



I am full of bonhommie, goodwill toward my fellow fan, the joys of life.....and an extremely cheap sherry-type wine that Mike and Pat left the last time they were here. Seemed like a good idea to get started on INFERNO 9. Well, it did at the time anyway. It's one of those hot July nights that leave you feeling like a thrice-used johnny. It's too hot to go to bed and I've got to do something whilst I'm sitting here in the dining room of 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW.....practising being the Skelish half of a Skel 'n Cas. Also practising how to write all this colophon-type stuff into the narrative. Damn.....
.....What a giveaway!

24 JUNE 1975 (CAS)

At last I've done it, I've started off an INFERNO. Mind you it's not because I'm enthusiastic. Nope, it's 'cos I'm bored. Have you ever had one of those days when you want to do something but don't know what.....and even if you could think of something you couldn't be bothered to do it anyway? Well, I'm having one of those days. My problem is that when I'm bored I eat, which is fatal (as you will all know from the last INFERNO). I am on this diet so that I will lose vast amounts of weight before we go on our hols. So, by doing this typing for you to read I am not eating and I would like to thank you all for helping me stick to my diet. By rights I should be getting the house all spick and span for our honourable guests of this coming weekend.....Gray and Meg Boak (Mike and Pat will be coming too, as they're here that often). This I cannot do as I've no money with which to purchase the necessary for cleaning the skelresidence. Isn't it terrible when you're poor like what we are? Now about this hamster we're having for Sunday Dinner.....anybody got any good hamster

recipes? Just talk among yourselves for a while.....that nunshi wants to give me a love.....(mutual 'aaaaaaaaaa').....she's so affectionate. One moment she's loving you and the next she'll belt you one just for the hell of it.

MUCH LATER WHILST STENCILLING THIS LOT (SKEL)

Mainly to appologise to you and my dear sweet wife who doesn't hold grudges and who has a very forgiving nature..... for upkooing the stencilling of her piece on page three. It wasn't really a typo of course. I really did type '(Mike and Pat will be coming too but they're classed as family as they are here that often)', but then a miniscule black hole, whilst passing from one Larry Niven story to another, passed perilously close, warping not only the fabric of space and time but also the very fabric of the skelstencil. Damn but that was a near thing. I could have been seriously hurt there. I've gone all shaky. I'd better have another drink.

WOW-GOSH-O-GOSH-WHAT-AN-INSIGHT!! And I can prove it too.....it's a repeatable experiment! A hitherto unknown and unsuspected property of black holes. They have an affinity for alcohol. Look, sit down and type a stencil without any booze in your immediate vicinity. Hardly any corflu will be needed. Now get stoned out of your mind, fill up your glass and repeat the experiment. See how warps the stencil now has that have to be corflued out. They're like typos, aren't they, but can you remember having made them? Of course not! ("See how warps the stencilnow has"????? Wow, another experimental proof! And another.....hell it's not safe in here. Hang on while I carry this glass into the other room). Whew, that was a close call. I think I'll stick to theoretical physics from now on. Fred Hoyle, Carl Sagan.....take it away babies. Just remember to give me half the Nobel Prize money, uh?

25 JUNE 1975 (CAS)

Well I hope you all enjoyed that loooooong talk as I very rudely didn't come back to you. I decided to go and have a natter with my pal Joan (of JOY fame) Sharpe. I'm glad I did not go beresk and clean the house from top to bottom yesterday

as we have since heard that the Boaks (of Gray and Meg fame) are not gracing us with their presence after all. Instead Gray is going down to Bristol to help Meg move from one flat to another. Well, that's his story, but I bet that's not all they get up to. I am somewhat disappointed about this change of events but the weekend will not be a complete disaster as the above mentioned Mearae are still coming. We always have a good time when they visit us (the reason being, they bring lots of booze) but apart from that they are the sort of friends you can completely relax with. Have you ever visited friends who have for some reason or other started an argument between themselves and you sort of just stand there feeling terribly embarrassed? This doesn't happen when we four get together - Paul and I will have these fierce battles about nothing in particular and Pat will rave on at Mike and nobody but nobody bothers. How many friends have you got who you can leave on a Sunday afternoon whilst you and your husband pop upstairs for a quick screw and who you know will not be embarrassed or offended by it?

29 JUNE 1975 (SKEL)

Suddenly it's fanzines!

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 30 - John Bangsund: PO Box 357; Kingston;
ACT 2604; Australia.

.....who is one person I most definitely do not want to meet. I feel inferior enough as it is. I have just gotten over a deep sense of guilt regarding you John. This was caused by my talking to you at length in INFERNO 2 (three solid pages) and then later being convinced I'd never sent you a copy (and with a print run of only 29 this was totally irremediable). The reason I am over this 'guilt' is that I've just read SOMETHING FOR FAPA courtesy of Terry Jeeves, especially the NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER 11 segment in which you both mention me in passing and speak specifically to me and yet a copy of which I never recieved.

Sadly John, the days of cheap paper are a thing of the past. Brian still manages to ~~///~~ acquire for me the occasional ream but the ream of gold paper in last issue set me back £2.18 (foolscap) and even then it ought to have cost me over

£2.60. Fortunately the dealer I know is bent. I get it on a 'no bill no VAT' basis and he also knocked off the additional charge for tinted paper. The new, smaller INFERNO looks like continuing.

UNIVERSE 1 and 2 - Keith Justice: Route 3; Box 42; Union; Missouri 39365; USA.

.....the second issue of which contains an article 'Planet Of Inconsistency' which was formerly titled 'I-Have-Been-Planet-Of-The-Aped-To-Death'. OK Keith, here's a clipping for you from the Daily Mirror for Wednesday, 7 May 1975.....

'Teenager Diane Broadhurst and her ex-teacher made love at the same time every Sunday - just after Planet Of The Apes on television, a court was told yesterday. But the sex sequel to the hit television series was to end in sixteen-year-old Diane's death, the jury heard. The teacher, 36-year-old Peter Price was in the dock - accused of strangling her when she tried to break off the romance.

Their Sunday sex date was revealed in a statement father-of-two Price is said to have made to the police. He is alleged to have said: "Intercourse took place every Sunday. It was full and satisfactory and it was always after Planet Of The Apes".'

I remeber, it was a pretty duff episode that day.

CHECKPOINT POLL RESULTS - Pete Roberts: 6 Westbourne Park Villas; London; W.2.

.....which is vaguely gratifying. The only semi-objective guide available of what you think of me/it/us. I am chuffed by the egoboo inherent in placings of 4th= (INFERNO), 8th= (me/writer) and 5th (me/artist) but especially pleased at the steady improvement across the board as opposed to last year. Also nice is the fact that there is still room for improvement. Not that I will try to change. I will just go trogging on as usual and leave it up to you lot to like me more. This is as it should be.....why oh why do I have this desire to be liked and appreciated???

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH 43 - Eric L. Larsen: 4012 Colby Drive; Raleigh; NC 27609; USA.

.....in which I find that I'm dropped from your mailing list Eric before I've even had a chance to trade. According to your explanation you have dropped me unless you recieved something in trade over a month before I recieved this. Even I am not that good. If you insist on a monthly schedule you will have to allow us dumb quarterlies a bit more lee-way. OK, so I will miss some ITSS, but I am trading and will try and stick it out until you get back to me, OK?

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE 1 - Mike & Pat Meara: 61 Borrowash Road; Spondon; Derby; DE2 7QH.

.....which really pisses me off because I've been trying to produce something like this for about five issues already and along you come and do it at the first attempt. A pox on you Mearæ! Also, you misinterpreted my misinterpretation. You said that the world was a foul and pestilent place(ie, the bad bits are worse than the good bits) whereas I was saying that OK, we have loused it up somewhat, but the good bits still far outweigh the bad (If you disagree commit suicide)(by not doing so you yourself are admitting that it is worth going on, that the good bits do outweigh the bad).

TITLE 39 - Donn Brazier: 1455 Fawnvalley Drive; St. Louis; Mo 63131; USA.

.....and the *S*P*R*O*I*N*G* you hear is my mailing list snapping. You Donn were one of the people who had recieved three issues of INFERNO without responding and as such your copy was being counted on for other things, as was

TONG - Mae Strelkov: CC55; Jesus Maria; Cordoba; Argentine.

.....although in your case Mae I was feeling a bit guilty because I knew you'd spent so much time in the States that you couldn't respond. After what I'd heard though I was surprised at how easy to read this issue was. Some really beautiful personal writing in it too. Glad I hung on in there.

.....in the first issue of which Ian says nasty things about personalzines which does not jibe with what he's told me he's said in SPI 3 about INFERNO. But then maybe he doesn't consider "the best zine from Manchester" as being much of a compliment. Hey Ian??

"Did you hear about that porno film involving bestiality
.....DEEP STOAT???"

[illegible]

FANZINE FANATIQUE - Keith A. Walker: 2 Daisy Bank; Quernmore Road; Lancaster; Lancashire.

.....who is doubtless depraved and if he won TAFF he would probably rape all your daughters, sons, kittens, and anything within sight that breathed. I know. You just can't trust these people from Albuquerque. They even try to lull you into a sense of false security by publishing these damned good fanzines. Don't be fooled! Vote Bilbo for TAFF! (Just who is this guy 'Hol Doverfunds, anyway?).

.....and I must apologise Rich, for dropping you from my mailing list just because you didn't respond to one issue (watch it the rest of you). Especially because that issue didn't say wherefrom it came. Six penn'orth

SIMULACRUM 1 - Victoria Vayne: PO Box 156 - stn D; Toronto,
Ontario; M6P 3J8; Canada.

