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Writes again



# RECIPE

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Hello, again,  
Yah, bet you thought you'd seen the  
last of us, eh?. so your' luck ran out.

This is another of these editorials  
(in case you didn't notice the "Worcester Sauce" thing up there)

First I'll tell you how to avoid getting another "Spinge"

1. if you live in the states don't  
send Don Durward your 15cents per copy, or any letters of swopzine to  
me, this way your quite safe.

2. Anglofandom can avoid being  
swamped with Spinge's merely by forgetting to send me 1/- a copy ~~or~~  
by not sending letters, or swops.

If you dont want another Spinge be  
sure not to do anything for two months after this is published.

Is all that clear? OK.

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I'm feeling a bit happier about this  
ish. than I did about the last one. My favorite in the last one was the  
the Tucker Letter. Well this time we have even more outside contributions  
Like the Rog Phillips article, or ~~the~~ Linwood writeup, and some bloke  
Mercer by name, sent a piece along.

SADO history, for all you budding  
Sam Moskowitz's, brings you up ~~to~~ date with what we've been up to in the  
last six months.

By the time you all get this we  
will be short of one Mike Kilvert, who has been dragged off to do his  
two years in the Royal Artillary. If things work out we will be  
printing his Memoire in next Spinge (well, the first few months)

Illos in this ish. Some by Tony, two  
by some mad Yankee (Schultz, yeah thats the name, Schultz) and (a special  
TREAT, some by ME!!) (no prizes for guessing who did what)

For the main part of this editorial  
I had some RealGood Ideas, but Iv'e forgotten what they were.

Probably something about H bombs,  
Or this spate of swastikas we've been having, I saw something of these  
re-written German Histories, specially I was interested in the fact that  
the new edition makes NO mention of the horrible things done in certain  
concentration camps. And I was appalled too, to see how many top Nazis  
are now top West Germans. It stinks.

Or maybe I could have written somewhat  
of race prejudice and say how horrible that is (it is) The Lord only  
knows what these narrowminded clots, Both sides, would think if they met  
up with something REALLY different... from Outside.

.....more ed. at end of Skyhook story.....

THROUGH DARKEST OUTER SPACE WITH CISTERN-BALL  
AND GRAPEFRUIT.

Archie Mercer.

At somewhere around a quarter past seven in the evening, I passed thro' the August portals of the Lincoln Y.M.C.A. An official-looking man standing in the entrance-hall eyed my somewhat scuffy appearance. "Interplanetary-Society or something", I mumbled equally dubiously. His brow cleared-he understood, and directed me upstairs. I went. Having switched to the correct staircase half way up, I arrived at last upon what appeared to be the top floor, coming face to face with two doors labelled respectively "Private" and "Committee Room". Deciding that the latter looked somewhat the more likely formula of the two, I tried its handle. It wouldn't turn. Shrugging, I tried it the other way. And lo and behold, it turned. I there for entered.

The room had two tables together in the middle, and about thirty chairs ranged as close as nature would allow around three walls. One other person was in the room-a middle-aged woman, who confirmed (when asked) that this was indeed the site of the Lincoln Interplanetary Society meeting. She further volunteered the information that she'd been under the erroneous impression that proceedings were supposed to start at seven sharp rather than half past. Then came a rattle at the door. Nothing happened. It seemed to go away, then came back and- having then tried the same alternative that I did- entered, in the shape of a girl of twenty or so wearing green stockings. Just what sort of society HAVE I wondered in to? I began to wonder, as she took her seat next to the other women and explained that, finding this door locked, she'd tried the other one and found her in someone's bedroom. (It struck me at the time that as the place was a Y.M.C.A., this opened up interesting possibilities).

Once again the door handle rattled, then the rattler desisted and stood audibly on the landing. We all three looked at each other and smiled, then seeing that I was nearest, The girl got up and opened the door for the new comer. His was a man- and from that point onwards the balance of the sexes was more than restored. Maybe half a dozen more women came in, and about twenty-odd men. I was told afterwards that the numbers present was a record, except for the inaugural meeting when they were padded-out by a couple of reporters or such. Both sexes varied in age from teen-agers to fairly advanced middle-aged, the youngest there was a school boy who couldn't have been much above ten or so (his parents were there too, but all of them seemed to take an interest in the proceedings).

The secretary (Pete Hammerton, fringe-fan and fringe-convention-goer and who had originally put me onto the thing) eventually staggered in with the society's library, which was spread out all over the most of the two tables. I suggested that it would have been easier to bring a table cloth, but the remark was treated with the contempt it deserved. What was left of the table was occupied by an Epidiascope (I'm not sure of the spelling, but it appears to be another word for magic-lantern) which wasn't needed, a model radio-station for use extraterrestrially and a plastic-cistern-ball which had been cut into two halves with a

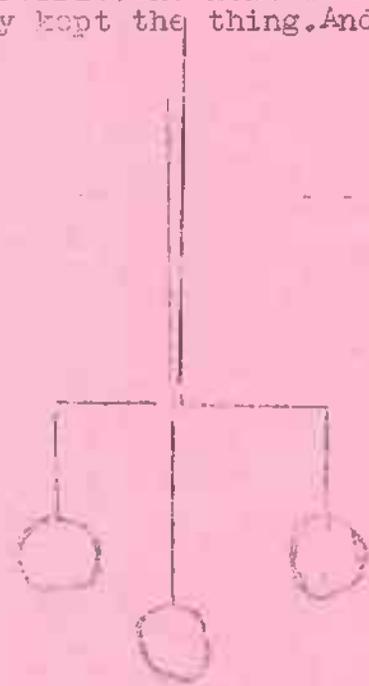
razor blade or something. I never found out the purpose of this.

Finally a blackboard and easel were brought up from down below and the meeting was brought to order and set formally on its way, no more than half an hour late. Pete began proceedings by delivering club announcements, concerning such administrative matters as future meetings and projects, an attempt to get badges produced economically (naturally a failure), affiliation to the British Astronomical Society, and similar. Then he turned over to the evening's lecturer, a tall schoolmaster named Paul Bourne. Paul announced his subject as being Cosmography, with particular attention to Cosmogony, both of which words he proceeded to write on the black board for us to appreciate the true worth. Then he proceeded to talk about them. His talk was not at all uninteresting, and covered a lot of assorted ground, his main object seemingly being to indicate that interplanetary, interstellar etc; distances bore no practical relationship to ordinary terrestrial scales of linear measurement. Much play was made concerning a grape-fruit, which was said to be situated in the centre of Lincoln to represent the sun, and the relative whereabouts of sundry other heavenly bodies within and without the solar system.

The talk contrived on the whole to hold my attention even with the seating provided, which was to no means my taste. Not only was the chair as hard as wood (come to think of it it WAS wood) which was probably why, but it was pushed right against the wall so that I couldn't tip it or drape my arm over the back or anything, and also crowded too close to its neighbours. The lecturer went on and on and on interminably - it was alright for HIM, he was standing up, and it wasn't till he got a quiet hint from Pete that he brought his lecturer to a hasty conclusion and the meeting adjourned for tea break. This I took standing-natch. One girl went round counting heads for tea and coffee, and another one followed her collecting money for same. Eventually it turned out that more money had to be taken than drink had been ordered. However, it seemed that at the previous meeting the opposite had been different, so it all seems to balance out somehow. Then was a bloke selling raffle-tickets, for a small mystery parcel with a second prize a cigar. I bought a shilling's worth of these. Incidentally, with the coffee this came to just 1/6d - same as the bus fare to and from where I live. As I contrived to hitch a ride each way, I actually broke even on my evening.

Break being over, the second part of the programme started, being a debate on flying saucers - "for and against". Somebody had already asked me whether I was for or against the things, and I had been unable to give a coherent answer, not being able to read any particular meaning into the question. It now transpired that it was simply a matter of grossly misleading semantics, to be "for" flying saucers meaning to believe that alien spacecraft are Watching Us, and vice versa. The debate was opened by an "anti", who claimed (a) to be one of the only two convinced "antis" in the room, and (b) that if he was to switch his allegiance, there'd be nothing to debate about - which is not far from the truth. He had a nominal ten minutes in which to demonstrate logically that it was all a lot of bolony, following which a teenage boy led off for the other view point, arguing that it was NOT a lot of blony. Which on the whole he managed quite well. At the same time, he had a number of magazine-photos passed round as representing proof of his contentions. These were of alleged saucers (highly reminiscent of "The Day the Earth Stood Still") an alleged Martian (looking remarkably like a back view of Brian Burgess WITHOUT fancy dress) and a double row of lights in V formation. This last was generally agreed to provide the most convincing proof of the lot - though personally I don't, myself, see how it can hold to prove anything apart from the fact that it's possible to photograph a double row of lights in V formation.

At the end of the leading speeches, the debate was interrupted for the raffle to be drawn. First prize (the mystery parcel which remained mysteriously unopened till it was removed altogether) was won by one of the women, amid cries of "swindle" and like that. Second prize - the cigar - was won by another woman, who immediately donated it back on the grounds that she didn't smoke. Then Pete came over with the hat and asked me if I'd draw for it. 'I did - No 50 came up, "Anybody got No 50?" called Pete. Nobody claimed it. I looked again. "I'm not sure that I haven't got it myself" I said, rooting in my pockets for the three tickets. Of course, I had. But this non-smoker didn't want it either, so back the cigar went again into the raffle. The next winner, I remember, was another woman and she actually kept the thing. And so back to the debate, which now was thrown open to the floor of the house. Not much of any significance happened, and in any case we were pressed for time, having to be clear of the place before ten. One bloke mentioned a UFO sighting during the war when he was a RAF pilot. The teenage boy (the one who'd been leading speaker for the "pro" viewpoint) mentioned a rock somewhere in Mongolia that was kept in state of eternal levitation by playing music at it. I achieved a delayed laugh at this by suggesting that it was obviously rock-and-roll music. It was generally conceded that though the debate didn't GET any where it made a good subject to chew over now and again, and it was certainly of considerable interest to do so. So still nattering saucerishly among ourselves, we broke up, collected up the props, and began to take our departure.



SMALL ALL  
SWING TOGETHER!

Together with a couple of others I adjourned to Pete's house, for yet another cup of coffee and a bit more natter. There I was enabled to view the model extraterrestrial landscape that the Society is making for some exhibition somewhere. It's in perspective, intended to be viewed through a hole in a screen, and though by no means finished as yet possessed distinct possibilities, and incidentally filled the greater part of the front room. And so ended my first encounter with the Lincoln Interplanetary Society.

There's even more to the Society than the above suggests too. For one thing, they are the proud possessors of a piece of hillside on which they're planning to put up a small observatory, properly plus clubrooms. This'll all take time of course, but they're certainly going at it in a way that deserves success. I'll properly roll up to there next meeting, or the one after, or something.

