

I N F E R N O : 13

the quarterly publication of the infrequent and irregular publishers society. This is the book of the film. Accept no substitutes. Especially do not accept the book of the film of the book, written by david Gerold and titled 'The Trouble With Small Friendly Dogs'. As Charlton Heston put it in his epic portrayal of a nympho/transvestite taxidermist in '55 Small Friendly Dogs In Peking':-

"The bleeding slanted-eyed Chinese chink-type wops are coming. Get the hell off of the front cover already!"

And they said
Hollywood was dead.

[illegible]

- Terry Carr, speaking of Damon Knight in LIGHTHOUSE 12, Feb 65

[illegible]

.....in which you review KNIGHTS 13 & 14 Bill. You point out goofs that he's made but stress that you aren't putting him down because you've made similar goofs yourself in the past. This is immaterial. Haven't we all. I too have published, recently, a couple of badly printed issues. I did this whilst actively following my publishing aim: to communicate.....to communicate with as many people as possible. So I experimented with both cheapo ink and cheapo paper in an attempt to increase my print run, in an attempt to do what I am setting out to do. Mike's failings with KNIGHTS are of a different kind. He has gone on record as saying that he is publishing with different aims. He wants to win a Hugo. He wants to be the best. Communication with him is secondary. It does not matter the level of communication, only that he be popular with the most people. I'm not knocking it. Why the hell should he have to have the same motivations and aims as me? No reason, but you must judge him on how well he does

that which he sets out to achieve. Mike Bracken is on record as setting out to publish a hugo-winning quality fanzine. He fails, because of his shoddy repro, uninspired layout and sub-(hugo)standard editorial ability. Had either you or I published it then it would have been adequate, but it wasn't what it was supposed to be, and therefore it is a failure.

Also, Bill Breiding (Fan Editor) is not the same thing as Bill Breiding (Person). They may be similar in many ways but there must be divergent natures, different aims. In no less a way Bill Breiding (Fanzine Reviewer) is different and distinct from Bill Breiding (Fan Editor). Just because the latter is less than perfect doesn't mean that the former must lower his standards. Never do that. Make all the allowances you like, for specific cases, but don't measure everyone by your own possibly inferior attempts in any particular discipline. If I judged fanzines by SFD then there would be an awful lot of ace fnz in the world, but because I can't publish a Hugo-winning fanzine doesn't mean that everything better is automatically hugo-worthy. Stick to your guns Bill, because your reviews indicate that you could become a real asset to the fnz review scene.

This issue by the way (SFPR 7) was well worth the litho production technique. Typos were almost entirely absent and miss-spellings were much rarer than usual. Presentation and layout were adequate without being adventurous. With this issue you achieved your aims (for this issue). The artwork was well reproduced and the presentation of the written material was sufficiently well executed not to detract from it.

8 AUGUST 1976(SKEL)

Each issue of this fnz is allocated 13 weeks of my life. Five of this quarter's are now gone and here I am still vainly seeking the bottom of page four. Yes folks, it looks like this issue could be small enough even for Bryn Fortey. Not, I hasten to add, that this was a definite presence of an editorial policy, rather it was a definite absence of editorial boozy substances. I was hard up, I couldn't afford any booze (bhoy, is that ever hard up) and couldn't face the thought of all that

draggy two-fingered exercise without the soothing balm of man's second-best friend. Eventually of course I could shirk my duty to fandom no longer and at great personal cost and sacrifice I purchased a bottle of Tormore single malt whisky to grease the typewriter keys somewhat. Unfortunately I miscalculated and along came the Olympic Games. They hung around a fortnight and after they'd gone so had my fannish lubricant. I was stricken! I felt like a cross between the lad who took a cow to market and came back with but a bean.....and the foolish servant who wasted his talents. Here I was, having planted a whole bottle of scotch and nothing grown to show for it. What a waste! Depressed I decided to end it all. I planned to drown myself in Double Diamond but I couldn't even do that properly. Every time I lifted the glass to my lips I struggled and managed to swallow it instead of breathing it in. How tenacious is our hold on even the sorriest of life. Around about the second pint my resolve started to weaken and I decided to commit my shame to stencil instead. There's a lesson here for any young neo willing or able to learn it. It is possible for life to be so miserable that even Double Diamond becomes a reason for living. Now go and write a LoC in case the same thing ever happens to you.

