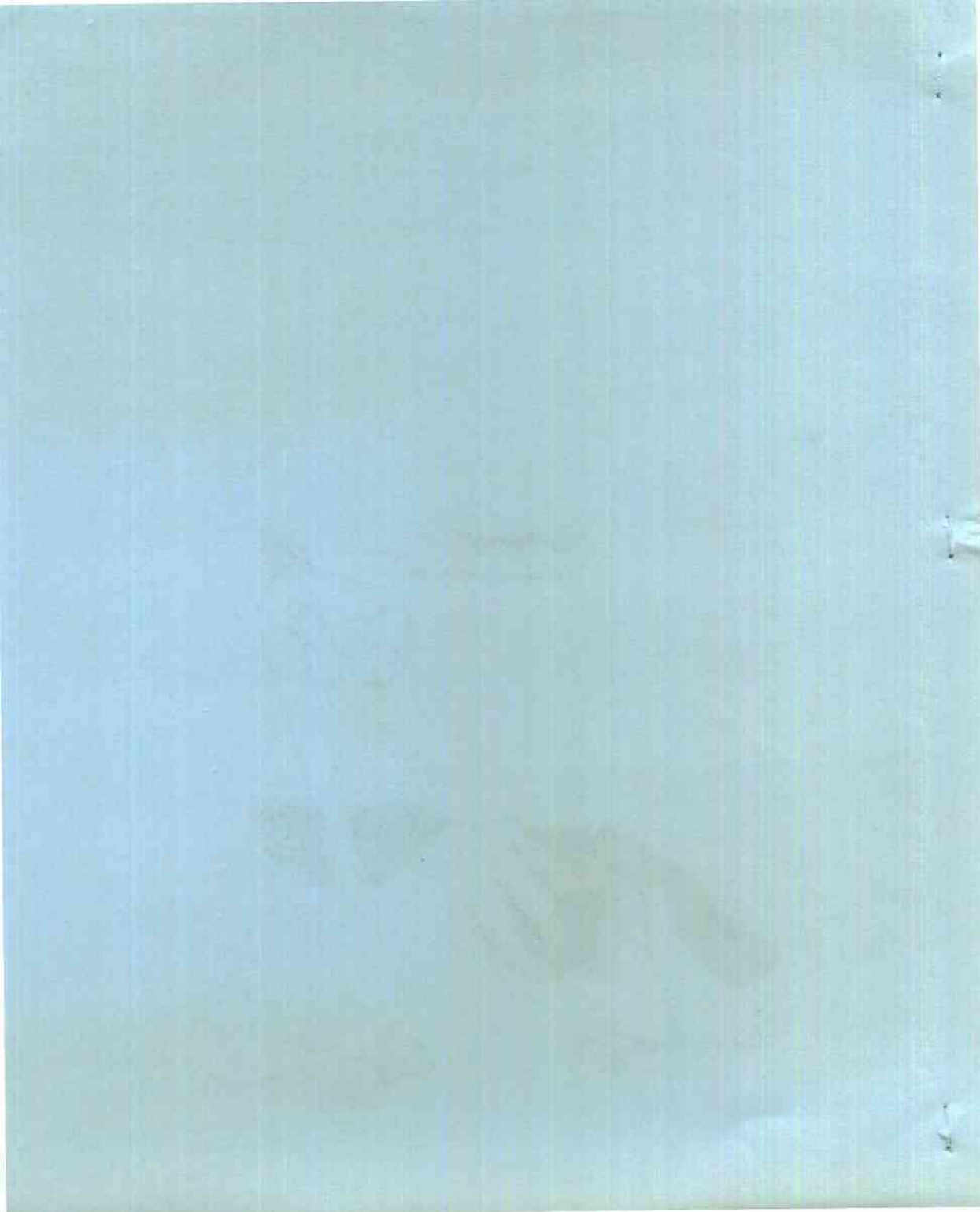


"Egg - Shinnegg!!!
I'll never catch on!"





"And where," you are no doubt asking yourself, "is the bloody colophon?" That comes later, when I get around to starting INFERNO 11. This bit is not INFERNO 11. This bit is an apology in respect of INFERNO 10. Take it away Pete.....

PETE ROBERTS 6 Westbourne Park Villas; London W.2.

Were you really being malicious or were you just suffering from a bad attack of thoughtless foot-in-mouth? In INFERNO 9 you answer an 'attack' on yourself thus:-

"Then we get the 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.....you could at least have checked before rushing into stencil with it, especially as you 'weren't sure'."

Your own words, Skel - but you have the hypocrisy to use the same 'big lie' technique to 'attack' me in INFERNO 10.

24 JANUARY 1976(SKEL)

In case any of you hadn't figured it all out independently you will now be aware that Skel can sometimes be a stupid tit. Pete is 100% correct and I was 101% wrong. Wrong to be so thoughtless anyway. Wrong to even consider such a mis-statement about someone like Pete for whom I do have much respect and even admiration. Wrong, and doubly so, to do it in such a "Do like I say and not like I do" manner.