"The only original material in the zine is a listing of San Diego clubs, S.T.A.R. chapters, Friends Of Klingon; the Mythopoeic Society, the SCA, and a couple of crank groups."

This is an anti-mush issue, on account of Victoria isn't getting it. Methinks Victoria is too romantic. She seems to be living in times when the only people who fall in love are handsome, muscular, intelligent/beautiful, sexy, thrutchable. Forget these adolescent fantasies where you lust after college footballers, Victoria. Live in the real world where people actually do fall in love with other people, none of whom are anything to write home about. This I can talk about, it being the only thing I've ever done right.

[illegible]

"Did you know that the word 'piss' and its elegant variant 'pisseth' occur no less than seven times in the Authorised Version of the Bible."

Ah, but Sam, they couldn't censor it out, much as they probably wanted to, because in those days it would have been considered a serious offence to take the 'piss' out of the Bible.

[illegible]

ALAN & ELKE STEWART 6 Frankfurt Am Main 5; Eschenheimer Anlage
Federal Republic Of Germany.

A play for two persons?

Dramatis personæ: The Lovely Lady (who wouldn't make me
a present of her lovely coat at SEAcOn)
Some Other Guy, husband of The Lovely
Laday.

ACT 1

Scene 1 - a room in Offerton Mansions. the day after one of the
interminable series of booze-ups that take place there.

SOME OTHER GUY Christ, my head feels like a.....Hey, what's
that you've got there, Cas?

LOVELY LADY It's a letter from that wonderful, fabulous, dreamy,
adorable Alan Stewart. He's so marvellous.....

SOG My God, you can tell who's writing this crap. can't you?
What are you doing reading my letters anyway. Give it
here immediately.

LL It isn't your letter. It's our, and my name's first and
we're not living in China, so bugger off, SOG!

SOG Why can't that bastard write ordinary letters of comment
like everybody else, instead of trying to stir up the shit
all the time? It is a LoC, Cas, isn't it? I mean, it
can't be another of those letters telling us they've got
got no time to plough through all those frequent issues
of INFERNO and suggest we send it to Mike Glicksohn. You
know, at the con, it was so embarrassing. He asked me in
front of Greg Pickersgill why I sent him 53 copies each
time!

LL No, it's not a LoC. They don't mention INFERNO anywhere.
Actually, Alan doesn't mention you in the letter at all.
But he does say what a charming, loveable, gay, irresist-
ible creature I am. I'll just read out a bit.....

SOG Don't bother. I can guess the sort of smarmy stuff that
creep's written. "My dearest darling Cassandra, you are
so charming and loveable. Just wait 'til Elke's looking
the other way and then I'll stick a tail on you."

LL My friend Alan isn't like that, and anyway, if Elke doesn't
know about it, what's the harm?

SOG (splutters incoherently for a few minutes)

LL Actually this letter's to let us know that they're coming back to Britain for good at the end of September.

SOG For bad, you mean.

LL And they've got no money to publish TTCCH 4.

SOG Good. No, wait a minute. What about the brilliant column I sent them? I suppose they want to send it back now. That's gratitude for you. Do you think it wasn't sexy enough for them? And did you notice how they didn't ask me to do another cover for them? I bet they've got that kid who did the last one doing both of them. Nobody wants me.

LL I do love.

SOG Nobody wants me. OW!

LL Alan's written to Graham Poole to say that he and Elke are willing to edit the BSFA magazine. Isn't that nice of them?

SOG Isn't it just! All that means is is that we'll be getting copies of TTCCH with VECTOR on the cover. TTECTOR maybe. Of course it could mean that they'll want contributions from all their old friends.

LL Yes, Alan wants to know what's happened to THE WRINKLED SHREW's star writer.

SOG How should we know about Pat Charnock? OW! And what's this thing here?

LL That thing is a whisky label for your collection. Glenlivet.

SOG Is that all? Where's the bottle? Am I supposed to get stoned out of my mind sniffing at the bloody label?
(Sniffs) Here, it's not bad, love. Have a sniff.

(They both sniff at the label for several hours. The Lovely Lady eventually collapses to the floor, her legs accidentally open, her trousers accidentally pulled off. Her husband falls onto a typewriter and commences work on INFERNO 8. OW!)

21 JULY 1975 (SKEL)

Some of us have been away on holiday, some of us have. Some of us are cretins. I was behind enough with this before we went. Fortunately it wasn't too heavy a week in the mail. Lets take a look at it, uh?

THREE FANZINES - Mae Strelkov: CC 55; Jesus Maria; Cordoba; Argentine.

.....which are not so much fanzines as experiences. Wonderful experiences. Mae, I don't have any grandparents, I think I'll adopt you. Bring a bottle.

SPI 3 - Graham Poole: 23 Russet Road; Cheltenham; Gloucester; GL51 7LN.

.....with an excellent Seacon-report. Now Graham, go back and re-read the first con-report you did, in ZIMRI. After all, why should I be the only one to shudder when I read my old stuff.

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. 12 - Denis Quane: East Texas State University; Commerce; Texas 75428; USA.

.....which came airmail at a cost of 84 cents. This suggests to me that I was dropped from your list for a time Denis, because my zines have been dawdling their way to the States again, and I see I missed number 11 too. Wait a minute Skel, you listed that last issue. Sooo, the great skellish system cocks it up again, uh? Grovelling apology, Denis (snivel)

PHOSPHENE 2 - Gil Gaier: 1016 Beech Avenue; Torrance; California 90501; USA.

.....and a couple of flyers. OK Gil, here's the sum total of my reading since last I wrote to you. 'The Hephaestus Plague' by Thomas Page (18); 'A Maze Of ~~Butter~~ ~~Teddy~~ Death' by Philip K. Dick (32); 'Soldier, Ask Not' by Gordy Dickson (78) - billed by Sphere Books as being the second volume of the 'Dorsai' Trilogy. Strikes me that the JWC Memorial

Anthology said something about four books in the series, the other being 'Necromancer' or 'No Room For Man' as it is sometimes known. Can anyone enlighten me? - 'The Fabulous Riverboat' by Phil Farmer (72). That's it. Period! Has the third Riverworld book been written yet, can anybody tell me? I'm sure I read a story in one of the magazines which was part of the series but which wasn't written into either of the first two books (where the narrator meets up with Jesus).

KARASS 14 - Linda E. Bushyager: 1614 Evans Avenue; Prospect Park; PA 19076; USA.

.....which is the only newszine I get regularly.

PARANOID 5 - Ian Maule: 8 Hillcroft Crescent; Ealing; London W5.

VORPAL 4 - Richard Brandt: Address in flux (damfans-allus movinabloodyroun); USA.

.....which is for some reason printed on only one side of the paper. Beats me why, as the show-through is virtually nil. Nice zine, even if it doesn't mention Sea-Badgers.

BROAD THOUGHTS FROM A HOME

The guy down there in the corner is kinda worried 'cos he's one of them bum Tackett supporters. Probably sent by a rival publication (ahem) to spy out our Bowers-for-TAFF campaign secrets. Now you can see how low they'll sink in attempting to spread their absurd doctrine ('Tocketts the Tuckett', or somesuch drivel). So, take your stand foursquare for what is right. You will be able to sleep safely in your beds if you vote BOWERS FOR TAFF. You will be able to walk the streets safely at night if you vote BOWERS FOR TAFF. Your budgie will not



Heard fellahs!!
do don't tell
anyone you
saw me in a
zine like this

suffer from septic tonsils IF YOU VOTE BOWERS FOR TAFF. You will get one night free with a raving nympho with huge thrusting knockers* (*this offer may not be applicable in certain limited areas**) (**Earth). So remember - BOWERS FOR TAFF. Now get off your arses and vote!

I didn't vote last year. On principle. To my mind TAFF is the single greatest aspect of fandom. The thing which has come out of fandom in which we should all take great pride. It pissed me off last year to see it used. Using TAFF, even in such a good cause as 'BRITAIN in '79' simply cheapens and lessens the greatest of fanish institutions. I sincerely hope that next time we don't have to send somebody across whose main current claim to fame is that he is on the committee. Ideally I'd like to see none of the candidates active on the 'BRITAIN in '79' committee, so that there will be no chance of someone going just because he could and would plug the con. (Fester-fester-ahhh, s'better).

SORRY PUBBER, YOUR NUMBER IS ENGAGED.....

I got a letter from the UK National Serials Data Centre. They want to categorise me, compartmentalise me, file me, cross-file and reference me, and give me a number. They want to know who I am, what I am, and how frequently I am. Also, how much I am, if at all. I was all set to thwart their bureaucratic schemes when I noticed their reference at the top of the letter....."our ref:KGB". I quickly told them all they wanted to no and implicated every other faned I could think of. It seems to have taken the heat off me, because I got another letter telling me

"The journal in question, which has now been registered under the title Inferno (Stockport), in order to distinguish it from another journal of the same name, has been assigned ISSN 0306-932X."

They want me to put it on the cover in future (no chance) and in the colophon or 'Bibliographic Strip' as they call it. This seems a reasonable 'request' and I notice that the reference on this last letter is no longer 'KGB'. I think I might write to them though and try to find out something about this

other magazine which is otherwise indistinguishable from little ol' friendly dawg here. Then again, maybe it'd be better just to be filed and forgotten. Do I really want to draw their attention to myself once more?

JOAN SHARPE 145 Dunmow Court; Offerton; Stockport; Cheshire.