Whilst going through this dry patch I carefully made a note of any brilliant and incisive thoughts which occurred to me. When I got back to typing again the contents of SFD would be concentrated brilliance. I committed all these gems to paper and immediately dismissed them from my memory. I regularly added to this paper until I had over a dozen points with which to titillate you this issue. I did one other thing with this piece of paper. I lost it. Sorry Bryn, but I'm afraid you'll have to do with just tedious old day-to-day me again.

DENNIS LIEN 2408 S. Dupont Avenue; Apartment 1; Minneapolis;
Minnesota 55405; United States Of America.

(Well, if you can be formal Denny, then so can I)

Speaking of walri.....one of my co-workers last month brought in a walrus's penal bone which she in turn had recieved from a co-worker who brought it back from Alaska. I

don't know whether the collector thereof had slain the walrus to obtain it or what, but it was the general consensus that none of us wanted to be either a male or female walrus as the blasted thing looked either extremely heavy or rather painful, depending (~~well, while depending it mostly looked just heavy and heavy~~).

Mike Glicksohn's complaint (?) that he had recieved only 23 fanzines during May '75 sent me checking my Mail Received Record (doesn't every neurotic keep one of these?) only to discover that I had lost the relevant page and hence had never lived through May '75 and was so a month younger than I had assumed. I did find that I had recieved 16 fanzines during May '76 and am thus roughly 2/3s as fannish now as Mike was a year ago, which is a conclusion which gives me no comfort.

The male method of birth control that is "equally convenient"(as the pill) exists and is called vasectomy. Spread the word (not the genes.....).

I don't recall being in the presence of both Mike Glicksohn and John Bangsund, but I doubt that the presence of the latter would have affected the ability of the former to utter a coherent sentence, as the factor of scotch supply seemed to be the main and only variable in this respect. Don't get me wrong, I love Mike Glicksohn like a brother; on the other hand I wouldn't trust him with my sister (or, come to that, with his sister either). Coherency is of course an overrated virtue which those who speak mostly in mathematical symbols can afford to dispense with in favour of charisma ~~of an absolute value~~.

CB radio slang is revolting(the thought of talking to people while you are not drinking - which if you are wise you are not whilst driving - is revolting to me anyway). On the other hand I don't get your 'Skippy' jokes though from context I assume it is an Aussie TV show with a kangaroo hero, like our 'Columbo' with a pouch in front. Is this cost-effective?

DEPARTMENT OF OBSCURE DISEASES

Of course it's cost effective. It means he only has one

pocket to grope around in for that which he has (oh so lovably) misplaced. This means the show can be gotten through in just half the time, leaving that much more opportunity to insert sponsor's messages in the same time slot.

What I did like though was the new medical term you coined, Glicksohn's Complaint, which shall henceforth be applied to anyone who sprains their fingers through excessive LoCing (Well, presumably it was the LoCing, after all he has now got a tortoise).

Actually I have formed a theory as to why you don't pub your ish more often Mike. It is because you are more editorially present than the editors in so many zines you needn't bother. You loom large. To paraphrase (that's paraphrasing when one's fingers are too cold to hit the right keys) an early episode of 'Softly Softly', "He's a great loomer, is M. Glicksohn Esq.". OK, but you're not taking over this fanzine! I will omit your LoC entirely (but.....then it wouldn't be a 'proper' fanzine, would it?). What to do, whattodo? OK, ok, I will run your LoC, but I will cut it unmercifully. Learn your place, Glicksohn:-

MIKE GLICKSOHN You must know this damn address by now.

The regular continued appearance of BOOWATT is a testament to the resiliency (and depravity) of the fannish mind. I've yet to see Garth get anything like egoboo in any of the fanzines that have reviewed his publications yet he must get something out of doing it. One wonders what. If I published a fanzine I thought was good and everyone else panned it, I somehow doubt I'd maintain any interest in sending it out to those people (Oh, I'd still produce it.....remember I said I thought it was good.....but I wouldn't want to read a dozen killer reviews of every issue). Maybe Garth is a masochist, or an RCMP investigator preparing a dossier on fandom and a list of Fans To Be Dealt With By The Men With Big Sticks.

My reaction to Brian Parker's failure to register for the con would have to be predicated on whether or not he attended the con itself as a function, or just partied with his friends

at their expense. If the latter, then failing to pay is not a serious breach of etiquette. If the former, it is, but not one that would justify a boycott of the severity you suggest, at least not without some additional evidence to justify it. As often happens, we've recently had a heavy debate locally about the ethics of such things. I'm willing to hear their side and figure they can take their chances without my having to cut off all contact with them, although I've been on a couple of con-coms and certainly don't condone such things. Fans who make a habit of it will soon become known and con-coms will be on the lookout for them and won't let them get away with it. Let's hear Brian's side before banishing him to the appropriate circle of hell reserved for Total Moral Degenerates.