Holl---I might even join.

By Dorothy Hartwell.

"Earth calling Spaceship XY9. Come in please. Space ship XY9 come in please. Have not heard from you for four hours. This is control, Earth, calling Spaceship XY9. Please answer."

With monotonous regularity the voice came over the radio. Dan Johnson stirred and groaned. He sat up and looked around. He was on the floor by the lockers, his companion, Steve Marshall was lying on the other side of the cabin, he was just recovering too. The radio was still broadcasting its message from Earth Control in a strange metallic voice. But Dan didn't answer it, he was far too concerned with Steve. Only when he was sure that Steve was alright, did he answer the call.

"Spaceship XY9 calling Earth, receiving you, come in please." "Thank God." They could hear the man's voice. "We've been trying to contact you for hours, well four at least. Where are you? And what happened?" "We aren't sure what happened," said Steve, "there was a bang and the ship spun round and we were knocked out." "Must have been a meteorite," said Control, "so the million to one chance paid off then. How much damage is there?" "Don't know yet," replied Dan, "but the engine room is sealed off. Must have been that." "Well, get onto it right away," said Control, "get your radar going, so we can locate you." "Right," said Dan briskly, "we'll keep in touch, and we'll see what has happened and let you have a full report." "Over and out."

"Well, there you are," Dan turned to Steve, smiling gently. "Let's get the suits on, and see what's happened." An hour later they were back at the radio in contact with Earth. "Was a meteorite all right," said Dan, "all engines smashed tail jets, etc., all gone. So's the radar I'm afraid." The three-second pause seemed like eternity to the two men waiting. "Sorry Dan, but the men down here can't trace you at all, unless you do something about the radar....." "Sure we know how it is, we'll see what we can do." Steve spoke cheerfully, but his face was sad. "Even if we had the tools those guys down on Earth have, we couldn't fix this mess," said Dan thoughtfully. "Well, seems like we're lost in Space. How does the idea strike you, Steve?" "Not too favorably," said Steve, grinning. "Well, we'd better get this place tied up," Dan looked around as he spoke, "seems like we'll be spending the rest of our lives here." Steve stopped grinning at the thought, and helped to clear up the cabin. Then they took a look at the food supply.

"We have enough for one week, full ration," said Dan, "two weeks if we cut down." "One month for one, Dan," said Steve, "you could live here for a month by your self, and in that time there's a chance they might find you." "What are you talking about?" asked Dan, "they'll find me? What do you mean Steve?" "I intend to go out there." Steve waved his hand, taking in a great sweep of sky. "Don't be an idiot," said Dan scornfully, "if we die, we die together". Anyway, if any one takes the death jump, it's me. I've know one to live for, you have." Steve sat down on the table. "Yes, there's my girl, isn't there?" he said thoughtfully. "Would you like to see a photo of her Dan?" Dan nodded and Steve went to the locker and took a photograph out of a girl. "Her names Helen," he said proudly, "isn't she wonderful?" "We were going to get married when this trip was over." He added a little wistfully. "Might find us yet," remarked Dan. The radio crackled and the voice of Control came through to them. "Spaceship XY9 come in please. They've been trying, but....."

"No hope of getting everything right here," Dan replied. "Thanks for trying, but there you are." "We'll keep in contact," said Control, "and we'll keep trying of course." Dan broke contact, and turned to Steve, who was preparing some food. "No hope," he said. "I heard." Steve put the food on the table. "Want to eat?" Suddenly Steve said, "how old are you?" Dan grinned. "Why?" He asked. "just curious". "thirtyfive". There was a short silence. Then Dan said, "how old are you, Steve?" "twenty-one". Dan thought, "I hope we get back, if only for Steve's sake. HE's a good man he doesn't deserve to die this way." Dan spoke, "you know Steve, you should have told them about Helen. We space pioneers shouldn't have any ties if any thing like this happen." "I know," said Steve softly, "but since I was a kid I've wanted to go out into space and discover new Planets for our people, and all that. I knew that if I told them about Helen they wouldn't have let me go, they'd have kept me on Earth working on the ships instead."

"But there will be no one to tell her, Steve, they don't know about her, and they won't be able to tell her unless they ask them." Steve was silent. "That's one thing I hadn't thought of," he admitted. After a little while Steve drifted off to sleep. When he awoke, he found Dan tinkering with the clock. "Whats up," he asked. "Clock stopped." Grunted Dan, "must have been damaged by that bang. Oh, well now we'll have to guess the time, or forget it altogether."

Time went by slowly, slowly, they ate and slept when they felt inclined, and during the rest of time tried to find things to do. For the first week they talked about every thing they could think of, they held long discussions on politics, and the World in general, they sang songs, but soon one or other of them would subside into silence. As the end of the food came, so they ceased talking, just sat and thought and dreamed, and thought again. One day Steve broke the long silence by saying, "you know, Dan, I couldn't have picked a better person to end my life with, I'm glad it was you." Dan couldn't find anything to say. Once again they tried to contact Earth, but they long ago had drifted out of radio range. So the hours dragged by, the end of the food supply, the end of the water, all they could do was sit around, dreaming waiting for the end. Waiting.....waiting.....

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One sunny day in a little town on Earth an attractive girl was resting on the lawn, the sunlight glinting on the diamond ring on her left hand. She gazed fondly at a photograph of a boy, and thought,

"I wonder when Steve will be coming back to me."\*\*\*\*\*

FINIS.

# AREOPAGUS

## HOW I INTRODUCED NEW BLOOD TO FANDOM

by Peter (TEA) Davies.

At the time I was living in a small north country town, an ordinary sort of town with the usual number of decrepit pubs and a couple of flea infested cinemas.

About the only thing to recommend the dump was the presence of a rather good second-hand bookstall in the market. By rather good I mean that the stall allways contained a good stack of S/F mags, and it was here that I was to be found each market day browsing thru' the stacked mags in the hopes of picking up some reading material.

As was my wont I was standing there one day idly thumbing through the latest offerings, when my attention was drawn to a rather weedy looking youth who was feverishly sorting out a pile of "Men Only" type booklets, an unprepossessing lad who had the trick of twitching his upper lip every few seconds.

Feeling a twinge of pity for the poor starved looking wretch I offered him a toffee and at the same time pushed a pile of certain lurid covered S/F mags toward him, I was pleased to see that when he left he took several mags with him.

After that I used to meet him every market day, feed him toffee, and advise him on his selection of mags. It was a joy to me to see him open the first pages with his grubby little fingers and his eyes light up as he marvelled at the contents. Time passed and it became my custom to visit the stall and take the boy back to my domicile for a couple of hours to talk over the previous week's reading.

One fateful evening he discovered my drawer full of fanzines. I gave him a few to take home and spent the next few weeks telling him all about fandom, he was enraptured.

He examined my typer, investigated my sheaf of stencils, and made me explain the whole techniqe of stenciling and dupering, and went home each evening with a kind of dazed, mesmerised look on his face. Shortly after this he somehow managed to buy his own typer, and started writing to fanzines.....

My job in the north finished about then, so I went home, although we corresponded fairly regularly. Not long after I left he started writing fannish fiction, quite successfully too, and eventually he published his own fanzine, ah! that was a proud moment for him, and through him, for me.

I contracted a rather severe dose of GAFIA which lasted nearly three months, but when convention time rolled around again I had recovered somewhat and decided to go along.

I got to the hotel pretty late, cursed British Railways, and signed in, and there on the same page was the name of my little northern friend.

Depositing my baggage in my room I returned to the con part of the hotel. Giving absent minded greetings to old friends and acquaintances I made my way to the main con room. The usual scene, pro's and BNF's and neo's, deep in conversation or hurrying back and forth buying and selling S/F and fanzines...

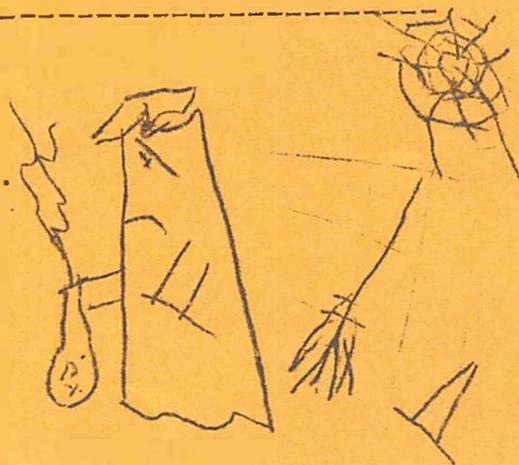
One BNF was new to me, sitting there with about a dozen neo's round his feet, casting crumbs of wisdom in the time honoured tradition. I asked a bystander who this new BNF was, and when he had whispered the name in my ear I brushed aside a manly tear and gazed fondly, fatherly, at the new BNF, it was none other than my cruddy little northern friend. No wonder I hadn't recognised him, he'd filled out a lot and eneng grown a straggly little moustache. Ah! and to think I made that lad the fan he is today....

of course you all know him, as ....RON BENNETT.



FREEZE A JOLLY  
GOOD FELLOW

...eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tounge of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind worms sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing...  
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witche's mummy.....



"good lord, not another  
Vince Clarke recipe....

# IRLAM

## CONFIDENTIAL

by Alah Rispin.

In this series (?) I have decided to explore some of the fascinating characters who have passed my way in my Irlam childhood. Some of them are really beautiful studies of the present teenage generation, like female Presley Adorers and the fellow Monroe Worshipers. I think our first character study shall be one of my acquaintances who even lives in the same street as Irlam Fandom.

He is a couple of years younger than myself, and at his most idiotic he was roughly 14 years old. For the purpose of this I will call him Peter. It's his real name so why shouldn't I?.

He lives across the road from no. 35, and near to the line between our front doors is a lamp post. That is what the Council probably calls it but in reality it is a relic from Victorian gas lamp days, and was converted to electricity only recently.

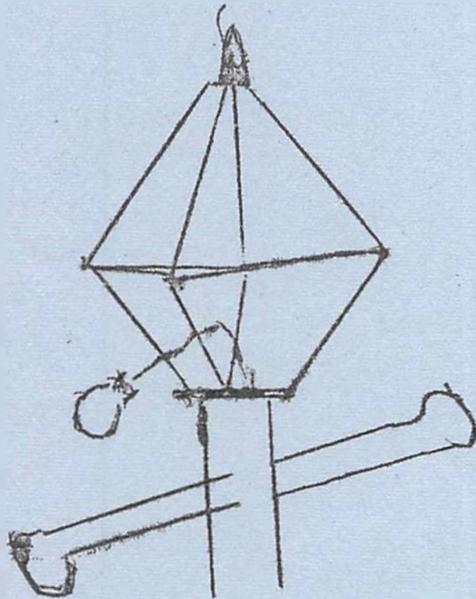
The construction of it is rather wonderful. The post rises from the pavement to a height of 10ft, and then a junction box has been welded on to the top. From this box protrudes a surrealistically curved piece of lead pipe which once carried gas, now an electric cable runs thru' it. After the pipe has finished curving, rather like a pendant flower, the actual light itself is found. You have to look hard though.