I (hop) liked (jump) the (bounce) grim leaper (hop hop).
A Limerick.....I think.....entitled 'Look BEFORE You Leap'...

There once was a leaper called Tim
who failed in his fight to be grim,
for bare ladies that flounce
large knockers that bounce
was the utmost in humour to him.

So other young leapers beware.

When you try to leap grimly take care.
Don't look in a place
that isn't heroface,
that's more than a First Dan would dare.

Well??? I did say I only thought it was a limerick,
didn't I???

One thought that kept floating to the surface, on the subject of human life and the sanctity thereof....if Cas' or the kids' lives were threatened and by taking a life you could remove that threat, would it be more amoral to kill? Or more amoral not to? If I were faced with a similar situation I have absolutely no doubts. I would kill. I can see nothing moral in standing by whilst some nut murders my family. I realise that once you have written this kind of exclusion clause into 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' then the door is open to other, less valid reasons, but are all other reasons really less valid? If the agressor, instead of being an individual was a group of individuals, what then? I believe it would, in the long run be more injurious to human life to practise 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' than to add a very loud BUT.....

One last thought.....what has happened to Skel the artist? There wasn't much evidence of him in this issue. So gert your finger out and let's have more of your artwork.

23 JULY 1975(SKEL)

That last bit is easy enough to comply with. If you want to see more of my artwork in print GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF JOY OUT. I want to see that artwork in print. I did three batches of artwork, on request, three, two and two years ago respectively. Two have only just seen the light of day (LURK) and the last one is still buried in your files.....and that was the one I thought best captured the mood/style of the article it illustrated. At this rate the next couple of issues of CYPHER have no chance of making it before 1977 sometime. Now if only I was as prolific as some it wouldn't make much odds percentage-wise (ugh!) but everything I do seems to vanish without trace. Are you people trying to tell me something???

I agree entirely with your remarks about the big BUT. I knew somebody would make that point, as I pointed out to Mike and Pat in my original letter. I thought the argument would develop more logically if I waited until someone did make it though, rather than raise it hypothetically.

Basically, if we all believed that 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' deep-gut-down-hard-achingly-believed-it, there would be no aggressor. If there's going to be a life taken anyway then by damn it's going to be his and not mine. Let's face it Joan, I'm no better at filling in the fine print than anyone else. I haven't lived enough of this life to get past the stage where, on finally seeing the obvious I proudly proclaim it as a newly discovered law of nature. Eat your hearts out all you guys who are further down life's road. This is one hell of a fun stage to be at and I've still got yours' a comin'.....and then Bethany comes running in with Cas' purse, eagerness personified, and asking for a lolly and by shit I know she's started putting the world together. She has worked out that the ice-cream man's jingle plus Cas' purse somehow equals a lolly.....and I know that my life and my growing is one third over and it eats at my gut.

Yet.....watching her become a person is worth it all. To see her claiming her inheritance. She is eighteen months old and manipulating her environment. If she wants to climb

up to something on the wall-unit she grabs a box and moves it against it before using it to climb over. Already she can out-think most any animal. Most animals would die if there food was just a little out of reach, no matter how many movable boxes were in the immediate vicinity. She is asserting her humanity. To hell with being one third dead! To see her climbing up the childrens slide on the park, getting to the top and finding an older child sat there talking to someone on the ground.....kicking her in the back and shouting "Moof!" Already the world is hers and no longer mine. But I'm gonna get what's left of my bit and savour it. All of it. Even the down-deep-steamed-up-aching-injustice-of-it-all-rage-inducing bits like getting.....

RELATIVITY 4 - Bryn Fortey: 90 Caerlon Road; Newport;Gwent.

.....which might alternatively be entitled the LETS SLAG EVERYBODY WHO EVER SAID ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY DEROGATORY ABOUT ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY TO DO WITH LISA CONESA 'COS SHE'S MY NEW CHUM AND A LADY AND CAN'T REALLY DEFEND HERSELF DESPITE EVERYTHING I SAID TO THE CONTRARY fanzine.

.....this is a gem of its type. It slags Presford for not saying nice things about ZIMRI. Ostensibly he slags him for using the traditional 'h' as in fhan, but then an awful lot of people do that and he isn't slagging them, is he? He slags Mike Meara, Ian Williams and Keith Walker. Claims it's not because they've said nasty things about ZIMRI, but because of their supercilious attitude. Then displays the most supercilious attitude of all by saying that Lisa is quite able to defend herself (but not really, I'm only being patronising) and then proceeds to give the lie to it all by spending nearly four pages slagging people who said 'not-nice' things about ZIMRI.

But, wait a minute, I haven't said 'not-nice' things about ZIMRI and yet I get slagged too. And what a slagging!! A full page whole to my self. Ahh, I said 'not-nice' things about poetry soirees. Hmmm, I wonder if Bryn would have got so steamed up if I'd taken my stand against something else? I'm

prepared to let people judge that from reading RELATIVITY.
But on to the hatchet job itself.

I am ostensibly being attacked for something else entirely. To be precise, for my comments regarding Graham Charnock's letter in the last issue. I said I considered one of Graham's reasons for giving the poetry soiree the elbow to have been 'pseudy'. Not all of his reasons, just one. The one in which he said he was against it because of what others might think. This is pseudy as I understand the word. I am not in favour of a poetry soiree at a con. My reasons are not pseudy as I understand the term. I have certain beliefs and I stand by them and act in accordance with them and I don't give a toss how it makes me look. That is me. Take me or leave me. They may be silly, stupid, cretinous, brilliant, outrageous, I don't care! I wasn't talking about these things, I was talking about 'pseud'. Graham had other reasons. They may have been all the things that my reasons may have been, but they were in no way pseudy either. I still stand by what I said. Bryn concludes that portion of the attack by in effect stating that Graham is a pseud because he acts for pseudish reasons and that I am not because I don't. That isn't quite how you phrased it Bryn, nor how you loaded it, but given the above that is a fair version. If you aren't able to grant the above then I'm not so sure I want to accept a drink from somebody who is so determined to state his case that he won't accept that it isn't relevant.

Then I made a flippant and facetious remark about duplicate programming and clashing the soiree with the GoH speech. Obviously that is facetious.....you don't clash things with the GoH speech, but You took it as gospel Bryn. I wonder why? Maybe the critical judgement was over-ridden by the subject matter.

Then I get called a fool, virtually. A good technique this. Anyone who didn't get that issue of INFERNO will take this as read, and I don't suppose the mailing lists are very similar. Especially after what follows.....

Then we get the two most outrageous bits of the whole load

ofwhatever.

First there's the big lie. Or to be more precise, the thing you've "heard" but "admit to be maybe wrong" because you got it second hand. I am accused of double-thinking because I was in favour of the poetry soiree originally. Cobblers! I am not, nor have I ever been in favour of a poetry soiree at the con. Bryn, you could at least have checked that before rushing onto stencil with it, especially as you 'weren't sure'.

Then I am accused of 'speaking Strongly' against a committee decision. "Personally I wish we weren't having one...." This is speaking strongly? Maybe if I said 'bother' you'd die of shock Bryn?

Then "Personally I wish we weren't having one...." becomes an 'attack'. (OOOh, the savagery of it.....How could I be so unfeeling?).

Then I'm taken to task for not behaving like a spoilt child. It seems that because a relatively unimportant committee decision went against me I was supposed to demand my ball back, refuse to play anymore, and resign forthwith. Because the committee didn't want to put on a con that was 100% in accordance with the skelish preferences I was supposed to have nothing further to do with it? What sort of con-committee members have you been associating with, Bryn? If all committee decisions had to be unanimous or require a resignation then all committees would eventually end up as one man operations. Nor do I accept the fact that because I am in mild disagreement on a point I have to conceal the fact, lest fandom in general think that con committees are less than superhuman.

I cannot think of any circumstances that would cause me to resign from the committee. Even if I felt strongly on every point and was over-ruled I would still feel obliged to give the committee my support as an active worker. I didn't make any preconditions when I agreed to serve on the committee. One member did. We were all determined to have this MANCON in Manchester, despite tradition. One member went so far as to state that he was only interested in putting on a con in Man-

chester. If for some reason we had later been forced to take the con outside Manchester then that would have been a valid reason for that member to resign. I very much wanted to see the con in Manchester too, but similar circumstances wouldn't have formed a valid reason for me, because I am on the committee on a no-strings-attached basis. What I'm trying to get across, and not making a very good job of doing so, is that resigning from committees is a very serious step and not to be resorted to over very minor differences of opinion.

I finished my comment on Graham's letter in the manner of one child sneeringly taunting another. This was meant to indicate that I considered the whole matter to be somewhat childish, including and perhaps especially my part in it, and that I intended to let the matter drop. I still intended not to dig it over again, even after reading your comments, but further consideration indicated that I couldn't let that amount of misinformation and malinformation remain unanswered. So, I've said my say, my whole say, and nothing but my say. I will try and refrain from saying anything else on the subject no matter how much this is distorted elsewhere. I do not intend to get into a 'feud'. I walked pretty far down a similar road once before (Hi Gray.....) and remembering how it soured the whole fanning experience for me for quite a long time, I ain't gonna go that way again. I'll send you copies of these pages before I go to print Bryn, and if you care to make any final comment I undertake to print it without any further comment on my part. OK?

WE ALSO GET SOME ~~PRETTY BORING~~ FANZINES WHICH DON'T MENTION US

ICITM 15 - Ned Brooks: 713 Paul Street; Newport News; Virginia 23605; USA.