HHHHHHH-MMMMMMM

Since that review of BOOWATT I've recieved another issue which was somewhat better. However, I still view BOOWATT as an aching potentiality, hanging around on the precipice of actually making it. I am prepared to trade for BOOWATT now because I want to be around when he finally has the guts to throw himself over that precipice. He's all the time almost there. That's why the 'ache'. It's so close it hurts. Garth, like me, sees no point in sending his fanzine to people who do not appreciate it. I agree. This is a total waste of time. But, whilst I don't appreciate it for what it is Garth, I do appreciate it for what I feel it could be. I don't want to miss even one issue of the BOOWATT to come. OK? We still trade? Garth, I have the determined patience of the truly constipated. But hurry it up, because every issue you take getting there is an issue forever lost.

About the rest of your letter Mike though, Jhim Linwood also has something to say.....

JHIM LINWOOD 125 Twickenham Road; Isleworth; Middlesex.

I was rather puzzled by your expose of Brian Parker - OK, so he's a freeloader, may his soul rot in hell - but should ripping-off fellow fen be considered more despicable than ripping-off mundanes? We all chuckle when we hear of fan-eds

nicking stencils and paper from work but apply double standards when it's us who are being cheated.

AH, WELL, YES, ER.....

Firstly, I was exceedingly offgeppised when I typed up that bit last issue. It certainly is not my intention to raise up a crusade against Brian Parker. It is not a case of "Love me, hate my enemies" or anything like that. Each person must take him as they find him. Perhaps I reacted so strongly because I was on the committee in question.....and it was a unique con (shut up Pickersgill). We did not have some of the normal expenses of concons, but we did have others. For instance we had paid 200 quid to Silverberg (as well of course as picking up his convention tab) and we were sitting waiting for a bill from OP the like of which we hoped we could cover without dipping into our personal pockets. That's why I probably over-reacted to someone ripping us off.

As regards the 'double-standard' that you talk about Jhim, I agree that it exists, and I'm not sure that it is a bad thing even though I suppose it requires a certain degree of hypocrisy for it to remain. We are all in life willy-nilly, but we are all in fandom by choice. Here we seek out our companions rather than having them thrust upon us. If we can't deal fairly with each other, within the 'brotherhood' of fandom, then how can we expect better of the great world outside. In fandom we are part of a 'brotherhood' and thus we expect the same strictures placed upon us, ourselves.....by moral choice, that other brotherhoods evince. Just as we expect thieves not to rat upon each other (there may not be honour among thieves, but we expect to find it, else how did the expression originate), Freemasons to cling together, just so do we expect our freely chosen peer-group to maintain such a loyalty towards each other. We don't expect better of non-fans, or of fans in their relationships with non-fans, but we do expect more of fans in their relationships with each other. Perhaps it's just the simple credo of not fouling ones own nest, built up into a consistent system of ethics, I dunno. However, we have now gone on far longer than the subject warranted. Each to his own. It's not a big deal, but it's my deal, OK?

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD 30c PROSTITUTE

Which title means nothing other than that the beer is beginning to get to me. Before I become totally incoherent I'd just like to thank Ned Brooks for sending me a copy of the Mae Strelkov TRIP REPORT. I wasn't enough into international fandom to participate in the Strelkov Fund and wouldn't have got to see a copy of this without your good graces. Many thanks. I would however like to highlight one puzzling quote from Mae's journal:-

"An interesting visitor to the Towers in late October was Mrs. Beulah Mae Strelkov from Cordoba, Argentina, who is the niece and namesake of Mrs E. G. Mackay."

I have nothing but admiration for the person who wrote that bit for the December 1974 TOWERS TALK from which Mae was in turn quoting. Anyone who can get 'Beulah' or 'Mae' or even 'Strelkov' from either 'E' or 'G' or 'Mackay' is obviously privy to wisdom of gods more ancient than mine.

PHOSPHENE 4 - Gil Gaier: 1016 Beech Ave; Torrance; CA 90501.

.....In which Gil reveals that the 'usual' for which fnz are usually available is in fact a snip of pubic hair. In case anyone is shocked by this I think I ought to explain the logic behind the system.

