around September 14th., and 5p stamps about two weeks later, and again a week after that... ..



Goto Hell!!





## THE OTHER EDITORIAL

ON THE PERILS OF STAYING OVERNIGHT "CHEZ SKEL".....OR

HOW TO BLIND YOURSELF IN ONE EASY LESSON.

Not normally all that hazardous an operation, though it can attain the proportions of a nightmare. We had been collating HELL 8 on the Saturday evening and it had taken far longer than usual. The blasted cover wasn't quite dry and had the irritating habit of smudging if you touched it. We eventually called it a day and prepared for sleep. I kipped down on the settee (comfortable enough but wish it were longer) and fell into a deep sleep. At this point I ought to impress on you the fact that I was in no way drunk, having restricted myself, by a tremendous effort of will, to but a single cider earlier in the evening (effort of will NOTHING! It was all he had in).

In the early hours of Sunday, about four o'clock, I did something I've never done before - rolled off the settee; things that go bump in the night etc. Wearily, accompanied by such swearing as should have woken all the block, I climbed back and fell unconscious, little suspecting the great awakening that was to come. It came, predictably, heralded by the sound of two kids kicking up a row at 9 a.m. I cursed feebly, slid off the settee, put on my glasses which had been resting on the floor, opened the curtains followed by my eyes.

'Sfunny, I thought, usually both eyes are blurred first thing, not just the left one. I rubbed the offending optic vigourously and replaced the glasses. Nope, still blurred. In an attempt to rub the eye again with the glasses in situ I poked a finger through that place normally occupied by a lens. Whoops. Looking down I perceived a little pile of glass on the carpet - three chunks looking as though they used to be a lens. Like.. ..shit....I muttered, and threw the remains in the trash can. Stumbling around I helped myself to breakfast (they don't get up until lunchtime on Sundays - if then) was no fun, especially when I nearly put salt in the coffee.

Leaving them undisturbed in kip I slunk off home, tripping every two steps over half inch bumps and matchsticks and the like, squinting vainly down the road to see if the bus that was coming was, in fact, the one I wanted and was I at the right stop?? I got home, somehow, and began the search for the spare pair, kept in case of such emergencies. The damn things were all of six years old, in which time my poor eyes had deteriorated just a little. I suffered headaches, eyestrain, mild nausea and felt generally sick, fed up and pissed off for the next two weeks. Which was nothing com-

pared with the way I felt when I had to pay for the new ones. My own fault, of course, taking a liking to gold rims and a No. 1 green tint. I'll be a helluva lot more careful with these, that's for sure.

ON THE PERILS OF KNOWING WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WHEN YOU DON'T.

My guilty secret is out at last - I'm an amateur spy for Whitbreads, going round the pubs checking on the prices charged. Well, not exactly, but that's almost what it amounted to. What happened.....feeling unusually generous one fine Saturday lunchtime I offered to buy Chuck Partington a pint of bheer in the Crown and Anchor.

"Two pints of Stella, please."

"54 pence" says the barmaid.

"Eh?? How much??"....incredulously.

"54p."

"It was only 25p a pint last week!!" threateningly.

"Gone up, hasn't it!" defiantly.

"Since when, for Ghod's sake?????"

I decided not to make a big case of it and we sat down in a corner, me muttering dark and dreadful things about being 'had' and threatening to check on the price when I got in the office on Monday morning.

At the next M.A.D. meeting the following Wednesday we were having one of our usual highly intellectual blowup with Chuck whowas holding forth on a subject about which he knew nothing, when the landlord approached and loomed over me.

"You work for the Brewery, don'tyou?"

"Yup" says I, cursing barmaids who can't keep their big mouths shut.

"What do you think of the bitter?"

"Bloody great", I reply, fiendishly hoping to prevent being chucked into the middle of Port Street for being a trouble-maker.

"Ay, it is, isn't it." He beams over me. "I used to drink it socially with the customers but it's getting too strong and I've gone onto lager."

We exchanged views on bheer for a few moments, and he wended his way back to the bar thinking what nice people work in the Brewery, making his bheer. His nam's Robinson, which I didn't know at the time. He still doesn't know mine. He's a nice guy - friendly, chatty and.....oh, the point of the story.. ...the price of Stella Artois lager had gone up - the day we went in there. I found the memo informing our department on my desk on the Monday morning. Perhaps I ought to keep my big mouth shut.



ON THE PERILS OF THINKING YOU'RE INDISPENSIBLE TO THE FIRM.....

AND FINDING THAT, IN FACT, YOU ARE!!!!

As I mentioned last time, Whitbreads, in their infinite wisdom, are closing down the breweries in Salford (mine), Liverpool and Blackburn, though all three will remain open as keging and distribution depots. The Company's promise to tell us all our probable futures went the way of all such things - up the flue. Most of us have been to Samlesbury to see the place, and nice it is too. But there is still no definite word of what will happen to us individually. After three months of waiting for the news we were promised by the end of January, I decided to tackle the Head Brewer, hoping that he would be in a good mood after having his morning cuppa.

"Good morning, Your Altitude." Bow, scrape, lick the boots etc.

"Hmmm."

"I want to go to Samlesbury, may't please Your Serene Highness."

"Ah, yes, well I know that. The Second Brewer told me. Hmm, I reckon you'd want to go as either Brewers' Clerk or Brewing Supervisor, eh?"

"Oh yes please, Exalted One." It's not easy to look him in the eye when you're prostrate on the floor in self-abasement.

"Well, I can't see any reason why not but there's a complication in that if Tom (((my Brewers's Clerk colleague))) gets the job at Samlesbury that he's applied for then he'll be going later this year and we'll have to get another Brewers' Clerk for eighteen months and you'll have to train him or her and then you'll have to do Tom's job (which will mean upgrading (((nice))) but it means that we can't let you go from here till January 1975 and that is an unfortunate that, sorry."

"But I want to move into a flat in Blackburn in October and it'll only be available till Christmas and it's over one of our pubs and the rent is only three quid a week and it's got five rooms and I'll be sharing it so the rent will only be one-fifty a week and I can't afford to turn it down cos I'll be saving to get a motor and...and.....FUCK!!!"

I lapsed into silence, rapidly computing the difference between being upgraded and the cost of train fares between Blackburn and Salford. I think I can just about swing it.

"S'pose I could commute here from Blackburn if I get a large enough rise." Hint hint, but will it do any good.

"Not a bad idea", he says, meaning the commuting, not the rise. "Go away and think about it."

I'm still thinking.

That flat is awfully tempting, at £1.50 a week with two meals a day at work. As I said, I can't afford to turn it down. Blackburn here I come.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

"I've written two science fiction movie scripts...."

Marc Bolan :- Sunday Mirror; April 8th, 1973.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

# ON THE PERILS OF UNDERSTANDING PETE PRESFORD - OR TRYING TO

I noticed in Melody Maker an advertisement, half a page, proclaiming that MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS 1ST FAREWELL TOUR would be in, amongst other places, Manchester, on May 12th and 13th, at the Opera House (culture, y'see). I asked Skel if he was interested, he being the No. 2 Monty Python fan in the area, but after considering such mundanities as money and baby-sitters he regretfully declined. I turned to Presford.

"Yeah, get two tickets."

I got two tickets, just. Damn near sold out. The following Wednesday at the M.A.D. meet I presented him with one.

"Where's the other?" he asked.

"In my pocket, of course."

"I mean the one for Anita, twithead."

Then the fun started. It was the Monty Python 'Argument' sketch all over again. "You said two, not three." "I meant two for me, not two in total." "You didn't say that - you just said two." "I meant three, one for you and one for me and one for Anita." "You didn't say that." "I did." "You didn't." "I did." "You didn't." "Piss off." "Shall I try to get another?" "Damn right."

Well, I tried, but to no avail. This time they were sold out - I didn't have a hope. But still, Pete and I went on the Sunday evening, and I can't remember when I last enjoyed myself so much. It was just too much - a live Monty Python show with the animations on a screen at the back of the stage. I won't try and recapture the feel of it here but you may get the idea if I say that the last time tears ran so freely down my face was when I was kicked in the crutch.

There was one very strange moment. The spotlight picked out, on the otherwise darkened stage, the trouser-suited figure of Carol Cleveland. In the same instant we turned to each other and exclaimed "LISA!!!". It lasted but a moment, but the resemblance at the distance of the balcony was uncanny.

If you're a Monty Python addict, and they come your way, GO. It's well worth the money. And don't be surprised if the Norwegian Blue turns out to be red and yellow!

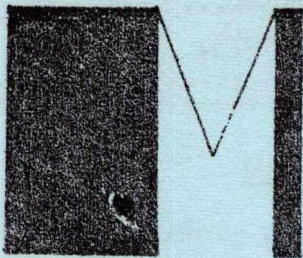
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

"We Gilberts have the indomitable spirit, the unconquerable soul."

BEAR ISLAND by Alistair Maclean. - Fontana Books, 1973. p94.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*..9..\*\*\*\*\*





Watching a Jerry Lewis film on television recently reminded me of the time Harry Bell 'n I discovered our very own British counterpart of this American comic. We had ventured into Newcastle straight after work one evening and commenced upon a crawl of the local bookshops. After sampling the delights of the nearest we moved further afield and finally ended-up in front of the Students Shop.

"They've got a second-hand room upstairs, pretty good value too." said Harry.

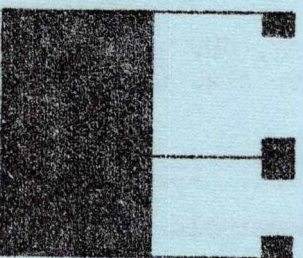
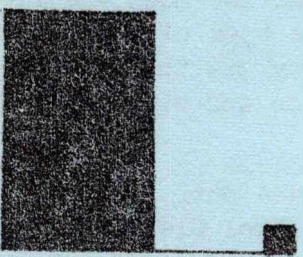
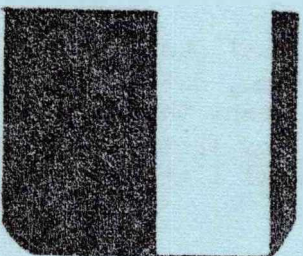
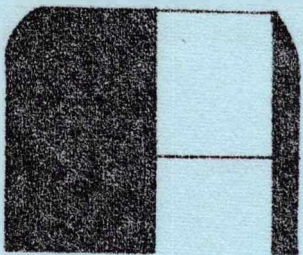
"Okay let's try it, I haven't been in before."

I followed Harry as he led the way into a small upstairs back room crammed from floor to ceiling with new and used books. The place was deserted except for two male members of staff, one young and energetic, the other older, more sedate in his movements and presumably the supervisor or somesuch of the younger. Harry made for the art section, and I, as is my wont, made for the scientific section. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the younger member of the staff re-arranging the books on the insistence of the older. It was apparent even after this cursory glance that this young man (whom I shall call Smith from now on) was someone out of the ordinary. Smith, as I've already said, was re-arranging the books, but re-arranging in such a manner as to place the books dealing with Economics on the Zoology shelf, Chemistry on the Handycraft shelf, etc. The older man appeared to ignore this grave situation and continued in his directions, moving around the room, pointing at certain shelves and Smith, following like a lap-dog, would bound forward at his superior's command and cause further havoc. By this time I had forgotten the shelf before me and turned my concentrated gaze upon this unlikely pair.

The time was fast approaching 5pm and the supervisor, apparently satisfied with Smith's decimation of the shelves, decided to call it a day.

"I say Smith, pass my umbrella will you?"

"Oh yes SIR, of course SIR."



Smith reached beneath the desk and tried in vain to extract the umbrella from a collection of walking sticks that had been lying there. After what appeared to be about ten minutes of concerted effort Smith, in a cascade of noise, finally with one huge wrench managed to free the umbrella from the hooked handles of the sticks and passed it to his superior who had been standing quietly throughout the whole incident, a mild look of disdain on his typically middle-class face.

"Goodnight SIR, have a nice weekend."

"Oh, oh yes Smith, goodnight."

I returned to my perusal of the shelves only being disturbed by Smith as he continually voiced his apologies at having come within a few inches of my person. "Oh sorry Sir, oh sorry SIR." was his constant cry. I reflected on this poor unfortunate's situation. Obviously he was a new member of the staff, possibly the son of the owner or something and was trying, unsuccessfully, to convince the remainder of the staff that he was fit to supervise the second-hand book department on his own. It was at this point that the similarity between Smith and Jerry Lewis became apparent. Smith was trying too hard to be successful. He was conscientious, yes, but at the same time something of a victim of his own clumsiness.

"I'll take these." I said, walking up to the counter.

"Right SIR, nice weather today isn't it SIR?" he said, completely ignoring the soft patter of rain hitting the skylight above his head.

"Yes it is, but not as nice as yesterday." (It had snowed then).

"Sorry SIR, I haven't got change of a £5 note, just excuse me SIR, I'll have to go to the cash desk downstairs. I won't be long Sir, excuse me."

So saying he rushed off down the stairs accompanied by the sounds of "Sorry Sir, sorry SIR." as he brushed past the occasional embarrassed browser. Not ten minutes later he returned bearing the fruits of his labours.

"That's £1, £2, £3, £4, £4.50 and 20p makes £5. No, er £1, £2.....Harry was standing across the other side of the room, laughing at my efforts to crawl into the nearest hole.

"There, £5. Thank you SIR, thank you."

"Thanks." I mumbled, and went back to looking at the 'War' books on the 'Gardening' shelf, to await Harry braving the elements with Smith.

On Smith's opening ploy with Harry I almost fell to the floor with uncontrollable laughter and indeed Harry had great difficulty in controlling his mirth. Apparently Smith was so new at the selling game that he hadn't had enough time to develop a collection of opening ploys to engage the customer in light conversation whilst the exchange of goods and money took place.

"Nice weather today isn't it SIR?"

"Er, yes." and Harry left it at that.

We left a few minutes later, our ears ringing to the now familiar, "Sorry Sir, sorry SIR." I just hope some Hollywood talent-scout doesn't sign him up before I do, that's all.



I(R)ONIC - a column by our Central European correspondent,

Alan Barrie Stewart.

Yes, here it is, HELL INTERNATIONAL's first column from the financial centre of Western Germany, the throbbing pulse of the future United States of Europe (USE), and all that. Well, who wants an American correspondent these days? I mean, the USA's all washed up and slipping down the drain, whereas here in the financial center, etc. etc. everything in the biergarten's lovely.