.....and if only he'd stop being into all this rubbishy fantasy stuff this would probably be a great zine. It's still pretty good, but oh, the might-have-beens. This issue doesn't mention INFERNO either, which doesn't help it any.

ZYMURWORM 22 i - Dick Patten and Bob Vardeman: 2908 El Corto SW; Albuquerque; NM 87105; USA.

.....which again boasts an incredible three-colour Harry Morris cover collage. This issue also includes some of the most incredible newspaper clippings I've ever seen. Another good zine this. Needs zine reviews.

ASH-WING 16 - Frank Denton: 14654 - 8th Avenue SW; Seattle; Washington 98166, USA.

.....in which you inform us that you are going to be in this country again this summer Frank. "Must invite him to drop by if he's in the area" I think, only to discover that you're already here and I can't get in touch. I've only been able to skim through this because my wife insisted that I leave it with her instead of taking it to work to read. So lets allow her to say something about it, uh? No, let's not, the Horse Of The Year Show is much too important to interrupt. What do I do, Frank? Needs ZR.

UNIVERSE 3 - Keith L. Justice: Address as page six.

.....which is the third issue of this I've received and you still won't have got INFERNO 8, so I'm not sure whether we're trading or not. That's the trouble with you damn monthlies. I can see this is going to cost me an air-letter. You must pre-mail a hell of a way.....I got the July issue in July. Freaky maaan. Needs ZR.

Fifty-two of the eighty people who received INFERNO 8 did so in a new way. In envelopes. Cohabiting, under plain cover, with KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE 1. A mini-APA. By way of explanation here is the following.....

MAYL-A-ZEEN Magazine Posting Service Ltd.

61 Borrowwash Road,

Spaldon,

Derby,

DE2 7QH.

Our ref: Gordon Hill
Your ref: Elvis Presley

24 July 1975.

INVOICE

22 joint UK mailings

30 joint overseas mailings

separately $9\frac{1}{2}p + 8p = 17\frac{1}{2}p$
together 11p
saving $6\frac{1}{2}p$

separately $8\frac{1}{2}p + 6p = 14\frac{1}{2}p$
together $8\frac{1}{2}p$
saving 6p

half of which is $3\frac{1}{4}p$
owing is $22 \times (8 - 3\frac{1}{4})p$
or $22 \times 4\frac{3}{4}p$
or £1.04 $\frac{1}{2}$

half of which is 3p
owing is $30 \times (6 - 3)p$
or $30 \times 3p$
or £0.90

total owing is £1.94 $\frac{1}{2}$ (for 52 copies = 3.74p per copy)

enclosed is one 5 $\frac{1}{2}p$ stamp

YOU OWE ME TWO QUID!

According to my calculations, on the joint mailing we've saved ourselves £1.61 $\frac{1}{2}$ each, which is not to be sneezed at. Do you reckon anyone would want to come in on this, if they could fit in with our schedule? KFN plus INFERNO plus envelope came to 6.35 oz. This gives us another 1.65 oz. before any further postal charges would be incurred. 1.65 oz. is equal to approx 22 quarto pages. It's an idea which might be worth tossing around a bit.

TOSS TOSS TOSSITY-BLOODY-TOSS

OK, anybody interested? Basically both our shedules are 1/1/76; 1/4/76; 1/7/76; and 1/10/76. This doesn't have to be an every-time thing. Anyone who can get the required copies to us (the required copies being agreed beforehand) about three weeks or so before this deadline is in. This allows us to adapt to special circumstances. This issue is due out 1/10/75 but will go before 29/9/75 which is the date the proposed increased postal rates take effect. Obviously to make it worthwhile our mailing lists will have to overlap to a large degree. To know about this you need to have seen our mailing lists. I will include an alphabetically arranged list of INFERNO recipients overleaf, and I will ring Mike (quickly, before he has his phone taken out) and try to persuade him to do the same. Then I can have my phone taken out.

Herewith a list of the people likely to be receiving this issue. an * indicates a UK copy.

Bruce D. Arthurs; John Bangsund; Doug Barbour; Rich Bartucci; Harry and Irene Bell*; Eric Benteliff*; Ruth Berman; Sheryl Birkhead; Gray Boak*; Pam Boal*; Bill Bowers; Richard Brandt; Donn Brazier; Bill Breiding; Ned Brooks; Ken Bulmer*; Linda E. Bushyager; Larry Carmody; Pat and Graham Charnock*; The Copy-right Receipt Office*; Eli Cohen; Pete Colley*; Lisa I. Conesa*; Ed Connor; Frank Denton; Andrew and Ruth Dunlop*; Bryn Fortey*; Gil Gaier; Mike Glicksohn; Mike Glycer; Jim Goddard*; Kevin Hall*; Richard Harter; Rob Jackson*; Terry Jeeves*; Keith L. Justice; Leroy Kettle*; Eric L. Larsen; Eric Lindsay; Sam S. Long; Jeff May; Jim Meadows III; Mike and Pat Meara*; Archie Mercer*; Pauline Palmer; Darroll and Ro Pardoe*; Brian Parker*; Dick Patten; Philip Stephensen-Payne*; Ted Peak; Bruce Pelz; Dave Piper*; Graham Poole*, Pete Presford*; Denis Quane; Peter Roberts*; Tom Roberts; Brian Robinson*; Dave Rowe*; Roy and Joan Sharpe*; David Singer; Alan and Elke Stewart*; Mae Strelkov; Roy Tackett; Don C. Thompson; Suzanne Tompkins; Victoria Vayne; Keith A. Walker*; Joe Walter; Buddy Webster; Elst Weinstein; Janet Wild*; Janice Wiles*; Ian Williams*; Kevin Williams*; Mike Zaharakis. also Mary Legg*; whom I forgot. Plus twenty-two other people and les Skels. A line underneath your name means that if you don't respond to this issue you won't be getting any more. A blodgy mess under your name means that you wrote in response to number eight after I typed this page, and the corflu didn't wotk. (Damn this non-wotking corflu, it's almost as bad as corflu that doesn't work).

I note from the above that from the abysmal low of only sixteen copies staying in the UK, I now have reached the dizzying heights of a staggering thirty-five. It's true what they say you know, "Everything comes to he who pubs."

I've had one or two interesting conversations recently with Kevin Hall. He's working on building up an alternate-world, one which folowed the same historical path as ours until the time of Oliver Cromwell. Then things began to gang agly.

So, if this fanzine suddenly stops making sense then you'll know that he's started his Airfix 'Build-a-World' kit number 78, and that I'm running it.

What the foregoing really means of course is that Kevin has given me the first part and I am running it. I was going to start it up at the top of this page but the damn thing has unaccountably vanished. After dutifully ripping the house to shreds in a frantic search I have had to accept the fact that I must wait until Cas comes home. Cas will know where it is. She will bestow upon me that look, ask me if I looked in that cupboard and upon being informed that I have so done, will walk straight to that cupboard and without even rummaging in it will lift from the very top that contribution. Damn, but I wish I could find it first.

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO PETE PRESFORD

Who else but Pete Presford could walk into a house to do some electrical work and see the place lined in floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. All SF. Paperbacks, hardbacks, magazines.....all in immaculate condition. Bound volumes of early US 'Galaxys', US first editions dating back at least to the late 1940's, boxes more stuff in the garage, under the beds, all over the place. And the collectors widow asks Pete.....

"Are they worth anything.....?????????"

If I even had a dream like that I'm sure I'd come. The whole experience would be so akin to orgasm that I probably wouldn't be able to tell the difference especially seeing as I have a very poor memory.

.....and Pete just sits there, 'Tee-hee'ing, so high that he even refused the offer of a drink. Before I give the wrong impression I must point out that Pete is made of Saintly stuff. He told her they were too valuable and that the best way to flog them would be to auction them off at a con. OK folks, now put yourselves in the same position. What would you have done? I like to think I'm a nice guy too, but for the sake of my own self-esteem, I'm glad it didn't happen to me.

26 JULY 1975(SKEL)

Received a postcard from Graham Poole this morning, live from the Beneluxcon.....

"This Beneluxcon is going down in history. Not because of the poor programme or performance of 'SF MUSIC' but because of the prison camp we're staying at. No towels, no showers, no baths, no hot water, miniscule meals, crumbling buildings, you name it, the Holme Spermalie didn't have any. We've nicknamed it Camp Spermalie, have made a film of us acting like prisoners, and a Holme Spermalie Society is being formed for all British Nationals who endured the stay! Wish you were here....."

Typical of Pooley, doesn't tell you whether he's enjoying himself or not. We also got a couple of fanzines.....

TITLE 40 - Donn Brazier: Address as page 7.

.....in which Mike Glicksohn accidentally boos all over my ego. TITLE is a cumulative experience, each issue not only having its own effect, but re-enforcing the impact of the previous one. It took me long enough to get on your mailing list, Donn, methinks I'd better LoC this before I find myself off of it again.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION 5 - Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins: 210 W. 102nd Street; 3E; New York; NY 10025; USA.

.....which was one fanzine I wasn't expecting. My own opinion on the Curlovich/Bishop disagreement is that if Michael has disguised his prick to look like a turd then he's only got himself to blame if nobody'll suck it. This is a personal feeling though. If writers want to say how bad war and killing is then they should write a pamphlet entitled 'How Bad War And Killing Is' then write a bloody story without any hidden layers of meaning and allegory, that we can all read and understand and enjoy.