Neos can easily be swamped by fandom when first they encounter it. Obviously they must be eased into fandom. If the neo suddenly found himself getting all the zines available he would not know which way to turn. He would be unable to LoC them all and wouldn't have developed the faanish discernment required to select the best for him. Some method must be available to ensure that the neo only recieves as many fnz as he

can handle. Unfortunately even the youngest of neos can be heir to an enormous fortune, and thus able to subscribe his way to BNF-hood. However.....neos (Gil Gaier excepted) tend to be young and lacking in.....you guessed it.....pubic hair. Thus a new medium of exchange is born. We in fandom have moved off the gold standard, onto the pubic standard. The typical immature neo is restricted to about four or five fnz until he ages somewhat, becomes hairier (and simultaneously and unconnectedly more experienced) and can handle the extra fanzine involvement to which his bushier pubic pelt entitles him. Don't knock it if it works.

Editors of personalzines are sometimes called 'elitist' because their publications are not always accessible to the average neo. Therefore, to positively offset this I intend to offer certain advice to neos which will be of use only to them and which will enable them to get into fandom that much less steadily. I will tell you how to forge these snippets of pubic hair.

Firstly, one must have a haircut. Judging from fans nowadays this event occurs less regularly than the Preston Guild so the clippings should be carefully hoarded for maximum fnz investment. The clippings should be between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 inches in length (unless your name happens to be either Rip Van Winkle or Rapunzel). Take about thirty hairs, thoroughly soak them in water and wrap them tightly around a knitting needle until dry. They will then be both short and curly. Care must be taken not to exceed 40 hairs lest one appear to be claiming a pubic bush of a density equivalent to a mink stole. Especial care must be taken not to make this mistake when sending off to femme-faned in case they rush round and dismember you before draping your thighs around their slender knecks. Whatever your sexual proclivities I assure you this is not even vaguely stimulating nor erotic when you have first been dismembered.

So, you now have the basic raw material. Now you have to instil in it the essential 'pubicness' without which it will fool nobody. For this you will need an empty teabag. Be most careful when emptying this because pubic hair which is 50% tea

Selig come to terms with his 'death'. At the beginning of the book he thought he might be able to do it, and at the end of the book he had done it, but nowhere did he actually do it, unless like I said, it was done so easily that it carried all the emotional impact of coming to terms with a slight toothache and one that isn't worth taking paracetamol for either. It was like sitting down to a steak dinner and finding out that one has only got the gravy. What ought to have been the meat of the novel wasn't there. Superb gravy Bob.....but where the fucking hell was the meat? After this I did go on to re-read:-

THE FOURTH R: After Silverberg's novel it was noticeably lacking in many respects. Characters and motivations were never really credible. However, It took some time to notice this because whilst the characters were busy not developing something was happening within the novel itself. A story! The characters did not just enter page one, disport themselves and their psyches for the reader, screw everything in sight, fart a bit and exit page 178. No, this is 'Old Wave' SF. They do things. It may be less 'significant' than 'Dying Inside' and inferior literature, but I know which book I've already read twice and which novel I'm unlikely to read again. Colour me 'shallow'. Then, this morning, I read Vance's:-

THE BLUE WORLD:and it's not bloody fair. Why, oh why do SF authors insist on creating such wonderful worlds with such rich and varied cultures and then destroy them during the course of the novel leaving us with the actuality or the promise of a copy of Earth's culture AS WE KNOW IT NOW. I cry for the Hoodwinks of this novel who are destined never to flash their messages from tower to tower across the floats of an unnamed world, because the hero has discovered electricity, science, technology and the 'truths' of his and his society's origins. I cry for an old order which must go under by the time any sequel could be written. It's the message towers that do it to me every time. I had exactly the same feeling for Keith Roberts' 'The Signaller' from 'Pavanne'. It doesn't matter whether the towers flash or whether they flap. It's a wonderful, rich society that's created and then thrown away, for the sake of expediency. The plot's the thing, but should it be? However, that is more deep, significant, sercon SF criticism than one could expect to find in SFD in a

producing MAYA? To the £80 I spend on print, add £30 postage, and ancillaries to £10 per issue (a conservative guess); times three issues per year, comes to £360 p.a.