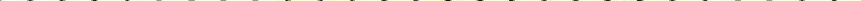
My intent was in no way malicious. The trouble with small friendly dogs is that their lack of judgement can be very embarrassing, especially to themselves. I can only, at this late stage, offer Pete my apologies.

Pete also said a lot more in his letter which perhaps I ought to have printed. However, the mistake is in the past and dwelling on it here would only have an adverse effect on the tone of INFERNO 11 which follows. So, I will close this section with just a couple of quotes from Pete's letter:-

"Where's the fannish fun in it all, Skel?" and, "Try put-

ting the 'friendly' back into the small dog..."

Sentiments with which I am full agreement. It is indeed fortunate that just this once I have been putting off starting on the next issue, for over a month. With the serious bit now firmly behind us let us get on with the frivolity. Aye, let us frivle. Lead on MacColophon.....



ISSN 0306-932X calling Fandom. ISSN 0306-932X calling
Fandom. Come in Fandom. It's no use sir, there's *choke*.....
there's no one there sir.

"Easy Lieutenant. Just keep trying son."

.....and so I keep this diary, more to keep myself sane enough to bear the awesome pressures of command, than in the feeble hope that there might still be someone out there who will someday read this document. It is many days now since we on the zine HMF INFERNO last had any contact with the outside world. Days of fading hope and disillusionment, of heartbreak and torment, of ignorance and fear, of ~~terrible~~ and ~~hardly~~ long nights spent in that agony of not-knowing. It is wi.....

"Cap'n, we have an object on radar in sector 7. Totally inert sir. The computer says it is non-hostile."

"Beam it aboard Ensign."

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

"What is it sir? A message torp?"

"Right! Open it Lieutenant. Here, give me that."

"What does it say, sir?"

"It says, 'HELP, I am marooned in the Canlit department of a Canadian University.' Bridge.....all ahead, warp factor four. We must save the poor woman, before she cracks under the strain."

AMOR 8 - Susan Wood: Department of English; University Of
British Columbia; Vancouver; B.C. V6T 1W5; Canada.

.....in wich Susan talks to her friends. Now I have not changed drastically since last I read a Susanzine. Susan has not changed likewise since last she wrote one, nor is AMOR 8 vastly different to AMOR 7. The difference lies in the fact that this issue came addressed to me and not second hand via Terry Jeeves. Suddenly you are talking to me, Susan. Now I am not listening in to someone else's conversation. The difference is entirely subjective, but no less real for all that. It is akin to the difference between talking to someone and to listening to them on tape. Vive la difference!

BUT OUR INTREPID HERO SUDDENLY DISCOVERS.....

.....that he is still stuck in the colophon. Is he doomed to spend the rest of his life here? (What a boring prospect). Is he aware that by simply saying the majik formula he will be transposed bodily into the zine proper? Let's see, hummmmmmm, yes, eye of newt, bags of bats blood, toe of frog (Small Bendy Frog?), yes, several of those. Now what does it say on this piece of parchment? This zine is dedicated to Skel and Cas of 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, who are the only people daft enough to publish it.

But, nothing hap.....

*S*H*K*A*B*L*O*O*I*E*

Obviously one of those 'wait-a-spells'.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS-- Saturday 17 January 1976.

'Alice Cooper to play part of Bunny Hooper, cocktail pianist, in forthcoming movie of Kurt Vonnegut's best-selling self-destruct novel 'Breakfast Of Champions'.

boggle-boggle-boggleboggleboggle.

I AM CURRENTLY GOING THROUGH.....

.....a struggle for a sense of identity. This can be caused by many factors, the newest recognised being the receipt of a letter from Bruce Gillespie that starts off "Dear Peter".

.....AND WHAT THE HELL.....

.....am I doing getting letters like these? One from Harvard College and one from The University Of Sydney, both graciously permitting me to send my fanzine to them for possible selection to their library's regular subscription section.

Harvard College and Sydney University can get stuffed, although I may send them a copy of this page. I suspect these letters have something to do with my ISSN-hood. It's tough at the top.

Also, letters like this.....

OFFICIAL SERVICE

From The Protectorate Offices (Northern Region)
Department Of Archives
83 Braemar road,
Manchester,
M14 6PQ.

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Maddox. Prot.G.E. 1975/22/659.

KEVIN HALL - A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT

Yes, the Walter Mitty of the MaD group is back. The temporo-spatial fabric is rent once more allowing yet another brief glimpse into one of the myriad ways.....one of THE MAYBE WORLDS OF KEVIN HALL. From the man who brought you 'The Doctrine Of Applied Mole Beating' and 'An Aard-vark For All Seasons' Infernal Productions Inc. now proudly presents their latest box-office smash.....Kevin Hall's (you figured out who's written this next bit yet, Bruce?):-

THE WAY AHEAD

(Extract from: 'The Journal Of Contemporary Studies', Vol. 13, number 3, May-June 1975.)

Of course, it is often asserted, and rightly so, that the early advent of industrial development in this country contributed much to the national space programme. Yet this assumption must be tempered by the understanding that mere industrial expertise would not have lifted our pilots off the face of the earth without other and more far reaching bases.

