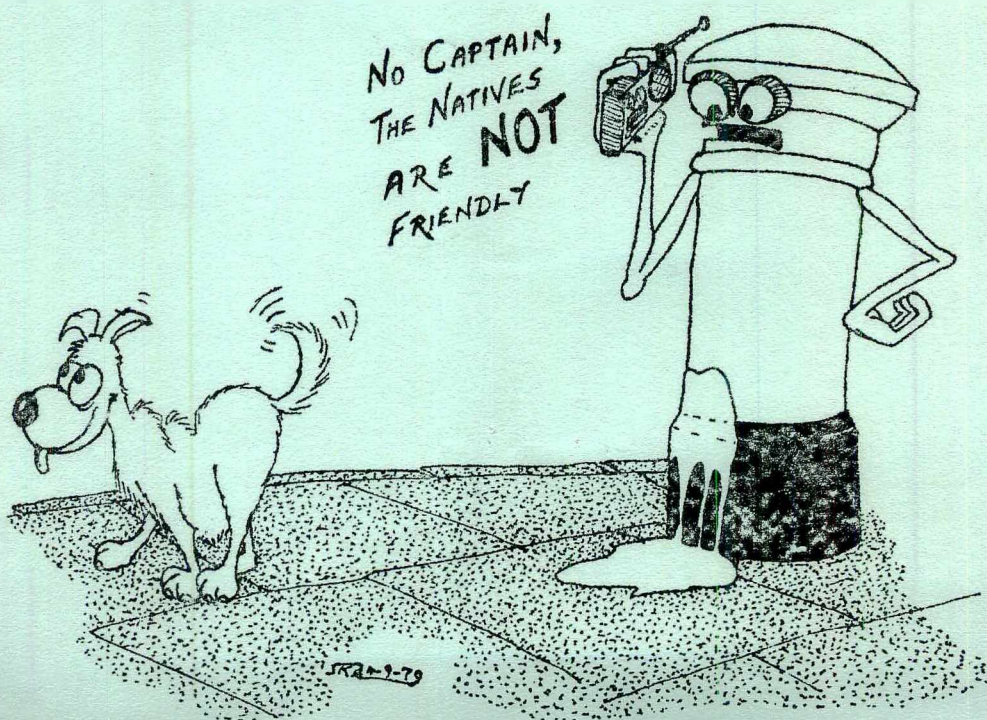
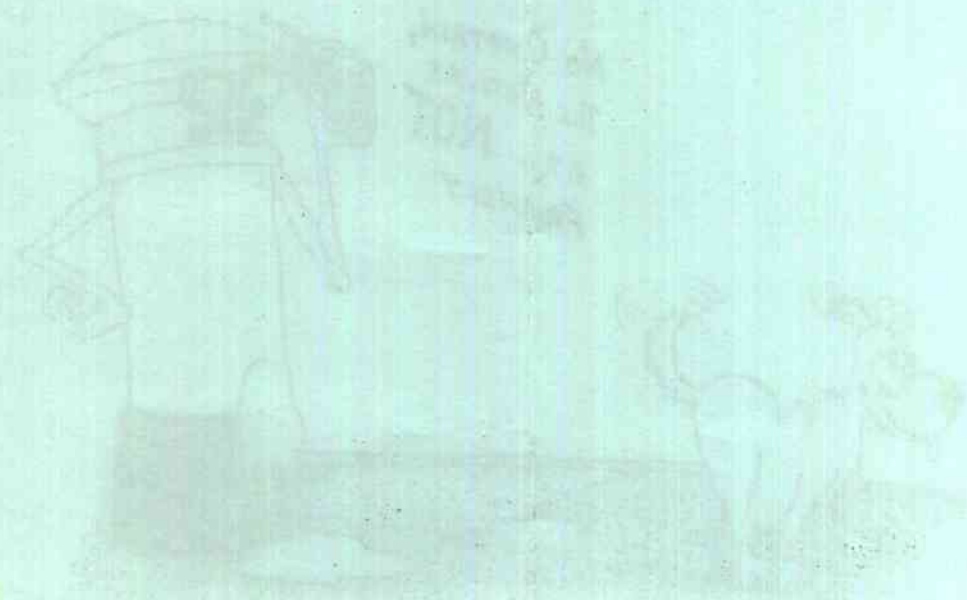


SMALL FRIENDLY DOG 17



SMALL
FURNITURE
DOGS
17



You too can survive a Worldcon! DON'T GO! Oh, you wanna go, uh? Well, that's a bit more tricky. Still... simply read this copy of SMALL FRIENDLY DOG 17 for five days in the privacy of your own fitted wardrobe, laughingly known to the management of the Metropole Hotel as *ghasp* a double room *unghasp*. Then all you have to do is send enormous sums of money to Skel and Cas at:- 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, England... for details of the secret handshake. I'm not sure what good this will do you, but my bank manager says it'll do wonders for my credibility. That was the colophon. (You have to tell these dumb-assed neos everything).

THIS FNZ IS DEDICATED TO THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE

First and foremost, to Eric Mayer for his cover on GROGGY six, the single biggest charge I've got from a fanzine in...oh possibly forever. Absolutely su-fucking-perb!

