

INFERNO



Well, it's got to be INFERNO (pronounced 'SMALL FRIENDLY DOG'remember?) 8. Anything less would not be as much, and anything else would not be believed. If only it looked like something else we might be able to bluff it through but as it is we may as well just admit it and try and sneak out the back way. You can get the next issue by some form of active response but money is a definite 'no-no'. It's that long since we saw some of that we probably wouldn't recognise it anyway. We still live at 25 Bowland Close; Offerton; Stockport; Cheshire; (wel-l-ll, not really 'Cheshire' anymore I suppose but over the years I've formed a sort of sentimental attachment to it and I'm buggered if I'll change it to suit some bureaucratic nerkhead at the PO) SK2 5NW. On with the fanzine, James.

[illegible]

4 APRIL 1974 (SKEL)

First a few fanzines which have arrived since last I set finger to keyboard.....

FANZINE FANATI^QUE - Keith Walker: 2 Daisy Bank; Quernmore
Road; Lancaster; Lancashire.

THE THIRD WRINKLED SHREW - Pat Charnock: 70 Ledbury Road;
London: W.11.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION - Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins: 622 W. 114th Street; 52A; New York; NY 10025; USA.

WARK 3 - Ro Pardoe: 24 Othello Close; Hartford; Huntingdon;
PE18 7SU.

STULTICIAE LAUS 1 - Darroll Pardoe: Address as above.

QWERTYUIOP (Ohmigawd, I actually stopped and thought out how to spell that - you cretin Skel) 8 - Sam Long: Box 4946; Patrick AFB; Florida 32925; USA.

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

OK Gil, I'll bite. I wouldn't dream of trying to rember just how much I enjoyed the books I've already read, on a points score basis, but I'll try to include the evaluational index of any new ones I read. Like Mike Glicksohn though, I read for fun rather than to improve myself. I'm not interested in appreciating scads of Kafkaesque imagery and deep, pertinent messages and concealed allegories. 'Good' books often tend to bore me. 'Bad' books do too of course, but it usually takes longer if something's happening. 'Rember' ????? What the hell's 'rember'???? Only the second stencil, and not a drop to drink, and already I've gone to pieces. The Postal People didn't frank the stamp on your zine, Gil. I'm rich! Now if only I could think of a use for a 16cent stamp.

I'VE GOT THEM 'COMING DOWN FROM SEACON WITH THEM SORTA ALMOST NOT QUITE BLUES'.....AGAIN.

SEACon was only my third convention so I have only a limited yardstick for comparison, and even that is worse than useless because I did something different each time. OMPACon was our first and we had a fantastic convention....but the 'down' we got on the Monday when we had to leave, on the long journey home, and for some weeks afterwards, was not a good thing. TYNECon wasn't enjoyed as much because I was on my own and so it dragged a bit for me. The 'Monday morning coming down' wasn't as bad either though, because I was looking forward to getting back to Cas.

We both got to SEACon and again had a great time. This may have been partly due to the fact that we only went down for one day and yet still managed, with only a few exceptions, to meet and talk to everybody we were hoping to see. SEACon didn't have time to 'drag' as far as we were concerned. That only left the 'down' and we made that a lot easier by coming

down in easy stages. On the Sunday night we went to Mike and Pat's in Derby, along with Fred Hemmings, Bernie Peak and Chris Bursey. Then, on the Monday, Mike and Pat came on home with us we sorta wound down easy-like until they had to go back on the Thursday. Hopefully we can do something similar after MANcon 5, because the ending of that will be the down to end all downs, viewed skelishly.

I've never done a conrep, usually because I always arrange to have an issue out for the con. Then I figure that, in the three months before I get another issue out, fandom will have suffered so many conreps as to cringe at the mere thought of another. Because of the poor state of british fanzines this is not usually the case. The reports start to appear six-to-nine-months afterwards. This then was to be the year of the skelish conrep. But, no more. The fanzine scene seems to be picking up. I'm pretty certain that EGG, CYPHER, THE WRINKLED SHREW, SPI and MALFUNCTION (and maybe MAYA) will be out again before this issue.....and Ian Williams says he will be starting a zine with Harry Bell, the material for which is already in, just requiring typing up. If we're not careful we could end up with a real live fanzine scene again.

Anyway, be that all as it may, a few compressions. I didn't make much of the programme. Bob Shaw I did make a special point of seeing. Thank ghod! A brilliantly underplayed speech and the sensational way he fielded the questions afterwards.....unbelievable!

The quiz too I caught, a pandering to my pretensions at having some interest in things semi-sercon (a character somewhat akin to the semi-colon, but missing off most keyboards). The high spots of this were the glimpses available from my priveleged seating position of the scoresheet, handed to John Piggott by Leroy Kettle whenever cries from the audience of 'Score...Score' became too clamorous to be ignored. This scoresheet looked like a creditable attempt to capture the neatness and layout of a copy of FANZINE FANATIQUE or a hastily scrawled last will and testament of a mongoloid maggot with the DT's.....which is nearly as bad. I understand an expert in cryptographical analysis was standing by should any

of the contestants be so foolish as to demand a recount.

Then there was the bidding of course, for the duration of which I had to sit like Clem alongside Pete Presford providing moral support and being just as functional as a third tit. Then I got sent on a fools errand, causing me to miss the 'two year bidding' debate, which I had particularly wanted to catch. I've seen two totally separate and divergent views on just exactly what the compromise solution implies, but more on that later. I will say though that I was rather disappointed that the MANCON 5 bid was unopposed. This was of course partly due to the fact that, once one has spent so much time and effort building up to something, honing ones weapons, one is left with a tremendous sense of unfulfilment to find out that the war has been cancelled due to lack of interest.

Secondly, it meant we weren't able to find out whether people wanted our convention (as against somebody else's) or whether they just wanted a convention. Also, whilst we had considered the possibility that there wouldn't be another bid to be fairly strong, the actuality of this threw us a bit. Instead of going up on the podium and ramming the advantages of Owens Park down peoples throats which we would have had to do if we'd had a fight on our hands, we virtually went up there and apologised for it, as one young lady in the audience so rightly pointed out.

(Thinks.....odd that they should pick me to send on a 'fool's errand'). But.....on with the motley. What's this?? No motley??? Luv - have you seen my bloody motley anywhere? Of course I've bloody-well looked properly! It's not facking-well here is it? Is it?? You've been tidying up again, have you not? No, I didn't leave it at work. I wish you wouldn't be all the time tidying my things up..... Of course it'll turn up sometime, but I wanted it now, didn't I?? Go and fetch my number three whip, woman.

Aaaaaahhhhhhh, that's better. Just hang on a bit while I get this blood off. Hmmm, what can I use to wipe it off onto? How about this old motley.....whoo-oops! Better hide that somewhere safe. S'funny, can't understand how I missed seeing

it there. Oh well, I suppose I'd better find something else to stencil now.....let's see.....

PAT CHARNOCK 70 Ledbury Road; London; W.11.

Ignore that up there; this letter is from Graham.....but I'm saving up so I can buy my own poncey letter heading soon.

Lisa's poetry soiree..... Well. I can't recall other members of the committee's reasons for giving it the elbow at SEacon, and I obviously can't speak for them, but in my own mind I think there were two reasons I was 'anti' it. And yes, one of them might well have included the stipulation that I wasn't keen on hearing a fan group reading poetry as part of the programme. I'm aware that both faan-fans and ordinary joe public fans go to conventions (and pros of course) and all have to be catered for. But I do feel personally that the actual programme as represented at any convention, should be as professional in outlook as possible. The logic being I suppose, that faan-fans are at least immersed enough in the culture to appreciate a professional programme; whilst joe public fans, being tender, sensitive, normal people, need to be protected from the grotesque excesses of too-overt displays of faanishness. They're likely to think it's a load of old rubbish (besides - it gets us nasty, sneering write-ups in the press). I don't see why Lisa, for her part, shouldn't have been able to get together a reasonable group of professional poets working within the SF field (there are enough of them about). Always accepting of course that :-

(a) She might not have been offered the proposition in exactly those terms, and.....

(b) It probably wasn't what she wanted to do anyway.