All that descriptive murrass HAS a bearing on this yarn so be patient.

In the winter months those days I used to sleep in the front bedroom, and until midnight the feeble light of this lamp would shine through my window lighting my illicit reading. This particular night I had gone to bed quite early as I had a serial in ASF to finish. I was nearing the end of the story - after bidding my mother and father goodnight with the traditional "Can I have the light on mum?" and receiving the even more traditional, "NOT ON YOUR NELLIE". The light had been shining clear if not very bright through the window and onto my book. Inexplicably it went out. I looked across the street and into the front room of the house opposite. The TV still had Cheyenne on so it wasn't midnight then. What had caused the light to go out?. I turned and looked at the lamp itself.....

The lead pipe curled in a very artistic way to the ground. And hanging on to the end of it was friend Peter.

He had taken it into his head to try and climb the lamp. Not that isn't unknown in Irlam, in fact I have climbed it myself, but to jump up and down on that thin lead pipe was just asking for trouble. His father got most of it though. The lead pipe cost maybe £2-10-0 to buy, but the cost of the labour to replace it on the top of the lamp made the total amount which Peters family paid £20. Naturally Peters father didn't like this demonstration of animal culture by his offspring, so the lads in the street saw nothing of Peter for some months.



His father had a nice car. Not a Ford, or one of those jobs with the classy chassis, but a moderately new Vauxhall, and one of which his father was extremely proud. Maybe three months after the Lamp Incident his father found himself with an invitation to a party with some friends. I know; it was my pa who invited him to a celebration at the Nags Head in honour of the local darts team. They had won the South Lancashire Shield that year and everyone was very proud of them.

Unfortunately Peter was left in the house with the car in an unlocked shed, and with the ignition key in.

The back wall of the shed must have cost his pa at least £10 and the new radiator for the car was easily £15! His pa never left him with that opportunity again.

Sometimes Peter would direct his pa when he backed into the new shed, this was after the scars from the Driving Incident had healed. From our house I could hear Peter directing with abandon, "Come back a bit" he was saying. The motor revved and moved back. "Back a bit more" he shouted. His father obeyed, "and a bit more" Peter yelled above the roar of the engine. CRASH!!! CRUNCH!!! CARBLAM?!?!?! TINKLE!! TINKLE! Plonk, Fizzzzzzz..... "Whoa! Stop!" says Peter, after the car had gone gone through the garage again.

As you may have guessed, Peter was absent from the general circulation for some little while after that incident. Though it was partly his dad's fault. I mean he let the idiot direct him!

It must have been all of two months before we saw Peter up and about again. His father was in quite a temper. One of the other lads recounted to me the following episode which he "just happened" to overhear as he was walking past Peters house.

They had a television set in the house. A good television set and the only trouble was that it sometimes stuck when the channel was changed. Peter was rather an impatient boy. ....

as my friend walked past the house he heard a godawful row in progress between Peter's parents and the lad himself. It was because Peter wanted one channel and his parents wanted the other. Peter ended the argument by kicking in the television screen. There was a stunned moment in the house then, when Peter realised the enormity of his crime, as did his parents.

Peter ran. He ran out of the house, down the path and on to the street and then ran down it in the general direction of his grandparents' home three miles away. He was in the traditional Irish hightwear at the time though and so he caused quite a stir.

But I'm worried. It is usual for him to disappear after one of these escapades, to recuperate and like that, but I've not seen him in six months, and the folks in the avenue are beginning to talk. I'm wondering if I should call the police.....

F I N.

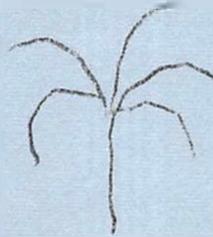
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STRENGTH      THRU'      CHAOS !!!      .....VIVA      PABLO      !!!  
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Seven days from yesterday I have not seen my beloved,  
And sickness hath crept over me,  
And I am become heavy in my limbs,  
And am unmindful of mine own body.  
If the master-physicians come to me,  
My heart hath no comfort at their remedies,  
And the magicians, no resource is in them,  
My malady is not diagnosed.

Better for me is my beloved than any remedies,  
More important is she for me than the entire  
compendium of medicine.  
My salvation is when she enters from without,  
When I see her, then I am well;  
Opens she her eye, my limbs are young again;  
Speaks she, and I am strong.  
And when I embrace her, she banishes evil,  
And it passes from me for seven days.

an Egyptian love-poem translated by Sir Alan Gardiner  
from the Chester Beatty Papyrus.

THE WHITE HUNTER  
AT BAY.



John Beery.

I had the misfortune to be watching TV at eleven PM last Thursday night.....something should have warned me,I mean,I felt my inner self trying to force me to go to bed,but no,I know better,so I settled down in front of the remains of the fire,and watched a presentation called WHITE HUNTER.

You see, I have a sort of passion for spy stories,and the blurb in the TV POST had seductively hinted that the British Secret service would figure in the story.Whilst the credits were flashed on the screen,a tired voice in the background said that the White Hunter stories were all true,but I must confess that earlier films I had seen in the series had warned me that truth is indeed much stranger than fiction.

The film started.

Mervyn Johns,a film actor of the old school,and who must have appeared in literally hundreds of films,was seen sitting next to Adrienne Corri,a pretty girl.He bore a bewildered expression,and Miss Corri gave the impression that this was a hard way to earn a living. A few hints was scattered about to give the hint that the scene was in a bar in Africa....a coloured man was wiping drinks behind the bar,and the odd character walked about in evening dress.

Suddenly,the White Hunter strolled in,in bush kit,.....he suited the decor as tastefully as a fully dressed witch doctor would have done.White Hunter was played by a Mr.Rogues Reason,tall, well built, fair-haired,and always with the slightest suggestion of a sneer on his face.He sat next to Miss Corri,and Mervyn Johns brought into the stilted conversation a passing reference to Mr.Simms.This troubled the cast as much as it troubled me.Miss Corri looked nervously over her shoulder,and the White Hunter tried to unfix his sneer.

Then....drama.....

A drunk swayed into the room and approached Miss Corri.The White Hunter attempted to rise,and the drunkard pushed him down,and started to paw over Miss Corri.This was to much for the White Hunter, and he leapt to his feet,and,with the assistance of the man playing the drunk,managed to get the drunk in a half Nelson.The White Hunter staggered out with the drunk,and Mervyn Johns made a remark about the great physical prowess of the White Hunter.

Miss Corri made a comment about her tobacco plantation,and then the scene faded.....

.....  
For the next ten minutes I was treated to a succession of amazing scenes which proved conclusively that the film was made for an audience with a mental age of four.Quite frankly ,the continuity man must have been on strike. Take,for example,the Land Rover which the safari utilised to carry them and theirs about.

To give a touch of action ,quite a number of shots were given of a Land Rover whizzing along,and even reasonable close-ups were shown of the Land Rover,and it was quite plain to see that it was empty,and only one man was driving. Yet when camp was made, the Land Rover was

them in the background and in the foreground, sitting quite happily, with the White Hunter, Mervyn Johns, the coloured man who could only say "Bwana", a coloured man who was introduced as a sergeant, a big bushy dog, and two large tents not to mention miscellaneous articles and boxes and cooking kit, etc. Another thing that peeved me was the excessive use of studio sets.

In a film series dealing with hunting in Africa, it might have been supposed that a few location films could have been shot, to provide a hint of realism. Oh, we had shots of animals, except that the charging Rhino was the same one the White Hunter shot three weeks ago, and the ibex sequence was taken from an old BBC travelogue film. A crudely painted mountain was in the background of most of the shots, and tufts of dried grass on the studio floor was all the jungle we saw, and, believe it or not, it was the same tufts of grass which the White Hunter crawled through in the rhino scenes also three weeks ago.

Occasionally, we saw the White Hunter cleaning his rifle in front of a fire, and Mervyn Johns would say 'our squad of agents will follow Mr. Simms from Mombassa'... and he also confided the fact that 'I know everything there is to know about Mr. Simms, from reading his file, although I've never met him'. It then occurred to me that Mervyn Johns was acting as a British Secret Agent.

Once, they came across the spoor of an animal, and the White Hunter said something to the effect that the animal was wounded, and that he would have to go and finish it off, to which Mr. Johns made the classic remark, "Ah, the Code of the White Hunter", and Rogues Reason looked modestly downwards. Later, we saw Mr. Johns and the White Hunter astride a heap of rock, which from references made, I presumed to be the carcass of an Elephant. Mr. Johns was bemoaning the fact that the elephants tusks were missing, and this prompted the White Hunter to make the following fantastic observations.

"Look, see those smashed tusks over there. There is a lot of elephant poaching, gangs are after their tusks, and do you know that when elephants come across one of their kind lying dead, they pull its tusks out and smashed them against the trees to frustrate the poachers".

Mervyn Johns needed little of his acting skill to express his utter astonishment at this remark, and we were treated to a close up of the White Hunter looking pensive, and he observed to Mr. Johns that 'all sorts of mysterious things happen in the jungle'.

A few advertisements came on the screen to give us all a well earned rest, and then the film continued.

The White Hunter was sitting behind a tuft of dried grass with Mervyn Johns, and another shot showed a school of ibex sniffing around the grass. Suddenly, this almighty engine noise blasted from the TV set, so much so that I had to hold it down. And yet the two intrepid men crouched watching the ibex..... and the sound got louder, until I had to stuff my hands in my ears, and then we saw a shot of stampeding ibex, and the two men suddenly looked up in awe.

For a few seconds we saw a helicopter flying overhead, and Mervyn Johns said something about 'ah, our agents will be trailing Mr. Simms from Mombassa'.

The safari continued, and following a trail of dead animals, they eventually arrived at a tobacco farm.

Mr. Johns said he was going to see the girl, and they would force them to let them stay in the house.

Later, the White Hunter and Mervyn Johns, exploring the tobacco plantation, opened a door, lifted some sacks, and there, before our very eyes, was a mess of tusks.

There eyes gleamed, and then Miss Corri came in. They confronted

her with this damning evidence, and she said it wasn't hers, but that some unscrupulous person or persons was storing tusks in her shed. With patient logic, she said that if the tusks were left there, the person concerned would come back to get them, and then could be nabbed in the act with the evidence.

Then another amazing shot was forced upon us.