Also to Dave Langford for the report on the sale of the Langford car (third photo in von Daniken's 'Chariots Of The Clods',...in case you never saw it) in TWILL-DDU 16. This would surely have been included in any 'British Fanwriting of the Seventies' compendium had the self-important assholes who produced same realised that the year 1979 ended on the 31st of December. It'd almost be worth producing a 'Great British Fanwriting of the Second Half of 1979' just to honour your piece, Dave.

...and not forgetting Arthur D. Hlavaty's THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, consistently one of the more interesting inz.

I keep meaning to respond guys, honest, but in the meantime...THANKS.

BUT NOW A COMPETITION...

Guess who is writing about which fan group:-

"I doubt that we, taken collectively, were a very likable group. We were too brash for that. More than brash; we were egregious, egotistic, adolescent, highly competitive, and a

touch insecure. We were given to put-down jokes, and the one among us who showed a human weakness was savaged about it endlessly. We were pretty damn smart - I'd guess the average IQ somewhere over 125, with peaks past 160 - and we knew it. We made sure everyone around us knew it, too."

The answer, of course, is Fred Pohl writing about The Futurians in 'The Way The Future Was'. Anyone who said "Greg Pickersgill about Ratfandom" loses five points. Whenever did Greg's honesty ever extend to looking in mirrors?

However we're just back from the worldcon so it must be time for...TA-RA-TA-RA-TA-TA....

THE YORCON REPORT

My main memories about Yorcon are an excellent Italian meal we went out for at 'Biba's' and the new type of air-conditioning we invented. Several of us formed a 'floor-party' at one end of the bar/lounge/lobby and we devised the system of sending the empty lift down to the basement car park, letting it fill up with cold air and then calling it back to release its bounty before sending it back for another helping. Not a very sophisticated system, you might think, but at one point floorcon was in danger of outgrowing its parent body.

My other main memory of Yorcon is of a group of us standing around Cas in the bar, embarrassedly trying to hide her as she drunkenly kept unzipping Leroy Kettle's fly. The Yorcon committee has my apologies. Leroy would too, except that he came back three times for repeat performances.

...but enough shilly-shallying. Onwards to:-

THE SEACON REPORT

...but first:-

SEACON 79 was an excellently run convention at which I enjoyed myself immensely. The concom did a terrific job and

deserve a vote of thanks from UK fandom. OK...but...so who needs it?

What did Season have that UK Easterners don't? Yes, let's make a list:-

1. More professional authors than you could shake a stick at. Great for neos, but how many authors did you shake sticks at? I took a photo of Clarke pinning Aldiss to the wall while he harangued him but it didn't come out. Doubtless some synchronous satellite managed to blank it.

2. A backroom of gobsmacking immensity. However, unless one has a wallet of gobsmacking immensity also, it's a bit of a waste of time, causing one to go back to ones room and cry lots.

3. Incredible numbers of filthy rich Swedish fen, in such numbers that even the American fans couldn't afford the fanzines in the auction. Just about the only time a UK fan managed to buy something (£13,000 for a copy of FANZINE FANATIQUE I think) he'd already got it and had only been bidding against the damn Swedes in order to push the price up in the hopes that they'd run out of money and he'd be able to snap something up later. (Incidentally, there was a paucity of fnz in the auction.)

4. Space War Games that cheat! That blow up your battery with a missile that definitely missed and then close the game down and demand a further 10p when you've still got two fucking batteries left and you're already on almost 700 points...and it was the best start you ever made.

5. Hugo awards at which 'Hitch-Hikers' Guide To The Galaxy' didn't win. That wasn't so annoying in itself but what really *SKRNKLED* was the applause for the various contestants as they were announced, from which it was evident that had the US fans been able to hear it before they voted it would probably have won. Even Superman had to admit as much when collecting the award. However, let's break off from this listing as the HUGO results/awards are something at which I wish to write at length.

Yes tinies, the HUGOs left a nasty taste. Like all the

other flea-brained cretins I laughed like a drain when they took the piss out of Geis at the awards ceremony, even to the extent of handing the award over to some guy in the audience to deliver, simply because he came from the same state. However I later had to agree with Mike and Pat Meara that it was in very poor taste and I was suitably ashamed of myself. Shit, those awards are supposed to be where we honour the best among us. That was 'honouring'? Pat is right. If Geis honestly thinks that what he produces is a fanzine then he is perfectly entitled to let it be nominated. If the powers that be don't think it's a fanzine, then they should have the guts to make a stand and ban it. And that some committee should have the guts to make such a stand is born out by another result of the HUGO voting which pissed me off even more.

Take the 'Fanzine' and 'Fanwriter' categories. Especially take the 'Fanwriter' category. The result was:- 1 Shaw, 2 Geis, 3 No Award. No-fucking-award in third place, for Christ's sake, ahead of Langford, Kettle and West. Now I don't personally care for the writing of D. West but I acknowledge his ability. There is only one way anyone could vote no award ahead of these three and that is if they are unfamiliar with their work. OK, but look you pathetic excuses for a gnat's turd, if you aren't familiar with 60% of the nominations in a particular category then you just ain't fucking qualified to vote in that category. It's that simple. Your votes are meaningless and what is more you rendered the award itself meaningless. GO AWAY AND SIN NO MORE!