The other 'anti' (again I stress from my own personal point of view) was that it had been done before. I wanted to see SEacon try and do as many different things as possible, within reason. And again I think, within reason, that we succeeded. We tried a new approach to the fannish side of the activities, in the fandom room and the informal discussion groups organised around it which seemed, from what I saw of

them, to be very well attended. We tried to organise the quiz along different lines, and the Secret Master Of Fandom, although he fell flat on his face more often than not, was a serious attempt to bring fans into contact with each other. Oh... many little things, even down to Easter eggs and a more readable format for the booklet. My own feeling was that I wanted to be on a committee that cared about pleasing as many people as possible as often as possible. If that's 'pseud', I stand accused.

But basically, there was nothing new in Lisa's proposals and there was the danger of turning something that had not been proved overwhelmingly popular into a faanish institution. There are too many of those about anyway for my taste.

So.....splat, kraak! I have risen to the bait. I shall enjoy the next MANcon if it's different. Well, not too different. Well, not too 'not too' different.

WELL, MAYBE JUST AN EENTSY-BIT 'PSEUD'

.....because while these decisions don't tend to be made on any one particular point but rather on an overall bias of several aspects.....one of those mini-reasons still screams 'PSEUD' at the top of its voice.

Fans like to get involved. Not just faan-fans, but all fans. It's this 'involvement' that makes them fans, as distinct from that much larger body - SF readers. Sercon fans, ultra-faanish fans, fanzine fans, convention fans, apa members, all are 'involved'. Thus, to take the stand that a poetry soiree would be alright as long as fans take no active part and for christ-sakes don't do things which might affect the image we want to build up (this isn't 'pseud'???) by getting sneering press write-ups. Stuff the fucking press! If we're enjoying ourselves then let the buggers sneer. To let considerations of this nature influence us is pseudish in the extreme.

I'm not arguing for poetry soirees.....far from it. Personally I wish we weren't having one, purely because it

isn't something that I think most fans go for. But then, duplicate programming will take care of that. Maybe we could clash it with Bob Silverberg's GoH speech. No, it wasn't that you'd given the idea the elbow (more power to it) it was why you'd done it. I still think that part of the 'why' is pseud.

PSEUD! PSEUD!! PSEUD!!!

NYAAAAAH!

7 APRIL 1975

CHECKPOINT 61 - Darroll Pardoe: Address as before.

9 APRIL 1974

DYNATRON 61 - Nice Young Roy Tackett: 915 Green Valley Road
NW; Albuquerque; New Mexico 87107; USA.

CHECKPOINT 61 - Darroll Pardoe: Address as before.

Hmmm, I see your mailing list still has the hiccoughs Darroll. Now you can let me into the secret. Go on. How come I get two copies of every third issue? Especially as I don't get the ones in-between.....odder and odder. However I can report on the success of your other experiment. Of the eleven halfpenny stamps on the envelope, four were still unfranked. Now if we all use only halfpenny stamps and float off the ones that don't get franked we can maybe nullify this last postal increase.

I seem to be getting an awful lot of un-franked stamps lately. First there was the 16¢ one on Gil's fanzine, followed by a 5½p one on Phil Stephensen-Payne's letter.....and now these. Now if everybody is as mean and grasping as like what I am, and floats them off to use again, then it's no wonder the Postal Orifice has to keep putting its prices up. It is a pity we can't do the same. I can just see me going into work and saying "I have spent my money, not wisely nor well, so I'm afraid you are going to have to pay me again." Yeah, I'll bet. Mind you, it did snow today.

3 29 - John Bangsund: PO Box 357; Kingston;
ACT 2604; Australia.

- Larry Carmody: Eternity Road; 40 Shortridge Drive; Mineola; NY 11501; USA.

Roberts: 6 Westbourne Park Villas; London W.2.

- Brian Parker: Flat 2; 11 Fairfield Road;
Bradford 8; Yorkshire.

goes to show what can happen if you don't type regularly.....suddenly the whole thing just sort of fell apart. However, first a quote from the book "The Fanzine":
debted to a certain Mr. B. Robinson.....

[illegible]

taking your trousers down in public, and what
very much on what you've got." (from 'Letters
stranger' by Jack Trevor Story)

[illegible]

I include here for no other reason than that I

John Bangsund: Address as above.

Pauline Palmer: 2510 48th.; Bellingham;
WA 98225; USA.

ing is going to have to be done about this list as they are recieved. It seemed like a good when I was typing stencils like fury, but now

that I am consciously trying to refrain from such hyper-activity it seems to be breaking things up too much and not leaving enough room for me to squeeze in here. This may have seemed like a good thing but I'll soon fix that!

CULT OF THE GRIM LEAPER EXPOSED

It takes it out of you does leaping...grimly. Oh, any fool can prance around, leaping gaily hither and yon, a stupid smirk pasted across their inane features. Take a look out of any window and you can see what I mean. There they are, loutishly leaping, oafish grins upon their faces, hopping in and out of puddles on their way to the office. See them bouncing along the path behind the fence, their silly bowler hats alternately appearing and disappearing as they leap along, brolly in hand. If only they could see themselves. If only they knew how pathetic they looked.....and sounded, with their "Good (hop-hop) morning. How (leap) are you (skippety-bounce) this fine (hop) morning?" It makes me sick!

But, the art of grim leaping is something else again. To leap grimly is one of the most fulfilling experiences known to man. The sense of one-ness with the Cosmic All which is engendered by the grimmest of leaps is more profound than even the pleasure of not hearing one of Sam Long's puns. Even watching a group of novices performing in formation their mildly sercon hops has been known to bring about a mystical experience. Imagine then the wonderment, the thrill of watching an expert boldly leap where no man has leapt before. Yes, innovative leaping, at its grimmest, can transcend the transcendental. It is because of this that innovative leaping may not be participated in by anyone of lesser calibre or rank than a seventh dan. No empty rule this, for the distinction between sixth dan and seventh dan is marked by the most stringent, the severest of tests. The details of this test and ritual have always been the most jealously guarded secret of the grim leapers cult. No longer. The innermost sanctums of this cult have at last been breached. Disguised as a bondswoman, a female acolyte whose function it is to ceremonially bathe the 'tootsiz' or leaping foot of the applicant, one of our fearless reporters managed to penetrate this darkest of rituals.

It is little wonder that the masters of the cult have striven to keep the nature of this final test a secret. Even I, who have seen it, am not sure that the world is yet prepared for details of such depravity, such perversion. Yet, in the interests of a free-press I am constrained to reveal the entire sequence of events.

The trial itself involves the most shameless of occurrences, mixed leaping. Yes, men and women, leaping grimly together in the same room, without even a screen between them. It is this fact that forms the basis for the test. Remember, a sixth dan has already mastered the technique of hopping on one leg for twenty minutes, contemplating a photograph of Brian Burgess selling his pork pies whilst wearing his fancy dress costume/jock-strap and still maintaining a serious expression. Obviously this test must be sterner still. Now at last I can reveal that anyone who becomes a Grand Master, or seventh dan, is indeed deserving of the respect of grim leapers everywhere. Anyone who can bounce up and down for a full hour, watching a liberated female leaper doing the same, her knockers synchronously bobbing like two demented jellies, and maintain a stiff frown, is a man apart from the common herd.

24 APRIL 1975

DON-O-SAUR 40 - Don Thompson: 7498
Canosa Court; Westminster; CO 80030;
U.S.A.

Aha, someone else with guilt feelings about not responding adequately to Gil's 'Project'. But I haven't forgotten Gil.....but I've only read three books since then which are:-

Norton's 'The Crystal Gryphon' 77
Green's 'Conscience Interplanetary' 73
Harrison's 'T S S R S T W' 57

Anyone who doesn't get Gil's fanzine, GUYING GYRE, will of course

be totally lost back there. This is not altogether a bad thing, as everybody needs to be intrigued from time to time. Howsomever, why should I do your intriguing for you? What it all boils down to is that Gil is a teacher running an 'Appreciation of Literature' course based entirely on SF. Because he is a good teacher and one who is boldly teaching where no man has taught before, he is shamelessly out brain picking. In order to get as broad a base as possible for the selection of the class library he is asking everyone to send him their personal evaluation of the books they read, on a points-score basis.