Perhaps you're wondering who I am. I might be one of those fanzine writers who don't really exist, mightn't I? Funny, isn't it, how there are so many people in fandom who don't really exist. I am for real, though, so you can quite safely nominate me for the 'Hugo' ballot (1974) for 'Best Fan Writer'.

Skel suggested I might like to write a comparison of the BSFA and the SFCD (Science Fiction Club Deutschland), but that would be too much like writing about SF, and I wouldn't want to fly in the face of one of HELL's fan-nish traditions. Skel also 'hinted' that I might be asked to rewrite this if it weren't quite HELLish enough. Must be joking! This is a fanzine, isn't it?

As this is the first in a series of columns I'd better introduce myself properly for the benefit of all those poor ignorant souls who are still trying to work out who I am. Here then is the story of my life:-

I was born in Edinburgh, in the land of mist and snow, 28 years and 6 months ago. It was there that I spent my childhood, boyhood, teenagerhood, Little Red Riding Hood, etc. and was educated in those skills which are vital to all who live in Scotland, mainly how to down as many pints of draught export as possible before the ridiculously early closing time of 10.00 pm (or, as we say in the USE, 22 o'clock).

I also learned Scottish phrases to be recited in the presence of Sassenach tourists (Sassenach = Saxon = English), such as "It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht the nicht", "Hoots mon", "Och aye", "A'll jist hae a wee drap mair" and other drollities.

Then I left school at age 18 and went abroad - to London, England. At first I had difficulties with the unfamiliar language - "Cor blimey, mate, luv a duck, wotcher cock, oi oi, allo-allo-allo, wanna good time luv?" I had a whole new vocabulary to learn - it was just like being at school again. Soon, however, I had mastered the strange tongue and learned to say "Mind me Adrian's's" with the best of them.

In those dim dark days of 1964 I spent the greater part of the day at the Post Office Savings Bank (now the National Savings Bank) at Charles III House, Kensington High Street. I had a very important position, Clerical Officer, for which I was paid a very high salary, £8 a week. This enabled me to live in the style to which I was accustomed.

I lived in a luxury penthouse bedroom (which I shared with only five others) on the ground floor of the world-famous Caledonian Christian (no, I'm not actually) Club in London's fashionable Endsleigh Gardens (formerly Euston Square, after the tube station of the same name). I had to pay half my salary for this gracious living.

After 3 months of luxury I moved out to the more primitive conditions of British West Hampstead (or, in the native tongue, Kill-bwana). Altogether I spent  $7\frac{1}{2}$  long years in the capital of the universe (not Stockport, you fools, London), dwelling in such exotic spots as Crouch End (look it up on the map if you don't believe me), sunny Sutton-off-Sea (did you know there are 123 Suttons in Britain?) and world-renowned Earls Court.

This last has given its name to the young ladies who advertise their wares on its trendy noticeboards. For long Earls Court was known as Kangaroo Valley, until all the Australian immigrants there were eaten by a plague of man-eating rabbits introduced to the area by the Lesser London Council.

It was during these halcyon years in the metropolis that I never once set foot inside (or outside) that hallowed establishment known as 'The Globe' hostelry, which is frequented by London SF-fandom and Wilfred Pickles (so I read in my 'Time Out Book of London'). I was in fact completely unaware of the existence of fandom and lived in blissful ignorance.

During my stay in those parts I chanced to make the acquaintance of the young woman who is now my good lady wife, namely the Gräfin Elke von und zu Hanau, an Austro-Prussian noblewoman. We were married in Schloss Philippsruhe, her ancestral home, in the summer of 1968 and dwelt together happily in Earls Court, I eking out a living as a computer programmer and she as an information receptionist with the British Tourist Authority. Having grown tired of eking we turned our faces toward the sun and journeyed to Frankfurt on the Main, city of the thousand and one building sites.

And here we live, happily ever after. Well, Skel, is that 'Fannish' enough? Next HELL I'll tell you how I met fandom and saved the world from the fan peril. See you!

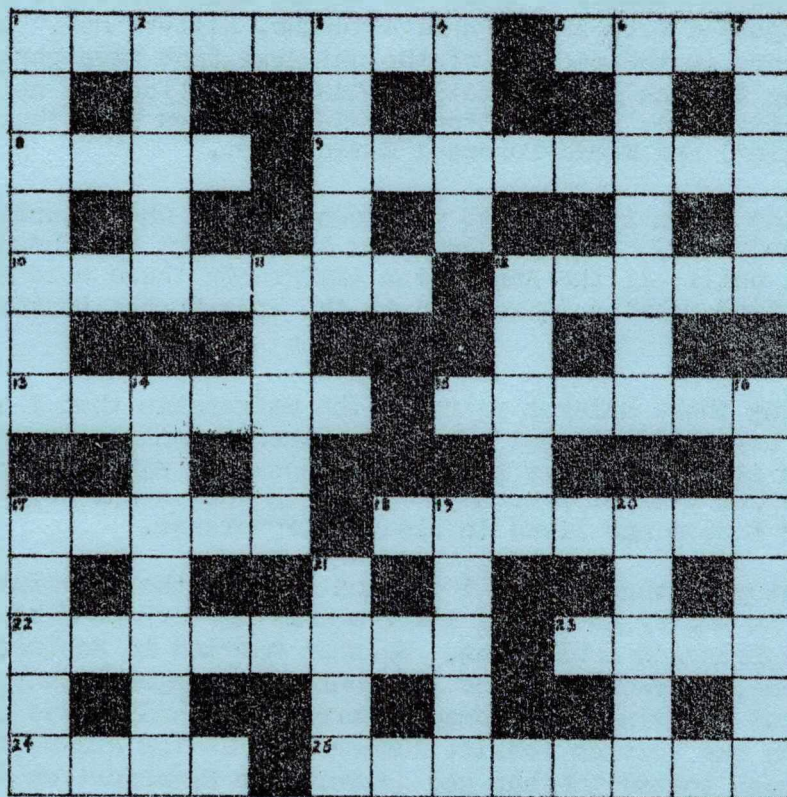


This is not our

'DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO ALIENATE LISA CONESA BY INCLUDING A FRIGGING CROSSWORD'

dept!

Until recently fanzine crosswords have usually been of the 'Character mentioned on page 83 of Picoeul Handlehers 'Whore of Three Worlds''. Of late however, Mike and Pat Meara have introduced the concept of the 'Cryptic Crossword' to fanzines. These are perhaps still a little elementary, but then, is fandom ready for it's own 'Weekend Stinker'? Here we present what we think is Mike and Pat's first crossword. We reckon it is also one of the best. You'll find the page for answers etc in the Contents.



C L U E S   A C R O S S

1. Ship's outfitter to the Rim Worlds? (8)
5. Bit of a Bloch-head, this guy! (4)
8. Whereby Joe Chip was taken back in time. (4)
9. Aldiss' was civilian, Heinlein's military. (8)
10. It was close to critical. (7)
12. Blish and Knight had a trillion. (5)
13. It happened in 2100. (6)
15. Recent Tubb novel. (6)
17. Mercurial prophet? (5)
18. Caged part of Mr. Soames? (3,4)
22. Anderson's one-way planet. (2,6)
23. Sturgeon, in short. (4)
24. In which a Chinaman was killed by a bullet-firing bra! (4)
25. The question in 22 across is resolved here! (8)

C L U E S   D O W N

1. Blish's galactic collection. (7)
2. One of Cliff's neighbours? (5)
3. A light weapon. (5)
4. Heinlein had a Hugo-winning way! (4)
6. Harry's engineer was this. (7)
7. Del Rey's mythical instruments. (5)
11. "The ----- of Acheron". (5)
12. You won't find it in any valley but Kuttner's. (5)
14. The seven-piece Skylark. (7)
16. The white avenger. (7)
17. One of the four races of Tschai. (5)
19. Prehensile extremities used by some galactic cultures as the basis of a numerical system. (5)
20. Is this her arsenal? (5)
21. Ruler of the tides. (4)







Way back in February 1967 my parents felt the need for pastures fresh and moved house. Being still a nestling I moved with them. The previous owner had left behind, in the time-honoured fashion of 'previous owners', a right load of junk. Amongst this rubbish my eye fell upon (damn these false eyes) 'THE BOOK'. 'THE BOOK' contained all human wisdom, some extracts from which are presented here.....for the good of your health?

THE WORKING MAN'S  
... MODEL ...  
**Family Botanic Guide;**

OR,  
**EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR;**

BEING AN EXPOSITION OF  
**THE BOTANIC SYSTEM,**

GIVING A CLEAR AND EXPLICIT EXPLANATION OF THE  
BOTANIC PRACTICE, THE CAUSE, CURE, AND  
PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS  
OF THE HUMAN BODY AND ORGANS USED IN THE BOTANIC PRACTICE.

BY  
**WILLIAM FOX, M.D.**

EIGHTEENTH EDITION.

REVISED BY  
**A. R. FOX, F.L.S., M.F.S., AND W. C. FOX, R.D.S.,**  
SONS OF THE AUTHOR.

**PRICE . . . 2/6 net.**

SHEPHERD:  
**WILLIAM FOX AND SONS, MEDICAL BOTANISTS, CASTLE ST.**  
1907

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



Excerpts from :- 'A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. THOMSON'

After things, events are most interesting to our minds; there is nothing on earth so great as man, and no events more interesting than the histories of great men.

The standard of true greatness is the joint amount of good done and difficulty overcome.

While governed by this rule, and looking over the histories of physicians, whether of ancient or modern times, we find none that claim our attention before Samuel Thomson.

It seems that his father was one of those hardy and enterprising pioneers who, infatuated with the love of improving the borders of the wilderness, have so much distinguished Americans.

He removed from Massachusetts with his young family into the newest settlements of New Hampshire, and there, about one year afterwards, in the town of Halstead, on the 9th of February, 1769, Samuel Thomson was born. It would seem, according to the common view, he had to contend against almost every possible disadvantage to a life of science. His parents poor - in the wilderness, three miles from the nearest settlement - called at four to the occupation of the farm - spending his youth in clearing the forest and subduing the earth - attending school but one month. At nineteen, with his father, plunging again into the wilderness on Onion River, Vermont - yet, through all these privations to intellect, we discover the gleaming of a transcendent genius, which at length broke forth and shone above the lights of science in the western hemisphere.

Thomson had been all the while collecting his favourite knowledge, and his house was well supplied with vegetable medicines, although he had no design of becoming a physician. But it so happened that some of his family were five times given up as incurable, and he by his simple means each time succeeded in restoring them. In one instance the physician had left his little daughter to die of scarlet fever. Thomson then took the case into his own hands, and, as if acting by intuition, he took the child upon his lap, covered her and himself with a blanket, while he directed his wife to make a steam of vinegar beneath them, and he kept up the internal heat with warming drinks. In this way he soon relieved the little sufferer, and, continuing the treatment about a week, cured her.

These instances of success in his own family soon began to be noticed by his neighbours, and those who could get no relief from the physicians appealed to him. This called his attention so much from his farm that he resolved to give it up and adopt medicine as a profession.

The first two patients that he was called to attend, of which he has given us a history, present a complete picture of his ensuing life. Suc-

cessful in curing, yet treated with contempt, paid with ingratitude, and perplexed with the ignorance of his patients respecting the conditions on which health is to be obtained, nothing was able to discourage him. It seems that obstructions in his way only enabled him to ascend upon a higher road to glory.

Look at his theory, and who will deny that it corresponds with nature? "I found," says he, "that all animal bodies were formed of four elements. The earth and water constitute the solid; and air and fire, or heat, are the cause of life and motion; that cold, or lessening the power of heat, is the cause of all disease; that to restore heat to its natural state was the only way that health could be produced, and that, after restoring the natural heat, by clearing the system of all obstructions and causing a natural perspiration, the stomach would digest the food taken into it, and heat or nature be enabled to hold her supremacy."

When we consider a lifeless body, and find that the earth, and water, and air are there, but that the heat is gone, how can we blame him for saying that, to our agency at least, heat is life and cold is death?

With this theory and a new and unheard-of system of medicine, Thomson went forth in the practice of healing against the world. In the year 1805 we find him in full practice in his native and neighbouring towns, when a fearful epidemic prevailed, supposed to be the yellow fever. The regulars lost about one half of their patients, and he lost none.

After this he continued his practice in the various chronic diseases of the country. Consumption, bleeding at the lungs, fevers, dysentery, dropsies, cancers, fits, &c., seemed to yield before his skill as by a new and magic power.

In 1806 we find him entering the city of New York, with the true spirit of Hippocrates, to investigate the nature of the yellow fever; and he found it to yield before his remedies like any other disease.

On returning again to his home, he found his character defamed by the slanders of a neighbouring physician. Attempting a defence, he was foiled by intrigue and perjury; and, wounded in his feelings, he resolved to give up his ungrateful neighbours to their fashionable doctor, upon which he tells the following serious story :-

"A curse seemed to follow them and his practice, for the spotted fever broke out in this place soon after, and the doctor took charge of those who had sided with him against me, and if he had been a butcher and used the knife there could not have been more destruction among them. Two men who swore falsely in his favour, and by whose means he got his cause, were amongst his first victims; and of the whole that he attended, about nine-tenths died. He lost sixty patients in the town of Alstead in a short time."

Those only who have experienced the sorrows common to original genius can imagine what were the feelings of Thomson as he turned away from the ridicule and base ingratitude of the people of his native town, among whom he had



practiced five years without losing a single patient, to seek for occupation amid the cool indifference of unenvying strangers.

After collecting a supply of medicines on Plumb Island, at the mouth of the Merrimack River, we next find him attending the wife of a Mr. Osgood, at Salisbury, Mass., who was given over to die of a lung fever by Dr. French. Thomson performed a cure in about twenty-four hours, which gained him much credit with the people, and laid a lasting enmity between him and Dr. French.

Next we find him introducing the practice in Jericho, Vt. In the following autumn a mortal disease afflicted this town in the form of dysentery. Out of twenty-two patients the physicians had lost twenty. The people were alarmed, and, holding a consultation, concluded to send for Thomson, who was then at home in New Hampshire.

He soon arrived and conferring with the select men who had charge of the sick, was furnished with two assistants, and in the course of three days commenced practice upon thirty patients, all of whom recovered excepting two, who were dying when he first saw them.