Meanwhile, back at the listing of what the Worldcon has that your average Eastercon doesn't:-

6. Movie projectors that don't work/work badly and intermittently/are underpowered (why did they shoot the 'Superman' movie entirely at dusk?). Neither Cas nor I have seen that film but neither of us managed to sit through the SEACON screening. The only other item I tried to catch, the prints of the TV version of 'Quatermass & The Pit' was also ruined (and called off eventually) by projector trouble. Then Ken Bulmer told me how much it had cost the convention ("How Much?!?!") to hire that equipment. I sincerely hope that the committee not only refuses to pay that

bill but also that they take the company to court. Rip-Offs annoy the hell out of me.

7. Getting on for 3,500 people. That's just too many (just 3,000 too many, in fact). Most fans I talked to agreed with me (a pleasant change in itself) that they simply couldn't find the people they wanted to meet in amongst all that many people. Most of them seemed to do as I did and spent almost the entire time in

8. ...the fan room. A large room complete with its own bar and several games machines, which became a mini-con in its own right. Here could be found, at any one time, the bulk of active fanzine fans from both sides of the atlantic ocean. To me this room became the convention. Eve Harvey, you saved my life. Not only mine. The fan room abandoned, to a degree, its traditional roles and became in effect Fandom's refuge from the Worldcon... an odd state of affairs.

9. Dave Piper, and we have photographic evidence to prove it. Unfortunately I met Dave after my socialising tendency had reached 'overload' and so didn't get to know him any better than I already did from his written presence in fanzines.

10. Lot's of US fans, who all delighted in telling us that they "...couldn't afford to live over here." Neither could we if we lived like that all the time. It's a pity more US fans can't make it across to an ordinary Eastercon because, if they spent most of their time in the fan room, that's basically what they attended anyway. However, I won't personally miss all these US fans, simply because I didn't miss them this time, or should I say, I did miss them. I'd better explain...

I am painfully shy. I DON'T KNOW WHY, I JUST AM. Not coyly, simperingly shy, like I used to be. Nope, now I'm more maturely shy. I just find it incredibly difficult to talk to people (unless I'm pissed out of my skull). For me, meeting someone for the first time, even after a long fannish correspondence, is bloody hard work. It wears me out. I sieze up. I can't think of anything to say, my mind siezes eagerly upon banalities as a last resort and I stand there like a prat as the conversation,

and the fans, move on. I can almost see the signs 'DISAPPOINTED' and 'BORING' ringing up in their minds, which of course makes it worse next time. Usually it takes several meetings before there's an almost audible *CLICK* and I can relax and just be friends. There are less than a dozen fans with whom I have achieved this state, after over seven years in fandom and in virtually every case I have had the advantage of entertaining these people in the relaxing (to me) environment of my own home.

Not surprising then that most US fans at SEACON will have found me strangely uncommunicative. The surprising thing to me was that I managed to get so near to establishing this state with Eli and Suzle, after only one exposure. With other US fans I'm afraid I missed the boat, especially with you Gil.

Seacon is yet another con at which I failed to crack the Dave Langford barrier, which I should have done by now, although I'm sure Dave's speech unimpediment has some bearing on this. He fires words at me so fast I simply can't catch them all and they fall to bounce around my feet, bright and colourful, like verbal marbles. Desperately I get down on my mental knees to chase after them but five more fall for every one I catch. Eventually I recapture them all and sort them out in an embarrassing silence only to look up and see Dave looking down at me with a pitying bewilderment in his eyes, waiting for the response I should have made minutes ago. Maybe if I could just sabotage his supply of 'quick-time' so he had to travel 'low' like the rest of us....

Anyway, enough about SEACON, it'll only make the US fans who couldn't make it more annoyed; fans like.....

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK 6933 N. Rosemead Blvd, 31 San Gabriel, CA 91755.

I notice a lot of comment on beer.....well in the UK I guess you still have lots of beer to be proud of. Here in the USA we have very little, mostly light lager. Very light and very tasteless. In fact.....let's see how many good USA beers I can think of:-

1. Pabst Beck Beer. A truly delightful dark beer, but only

available for two months of every year.

2. Anchor Steam Beer. From San Francisco, this is a lager, but one of the best...and the last to use the Steam method. Look it up in your beer book. If your book says nothing of the Steam method of Lagering, you have a turkey of a book.
3. Anchor Porter. Same company as above...probably the only porter being brewed in the USA at this time.
4. Pryor's Double Dark...I had this back east several years ago, I think it came from Philadelphia. It may be out of business by this time.

Dis Equis is a very good beer, but it is Mexican. In fact if we talk of 'American' beers as opposed to 'USA' beers, the Mexicans come out way ahead. Mexicans still have a strong Macho streak in them, and see no reason to dilute the taste of beer to cater to those of weaker palates like the US brewers do.

I don't quite know what to say about that series of puns. Say, if I contribute to the 'Keep Cas Sleshed Fund', will you contribute to the fund to give Pope John Paul II a lavender electric blanket?? Fandom owes it to itself to supply a Purple Papal Heater.

OUCH

Oh yes, I am also enclosing a set of pictures we got from Jupiter as a bribe for SFD 17 whenever it comes out. Hope you like them!

24 SEPTEMBER 1972

Like them? LIKE 'EM??? I loved 'em. I just hope you can manage to send me some of the Saturn photos too. I passed the Jupiter shots around at a party we had shortly before SEACON and everyone expressed great interest.