The basis of the points system is simplicity itself, being in effect 0 for the lousiest book ever written and 100 for the greatest.....except the top score is of course 98, and the lowest possible evaluation is either 15 or maybe 12, the mid point being 55. It isn't really that simple, of course. The key to the whole shebang is that it is based plus or minus five on categories of ten. Obviously one must exclude all evaluational indices ending in either a 0, 1, or 9. That goes without saying. Look stupid, I'll run through it just one more time.....no, to hell with it. If you want to help, write Gil at the address on page four. Methinks 'tis a ghoud thing and deserving of assistance and encouragement. Like, zounds, maaan.

WARNING - THIS NAUSEOUS, OBSCENE, DISGUSTING, RUDE AND DOWNRIGHT SICKENING SECTION OF THE FANZINE SHOULD BE SKIPPED BY PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE NAUSEOUS, OBSCENE, DISGUSTING, RUDE AND DOWNRIGHT SICKENING SECTIONS. ALSO, PEOPLE OF SENSIBLE SENSIBILITIES. I'M SERIOUS. THIS MEANS YOU. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. TWICE.

Lisa, I'm surprised at you!

No, actually it's probably not like that at all. In fact it is simply in very bad taste. Very bad taste. Execrable. But I don't care. I DON'T CARE, I tell you!! Perhaps I'd better explain by telling you a little about myself.

I get these urges. No, not those sort of urges. Well,

of course I do get those urges too, but that's not the point in hand. WILL YOU STOP INTERRUPTING ME AND LET ME GET ON WITH THIS? Okay!! Anyway, I get these urges, like I was saying. Some times all this suburban respectability, wife-and-three-kids respectability, nine-to-five-job-complete-with-overdraft respectability.....well, sometimes it gets to crowding me. I have my safety valves. One of these is to sing along with the pop songs on the radio which Cas insists on having on all the livelong day. I sing along, but I change all the words, mouthing foul obscenities and impractical physical suggestions at high volume. I purge myself with a unique rendering of Buddy Holly's 'Everyday', clear my tubes with the lewdest version of 'Leaving On A Jetplane' you've never heard. Childish, yes. Infantile even.....very yes, but there are times when it helps me to face putting up that washing line for Cas or putting the curtain rail back up after Nicholas has done god-knows what to it.

I refuse to wear the face that society deems fitting for me to wear. I get a mood on. I've got one on now. I'm not going to wear the damn face you've got picked out for me either. No way! Look, you're all my friends, even if I've never actually met some of you, and because we're friends I respect our differences. I don't go blithely on possibly causing offence to some of you when, with a little thought, I can say the same things without the offence. Trouble is, it is just another damn face you're making me wear. As the warning preceding this section shows, I'm starting to get crowded and hemmed in.....in my own bloody fanzine. This is ridiculous.

Anyway, let's hold a competition. It's not really obscene. Like I said, it is merely in very bad taste. If you feel like extending a hand to me then join in, but if you don't then bloody tough.

The competition is simple. I want suggestions for a song title. I want to find the most nauseous and least tasteful song title in the world. This is not 'real' song titles, I hasten to add. You have to make them up. Or, bearing in mind the object of the exercise, maybe that should be 'make them

down'. I must warn you though Mike.....your 'I've got them Walkin', Talkin', High-pitched Sqwarkin', Split-crotch Pantie Blues' is no way nasty enough. My own favourite, and one I must fancy strongly, is my own 'I've got them - I Was Sucking Her Clit And Got A Scab Stuck Between My Teeth Blues'. Okay, can anyone out-nauseate that one?

OK, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW. IT'S ALL OVER. SKEL'S GOT IT OFF HIS CHEST. BUT WATCH YOURSELF IN FUTURE!

Cas has given up smoking again. She wishes me to inform you that it is now five hours since she had a cigarette. No doubt she will ~~hope to be able to~~ entertain you with more details of this later, so I won't even tell you why she is giving up the weed. If I did she'd be bound to say "Aw, you told 'em and I was going to write about that."

29 APRIL 1975 (SKEL)

STARFIRE 5 - Bill Breiding: 424 Central avenue; San Francisco; California 94117; USA.

8 MAY 1975 (SKEL)

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 14 - Ned Brooks: 713 Paul Street; Newport News; Virginia 23605; USA.

PHOSPHENE 1 - Gil Gaier: Address as page four.

NOTES FROM THE CHEM. DEPT. 10 - Denis Quane: Box CC; E. Texas Sta.; Commerce; Texas; USA.

KARASS 12 - Linda E. Bushyager: 1614 Evans Avenue; Prospect Park; PA 19076; USA.

LURK 7 - Mike and Pat Meara: 61 Borrowash Road; Spondon; Derby; DE2 7QH.

.....which isn't of course when they actually arrived. In fact they've trickled in since the time I typed the previous item. Somehow it just hasn't been time for INFERNO until now. I have been interacting with fans so much on a personal basis just lately that this proxy contact has been pushed into the

background and neglected. I came into the room this evening and it was sobbing quietly to itself. I have loved it all better and promised that I won't let it happen again. We are the best of friends again and these words are literally gamboling onto the stencil with a lamb-like falsely innocent joy of a friendship regained so as you walk, through the storm remember that Jesus is with you and naught can touch you, hold your head up high and stride purposefully home.....and pray that you can make it before your bladder bursts.

Which orgy of self-indulgence out of the way, let me move on to Kevin Hall's question of last night's MaD meet when he asked :-

"How come there isn't any contraceptive that bears the legend 'By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen'?"

.....and having wished we hadn't bothered, let us turn again and get some class into this damned fanzine.

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

Interesting to note the predominance of Canadian-oriented dirty limericks when you and the Mearas join farces. Must be the natural association of Canada with beavers. Without (honestly) more time than it took to write it down, I'm able to alienate four noteworthy English fans with:-

Confessed a Britfan whose name was Mike Meara,
"Of confusion there is some, I feara:
Cas can go to hell,
I'm here after Skel,
for though married, I'm totally queera."

Aren't you glad now that you didn't see more of me in Coventry?

Before I stopped sending Christmas cards (although I'm tempted to resume the practice thanks to Dave's positively sublime suggestion) I contrived to send a card for nine years in a row to a family taken at random from the local phonebook. The same family that is. Every year I sent them a cheery card

and signed it "Barney". After nine years I imagine they must have thought they actually had such a friend, and just couldn't quite remember who he was. Such are my thoughts on Christmas cards.

At cons and stuff like that, one often sees older fans taking younger neophytes in hand (they are generally much younger, very naive, and of the opposite sex) and pointing out to them various well-known or even famous persons and/or places in fandom. Having met the Egg Head, it doesn't surprise me that the insect world has its parallel to fandom, and a regular Cooks Tour of the Bug World exists to watch Peter shit. I can only hope Peter is making a good impression and living up to his reputation as a fan of impressive stature. With all those vegetables he eats I can't help worrying that the insects might come away dissatisfied with a Too-loose Loo-trek.

13 MAY 1975 (SKEL)

Mike also sent me a couple of labels from a bottle of Scotch that I haven't come across over here. Many merks Mike. How come I never think of these fiendish Chrimble card ideas? I bet that family really had a bit of sunshine brought into their life trying to figure out who 'Barney' was and what must have happened to him to prevent him sending his annual card. Now what you should do now is get some delectable femmefan to send them a letter to the effect that "Barney" is now almost recovered from his two-year ordeal in the Congo Basin but that she feels, because of the circumstances of which they are well aware, it would be imprudent of them to try and get in touch with "Barney" at this time. She could add that Doktor Herr Professor Gruntvuttock is in complete agreement with her on this point as are the lawyers who stress how disastrous it would be for all concerned if the papers got wind of the whole business, especially because of its connections to both the Kennedy assassination and the Charles Manson killings.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FANZINES GONE???

Not to 25 Bowland Close, that's for certain. It's nearly a fortnight since a zine kerthunked its way through the letter

box of the skelhouse. Ominous this.....I've just watched the TV film 'Night Slaves' which was adapted from the Jerry Sohl novel (and rather well too, methought) in which everybody, except the HERO of course, gets taken over by fings from outer space like and they zomb off in the night to mend the space ship what didn't oughta have passed its MOT and like that. Then I look up from typing this.....and I'm all alone, fanzine-wise at least. The parallel is obvious. This is not necessarily a bad thing, as it must make me THE HERO. This of course means that I will get the girl. You know the one..... the incredibly intelligent, incredibly beautiful, incredibly sexy, incredibly nice girl.....with the incredibly big knockers. Gee, I hope Dick Geis wrote this screenplay. Mind you, I'm not sure what is going to happen to Cas. Obviously she will have to be written out in a big 'Love Story' type death scene and then this incredibly nice girl will see how broken up I am about it and do her best to console me. I'm sorry I couldn't get you a bigger part Cas, but there's bags of scope in there for an Oscar as 'Best Supporting Actress'.