As everyone knows the first rockets were developed by Dr. Jean-Claude Berlaine in 1842. At that time a state of tension existed between the Kingdom of France and the Protectorate over control of the Pan Arabia Canal project. Not until 1856 did the first news of succesful test flights come across the channel. By that time development had reached the point at which the French were ready to test fire a device from their proving grounds near Orleans into the heart of their North African ter-

ritory. The success which that firing achieved is now well known and the fact that two English technologists were involved in the final stages gives us at least some reason to be proud. Further developments were slow and the next major step forward in British rocketry did not come until 1883, and even then can give us no real cause for pride.

The Antipodean War (1881-1884) will go down in the annals of history as being one of the greatest mistakes of all time. Even now we must ask why the then Protector, Isaac Pilkeston, was so adamant in his refusal to grant even some measure of home rule to the Australian Colonists; and then to escalate the attacks of a few psychopathic Australian terrorists, loose in Dover and Ryegate, into a full scale war - is unforgiveable. The primary use of small scale missiles was understandable in that they were by then standard equipment in the English navy. The war would normally have dragged on for several years. The factor which so neatly curtailed the war was undoubtedly the development of the Anglo-French ultra-long range missile. The potential for terror which this new weapon possessed was such that the war was concluded within four months from the date of the decimation of Brisbane. Yet another triumph for English colonial policy!

Exactly why the Gallic temperament precludes the possibility of their co-operating with the English for any real length of time escapes me. It may even be true that it was personal animosity between King Charles and the Protector which caused the downfall of the Anglo-French rocketry programme. Whatever the reason, neither of the two countries independantly proved capable of developing a rocket which could carry a human pilot above the planetary atmosphere, for eleven years. Certainly the two orbit long flight of Capitaine Marchand on November 18th 1897 caused the real start of the Anglo-French Space race. The English Space Programme got firmly under way on January 14th 1899 when the two English Pilots, Wing Commander Douglas Bahder and Lieutenant Martin Torve took the modified Black Knight III on its two day orbital flight. From that point developments came more rapidly although at no little expense. How can we ever forget the deaths not only of three fine young men but also of the Stonehenge Circle, when Crusader II blew up on take-off at the Salisbury base. The setback incurred in re-

moving the English launchsite from Salisbury to the American Colonies has often been blamed for the French being able to land the first man on the moon.

The full reason for the failure of the landing systems on Alain Foche's craft will probably never be known and the claim that his was the first landing on the moon must be tempered with the knowledge that he was certainly dead on landing. The point was academic for the soft landing, thirteen months later, of the craft 'France II' settled all arguments.

England's answer followed on July 12th 1914 when Crusader XI settled into the dust of the Mare Imbrium. In all there were twenty-one manned missions to the moon, shared almost equally between the two powers, before all operations had to be closed down. Rivalry in space turned into amity on earth when England and France joined forces against Brandenburg-Hess-Saxony in the so-called 'Crazy War' of 1929-1935. This is certainly neither the time nor the place for a discussion of the long-range bombing of London and Paris by Elector Rudolph's forces, though it was certainly the cement which finally bound the English and French together through the treaty of Colmar (1935). Even with the war successfully concluded a return to space was not possible for the new allies until a decade of depression had been lived through.....a worldwide depression. Finally man returned to the moon on the first day of August in 1946. Tranquility base was officially opened in 1952 after years of preparation and has been operational ever since. Over the last twenty-three years it has become the main tourist resort on the moon, quite a change from its somewhat humble origins, and has been joined on the moon by the two military bases now operated by F.S.E. and the Greenwich Mountains Far-side Observatory. With Anglo-French co-operation, developed into the Common European Space Programme in 1959, developments have come thick and fast in these last few years. Everyone knows of the major leaps we have taken in space research, it will be sufficient in this context to merely list them in chronological order:-

May 13th 1952Tranquility Base opened.

January 26th 1954 ...Warlord I, soft landing probe to Mars.

October 10th 1954 ...Charlemagne I, soft landing probe to Venus

(after which the entire programme for further Venus probes was of course scrapped).

July 23rd 1955Warlord II - Mars.

August 1st 1955Andromed (space station) started.

January 10th 1957 ...Warlord III - Mars probe.

May 1st 1959Andromeda Station opened.

January 10th 1960 ...Roncesvalles VII (first manned landing on Mars: Alain Lebert, Claude Dupuy, Micheal Beaman and Anthony Armstrong-Jones)

August 22nd 1962Salisbury (military)Moonbase opened under Four Nations Pact.

November 23rd 1963 ..Farside Observatory begun.

June 10th 1965Normandie (military)Moonbase opened under European States Pact.

February 26th 1966 ..Andromeda II started.

March 18th 1966Roncesvalles XIV. Work starts on Operation Warged and construction of Marsbase.

June 10th 1968Pascale-Dennison announce discovery of IDU.

August 14th 1968Andromeda II opened.

March 31st 1969Talleyrand Marsbase operational under ESP.