It's not so much that I have a turkey of a book on brewing but rather that I don't have a book at all. To paraphrase a certain hairy Canadian person, "I don't want to read about it, I just want to pour it down my neck."

NEW READERS START HERE

Yep, I've been reading books again. I keep meaning to give it up but I keep weakening and reading another.

Clarke's 'FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE' was a surprisingly enjoyable novel but 'REPORT ON PLANET THREE' was disappointing for although published in 1972 some of the essays had originally appeared back in the fifties which now makes them pretty tame speculations indeed. Carl Sagan's 'THE DRAGONS OF EDEN' however is nothing of the kind for despite feeling that he's added nothing I hadn't read before he has pulled together a lot of threads and done it in a way that both instructs and entertains. Joe Poyer's 'THE SHOOTING OF THE GREEN' (recently republished as 'HELLSHOT') is a good entertaining thriller which I'd rate as slightly inferior to the same author's 'THE DAY OF RECKONING', possibly his best book. See what happens when you fail to cut it as an SF writer?

One SF author who definitely can cut it is Jack Vance but I've been strangely unimpressed by his work recently, especially his last two Alastor novels, 'MARUNE' and 'WYST'. Even though it is an older book, 'TO LIVE FOREVER' also seems to miss more than it succeeds. I don't think it's me because I've just re-read the Planet Of Adventure series and found them every bit as wonderful as before.

E.C.Tubb's 'Dumarest' series still entertains me but again the standard seems to be slipping. I've no objections to series as such and, like 'The Fugitive', I'm quite capable of ignoring the never-ending aspects of the series as a whole, enjoying each novel as a drama in itself. However, the backgrounds in 'HAVEN OF DARKNESS', 'PRISON OF NIGHT' and 'WEB OF SAND' are not as well crafted as earlier episodes.

One series I thought would never let me down is John D.

MacDonald's 'Travis McGee' but his latest offering THE EMPTY COPPER SEA is laboured and pedestrian, as if he's feeling his way back to the character. Mike Glicksohn tells me there is yet another T McG novel out in the states which he says he'll send me as soon as it gets out in paperback. The eternal optimist, I have baited my breath already. I bought CONDOMINIUM when it came out in paperback (having first read the hardback from the library) and found it just as enjoyable the second time through. Shortly after buying this I came across a mint copy of the hardback secondhand which I'd have far preferred. CLEMMIE is really well written but I wish he'd stick to the 'detective'/thriller as the theme of marital infidelity bores me to tears. That I thoroughly enjoyed this story is a tribute to the writing skill rather than the subject matter.

Fred Pohl's ALTERNATING CURRENTS is a Ballantine hardback I picked up on holiday for 15p. The book is ex-libris but the fact that it was only ever taken out once accounts for the amazingly good condition but doesn't explain why it should have been 'Discarded By USAF' after only one borrowing. Unfortunately the stories within are very early Pohl and remarkably un-noteworthy. The same cannot be said of his memoirs, THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS which provided an insight into both pro and fan doings of earlier days.

Since I bought Silverberg's A TIME OF CHANGES I have picked it up several times but always been put off by the blurb which convinced me that the novel would be introspective, drug-conscious and artily depressing. Not so. I found it to be one of the better novels I'd read this year. Mind you, it has not been a particularly good year.

And here, just to make me feel even worse about not responding to THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, is a LoC from ...

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY 250 Coligni Ave; New Rochelle; NY 10801:USA

The letter from Eli Cohen is excellent, but I'd quibble on one small point. I believe that SF editors do have the right to behave in a sexist manner. I'd rather none of them did, and those who disapprove of sexist editorial behavior have the right

This book of Carl Sagan's is really fascinating, you know? Like the fact that the left-hand hemisphere of the brain holds a kinder outlook on life than the right-hand hemisphere. It therefore follows that people who view the world predominantly with the left hemisphere (ie the right eye) have a more pleasant view of life and therefore a nicer, warmer, more open personality. Wives of people whose left eye is false will no doubt echo these sentiments, as I'm sure would Brian, had we but met....

Would the ordinary Joe blab to a private detective? Well since they usually seem to be investigating murders and most people seem to love to gossip about murders, I'd say "yeah", Private Investigators would probably get people talking. Cops, on the other hand, might have trouble getting people to talk because they are authority figures. Nobody likes to talk to cops because they all feel secretly guilty about something and fear they'll be arrested. Private Eyes, on the other hand,

Hang on a minute Brian...just how many fucking hands has this guy got, for Christ's sake? Maybe he should be a Private Arm.

...are just working Joes. Both could get told to bug off frequently but cops, I suspect, more than Private Eyes.

Recently I discovered that a station we barely receive carries old 'Dr. Who' shows, from Jon Pertwees' period. I can't tell if I've lucked into singularly dull serials or whether the show is not all that great. It's slow compared to US programming, which I guess is normal, but it seems so serious! Where's the comedy?

20 OCTOBER 1979

Where indeed!?! Jon Pertwee was 'Dr. Who' at its' very nadir. Because Pertwee is a comedy 'personality' I suspect that he saw Dr. Who as his own 'Hamlet' and fucked it up accordingly. For a long time I held true to Patrick Troughton as the only version of the good Doctor worth a damn but I have finally been won over by Tom Bakers' irreverence.