Then again, in the Curlovich/Faddis engagement I find my

sympathies lay generally on Connie's side. It may be a proud and lonely thing to be a fan, but it is much lonelier to be a Trekkie in genfandom. I wouldn't really know, being out of it all and never even having seen a Star Trek zine (maybe you could send me one Ruth, with the next issue of NO? Just for information's.....and my curiosity's sake) but I see no reason why Star Trek fans shouldn't be welcome at Worldcons as long as they are there as SF fans, like everybody else. ST fandom seems to have grown bigger than the parent body so they have their own cons to take care of ST programming. As long as the con committee doesn't cater to them as a group in programme arrangements then they have as much right to be there as anyone else. As far as I can see the fault has never lain with the Trekkies, rather with the Con committees who didn't know enough about what they ought to have been doing. This seems so obvious to me that I can't see why anyone can attack Trekkies as a group, for 'taking over' the worldcon. If a lot of ST fans turn up at the worldcon to take in the ST programme items then the obvious people to rail against are the committee who put on those items in the first place. Remove those items from the programme and a lot of those same fans will still turn up wearing their 'SF fan' face. A lot won't of course, so don't complain at the fans turning up for something that is catering to them, complain about the caterers.

17 AUGUST 1975(SKEL)

I don't really understand it. A couple of minutes ago I stood up from the typer and it was the 26th of July, and now when I sit down again it is nearly a month later. This tends to add weight to my argument in favour of the Skelton Theory of Differential Time Rates and Local Space-Time anomalous Distortions. I first propounded this theory to Doktor von Meara when I noticed that the tapes he was sending me were, according to the time checks he gave during their recording, much longer than the elapsed play-back time. This of course indicates that the very act of pressing down the 'record' button on the tape-recorder tends to speed up the time flow in an area adjacent to time-warping device. This was proven when I recorded a similar tape for Mike and found upon playback that the tape had taken two more hours to record than to play back. There is however

a difference of scientific opinion in the interpretation of the results so far independently obtained. Doktor von Meara feels that a simple speeding up of the local time-flow when the 'record' button is pushed would, because of the statistical effect of pan global tape recording, merely speed up the pass of time everywhere, causing people to grow old before their time. It seems that Doktor von Meara has put forward the alternative theory that the time-rate slows down when the 'play back' button is pushed down. This ludicrous belief is somewhat reminiscent of the 'Flat Earthers' who were also left behind by the tide of scientific progress.

Let us look at the situation logically (ie; let us pour ourselves another glass of Chivas Regal). The apparent speeding up of time everywhere which Doktor von Meara cites as being an unsatisfactory requirement of the Skelton theory is in fact substantiated. One example of time flashing past faster than it ought to is hinted at by the Chivas Regal mentioned above, This is a present from Cas to myself upon the occasion of my twenty-eighth birthday, which is tomorrow. That means that I have been around, according to the old 'steady-state time theory' for about ten thousand, two hundred and twenty days. I can't remember anything like that many. Nor, I bet, can anybody. This is where Doktor von Mearas fanciful notions are shown in their true light. To be charitable I must ask what more can be expected from someone who propounds the unlikely and totally preposterous dogma, "ROYTAC for TAFF". So much for his scientific detachment.

Another requirement of the Skelton theory is also substantiated, this time in the field of astronomy. Obviously somewhere in the universe there must be races who have not invented the tape recorder. It would seem logical therefore that certain planets and even whole solar systems must fall out of phase with the rest of the universe. Surely such an astronomical anomaly could be observed from the Earth. Indeed there are several such, one of which must be attributable to the events outlined in the Skelton Theory. In particular Quasars. Could it be that a quasar is not associated with a black-hole, as current thinking seems to indicate? Or, if it is, that the 'Black Hole' is not caused by a

supra-dense object but instead by an object which has become so out of phase with the rest of the universe that it has warped into a separate level of time-flow dimensionality? Let's face it, this is much more likely than all that science fictional stuff about space-warps and stars whose light can't even shine.

Perhaps the most interesting result of following the Skelton Hypothesis is the light it sheds on Carl Sagan's theories about the prevalence of intelligent life in the universe. Obviously any sun we can observe has a solar system which contains life at least intelligent enough to invent a tape-recorder and that the solar systems without such intelligent life are the anomalies. Never mind Carl, my dad needs a new van driver. Maybe I could put in a good word for you.

KARASS 15 - Linda E. Bushyager: Address as page 13.

.....which is now the only newszine I get period, now that I understand Darroll has folded CHECK-POINT (no more the puzzlement at receiving two copies of every third issue.....).

GODLESS 10 - Bruce D. Arthurs: 920 N. 82nd Street; H-201; Scottsdale; Arizona 85257; USA.

.....which suffered unfair competition because it arrived on the same day as, and was read immediately following.....

OUTWORLDS 24 - Bill Bowers: PO Box 2521; North Canton; Ohio 44720; USA.

.....which just shows it pays to crawl. Trouble is, according to the accompanying INWORLDS, this could be both my first and last trade copy of OUTWORLDS. Damn, what more do you want me to do Bill? 'Bowers for a Hugo'? 'Bowers for President'? 'Bowers for quick relief of anal scurvy'? Just tell me Bill and I'll run it.

STARLING 31 - Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell; 525 W. Main; Madison; WI 53703; USA.

.....which rounded out a pretty terrific week

for fanzines. I'm not sure why I should rush in to help Terry Hughes when he won't trade me MOTA, but for his enlightenment I will reveal that the names of the two moon-men in the old 'Bullwinkle' cartoons were Floyd and Gidney. I remember this so clearly because I was convinced at the time that not even a cartoon moon-man would have a name like Gidney and so sat with my ear pressed right against the TV speaker whenever the show came on.

Odd this, I recently sent a LoC to Mike Meara mentioning some or all of this in response to the subject cropping up in KNOCKERS. Why all this sudden, feverish interest in 'Bullwinkle'?

HEROIC FANTASIES OF A SMALL, FRIENDLY DOG.....

.....is the title of this month's cover. Wasn't that interesting? Of course it was. Stop questioning these fundamentals of existence, OK?

APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE.....

.....because this issue is going to be the smallest since it came in from the cold (OMPA). Maybe I should be bragging about that, not apologising? No, the apologies are to the fan editors who have sent their zines in trade. I had been trying to get away from my old system of just listing the trade-zines I received, as a way of saying thankyou, but even the small bit of personal response I've been managing to make will have to be trimmed down now or else I'll fill this issue with nothing more than a mail listing. Speaking of 'more than a mail listing',

ICITM 16 - Ned Brooks: Address as page twenty.

.....is a big improvement over the previous issue. Amazing how much more receptive one is to something that contains a favourable review of ones own zine. I'm not sure whether I'm getting more into this zine or whether you are Ned. Lately you seem to be injecting more of your personality into your comments. I'm sure earlier issues were a much straighter listing of your mail but maybe I'm just learning to read between your lines. Takes time.

Just a moment thar, podnuh! What the fuck happened to all this 'cutting back' on personal response?

Shit!

Oh well, there's a couple here I've LoCed, so I don't have to feel guilty about them.....

MAYA 8 - Rob Jackson: 21 Lyndhurst Road; Benton; Newcastle-upon-Tyne; NE12 9NT.

FANZINE FANATIQUE 11 - Keith Walker: Address as page 8.

ITSOTM 44 - Eric Larsen: Address as page 7.

.....and I see you gave me one more 'last chance'.
This is beginning to pick up some steam now.
Maybe I should write you a letter but "Hold on,
I'm coming." seems such a waste of 8½p.

ARDEES 1 - Andrew Dunlop: 34 John Grundy House; Howard Place; Hyde; Cheshire; SK14 2TB.

.....which I haven't LoCed yet, but I will, I will.

SIDDHARTHA 6 - Ian Williams: Address as page 8.

.....in response to which.....



I just seen two-
hundred typed
stencils at Williams'
place, marked
'SIDDHARTHA #7'!!

ASH-WING 17 - Frank Denton: Address as page twenty-one.

.....which gives an odd sense of temporal dislocation. It is several days since I heard from you (circuitously, via Dave Piper via Rob Jackson) saying that you wouldn't be coming north again this trip and so would be unable to take me up on my invitation to visit us.- Now that you are presumably back in the States I read that the start of your trip to England is only three weeks in the future. By the way, I hope you noticed that bit back there about my birthday present. I was very disappointed in it, considering it to be a bit of a rip-off. I have had several blends which were both less expensive and to my mind highly superior. Also, for less money I have been able to get several single-malts, all of which were very superior. Damn, but I'm getting carried away again.

27 AUGUST 1975(SKEL)

TITLE 42 - Donn Brazier: Address as page 7.

.....from which I see my LoC wasn't quick enough and I went and missed number 41. Never mind, I suppose I'll get it secon hand from Terry eventually (by the way Terry, many thanks for that last batch of zines. There were over forty I had not seen which is pretty good value for the fifty-four penn'orth of postage. The ones I'd got have already been passed on to Mike and Roy Sharpe).

TIME FLIES.

What a boring job that must be, timing flies. Beats me why I mentioned it. Oh, that's what I meant. Tempus of the Fugit variety. Cas and I have just celebrated our fourth anniversary and it honestly hasn't seemed like a day over forty years. To celebrate we had a party, inviting Kittens, Gannets, MaD members and several misc. fen who might fit in. Because of my procrastination we also failed to invite several more, but this turned out to be a ghoud thing as about thirty-seven fen

squeezed, sqoze and generally scrunched themselves into our little fannish home in the west. Yes Dave Piper, people actually do travel vast distances for a booze-up, the Kittens even paying over ten quid each in train fare to get here. Mind you, they did stay an extra night when we had an even better time. This was partly due to the fact that there were far fewer people there and one could go and get a drink without treading on six feet and elbowing seventeen people in obscure portions of their anatomical substances. Mainly however it was because we got hold of Bernie Peek's book, 'Would You Believe It?' from which we gave several readings, all of which were accompanied by the sounds of ten fen pissing themselves laughing whilst giving an exhibition of precision twitching and formation floor rolling. We really must do the whole weekend again sometime.....like about 1996.