September 3rd 1969 ..Greenwich Mts. Farside Observatory opened under ESP.

January 1st 1972Test Programme 266 starts (first test flights of IDU).

January 1st 1975All installations under Anglo-French or ESP control handed over to Federated States of Europe.

The discovery of the Ion Drive Unit in 1968 came at what was virtually the end of the first stage of the unified Space Programme. Present technology had taken us about as far as we could expect to go. The new discovery earned its inventors the Newton Science Award for 1969 and has given us the key to the outer Solar System.

In my next article, to be published in the July-August issue, I shall dwell on the first manned probe to Titan which is the most promising of the satellites of Saturn. This probe is due to arrive around the beginning of November this year. I shall also be speculating on possible future developments.

.....Patrick Moore (Adapted from a Televideo script first broadcast by the B.T.V.C. copyright 1975.)

1 FEBRUARY 1976(SKEL)

Looks like being a good TV programme on tonight. Rula Lenska, daughter of a Polish Count plays a "Sci-Fi scouse", "a girl in the information bureau at a world science-fiction jamboree in London - only the bureau is really a space ship." I'm not so hot on that 'jamboree' back there, it sort of puts the whole con scene on a par with the Boy Scouts or something. However, it sounds interesting. Even more so later on in this same Daily Express TV preview where it says:-

"Stanley (Joe Melia) is an amateur science-fiction writer whose house in Wimbledon becomes the target of an inter-galactic plot. An advance force has landed and is threatening the entire race.....Stanley first realised his father-in-law was a carrot when the dog died."

It is called 'Amazing Stories'. It sounds like Philip K. Dick. "Rula isn't at all sure what it is about, but agrees that it's a great laugh." Yeah, right on, Philip K. Dick, right? Right!

WEOW FREAKY!!

The play was written by a bloke called Howard Schuman, whoever he is. Here is a sample line.....

"When did you first realise that your father-in-law was a carrot from outer-space?"

"Well, I think it was because of the bad effect he had on the dog."

"Oh, what effect was that?"

"It died."

It was fucking fantastic. We are trying to get it for the con, aren't we.

7 FEBRUARY 1975(SKEL)

Skel has 'volunteered' to do the Mancon 5 programme booklet and the final progress report. INFERNO is important to me but MANCON 5 is important to more people so this issue is just

going to have to play second fiddle. Cas says she will take it from here, but is fandom ready for such an eventuality?

BUT FIRST, A QUOTE.....

"The tutor chosen by Henry VII to take charge of his young sons was a Cambridge man.....He composed his own moral treatise for the instruction of his royal pupils, and historians of Henry VIII's reign have often quoted the passage in which Skelton admonishes the ideal prince to 'Cultivate sobriety and self-restraint. Avoid drunkenness. Eschew luxury. Shun the company of lewd women.'"

Dermot Morrah in 'To Be A King' (ISBN 09 084940 X)

Obviously a different branch of the family, now extinct, thank ghod! Still, I mustn't be too ashamed, every family has its black sheep.

WILD FENNEL 11 - P.W.Frames & Pauline Palmer: 2510 48th St.; Bellingham; Washington 98225; USA.

.....in which Pauline also prints a quote:-

"If a piece of toast drops from the table, the probability of its falling on the buttered side is directly proportional to the value of the carpet." - Joseph Rothschild: Issawi's Laws of Social Motion.

Joseph Rothschild is wrong, Pauline. Toast always drops buttered-side-down. This behaviour is governed by the same set of natural laws which cause the bathwater to run out anti-clockwise in the northern hemisphere and clockwise in the southern hemisphere. Presumably John Bangsund can attest to the fact that the toast always lands butter-upmost for our antipodean cousins. What, I wonder, happens at the Equator? Does the water refuse to run out of the bath, defying gravity? Does it just slosh to and fro until it evaporates, thus causing all the tropical humidity? Would a piece of toast, when dropped at the Equator, land on its edge? What effect might this have on the marmelade? Here is a completely untapped field of knowledge awaiting the eager scientist. I suspect this area of research will yield up the first practical anti-gravity device - a gyro-

By the way, this same set of natural laws also govern the way mimeo stencils fall *G*Y*U*K*K* down when they slip from one's fingers whilst being peeled from the drum.

"If he could only learn to commit himself he'd make a great 'yes-man'".

23 FEBRUARY 1975(SKEL)

We've just come back from boAKKon, or as we decided to so name it, The First World Faan Convention. Damn Yankees think every 'world' convention is theirs! Why shouldn't we start one? Anyway, both Cas and I agree that this is the best con we've ever attended. Several other people also echoed the same sentiments. Bob Shaw was the 'token pro'. Nor did it fill one with confidence when the hotel manager, when one went to register, had to drag out a map to find your room. All this soon faded from memory though. How could such a con fail to be memorable. This was after all the convention at which Mike Meara first formulated the bold, exciting new concept of the 'Neutron Turd'. This concept explains both the loud *CRASH* which Cas

brain out of reverse and write to me.