No doubt like all other fans, the TV series that has had me glued to the set recently was BBC2's 'Time Out Of Mind' which was a series of five programmes dealing with the work of specific authors (Clarke, Brunner, Moorcock and McCaffrey) all involving a lot of footage shot at SEACON, whilst the fifth and last programme featured the con itself. Honestly, I know we are supposed to be mature and blasé about such things but actually seeing and/or hearing Cas, Mike and Pat, Jim Barker, Ian Maule, Mike Clicksohn, Graham Charnock, Bruce Pelz all screened coast to coast...IT FUCKING BLOWS MY FUCKING MIND FUCKING FUCKING.

I didn't want to be a star anyway! What really bugs me though is that now, whenever I say "Cas, how about making a cup of coffee, love?" all I get is... "We STARS don't make coffee..." However, on to...

THE LAST ROUND-UP

...which will once-and-for-all bring the subject of TV to a close (for a while at least).

Mike Bracken extols the virtues of MASH and THE TWO RONNIES and wonders why the latter is never mentioned herein. Well, Mike, it is still currently being aired over here (repeats of the last series) and I do find it generally enjoyable although

they do sometimes get into a sketch and then seem unable to find their way out. My favourite sketch of theirs is 'The Complete Rock'.

Laurine White says MAN FROM ATLANTIS and LOGANS' RUN weren't that bad. Never mind Laurine, get a new rag to tie your head with and you'll soon feel better.

Mary Long thought 'Sesame Street' was made in the UK. When you've finished with that rag Laurine.... Mary also says that she loves the films they show on TV in the states.

Steve McDonald says the films there are the best part tooand they're 'Plan Nine From Outer Space' and like that.

Eric Mayer can't get into the Tom Baker episodes of 'Dr. Who' because they're being shown on a Saturday, when he isn't at home to watch it. Yes Eric, that would make the series a bit tricky to follow, but don't give up. (The mind boggles). Eric and Kathy also go a bundle on 'Reggie Perrin' and 'When The Bo-At Comes In' although they don't seem to have got the more recent series of these yet, where Reggie and his wife set up a commune and where Jack Ford buggers off to sell whisky to Al Capone. See Mary, 'Bo-At' is on over there some-where. So what else do you want to know, Mary?

Dave Rowe writes "Mary Long was asking about a James Burke 'Connections' programme in which Henry VIII's divorce, the great elephant famine of the 19th century and "The Sound Of Music" are all connected. Did you see it, and if you did, what was the connection?" No, thank Christ! Just what the hell is it with you, Mary?

Jim Meadows the Umpteenth says that the fun will come next year when US National Public Radio and the BBC get together and produce their radio adaptation of 'Star Wars'. "New that", he says, "is culture." Mind you, he also says British TV leaves him frustrated. Must be the smaller sockets, Jim.

Tim Marion says that people like Harry Warner don't watch 'Mash' because they think it makes a comedy out of war. There

are people like Harry Warner? I always thought Harry was unique. Jim also warns us about something totally and 100% nauseatingly awful called 'One Day At A Time' which is a comedy programme so bad that ITV is sure to buy it.

Bernie Peek is one of many who have told me that 'Soap' and/or 'Barney Miller' is worth watching. I tried the latter once and couldn't get into it. There was vast amounts of studio laughter going on and I began to wonder whether I was getting sound from some other channel, because there was buggar all funny that I could see or hear. Perhaps it's one of those shows where you laugh at or with the characters, rather than at the scripts, in which case it would need more than one watching. Unfortunately, in this area, 'Soap' suffers from being screened in the 'oasis' hour. That's when you get an entire evening of crud viewing with one decent or potentially decent programme at the end, about eleven o'clock or so. Invariably I say "Bugger it!" and slope off to bed.

Ron Salemon wants to know how I know about american TV? Look Ron, the whole world gets your programmes. We all know that 99% of americans are cops who spend their lives in cars chasing the car in front which also happens to be cops from another series chasing.....

Joseph Nicholas apologises for getting his knickers in a twist. It seems that Jessica Benton is an actress in 'The Onedin Line' whilst the actress who plays "Jessica" in 'Logans' Run' is Heather Menzies. New readers should not read this section starting "Joseph Nicholas" as it is too cryptic. Older readers would not read anything starting "Joseph Nicholas" anyway, as it is too boring.

Pamela Boal feels sorry for younger viewers, not because they obviously have more TV viewing ahead of them, but rather because they are more sophisticated and technically aware and will likely miss the thrill, from the new Quatermass serial, that she experienced with the earlier series, which had her gripping the edge of her seat.

Rick Sneary also wrote about TV (but misspelled it) saying

that a quarter of the two-hours-a-day he watches, on average, are UK shows, and considers it remarkable that 'Fawlty Towers' should stir up so much interest after only six episodes. He then goes on to blot his escutcheon by being disappointed by 'The Hitch-Hikers' Guide To The Galaxy'.