GHURK! Here I am on page eighteen, and I've only used extracts from two letters. And here I am with a pile this high. We-ell, OK, would you believe this high? This? Well, I have got some letters, what's this one here.....ANOTHER CANFAN? Where are they all coming from? They must be coming out of the wainscoting.....HMMMMM.....ah there, a Glicksohn-sized hole in the skirting-board, with hair caught on the jagged edges.....and there's another one. That must belong to

DOUG BARBOUR 10808 75th Avenue; Edmonton; Alberta; Canada.

hmm, this funny package comes from england, about the size of a waffle, about the right thickness too. no waffle holes, tho, maybe it's a flattened english muffin, dear? do you think so? hmm. yes, well, let's see...*munch, munch*... yes, it's a bit green and blue, botulisms? but interesting flavours here and there. strange these english chaps, very.

wotinell is one to do with an INFERNO anyway? i ask you? you should know if anyone does. i mean if i ever had to defend to the lord of the lower hosts just what kind of hellish

monster i was anyway, what precise species of FAN that is, i'd have to fess up and admit that i'm sercon, i desire to discuss sf, and that plainly marks me out for faanish purgatory at least. and yet, and yet, this thing of yours (says he, holding it, gingerly, drooping between two fingers and a thumb), this is a wierdly wonderful thing. i enjoy reading it, don't know how you manage, wonder if my brain is going even faster under the influence of such stuff, and giggle every so often as it softens, as i read. why try to respond to it, there's too much? and yet i enjoyed reading it, and found myself chuckling even over stuff i don't know anything about. certainly the glicksohn, with his continued battle to keep seriousness out of fandom should be pleased with you two. and with mike meara's letter, which as you rightly point out, is marvelous. right. marvelous what? anguished gnashing of teeth somewhere as all fanwriters try to figure out just what he did, right.

gee. i hope you all had a "nice time" at seacon (i assume that's what you packed up at fifty pages for). all this bitter backbiting, and all this talk. will it have any real effect? will it do any good? why must fans fight? a question to test us all. i noticed it around VCon too; factions, so to speak, each with very good arguments as to why the other side (THEM) was in the wrong. meanwhile the con went smoothly about its business, the parties were fun (as how couldn't they be with the dentons and susan wood around), and i enjoyed myself. what else was i supposed to do? did you not enjoy this grotty con you were complaining about? you saw friends, had good room parties, etc. didn't you? well. didn't you?

anyway, i'm glad that as well as liking john denver you like linda ronstadt. there i can agree with you. HEART LIKE A WHEEL is not only her best lp, it's one of the best of the last while, more listened to than any other in our house over the past month or so since we got it. and i like rita and kris, too, especially rita. but i like rock'n roll too, the allman bros., various other groups from that area, bad company, bruce springsteen, who is so good, and has a really coocking band with him; then there's canada's own joni mitchell who is pretty good, really. and i rather get a kick out of randy newman's GOOD OLD BOYS. i don't like the glitter people, most

of whom you folks spawned on us.

QUESTION --- WHY IS GARY GLITTER LIKE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?

ANSWER ----- THEY SEQUIN HERE, THEY SEQUIN THERE.

That bit last issue was 'bitter backbiting'? I sincerely hope that that interpretation means that you've been brought up in what is currently a much more sheltered fandom. Not too long ago it got so bad over here fen were being born with pre-bitten backs but we are now reaping the benefits in that we can get along without fawning ingratiatingly over each other. It certainly wasn't meant as 'bitter backbiting' nor, from Graham's letter, was that the way it was taken. The simple fact was that I am a fan out in the boondocks. I don't get to hear much of what is going on, nor am I privy to the secret inner workings of fandom. Thus, when I started hearing these dark rumours, I got worried. What I didn't realise is that one gets these before every con. Unfortunately I had been even further out of touch in the past and hadn't even heard the rumours.

I've already started hearing nasty 'facts' about our own 1976 con, MANCON 5. Things like "no chambermaid service" and "poor quality of the food" which are not only ludicrous but also totally at variance with the facts as we stated them in our progress report. Now I am the biter bit. Graham has already gotten his own back with a crack about 'bringing your own sleeping bag'. Now I'm just waiting for the letter..... "I have been informed by a friend who says that a mate of his read in some fanzine or other that we have to bring our own sleeping bags if we don't want to have to make our own beds. Some members of our local group are concerned about this because they don't have sleeping bags. We have put an advert in SF MONTHLY explaining our predicament and....."

If I didn't make it plain earlier on, let me reiterate that I did have a damn good time at SEACON and would like to all those who made it possible.

I would also like to point out to Mike Glicksohn (who LoC'd only the first $\frac{1}{2}$ of INFERNO 7) that he can stop reading

at this point and sharpen his pencil or typewriter or whatever because this is about the half-way point of the new slimmer skelzine. Anyone who believes that is as bigger sucker as I must be. When did Skel ever manage to keep his pages down? (No snickering at the back please..... 'How long have you been suffering from this snickering at the back? Interesting! If you wouldn't mind dropping your page-count for a minute..... yes, just as I thought, you are suffering from piles.....piles of old fanzines which are taking your attention away from your fan-pubbing. Here, take this prescription "Dosage-five stencils per day before retiring". This will either kill you or cure you. Whatever happens, stay regular.....")

Ah, this is more like the old INFERNO, brief flurries of activity followed by long lapses. Since typing that last many days have gone and likewise many fanzines vice-versa.....

29 MAY 1975 (SKEL)

DON-O-SAUR 41 - Don Thompson: Address as page 12.

MALFUNCTION 7 - Pete Presford: 10 Dalkeith Road; South Reddish; Stockport; SK5 7EY.
(This is another one of these zines that has sold its soul for free SF books *JEALOUSY* and has to churn out these interminable reviews. When will the British publishers realise that the reason they aren't selling as many books these days is that the people who would've bought 'em are all getting them for free.....)

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. 11 - Denis Quane: Address on page 15.

(These zines that come screaming through the letter-box with about the same regularity as Cas's weekly maintenance check have really got something going for them. Both NFTCD and D-O-S appear whilst the contents of the previous issue are relatively fresh and manage to maintain some sort of 'presence'..... Now if I could only go 'daily..... NFTCD is

the most thoroughly non-sercon 'sercon' zine I have ever come across. I think Denis, that this is because you talk all about SF, but you talk about how interesting and how much 'fun' it is without getting mired down in how pertinent, sociologically signigifant, (('signigifant' is similar to 'significant' but also indicates a total inability to locate the corflu bottle because Cas has been tidying-up again))and suchlike tedia.)

FAPA MAILING NO. 150 AND 27 OTHER ASSORTED ZINES BOTH OLD AND NEW - Courtesy of Terry Jeeves and Mike Meara. Ta both.

BUT FIRST.....A SERIOUS BIT

A comment of Mike Meara's in LURK 7 caused me to write him at length on a topic I have touched on and/or skirted on occasions in the past, but which I have never tackled coherently. Now, because this mailing list bears no resemblance to that of the early HELLS where most of this skirting was done and because I now discover that some of the argument was in a personal conversation with Mike and not in print at all It seemed that this would be the ideal opportunity to try to set my feelings down in some reasonably ordered fashion. Mike kindly agreed not to use that part of my letter. In LURK Mike had expressed his belief that some creative entity was responsible for the creation of the universe. I will quote first a part of my letter.....

"I have never seen the need for a 'creator' and, because I saw no need, I have always been of the opinion (Occam's Razor) that there wasn't one."

In order to believe in a 'creator' one needs first to believe that there is some purpose to the existence of the universe. This is a comforting belief because if the universe has no purpose then that relegates life to the status of a cosmic accident automatically which includes 'us' and even more particularly, it includes 'me'. Therefore, one is not important simply by existing, one must actively achieve any

importance one seeks and furthermore, this 'importance' is only relative and self delusive and doesn't really exist in a cosmic sense.