The two men and Miss Corri stopped at a tree trunk with one inch rope coiled round it, in a reasonable presentation of vinery. The White Hunter recoiled at something lying at his feet, and picked up a small animal which resembled a stuffed duck-billed-platypus. The White Hunter showed this to Miss Corri, and told her about the tree being poisoned, and it had killed the poor little stuffed thing. Miss Corri looked guilty and said 'I will get the tree cut down'.

The story progressed.

The two men were in a room, and suddenly the door shut. They rushed over and found it locked. Then, strangely, wisps of smoke billowed under the door, and the men rushed for the windows. An arrow flashed across the room, and two men threw themselves under the window.

An outside scene showed a lot of black men with bows and arrows prowling around, and the sound track gave us the impression there must have been about forty thousand attackers, but most probably the film makers had borrowed it from British Movietone News, the sound track from a old cup final film, a mere hundred thousand voices yelling in unison. I didn't could the black men, but there were easily a dozen, may have been fifteen.

Now I come to the spot I've been waiting for, because what I'm about to describe to you actually happened in the film, and it just goes to show the temperaments of the utter idiots who do it.

Throughout the series of the White Hunter has been shown by word and deed, to be the greatest hunter in Africa, and, albiet, the best shot.

Grit your teeth and read this:-

Whilst the black men were outside, shooting arrows like mad, the two men, as I've told you, were hunched under the window. Realising they were trapped on both sides, the White Hunter decided it was time to load his rifle.

Holding the rounds as if he had arthritis in his fingers, he attempted to stuff them into the breech. It took him about ten minutes to get three in, and the men who were making the smoke were getting desperate, so much so at the end of the scene, one big black puff erupted beneath them. Anyway, the White Hunter had got three rounds in, and he rammed the bolt home and it wouldn't close, because he had stuck it in the wrong way.

He fiddled about with the bolt, and realising it would never shut he gave a despairing look right into the lens of the camera, as if pleading with supplication. He didn't know what the hell to do with the rifle. It was no good poking it through the window, because a great big bolt would be sticking upwards like a sore thumb. He tried to hide it behind him, and all the time Mervyn Johns, oblivious to the fact that the White Hunter couldn't even load a rifle, was pleading with him to shoot.

Presumably the cameraman apoplexy, for, mercifully, the scene ended, because, from somewhere, a battalion of rifle men had appeared and the attacking black men threw down their bows and arrows and ran. More advertisements came in the nick of time to save me of pressing the trigger, and then the film returned to its relentless conclusion.

A figure in white, wearing a fez (and it as obviously a girlish figure,) ran from behind the truck, hotly pursued by the White

Hunter and Mervyn Johns. She waited at the side of the truck, and as the White Hunter blundered around like a wild elephant she stabbed him in the chest with an arrow.

Holdin his left hand to his chest, he called on the figure to fire, and when this was not complied with, the White Hunter let him have it in the back with his elephant rifle. They staggered over, and turned the body over, and crikey, suffering cat-fish, miracle of miracles, IT WAS MISS CORRI.

Mervyn Johns expressed the opinion that the arrow with which the White Hunter had been stabbed was poisoned, but the white Hunter gave a nochalent grin, and said that the poison was so rare the arrow was only tipped in just before it was shot. This seamed incredible to me, as they had been following poisoned animals for days, and even a duck-billed-platypus had been killed just by being near the tree.

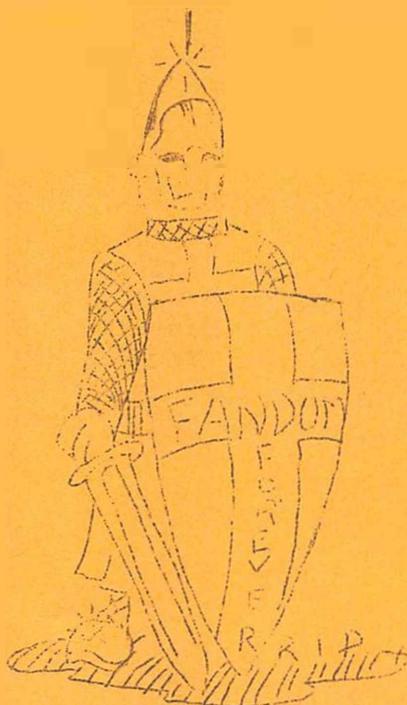
The film ended with a shot of the White Hunter at the wheel of the Land Rover, giving a shrewd grin and explaining that Miss Corri had killed Mr. Simms some months back, and had taken his place.

With a shot of the White Hunter trying his hardest to get the vehicle into gear, THE END came on with a rush.

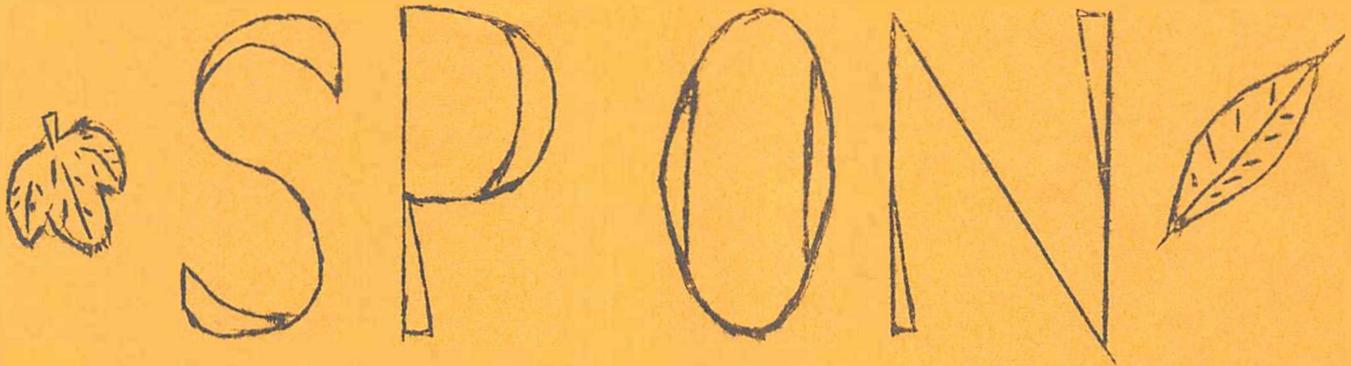
.....  
You may think that I have jazzed up the plot, but so help me, this is an accurate resume of what happened. I am living in the pic us hope that when the White Hunter comes on my screen next week, there will be an apology for the previous film because they had inadvertantly got six of them mixed up.

That's my theory, and I'm sticking to it.

.....  
Stay tuned in, though I might regale you with some more dashing stories of the White Hunter.



WHY YES, I BELONG TO  
THE N3F  
DOESN'T EVERYONE.



# SPON

Being a sort of letter column.

I was going to run a sort of fannish Pets Corner....but as the references to pets got tangled up into the letters rather than rip a letter apart I've compromised by putting, as far as possible all the letters which contain Pet Data in the front end of this 'spon column( spon? coRESPONDENCE)

I've done a bit of, well not editing, but rather selecting, or if you prefer it I've LIFTED what I think are the more amusing, interesting or something letter parts cut from among their fellows and will display them, below.

I haven't much to say about most of the letters, but if I have felt like sticking in a comment I've typed this at the end of the letter in question and marked it thusly.....

Egad I HAVENT marked 'em!...oh well you'll be able to tell which is mine.....Ken (Faigin) Cheslin .....for PABLO ! .

First of all we have.....

Alan Dodd, 77, Statstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herst, ENGLAND.

6/10/59

..... Just as I complained that George Lockes "SMOKE" looked too much like Sandy Sandersons fanzines because he used the same repro method I fear I must complain that your fanzine looks too much like Bennett's fanzines do. You'll have to get some lettering guides and Headings and coloured paper and things to make your fanzine different from Ron's or we'll not be able to tell the difference..

(more Dodd)

Still, you've not done a bad job with the first issue apart from the minor quibbles, I didn't like the Rings of Saturn because it was overlong for a fanzine of your size, and too space-operatic. In a fanzine of the number of pages you have it's unwise to waste too much space on long fiction. Smaller articles broken up and more varied are what is needed.

Fandom isn't petless by any means I have for example believe it or not an Indian Hanging Parrot - which is one of those small ones that hangs upside down like a bat for ages - if it feels like it and walks in circles up and down the roof, floor and walls of its cage. Can't speak a word of English but just goes "Pip pip, pipipipipipi at least it thats how it sounds to me. His name is "Elder" - it was going to be "Edger" but I bought him at the same time as my father had his new set of false teeth in...Soooo.

I visited the London Zoo last year too and wrote about it in CAMBER of that time, fascinating place the Zoo der... you think. I too noticed the "Sociable Vulture" too but I don't think I'd care to have him be sociable with ME!. The Tasmanian Devil was a pudgy little thing too who growled at me when I made rude remarks about it's weight. But... that darn Gorilla was in the back of its cage and I never saw it, wouldn't come out at all. Another Zoo I'd recommend to you if you ever come down this way again is Chessington Zoo out in Surrey. This is the place where they always take the girl models if they want a picture of one with an animal of some kind. This was also the Zoo where the QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT minister was filmed killing the animals.....

Alan Dodd ...sorry that was the letter of 24th Sept. THIS is the oct 6th letter parts.

.....What can I say about the little dand and white kitten that has just invaded my domicile. He has the sweetest face I ever saw on an animal and is the most mischeivous beast I ever saw. I cannot work of an evening late because he refuses to go to sleep then and insists on patting my fingers and clippings all over the place. I dare not sit and read for he will jump across the room like a mountain goat and plunk onto my stomach which makes me gasp with the surliness of it.

He is regarded with deep suspicion by Edgar my Indian Hanging Parrot who has been here much longer than this intruding newcomer. He never says anything but casts dirty looks in Sandy's direction and on occasion odd monkey nuts come hurtling out of the cage with unnecessary ferocity. He is the cleanest little animal I ever saw even though he's only just left his family. It makes me sad to think that hundreds like him die in indescribable atrocities at places like the Chemical Warfare Establishments at Porton Wilts. How any one could treat dumb animals that way is beyond me - I doubt such people are even human.

Well Alan, most of your letter(s) don't need commenting on.

As you know I'm a CAT FAN..very much so, and while I I don't like to think of the animals in places like Porton or being used for vivisection, I can, in a way understand it. (maybe they should use murderers?) What makes MY head boil are cases like some bloke kicking a dog to death 'cause he happened to dirty his trousers while greeting him...or the case not so very long ago when a couple of kids COOKED a kitten alive...

Lets move on to something more pleasant...

this from...

Ethel Linsey, Courage House, 6, Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, ENGLAND.

.....You will find Ken, that quite a FEW fea have pets, mostly cats though. I have a nine year old black and white cat called Mr. Merry. Correction here...the cat has me. No ne owns a cat, they are ~~are~~ too independant.