What a triumphant victory was here! Taking the name of the town as a hint, one cannot help associating it with the spying out and eventual triumph of Joshua at Jericho of old.

After this he practiced with his usual success in several places, and then returned to Salisbury; and although he was often called to introduce the practice at other places, yet he made this place a sort of home, and practiced with such success among the incurable patients of the regulars that they became alarmed, and, Dr. French taking the lead, resolved to destroy him.

After attempting to decoy Thomson to his house, and failing, he next publicly swore that he would blow out his brains if he came into his neighbourhood; at the same time saying he was a murderer and he could prove it. To defend his character, Thomson caused an action to be brought against this tiger-like doctor for his threats, which resulted in his being bound over to keep the peace; and another for defamation, in which perjury and the influence of the doctors prevailed against Thomson.

The counsel for French inquired of the judge if Thomson was not liable to arrest, to which he answered in the affirmative. This paved the way more completely for the malice of Dr. French, who afterwards procured an indictment for wilful murder against Thomson.

Soon after the above-mentioned trial he had the misfortune to lose a patient under the following circumstances :- He was called to attend a young man, Mr. Lovett, who was in a fever, with very unfavourable symptoms. Thomson improved him so much that in two days he went out, exposed himself, and was taken much worse. Thomson was again called, but found the patient past cure, and then two regulars were called, who attended about twelve hours, when he died. For this Thomson was arrested as a murderer, put in irons, carried to Newburyport jail, confined in a dungeon, cold, filthy, and filled with vermin, without a fire, in the month of November, and without the prospect of a trial

for nearly a year.

Thomson had established the fame of his practice in the cities of Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, and the adjoining villages, so that many powerful friends rushed to his rescue; but among those there was none more distinguished than the grateful and indefatigable Judge Rice whom he had cured of a dangerous fever. This gentleman procured a special session of the court, and assisted Thomson in his trial, by which he was honourably acquitted, after having been about one month in prison.

In a subsequent prosecution of Dr. French for abuse and slander while he was a prisoner, the defendant went about and took depositions wherever Thomson had lost a patient, but found only eight, Lovett included. These he brought forward in the trial as charges of murder, and although Thomson proved that they were incurable when he first saw them, or given up by the doctors to die, yet the court decided against him, and French was permitted to call him a murderer.

Such is the value of courts to an enterprising genius when he must wage his way against the interests of a popular profession, and such the gratitude of the world to one of its greatest benefactors.

He who shall attempt to rob him of his hard-earned honours must submit his own name to be "scathed with lightnings of public indignation" by the people of coming ages.

To have been no more than the discoverer of the emetic virtues of lobelia should have distinguished his name:

To have only laid the basis of the system for others to complete should have made him great:

Or, completing it, to have left it to others to demonstrate and make popular should have made him immortal:

But to have discovered the elements of a materia medica, to have formed them into a system, governed it by a theory, holding all in his own hands with a strength and perseverance common only to a giant intellect, and bringing it to bear with overwhelming success against the world of perverted regulars, has placed the name of Thomson on one of the loftiest and most unapproachable pinnacles of fame.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Wow!! Hell of a guy, wasn't he? Makes you proud to know that you are living on the same planet that Thomson once graced, doesn't it? Doesn't it? Remember, he did all that under the handicap of living in a town which kept changing it's name from Halstead to Alstead. Anyway, we haven't finished with the lofty and unapproachable Thomson yet. What of his treatments? Well, if you turn the page you will see his method of treating a hideous disease :-



## S P E R M A T O R R H O E A

This subject is not generally treated by medical writers, yet there is no subject that is of more importance to the general health than this, as it involves consequences of the most serious kind. The semen is the most subtle, vital, and ethereal part of the body. It contributes to the support of the nerves, as well as to the reproduction of the human species. The emission of this fluid enfeebles the whole constitution more than twenty times the quantity of blood, producing a debilitating effect on the whole nervous system, on both body and mind. Physiologists say that the great part of this refined fluid is re-absorbed and mixed with the blood, and imparts to the body sprightliness, vivacity, and vigour, which, if wasted by emissions imprudently, it fails to do - and there is lassitude, relaxation, and nervous depression. It should never be wasted, except in a state of superfluity, and then never unnaturally.

Spermatorrhoea prevails among both sexes to an alarming extent. We could disclose cases that have come under our notice that would harrow up the feelings of every parent. It produces consumption, and it has been shown by reports of lunatic asylums that it often causes insanity in both sexes.

Dr. S. W. Woodward, superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, has the following remarks on this practice :- "For the last four years it has fallen to my lot to witness, examine, and mark the progress of 10 to 25 cases daily who have been the victims of this debasing habit; and I aver that no cause whatever which operates on the human system prostrates all its energies - mental, moral, and physical - to an equal extent. I have seen more cases of idiocy from this cause alone than from all the other causes of insanity. It is opposed to moral purity and vigour; it keeps up the influence of unhallowed desires; it gives the passions an ascendancy in the character; fills the mind with lewd and corrupt images; and transforms its victim to a filthy and disgusting reptile." The evil is common, but its danger little known.

Let the young take warning, and those that are in danger flee from it. We would advise the young to read Graham's "Lectures on Chastity," as well as other works.

### **BAYBERRY—*Myrica Cerifera*.**

*Astringent, stimulant, and deobstruent.*



Bayberry.

Is decidedly the best cleansing medicine ever discovered. It makes a good gargle for putrid sore throats. When taken inwardly it produces a stimulating effect upon the mouth and leaves it clean and moist; it cleanses the inner coat of the stomach is a valuable medicine in diarrhoea and dysentery; and a sovereign remedy in scrofulous ulceration, used in the form of poultice. The wax which is found upon the berries makes a valuable ointment for all eruptions of the skin. It is the principal ingredient in our composition powder.

SYMPTOMS - Fever, mania, or mental derangement; dyspepsia or indigestion; hectic fever, weak and painful eyes, weak stomach, nervous headache, and general debility. It matters not whether it is discharged naturally or artificially, it has the same effect. And we advise parents to throw off all mock delicacy, and warn their children, if they suspect danger.

TREATMENT - Abandon the practice immediately, and bath the parts in cold water night and mor-

ning. Rub the back and loins with tincture of cayenne. The diet must be entirely vegetable, but nutritious. Take exercise in the open air. Intoxicating drinks must be avoided. Let the body be sponged down in cold water and salt every morning. Then take the following :-

|                   |           |
|-------------------|-----------|
| Bistort root      | ... 1 oz. |
| Priory breava     | ... 1 oz. |
| Bayberry bark     | ... 1 oz. |
| White poplar bark | ... 1 oz. |
| Gum catechu       | ... 1 oz. |

Boil with two quarts of water for half an hour; when cool, clear, add four ounces of the decoction of sarsaparilla. Dose :- A wineglassful four times a day.

# **BISTORT—Polygonum Bistorta.**

*Astringent.*

Is one of the most powerful astringents in nature. It is good for all bleedings, whether external or internal; it is useful in diabetes, in conjunction with tonics. The decoction is also employed as an astringent injection in fluor albus and gleet. It makes a good wash for running sores.



Bistort.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

.....and whilst we're at it let's just pick out.....

## A CURE FOR CANCER

Means must be adopted to improve the general health of the sufferer. Give the following decoction:-

|                                 |       |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Quassia chips .. .. .           | 1 oz. |
| Yellow dock root .. .. .        | 1 oz. |
| Bitter sweet (American) .. .. . | 1 oz. |
| Cinquefoil .. .. .              | 1 oz. |
| Agrimony .. .. .                | 1 oz. |

Add two quarts of water, and boil down to three pints, then add a teaspoonful of cayenne, and, when cold, two ounces of the decoction of red Jamaica sarsaparilla. Take a wineglassful three times a day. Then poultice the cancer with the green herb called spotted hemlock, bruised with a hammer very fine, spread on a cloth, and apply to the part affected several times a day; If a bleeding cancer, use freely of powdered Peruvian bark and gum myrrh before applying the poultice. Care must be taken with the hemlock, as it is poisonous. When the cancer is foetid and emits an offensive smell, a charcoal poultice can be applied with great advantage. Simmer half a pint of yeast in the oven....@@@The rest of the cure is withheld in case it works...and we can make a bomb out of it....but we leave you with this final statement@@@ If this be persevered with, it will never, or seldom, fail to cure.



BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5  
BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5 : BABEL VERSION 5

The insistent tapping told Cas that the nightwalker had returned. She wanted to sleep, but to turn a fan away from one's door in his hour of need was simply not done. Cas did not wish to break one of the prime taboos of urbmon life.

It was Brian, Brian Robinson of the grizzled beard. Brian Robinson, who was rapidly making a name for himself in the do-or-die universe of breweries. Cas new Brian had been discussed at length by the rulers of the urbmon; Brian's name had been splashed about like beer drippings by Brosnan, Boak, and, yes, even Pickersgill himself. Brian was one destined to join the great ones, and Cas inclined her head as a mark of respect as she pulled off her bra, displaying the gaudy 'Cas for editor' buttons beneath.

But this time Brian ignored her advances, himself breaking a taboo. Cas did not insist on satisfaction, and walked demurely away as her husband Paul awoke. Paul greeted Brian as befitted an old friend: "How the fuck did you get in here, creep-features? And what do you want at this time in the morning?"

Brian said, "I've one important thing to discuss. It cannot wait 'till morning." Paul knew what he meant, and nodded. "Yes," he said, "when are we going to get that Piggott to send us another installment of his column?"

Next morning, Cas took the eggshells and crusts to the incinerator as usual. As she stood before it, Paul came up behind her. "I'm sorry about

Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott  
Number two - by John Piggott : Number two - by John Piggott

last night," he said, stiffly. "It was something.....Brian and I had to do."

"I understand, love. Don't worry."

"Thank you. Mind how you go when you open that door, won't you? If you fall down the chute people will really think you've gone flippo."

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*  
\*

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH for medical students, they say, is the first anatomy class. Here they are presented with a freshly prepared human leg, full of nutritious proteins, fats, and carbohydrates, and ordered, Dissect! I guess there are a few who find they can't do it. They are the ones that drop out. A brutal selection procedure, but nevertheless a very necessary one; for who would wish to entrust themselves to the tender care of a surgeon who felt nausea every time he commenced an operation?

I am doing biochemistry, and thus escape any such mortal terrors. My concern is with the reactions that take place within cells, and within the organelles composing cells. Anything even approaching a complete organism is many orders of magnitude too complex for a biochemist to deal with. Even so, however, it turns out that I am not so far removed from the scalpel after all. During practical sessions I fling unpronounceable enzymes around with gay ab-



andon, often forgetting that the glyceraldehyde 3-phosphate dehydrogenase I use has to be obtained from a living organism by a process of extraction.

And so, early this term, I rolled up to a practical class and found myself confronted with an enamel tray suitable for dissection and a few surgical instruments. The lithographed instructions screamed at me: "You will be provided with a freshly decapitated rat. By cutting along the midline of the abdominal wall, open up the abdomen and extract the liver as quickly as possible."

The ratio of rats to people was as one to four. The quartet I found myself inhabiting didn't know the first thing about dissection, of course. Still, the thing had to be done. We prepared the necessary chemicals for our treatment of the liver, putting them in an ice bucket to ensure the enzyme didn't denature as we chopped it up.....and we were ready. Shaking slightly one of the group went to the preparation room with the enamel tray.

Depending on how you define dead, the rat he returned with had been in that state for perhaps twenty seconds. That's what 'fresh' means in biochemistry. The head wasn't quite severed, though the guillotine had chopped clean through the spinal column, and there was surprisingly little blood. We stood there, in front of the obscene, white, furry thing, all nine inches of it, wondering both who would make the first move, and how he was going to do it.

A demonstrator noticed our perplexed gaze, and wandered over. "Have none of you done a dissection before? No? Right, watch and I'll show you." He lifted the rat's skin up from its stomach with a pair of forceps, and snipped at it with the scissors. A hole in the skin was formed, exposing the peritoneum. He treated that in a similar way, and, snapping the rib cage with the scissors, exposed the organs.

You couldn't mistake the liver. Brown and shiny, it occupied most of the visible region. "It's best to actually extract the liver using the fingers rather than the forceps," said the demonstrator gaily, shoving his index finger into the creature's guts. Lifting up the liver, he separated it from the connecting membranes and circulatory vessels, and dropped the liver into a beaker of cooled buffer. It floated bloodily in the clear, watery liquid.

The demonstrator wiped his fingers with a Kleenex tissue, and played a bit with the rat for our edification. He showed us the stomach and intestines of the unfortunate animal, and pulling out the small intestine exposed the kidneys, pancreas and spleen to view. Working up towards the head, he cut through the rest of the rib cage and the sternum, exposing the blackened lungs and the heart.

The heart.

It was still beating.

I didn't throw up, but for about thirty seconds it was touch and go.





Oh, by the way we are pregnant, well I am and as Paul had something to do with it (he keeps denying it) he had to have a mention. I seem to be doomed to having December babies; Deborah will be seven on the 9th., Nicholas will be five on the 21st and 'it' is provisionally due on the 19th. As you can imagine, December is an expensive month in our family (any contributions to a worthy cause will be greedily accepted). Contrary to rumours in HELL 8 'it' will not be named Sagramotholou (Russell spelt it wrong, Kevin, not us) or even Ichabod which is Brian's suggestion. The only names we agree on at the moment are either Bethany Jane or Darcy Jane should 'it' be a girl. As for a boy's name, I like Matthew after seeing the adorable Matthew Cheslin at the Con, but Paul doesn't like it, nor does he like any of the other boy's names that I've suggested.....bloody awkward, that's what men are!

We haven't been to a MAD meet for ages, but we did go to see "2001" with Pete, Anita and Brian. Paul kept on insisting that it would be far too intellectual for me and that I wouldn't understand it. Indignantly I denied that I was a complete idiot and we set off for the cinema with me determined to understand every bit of it. Needless to say.....I didn't understand it, but it was worth going to see for the music and also for the magnificent use of colour.