That's more than just beer money, Paul. I can't spend that much money without getting at least a little bit of it back somehow, in subs or single copy sales or whatever. Maybe I'd like to, even if only to maintain the pristine purity and charitable image you seem to want MAYA to maintain, but I can't run MAYA as a charity and give all copies away free at those prices. I don't think spending £360 a year - even with the 25% return I actually get, as opposed to the 0% return you seem to want me to get, is "moneygrubbing" in the slightest! I didn't sell any copies of MAYA - at 35p or 40p - in your much vaunted Fan Room; all I sold were in the bar. And I gave away far more free copies in trade or to people I knew and respected and thought might enjoy MAYA, anyway.

To keep MAYA going it's essential that I get some meagre financial return from it. I got £25 in subs between issues 10 and 11; which keeps me in at least a little beer money; 20p a day, or 4/5 of a pint, if you work it out. Despite your impractical and rather holier-than-thou attitude, I still don't think I try nearly hard enough for my own good to sell MAYA for money. I do try awfully hard to start trades, LoCs etc., with about 50 free unsolicited copies per issue to fans whose addresses I've found; is this attempt to spread contacts within fandom suitably described as "moneygrubbing" commercialism?!! I ask you!

I may be reacting too seriously to a lighthearted comment, but I'm pretty certain you were serious about it at Mancon.

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE.....

.....although I do think you are laying it on a bit thick there towards the end, Rob. I wouldn't suggest for one moment that these 50 free unsolicited copies of every issue might bring you in the occasional new subscription, but the picture you were starting to paint back there of *ROB JACKSON*, Great White Hope Of Fandom, selflessly driving himself over the brink

of bankruptcy for the greater good and glory of fandom is, if you'll pardon me saying so, somewhat ludicrous. Nobody makes us publish a fanzine. We do it for fun, for the sheer pleasure of doing it. If anyone thought they were doing fandom a big favour by publishing their fanzine they would soon go gafia at the response they got.

Nor am I sure why you hit me over the head with the fact that you didn't sell any copies of MAYA in the "much vaunted" Fan Room as if it were some great victory. It was a tragedy. There were many free fanzines in that room and many young fans took some. There were even some rather inferior zines on sale there at 10p, and they went quite well too (possibly on the basis that if one doesn't even know what a fanzine is then 10p is not too much to find out.....apparently 40p is) but not one single potential reader of MAYA was converted there into an actual reader. Everybody lost. You lost potential subscribers and fanzine fandom lost valuable new blood.

I was serious about it at Mancon, because I thought this was a shame. The people who were likely to chance upon MAYA in the fan room were people who were unlikely to risk 40p on something as alien as a 'fanzine' (what that?) when they could wander into the bookroom and spend that money where they knew it would bring them much enjoyment. Here, I thought, was the place where you ought to be prepared to sell MAYA at an unrealistic price. You surely wouldn't have sold so many that the financial loss would have been too significant and I felt that any such would be counterbalanced in the long term by new subscriptions.

"I'm not so keen though, on that little bit about" my "holier-than-thou attitude." I never objected to you selling them per se, nor to you selling them at 40p elsewhere. All I said was that I thought 40p was too much in the Fan Room. I saw the Fan Room as a service to neos not yet into fanzine fandom and not as a service to Rob Jackson as somewhere for him to sell his zines without a huckster fee. The first would have had some utility, the second was superfluous. I stress, I was talking about one specific time and one specific place when I used the term "moneygrubbing", somewhat unwisely perhaps, but

I was in one of my 'Tell It Like It Is' moods, 'Even If It Damn Well Isn't'.

MAYA is a damn fine fnz and quite possibly well worth 40p. That I do not accept money for STD should not be taken to mean that I disapprove of the practice. STD is a very low cost fnz. Evenso, it does cost me some outlay. That I choose not to recoup any of this cost by subscription is simply that I feel any such recoupment would not be worth the hassles involved. My soul is my own. I can suspend publication tomorrow if I so wish and I will owe nobody nowt. Also, with a small print run Response/Money is an Either/Or proposition and because of the low cost I can afford to plump for the former. That's it, whim pure and simple. No deep religious, socio-political or moral considerations. One very specific instance was all.

Actually Rob it was my intention with this section to smooth things over between us and unruffle any feathers but I was stung by some of your phraseology. It seemed overly hostile. So I went and blew it again. Am I really this easy to trigger? No wonder Cas keeps getting all those new mink coats out of me! However, it is more than time for me to pour corfluo on troubled stencils. My own statements too were more hostile than intended. Daisnaid, eh Rob?

[illegible]

"I figure when Harlan speaks for only two minutes on a given subject he is either embarrassed or asleep."

Brian Schuck in BROWNIAN MOTION 5.