.....chuckled over the Tucker Letter, specially the picture of him paying himself to weed his garden. Have you noticed the the Wilson Tucker 'tee books are being sold in pocket book style at 1/- each in Woolworths? This is a bargain alright.

I liked your description of your visit to LONDON. A very good write-up of the Planetarium. In fact I think it is the first such on the Planetarium in a fanzine. ....

That was Ethel...no comment KC.

.....  
Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND.

.....over - covers? Well it must be a cover because it covers the zinc like. OK, will grant it's a cover - even though it simply calls itself a mark - which is about all it is come to that.

The two opening columns of general rambling I definitely like, only they could both have been considerably longer. Then this Aerocoptology: Lark. This is not at all a bad satire or something of the kind, but what strikes me about it immediately is that the darn things described therein aren't FUNCTIONAL. The whole purpose of having a Skyhook is that things can be suspended therefrom. They don't just stick 'em up there to look pretty, you know. However it appears and /or disappears, an authentic Skyhook should definitely be a recognisable HOOK. Otherwise it might just as well not be there at all for all the good it is.

The Miss/spent Six Bob (note the three "s"s" in a row, I teenk I should have put a Hyphen in or somthing- or only two s's...HOW old did you say she was.?

I regret that I'm totally unable to appreciate the "Rings of Saturn". I appreciate Bob Tucker though. Also the travelogue with which you bring the issue to a close. I like that bit about the Shorrock/Raspigans. Actually neither Norman NOR Ena has a mustache, so it CAN'T have been them.

Which is another comment duly commented.

And another letter left uncommented, KC.

.....  
Jim Groves, 29, Latham Road, East Ham, London, E. 6. ENGLAND.

.....Cover quite good for a first attempt (I can't criticise much because I haven't much idea of how much work must be put into the simplest stencil work)

Worcester Sauce...nice and easy and informal, just how a fan column should be. On the subject of pets, I have a cat (kitten that is) called Dusty He is of mixed descent being black with a slight dusting of grey on the belly (hence the name) and a faint but noticeable

noticeable tabby stripes on his flanks, I don't think he's a fan though, all he seems to like is annoying other cats, and people for that matter...

Aerocopoly. the last 2 or 3 paragraphs of this item lead me to suspect you of smacking something other than tobacco in that pipe of yours, (that why your so interested in nudgies)

The is Smallholding?

The Rings Of Saturn... I hate characters who say "things will be full" and who immediately gets mixed up in all sorts of goings-on. Apart from that it was quite good.... Replier likes.. good as usual.

Tuckers letter.. crafty you! a sort of letter col in your first issue... SADO Saga- So there what you'd been getting up to befor we met in the GLOBE... Re- your Zoo trip, I agree with your calling the animals "the so-called lower orders" after all which side of the bars strike you as the easier...

So die guy wants to get behind bars. huzzah... KC

George Spencer, 8502, Fox Lybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Md, U.S.A.

after a few nice remarks on Les Spilage, he writes,

Your cover artist is not bothered by a multitude of details, I see. I wish it hadn't been titled, for I was under the blissful assumption that it was a picture of one of those syntactic junk-strings that used to be put on Christmas trees. You know what I mean -- you just thread popcorn and rubber balls and wads of paper and whatnot on a long string. If he ever tackled people, I suggest that you draw labels to them like they do in Dick Tracy -- you know the comic strip where everything is pointed out to you like "house", "boy", "dog", "policeman etc.,

Are you sure this "Spider" guy isn't Redd Boggs? All this talk about Skyhooks... By the way, I have an explanation of this phenomenon. You see, to us guys in the know, skyhooks are quite valuable for frightening and sometimes even injuring shams; point you know, political, mothers-in-law, etc. Very handy gadgets. You can get the inside information by writing to us and enclosing ten bucks. All information is mailed in a plain envelope.

By the way, I'm wondering just how long the local authorities will allow you to remain in Stourbridge. Having seen a small congregation of fans within a hundred miles of a gasworks could well have disastrous consequences... You mention Van Vogt and Heinlein in such a way as to convey the impression that you actually read 'em. Since you're just starting in the editing business, I shall let you off with a mild reprimand; but Hellas, that just ISN'T done... See you'r thinking of making films. Let me know if you think of a way to get them through the mails. Don't give me that, "But it's only science fiction" stuff. I've seen a few pulpzine covers in my day....

I'm afraid I can't help you in this fan pets business, I once had a rather vicious dog who loved to tear mail to shreds as it fell through the mail slot. This, needless to say, is an unfortunate habit for a fan's pet. (Imagine getting a letter from Bloch, just to have it gobbled up before you can open it, I say Bloch because his letters were said to be the most digestible...)

even more George..

We finally did away with him (the dog, that is, not Biscot) and buried him back under a pine tree, which he has since gnawed. This is the one only good thing he ever did, but now that the treat seems to be making some rather sinister gestures at passers-by, I'm beginning to doubt even this good point.... We do have in our back yard a somewhat questionable collection of creatures including a rat or two (These I must periodically chase by stamping down miles of tarmac, pitchfork in hand. I never catch anything.), two blue-jays (Most birds sound like a pronoun-- these sound like drill instructors.), and three or four squirrels. (These husk green walnuts with an incredible crunch, and while plumping this dark, goosy walnut juice all down the front of their faces and staining their fur a sort of nauseating brown.) The there are countless gnats and mosquitoes, but they're hardly worth mentioning. As you see, none of these really count as pets, but if you want to fill up some space, you can say next to my name, "dead dog."

By the way if I ever address you as Rimsky-Korsakov it's just because I'm confusing you with that composer's opera, "Sadko." I keep looking for arias instead of editorials.... I'm about typed out...

.....

P.S. I had assumed until I checked a minute ago that I was getting this because I'm in OMPA, BUT I see that neither of you are, so it seems that you really did get my case out of the Fan Directory. Gads, what did you do, send a copy to everyone in the Directory?? (The thought staggers me...) Many of these addresses are out of date, I fear, and many of the people in it would no longer (if they ever did) recognise or fathom or sense its cosmic significance. (us cosmic minds gotta stick together.....)

Wal, etc., The cover first... we did have another cover but at the last minute (almost) we found that the latest (then) Vector had pretty near the same thing on the front, so we dropped it.

"Spider" is not Redd Boggs, 'tis Mel... y'know I never knew that Redd had a zine, let alone one called Skyhook?.. Glassworks, our latest recruit works in a Glassworks!!! I seem to have heard of your tree, or one like it...

FUNIS... we've dropped this for a while, we are now saving to buy a duplicator I write this we haven't got one, by the time that is printed it may well be on our OWN machine) Fan Directory.... we worked it like this see... ALL OMPA members got a copy... some other fan ASKED for copies others we write to, and some we looked in the Directory for...

WTF, us cosmic minds GOTTA stick together....KC..

.....

J. Arthur Haynes, Bicrof Uranium, Cardiff, Ontario, Canada..

this is really just a letter of comment, but heck the guy sent me some MONEY!.. K.C.

.....starts with Good luck wishes...then.

I've yet to be able to understand a budgie, however your enquiry about Pets in Fandom led me to make the notation that Duplicators, typers, tape recorders, should be considered as Pets in Fandom

Art Haynes...

I've no notation about Aerocapology. I think I linked it with Flying Saucers so wouldn't have any comments to make. The Miss/Spent Six Bob was a disappointment, I had figured that it would involve difficulties other than described, or stupendous adventure, I wasn't able to get much interest out of it, though I did read it through.

The Rings Of Saturn by Davies. Interesting, only the technology of the Earth magnetic intensifier left me dissatisfied, even though, in the plot, it worked.

Enjoyed your tourings of London more than your Wainish doings. Made me see a few mistakes I made when I was trying to do the same thing, in 1959.....

So...no comment on this one either...KC.

.....

This I lifted out of a letter from Ron Elik, Apt. 6, 1909 Francisco Street, Berkeley 9, California, U. S. A. and has NOTHING to do with Lee Spinge, I put it in 'cause it says nice things about My Hero,....KC.

..... had the good fortune to meet the GOCM when he was over here, was passed on enjoyable several minutes talking with him. He's the second Irish fellow I've met -- the first was Bob Snow -- and I find I like the breed. I'm still not overenamoured of the Berry writing style, but Berry the man strikes me as solid, human, friendly and interesting. But heck, I've met very few fans I didn't like, I guess I'm just easygoing.....

Now I wonder what 'B will look like when he reads this.....KC

.....

Think chap hasn't had a Spinge yet.....yet.....KC.

Dick Schultz 19189 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, U. S. A.

Just read in FANAC about this new zine of yours. Now a number of thoughts came to mind when I heard of this. Hmmm. British?...Usually good fanzines from that neck of the woods. Probably have an ATOMILLO in it, but maybe Ken has a NEW artist in his crew. Wonder if they'll follow the usual (lets have more fiction in fandom) rule for neo-edz....Hope not.... I wonder...Worcestershire?!?!?!?!? Impossible%!!!! No one would DARE to send mags from there to the U.S....Maybe I should sub to this thing. Hmmmm, again, a lettercomment mag. Perhaps I can con 'em out of a free issue....

So cometh this missive...or missile, depending on how you view a non-BNF's writing to you...AND a Yankee at that.

If you'd like to have me repeat this performance why just send me a copy of your mag. Anyone in the field will tell you that Schultz is a good kid about writing letters of comment, in fact the trouble is in getting me to shut up, at times.

Who knows, you too may someday receive a 23 page letter (Ron Bennett was slightly overwhelmed.)

Schultz agin'

Not haveing my French-English dictionary (sorry) handy I must resort to a substitute. What does "LES SPINER" mean? I only asked, no need to get mad, no, NO, NO! not the whip with the staple in it!!! Argh-h-h-h.....

John Barry is GOOD! well anyway, he is a good guy. We (us Yankees and some die-hard foggy isle inhabitants) brought him over, and he entertained us, not us him. A fabulous character. Durned sorry that I missed Ron Bennett last year, Saw the queen July 5rd (----"but she's not a fan"...)  
Titt for TAFF!.....BJO in 'CO, read Aristopholes: next ish out in '53  
yours fanactivly.....

obviously this guy THINKS...he likes the BOSS...

Lessee...BJO...the BOSS...the BOSS...BJO...er...um...so...  
which?...er .....um....Sorry Boss.....BJO for TAFT...!!!

.....

only a couple more letters left now...if any more come in after this I'll see if I can get 'em in....so the last TWO letters.....KC.

No name...no adres..postmark is Santa Monica...mean anything to you

My Very Dear Sirs;

Your interesting Article on "Skyhooks" has been rec'd here with interest. We suggest, however that you forget about further study of this....phenomenon.