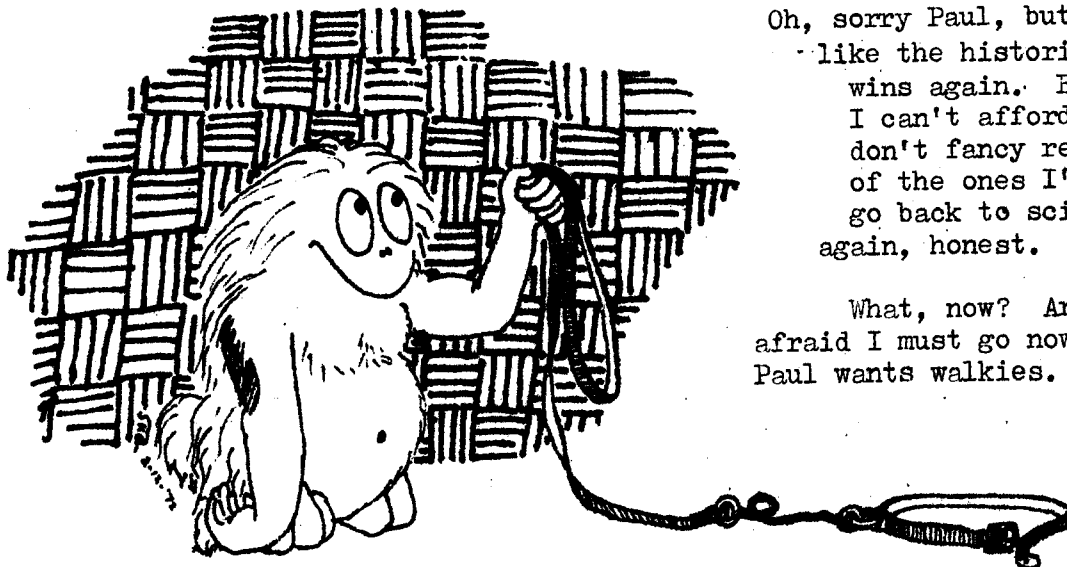
Before we got married, last September, I promised Paul that I would read his favourite SF book, "Three To Conquer", prior to the great day. Well, I started it but somehow quite a number of historical novels came betwixt myself and it, novels about my favourite character in history, Richard III (who did not murder the princes in the Tower, you see I have this theory.....Paul put that brush down, I promise not to ramble on anymore about Richard). You see he knows that once I get started on that topic I never shut up. Back to THE book, you will be pleased to know that nine months later I have finished it, enjoyed it, and since I can't afford to buy the latest Rosemary Hawley Jarman in hardback (well, the keeper of the Skel household money says I can't afford it) I have started reading two other SF books, "The Inner Wheel" by Keith Roberts and "Cybernia" by Lou Cameron. Thinks.....but

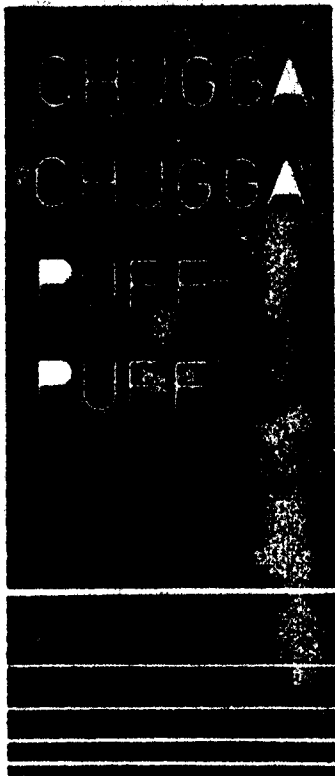
I could read her last book again.

Oh, sorry Paul, but it looks like the historical novel

wins again. But next time I can't afford a book, or don't fancy re-reading any of the ones I've got I'll go back to science fiction again, honest.

What, now? Arrgghh, I'm afraid I must go now..... Paul wants walkies.





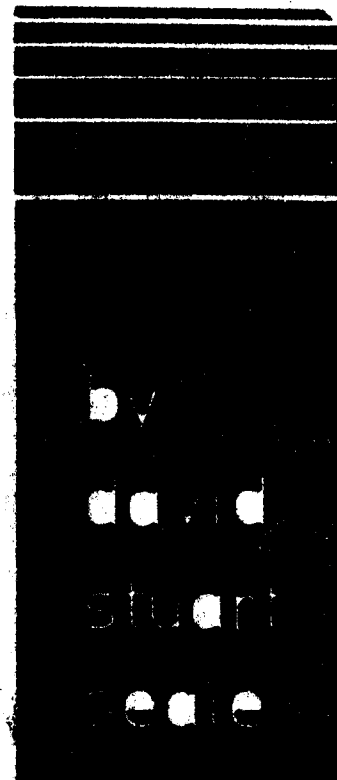
## CHAPTER ONE

T.R.S. 22X was a dirty, smelly tramp ship of twelve hundred tons. A scruffy looking hulk of rusting iron that had been on the Tau Ceti run since star travel first started. Her name-plate had fallen off years ago and the crew, not a decent looking one amongst them, had nicknamed her 'Chugga Chugga Puff Puff' after the noise of her rickety old engines.

My name, by the way, is Julian....but you can call me Jules, all my friends do. I was framed by a group of thugs who had taken photographs of me at a party in a lewd posture with a member of the opposite sex.

Me, I ask you! I must have been really sloshed. I'd never had lived it down if any of my friends had seen them. So I had to give in to them (Cheeky!) and they got what they wanted (I shall slap your legs). Well, I mean, my flat-mate Igor would have been livid, dear, simply livid. Anyway, let me explain.

Well, there I was, see, explaining to Igor about mixed marriages (you know, male and female), when suddenly the door burst open and in rushed





these three characters in kinky leather coats and dark glasses. Mmmhh, we're in for a good night, I thought. One of them, the blonde, was really cute.

"Okay pals", said Blondie, (I must try that colour rinse) "Face the wall."

"Mmmhh, you're fast." I panted. I saw Igor in the corner, bristling with jealousy.

"Quiet, Punk", said Blondie, "or you'll get this in your face."

"Ooooh, promises, promises." I replied, but it was only a policeman's truncheon; still.....

"Right, Bluey, frisk 'em." said Blondie, fingering his leather piece. Do you know that was something I'd always dreamed about, being frisked and ooh, he spared no blushes. As if I'd keep a gun there - I might damage it.

"Right, you can turn round now."

"Don't do me any favours ducky", I grumbled, "and get your feet off my astrochaan." It was then that Bluey flashed the snaps in front of me. Well, my false eyelashes stuck to my eyebrows when I saw them.

"You can't prove it's me", I poked, "you can't see my face."

"Who else has got a fig-leaf birthmark, and just there as well?"

"But....."

"You'll do as we say, or these photos go to Big 'Q' himself."

"Big 'Q'? Christ, he'll have my foreskin for johnnies if he sees these."

"It's your decision, Jules old boy. We want you to do a little job for us and it's right up your line, so get rid of Steve Reeves here and we'll talk about it." Igor dressed himself and walked meekly through the door.

"Don't fret Love", I shouted after him. "I'll see you again soon." The door closed and Blondie walked across to me and tossed a liner ticket in my lap.

"We've booked you on a ship to Tau Ceti. There you will contact a Cetian by the name of Khyber. He has something of ours and we believe that you're the best person to get it for us, you see.....he's one of you."

"What, a science fiction reader?" I gasped.

"No."

"Not a fanzine editor?" I cried.

"No, he's a queer." said Bluey.....and that's why I'm here.

## C H A P T E R   T W O

It was a frustrating trip for me: the crew contained six female stewardesses so the men of the 'Chugga' didn't want my special services. That notwithstanding, my bedsheets were starched stiff after the first week.

It was a pokey little cabin containing only the barest essentials. There wasn't even a connecting door to the next cabin, the occupant of which was a furry little Rigellian by the name of Jeremy. He had lovely down and beautiful sad brown eyes; oh he really turned me on.

The noise of the old outdated Mannschenn drive kept me awake at nights with it's Chugga Puff, Chugga Puff. I'd just get into the rhythm of it and it would change to puff puff chugga puff. Life on the ship was so droll - lying awake and lonely on my bunk I remembered the time my sister burst into my bedroom and caught me in the act. She catcalled me for years after that so I vowed I would have nothing more to do with girls. I still remember the verse she used to tease me with.....

There in the bed  
Pulling his pleb  
Jerkin' his gurkin  
Right over his head.

I became vaguely aware of someone knocking on my cabin door, so I put the pillows straight and sprayed Chanel No. 5 on my vest.

"Come." I shouted. I love that word.

"You ordered champagne, Sir?"

"Ah, champers, how lovely. Do join me in a glass, Steward. How would you like to earn a big fat tip?"

"I'm open for anything legal, Sir."

"Well, there was a Bill passed in nineteen sixty something legalising it." I said, running my finger up his braid.

"Legalising what, Sir?"

The steward flunghimself out of the cabin door as he realised what the tip was. He reported me to the Captain and I was frogmarched between two stewardesses (to keep me calm) to the Captain's cabin on the top deck. The Captain was seated behind a large oak desk. His voice matched it.

"Mr. deWinter, (that's me) I'm the only male on board this ship you have not tried to seduce...."

"Well, I can fit you in tomorrow, Captain", I quipped.

"No you can't, mister, because as from now you are confined to you cabin and I don't want to hear from you until we reach Ceti City in three days time. Begone!!"

My god, when we finally landed, I leaped through the air-lock in record time, and made for the nearest male-house. Sipping my cherry brandy, I handed



a ten credit note to the barman.

"Do you know anyone by the name of Bracket?"

"Sure, he's a regular. That's him in the crocodile suit."

"But that is a crocodile," I stated.

"Sure is," he said.

"Jesus," said I.

### CHAPTER THREE

I noticed Bracket was drinking pink gins so I ordered two and sauntered over. I could see he fancied me by the way he drooled, but then again, it was difficult for him to drink from a tulip glass.

"Hi, sweetie," I puckered, "you're name Bracket?"

"Yes it is," he snarled. "Sit down, deWinter." His voice was quite petite for a crocodile.

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"Who doesn't, after your exploits on the Chugga."

He smiled, showing twin rows of sparkling white teeth. I wouldn't fancy a love bite off him.

"See for yourself, Lover," he said and passed over the evening edition of the Ceti Chronicle. "Made quite a name for yourself." We chatted idly for a couple of minutes and it wasn't long before he popped the question.

"How about coming back to my place? I can put you up for the night." I bet he could, the size of him. Anyway, I agreed and we walked arm in claw to the car park.

"That one is mine," he said. "The green one."

"Not that old croc." I jibed.

We arrived back at his pad and I didn't like the look of it, but after a few minutes mud has quite soothing effects.

"Look," I said, "you've got something I want."

"I know," he mused, "You've come for E.F.R.'s 'Three To Conquer', yes?"

I didn't think it would be as easy as that. It wasn't. That leathery hide did some pretty nasty things to me, I can tell you. Bracket broke down crying afterwards, saying it was the ebst he'd ever experienced. I guess they were just crocodile tears, though. He recommended me to some of his friends, a right queer lot. Before I left I'd been with a dragon from Arcturus (I didn't really like him - his breath smelled of sulphur) and a bi-sexual from Sirius. Ah, that was lovely - sex in stereo.

I booked in on a different ship for my return, and there was no need for me to hand my cards out. They had all heard of me on the previous ship, now

re-named "Chugga Chugga Puff Puff" for some unknown reason. I was met by Bluey when we docked at Saltford. He was sporting a broolly and a bowler.

"Fill me in on the way back," he said, grinning.

"Hello, I'm home, am I!"

#### CHAPTER FOUR

Bluey drove through the streets of the ancient capital, crossroads of a thousand galactic civilisations, until we reached a pair of factory gates that hid an illicit brewery. He led the way past barrels and crates, up a rickety fire escape to a dingy office on the third floor. Blondie was sat at a broken duper, his hands full of ink, his eyeshade catching on his wurly hat.

"Did you get it?" he drooled.

"I shouldn't wonder, the creatures I've been with...Oh, the book. Yes."

"Gimme, gimme, gimme."

"I handed it over. He kissed it, caressed it, put a lighted candle to each side of it. Then he knelt down and prayed.

"Why did you pick me for the job....?"

"Sssh."

"Yes, but why di..."

"Sssh, sssh." He got off his knees and sat on the desk.

"Russell Religion!" he said. "Now, what were you saying?"

"I was trying to ask how you came to pick me for the job."

"Simple," Blondie smiled. "We needed someone top of his class."

"What?" I frowned. "An s-f reader?"

"No."

"Not a fanzine editor?"

"No."

"Oh that!" I laughed. "Thanks for the compliment."

"It was easy, once we'd picked our man," beamed Bluey. "I took some photos of you and you fell for it."

"You mean those photos were fakes?"

"HELL, no, I just painted out Igor's face and replaced it with a woman. Anyway, you've earned a reward. Guess who's waiting for you to come back?"

"Jeremy?" I hazarded. "Oh I can't let him see me like this. My hair!!"

"He won't mind," Bluey smiled. "After all, Jeremy loves Chugga Puffs."

The End. (No, dear, not yours.)



## THE UPTIGHT ANTHROPOID

There were saurians in those days.  
Where did they go?  
The wheel turns round.  
But then a lion  
stands as much chance  
as a lamb,  
of surviving a sub-machine gun.  
Move over leo, your time came long ago!  
The day when Homo Sap moved in.

The new king of the beasts,  
look at him.....now.  
Grown flabby by his  
long lost use of mind.  
Where has he gone?  
The Uptight Anthropoid.  
Did he leave his offspring  
before they learned to crawl?  
So that failing to find their feet  
they tried to run.  
And as is, in the case of all things, true  
fell flat upon their hairless face.

But please grant justice where it's due.  
One idea at least sunk in!  
If we cannot destroy the world by fire  
we can do so through neglect.  
So saying, the pastoral squire built factories  
manufacturing.....death.  
Sold in bottles, cartons, metal boxes.  
Take it whichever way you want,  
freeze dried, pasteurised or canned,  
the results come out the same.  
The Ultimate Detergent.  
So here we go,  
the carousel is spinning again.