Mike Glicksohn thinks the funniest capsule putdown of 'Battlestar Galactica' was a line attributed to Lorne Greene, commander of the scattered remnant of the human race: "Here come the Cylons; get the spaceships in a circle!" Mike also says:-

"I've lived twenty-one years in the North American cultural milieu, including the formative years when my tastes in popular culture were being shaped, and I find 'All In The Family' crashingly unfunny most of the time." (On the other hand, I find Terry Hughes hilarious and the two of us often get together and laugh at Paul Skelton, each asking the other, "Do you suppose Joseph Nicholas finds him as funny as we do?" If either of us answers "Yes" though, we both stop laughing and start worrying)"

I'll leave the last word on the subject of TV to Bcb Vardeman, writing in his column for TOMORROW AND...9 edited by Jerry Lapidus back in 1973.

"I don't usually watch TV because I can generally find something better to do, even if it's standing on my head and whistling the phone book in Morse Code....."

22 OCTOBER 1979

Yes Cynthia, you too can do a letter column broken up by subject matter. I still dislike such a beastie generally but I do think it is ideal for highlighting one particular subject whilst still leaving the bulk of each LoCers letter in which he can reveal his personality.

Ce typewriter est fucked. Plus fucked.

Apparently the rubber on the roller has hardened to the texture of concrete, causing the keys to actually 'cut' the stencils, carbon and backing sheet. A new platen will set us

back at least twenty quid, which no way seems worthwhile for after all I'll still come out of it with a six or seven year old typer. As a temporary measure all the typewriter man could suggest was for me to wedge several sheets of paper behind the stencil to try and cushion the cutting edge. Other than that he did offer me getting on for £40 trade in on this for a new fully electric portable so that I'd only have to shell out £125 but whilst we have been talking about getting a new typer we'd never intended to pay out so much so soon. The trouble is that once you've had an electric typer you don't want to go back to hammering away on a manual and whilst I could get a second-hand office model cheaper there would then be the problem of where to keep it. One of the joys of this little semi-electric portable is that I can type on the dining-room table and without any bother just shove it under the sideboard when Cas comes storming in with dinner and a load of brain damage about people who sit and type and don't help with getting meals ready.

A BOOK AT BETTIME

Starting Piers Anthonys' 'Cluster' series with the second volume, 'CHAINING THE LADY' may not have been one of the smarter moves in my life but I suspect one could probably say the same about starting it with the first book. The whole thing is so very ordinary, sensawunda-wise and if you're going to write getting on for a thousand pages then 'ordinary' is the last ingredient you need. True, it wasn't so bad that I couldn't finish it but it hasn't made me want to seek out the other two volumes.

John D. MacDonalds' 'CONTRARY PLEASURE' is very good, dealing with people as always and avoids the pitfalls of 'CLEMMIE' by providing multiple viewpoints as well as an interesting background to nasty rude stuff, whereas in 'CLEMMIE' the people-doing-rude-things was less interestingly handled.

William P. McGiverns' 'THE NIGHT OF THE JUGGLER' is quite a gripping thriller but in this I found the changes of viewpoint to be distracting, especially as the book moved towards its climax. Like you associate with one guy, you know, and he tends

to become *The Hero* and as he is obviously the one best able to cope it gets annoying when these other pratts keep coming in for their brief moments in the spotlight.

'THE BEST OF LEIGH BRACKETT' is a book published long after its time for all one really sees now is her limitations. She does one thing superbly well...time and time again. Back when these stories were written her ability to create myth and mood must have stood out like a beacon to a storm-tossed mariner. Now alas, more is required and whilst a single story may be enjoyed for these qualities, 400+ pages of the same old thing is not likely to set the world alight.

MIKE GLICKSOHN 141 High Park Avenue; Toronto; Ontario; M6P 2S3.

The opening page or so of the issue is gently misleading you realise. It claims to be an issue of SMALL FRIENDLY DOG but it reads like an issue of LARGE LOUD EXTROVERTED FEMALE DOG. (There's a word for a female dog, I think, but it escapes me at the moment...)(Oh yes, I remember, "Lassie"). Seriously though, fellow members of the Ian Williams Fan Club, it was nice to see Cas's refined fingers hitting the old keys once again and participating in that most exciting of interactions between married fans: pubbing the ish. I'm not sure that drunken stencilling is precisely her forte yet...

0.0 He means it was "Fucking Awful" Cas 0.0

...but we all have to start somewhere. Harvey's Bristol Cream is sure an expensive way to learn the art of rambling incoherently whilst sloshed, though.

Then SFD suddenly starts to stand for SERIOUS FORMAL DISCUSSION and while your response to Eli's comments about sexism et al is a reasoned and thoughtful piece of self-analysis I get the impression that this isn't really what you want to publish in your own fanzine, and I think it's a loss when SFD becomes yet another forum for arguing back and forth about sexism instead of a unique example of the wit and wisdom, albeit occasionally high-spirited, of Paul Skelton. (I wonder why Eli can't understand the reason some men might want to belong to a 'Men-

Only' club but seems to understand, although regretting it's necessary, why some women want to belong to a 'Women-Only' group? This seems like ...darn I say it?...sexism, to me.) I happen to agree with most of what Eli has to say but I'd be just as happy to see it said in someplace other than SFJ. Unless you really want to change the basic nature of the zine, of course.