As you were well aware I'm sure you'll get heaps of lists of what some misguided buffoons rate as great comedy series, from Mike and Bernie Winters to.....my Christ, I'm lost for a worse alternative. But you obviously did miss out many excellent programmes, not all containing members of your closed shop. Hancock's Half-Hour is the first one that comes to mind, but much more recent shows would be The Likely Lads and The Last Of The Summer Wine (perhaps a bit too subtle for your crummy northern palates.). Milligan's 'Q's are important too from your point of view as the last series was the most amazing blend of The Goons and Monty Python since the first time any budding Sam Moskowitz ever searched for sources. It also had the variability of both shows.

From your list of ISIRTA members you left out Graham Chapman, Michael Palin and Eric Idle, the first two of whom had, as you know, recent one-off shows whereas Idle had a series and a good one at that. As Eric Idle and Michael Palin were part of the trio, completed by John Cleese, which made Python so excellent I'd have thought they deserved some mention even in a far from comprehensive and informal look at TV humour like yours.

Something you didn't touch upon was Beyond The Fringe which, like The Goons, Frost and Python, produced a number of very talented individuals who then went on to make their own way in showbiz. At least Peter Cook and Dudley Moore out of those merited comment as their show was yet another of the better ones around (and Frost was only a second-hand originator anyway).

You may well be right about British TV humour being smiles ahead of American (although I'm sure they both seek the same lower level). However, don't let that be a reason for knocking American humour as a whole (not that you did, but its an easy assumption to go on to). American Jewish Humour, whether TV, radio or (particularly) written is frequently superb. Perhaps the better American TV humour is considered too esoteric for our consumption. Apart from this, the Americans manage to produce the best humour magazine (poot to Punch and Private Eye) in National Lampoon, which is the closest to a monthly Monty

that was lost. If you have to use that paper, stick to the green ink since it has minimal showthrough. Otherwise, try brown paper bags, wrapping paper, the reverse side of christmas wrap, or anything that isn't as thin as 'The Collected Funny Writings Of Bill Bowers'.

I expect that if Britain wins the worldcon in 1979 the TAFF race will be switched to send a North American over there, possibly with an agreement to have two Europeans in a row come to the next two North American worldcons. I hope so, since I was planning on running for TAFF that year until I checked out the direction! TAFF winners, as you probably know by now, have been: Ken Bulmer; Bob Madle; Ron Bennett; Don Ford; Eric Bentcliffe; Ethel Lindsay; Ron Ellick; Wally Webber; Art Thompson; Terry Carr; Tom Schluck; Steve Stiles; Eddie Jones; Elliot Shorter; Mario Bosnyak; The Moffatts; and Pete Weston. (Willis went to America twice as a result of special funds similar to the recent Strelkov and Tucker Funds. I gather he felt his popularity would make a TAFF race too one-sided and declined to run for that reason. Another example of the fact that he was a gentleman as well as a truly gifted writer.)

I think your remarks on SPACE:1999 are the first to realize that the show was never intended to appeal to SF fans but to cash in on the decided popularity of fancy special effects and visuals. I agree with just about everything you say and am pleased to see such opinions in print. It's much like all the fans I know who criticized the movie version of 'The Exorcist': they were treating it on the wrong terms, applying critical standards to a popular work. This isn't to say that anything in the entertainment world should be immune from criticism based on acceptable standards, but surely a major part of any criticism has always been "How successful was the creator in doing what he set out to do?". For both 'The Exorcist' and 'Space 1999' the answer is V*E*R*Y, which renders the more interesting question, "Was it worth doing?", unfortunately academic.

I enjoyed your retrospect on the hard-core of British comedy innovation and was led to regret that several series you mentioned were unknown to me, although featuring various favourites of mine. I was raised on the Goons, of course, from

about age seven, and although I never had a telly while in England enough of the British shows came to Canada (yet another glorious advantage to not being an American, as the term is commonly used) and I went back to England on enough occasions to catch up with quite a few of them. But I've not seen either of the Barker shows or 'The Two Ronnies' or 'Fawlty Towers', all of which I regret. They did show six episodes of 'The Goodies' just recently and I enjoyed them very much, although the style of humour is quite different from the Python shows which have long been a favourite of mine. I'm surprised that you didn't think highly enough of the old 'Hancock's Half-hour' with Sid James, to include it, although I realise it isn't in the same category of humour as much of what you were writing about. But I'd rate it as similar in style to 'Steptoe & Son' and 'Till Death Do Us Part'.....and the team of Hancock and James was masterful, in my opinion.

29 FEBRUARY 1976 (SKEL)

OK yuse two! I purposefully left out 'Hancock's Half-Hour' because it was out of period. True, I confused this aspect of it by mentioning the Goons but this was only because most of what I was talking about (through my hat, as is pointed out in K1) seemed to stem from those beginnings. Of course, when one is taking the grand view, individual exceptions get swept aside. This was particularly unfortunate in respect of The Likely Lads which was a really funny show, as was the 'Peter Cook and Dudley Moore' series of 'Not Only But Also'.