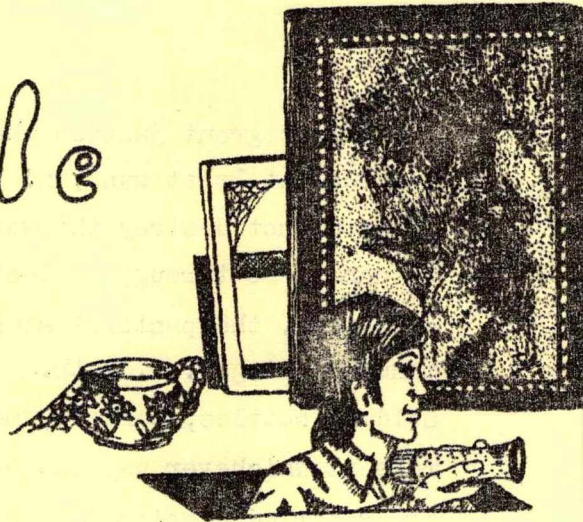
But remember, say "so long world."  
You were good to us,  
while we let you be.  
SPES HOMINIS  
Where did you go?

kevin hall

june '72



Waiter  
This  
Pineapple  
is  
Off !!



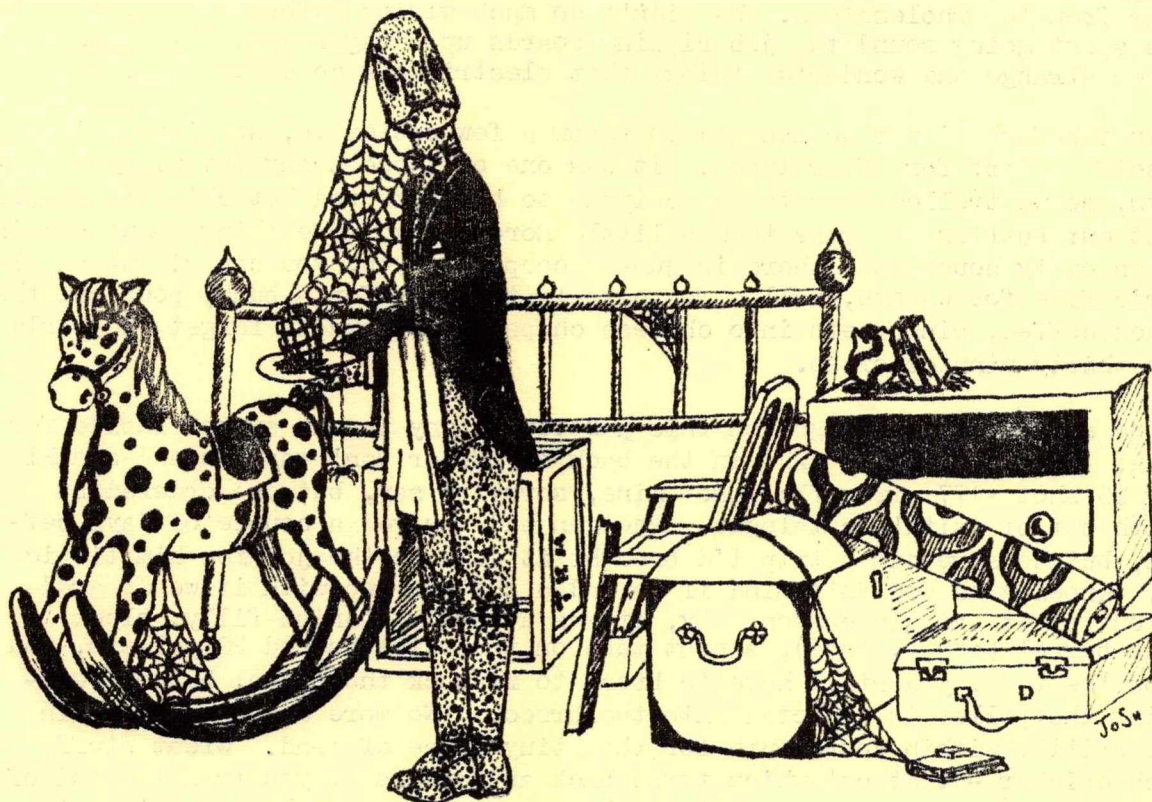
It always amazes me that most people seem to be set in a job which they do not like. Though Ghod knows why, there are enough jobs knocking about. Perhaps it is like a lot of other things in that folk are too apathetic to move, or make things move for them.

In this respect I seem to be lucky, in the fact that I like my job. It does not pay great; work itself fluctuates a great deal in the quantity available. It's dirty, means a hell of a lot of graft sometimes, but for all that I like it. So, after this Ian Williams me old fruit, you can add electrician to your fhannish job list.

Wellllll, I hope so anyway, when the tale has been told: judge for yourself. What follows is the day of a gay, adventure seeking sparks, and though you will not believe it, nearly every damn word is true. I was going to say 'working day' but I doubt if anyone would have taken that as the truth. So bend your ears and listen to this story you are about to read.

.....

There lies within the confines of the manchester/stockport district a place known as didsbury. A nice place, as places go; a college, several private schools, a lot of nice pubs (MAD's first meeting place, the Albert, lies there), and a hell of a lot of big houses.



In west didsbury, next to didsbuty(sic) cricket club, resides a building. A cluster of prefabricated shapes lie in ambush around it, but in the centre of these jigsaw monstrosities, seemingly aloof from the ways of the daily world, is the 'shirley institute'.

The main building used to be a Cotton Magnate's house, then when he died he left a great deal of his personal fortune plus his house to the cotton industry as a whole. The money and the house had to be used as a basis for a foundation for further exploration into ways and means of using cotton. He named the house after his only daughter, who died somewhat tragically, but that's a story for the history buffs.

You approach the 'shirley' down a neatly gravelled path; fir, beech, oak and elm trees hide most of the newer labs. But in the centre of this lies a house; turrets, red sandstone, oak doors, grinning water spouts, each spout a shape - a face. Ready to emit...what?...water?

Like a lot of large foundations 'shirley' owns much of the property around it. What we are concerned with is a largish house at the back of the grounds. It seems the house in question was being rather difficult, as though it did not want to be rewired. A friend of mine, Keith Riley, was the main contractor for the job and he asked me to go down and give his sparks a lift.

Next day found me wandering around the house at 8.30 in the morning; such was the array of hanging rotting wires I sat down and had a brew, it does



help you know. Shortly after brew, Mike (the sparks) arrived with a pile of gear from the wholesalers. We didn't do much wiring before dinner, the time was spent going round the job ripping boards up, dragging old wiring out and other strange and wonderful things that electricians do on the job.

Just before dinner we managed to throw a few cables in, so giving Mike and myself a start for after lunch. It was one of those sunny but nippy winter days, so we trolled down to the chippie to buy some red hot chips to supplement our butties and make them a little more tasty. One thing about working in an empty house when there is just a couple of you, you can rig up an electric fire for warmth, roll a few carpets together for a bunk, pour out the black coffee, sink teeth into chinese chips and literally forget the world for thirty minutes or so.

The sun shone too bright on this particular day to sit around inside for long. But what to do? Ah, in the back of 'Super Van' was a brand-spanking new 20 shot .177 air rifle. Not mine, sorry to say, but one ordered by Keith out of Anita's catalogue. The gun had arrived a couple of days before, but to save him a trip I'd brought it down to the job for him to pick up. Knowing he wouldn't mind if we had a shot or two with it we dragged it out of its virgin carton. My, it was a lovely spanish filly, sleek blue barrel (sorry, Thom), a neat tube on top which housed 20 pellets, you know the type: you still have to break to re-cock the rifle, but on releasing the pellet is injected into the breech. No more digging around in the spittle within your mouth for that tiny piece of lead. Great stuff, much quicker - that cat which turns back and sneers at you from the end of the garden (after just scratching half your seeds out) when you miss with the first shot, gets the second right up the bracket: damn creatures.

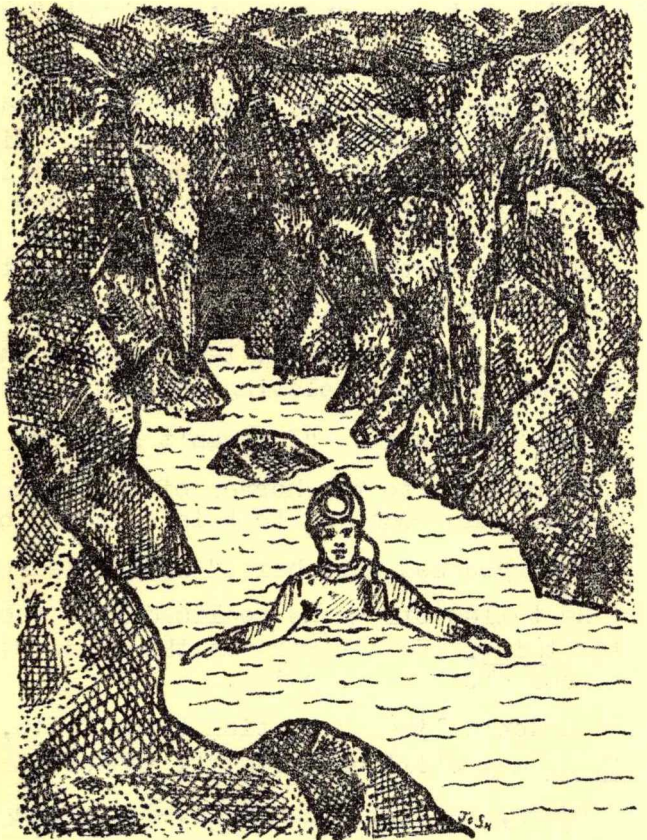
Anyway, we spent fifteen minutes or so shooting at light bulbs in trees; all wildlife it seems had got the message and fled the district. Just then Keith arrived to make it a threesome: shooting lamps soon dulled, and although we offered Mike 50p to go round the garden whilst we had a few pot-shots at him, he gently said "Fuck Off". And so back to work.

The downstairs wiring was soon finished, and so Mike and I left Keith to final fix - going round connecting switches and sockets, putting lampholders and flexes up. Upstairs Mike had already cut the old flexes down and taken the old switches off. So we knuckled right down to the task of wiring - it would be about two in the afternoon by then. Steps were brought and opened out under the roof trap ready to be ascended. Now for those of you who don't make a habit of going up into those places..... don't!

I climbed the steps (short, as per usual) and pushed the trapdoor back with a crash. The dust rose in waves from the impact, sunlight sprayed itself down through a fanlight in the tiles, making high flying dust motes twinkle in the rays. After waiting a few minutes for them to settle I reached up, and with a 'Hi ho Conon' swung into the roof. As roofs go this one was quite decent, a boarded centre with a handrail, plenty of height (seven feet to the eaves) it made a change to stand up straight in a roof. The skylight gave plenty of illumination, so we laid our torches to one side for a while.

It is often dirty and wet work going into roofs and under floors to do wiring work, one never knows what will turn up next. Most folk use their roofs to store all manner of gear, and I have spent many a grubby but happy hour rummaging through mounds of stuff under the slates. Going under a floor is another Kettle of fish altogether - I used to do quite a bit of pot-holing and this has stood me in good stead since. Inching along with a bare twelve inch headroom (often less) coming across the frail dried out body of a sparrow or the rotting corpse of a rat.

Phew, tis not many things give me the willies in my job, but the thought of coming face to face with one of those things down there, alive, gives me the creeps. Perhaps it's one of the reasons I like my job, you just never know, and if you did it would be just you and It. Hmm, any vacancies in the Civil Service??



Anyway, Mike and myself started to poke around the dust and cobwebs in the roof. A baby's bath, a gas fire, a baby's potty. Nothing I can use there (Damn you, stop sneering, Penman). We then ventured with Livingstone bravado out onto the rafters. Just more crap and cobwebs. Mike bends down to peer into the pile of muck.

"Silly bugger", he says, "Look, it's just a broken gas mantle from a gas fire".

I wander back onto the wooden platform in disinterest, but Mike calls after me.

"Hey, hold on Pete, what's this?"

Mike throws a squashed pineapple shape over to me. I give it a perfunctory glance then wipe the dirt off.

It looks like...

It could be.....

No...never!!

It's a stick grenade. Or a rifle grenade, if you prefer.

It's funny, isn't it, how the human mind often projects curiosity before fear or danger signals. We examined this 'objet d'art' for several minutes before peering down the tube at one end. And saw, to our amazement, a brass disc with a thin rod running from it. Our heads rose simultaneously. "Alive??"



"I'll get down on the steps first," I told Mike, "then hand the thing down to me."

I walked across the roof to the trapdoor. Leaning down I gripped it's sides and swung to the steps below. Mike appeared above me, squatted on his haunches, and dropped (DROPPED!!) it the last few inches into my hand. I waited until he clambered down, then we went into one of the small rooms off the landing and placed the grenade on the window sill. In high glee we sallied downstairs to impart the news to Keith.

"Sod Off", he said when we told him.

But in the end he toddled upstairs and into the bedroom. He stood for a few minutes contemplating our find. Then a huge grin spread over his face.

"Gee", he said. "I haven't seen one of these for years."

Then, much to the horror of Mike and myself, he produced a large screw-driver and proceeded to twist a screw on top.

"Now you see this here," he carried on. "This should control theee...."

He tailed off as he realised that the room was empty but for himself and the thing. He squinted at the heads of Mike and Yours Truly peering round a door along the landing.

"I don't like to mention this, Keith, but have you considered that the thing may still be alive?" I ventured.

"Hmmm, well...." he answered, placing it back on the window sill.

We walked back downstairs behind Keith.

"'Ere, where are you two going?" he asked.

"To phone the police, of course", I said, winking at Mike.

We walked through the woods at the back of the house to the nearest telephone, which happened to be at the 'shirley'.

"Oh, what a caper" Mike said to me.

"Truly, Mike, truly".

"

And he thinks it's alive".

We clutched each others shoulders, gurgling with laughter, all the way to the phone. Back at the house we carried on working, waiting for the sound of police sirens coming down the road. About twenty minutes later a rather bored young member of the force pulled up in a Mini, got out and wandered into the house.

"Where is it?" he asked.

We pointed upstairs. Now the experts were here we felt quite safe. He came down a few moments later, shaking his head.

"Fancy sending me on an errand like this", he stated. "Don't know one end of a sparkler from the other, never mind a thing like that."

Mike asked him what happened now.

"Most likely get the army to come from Chester, I reckon", he answered. Then carried on with "Why couldn't one of you have buried it in the garden? Things would have been a lot simpler."