It doesn't look like I'll be running Kevin's thing in this issue after all because Cas says he took it back with him for some minor revision. Oh well, next time..... Meanwhile, on with this next bit:-

BRYN FORTEY Address as page seventeen.

AND ALL UNSUSPECTING, IN HE WENT..... Unsuspecting? Well no, not really. As stated in his review of RELATIVITY 4, Paul sent me advance copies (plus some irrate letters) and I have accepted his invitation to comment on his comments. All of which explains just why you are reading Bryn Fortey within the pages of INFERNO 9.....which might alternatively be entitled the LET'S SLAG THIS WELSH VILLAIN AND GET EXTREMELY WORKED UP AND EMOTIONAL OVER THE FACT THAT HE HAS DARED NOT SEE EYE TO EYE WITH AND HAS EVEN SEEN FIT TO PUBLICLY ATTACK THE INNOCENT AND MUCH LOVED PERSONAGE OF PAUL SKELTON fanzine.....and this is a gem of its type.

Firstly a Public Apology. Since writing my article I have learnt that Paul was not amongst those who originally proposed that Mancon should include a Poetry Soiree. I therefore retract my accusation of double-thinking on his part.

But I retract nothing else.

In his review Paul starts off with a defence of messrs Presford, Meara, Williams and Walker over comments made in my 'Knight In Rusty Armour' piece. Quite shortish, though with undertones of paranoia. Undertones that come nearer the surface during the long and rambling condemnation that comprises his answer to my 'Skelton In The Cupboard' criticism of his irresponsible attitude towards being a member of the Mancon committee.

The best form of defence is attack, Paul has decided, and his form of attack is to credit me with false motives. Fortey, Skelton is saying, is attacking only those who have directly or indirectly (through ZIMRI or poetry soirees) been critical of Lisa Conesa. Fortey, Skelton is saying, has bent facts in order to defend his new co-editor.

This is a tactic I sadly expected to be employed by the people I was critical of, and they are not disappointing me.

Of course what I wrote was based upon my recently acquired position of ZIMRI co-editor, I would be less than truthful to claim otherwise, but only in as much as having what I complained of brought to my notice and crystallised by virtue of my said involvement. As the new co-editor I was keen to read any recent reviews of the fanzine and when I did it struck me that a number of them fitted previously formulated views on male towards female attitudes within fandom. So I used them as the basis for a discussion relating to such attitudes. While looking up these reviews I found myself also at odds with the matey and 'h' ridden writing style of Pete Presford, so I commented on that too. I'm sure that, as Paul pointed out, there are others who use what he terms the traditional 'h'. So why wasn't I attacking them also? Firstly because my fannish involvement has been somewhat superficial over recent years and I am not personally aware of anyone else who uses this style to such Presford inspired extremes and, secondly, I am human enough to admit that my reaction in this instance was probably intensified by the fact that Pete was writing (albeit briefly) about me.

Skelton accuses me of.....'spending nearly four pages

slagging people who have said 'not-nice' things about ZIMRI.' Not true, Paul, you haven't done your homework. If you had read 'A Knight In Rusty Armour' properly and with a less jaundiced attitude you would have seen that of the four ZIMRI reviews quoted from, only two - Ian Williams and Mike Meara were genuinely critical of the fanzine. Neither Pete Presford or Keith Walker said 'not-nice' things. Walker, indeed, stated that ZIMRI must be recommended. So if I wasn't 'slagging' people for saying 'not-nice' things about ZIMRI, what was I doing? could it be that there was nothing devious or underhand about my intentions? Could it be that I was using the quotes as examples of what I considered a supercilious attitude as held by many male fans towards females?

And so on to 'Skelton In The Cupboard'. And yes, Paul, this too came about because of my co-editing ZIMRI. If I had not been then Lisa would not have mentioned your reply to Graham Charnock's letter and I wouldn't have asked to borrow INFERNO 8 so that I could read it for myself.

The fact that you were talking about poetry soirees was completely unimportant, and you do me less than justice by suggesting otherwise. Lisa has now withdrawn from the Mancon programme and the soiree idea has (I therefore assume) died. According to your review this should leave me with nothing to criticise you for. Not true, Paul. Not true by far.

Your 'overkill' method of review; the sarcasm; the over emotional response; your complete failure (?) to understand what I was really attacking you for, all combined to present an hysterical outburst that produced a much more thorough hatchet job than the one you complained of receiving.

Paul, where did I say that all committee decisions had to be unanimous? I didn't.

Paul, where did I say that because the committee didn't want to put on a con that was 100% in accordance with your preferences you were supposed to have nothing further to do with it? I didn't.

What I was trying to say, and where we obviously do not agree is that squabbles and bickering (however petty) should be kept for the committee room and not aired in public. All we outsiders are interested in is what sort of convention the committee (collectively) is going to put on for us. It is my belief that each member has a specific responsibility to the committee he serves on, and I think you lapsed somewhat with yours.

I was not really serious with my suggestion that you should resign if you couldn't shut up, nor did I in any way think that you would comply with such a suggestion. I merely wanted to emphasise the point I was attempting to make.

And you accuse me of over-reacting!

All in all, Paul, you appear extremely thin skinned and very ill-equipped to accept 'not-nice' things said about you - even when seriously meant. I dread to think how you would have reacted to the treatment handed out to Malcolm Edwards by John Brosnan in his couple of infamous BIG SCAB issues. Or if you had been on the receiving end of what Rob Holdstock has put up with in fanzines too numerous to mention. And, Christ, if Leroy Kettle ever gets his fangs into you.....well, would the screaming ever stop!

Disagree with me, Paul. Doubt my sanity, criticise both my ideas and my writing style. I might not like you for it, but I defend your right to do so. But you have accused me of dishonesty and in that I think you go beyond the bounds of what is acceptable.

Pete Presford said in a recent letter, while discussing my comments relating to you, and I quote without having obtained his permission - 'Skel is like a few of us in Manchester (and the rest of fandom), he says what he likes. We all have these things within us and if we can't show them in our zines, where can we show them?' And fair enough, just so long as it applies to me too. I used my fanzine to comment on a couple of items I considered worth a mention. I did not expect either agreement or praise from the people I criticised but I did hope for sensible argument and discussion.

Ah well, life is full of these little disappointments and is too short to let them cause permanent displeasure. What's yours, Paul? (But if you're going to answer "Treble magnum of Benedictine", just forget it, man, forget it).

BUT DO I HAVE TO SIT HERE AND TAKE THIS?

.....I ask myself. The answer of course is 'yes', because, whilst there are points in the foregoing that I take exception to and disagree with, I promised to make no further comment on the subject. Restrained from commenting in my own fanzine! You cretin Skel! Then again, this just might show how far-seeing and wise I am because a subject that might have dragged on interminably and caused much bitterness is closed in this one issue. Before this happens though I too have a 'Public Apology' to make, as I told Bryn in one of my letters.

Bryn says that all he was really getting at was my mentioning something that was better left unmentioned. The thing is I heartily agree with him. Committee bickerings and such should not be aired in public. I erred. This was entirely owing to my total inexperience in all things committeeorial. I considered the poetry soiree to be a supremely unimportant matter. I also considered my objections to it to be supremely unimportant. There was absolutely no squabbling or bickering on the subject among the committee. Nothing had occurred to give the matter any importance and it just slipped through my guard. Further consideration (ie: someone took it up and waved it about) indicates that I was wrong in considering it so unimportant and therefore I erred in letting it slip through. I can only plead inexperience, which is a poor excuse at the best of times.

Don't worry though.....several people will tell you that I only drink treble magnums of 105⁰ proof Glenfarclas, and then only after breakfast.

31 AUGUST 1975(SKEL)

WRINKLED SHREW 4 - Pat Charnock: 70 Ledbury Road; London;
W11 2AH.

.....Three more? Suck me soggy!! I don't know who she is Pat, but I sure as hell don't want to meet her.

VIBRATOR 1 - Graham Charnock: Address as page 36.

.....which arrived one day later and proves that these southerners have too much money. This zine pretends it didn't recieve INFERNO 8, but apart from that it is pretty good. The only reason I dislike Graham's writing style is because it makes me feel so inferior.

MOTA 11 - Terry Hughes: 866 North Frederick Street; Arlington; VA 22205; USA.

.....whoops, we are trading. Better LoC this else our on-off relationship will be off again.

GOYING GYRE 3 - Gil Gaier: Address as page 12.

.....add Reynolds' 'Comune 2000 ' (54); George O. Smith's 'Highways In Hiding' (68); and 'Hellflower' (42); Zelazney's 'Doorways In The Sand' (72); Gordon's 'One Eye' (15).

SF ECHO 22 - Ed Connor: 1805 N. Gale Avenue; Peoria; Illinois 61604; USA.

.....which deserves a LoC (Damn, that's two!).

FROST IN AUGUST - Eli Cohen: 2920 Victoria Avenue; Apartment 12; Regina; Saskatchewan; S4T 1K7; Canada.

.....I always get a wonderful *W*A*R*M* feeling when somebody sends me stuff by airmail. We've had some pretty freaky weather this summer too. I can remember perfectly this front-page newspaper photo of one optimistic young supporter sat in the stands at a cricket ground that was under six inches of snow on the final day's play (or should that be 'non-play'?) just a week before the July Heatwave that smashed temperature records up and down the country.