I am moved to digress here a while. I note that comedy shows seem to come in three basic types:

(1) The sit-com. These range from brilliant (Fawlty Towers; Dick Van Dyke; Mary Tyler Moore; MASH; Hancock; etc.) through OK and so-so (Sykes; The Lovers; Please Sir; etc) on down to abysmal (Chico and The Man; Man about The House; Father Dear Father and for that matter just about anything on ITV)

(2) The personality show. Gags and sketches mixed with the old stand-up comic routine. 'Morcambe & Wise' or 'The Two Ronnies' come into this category, as do Flip Wilson and many others. Of the three formats, this is most 'middle-of-the-

road, and the most instantly forgettable as regards specific routines.

(3) Everything else. A bit of a hodge-podge category but one I am unable to define better. 'Review' shows belong in here, like 'Monty Python' and 'NOBA'. 'The Goodies' also belongs here, although ghu knows why. Anyone who has seen it will know why, or am I lumping them together because they are all excellent, judging a category by its quality rather than its characteristics? ~~MMMM~~, maybe I just blew it, at that.

Anyway, before I get the hell out of here there are just a couple of other (vaguely) related points I want to make. A long time has passed since I started typing these last couple of pages and since then Ronnie Barker's new sit-com (yes, I know it's a horrible bit of jargonese, but it is better than typing out 'situation comedy' every time.....live with it) 'Open All Hours' has started on BBC 2. Fucking Superb! ITV please note how it's done. Please!

Leroy, I don't know whether British TV comedy is better of itself, but the motives behind it definitely are. Take the tremendously successful 'Fawlty Towers' which was repeated very soon after its first airing and won for John Cleese the 'BBC TV Personality Award'. Six shows only, and as yet not even any plans for a further series. In the states the first series would have been followed up by another (of 23 episodes) as soon as it sold its first wheatypop.

And lastly, a plug. Not for a 'funny' either. A dramatic series. There has been quite a bit of fanzine chat lately about 'Upstairs-Downstairs'. Cas is a firm follower of this series (I can't abide it - but if ever I start watching an episode I can't go away until it's finished) but she agrees with me that it is not a patch on the new BBC series 'When The Boat Comes In' which is set on the Tyne during the depression (as have been innumerable recent series, which makes me wonder if all the TV writers lived there, then, during their impressionable years?) and which stars James Bolam in a straight dramatic part which at least equals his key, pivotal comedy role in 'The Likely Lads'. It has now become one of the reasons I own a TV (well, rent a TV anyway). If it ever comes to the States, which seems likely in view of other series which have, don't miss it!

ONE MAN'S JOKE DEPT.

Presdorf was here the other day. He and John Mottershead had come round to help me collate some copies of the fourth MAN-CON 5 PR (stupid printers were supposed to collate the damn thing) and whilst he was here he came out with an Irish joke which just curled me up. Irish jokes are in again (What has an IQ of 144? A gross of Irishmen) although I'm not sure if there is any relationship between this fact and the current resurgence of IRA activity.....and if there is any connection I'll never figure what it is. Anyway, Pete came out with this Irish joke which really curled me up, although incidentally leaving him almost totally unmoved, thus proving that one man's Hake is another man's poisson. The joke? Oh.....Have you heard the one about the Irish tadpole.....? Changed into a butterfly..... Well, sod you then!

"The perfect example of 'The Golden Age Of Fanzines' is the previous OMPA mailing.....every one is worse than the one before."

THIS FANZINE HAS BEEN ON A DIET

.....and has managed to slim back to its original 26 pages. This is because Cas still hasn't done anything. This is quite like old times, being back to the old OMPA length. Fear not, the next issue will probably be back to normal, post-Mancon blues will almost certainly see to that. Next issue too will feature a strip-cartoon courtesy of Pauline Palmer (back cover) and a front cover by Janet Wild. Yes folks, it's the special femme-lib issue of SFD, accept no ~~alldas~~ substitutes. Apart from that though, the mixture (ie Skel) will be as before (ie drunk). Let's drop another name.....

WALT WILLIS 'Strathclyde'; Warren Road; Donaghadee; Co. Down.

Look you pretentious bleeder, I haven't sent you a LoC so stop dropping my name or you'll be hearing from my fucking lawyers, you stupid English Twat!

20 MARCH 1976 (SKEL)

Damn! Shoulda known I'd never get away with faking a LoC from him. Before I move onto a real letter though let me just insert the stop-press news from the British Screen Awards ceremony held the other day. Best Light Entertainment show: The two Ronnies. Best Situation Comedy: Fawlty Towers. Best performer: Ronnie Barker in "Porridge". Of the four shows nominated in each of these three 'humour' categories, all were from BBC. As I was saying, ahem.....Famous faned, proven right yet again embarrassedly changes the subject. A letter, which may turn into a conversation later on.

ED CAGLE Star Rt So; Box 80; Locust Grove; OK 74352; USA.

Odd to learn there are other fans who are Citizen's Band radio operators in the US from a British fanzine. Anyway, to clear away a few of the confusing points in Glycer's squib:

"Smokey" or "Smokey Bear" is the highway patrol, taken from the hats the HP wears which resemble the chapeau worn by the forestry service PR emblem. The "heat", the "Fuzz", the "Man", the "White Line Gestapo", etc. Old Smokey.