I also think you go on the defensive too easily, Paul. I think you're the victim of a minority opinion that has somehow come to be accepted as a correct way for the majority to live. I don't think that the majority of people feel guilty about not Fighting The Good Fight most of their lives and I don't particularly think they ought to. If the desire to support Worthy Causes doesn't come from within then it's totally foolish to feel guilty because someone else tries and fails to impose it from without. If you can't motivate yourself (or if I can't motivate myself) to be on the front line in the battle for equal rights for women then why on earth should you let someone else make you feel uneasy about it? Some people are born or grow into individuals who join movements, take stands, fight for just causes and bring about important changes. But it's an extremely small minority who are like that. The vast masses of humanity don't give a damn. At least you and I are a little better off than those vast masses; we're aware of where the right side is fighting even if we aren't by nature the type of person to join the ranks. We try within our individual spheres of influence not to hinder the advance of what we recognise as a worthwhile goal. Should we then feel guilty because we aren't out there picketing, making speeches, marching, manning the barricades and going once more into the breach? You seem to think we should; at least, you do yourself. I don't agree. I don't feel guilty because I'm not a crusader and I'm damned if I'm going to let anyone make me feel guilty for being what I am. (If I were hindering progress instead of just not helping it then I might feel guilty but I don't believe I am.) The righteous can point all the fingers they want, cast all the betrayed glances they

**SEX
AND
DRINK
MAKE
YOUR
HAIR
GROW** *Daily Express = 15/10/79*

care to in my direction and I'm afraid I won't be overly disturbed. I don't demand that anyone adjust their lives to suit me and I don't see why I should be expected to do something I don't want to do just because someone else thinks it's the right way to do things. Essentially we seem to have very similar attitudes towards such matters, Paul; the big difference is that I don't feel I need feel guilty about feeling the way we both do.

OOOOH, YOU ARE THE UNDERSTANDING, MIKEY DEAR...

...But you have definitely encapsulated my problem in a nutshell (~~1/1 A 1/1~~). It is one thing for me to state that a person is allowed to be less than perfect, it is another matter entirely for me to see myself failing to do something which I believe intellectually to be correct, simply because I can't be bothered. This goes in spades when I also believe that the aim is important. In my head I believe this. Deep down apparently I couldn't care less, or certainly not enough to actually do anything about it. My mind is ashamed of the rest of me. My self-view is obviously in error. Way down, I over-rate myself and my idealised self, my intellectual self is the self that produces this zine when I'm sober and we all know how intolerant perfection is of the imperfect.

So, Dr. Jeckyll feels guilty about being Mr. Hyde. I know I should come to terms with myself and get over this but there's also the problem that when I lower my sights for myself I'll be giving up and I don't think I should give up on myself at only thirty-two years of age.

BROUGHT TO BOOK

D. D. Chapman's and Deloris Lehman Tarzan's 'RED TIDE' is an Ace SF special that was remaindered at Woolies recently. I'm not sure why as it read quite well, without pulling any trees up. Ross Macdonald's 'THE DOOMSTERS' was a rather "mark-time" Lew Archer novel, leaving one feeling that he wasted his time and ought to have been producing something worthwhile as he usually does. John D. MacDonald's 'THE EXECUTIONERS' is just a re-titling of 'CAPE FEAR' which pissed me off as I

bought the fucker without looking at the blurb. A pox on all publishers. 'REPRISAL' is another one of William McGivern's novels about competent men whose only failing is an inability to understand how others can be satisfied to be less than similarly perfect. The only problem is that this central character is unchanged at the stories end which is rather dissatisfying.

In complete contrast Bob Shaw is still pursuing his policy of 'nurd-as-hero' in 'DAGGER OF THE MIND'. Not only is the hero a nurd, he's also an epileptic. Bob is obviously still working up to his tour-de-force 'MONGOLOID PARAPLEGICS OF 61 CYGNI C' but I suspect I'll give that one a miss. A long time ago Bob wrote a story with an extremely competent hero before he realised what he'd done and, scared shitless, proceeded to blind the poor bugger.

What's happened is that Bob has tumbled to the fact that it is much easier to build 'characters' around flaws and now that he's coupling character flaws with physical disabilities we'll no doubt suffer from manic-depressive spasties, paranoid patients and other easy plays at grabbing sympathy. I suppose one could argue that it's a pleasant (?) change to have a hero who is physically handicapped, but Shaw's heroes have enough problems inside their heads.

In this specific work the hero wins. He comes to terms with his disability, with himself...and...he gets the girl. However, he does lose his paranormal ability. I found this depressing and at first I put this down to one of the problems of having a cosmic mind. OK, so he succeeds in every important respect and simply loses a minor psychic ability....so why do I feel he's really lost after all?

The answer is that he has lost. He was a person who was both inferior and superior at the same time. He has traded off the good to rid himself of the bad. He has fought for and attained mediocrity. The thing is, science fiction is not supposed to be the literature of mediocrity. I don't want to read about people achieving the ordinary, closing doors on the future and everything ending up status-1980-very-much-que.

24 NOVEMBER 1979

"There ain't no way to stand Kansas,
when you've been to Oz."

Recently I bought the first LP for ages that hadn't filled me with a sense of disappointment. 'Hard Times For Lovers' by Judy Collins. One track in particular, 'Dorothy', has caught my imagination. It deals with a sad, middle-aged woman who never came to terms with reality after sacrificing her one moment of magic, and who spends her whole lifetime wishing to go back and recapture "all the colour she traded for black and white", through a failure of courage and imagination.