A CON STOLE INTO MY ROOM LAST NIGHT.....

It had to be a con 'cos there was Bob Shaw right there in my living room. In living black and white. It was strangely mindblowing to have the two dichotomies of fandom and mundania juxtaposed like that, to hear the incredibly fannish accents of

Bob Shaw issuing forth from something so banal as a TV set. Bob means conventions to me. The two are inseperable in my mind. I only ever see him at cons. I only ever hear his voice at cons. Therefore, when I heard his voice there was a five minute mini-con in my living room. I was there and Bob was there. Where were the rest of you?

CONTEXT - THE OLD NEWSPAPERS

"San Francisco, Friday. - Scientists studying the ageing process announced today they are optimistic of finding a chemical that would give a life expectancy of 800 years."

Daily Express - Saturday September 4 1976.

A tiny filler this on the front page. Considered by the Daily Express to be of significantly less importance than the information that Air Traffic Controllers in Spain are continuing their work to rule. And the world just goes on as if nothing had happened. Immortality, that's what's happened. Does anyone seriously think that within the next 800 years they won't be able to push back that figure by several orders of magnitude? Not that it could ever happen, of course. It's like suddenly finding out that Santa Claus really does exist after all. No, it wouldn't be for the likes of you and me, the bastards.

G. W. COPP (the agent for the libraries of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, The National Library of Scotland, and the Library of Trinity College Dublin) 7 & 9 Rathbone St; London.

On behalf of the authorities having control of the above-named libraries, I request you to deliver to me, in compliance with the provisions of the Copyright Act, 1911 (1 & 2 Geo. V, Ch. 46, section 15), as set out below, four copies, one for each library, of the following works (including all parts, if any, which may be subsequently published).

If you consider that any of these works lies outside the terms of the Act, or if you have already supplied direct to the Libraries, I shall be obliged if you will return the list, stating on the margin the reason for the exemption.

INFERNO. First issue for 1976., subsequent issues to date and all future issues as published.

(Previous applications have been made for the above, but the copies have not been recieved, neither do I appear to have received a reason for their non-delivery. Would you please give this matter your earliest attention.)

RELEVANT SECTION OF THE COPYRIGHT ACT

Section 15 - (1) The publisher of every book published in the United Kingdom shall, within one month after the publication, deliver, at his own expense, a copy of the book to the British Library Board, who shall give a written receipt for it. *

(2) He shall also, if written demand is made before the expiration of twelve months after publication, deliver within one month after receipt of that written demand or, if the demand was made before publication, within one month after publication, to some depot in London named in the demand a copy of the book for, or in accordance with the directions of, the authority having the control of each of the following libraries, namely:

The Bodelian Library, Oxford.
The University Library, Cambridge.
The National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.
The Library of Trinity College, Dublin....

In the case of an encyclopaedia, newspaper, review, magazine, or work published in a series of numbers or parts, the written demand may include all numbers or parts of the work which may be subsequently published.

(7) For the purposes of this section, the expression 'book' includes every part or division of a book, pamphlet, sheet of letter-press, sheet of music, map, plan, chart or tableseparately published, but shall not include any second or subsequent edition of a book unless such edition contains additions or alterations either in the letter-press or in the maps, prints, or other engravings belonging thereto."

* Copyright Act, 1911. Section 15-(1) as amended by Section 4 of the British Library Act, 1972.

IN MY REPLY I ~~WILL~~ ~~A~~ ~~SEE~~

So I persuaded Gerald Lawrence who is temporarily staying with us, to get a copy of the Act when he went near the Central Library in Manchester. This revealed a couple of other sections which seemed to have a bearing on the matter:

(4) The copy delivered for the other authorities (than the British Library) mentioned in this section shall be on the paper on which the largest number of copies of the book is printed for sale, and shall be in the like condition as the books prepared for sale.

This condition I deemed to be 'non-existent', as are the copies of INFERNO prepared for sale (thank Christ for that 'no subs' policy). At this point I considered myself to be in the same position as I was after I had received his first peremptory demands, which I ignored because I know of no law that requires me to waste time and money entering into a correspondence with someone for their convenience. However, there was this one other section.....

(6) If a publisher fails to comply with this section, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding five pounds and the value of the book, and the fine shall be paid to the trustees or authority to whom the book ought to have been delivered.

I wasn't too happy about that 'summary conviction', especially if one of the details dispensed with is a fair trial. So I thought a quick reply might be in order.