Now can you all imagine some poor old codger a few months later when the house was occupied, struggling to dig round his rose bushes. Back aching, muttering how summers ain't what they used to be, lifting the spade and plunging it down into the soil.

Bloody WHAM!!

We shook our heads. "Well, perhaps not," he muttered and turned, striding back into the house. We followed. Soon after this the procession began. In the lead was the caretaker from the 'shirley', followed by the boss man engineer, and five minutes later a panda car with a policeman-type sergeant in it, dragging behind it a gold braided thing which might have been a Super or some such mythical member of the force.

They all began to mill around, like neo-fhen round Lisa Conesa. You could call it an explosive situation? No! But now, as you can guess, dear reader, Mike and I were heartily sick of the whole thing. We tried to work.

"Sorry lads. You can't go up there".

Brew up, you might say. Ghod, we were sloshing around inside like a pair of waterlogged navvies' wellies. Sneak off? No chance, there was more brass around than indians around John Wayne. So we waited. And waited. Until all the blue coats had fallen off the wall, so to speak. Late afternoon arrived about 4.30 pm. It found two weary electricians crawling into their cars. We revved up the engines prior to leaving when Mike said,

"Hey Pete, what's that under that bush there?"

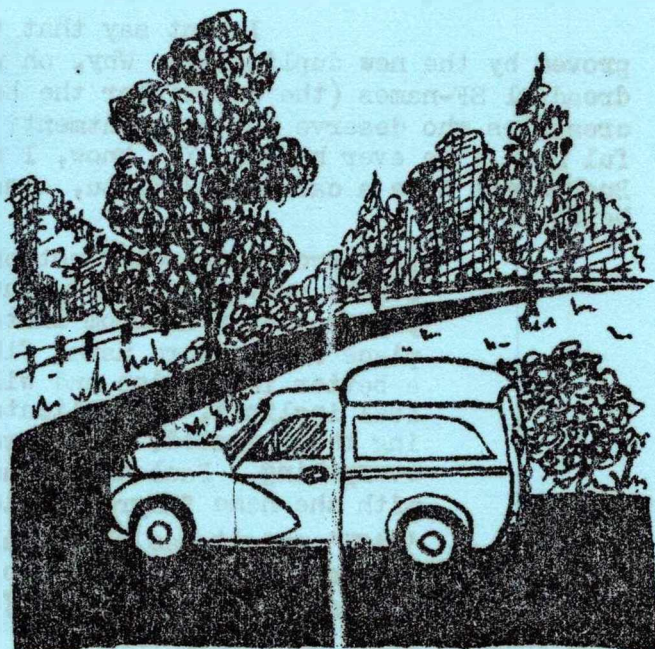
I slammed the van into gear, screamed "Piss Off" at him, and vanished down the road in a cloud of rubber.

Next day found Mike and I on a different job - it seemed the army had still to extract itself from Chester. We heard two days later that the army did arrive. They exploded the thing in a special truck. The thing, it seemed, was highly unstable.

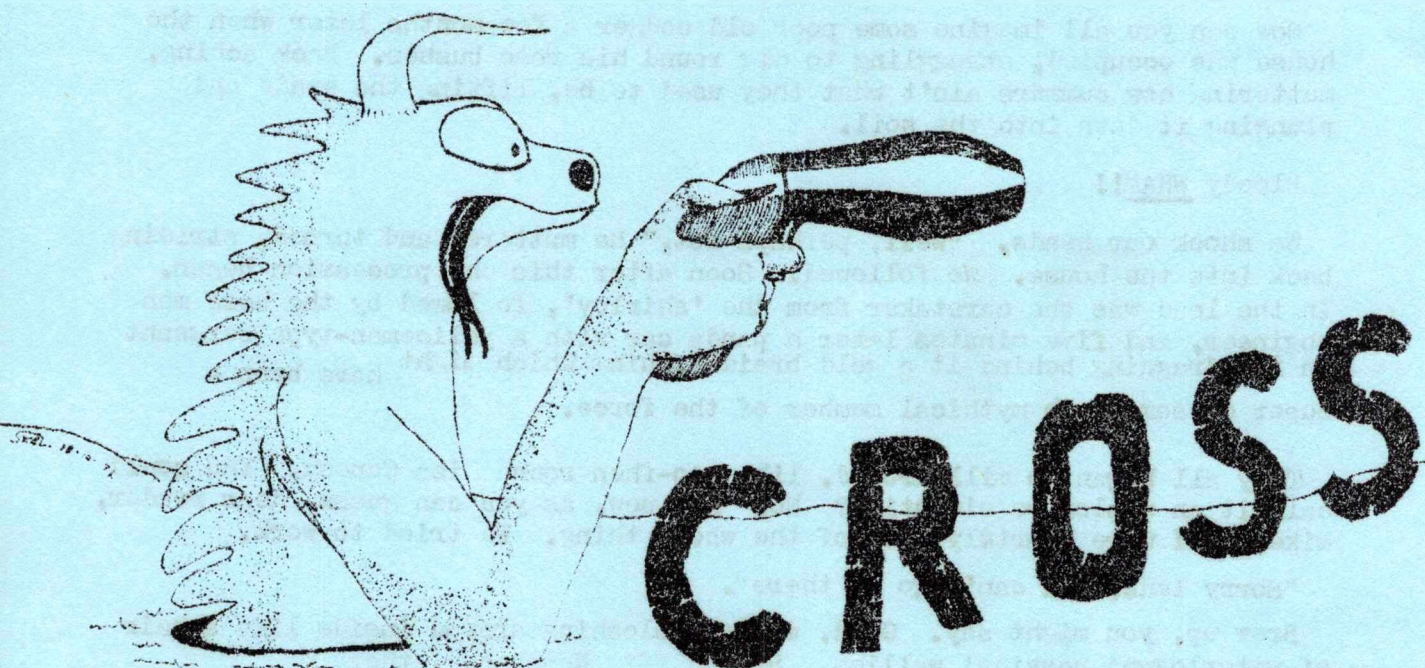
Just think, you fhannish lads and lass.....

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* YOU NEARLY GOT RID OF ME!!!! \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

P.E.P.  
May 73







(((B-ro)))

@@@Skel@@@

ALAN BARRIE STEWART

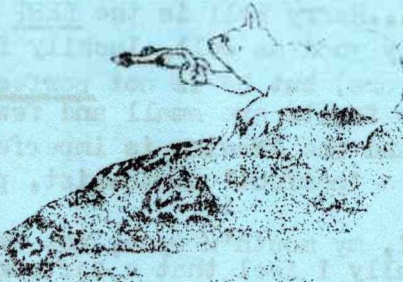
6 Frankfurt am Main 1, Eschenheimer Anlage 2, Federal Republic of Germany.

I must say that the appearance of SOMS is greatly improved by the new duplicator. Why, oh why though, do people take those dreadful SF-names (the dreadfuller the better) and apply them to poor harmless creatures who deserve better treatment? Sagromotholou is about the most awful name I've ever heard. You know, I recently read in GRANFALLOON that the Bushyagers have a cat called Klatu, also from a science fiction story, I believe.

(((Repro is improved not only because it's a recently re-vamped duper, but also because the chapie we bought it from installed a silk screen in place of the more usual fibrous material. It gives a better impression and will enable us, should we feel inclined, to duplicate photo's instead of having them printed. Also, we can take more time with everything. Paul and I independantly fell in love with the name "Sagramotholou" when we read Russell's 'WASP' and it was a natural for the duper. To date however, he has refused to let me paint it on the side and smash a bottle of ale over the cabinet.)))



# FIRE



I agree completely with Skel on televised science fiction. It's a pity that the SF which will be filmed is that which demands the least suspension of disbelief, which is also the least stimulating from a science fiction point of view. Unfortunately, in the minds of most cinema-goers (and television viewers) SF means bug-eyed monsters from space and such like, so that film-makers shy away from anything which is labelled 'SF'. On the other hand though, if science fiction were only produced with filming in mind, then its imaginativeness would be considerably reduced to meet the restrictions of the film-medium, such as the difficulty in portraying alien beings and unfamiliar backgrounds, whether these are landscapes or cityscapes.

((((Trouble with 'Star Trek' is that tho' they have the money and technical expertise the stories are generally poor and the acting ghod-awful. We at the office spent a certain amount of one afternoon translating typical Star Trek idiocies into a Brewery situation. You know...."Sir, some mysterious force has neutralised the caustic soda in the Rack-ing Main." and similar shit. Worked out quite well, too, and damn near got put down for the off-ice party at Christmas. As for the other TV sf attempts, Dr. Who suffers from lack of money and good writing; U F O from nearly everything, and OUT OF THE UNKNOWN from eight bad programs out of ten. Combine the best from them all and the technical brilliance of '2001' and you might have something worth watching. Finally, for those to whom I expressed my disgust at 'Alphaville' after seeing it at Worcester, I've revised my opinion since it was on TV the other week, when it was almost comprehensible. This may be because I was sober this time however.....))))))



DAVE ROWE 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex, SS12 9DH.

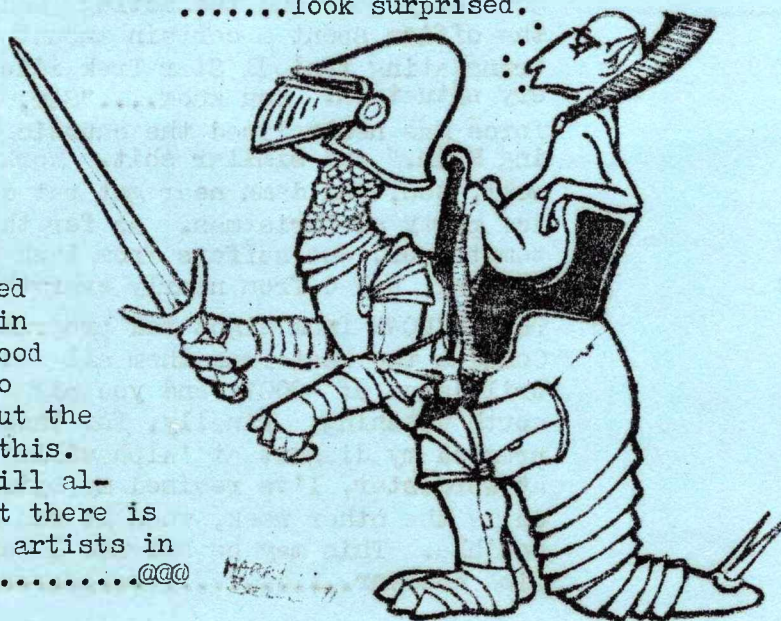
When I say 'private' letters, I mean private. You've only made a greater fool of yourself by printing the extracts the way you did. With all those references to past issues and your own private LoC's I would imagine only you and I know precisely what the whole thing's about. However, to answer your answers.....Harry Bell is the BEST British fan cartoonist, (his 'straight' is extremely good as well, luckily for me he doesn't appear to be doing any of that anymore) but he is not perfect, and I very much doubt if he'd claim to be. His faults are small and few but nevertheless it only needs one line to be wrong and the drawing is imperfect. Personally, Skel, I fail to see how one can be a 'perfect' cartoonist, perhaps you'd care to illuminate on the subject.

@@@Well, my mouth's open, now where's my foot? Personally I feel that a cartoon contains a lot more margin for error than does 'straight' work and so is harder to spoil by such things as the odd badly drawn line. That's why I'm shit scared to try anything else. Even so, I stand guilty of mis-using the word 'perfect'. Sorry@@@

"A bad worker always blames his tools," etc., and your remark that the Yanks have "more money, better equipment and more time" and thus produce better art certainly comes under that heading. I know it's one hell of an advantage (if you'll excuse the phrase), but look back to some of the goodies Atom, Eddie Jones, and Alan Hunter cut onto stencil and then you may see my point. There are now very few British fan-'artists' attempting to produce good 'art'. Even when one does, you tend to get remarks like "but it's too detailed for offset-litho" though one piece I was told that about was later electro-stencilled with success.

@@@I think you are agreeing with me somewhere in there, Dave, even if you don't. Of course it's an advantage.....and advantages are used. Let me use the 'more money means more electro's' example. This means you don't have to be Jim Cawthorne or any of the people you mentioned in order to get good artwork in a fanzine. This means more good artwork is available. It also means more bad artwork too, but the process of selection removes this. Do you get my point? There will always be great fan artists, but there is a higher incidence of OK+ fan artists in the USA than there is here.....@@@

Here's Dave now, Ken  
.....look surprised.





As for the lack of foreign material in Britzines, let me let all fellow fan-eds into a trade secret; to obtain such mss and art, one must first ask for it.

@@@Trouble is, shy, retiring neo's like myself are loath to approach all these hyper active US BNPs. However, a start has been made and several more air letters purchased. We'll see.@@@

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

GRAHAM POOLE 23 Russet Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, GL51 7LN.

What do I like in a fanzine? Above all else, humour - like Rob Holdstock's anti-Globe articles in ZIMRI or Ian Williams' ramblings and reminiscences in MAYA. You had a try at humour throughout, in your editorials, in Kev's LoC/article, in Eric's analytical escapade, but I didn't find myself laughing at any stage. Maybe it's because most of it is like my own style of written whimsicallity and I hold too low an opinion of myself.

What else do I like in fanzines? Good artwork:- I don't know what Dave's Ken-masher is shouting about so vehemently because the quality of HELL 8's artwork is very good indeed. Who can fault the fan art humour of HRB? And Skel's sequence made up in humour what it lacked in style (I can't stand Rotsler type artwork and this reminded me slightly of it). Sheryl's Love/Peace illos I just adore - ISEULT type fantasy art. And of course, Dave's illo itself, another Harry Bell - fantastic, envy, envy, and those covers.....we-eeeell, at least they're distinctive.

((Rotsler's illos are delightful - so much humour in a few squiggles; and Harry Bell is tremendous, barrels and all. I think the art we have been getting is improving overall. A Dave Frost cover this time, Dave Britton next, Harry Bell's for a Boak article and Skel of course)))

Fanzines should not be a forum for fifth-rate crud poetry like some of the rubbish in EULOGY 2 (not including Skel's, or the ones on the page opposite that...but the earlier ones were ghodawful). The Cy Chauvin I've just re-read and I've seen it in a new and better light - good stuff, and Kevin's 'Lancer' makes up a lot for his earlier piece.