Now the 'ego' knows that it is the centre of the universe about which all else revolves. It is supremely important. Obviously the two beliefs are incompatible and because the ego knows the latter is true then the former is obviously false.

Now, being supremely important means that the ego must always be around, because the universe couldn't exist without it. "But...." says reality, "...you will die. This is fact."

"Obviously not...." says the ego, "...this must be illusion. I must only appear to die. Obviously I must be somewhere where nobody can see me, but I must still BE."

.....and thus we have the two interlinked beliefs, that in a Creator and that in 'life after death'. On this foundation we build something called religion. Now I believe that religion is an actively bad thing. I want to try and tell you why I feel that this is so.

If there is 'life after death' then death loses its importance. It is only important as far as this life is concerned and this life is relatively insignificant when compared to the hereafter, both in quality and quantity.

Now take the alternative. I am 'me'. For all the vast eternities beyond understanding I did not exist. Then here I am, a unique, self-aware entity. The key word is 'unique', I am all there is of me and this is my only appearance. This appearance will last for what is not even the merest instant of cosmic time. Then I will cease to exist. There will be no eternal celestial second-house. Something that existed isn't.....and won't be ever again. Never. NEVER NEVER NEVER. Now obviously, to shorten this existence by even one minute must be the most immoral act conceivable. It would be likebut it wouldn't, because there is nothing one can set against it for comparison which doesn't pale into total and

utter non-significance.

Now if we faced up to this fact and really believed it, not cerebrally, but hard down gut-deep knew it, then how could we make war? How could we kill each other?

It is the ultimate importance of 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' in this context that makes the alternative a bad thing. It is so unimportant to the essence of a religious belief that a formal statement has to be made. Not 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' because it is the most important fact in all creation, but 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' because God says so. It is a rule of the game and not a very vital one. If you want to play a variation of the game called 'Religious People At War' then this rule can be waived. Just apply to the umpires who will get a dispensation from the rules committee.

I can't help thinking here of a TV program I once saw in the 'Defenders' series which starred Edward G. Marshall as a lawyer called Preston who with his son as a partner defended a young American who refused the draft. This was at the time a very daring episode because the youth was not a conscientious objector in the acceptable sense.....he did not believe in God and therefore couldn't claim exemption on religious grounds. He just thought it was wrong. I say it was a daring episode because it was well before the time when draft-dodging became the 'in' thing. This was back before then when even a 'proper' conscientious objector was scorned. Anyway, they defended him and he lost and went to prison and yet the program was definitely sympathetic towards him and his beliefs.

The moral of course was that if you think it's wrong, but only a little-bit wrong they'll let you off, but if you think it is so wrong that it is the ultimate crime then you still have to do it, or suffer the consequences.

Religion has a lot to answer for, I feel.

.....and yet, it is not all on the debit side. The best way to look at religion is as a crutch, or better still, as a baby's walking frame. Extremely useful once, perhaps even

necessary, but it ought to be outgrown. After a time it only acts to hold back one's development. The resources to face the universe as it is should be entirely within oneself. A person who has to lean on outside help, who needs to 'believe' has a hole in himself, in his self-reliance. He finds himself inadequate to face something. Death. Total and final extinction of 'self'. The ego is too powerful.

This is a very personal point of view. You may very well disagree. I accept this. It is what I feel, but I know of no Universal Law that states that what I feel has to be 'The Way It Is'. I may be wrong. So may you.

Later on, I may tell you how I can square this belief of mine with another.....the belief that abortion is not necessarily a bad thing, a thing to be arbitrarily forbidden. Or maybe I won't. We'll see.

JANICE WILES 47 Worcester Road; Sutton; Surrey.

Regarding your comments on the 'Aldiss-Harrison-Robinson' Book programme, I entirely agree that the overall impression made was dreadful. If the people actually writing SF can't get the message over the general public is never going to be dissuaded from the view that SF = BEMs and computers ruling the world. As to Aldiss's "Hypothetical speech entitled 'In Defence Of 1930's SF'" - this may well not be hypothetical at all. Only two days before I had listened to him express very similar views on Capital Radio's phone-in programme on SF. In fact, I found that while the Book Programme was on, I could actually recite along with him in places - virtually the same words were used.

Cas, you shouldn't be surprised to find 'The First Year Of Marriage' with 'Occult Sciences' (maybe the librarian had an unhappy experience?). Categories mean nothing to the people who set them up. My local W. H. Smith's has Prof. John Taylor's book 'Black Holes' with the SF - mind you, the book itself is labelled as in the category 'Science & Occult' - which must show something about the people who buy books on science and/or the occult.....but I'm not sure what.

The point of this letter is to tell you how much I enjoyed reading Dave's copy of INFERNO 7 and to attempt to crawl abjectly enough to persuade you to send me a copy of the next ish. Being very new to fandom all these zines are a source of wonder and delight to me - every time I meet Dave he hands me some more of his fanzines to look at. He only gives them to me as he leaves though.....maybe he doesn't want me to get distracted by them while he's around?

HELPFUL HINTS FOR NEW 'DAVE ROWE' OWNERS, EXTRACTED FROM MY NEW BOOK, 'ON THE CARE AND FEEDING OF YOUR NEW 'DAVE ROWE'.

Yes, I can understand Dave's misgivings, but as his mistress it is up to you to make him get over this sense of inadequacy. This will obviously be a little difficult as you mustn't risk losing his trust by telling him an outright lie such as telling him that he is more interesting than a fanzine. Here you will have to be devious and make use of your natural advantage over him.....your intelligence. I'm sure you will think of something. Use your feminine wiles (Oh god, sorry, it was honestly unintentional) and tell him how much nicer to stroke he is and that fanzines don't have such nice hair. This will appeal to the vanity natural to all males of his species, so he will want to believe you, and this is of course half the battle. You could then point out that a fanzine couldn't take you out for an expensive night on the town, nor could it shower you with fabulous necessities like furs and jewelry. See how this deep-seated inadequacy of his can be turned to your advantage? We women have got to stick together.....

.....hang on a bit though.....I could have sworn I wasjust a minute while I check something.....AHA! I thought so! Leave him alone woman, we men are not easily taken in.

GRAHAM!!!

"I found it was pretty good on the carpet as well. It goes in without too much trouble."

GRAHAM!!!

I'm shocked!

"What's that, Graham?"

"You stapled most of SPI 2 that way??"

Such devotion to duty. Graham Poole, TRUEFAN (and bar)...
...but tell me more about this amazing stapling technique. It
doesn't seem to be listed in my handy reference work 'Two Hun-
dred and Seventy-five advanced positions and thirty-four ways
to make it into work with a fractured spine' by Professor Herr
von Meara (und Vife). Nor is it in the companion volume 'Nine-
und-funfzig vays fur kleaning aus ov der Datsunner Ashentrays
Vas Mussen nicht in eine Publiker Platz be gedone.' Maybe
these works are not as complete as they claim.

.....BUT DOESN'T YOUR AIRING CUPBOARD CHUCKLE???

No?? Ours does. Strange glukk-gurkling sounds can be
heard in the dead of night. No, it's not the antiquated plum-
bing.....the house has only been up about seven years. No,
it's the skelbrew. Yes, five gallons of burbling grot are now
festering away in Cas's airing-cupboard. I have invested in
a ~~poison yourself~~ brew-it-yourself outfit and a five gallon
lager kit.

I have decided to start with easy-to-do kit brews until I
can handle the basics in my sleep. This is a clever ploy which
will enable me to do seven hours more brewing each night. Cas
says that I'm cheating and that I should be cracking my kernels
and treading the hops, or somesuch. All in the fullness of
time, say I.

Well, it's the cost you see. Four bottles of Newky-broon
on a weekend and it's goodbye to a greenie. This not am are
a good thing for the skelfinances. So, faunching after the
4p a pint brew, I have finally overcome my prejudices. I'd
probably have started much sooner were it not for the memory
of a certain fan who came to stay and who brought with him a
gallon of his home-brewed beer

Do you remember that bowel-rotting brew of Gerb's, Brian?
Could you forget it? What was it the analyst at Whitbread's
said in his report on it....."Long and short-rod infestation".