We regret our rudeness and beg your understanding and tolerance in this matter. Kindly remember:

YOU WILL FORGET @/20/2:1 1/2!??%??%

Please do not make it necessary to enforce this suggestion - our intentions are peaceful, we assure you---

Read the underlined letters carefully,---  
Note the Symbols,----and by the time you have destroyed this letter all memory of it and of "Skyhooks" will be gone...

Very sincerely,  
@/7 ( # 44

these guys must be nuts, ha! ha, er...just what was it now, .er  
um.....something?...what wassitnow... ..KC.

.....

Fannish Standards Institute,  
Camelot  
Tele. Avilon 1212.

'nother one...

Dear Sir,

It has been brought to our attention that in a recent publication of yours ("Les Spinger" no. p. 3.) that you referred to ~~the~~ said publication as a CRUDZ. We beg to advise you that this designation may only be awarded after certain requirements have been satisfied.

We have therefore submitted your publication to our analysts for detailed examination. We regret to inform you that it has failed to come down to a required look of standard.

FSI continued...

The reasons for this are detailed below:

- 1) Legibility:-- Carefully controlled laboratory tests show that over 10% of the material is readable, understandable and interesting.
- 2) Stapling:-- With TWO staples in the spine of the publication you have exceeded the permitted number by 50%.

Therefore I must warn you that any further use of the term CRUDZINE in reference to your publication, without your consent, will be followed by illegal action on our part to protect our good name.

yours faithfully,

*Arthur Pendragon*  
Arthur Pendragon,  
Secretary, F.S.I.

I can see that we will have to do worse than this...KC.

.....  
One last letter now,

Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida, U.S.A.

.....As my contribution to Aerocoptology I should like to report that no fewer than 25 Skyhookes have been seen in the Minneapolis area in the past decade. Lately, however, the sightings have fallen off drastically, and in the past two years only one sighting has occurred. So devoted is the organisation of Aerocoptologists in that area, however, that they continuously scan for another sighting, predicting that it cannot be too long before another must appear.....

I did get another letter in which the bloke avowed that the Skyhookes sighted at the Detention were actually Angles carrying Atlas nose cones...my beautiful filing system being what it is I can't find the original letter, sorry matey.

I don't think I'll be getting any more letters (on Spinge) in the short time to publication, so I'll call this letter col: to a close now. Thank to all those fan who have written, even if I have't reproduced your particular letter here you know that I have read it. Thank to the various ed: who let me have their zine for a Spinge, and (because I'm kind hearted) thanks to those people who Really Want To Write but somehow never got round to it.

Here's to the next time,

FAREWELL!!!! Xmas Cheer.

# HUNGER

The following article came with the simple heading "The Article" ... the title up above is my own doing, to make the page look neater and to show, more or less, that this is an article in itself.... you read me?..... I hope this looks OK to you Rog..... and now.....

When Honey showed me Peter Davies' letters asking for me to do an article I became quite selfconscious. Why? Obviously because what is wanted is not an article by me about relativity or history or some similar impersonal subject. What is expected is a sort of "personal appearance" on the stage of your fanzine, and somehow I always feel I have lost something in such an encounter -- come off second best. I don't quite know the reason for this feeling, except that it seems to stem from an incident several years ago.

I was alone. It was after midnight. I went into one of those white tile cubbyholes that specialize in hamburgers frankfurters, and beans (and undrinkable coffee) for a quick midnight snack. And there was this drunk. He was just a common drunken bum, unkempt, hardly able to stand.

He was staggering from one customer to another telling anyone who would listen that he -- HE -- had written a certain popular song whose title I recognised. "I wrote that song!" he would insist "I". One after another person looked up at him with a mixture of distaste and disbelief. Finally it was my turn, and I looked up at him with a mixture of distaste and disbelief. In my heart I knew it must be true, he really had written that song. I knew that all he wanted this night was for someone -- anyone -- to believe him, to say, "So YOU are the one that wrote that song. Sit down with me. Have a hamburger. Boy, my friends aren't going to believe it when I tell them I talked with the man who wrote that song."

That's all he wanted. And I couldn't give it to him. I looked up at him with the same mixture of distaste and unbelief as the others. Why? I don't know. Partly to avoid unpleasantness. But there was something deeper. He was hitting close to home. Ten years in the future it could be I, staggering from one stranger to another, breathing stale whiskey at them, saying, "Remember that story SO SHALL YE REAP? I wrote that. I. I." and seeing their looks of distaste and unbelief as they turned their heads away.

Those ten years have passed and unfortunately I feel no need to stagger out into the world of strangers in search of a crumb; but even now when I close my eyes I can see his face and eyes, see the desperate hunger that gnawed at his insides.

It was not a hunger for someone to recognise or flatter him. He would have been satisfied, in that drunken moment, with that. He would have settled for that. But his hunger was far more basic than that. It was hunger to live -- again.

Hog continued....

To write another song that people would sing; To be able to walk past a hamburger joint and hear HIS song blast from the loudspeaker of the jukebox. To turn on the radio and hear it. To see it for sale on the corner record stand, and see strangers buying it.

And it was the hunger of a man who, in his own heart, knew he never could -- again. He had lived, and died, and was yet still breathing. One of the living dead, the undead.....

Since then I have seen others like him. Those who have lived, and died, and yet are still breathing. The undead. And I have seen those who never lived and never will, but have joined together in small groups dedicated to the principle of telling one another they are alive. They call themselves longhair, or beatnik, or avante guard.

Too, there have been times when, for a period of months, I have been unable to write. I start a story and before it comes to life the characters slip away and the spark is lost. Then I pick up a story of mine at random, in some magazine. I read it, and it is as though I am reading the work of a stranger. And I feel lost. I see no meaning to my life any more.

I could get a job. I could go to work in the corner service station. For the rest of my life I could clean windshields, fill gas tanks. And the day after I died the windshields would again be dirty, the gas tanks empty. I would have done nothing. I would have known I was doing nothing. I would be one of the undead, with a gnawing hunger -- to live!

Fortunately (so far) such periods have been more of the quality of sleep rather than death. They have passed and I have written again. And I have gone into the hamburger stands and eat down besides someone reading a magazine, his half eaten hamburger cold, a film forming on his stale coffee which he sips occasionally without being aware it is stale, his mind lost in the spell of the printed word, and I have leaned closer and see that the story he is reading is one that I wrote. And I have sat there beside him, smiling to myself, content NOT to let him know the author was sitting beside him. I have gone away chuckling to myself, saying, "Little did he know! little did he know!"

And now, I have groped my way toward what I want to write about in this article. What is this strange hunger I experience and which I have seen in so many others, that can be satisfied ~~only~~ by creating something that is pleasing to the mass public?

It is a strange, an interesting phenomenon. It has nothing to do with ego-gratification any more than ~~hunger~~ the desperate need of a person lost for days in a desert for water is a need for ego-gratification.

None is this phenomenon peculiar to humans -- if the story of Creation is in any way -- scientific or unscientific -- true.

God was alone in His universe. He created the Angels and they sang His praises, and it was not enough. His hunger remained. His Angels were nothing more than a longhair clique who would oh and ah over even his crummiest work and call it perfect.

It has always seemed to me that in the Bible story God tricked Adam and Eve into eating of the fruit of good and evil. He could not really have believed they wouldn't. What was his motive? What was his motive for starting something that would lead to billions upon billions of people that have lived and died and will live and die in the future? People who can and do reject Him. Was it so that here and there, would live some who see the vision He saw feel the panorama

rog P again...

panorama, of Eternity He felt -- and ~~was~~ them good. Not Him --  
but them.

Does He too have this Hunger that can only be satisfied by the acceptance of a fickle public? If so, then the shoe is on the other foot. It is He who is outside, waiting to be let in -- not us. It is He who might, someday, driven by the desperation of His Hunger, staggers from one person to another saying "See this universe? I created it! I! I! I did it! I!", while, one after another, we look at Him with a mixture of distaste and unbelief, then turn our heads.....

So, in creating us, He took an awful chance. A chance I don't know whether I would have taken or not, if I were in His shoes.

But fortunately I'm not in His shoes. I have a distinct advantage over Him, when it comes to acceptance. A very superior advantage.

You see, whoever you, whenever you are, when you have read this you have no doubt whatever -- you CAN HAVE NO DOUBT WHATEVER -- that I -- exist!

rog Phillips.

Scarlet glows the dry powderd sand,  
Cafessed by the fading fingers of a dying sun,  
An alien land this, silent, silent and still.

A breeze scuttles across the ground  
and whisks with it myriads of dust motes,  
and sighs thru the dunes in lonely whispers,

by the river bed, seasons dry  
the sand nightly emits a sullen glow,  
and the rocks remember the old times,  
of water, of life, of long long ago.

No shady groves, no soft footsteps now  
no laughter rings thru' the nights,  
for the sky had rained death to all things

dried the seas, scorched the land  
and poisoned all, high and low,  
there will be no second chance now.

# report from LONDON

Ken Cheslin.

Pete recieved the notice

about the hotel change on the wednesday befor we set out. That evening Mike came back on leave and we spent the rest of the night discussing the final details of the London trip.

Entrained at 9am on the friday and after an uneventful journey we arrived at Paddington, where we hired a taxi and drove in style to the Kingsway. One or two people had arrived befor us but not many, we were escorted to our rooms and there we unpacked.

I finished my unpacking and ran down the stairs, I then ran back up, quick. When I had recovered somewhat I took another few steps down the stairs, and I then realised that the thing in the main entrance hall wasn't the son of King Kong but a rather tall gent wearing an american accent, this I discovered was the TAFF winner Don Ford.

All of SADO assembled we joined forces with a few other stray bode and went out to look for food, we found it too. On our return the party split up and I wandered around from group to group getting a word in when I could. Can't remember the conversations word for word but the main topics were the H bomb marchers, the Sandringham Hotel Incident and Analog. About the Sandringham, most people seemed to think we'd had a raw deal, and the Ella Parker in particular should get a vote of thanks for managing to get us all fixed up at the Kingsway at such short notice.

Sometime too I was sitting by Don Ford, or I should say a whole heap of us were sitting in a circle and Don happened to be one of us, anyway Don related his adventures with the Jehovahs Witness's, I sympathyse with him. They, the US Jehovahs Witness's sound very much like our Sunday Observance Society, a bunch of self righteous do-gooders, wanting everyone to conform to THEIR idea of "good".

Mike and some bod, John Farley I think, went out about 710pm to have a look around the town, they spent 12/6 each to get into some film show, Solomon & Sheba I think, and then went walking in the direction os Soho.

In Soho they tried to get into a place called the Pigale or like that, they were informed that the joint had closed half an hour ago, which was rather strange seeing that the place was roaring along, probably the bloke on the door didn't like the look of Mike & friend, thought they had no money, ..... they hadn't.