The letter section should play an important role, but not be as dominating as some of ZIMRI's earlier efforts. You are OK on this score, not too long, not too short. Who on earth used the Edward Kodak pseudonym??? Ian Maule's letter was entertaining and Thom's was in true style. Boy, one's glad to know someone like Thom, he makes you feel you're not as bad as you thought you were. Finally, but foremost, the editorials. Skel's editorial seemed to ramble and jump around, especially in the latter stages. He produced some good comments on 'A Point In Time' but spoilt it by seemingly

editing it from a much longer draft (space problems?) @@@Yes, a whole Klingon fleet@@@ or by picking just one incident. OK, so if he'd written about the other incidents too it would've added another two or three pages, but why not? Why not make it an article? Just as TV does not treat SF seriously, few people treat SF on TV seriously enough to write about it at length (at least in the fanzines I've read) and there's few film reviews too in zines. However, be consoled that he did a better job than I'd have done.

The overall impression, when taking into account that this is issue number eight and not number one like Joan's JOY, and in comparison with other fannish zines, is that HELL is second rate. Don't get me wrong, it's not crud, third rate, or bhad, it's just that there are better British fanzines with better humorous articles and so in comparison HELL looks poor.

Now, to get off the subject of HELL and onto skel's letter in ZIMRI 2 which Dave alluded to. So his argument to all I've said above is that "it is not the content of what is published that is significant but the publishing itself" and I'd agree with you to a limited degree. If I did my own zine, and I have every intention of doing so Real Soon Now, I too would find enjoyment in pubbing it, but I'd find little or no enjoyment if others got no enjoyment from it. One of the most enjoyable experiences MUST be the receipt of LoCs in response and who the hell is going to write a LoC if the contents of the zine happen to be a load of crud?

((((True enough. As far as publishing is concerned, I love it. I hold up a finished copy and think 'Great! Fantastic!' Immense satisfaction and all that at having finished it. But the contents? Compared to what I would like them them ideally to be, they are bad (and I make no apologies for thus slating so many fine fellows) but I think the majority of material in fnz is bad anyway, and I include practically every zine I've seen since about 1968. They all lack a certain something - leaving that Milky Way feeling, the unspoiled appetite. The only magazine currently about which holds for me some real promise (and I doubt that you can really call it a fanzine) is Mike Butterworth's CORRIDOR. Under Dave Britton's art-editorship and with a little more adventure from Butterworth, it could and ought to become the fringe-fandom-1970's equivalent of THE SAVOY or THE YELLOW BOOK. Power to Dave's Rotring!!!!!!!!))))

OK, so you say the man behind the zine is more important. Sure he is important, but so is the zine itself. There are two levels - the man can be important and interesting, and so can his fanzine. This gives four possible combinations and on no account would I like to read a bad zine, whether done by a BNF or a neo. Maybe I'm getting him wrong. Maybe he meant that when one reviews zines one should, rather than list the contents, try and give some insight to the man behind the wheel, and not that the contents



of a fanzine are irrelevant.

((If the man behind the zine puts all his efforts into his work, and has talent, he does become all-important. He is the zine - the zine is him, and isn't that what it's all supposed to be about? I don't know of a British zine or editor who even comes close.....)))

@@@Your second guess comes closer to my original intent, Graham, but is still slightly off the mark. The fan is more important than his fanzine. This must be so; his fanzine will not encapsulate his totality. However, in the context of my original statement I was merely saying that a 'contents listing cum ....'..Colley has a profound and entertaining piece on the incidence of left handed nose-pickers at third-floor room parties." is not as interesting as a comment on the personal views expressed within the article itself. I think.....@@@

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

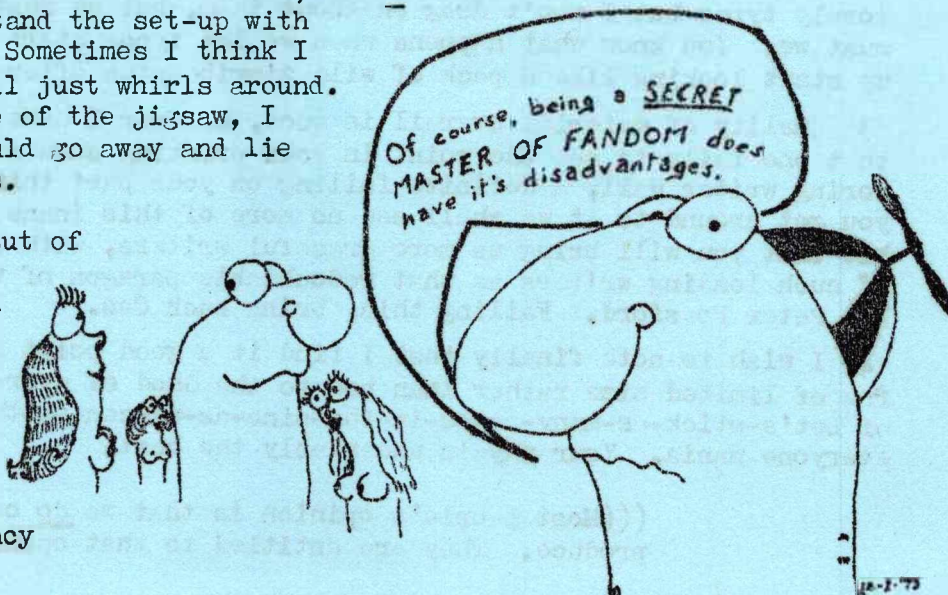
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

GRAY BOAK 6 Hawks Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, 1KT 3EG.

Actually, you didn't send me HELL 8, I ~~lifted it~~ bought it from the fanzine auction. I like your layout tricks and multi-colour work (a mere beginning only, I presume). I even enjoyed your editorial chat. However, it seemed a pretty thin issue. No content. You no content, me no content. Work that one out.

I don't know about Archie, but I still don't understand the set-up with you + Cas + kids. Sometimes I think I do, sometimes it all just whirls around. I'm missing a piece of the jigsaw, I feel. Maybe I should go away and lie down for a few days.

@@@But of course the colour work is only a beginning, Gray, but our main problem is going to be, with red, green, black and possibly brown drums available, a tendency





to overdo the technicolor® side of things. As I type this I've no idea how we will do this time. I want to try out some two-colour illo's but we'll keep 'em at the back of the zine just in case they bomb out. Now, I know that since you wrote the above all has been made clear to you, but for the benefit of anyone else who is a touch baffled I will simply state that the kids, the flat and the furniture came courtesy of Cas's first marriage.....@@@

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

KEVIN HALL 12 Lound Street, Kendal, Westmoreland.

With reference to your latest abortion and general attack upon the glories of the English language I wish to inform you of the following :-

\*1\* From glossy, shiny cover to glossy shiny cover your venture, HELL VIII is a joy to behold. Layout is simple and pleasant and on the whole a joy to see. Unlike some fnz it leaves a sense of tranquility and peace. At last you seem to have left behind the days of the cramped format and if you maintain this standard then HELL can surely go nowhere but up. In relation to this it would seem that your new son, Halfaroneosevenfiftyelectricrobinskeltonson is behaving himself and with only one exception reproduction is as near perfect as I would think you could hope to achieve. Even the reproduced Crimblecard from the sitar boy has come out of Sagramatholou's maw in a very decent state. The one exception is of course the border on pages 24/25. A really good idea which unfortunately just hasn't come off. Clearly shows that even electro-stencilling has it's limitations.....

\*2\* I know you realise most of them already, but just to rub your nose in it may I just point out one spelling error. Page 8, lines 8/9; Marquisatz should be spelt so, I know, having invented the word. I'm sure there are lots more lovely typos but I won't drag on about them, but we mustn't lose our vigilance must we. You know what happens when we let typos start slipping in don't you; we start looking like a pack of wild zimribeestes after a poor little insult.

\*3\* Quality of material overall is good, however I have one small quibble in that one fails to see the point in your printing such a large quantity by this boring writer Hall, a definite failing on your part this. I am sure that once you get around to it we shall see no more of this inane and boring writer, but that you will bring us more graceful writers, with the eloquence and style of such leading writers as that redoubtable paragon of the English language, Mr. Peter Presford. Failing this, bring back Cas.

\*4\* I wish to note finally that I find it a good point that you print a good fnz of limited size rather than bow to the Ghod of over-production in the form of Let's-stick-as-many-pages-in-the-zine-as-we-can-so-there's-something-for-everyone mania. Your way is undeniably the best.

((((Most people's opinion is that we do over-produce. They are entitled to that opinion, of



course, yet we currently hold more than sufficient material for number 10, with pieces by Boak, Piggott, Penman, Partington (when he writes it), Stewart likewise and art by Bell and Britton, amongst others. This is not what I call stick-all-the-material-we-have-in-and-let-us-have-a-hundred-pages-eh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!))))

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

MARY MUSHLING (It says here) 20 Woodstock Close, Oxford.

I see that the mighty printing presses of the MAD group are rolling again, the wheels grinding and the paper whooshing back and forth, Having just received HELL, hot on the heels of ZIMRI (not to mention two Gannet publications - both on green paper too. Green for Gannets, maybe?) I was rather anticipating a flurry of fnz about the time of the con, because usually the con brings forth fnz abundantly, but alas! I'm disappointed. Can it be that the old ideas are dead (I mean the idea that folk attending cons could save a vast amount of postage by handing out their fanzines there) or is it that today's faneds are relatively affluent and so don't need to save postage, or do less of 'em go to cons, or is fanzine publishing going down, or what is it? One of life's great mysteries, one feels.

@@@Well, we sneak HELL into the firm's post and so get it franked for nothing. I know other fans do the same although off-hand I can't recall any faneds doing it. There just don't seem to be that many regular British zines anyway. The Gannets were at the con in force and I would have expected them to distribute something then, just by sheer chance. As it is the only zines so distributed were ZIMRI and THE ANYTHING THING. HELL should have been right in there pitching, but a certain co-editor of mine who shall remain nameless, forgot to take them, which didn't help. Fans also seem to be getting more affluent. I don't think you'll ever pin it down to just one cause as every factor you named, and probably others, is involved.@@@

But to move on to another of life's great mysteries - HELL. Alas, not much into which one can get one's teeth. I did read your comments on 'A Point In Time' and the Dr. Who serial 'Carnival Of Monsters' with some interest, the two productions having already caught my attention. I must disagree a little and say I thought 'Carnival' one of the best Who serials to date. The effects etc., weren't too bad and from several little touches scattered through the script (the credit bars for example) I suspect it was written by an SF reader, if not an SF fan. But what interested me was how the characters of the people were really "rounded", especially the rather in-

ept plotting brother, and the two hucksters, Vorg and what'sname - Shirna? One felt that there was a lot of scope there for a follow-up - probably Vorg would be ruling the place, for a start, and doubtless the plotters would be as inept as ever, and then there are rumblings to be expected from the 'sub-humans' if they could get a leader....lots of good stuff there.

@@@Who's disagreeing, Mary? I thought 'Carnival Of Monsters' was the best Dr. Who serial to date. The idea of all those different environments, scaled down into such a machine....there is enough potential for a whole series right there and that potential was never fully realised I feel. One cavil perhaps....if the separate environments were really only closed time loops, but still with normal spacial co-ordinates as indicated by the happy ending on the cargo-liner segment, how did Dr. Who get physically into the machine. Maybe it would be possible (who's to say?) but the explanation didn't sell me. Oh, but Keith Laumer could have written the balls off of this one. However, I complained about the presentation and format of the series being too juvenile. It was the ideas and characterisation which made 'Carnival Of Monsters' what it was. Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about a follow-up if I were you. I understand that a good half of the BBC's special effects dept's output goes on Dr. Who so they can't afford to waste anything by only using it once. This explains why virtually every Dr. Who series is followed up from botty to breakfast time....@@@

'Point' was alien in a different way. I think the light had something to do with it, a sort of hard sunshine unlike our rather misty sunshine. I was reading that they were thinking of filming it on the south coast (Bournemouth, I believe) but didn't like to risk the weather, so went to Sardinia, or was it Corsica where it rained for most of the time. Some of the sequences were superb, such as the procession of the world's religions (save for the sickening episode of the fish, for which whoever was responsible has incurred my undying wrath), some were not so good, such as the medal banquet with poor old Neame staggering about. Luckily the latter scenes didn't detract too much, though didn't you think the modern bits rather intrusive? And although there was some comment on it, almost all concerned the picnic scene, not surprisingly. One dear old thing applauded and said let's have more male nudity! One odd thing about that sequence was that I found the women looked awkwardly shaped and out of place, whereas the man seemed quite natural. There may be a moral there. Still, given the original subject matter, a good try and well worth a second look. Except for the fish of course. No doubt someone will say "What about the peasant massacre?" Ah, but that was only acted - were the fishy deaths also? I suspect that Edward Kodak, in 'Crossfire' meant 'doppleganger' but said 'doopleganger' as he has a Yorkshire accent....and Ian: count them blessings! If you lived away from



home, I doubt you'd be able to afford a spare room to have parties in, let alone owt else!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

ARCHIE MERCER 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall, TR13 8LH.

£25 for a reconditioned electric duplicator - I think you've got yoursHELLves a bargain! Though I suppose these days everybody thinks 'Rank Xerox', which depresses the market somewhat. Talking of drooping brewers, is that what is meant by a 'yard of ale'?

Having got to the end of HELL, I've realised what's (comparatively) wrong with it. No contribution from Cas this time. I liked B-ro's bit fair enough, and would doubtless have liked Skel's had it not been mainly about a telly-programme (we have no telly in this household and don't want one, thank you!) - but you three are the heart and soul of the zine. So you have omitted your better third - and I'm not referring to the mailing comments!

@@@Tut, tut...when Cas reads this it will have an effect opposite to that desired. She hates the word 'telly'. Say 'telly' in this flat and she will jump in so hard with the 'vision' that you'll sit bruised and shaking on the end of the settee for the rest of the evening.....@@@

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

CHARLES PARTINGTON 56 Staffin Court, Darnhills, Heywood, Manchester.

I guess that after receiving all my HELL's free it's about time I sent you a LoC. Trouble is I don't really know what I'm going to say about HELL 8 - there's nothing I can get my teeth into and worry. I enjoy the chatty style because I know most of the people concerned, but I suspect this angle is overdone. I would probably find it annoying if I didn't know the ~~people~~ fans well.