"Not recommended for pickling other than the lowest-grade of onions"? "Change after six months or five thousand miles"? He didn't exactly think it posed much of a threat to the Head Brewer's livelihood, did he? Mind you, my first attempt will probably be rather similar.

The main reason I plumped for the lager kit was a small notice on the wall telling you how to use the same kit with just a couple of extra ingredients for brewing Carlsberg Special Brew. I presume that to mean an approximate equivalent, but even an approximate equivalent of this is worth chancing my arm over. So, come the weekend I will slam this five-gall batch into a cask and try for a three gallon brew of the aforementioned Nektar.

Another reason for all this frenzied brewing is that I've got to reasonably proficient come late August when vast numbers of fen may or may not be descending on us for our anniversary orge on Saturday the twenty-third. Vast numbers of fen will be invited anyway. If nobody turns up I suppose I shall just (sniff) have to try and (sniff) drink it all myself (sniff).

DARROLL PARDOE Address as page 3.

I wonder if it's a mistake to hand out fanzines at conventions; we got given about half a dozen, and I'm sorely tempted to put them on one side and not LoC them (especially as another fmz came in the mail yesterday and four today: it's a never-ending struggle to keep up). Still, must show willing.

I think you're being too narrow in your definition of honest-to-goodness fanzine. Every fan has his own ideas when he puts out a fanzine; you can't expect them all to look alike. I like Don Markstein's definition of a fanzine as something that comes free in the mail. That's pretty comprehensive. CP and WARK are pretty specialised, as you say, but are they any the less fmz for that? WARK especially. I know what kind of fanzine I like best (if you want to know, it's those that follow Ray Fisher's well-known category of 'people-oriented' fanzines) but I wouldn't restrict 'fanzine' to them.

Noses run, in our family.

The anti-pornography people, the Festival of Light fanatics and such, are I'm sure badly hung up on sex somewhere, but they're only a part of a larger human tendency, which is to believe that variety of human belief and expression is bad and should not be allowed. What they're saying is really that

(1) What I believe is the only right way to think, therefore.....

(2) You are wrong and you must not be allowed to say what you think.

Myself, I don't like censorship of any kind, political, sexual or what have you. I suppose we're a bit freer than most people, here in fandom, but you still get fans who grunch about such trivial matters as a few 'fucks' and 'cunts' in a fanzine.

Best from Mrs. Nurtscratcher and all at number 24.

2 JUNE 1974 (SKEL)

I should have your problems! Only three new fanzines made it through my letter box under their own steam in the last thirty days or so. May was not a good month for fanzines.

Whilst I wouldn't go so far as to classify everything that comes free in the mail as a 'fanzine' (Readers Digest Come Ons, leaflets advertising folding ladders, coupons for 3p off Nescafe, etc.) I must hasten to state that my stick has been firmly grasped.....at the wrong end. I was trying to get inside Gray's head and I was using the term 'honest-to-goodness fanzine' as a purely subjective term, meaning that kind of fanzine that one can get into and feel a part of, that one can kick a ball around in and which at the same time seems to equate with what 'fanzine' means to most people. Even to me the word 'fanzine' means just about anything under the sun, but on first saying the word I get a mental picture of SFR. It's that first mental-flash I was talking about, not the superimposing reality that creeps on over it.

My own reasons for disliking censorship probably stem from the overriding assumption that who-ever it is who is doing the censoring has more right to his opinion than I have to mine. This gets up my nose. They've every right to their opinion, but no right to force that opinion on others. This is the ultimate of fugg-headedness. The Do-Gooder mentality is a blight upon the Earth.

Look, here I am, minding my own business and 'KNOCK KNOCK' a Jehovah's Witness is there trying to show me the light. Why? What tremendous conceit there must be in this guy to make him think that what he thinks, his beliefs are so important that others must be converted to them. Why must he have everybody think alike in carefully pre-moulded ways? Could it be a deep seated insecurity? Maybe his belief isn't strong enough to withstand the presence of conflicting ideologies, so, full of missionary zeal he goes off to convert everyone to something his subconscious daren't tell him he doesn't really believe in anyway.

There has been a lot of hullabuloo about the Communists 'murdering' other ways of thought, but surely this is what missionaries have been doing down through the ages. No organization has done more towards straight-jacketing thought down through the ages than the organised religions...the good guys. (I've only just finished reading an old fanzine that had an article by Walter Breen concerning the 'real' issues of censorship. He pointed out that religion is equally important in this regard as politics and sex and that more books have probably been banned on religious grounds than on either of the others.....but I don't want to talk about religion again or else I'll be accused of riding a hobby-horse).

My other main reason for disliking censorship was also stressed in Walter's article, namely that the reasons why censorship are imposed are either wrongly thought out and totally erroneous, or they are really an indictment of the society imposing the censorship rather than of the subject matter being subjected to that censorship.

But typo's are beginning to abound *SCLOTCH* got one, so

I'll away to my bed. Goodnight.

9TH JUNE 1975 (SKEL)

Good Morning again. I said somewhere how much more fun some of the old fanzines seemed and how much better still they must have been back when they were still 'current'.....when they had a sense of immediacy, an involvement with the readers and the fan-scene as a whole. Now of course I have got proof of that assumption. Yes, obvious though it seemed to me, it could still only be an assumption. Now I've received TRIODE 21 and now I know.

I've seen some of the old TRIODEs and enjoyed them, but never to the same degree that I enjoyed this one. I can really relate to the things in this, they are part of my milieu. The references to TV adverts are to those that I have seen. The references to fans are likewise. I 'know' the people in the letter-col. Damn you Eric Bentcliffe for not sending me numbers 19 and 20 from your address at 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR. (Notice how cleverly I slipped that in, so unobtrusively, so as not to have to type it again alongside Terry Jeeves' Address as the other half of the editor/publisher entity.....you did notice, didn't you???) I have also received.....

THE GRIMLING BOSCH 3 - Harry Bell: 9 Lincoln Street;
Gateshead; Tyne & Wear; NE8 4EE.

.....which is full of very little and signifies even less. Nope, that reaction is because I'd heard the recounting of the banishment from the Gannet before but on further mulling I think that was in a private letter to me from Ian Maule so it isn't really reworking old ground. In fact, this is another 'Look-I'm-still-here-and-these-six-pages-prove-it' zine. One oddity though.....a Harry Bell zine with four illo's, none by Harry Bell. Look Harry, you must know how many fan-eds would give their right thingy to be able to illustrate their own zines even a fraction as well as you can do.....and there you are, not doing it. It's so unfair! But then, when was life ever 'fair'. Admit it, you did it just to get even with me for not crediting you with that back-

cover I ran last issue, didn't you? No, seriously, I am puzzled as to why you, of all people, have to publish illo's that even Dave Rowe doesn't want to see print under his own name. Or you Dave.....if you're not satisfied with them then why are they seeing print at all? Is this not a double standard from our greatest crusader for FANART??? And am I not sticking my nose where it's not wanted again??? (Damn these small friendly dogs.....until they've been house-trained they'll shit on anybody, friend and foe alike) There is one thing I have been meaning to ask you for some time now though Dave.....how come you never seem to use any shading? Not so much for depth as for texture. Are you trying to bankrupt Gestetner's shading plate division?

QUESTION - HOW DOES A SUN COMMIT
SUICIDE????????????????

ANSWER - IT TAKES A NOVA-DOSE.

That was an original skelish joke. Accept no substitutes.

HA HA HA-HAA-HA HA HAHAHAAHEEE.

That was some original skelish laughter which is available as an optional extra and which you will need to go with the original skelish joke advertised above. They only work together folks.

.....AND THEY SELL THE DAMNED STUFF!

Which of course refers to the reproduction of the Auggie Barnett advertisement lurking alongside as I write this. After complaining bitterly about this stuff in the last issue it's nice to discover that even the suppliers agree with me.



14 JUNE 1975 (SKEL)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH 42 - Eric L. Larsen: Box 16373;
NCSU; Raleigh; NC 27607; USA.

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

This is invaluable to someone like me who can no longer afford to keep in touch with things by purchasing all the magazines that hit the stands.

CYNIC 8 - Gray Boak: 2 Cecil Court; Cecil Street; Lytham; Lancashire; FY8 5NN.

Which says nice things about INFERNO.....I think. "I would like to take the opportunity of saying that INFERNO is the (bloody great hole where I had trouble removing the cello tape that sealed the zine -package) Britain. In my opinion. Other people thi....(same bloody great hole)...oo."