"Dorothy was a fool to leave, she could have stayed.
She held it right in her hands, she had it made.
She could have had it all for keeps, she was afraid.
She could have stayed."

But if Cas calls me 'Kansas' one more time I'll kick her fucking head in. Meanwhile, it's time we heard from.....

STEVEN McDONALD c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd; Kirkvine PO; Jamaica.

Hey, Cas, why don't you take over the zine from Skel? You're far more interesting (especially when stoned) than that tatty old flat-cap boozier is, but then I've always liked women more than men (which fact disappoints people like Tom Robinson). You could even call it INFERNO again -- I wouldn't mind. I like to keep things warm.

Did you know there was a form of poetry known as 'Skeltonic Verse', aka tumbling rhyme? I wrote a poem in skeltonic form some time ago -- and then discovered what I'd done.

The main drag that Mike of the Hairy Knees fails to mention re airports is that if you aren't first on the fucking plane the other 397 fucking passengers get in your way, tread on your toes and steal all your baggage space, even if they don't try to steal your seat. And in Heathrow, you get queued anyway -- the baggage search. Best time to arrive is just before closing-off time. Straight through.

THAT'S ENOUGH

would miss you two because of your uniqueness. I would be hard pressed to explain how you are that much different from other people who are all working hard at being different, but still my senses register a 'difference', which I find enjoyable. It may be in part that at times you seem more mature than the average fan...and at others so very young. Something I never quite managed, either then or now.

I would normally pronounce "Abramowitz" with a 'w' and I'm neither female nor Jewish. In fact, I'd be interested to know why anyone would pronounce it with a 'v'.

TO 'V' OR NOT TO 'V'?

That is indubitably the question. Well Rick, way back in the past certain mid-europeans, not realising that there was a chance of Teddy Kennedy one day becoming president, decided that America would probably be a good place to live, or so the story goes. What actually happened was that they all won TAFF and decided that staying in the USA would be easier than writing a trip report. Being mid-europeans they all pronounced their 'w' as 'v', as was their wont. They had been doing this for hundreds of years throughout eastern and central Europe. It was something known as "culture" and "language".

However, the Americans who were already there (ie, English, French and Dutch) were jealous, having neither a language nor a culture of their own and so they black-balled the new immigrants whenever they tried to join their clubs and thus all these new immigrants became negros for what else can you be with black balls? True, some did become coal miners but they too were soon pitted against society. Thus the Slavs became slaves and future generations didn't cotton to the old ways of speaking and so their language was robbed of its heritage in much the same way as the Jewish language is being robbed today. This of course is known as "Oi Vay" robbery. Small wonder then that a US jewess should be cut off from her heritage.

But surely they should have taught you all that at school, Rick? That's certainly how our teacher told it to us inbetween puffs at his strange smelling cigarettes.

of God and ravages of war.....Glick eats. Cas thinks Glick is dead cute.

Yet again Glick came through with the goods within days of the tragedy and once more they are three. E2 and G2 are doing well and the mother.....is eating. Speaking of animals....

TONY STRELKOV CC55; 5220 Jesus Maria; Cordoba; Argentina.

.....I consider that there is a connection between an understanding and sympathy for feminism, and a love for cats, in preference to dogs.....

26 DECEMBER 1979

Perhaps. Certainly the people who preach feminism seem to be 'cat' people.

I am learning things this christmas. For instance, did you know that the Yule Log was a log which was put on the hearth at christmas and the servants did no more work until it was burned out? Needless to say the servants used to make sure that it was well wetted first. It is this custom which gives rise to the term 'a back-log of work'. Not many people know that.

Also, England's first serious conquest of Ireland was undertaken on Papal authority and the part of Ireland so conquered was known as the Pale. Hence, when you say that someone is 'beyond the pale' you are really saying that they are Irish. Some things remain eternally the same. This bit of information comes from a book I bought Cas for christmas, 'Kings and Queens of Britain' in which I also noted this item.

Robert (the) Bruce and John Comyn were two of the three co-regents of Scotland, placed in that position by Edward the first (of England) after his defeat of Sir William Wallace. Bruce arranged a meeting, presumably to discuss treason against Edward. Comyn presumably was against this because Robert Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed "the Red Comyn" to death. Then the storm-clouds of rebellion blew 'Darkover' Scotland. At least I

Hell, Cas, where've you put the bleeding corflu this time?"



You will notice that Cas, deeply ashamed of her drunken ravings last issue, is hiding in the wardrobe and refuses to come out and face you this time.

Apart from Cas though there are other obstacles to be overcome in producing SFD. Kids!!! Whenever I delve into my fanatic cupboard for some vital fanish equipment such as stapler or drawing equipment, it is invariably missing. Naturally they all deny having anything to do with it. "Who, me?" "What stapler?" "Which cupboard?" Furious, I banned them from the cupboard entirely, upon pain of having their heads rammed right up their a*****s (this is the back-cover you know). When my stylus went missing I recieved the usual chorus of innocent bewilderment, and when it came to light under Deborah's bed her amazement was total. I am forced to conclude that the last time I hand-cut a stencil whilst laying prone under her bed, I must have left it there. What puzzles me is that, apart from cutting stencils, such a stylus is totally useless.

This has been my attempt to produce the last zine of '79.

Last stencil : 30 December 1979

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