GLICKSOHN: I suppose it's a step up from being "pigs". If you wanted to really insult a given class of people you could call them "wombats"; anyone who's ever seen a wombat would know an insult when they heard one.

D'AMMASSA: It's trucker's slang. The trucker has become a bit of a cause celebre over here lately, partly as the result of a pop song which glorifies the trucker and implies that it is moral and commendable for truckers to band together, disobey the law, kill policemen, and suchlike. Needless to say, I don't share the emotion.

ED CAGLE: A different version of cops that can cause a motorist problems are "Local Smokies". City cops, as the name implies. Yet another is a "County Mounty", or local county Sheriff's patrol cars.

B. WEBBER: Incidentally, the Mounties only wear those hats while in full dress uniform. Otherwise they wear standard

North American police caps.

J. OFFUTT: When the enrgy crisis began and our speed limit throughout the country was lowered to 55mph the most affected people were the truckers, those who move food and merchandise across the country. These men are on schedules and are paid according to how quickly they get from their starting point to their destination. Truckers have always had Citizen's Band radios in their trucks. They use them to talk to each other on the road; as I understand it they are a big help in breaking up long and boring trips. With the lowered speed limit the truckers began keeping each other informed as to whether or not the roads were patrolled or whether there were accidents, etc. in order to enable them to drive over the speed limit as long as there were no police cars in evidence. As with fandom, the truckers evolved their own jargon that they use while on their radios.

ED CAGLE: "Front Door" is the guy ahead of you, you are his "Back Door". The guy behind you is your Back Door, and if you are between two you are "in the rockin' chair". Supposedly this puts you in a position of immunity from being ticketed for speeding due to the protection of warning from both ends before you are caught, but I know from experience that if you run afoul of a Smokey "taking pictures" (radar speed pace) he'll ticket the whole lot of you. Most Smokies, at least in this area, carry a CB radio in addition to their Class A equipment, and can monitor everyone.

"Pink Dragon" is a 'handle', a call-name, used either for convenience or because the operator doesn't have a license. 'Handles', if they indicate the personality, indicate some damned strange people in this area. A few examples are: "Hot Lips, Hot Pants, Sweet Thing, Hot Stuff, Goat Roper, Goat Raper, Hickory Nuts", and so on. I'm "Blue Jacket", or FYY 7415.

J.OFFUTT: My dentist has a CB in his car and his handle is "Tooth Fairy". A psychologist friend of mine is the "Nut Cracker". CB radios in cars is probably our country's latest status symbol. Certainly the newest fad.

My thanks to all who shed some light upon my darkness in regard to the truckers slang.

BOB WEBBER 204-20 Graydon Hall Drive; Don Mills; Ontario
M3A 2Z9; Canada.

Again however, I must disagree with what seems to be your overreaction to criticism of Heinlein. Now, understand, I do not feel that "...he can do no right." I enjoy much of what he wrote, and writes. But don't you think it possible that PoM was one of his failures? Judging just by PoM and 'Rite of Passage', assuming that those two were all I had seen of both Heinlein's and Panshin's work, I would say that Panshin was a much better writer than Heinlein.

[illegible]

"Well, the proof of the pudding is in the seventies."

[illegible]