7 SEPTEMBER 1975 (SKEL)

Oh, Doom, Doom, Woe and Doom! As I type this I have a ~~mock-up~~ mock-up of this issue next to me, complete up to page 37. I am not happy. I have had problems. I've been running this off in the ink in the pad for too long. About fifty per-cent of this issue's copies contain some patches of fading and under-inking. I console myself that all are at least readable but only just, in some of the worst cases. This shows a degree of double thinking from someone who is quick to criticise Keith Walker's repro, but not too much.....because I've taken steps to see that it is a non-recurring phenomenon. I've found my-self a 'bent' Roneo representative. I have now stocked up with one tube each of Black, Red, Green and Blue inks. Next time I see him I shall get some more. He also supplies paper at £1.00 per foolscap ream and postage is now much cheaper (more about that later) so I'm over that particular hump. This should be the last time I'm unhappy with 50% of the repro. Un-for-tu-nately.....I'm also unhappy with 99.6437214% of the contents (but whow, man, this left-hand bracket is something else!!!).

Look, I really appreciate all the zines I get in trade. I freely admit that a fair chunk of the motivation behind INFERNO is to have something to trade for all these lovely zines, but you're all going to have to take it all as read, like.....I'm being pushed out of my own fanzine. The problem is, this issue is nearer to what I imagined INFERNO would be, back when I first decided to make it a genzine, than any of the previous issues. So why am I getting these bad vibes from it? What to do, what to do? Bill, I'm beginning to get a glimpse of your problems. But is the world ready for a new Skelpolicy??

NEXT ISSUE'S COVER IS BY HARRY BELL

.....the Harry Bell! Well, maybe not the Harry Bell, famed pickled-onion ravisher and blind voyeur extraordinaire, but it is by a Harry Bell. This young neo claims to be a bit of an artist. I hope he isn't too bad. (I only accepted because I thought he was the Harry Bell. I've been after some info on onionodomy for years.) Oh well, c'est la fanzine.

THE FROST REPORT ON INFERNO

DF Perhaps you could tell me why, if you are so unhappy with this issue, you have chosen this time to up your print-run. Won't 25% of the readers get a very bad first impression of your fanzine?

PS

DF Will you take that paper bag off of your head?

PS

DF Will you at least.....OH SHIT! I'm sorry, but I'm not doing this interview, it's too silly! Sorry about this Rodney love, but it's just too silly. Supah idea though Rodney, supah.....where's that make-up girl?

NOW THAT IT'S LATER.....

.....we can get back to that 'cheaper postage' bit. OK, most of you will get this in the same envelope as KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE 2. Some of you devious minded sods have been cunink enuff to zend only der von LoC to der both zines. Dis you tink is funny, hah? HAH! Bumhug! Mit dis ve are most off-gepisst! You are zwei fanzinnen gegetting, you are zwei LoCs sending! Is Kommen kurtesy, nein? Dis ist nicht ein pincushion here mit me. Es ist ein effigy von Dave Piper! VE HAFF VAYS OFF MAKINK YOU LoC!!

TODAY IS CAS' BIRTHDAY.

Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear caa-aaaas, happy birthday to you.

UP YOUR PRINT RUN!

Pardon?

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

The.....point I wanted to take up, briefly anyway, was censorship. I am utterly opposed to censorship on 'moral'

grounds. However, there is a good case to be made for censorship on grounds of security. If there is a correct form of words that will inevitably induce boils, for instance, then in the general public interest the formula should not be generally available. (In this instance there may well be a counter formula: but supposing it was a spell for lethal boils?) This is a bit far fetched of course, but the principle should be evident.

ARCHIE WAS ANOTHER.....

.....of the ~~last~~ people who only sent in the one letter to the two fanzines. He also went on to add that he thought it time we parted company.....because of Certain Words. I am saddened. I hate to lose a two-way contact with anybody. I am saddened again because this negative aspect in our contact has proven to outweigh the positive aspects. Goodbye Archie. I can only echo the sentiments expressed at the end of your LoC:- "I continue to like the lot of you as people.....So we can at least part friends, I hope. Pamela will approve." Speaking of whom.....

PAM BOAL 4 Westfield Way; Charlton Heights; Wantage; Oxon.

As parents you will no doubt bring your children up to understand that intercourse between loving adults is a natural and beautiful thing. Do you think pornographic pictures present it in that light? What of the sexual practises that deviate from the norm? To be tolerant of people who practise those deviations is one thing, to give a child books and pictures that describe those deviations, not in factual, but in gloating detail is another. A child at puberty is very vulnerable and also curious. There are those who would pander to the curiosity without giving a damn about the hurt. Do you not, as a parent, feel your child should be protected from people who would make money out of hurting children? Where do you begin your censorship? For instance a child brought up in a sensible manner would not be hurt or even interested by pictures of strippers outside a club, but what are they to make of the remarks made by passing men, or the expressions on their faces?

.....AND WHEN DID I STOP BEATING MY WIFE?

Hmmm.....as a parent I will try to bring our children up to understand that intercourse is a natural thing, whether between loving adults or curious adolescents.....but that, as you say, it is a beautiful thing when there is some depth of feeling between the partners. One can explain the physical aspects of sex easily enough to a child, but how do explain the non-mechanical, sexual aspects to someone who can't relate on this level until after adolescence has been reached, at which point no explanations are necessary.

Hell, pornography turns me on. When I'm walking down the street and I see lots of lovely, fit young nubblies (nubile females) the prospect of getting inside their knickers invariably occurs and is mentally pleasurable to me. Surely this is natural when viewing members of the opposite sex who are dressed to attract just such attention? But I do have a full and loving relationship, so I can look at all this cheap plonk knowing that I've got a cellar-ful of the best vintage.

But, I was not in love with Cas the first time she ~~seduced~~ ~~the hell out of~~ seduced me. I was a psyched-up, terrified, twenty-four year old virgin and suddenly I said "The hell with it!" and it was natural and it was right, but it wasn't beautiful, and it wasn't love. That took all of three weeks, by which time I couldn't bear the thought of not spending all my time with her.

So, just as sex is enhanced by love, I feel the very act of sharing a sexual experience with someone, a relaxing of tensions and barriers between two people can predispose those people to a more permanent and satisfying relationship.

So, I can't bring Deborah up to feel that love is an essential prerequisite of sex. I know it isn't, and it worked for me. All I can do is try and make sure that she has the knowledge of and access to the pill in order to avoid complications and trust that she can handle the thing on an emotional level.

MIKE MEARA Address as page 7.

It's 9.39pm and a lovely young thing with a 22" waist and pert knockers has just walked past outside. This barley wine always makes me randy. Damn! Finished my second. I'll just nip down and get another. (Pause for 90 seconds. Whistle favourite tune; have a piss; have a quick screw if you really think you can manage it; dig 1 sq. ft. of garden; type sercon letters to CYPHER, OUTWORLDS, and THE ALIEN CRITIC; scream at the kids.....30 seconds each, be fair now; contemplate possible courses of civilisation during next 200 years; just sit there and go to sleep. Answer any one out of eight.)

Quoth a certain young fan from Ontario,
"If you're male then you'd better be wary-oh.
I've this thing about snakes;
They've sure got what it takes,
For a bloke who's a bit of a fairy-oh."

Homosexuality and bestiality, both in the same limerick. Tut, Mike, if you'd known of my passion for limericks you'd know I couldn't resist a challenge like that. Now it's your turn. What rhymes with Stockport? HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

WELL, I DIDN'T TITLE IT, DID I?

Besides, I thought it was a pretty good limerick. However Mike, I wish I could have seen the look on that young girl's face when you dashed out with your tape measure.

BRUCE D. ARTHURS Address as page 28.

Count yourself lucky that you don't get too many fanzines in your mailbox. On some days I get so many that it takes me until the next days mail to read them. On the day INFERNO arrived, not only Mike's KFN accompanied it, but also MALFUNCTION and GOBLIN'S GROTTO, which must be a record for the number of English zines to arrive in one day. Plus some American zines also. My letter-hacking has gone to zilch lately. This 'Fiawol' stuff isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Actually, I shouldn't even be typing this letter right now. I should be getting ready to go to Bubonicon in Albuquerque this weekend. Unfortunately I'm not going to Albuquerque, and I'm pretty displeased about the circumstances behind that. See, last year the Pheonix area held its first con, Leprecon, and the Albuquerque people sent quite a sizeable delegation to attend our con - thru a goddamn blizzard no less.

Now, the Albuquerque people are holding their annual con, and how many people from Pheonix are willing to make the trip - in good weather yet? The only one to express serious interest is me, and faint mumblings from two other people, who've since dropped out of going. Unfortunately, with no one to split costs with, I can't afford to go, either. (Even with splitting costs, my budget would be strained.) So I am not happy this day.

Why, you may ask, do none of the Pheonix people want to go to Albuquerque? Because, say they, they are saving themselves for the following weekend, when the NASFIC will be held in Los Angeles. Frankly, from all the indications I've seen, NASFIC will be the biggest disaster of a con since the 1971 Presicon (when about a thousand people were planned for and less than a hundred showed up). First of all, I don't approve of NASFIC because they started out with a platform of "Go to NASFIC instead of Aussiecon." Plus, I hear it's been planned incredibly poorly and that Chuck Crayne, the director, is about as poor a choice to head a convention as can be found.