When Mike and John returned we all sat around for a time then went off to get some rest for the morrow.

.....

Saturday morning Mike, Pete, John Farley and myself went to have a look at Leslie Flood's book & record shop. Don Ford and Ted Carnel were already there talking to Les Flood. Spent a happy hour sorting through the books and mags befor we finally decided we'd better start back in time to attend the official opening of the con, as we left Les Flood's shop we were pickled for posterity by Ted Carnel with his cinecamera.

At about 2-15pm at the Kingsley Hotel Don Weir opened the 1960 convention. After an introductory speech Don retired in favour of Ted Carnel who spoke on various things, like thanks for haveing me as Guest of Honour and then he told us how he had met Don Ford befor, on the two occasions when he had been stateide, and related some small part of Don's activities on behalf of TAFF and fandom in general, and winded up by handing over to Don Ford himself.

Don Ford has an unhurried way of speaking, and a manner of easeing laughs into his conversation with a unruffled expression, so much so that you don't quite realise that he has said something amusing until half a second after.

He mentioned at this stage something about apple boxes.....

At 3pm or thereabouts the first auction took place, it lasted a little longer than expected and right after we all went food hunting, this time and every meal time after we went to an Italian place called ODDI'S.

Returning about 7 we made our way to the con room to watch the TAFF candidates being quizzed, the horrid trio haveing exposed their igaorance (to the delight of various supporters in the audience) Don Ford got busy and showed us his slides, colour slides, and afterwards a film. I think, and everybody I spoke to thought, that these slides of Don's are really terrific, there just arn't words to describe most of the slides, wonderful, marvelous, amaxing describe 10% of them but the rest are indescribable, the faces of most of his subjects are absolutly 3D, they gave a terrific impression of depth and life, and as for his night photos... I don't believe a word was said throughout the entire showing that wasn't preceeded and folloew by a gasp of delight and wonder... you think I'm laying it on a bit thick?... go see the slides.

When the cheering died down and we'd recovered a bit people started preparing for the fancy dress item, not everybody had an outfit, in fact only about 9/10 characters had anything to put on, fancy dress wise.

Ethel Linsey and Ina Shorrook won first prize as a pair of witches, Ethel having "DRINKA PINTA BLOODA DAY" inscribed on her cloak in large red letters. And the Wolfman, someone from Cheltenham I think won the remaining prize....

Later on Pete got out of his uniform of glory, he'd worn it for the Fancy dress thing, and as a certain Audrey Eversfield wanted to go walking the SADO trio decided to act as escort. Off we went and walked and walked and walked till we came at length to Hyde Park, Ah, thought we, tis but a stroll to the Moca, ye coffee bar. So we turned right and walked some more. We paused for a second to gaze in awe at the Dorchester and then completed our journey. For the time it takes to drink one coffee we sat and talked, and then, because it was getting late and besides none of us relished the long walk back, we hailed a taxi and returned to the Kingsley about 5am. Said goodnight to those fen who were still vertical and then retired to our rooms.

Some people got up in time for breakfast next morning I didn't. When I did stumble out however it was almost time for the AGM of the BSFA to take place, so I crawled down stairs, and indulged in desultory conversation until 11am or so when I moved into the com room with the rest.

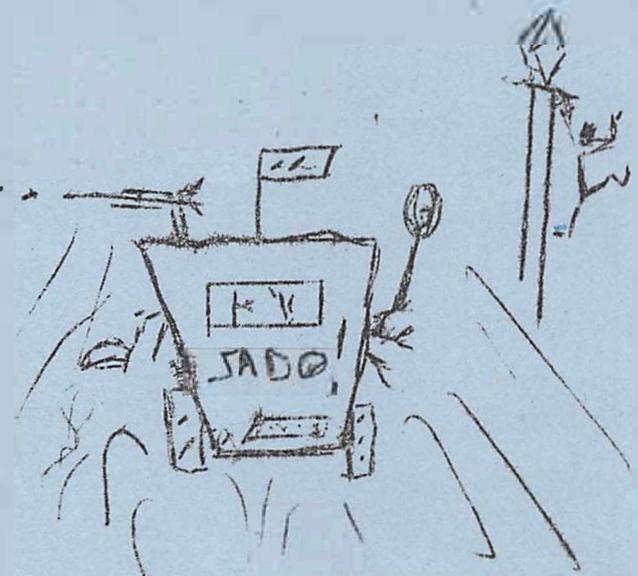
The main thing discussed was the idea of the BSFA members voting by post, it was said ((words to this effect)) that once a year at the con was not good enough, besides which only about 1/3 or 1/4 of the BSFA members were at the con.

the idea seems to be to give all BSFA members a chance to vote on any important items concerning the Association, things like changing the constitution etc., the issues being decided by a ((I think)) by a simple majority, of all votes in by an agreed date.

The election of officers, Archie Mercer is once again treasurer, tho' he made it quite clear that this was the last time he would stand, Archie has done a good job, he deserves a rest, all I'm worried about now is will we get someone to fill his shoes next year... PRESIDENT of the BSFA, Brian Adliss was elected, Ken Bulmer was the other candidate, I still don't know if he was seriously opposing Brian, anyway I voted for Brian Adliss, I'm not exactly sure why, maybe because I think he's better known to the mundane types than Ken...

The new secretary... har... tis none other than our Ella, may I take this opportunity to wish you luck, you have my sympathy. Ina Shorrook, she was elected Chairman, in the words of the prophet... er... yes... chairman.

As for Vector Editor, John Pilifont withdrew, Mike Morcock & a comrade merged and Jimmy Groves stood alone... personally I voted for Jimmy. The main reason being that



while Jimmy is new and has no experience compared to Mike, he seems very enthusiastic and undisciplined as yet and I'm hoping he'll do a good job. VECTOR is scheduled to be tri-monthly with a newsheet being circulated on the other two months, i.e. newsheet, newsheet, VECTOR newsheet, newsheet, VECTOR

About 2-30 the programme started again with Doc Weir speaking on the life and works of Karel Capek. I suppose everyone, at least every fan, has at least heard of this outstanding man for it was he who introduced the word ROBOT into languages of the world. (Doc wished to point out that the word robot should be pronounced robb-ott, but I suppose that the hard "o" has come to stay) The robot's of Capek were what we should now call androids, that is protoplasmic rather than mechanical metaloid beings. I had heard of Capek before but I had no idea what a prolific writer he really was, in fact I'm rather annoyed with Doc, now I'll have to go around searching for Capek books, from what Doc said, and I reckon he knows what he's talking about, reading Capek's work should be well worth while.

3-15 and the TAFF auction conducted by Bennett himself... one particular painting, an original for New Worlds by Brian Lewis, went for 70/- to an Austrian(?) fan I think named Luther Gunther. Jimmy Groves did a lot of bidding too, bought other art work but just couldn't beat the 70/- tag. Me? heck I'm poor I didn't even bother to bid for it.

We broke up after the auction and returned I'm not sure when,.

Sometime round here one of the fannish highlights of the con took place. This Is Your Life-Norman Shorrocks... and was he surprised!

There was Norman cinecamera in hand, four huge searchlights ready to turn on the This is your life when Eric Bentcliffe grabbed him. Har. The whole show was well handled, Doc Weir as Norman's old school head, Keith Freeman as something else, and Eric Jones as an old croney (I think) and of course Ina Shorrocks, she described how she met her future hubby by shooting him... in the ankle. There was even a rousing dedication from an American source and Harris the Great spoke resoundingly on Harrison.. the Hymn to Harrison which brought the TIYL to a close was really great, sounded like a huge choir singing Harrison's praises in unison... actually I think there were 5 of them..

At 8-15 the pro film, "The Day The Earth Stood Still" was shown, for a pro film it wasn't bad at all although the original story ended much more effectively. The pro film has the Spaceman resurrected by the Robot, the Spaceman then delivers his message and departs.... in the original the Spaceman does get killed, but the Robot does not revive him. After the Authorities apologise to the Robot for killing his master the robot returns to the ship, on the last step he pauses and says, quite simply. "I am the Master"... eh?.

Dave Kyle had turned up sometime on the Sunday I think, and after the pro film he showed us some of his films, unfortunately many of the splices he had on the film broke and marred the showing, still it could happen to anyone.

I think I should mention that a printed quiz was run at the con on general sci knowledge, Archie Meade won this with a newfan called Farley as second. And during the evening a very good imitation of an Atom Bomb strolled around, when she wriggled out of the disguise (only then) did I realise that it was Irene Potter.

The program finished and the con officially over I spent the next few hours at various room parties and tiring of these I eventually went to bed at 2-30am.

Monday morning We went for a last stroll before departure, Audrey, Mike, Peter, John and myself, walked a little and then sat in a park while Mike used up a few more inches of film.

Back at the hotel we paused for a minute to watch several fannish can-can dancers doing their stuff for Dave Kyle. Then we taxi'd to Paddington and away back to the village.

On the whole the con was successful, I treasure many memories, the Wier on Capek talk, the Norman Shorrocks interlude, the wonderful slides shown by Don Ford, that worthwhile reaction when he opened the Apple Box Do It Yourself kit, complete with rubber hammer, these I think were the highlights for me.

That I enjoyed meeting old friends, and new, and jabbered to my hearts content goes without saying...yet for some reason I felt vaguely unsatisfied when I left, perhaps the hotel atmosphere had a restricting influence, I don't really know, anyway the staff there were decent enough and interfered very little with us, possibly the knowledge that there were a large number of mundane types in the hotel damped us down a bit.. Still if I knew the day before we went what it would be like I'd still go again..

strong rumours have it the Kettering will be next years consite...who knows?...

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as a sample of the one line horror story,  
ie: The last man on Earth sat alone in his room.  
There was a knock on the door.

how about.

"the place was silent and aware".

---

ZAP

Dear Boss,

You may remember the Skyhook story, the one in "Les Spinge"...well we read about it too and decided to investigate....here is the whole story as entered in my note book as each incident occurred....a sort of war diary.....

Sept 29th....arrived this morning...have just finished unpacking and sorting out our equipment....Gee boss here we are, right in the heart of the savage, unconquered Midlands, nearest fan is Doc Hammett (the Missionary) ten miles up the road...Mark went down to the bar about an hour ago and has just come back in...He says that the Natives are friendly enough and willingly drank beer at his expense, then he mentioned Skyhooks,..the crowd just melted away..suspicious eh?

Pete had better luck, he bribed the local milkman into lending him his dray and made the rounds. Although he didn't hear anything definite he did find that the locals are wary of a certain Bell Pool...if you remember from the first report most of the Skyhooks have been seen near or in water..we shall have check on this.