Dear Sir or Madam;

With reference to your letters I must advise you that the Copyright Act does not apply in this case because (see Section 15-(4) enclosed) no copies of INFERNO have ever been sold or offered for sale. The circulation was restricted 100% to persons I wished to receive it and no fee whatsoever

was involved. I published the magazine entirely as a hobby for a circle of friends and acquaintances, entirely at my own expense. If however you still feel legally entitled to copies of INFERNO I will remit them when certain conditions have been met:-

(1) The copyright act only states that the copy to the British Library Board should be sent at my own expense. You will therefore have to bear the expenses involved in getting copies of INFERNO to your office. Cash in advance, naturally.

(2) It is my official policy that all copies of INFERNO sent either to institutions or their accredited agents, with the sole exception of the British Library Board, be despatched by personal messenger. It is also my policy that this messenger should travel first class by British Airways wherever possible, with suitable companions to alleviate the boredom of travelling. The messenger and companions would of course have to stay overnight at an expensive London hotel as well as find themselves suitable entertainment whilst engaged on your behalf. Therefore, whilst there is absolutely no charge for INFERNO itself, I must insist on a levy of £200.00 per issue solely to offset my additional distribution expenses incurred in sending your copy.

I no longer publish INFERNO (too many harrassments from official bodies) and so there are only 3 (three) issues involved for 1976. These would of course have to be despatched separately so as not to place an undue burden on the messenger. I await your instructions (and cheque for £600.00) but must advise you that any further correspondence must be accompanied by an SAE if you require a reply. You already owe me 8⁴p for this reply.

I remain your most humble and obedient servant,



Paul A. Skelton.

old ladies and one randy old gentleman are fast-a-bo-bos, at least they were last time I did my rounds, so unless Mrs. Newton starts wailing like a banshee I'm in for a quiet night. Hang on a mo whilst I have a yawn. I've just had a thought (make the most of it, I don't have many) seeing as how it's been soooooo long since I last wrote owt for this ere zine most of you will not be familiar (please do) with me. I'm Cas, the brains behind (well that's where Paul keeps telling me my brains are) this publication. You must forgive me if I ramble on incoherently at times but at this hour of the morning 'My Brain Hurts.'

((((Ignore it Cas luv, it's just constipation.)))

You'll just have to scouse me a min whilst I have a creep round to see if the old dears are still breathing. If I don't come back Randy Ralph will have dragged me into bed. Honestly, at 90 you'd think he'd be past it. Dirty old sod keeps trying to put his hand up my skirt and threatening to smack my bottom. At least he's in full possession of his faculties, which is more than can be said for most of them here. Good job I went to check, Miss Williamson wanted to go for wee-wees.

Have any of you lot heard the new Linda Ronstadt LP, 'Hasten Down The Wind'? It is superb! It's rare indeed when I play an LP for the first time and enjoy every track. That girl puts such feeling into her songs. My favourite tracks are 'Down So Low' and 'Someone To Lay Down Beside Me'. I bought the LP for Paul's birthday but I reckon I've played it many, many times more than he has. We've just found out that Little Yonnie Denver has a new LP out so I have this feeling that I'll be getting that as part of my birthday present. Next month I reach the ripe old age of 30. What a depressing thought! 30 sounds so much older than 29 and unlike Mike the Glick who managed to surmount reaching this age by being in a whisky haze for many days, I will just have to brave it out.

((((This lot was written back in August, if you're puzzled by all this 'next month' business, but back to Cas.....)))

On the 30th September this year it will be 21 years since James Dean died. So who cares, you may ask. Well I do cos I'm

crazy about him. Although he only made three films he showed what a brilliant actor he was and it's a crying shame he died so young. I've been reading his biography by David Dalton (in fact I've had the book out of the library for the past 9 months) and there's one particular passage which really curls me up. Apparently, during the making of 'Giant' which was filmed on location, thousands of people turned up to watch the proceedings. Well, Liz Taylor was one of the stars and James Dean was really nervous about doing his first scene with a 'big name' like her, so nervous that he just couldn't get it right.....so what does he do but walks over to the thousands of people watching, unzips his fly, has a piss, goes back to the set and does the scene perfectly. He later explained that if he could piss in front of all those people he certainly had the nerve to act with Liz Taylor.

19 SEPTEMBER 1976(Skel)

My one thought is that Miss Taylor was extremely lucky it wasn't acting in front of all those thousands of people that was making him fluff the scene.