You also went on to say, Gray, that you hadn't bothered voting in the CHECKPOINT poll this year because of the overall abysmal quality of the years fanzine activity. Damn!! You were one of my 'sure' votes. I figured you and a couple of others were certain to vote INFERNO somewhere in the top five. How am I gonna achieve fame and fortune and be fawned over by women with huge knockers if nobody votes for me? Don't go out alone at night, Boak.

I also didn't support the Fanzine Achievement Awards but for a totally different reason. From the explanatory literature, of which I received no less than three separate sets, the purpose of the award is two-fold. Firstly, it is intended to be a fannish version of the nebula award, and secondly it is intended to replace the sort of egoboo-poll oft run by certain zines. These latter, because they go out with that zine, are pre-biased towards that zine (Mike Gorra did something like this recently and couldn't understand why his own zine rated so high, didn't he?).

Now had the overall bias been toward the latter of these two ideals I would have supported it. This is straight egoboo

and I'm all for everyone getting all the boo their ego deserves. But, I'm not prepared to shell out vast sums of loot so that some guy can get his ego bood. Why we have to have actual awards and large administration expenses, I don't know. I'm not particularly interested in whether or not half a dozen persons get a silver-plated diamond mounted on a solid platinum base to signify that they published/wrote/illustrated the best. I would like Grant Canfield to have the satisfaction of knowing that his peers thought him the 'best', but I don't feel the call to chip in for a trophy for his mantle-piece.

I got the first lot of literature air-mail from Linda Bushyager. Now either Linda is paying this sort of expense herself in which case she is a very sincere person whose will ought to be well worth getting into, or it goes on expenses out of the voting fee, which would be diabolical.

Thus spake the Skelton and forthwith appeared a mighty throng.....of faneds bent on mayhem.

PAM BOAL 43 Hawthorne Crescent, Grove, Wantage, Oxon, OX12 7JD

I suspect les Mearae were lurking in the background when you decided to send me a copy of INFERNO...mystery number one solved and I still think they are nice folk. Mystery number two...what is a 'Skel 'n Cas'? I racked my brain, then decided it would never take the place of wine, so replaced it and tried to use it. My faanish vocabulary is limited and it positively does not include a definition of a 'Skel 'n Cas'. Still, I enjoy a good detective story and proudly claim to have solved more than one Agatha Christie before the last chapter. My confidence in my deductive abilities was not misplaced (unlike most things in this house, ballpoint pens in particular). I discovered that a Skel was a male biped, almost certainly human and alternatively called Paul...that a Cas was a mother and that the 'n was the bond of affection formalised by the ceremony of marriage. So, a 'Skel 'n Cas' is that human quadraped known as parents.....and I think we met at Tyne-Con???

Receiving number 7 ish of a zine can be infuriating.

References to Sociology, pornography, Moles, Hadrian's Wall, all tell of interesting articles and comments that have gone before, and here I am not knowing where it all jumped off from or where it has got to.

A view of morality? An ambitious thought. I'll get in first with the cynical comment that morals are expediciencies, true, but not the real question. May I offer a starting point? A moral person can not act (by commission or omission) in such a way as to jeopardise the survival of the species 'Man'.

I HAVEN'T GOT A TRICKY TITLE FOR THIS BUT.....

That's one hell of a curve you threw in there at the end. I will admit that a working definition of morality would be an ambitious project. Notice how I somehow never came back to the point, last issue.

Morals is funny things. They can change. What would have been a moral act fifty years ago might not be so now, and vice-versa. Society's morals, that is. An example or two? Wanton plundering and conspicuous waste of nature's resources used to be perfectly 'moral'. 'Rude Things' weren't. Looky now. How things have changed.

Yet the other sort of morals, personal morals, cannot be quantitatively measured because they are too diverse. It is the consensus of these personal morals that forms the morals of society. But, only society can be judged by these morals and the judgement must be that it is moral.

Whether or not an individual can be considered to be behaving morally can only be answered in terms of his own moral beliefs, whether or not those morals are at variance with those of society. If he acts according to the morals of society and these morals run contrary to his own beliefs, then he is acting immorally. As long as an individual acts are consistent with his beliefs then he is acting in a moral fashion.

So, I will act consistent with those beliefs and steer clear of any attempt to come up with an 'objective' view of

'morality'. I will though state that I'm not happy with your definition of a moral person except, as you say, as a starting point. The trouble with it is that it is open-ended. If we assume it to be correct then anyone who fails this test is not a moral person. However, this does not mean that anyone who did pass the test would ipso-facto be a moral person.

Anyway, here come de Judge.....

15 JUNE 1975 (CAS)

"If you don't get your finger out and get typing YOU are not going to be in INFERNO this time." he said, threateningly. But hasn't Mike Glicksohn got lovely eyes and can I have a dogwas my scathing reply. Which must prove something.

Apart from that, we went to les Mearae's for the Spring Bank Weekend, 'we' being the whole brood ('cept the dog, 'cos we aint got one). It was all very lovely, I was sick, and on the Sunday Mike suggested that we take the kids to Twycross zoo. Come 1-30 we'd all piled into the car and were on our way. Quite a peaceful journey it was until I saw a signpost with Market Bosworth $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, upon it. "But Mike," I said, "did you see that signpost? Can we go Mike, can we go?"

Those of you that know me will of course realise the excitement caused by a signpost with the words 'Market Bosworth' on it. Mike, being a nice guy, agreed to head in that direction after we'd been to the zoo. We arrived at the zoo and we looked at the animals and the animals looked back at us and Mike took some photographs and then we got back into the car. Wasn't that a thrilling description?

To the Battle Site.....the sign said, which was quite reasonable as we were heading for the site of The Battle Of Bosworth Field where MY HERO Richard was murdered by that rotten Henry Tudor. Through the village of Bosworth we travelled and out towards Sutton Cheney, and what a lovely surprise I got when we arrived. There was me expecting to see a grotty little plaque saying 'King Richard III died here', but nay.... there is an Exhibition Hall, a small cinema where Pat and I

watched the last half hour of that Tudor-biased ratfink Shakespeare's 'Richard III'.

In the surrounding fields you can wander to your heart's content seeing where the battle took place, There are lots of little notices telling you whose men were situated where and what happened at particular places. Somehow I don't think that Pat, Mike and Paul were as enthusiastic as I, as I kept hearing little comments like, "And I suppose Sir William Stanley jumped off his horse and went for a piss behind that bush.....nope, can't have done - no plaque." It's a good job I didn't have my dog (the one I haven't got yet) with me or I'd have set it on them. I was having a fantastic time tram-ping round the fields. I insisted that Mike take a photograph of me standing beside Richard's flag and another one of me standing beside the monument on the spot where HE died. Unfortunately I didn't get a chance to look round the Exhibition as we were rather late arriving and the place closed at six o'clock, but next time..... Mike, what do you mean 'you've sold your car and you and Pat are emigrating to Australia'?

15 JUNE 1975 (SKEL)

What's a wife for if you can't interupt her, eh? I just want to say a few words to various persons that I ought to have said earlier but which slipped my mind. I thought I'd better chip in here with it because we seem to be running out of fanzine and once Cas gets going I might never get in here again. So.....

Pam It was at OMPAcon, not Tynecon.

Gil Tubb's 'Zenya' - 56/Tucker's 'The City In The Sea' - 33/Herbert's 'Hellstrom's Hive' - 75. Don't read much anymore, do I Gil?

Bill I didn't say that sending out one's fanzine was enough response for a letter. I said it wasn't, but that in the nature of things it was all that could reasonably be expected. I try to answer the letters get and LoC the fanzines, but it hardly ever works

out. When I got that magnificent issue of STARFIRE I rushed out and bought an airletter because that was one fanzine I was really gonna LoC. The trouble was that in the cold light of day it turned out that my main reason was to slag you for twisting my words and after I'd waited a bit everything else kinda went away too. I've still got that airletter.

Dave Cas's interest in SF must be as small as Cath's but not going to the last Eastercon really upset her. Fans are to make friends with, not to talk SF to.