So I'm not happy with the way Pheonix fandom is acting about this. To me, it seems that they're sucking up to California and shitting on New Mexico. Well, after all, since they're campaigning to get Pheonix Westercon in 1978, they have to go where most of the votes are, don't they? Maybe so, but I can tell you the name of one Arizonan who won't be voting for Pheonix.

WELL, I SUDDENLY REALISED.....

.....that more people would be more interested in what was in some of the LoCs I've been getting and filing than in

cryptic remarks about mythical fanzines. Hence what virtually boils down to a last-minute letter col.

JANET WILD PO Box 293; Hotel Inca; La Oroya; Peru.

This is what is known as a delayed reaction letter. I meant to write before I left England, but somehow it just didn't get done. Actually, in my current state of disorganisation you were lucky to get anything! I'm not going to repeat the mistake I made last year. I sent 12 postcards to England. I sweated blood over the damn things. Every one was different. Cost me over £2.00. So far I can't find a single person who'll admit to having received one. Our Post Office here have it down to a fine art: they sell us stamps.....we stick them on the letters and put them in the box.....they open the box, take them out, steam the stamps off, throw the letters in the bin, and sell us the stamps again the next time we come. The chances are you won't get this letter either, but I have written.

This weekend is a public holiday here. The 28th. is our Anniversary of Independence, the 100-and-something. There is a law that we have to fly the Peruvian flag from the house all weekend, even if we're not there. Fine of £5.00 if we don't. What fun! Hope you get this.....

HARRY BELL 9 Lincoln Street; Gateshead; Tyne & Wear; NE8 4EE.

I don't really regard the BOSCH as a "Look-I'm-still-here-and-these-six-pages-prove-it" zine. It's more of a letter substitute than a proper fanzine. Most of what goes in it consists of what the Bell household and other Gannets get up to (it may not be much, but it's all we've got) and I hope it's of interest to a few people round the world who want to know a little more about UK fans, in particular those UK fans most active in fanzine fandom at the moment.

Surely, when bouncing "up and down for a full hour" watching "knockers synchronously bobbing like demented jellies", a stiff frown would not be the problem.....

ALL I MEANT HARRY.....

.....was that there ought to have been more than six pages to do full justice to 'Gannetlife as seen through the eyes of one H. Bell Esq.' You are guilty of skimping your subject. Sorry about not being able to make it up to the 'Gannet Is 5' party. Still, we have argued with each other pretty recently, so I will just have to re-run that through my mind instead.



SAM LONG (surely it's not still) Box 4946; Patrick Air Force Base; Florida 32925; USA.

Hmmm, in the US, you can legally make wine in your home (up to a certain amount, of course) but brewing your own beer is still against the law. A pity, because the store-boughten brew in this country, besides being almost all lager, is awful weak and tastes like horsepiss. Canadian beer is both better and stronger than American stuff. Australian beer is good. One of the best lagers I've ever drunk, though, was Ethiopian.

One thing I notice about American cons that differentiates them rather sharply from British ones (apart from the greater importance of the bar and the better-ness of the beer) is that filk-singing is very common. Filksinging's rather rare at British con; I don't know why. Any suggestions?

14 SEPTEMBER 1975 (SKEL)

ITSOTM 45 - Eric L. Larsen: Address as page 7.

.....which proves that virtue does not go unrewarded.

.....but getting back to Sam, I am intrigued to hear that Beer brewing is illegal in the USA. Odd this. Is it a hangover (?) from the prohibition era perhaps? I doubt this

though as a similar situation prevailed here until relatively recent times. I'm sure though that in some of the FAPA zines I've been getting from Terry some people have been going on about making there own beer. In particular an SCA member (Chuck Hansen?). Or is it possible to get a license or some such procedure?

WAHF

Mae Strelkov; Jim Meadows III (ignore page 23 Jim); Dave Piper; Pauline Palmer; Sheryl Birkhead; Eric Bentcliffe; Doug Barbour; Gil Gaiem; Dave Rowe; Graham Poole; Gray Boak.

GIL

Laumer's 'Catastrophe Planet' (68) and 'Dinosaur Beach' (58). The latter of those is the one in which he out vogts old A. E. van himself.

15 SEPTEMBER 1975(CAS)

Well I've washed, ironed, polished, hoovered, made the beds and cleaned the windows but can I sit down and have a well-earned rest? Can I hell! I can't have a rest because a certain gentleman who shall remain (well I suppose I could get rid of him) nameless has been making threatening thingys at me again to do my bit, so here goes. First though, a word of explanation for what follows. Joan Sharpe and I do not look like sisters. Not to me, not to Joan, nor Paul and not to Roy. Which makes it all the more odd when everybody else asks "Is that your sister over there?"

It was my Brufday on the 7th September. I was 29, What I want to know is how the hell have I managed to live for that length of time and achieve not a thing. My friend Joan sent me a Brufday card with a poem on it.....

"You're sisters" I've heard them say,
You only have to see
How much I look like you
How much you look like me.
At first I used to explain
"We're just good friends" I'd say

But they didn't take much notice
And called us sisters anyway.
So I gave up trying to explain
And now I just don't bother
If they ask me if we're sisters,
I say "No, Cas is my Mother."

Happy Birthday Mummy.

Now only a real friend could get away with that. JUST YOU
WAIT 'TIL NEXT YEAR JOAN!!! BUDDY TYPE PAL.

You'll never guess what I got for my Brufday. A kiss from Eric Bentcliffe. Yep, he popped in to see us last Sunday, 7th September, which was **MY** BRUFDAY (now next year I want you all to remember when my Brufday is, 'cos none of you sent me a card this year. Naughty, naughty) for about an hour before he went off back to Holmes Chapel. Big Apologies from me Eric. I thought you were going back to your mother's so I humbly ajolopise for not inviting you to stay for tea. I felt all mean and nasty when Paul said you'd gone straight home.

Calling Sheryl Birkhead. Right Sheryl, are you sitting comfortably? Now I know this is most unlikely but whilst reading one of your letters it suddenly struck me (a thought that is, not the letter) that part of your address seemed familiar to me. Then I realised why. You see, my ex brother-in-law and his wife live at 19004 Canadian Court, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20760 and I was wondering if maybe you knew them or knew of them. As I said, it is most unlikely that you will know them, but you never can tell.

It is now 5 months since I stopped smoking and I've just managed to get back to the weight I was before I stopped. Disgusting, isn't it? Never mind, only another stone-and-a-bit to go before I get to what I want to be. Talking about weight, which I usually am, Andrew Stephenson, are you receiving me? You were nearly right about my weight gain on the night of the party. It was actually 3lbs so you were $\frac{1}{2}$ lb out. Mind you, over the next couple of days I managed to put on another 6lbs. Most disgruntling. I starve myself and lose 12lbs in ten days then eat for two days and one evening and put 9lbs back on. Will somebody tell me to shut up and stop harping on

about my weight problem.....Rest Of Fandom "Shut up Cas!"
Thank you people (thinks.....but what on earth am I going to
talk about now?)

I could astound everyone and go all inter, inteli, er,
that word what means clever. Don't be silly, Cas. If **you**
tried to write something clever you'd make a right fool of
yourself. The people will just have to love you for what you
are.

WHAT IS A CAS?

A Cas simply adores John Denver, David Essex, Jack Jones,
Paul Newman and Paul McCartney.

A Cas is often a bad tempered bitch who doesn't really
mean to shout at Paul and the children (but if they will drop
crumbs and things on her newly vacuumed carpet.....)

A Cas would love to get slim and stay slim.

A Cas is a silly sod who should never have started this
thing off because she hasn't the time or patience to think of
anything else to say so she's going to say "Goodbye."

18 SEPTEMBER 1975(SKEL)

A Cas is a cretin who forgets to mention to Sheryl that
the name of her ex-inlaws (outlaws?) is Meaburn.

A Cas is someone who says "Remember to thank Coral Clarke
on my behalf for sending me that recipe for Guinness Cake."

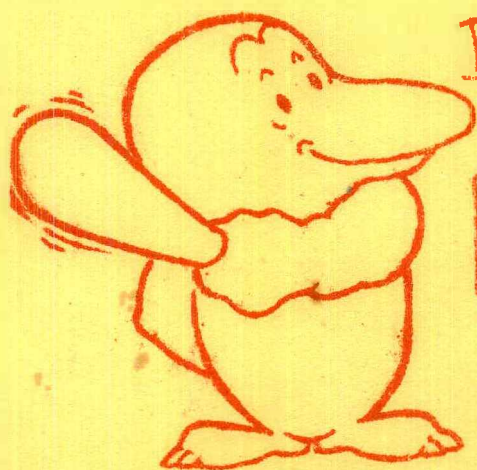
A Cas is someone who has more to say in my bit of the damn
zine than she did in her own. A Cas is sometimes a pain in the
keyboard.

FANZINE FANATIQUE 12 - Keith A. Walker: Address as page 8.

.....in which it is revealed that
Pete Weston used to pay 46p a ream for his A4 paper. Whilst
he admits that it has probably gone up a lot since he last pur-
chased some I wouldn't mind betting that it's still cheaper
than anyone else is getting it. A service to fandom this. If
you want the address write to Pete or Keith. Myself I'd just
like to say that this is goodbye for this issue and I will al-
low myself one quick chortle at having beaten the postal inc-
reases scheduled for the twenty-ninth of this month. CHORTLE

BAT'EM UP
FOR
BILL
BOWERS
FOR THE N.Y.
TAF PLACING





BAT'EM UP

FOR

BILL

BOWERS

FOR THE NO. 1
TAFF PLACING