YOU ARE HERE

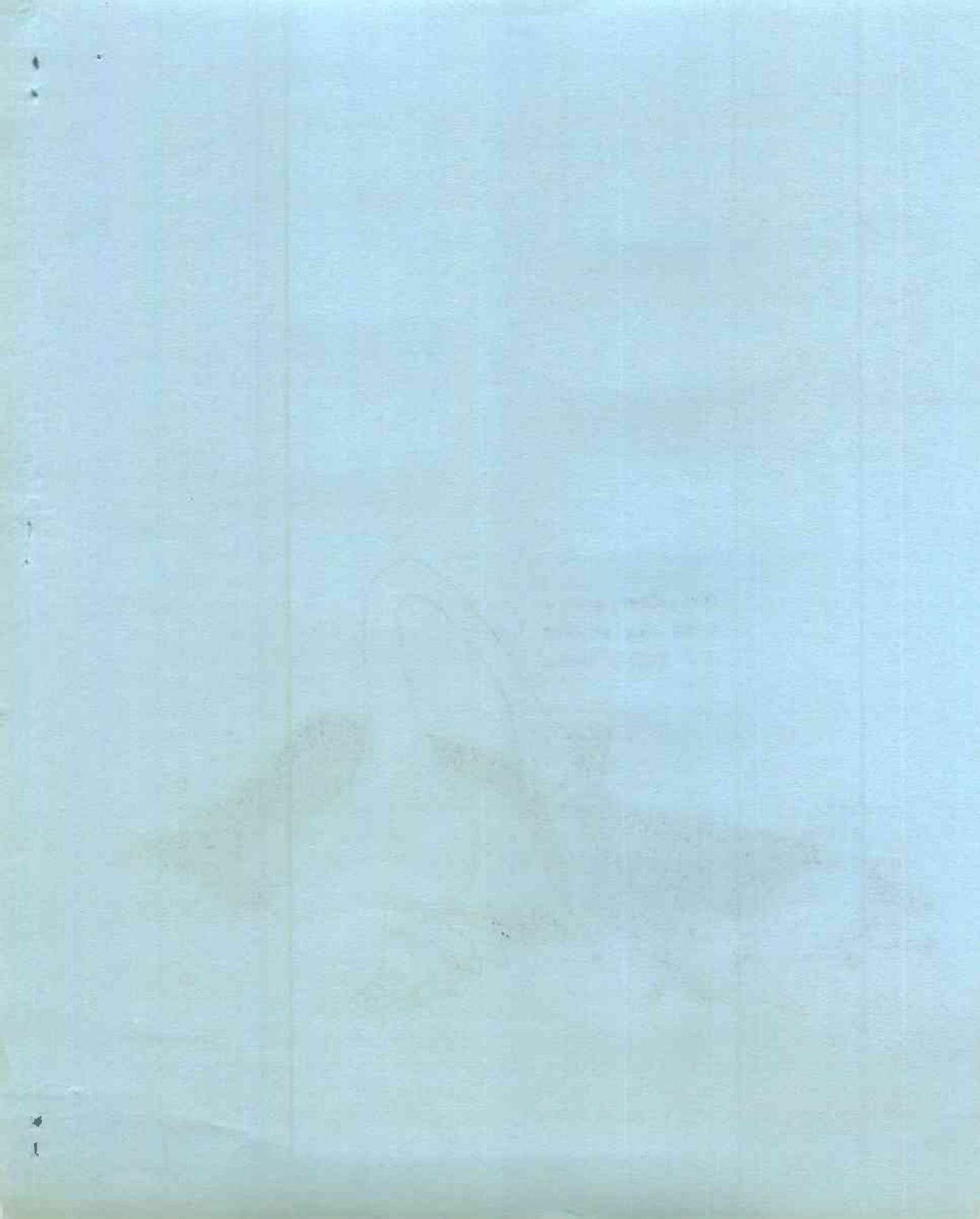
Yet again the print run climbs ever upwards. Now we have reached the dizzy heights of *ghasp* 110 copies. I'm afraid that'll have to remain the ceiling for a while, especially as I'm expecting INFERNO 12 to be somewhat larger. Let's see who is with us this time.....

Alyson Abramowitz; Bruce D. Arthurs; M. Bailey; Frank Balazs; John Bangsund; Doug Barbour; Rich Bartucci; S. Beatty; Harry & Irene Bell; Carl Bennett; Eric Bentcliffe; S. Birkhead; Gray Boak; Pamela Boal; Bill Bowers; Donn Brazier; W. Breiding; Ned Brooks; John Brosnan; Ken Bulmer; Linda Bushyager; Ed Cagle; Larry Carmody; Charnox; Sue & Ron Clarke; Dave Cockfield; Eli Cohen; Ed Connor; C.R.O.; Don D'Ammassa; Bill Danner; Frank Denton; Steven Dorneman; Dunlops; Martin Easterbrook; Kevin Easthope; Gary Farber; Bryn Fortey; Jackie Franke; Gil Gaier; Bruce Gillespie; Mike Glicksohn; Mike Glycer; Dave Gorman; Kevin Hall; Fred Haskell; Patrick Hayden; Jackie Hilles; G. Hubbard; Terry Hughes; Ben Indick; Rob Jackson; Terry Jeeves; Dave Jenrette; Jerry Kaufman; Leroy Kettle; Eric Larsen; D. Lien; Sam & Mary Long; Frank Lunney; Lutrells; Loren MacGregor; Barry Kent MacKay; Richard McMahon; Don Markstein; Wayne Martin; Ian Maule; Jeff May; Jim Meadows III; Mearae; J. Nicholas; Will Norris; Jodie Offut; Pauline Palmer; Pardoes; Brian Parker; Dick Patten; Bruce Pelz; Greg Pickersgill; Dave Piper; Graham Poole; Pete Presford; Denis Quane; Peter Roberts; B. Robinson; Dave Rowe; J. A. Salmonsens; Sharpes; Rick Sneary; Andrew Stephenson; P. Stephensen-Payne; Stewarts; Mae Strelkov; Roy Tackett; Don Thompson; Bruce Townley; Bob Tucker; Victoria Vayne; Roger Waddington; Keith Walker; Bob Webber; E. Weinstein; Janet Wild; Janice Wiles; Ian Williams; Walt Willis; S. Wood.

.....and see how liverish I'm getting. Nine with one blow, unless I hear something from you.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO KIDS THESE DAYS

But I do, I do! I blame it on their schooling. just the other day I caught one of the BBC's 'schools' programmes. All they teach kids nowadays is how to mate with damsel flies. No wonder the country's in a mess. See you at Mancon. 31/3/1976.



"It's either a very
small egg or else
it's *SNEL*'s brain."