((((This is a problem that plagues all chatty zines, though there is the other argument, oft heard from the States, that people really like to read of 'local' group activities for the insight it can give of the fen concerned. I probably agree with you in this respect.....)))

HELL has always been an extremely well-produced fanzine, visually. Indeed it seems that most of the present generation of fanzines are nice to look at - good art, good layout, etc. etc. HELL is fortunate in having, in it's two ed's, two above average fanzine artists. Skel's work has

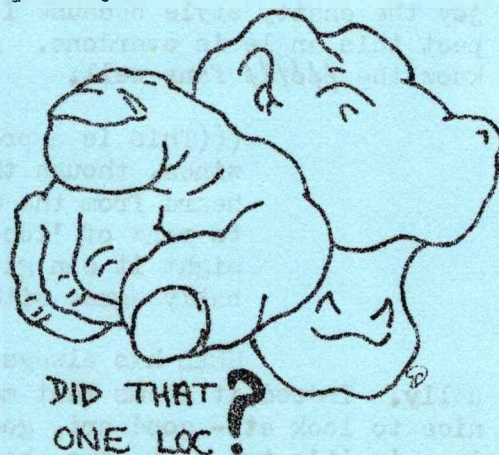
been seen quite a lot in HELL, and I like most of what I've seen. Brian's work has been limited to some borders in the Beardsley style, but I've been fortunate enough to see several pieces Brian has done for friends and they really are good. His detailed copying on one of them is really fantastic, and same size too. You'd have to see it to believe it.

((The particular piece Chuck is talking about here was done, in jest, as a wedding present for one of the Brewers at Whitbreads. It's an amalgam of about eight sections taken from various Beardsley drawings, mainly 'The Rape Of The Lock'. It depicts a chappie kneeling before a young lady and, presumably, proposing marriage....most insulting to poor John who would never do such a thing. As yet he hasn't seen it - I may not survive it's first showing. I take issue with you, Chuck, on calling me a fanzine artist. The stuff I've been mainly doing hasn't appeared in any zines for the simple reason that it's not aimed in that direction. I don't want it in fanzines because it would mostly be out of place, though I may slip the above-mentioned Beardsley copy in as a bacover, one of these days.....))))

Perhaps this is what I feel about HELL in general...a fanzine with the accent on visual presentation for, let's be honest, most of the contributions apart from artwork are crap. I'll make an exception of the poetry because I have a blind spot in this area - I never know what's good or bad. It seems to me in summation that HELL should move into the area of artwork and forget trying to edit a normal (?) fanzine in the accepted sense of the word. Why can't you produce a fanzine devoted to art, hmm? God, there are more than enough fanzine artists around, and your cover repro on no. 8 was excellent. I'm sure such a fanzine would be well received. Think about it.

((I have been doing for quite a while, on the quiet. There are problems - getting enough material of a sufficiently high quality to stand up on it's own wouldn't be easy. MACROCOSM, a similar project, though with the written word, fell flat on it's face through lack of quality. And, should the material be available, what percentage of it would need to be printed, being too detailed to be stencilled? Probably quite a lot.

Also, how many artists work on a same size basis? God knows, we couldn't afford to have everything printed, let alone have to go in for size reduction as well. It's a fine idea, but not for us.))





CROSSWORD SOLUTION \* \* \* \* \* CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Explanation of clues.

Across

1. Bertram Chandler, author of the 'Rim Worlds' stories. A ship's outfitter is called a chandler.
5. Lefty Feep, Robert Bloch's magazine hero of the forties.
8. Ubik, a recent Philip K. Dick novel.
9. Aldiss wrote 'Starship', Heinlein wrote 'Starship Troopers'.
10. Tenebra was the planet in Hal Clement's novel 'Close To Critical'.
12. In Blish's and Knight's novel 'A Torrent Of Faces' the world population was supposedly one trillion.
13. Heinlein's novelette 'Revolt In 2100'.
17. H. G. Wells. Hg is the chemical symbol for mercury.
18. A joint reference to Van Vogt's 'The Mind Cage' and Maine's 'The Mind Of Mr. Soames'.
22. Poul Anderson's novel 'Planet Of No Return'.
24. An incident from Sheekley's 'The Tenth Victim'.
25. The original magazine version of 'Planet Of No Return' had the title of 'Question And Answer'.

Down

1. Blish's short story collection 'Galactic Cluster'.
2. Clifford Simak's short story collection 'Aliens For Neighbours'.
3. The principle of the laser involves synchronised light waves. It's potential as a weapon has been exploited by many writers and now looks like becoming fact.
4. Heinlein's Hugo-winning novel 'Glory Road'. Way = Road.
6. Harry Harrison's novel 'The Ethical Engineer'.
7. A reference to Del Rey's 'The Pipes Of Pan', a short story.
11. An E. C. Tubb short story.
12. Kuttner's novel 'Valley of The Flame'.
14. E. E. Smith's 'Skylark Of Valeron' originally appeared as a 7 part serial in ASTOUNDING.
16. Ted White's novel 'Android Avenger'.
17. Tschai is the planet in Jack Vance's 'Planet Of Adventure' series.
20. A trick clue. Is th(is her) arsenal? The reference is to the Empress in A. E. Van Vogt's 'Weapon Shops' books.

Well.....?

How'd


you

do?

|    |   |   |    |   |    |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |   |    |   |    |   |
|----|---|---|----|---|----|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|---|----|---|
| 1  | C | H | A  | N | D  | 3 | L  | E  | R  |    | 5  | F  | E | E  | 7 | P  |   |
|    | L |   | L  |   |    |   | A  |    | O  |    |    | T  |   |    |   | I  |   |
| 8  | U | B | I  | K |    |   | 9  | S  | T  | A  | R  | S  | H | I  | P |    |   |
|    | S |   | E  |   |    |   | E  |    | D  |    |    | I  |   |    |   | E  |   |
| 10 | T | E | N  | E | 11 | B | R  | A  |    |    | 12 | F  | A | C  | E | S  |   |
|    | E |   |    |   |    | E |    |    |    |    | L  |    | A |    |   |    |   |
| 13 | R | E | 14 | V | O  | L | T  |    |    | 15 | L  | A  | L | L  | I | 16 | A |
|    |   |   | A  |   | L  |   |    |    |    |    | M  |    |   |    |   | N  |   |
| 17 | W | E | L  | L | S  |   |    | 18 | T  | 19 | H  | E  | M | 20 | I | N  | D |
|    | A |   | E  |   |    |   | 21 | L  |    | A  |    |    | S |    |   | R  |   |
| 22 | N | O | R  | E | T  | U | R  | N  |    |    |    | 23 | T | H  | E | O  |   |
|    | K |   | O  |   |    |   | N  |    | D  |    |    |    | E |    |   | I  |   |
| 24 | H | U | N  | T |    |   |    |    | 25 | A  | N  | S  | W | E  | R | E  | D |







# GOATLY SMIFFIN' WICH

hard-line right and some are hard left? Well, the FLJAGH boys were what you might call the soft centre. Eh, eh. Anyway, they didn't last long after.... but I'm gettin' ahead of myself. Back in those days it was really very much of a hobby. Jest a few groups of friends 'n such. Socialising, reading SF, producing fanzines and writin' LoCs 'n like that. You must remember that in those days prodoocin' a fanzine was not obligatory. Hell, if'n you didn't want ter prodooce one, yer jest didn't is all. I see yer's shocked, an it was a shocking thing, make no mistake, but yr've got to think on that this was before the govermint had nationalised Roneo-Vickers. Anyway, it wuz all very small time, an if'n it hadn't been fer the 'Preservation Of Morals And Society' Act it would have stayed that way.

In order to prevent the illicit spread of immoral ideas the POMAS Act made it illegal to own a duplicator of any type, unless it was duly authorised and licensed. Now, until then nobody had particularly wanted to own a mimeo and produce a zine, 'ceptin fans that is, but suddenly there were more zines being passed around furtively than ever graced an OMPA mailing. Naturally, these amateur publishers gravitated to the already existent fan publishing set up and the fans, being so much more experienced, soon began to assume leadership in a vastly expanded fandom.

Now, the ordinary fans had been forced underground too so secrecy was essential. In order to maintain secrecy organisation was needed. One of the



first groups to get organised was the Gannet Mob. They were real tough cookies, them guys. They used to control the whole of the North Side, down around as far as Manchester, or maybe a bit north of there. Their hit man was Thom 'Spindrift' Penman, but he had a couple of nasty accidents an' he wasn't so mobile fer a while. Yeah, he was Big Dwarf's enforcer.....used to keep the rest of the gang in line.....handy with a bottle in beer fights too. Took us a long time to realize that Big Dwarf was only a puppet leader. Well, he was always running things, or so it seemed to everyone else. It was not until the Globe Boys put out a contract on him and he went underground that we realised who the big man really was. Well, even without Big Dwarf everything kept running as smoothly as normal. Then it hit me. The gang boss always has the moll, right? An' who had the moll in the Gannet Mob? It was Harry Bell, that's who. Never heard of him, huh? That's Harry alright, always stayed in the background, reckoned it was safer that way. Not like Peterkins 'hee hee' Presford.

Presford was the big man of the MAD mob. He was the driving force that held the gang together during the troubles. Yes, you know, when the Feds was makin' things difficult. I hadn't mentioned that bit huh? Mmmmm, must be muh old age, could'a sworn I'd mentioned that. Oh well.....

You gotta remember that this was in the days of the old govermint. Not like nowadays, nosirree! Well, this govermint didn't like the way things was



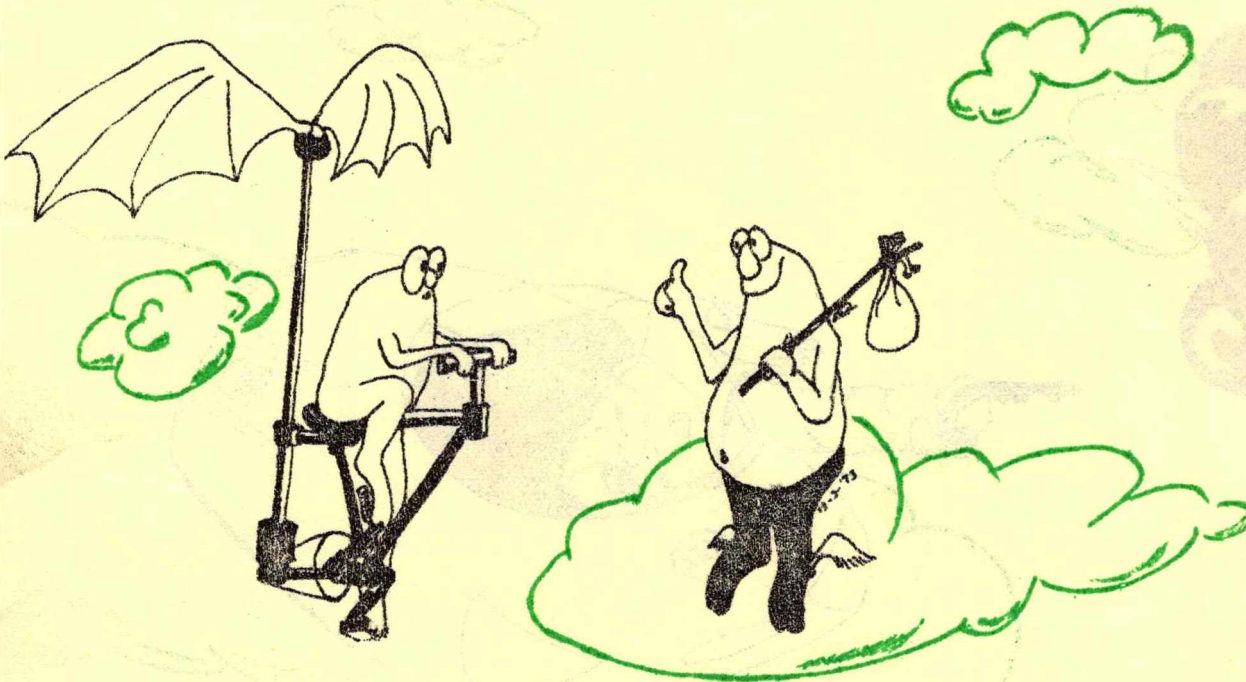


going, what with all this fanac taking place, an' none of it taxed. Taxed??? Well, taxes was like having to sub to a fanzine, whether you liked it or not. Anyway, stop interrupting, will you! Like I was saying, the government was not at all happy about missing out on all these taxes so they decided to muscle in on the fandom scene. Oh, not openly, of course. Well, they couldn't, could they, what with it being illegal an' all that. No, what they did was get an existing fan organisation to turn it's beanie. They went to the BSFA and offered them immunity if they'd be prepared to act as a front for a government agency.

Now, the BSFA had always wanted to run fandom so they didn't have to put much of a squeeze on them. Y'see, in them days the initials didn't stand for the same as now, Bloody Sneaky Federal Assholes, it used to mean British Science Fiction Association, and the Feds, eh-eh, sorry, I mean the BSFA hierarchy had always kinda resented the fanning and socialising side of fandom, as it reduced their status. Without these other sides to fandom they'd have been, like, the governing body, and thus able to demand more protection money. It was the new BSFA urged the notorious 'Corflu Tax' which resulted in all that bootleg corflu. There were some really wierd fans in those days.

Gee Granps, I wonder what all those old fen really looked like.

Well, Aloysious, I think I've still got some photo's somewhere. Hmmm,



should be in here, I reckon. Yup, here they are. See, here are some pictures taken when yer Grandmaw an' I got married.....see that one there? That's the great Peterkins himself.

Who's that one Granps, that one there with the funny moustache, and doing something on the settee with that lady? What they doin', Granps?

That's Mike and Pat Meara, when they came over for the wedding....hmmmm, what are they doing? Er-hrrr-hmmph, never mind about that, let's t.....

Eh look Granps, there's Paw. There!

.....eh? No sonny, that ain't yer Paw. Sure looks like him, I know, but that's yer great-uncle Brian, Brian Robinson.

Great-uncle Brian? Sure looks like Paw though, don't he? Whatever happened to great-uncle Brian?

We don't talk about that son. He had a nasty accident soon after your Paw wuz born. Got his tie stuck in a roneo and cranked out 150 copies of himself before he let go of the handle. Terrible way to go. Terrible!

Cas is pregnant.



ANNUARY



Dave Frost '72