THE INKREDIBUL LIMERICK PHENOMENON STRIKES AGAIN

Before I let Cas back in again I would like to recount one additional part of the Weekend chez Mearae. On the way there we passed a sign that bore the legend 'Sneyd Brickworks'. "Now there," thought I, "is a challenge. I wonder if I could" The resulting limerick, totally obscene, is here presented just to show Mike Glicksohn that not all our slanders are aimed at Canadians.

There was a young man from Sneyd Brickworks
who said, "Dear, let me show you how my prick works."
She said, "Yes, but NOT up my bum
because that way I won't come.....
besides, I'm fed up with you and your sick quirks."

Now I've no intention of turning this zine into a medium for pornographic limericks so there I think I will let matters drop. There will be no headings like:- 'The Return Of The Inkredibul Limerick Phenomenon' or 'Son Of The Inkredibul Limerick Phenomenon Meets Wolfman In Outer Space.'

16 JUNE 1975 (CAS)

Do you realise that I haven't smoked a ciggy for seven weeks. It was like this you see.....I wanted a sun-lamp so that I could get a bit of a tan before we went on our hols (I hate looking pasty-white in my swimsuit). So the Great One says to me, he does, "If you give up smoking you can use the money to buy a sun-lamp." So I did this. I am now nicely

tanned but have a slight problem.....I have put on a stone in weight and wouldn't be seen dead in a swimsuit. Such is life.

Well, I suppose the only thing to do is go on YET ANOTHER DIET. I'm fed up of dieting, starving myself whilst those around me are eating that delicious yummy stuff called food. "Why," I ask myself, "do I want to be slim? Why can't I just convince myself that I'm one of the worlds plumper beings and let it all hang out?" It's not the fact that the less excess weight I carry around the healthier I am. No, it's sheer feminine vanity. I want to be slim so that I will look good, and boy do I suffer for it. And if anybody tells me that I don't have to starve myself to lose weight, just eat the right things, I'll scream, I tell you. For me to lose weight I literally have to give up food. Have you all got the feeling that I'm feeling sorry for myself? You're bloody well right! Well, I'll have to say 'tatty-bye' now as my Thing says I can't have any more space. Don't know who the bleeding hell he thinks he is.....up with Women's Lib, down with Male Coeditors and.....oh hello luv. Didn't know you were stood behind me, aaaaaaaargggghhhhhhhh.

ANDREW DUNLOP 34 John Grundy House; Howard Place; Hyde, Ches.

Mike's contrib on whisky labels was excellent but I thought you'd have realised that the canny Scots were putting a good glue on their labels so that they can re-use the bottle without needing another label. This understanding has led me to my efforts for the conservation of this world's diminishing natural resources. I have written a book, the title of which is 'Upboatland'.

CHAPTER ONE

There were two rabbits sitting in the evening sunshine, chewing on the sparse grass. Pound was a small rabbit who had a tendency to propysy coming events, although none too successfully. He said at last to his friend Beech, "I have had this strange dream recently. I can see the warrens tunnel caving in and I can hear the screams of all the other rabbits." "Shut up!" said Beech, "You've been on the weed again."

CHAPTER TWO

Later that evening just before dark strange rumblings were heard in the warren but because rabbits haven't long memories all was forgotten. All except for Pound who just couldn't sleep because of his bad dream.

CHAPTER THREE

"Bring that digger over here to these bloody rabbit warrens." shouted the foreman. Then the digger started and all the rabbits in the warrens were crushed to death. Then the foreman went over to the lorry and pulled out the notice welcoming prospective buyers to the site of their new home on Upboatland. And everyone lived happily ever after....except Pound and Beech.

THE END

I hope prospective publishers will realise that my book'll save over 400 pages per copy (at 1,000,000 copies that is a lot of pages saved). Also, my book only takes up a tiny space on the bookstall and they could get over a hundred copies of my book in the space needed for one of those other ~~stupid~~ books about rabbits.

My book only takes about two minutes to read compared with 10-12 hours for 400+ page novels so the saving of time, even if only worked out at £1.00/hour, must be fantastic. Again, my book could be published for only about 1/200th of the cost of a 400 page novel so the publishers and the author (me) would have plenty of extra loot to share between us.

17 JUNE 1975 (Skel)

Yes Andrew. The trouble is you haven't really gone far enough. Just look at the cost-savings of not publishing a novel at all. Think how rich that would make you.

On the assumption that this is the last stencil (likely) I would like to thank the following for writing one or more letters which somehow never got used:- Pete Roberts; Sam Long; Phil Stephensen-Payne; Janet Wilde; Dave Piper; Dave Rowe; Brian Robinson; Ruth Berman; Gil Gaier; A. J. Brooks (Superintendent); Archie Mercer; Ian Williams; Mike Meara; Rob Jackson; Jim Goddard and Gray Boak. Many thanks.

But I did it again, didn't I? Forgot things, that is. Just like last issue I forgot to say who had done the artwork for me. The front cover is of course by Dave Rowe. Both of the candidates for TAFF this year are exceptionally worthy. This fanzine wholeheartedly supports Bill Bowers for the simple but effective reason that his name was on the illo that Dave sent. We are now committed. There can be no turning back. Would you let your daughter marry a Roy Tackett??? Besides, I've got to do something to get on Bill's mailing list.

Childe Colley has started turning up at the MaD-meets again. He still brings his artwork and GOLLYGOSH it's getting better all the time. I liked several pieces he'd done recently but only one of INFERNO size. Serendipitously, it also acts as a perfect illustration for page fourteen, which all you goody-nice-nice people haven't read. So, I used it for the back cover of course. I also got a perverse sense of pleasure out of pairing these two cover artists.

The illo on page thirty-two was an advert ripped bodily from the Daily Express and which has reproduced much better on the dirt-cheap elctro's that Mike gets than did the clippings I similarly had done in INFERNO 2.

Apart from those, all the illustrations in this issue are by yours falsely. 'All' of course meaning page 12. At that you've got a bonus. Originally page thirty-two was the front cover and the back cover was as is. Then Dave sent his illo and I thought 'Must get it electro'd'. All on its own - 95p?? Not a chance! So I drew a little Grim Leaper and the cover for the next issue. One cover and two interior illo's isn't too bad for 95 pence. I'm pretty chuffed with next month's cover. Not because it's goshwow-great or anything like that. No, I started it over two years ago, nearer three, and then I hit a block and couldn't develope it.

19 JUNE 1975 (SKEL)

KRATOPHANY 7 - Eli Cohen (Damn these Catholics): 2920 Victoria Avenue; Apartment 12; Regina; Sask; S4T 1K7; Canada.

Any fanzine that has a 'Mome-Rath-in-Residence' is my kind of fanzine. Immac (sounds like a hair remover) ulately reproduced and with a photo-cover of Susan Wood. Unlike all the cover illustrations of her that I've seen drawn this does not make her look ravishingly beautiful after the fashion of some fashion model, but more like the kind of girl you fall in love with (Damn! girl must have some faults, somewhere....uh????). This zine I gotta LoC.

ERG 51 - Terry Jeeves: 230 Bannerdale Road; Sheffield; S11 9FE

.....with a four colour Banda cover which is really effective and which Terry will swear blind nobody ever commented on.

In your editorial Terry your mention of Gestetner colour work causes me to thank Christ that I decided to get a Roneo. Lack of ink-control, it may have, but I can change colours faster than I can zip up my fly (which can be messy). I pay for it with show-through of course, and the ink is so damned expensive. I ran this issues red off from the ink in the padsthe drums are dry, and at £2.50 a time are likely to remain so. The green drum is even worse. I even have a drum (part-owned with Pete Presford) which has never had any ink in. Since we bought the drum we haven't been able to afford to buy the blue ink to go in it.

THAT'SSHERYL BIRKHEAD???????

I don't believe it! Look at her illo's Cas. They're girlish. Sheryl Birkhead is a girlish girl, much younger, with straw sticking out of her hair. That is a woman! Calmly aware of her own attractiveness.....maturely, off-handedly, demurely elegant. Cobblers! That's not Sheryl Birkhead. Are you sure????? I don't believe it!

From which everyone else can gather that I've just had a letter from Sheryl, and from which Sheryl can gather that we sat across a table from each other at SEacon. Are you sure you are you, Sheryl? Maybe you are somebody else. (The above was my honest reaction.)

(CAS).....BUT WHAT ABOUT MY DOG?????????????????