CONTEXT - THE OLD NEWSPAPERS

"WASHINGTON, Friday.- The United States Today Rolled its first space shuttle off the production line - to the theme music from the television space show 'Star Trek'."

DAILY EXPRESS, Saturday 18 September 1976.

Nause-nause-nausenausenauseyecch!!!

GODLESS 13 - Brucie Baby: 920 N.82nd St., H-201, Scottsdale, Arizona 85257, U. S. A.

.....in which I once again come across the term 'it sucks'. When you say a thing or a person 'sucks' one is not being complimentary. This puzzles me. To my admittedly one track mind saying something 'sucks' would be praise indeed, tinged with envy if applied to a person because Cas only 'sucks' once in a blue moon (hang on while I peek outa da winda. Damn! Decker in her silvery shoon again, *sigh*). I have, in my ig-

norance, taken the matter up with Dokktor Herr von Filthen-
gröpen, on his last visit here from the Dept. of Licentiousness
at the University of Derby. Unfortunately both the Herr Dokktor
and his charming research assistant were unable to satisfac-
torily explain the matter despite the Herr Doktor's brilliant
and insightfull comments ("Duh, uh, dunno."). However, I'm
sure one of you can help me.

BRIAN EARL BROWN 55521 Elder Rd.; Mishawaka; IND 46544; USA.

Americans only ride Greyhounds between cities. Interurban
transportation is by bus, subway, or in Chicago, 'The L', which
is the only subway built twenty feet off the ground. Chicago
is built on a swamp so I guess they're just waiting for it to
sink down to its proper level.

The fannish statement that I've enjoyed the most is, "I'm
too far into fandom to become literate now." As you can see
from this letter, that's almost my life story. I am a bit con-
fused as to who or what is SMALL FRIENDLY DOG. At first I
thought it was Pamela Boal's zine, but the name kept popping up
long after her letter and in references that made it sound like
your zine, and more confusingly, the real title for the zine
that's lying upside-down on the edge of my typing table right
now. But I thought it was named INFERNO. Is SFD one of those
'secret' zines whose very mention will bring three hulking SMOFs
to Gafiate you? Is SFD the title of N.E.L.'s new magazine? Or
is it the name of a California sportsteam? I guess this is just
another fannish mystery.

Any zine that ends with a humorous anecdote about farting
has got to be on the right road to something....probably sitting
alone in a well-ventilated area. Your post-con bitchings early
in the issue were a bit tedious, but everybody has spells like
that. Maybe if I save up real hard I'll be able to make it to
England in '79. To quote Alyson Abramowitz's reason for coming
to cons, "It's fun to meet my mailing list."

26 SEPTEMBER 1976(SKEL)

I hope you can make it in '79 and that you will be able to

look us up. That of course goes for all US fen who make it over for the con. It also goes for you and Anna Jo, Frank, when you come over next summer. Thanks for the birthday cards by the way. Cas's actually arrived on the morning of her birthday. Don't get too cocky though because mine arrived on the same day which gives you a lousy average.

INFERNO has now completed its 'Astounding/Analog' metamorphosis into SMALL FRIENDLY DOG. The cover was run off before I decided to complete the change this issue. For the best really because I still had some hangover of bitchiness with this issue. I think I'm through it now, by the simple expedient of not reading any more Mancon reports when I come across them. This policy has been in operation for some time and it seems to be working. I shall get the last bit of resentment off my chest at the next and final committee meeting where we are to discuss the disbursement of the con surplus. Brian informs me that he has recieved a communication from the UK in '79 committee suggesting that we might like to make a contribution. Nearly every member of that committee has gone on record with scathing remarks about Mancon and its committee, so whilst I shall continue to support 'UK in '79' on a personal basis I shall definitely propose at our meeting that we return this request with detailed and graphic instructions of what they can do with it.....and where. After that I am just going to love everybody. Everybody that is except Greg Pickersgill who asked that a message be passed on to me that he wanted nothing further to do with either me or my fanzine, and that it was "a rotten little fanzine anyway". It will be difficult, but I shall try not to love Greg. Pity though that I shall not now have even the chance to see a possible review of SFD by him in which all that 'unbiased integrity' would shine forth, unclouded by the personal antipathy we feel for each other.

26 SEPTEMBER 1976(CAS)

Message for Bill Breiding.....One of these decades I'm gonna get to San Francisco (it has this fascination for me) so just keep a spare piece of floor ready for me. I've got nearly £2.00 saved up so far in my 'penny jar' so at this rate it'll be well into the 2000's before I arrive. Don't wait up.