Sept 30th....a rather disturbing incident occurred last night..our first night in the Village...about Sam Mark was awakened by "a sort of whirring, swishing sound"...and sat up just in time to see the last of our beanies scort through the open window in the tow of a small yellow Skyhook...so that yarn is true... this morning we questioned the Landlord but could get only the most evasive replies.

Today we are determined to watch Bell Pool... Carrying our spare beanies concealed in cardboard boxes (no sense in alarming the natives) we made our way through four miles of rough country to Bell Pool.....Near the Pool is a Pub, so first we laid in a stock of beer then settled down in the bushes to watch.....after a few hours and no sign of a Skyhook or anything else unusuall we got a bit bored and took it in turns to watch...the off duty ones either reading the latest fanzines or listning to Pete reciting the last Tucker Letter...

We returned to the Inn about 9-30.

(The Title has nothing to do with the story.)

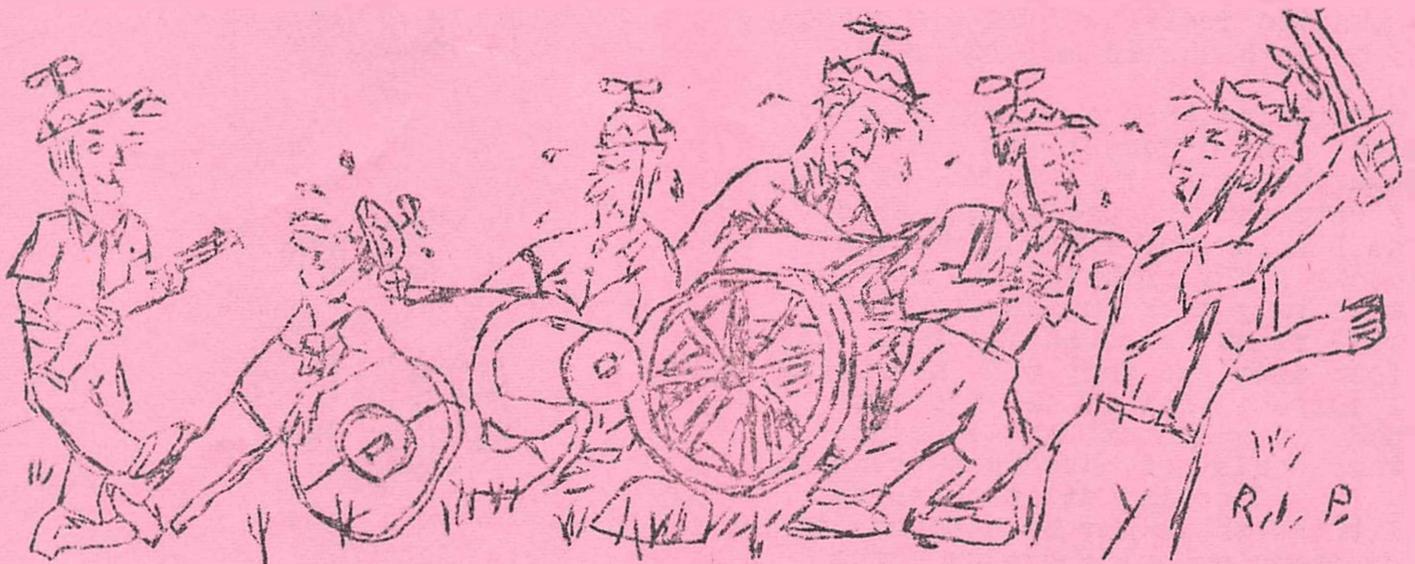
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Evening of Sept 30th...Pete says he will keep watch on the Beans tonight, we put them in the usual place, on the table by the window, and settled down in the dark to wait... Mark and I must have nodded off, we were awoken by a thud and a yelp to see Pete with his hands on a Beanie disappearing through the window... quick as we were when we got to the window all we could see was a speck speeding up towards the stars, then the moon was covered by a cloud and we lost sight of him...

Oct 1st...we reported Petes disappearance to the village constable...but he being a local man does not seem inclined to investigate...there's no recourse but to send for help...this day we despatched Herman, (the Sociable Vulture), to Walt Willis for more Beans, I hear he now specialises in the new Armoured type...and just to make sure I sent a telegram to the Cheltenham Circle requesting the loan of the Cheltenham Fanmando...one of the finest fighting units in the whole Fan World... Les Gilds, Commander in Chief, says that he's on his way, by marching through the night they expect to arrive here sometime tonight...

This should put a stop to and of the Skyhooks antics...the Fanmando is equipped with the New Willis Battle Beanie and their armament includes two of the portable Zap Cannon which proved so deadly at the Battle of Waterloo Bridge.

Early Morning, 2-30 am Oct 2nd...No sign of the lads from Cheltenham yet.. I hope they get here in time...the Vulture got back about an hour ago with a new supply of Beans and an encouraging note from Walt...must put the note back away now, it's almost 3am



Oct 2nd..4-50 am...Tragedy!...a terrible thing happened this morning at 3am precisely...

Just as the village clock was striking 3am the Cheltenham Fanmando arrived...so did the Shyhooks, dozens of them, even as I screamed to Les to take his Beanie off the Horde of Skyhooks swooped down on them, many a zap found it's mark but to no avail, and in seconds it was all over and the Gallant Few were being whisked off into the sky...it's all my fault, I should never have brought them here, Oh such a waste of fannish fightingmen... as I see it there is only one course open to us, we must follow our comrades and the only way to do this is to let ourselves be captured.

Oct 2nd...4-Opm...none of the locals will talk to us today, the Landlord says we are to leave first thing in the morning, although the Cheltenham Fen made a dickens of a row this mornin, no one will admit to hearing anything...one item of encouragement was the visit of Atom this morning...Dear Boss I may not return after tonight so I am entrusting Atom with my collectin of MM photos, I'd like you to have them in memory of me...

Atom came rearing into the courtyard outside our window about 11am...He was dressed in his usual debonair manner, Hebbnail boots with spats, hairy knees, the Thomson kilt, Arthurs clan is so poor that they dont wear sperrans of shirts but the shoulder holster and zap contrasted very well with his etetson (he was disguised as an american tourist....

As he was on his way to you with the latest calenders he couldn't stop for long but he listened to our tale and encouraged us no end.

When he had heard the whole sorry tale he brushed aside a manly tear and after presenting us both with a plastic replica of HER he kissed us on both cheeks and departed.

On thinking things over I realise that we have been looking at things from the wrong angle...the kidnapping of Pete and the Cheltenham Boys was, I think, not intended by the 'hocks...for on the first night when they took our Beanies we were right there in the room only feet away and they took no notice of us I suspect that if our friends had not hung onto their Beanies they would not have been troubled.

Looking at it this way I think there may be a chance of us rescuing our comrades...the 'hocks are not mindless beings but as I see it, intelligent creatures who have some reason for wanting

Beanies, I wonder what they want them for....

R.I.P



Oct 3rd..2-30 am...well we're ready for the Skhooks when they come, just had a 1st minute check of our equipment Two signed photos of the Boss, the Monroe statuetts, a pair of zaps, each loaded with a mixture of duper ink and rubbarb wine, courtesy of Les Cilds, a plonker with a Willis Special Mk VII warhead, a wooden sabre from the Cheltenham Collection and last but not least the Battle Beanie and our own Mukkinese Battlehorn....yes we are just about ready for anything....time, nearly 3am...

Oct 3rd 10am, (as near as I can tell) well it worked. At 3am exactly the Skyhooks arrived, no messing about, right into the room and we were away. Straight up we went for maybe 12,000 feet, and then we came down again a little to the west of the Village. I looked down as we descended, we were right over Bell Pool, and as we came down I realised that we were going to land slap in the middle of it, by the look on Marks face he had noticed the same thing, still there was nothing we could do about it, the 'hooks had us cold, no use struggling, it only made us drift a little as if in free fall. So we came down in the Pool, but we didn't get wet, no siree, the 'hooks must be enclosed in some sort of a force field, the water was not pushed out of the way 'though, we just sort of merged with the pool...and down to the bottom...and through the side, no airlock, just through the side of a great black shape which we know now is the mother ship....

Pete and the Cheltenham Fanmando were there waiting for us, as we came in they hurried up and removed our Beanies which promptly fell in behind the Skyhooks and took off for another part of the ship....My memory of the next few hours is dim, I do remember that after a while, when Mark and I had been brought up to date, we all lay down on the rubbery floor and caught up on our sleep.

I suppose this must be Oct 4th...Today we were interviewed by what seems to be the Captain of the Ship. He (or she or it) communicated with us by writing on a kind of screen affair and we thought our answers and they appeared on the same screen.

Yak, the Captain, belongs to a race of extremely long lived people from way over the other side of Andromeda. He explained that a short while ago, to him, they had been caught in a Cosmic Storm and the main drive was damaged beyond repair, the only thing to do was to find some planet near at hand and wait till the inhabitant developed the Metallic Beanies, according to him: all races eventually develop some sort of Beanie at some stage in their culture. So all the sightings, even way back in Ancient times were of this one ship or it's crew who were looking for Beanies. As the Emergency power slowly drained away their movements were restricted and they settled in this spot to conserve their remaining dregs.

I don't know how but in some way Beanies are essential in the making of this drive power and as soon as we arrived in the vicinity, well they cut to collect them.

The ship is nerly ready now. The Captain has said that he will release us when he is ready to go but we will have to have our memories changed...I will have to hide my notebook the 'hooks haven't searched us and I hope they don't....

The Ship is ready...in a few minutes it will be my turn to go under the Memory Exchanger...I'll hide the book now, and hope it isn't found.....

Dear Boss,

How was that eh? Actually the thing was written sometime around the 3rd of Oct. last, the Symposium, at least I think it was 'cause I didn't take it with me and I only found it when we were on the train. Must have written it during an odd half hour at the Sym, no other time fits in....

By the way we did have a look round the area (Stourbridge) when we got back, no luck though, I guess this Skyhook thing is just another hoax,

see you in '60

Ken....

.....  
EDITORIAL...continued.

actually, given time, no H Bombs, no crazy race wars, (or maybe I suppose because of such revolting things) this problem will solve itself.. I suspect only moronic and/or twisted minds think in terms of "race purity" Egad look at us filthy British, we've got A. Britons, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes, Romans, Phoenicians, Dutch, Normans and a sprinkling of other types all mixed up in our past

And recently we've had Italians & Germans, who stayed here after the last war, and Hungarians, and blokes from Pakistan, India, British Guiana, Jamaica, and various parts of Africa

I admit, freely that amongst these these are undesirables, so what, I can think of plenty of Britishers who fit the same mould.

I can't remmember th exact wording but I read not long ago something like this.. "and when they see a foreigner who is particulary handsome or well made, or having a fine intellect, Their greatest word of praise is "Ah, he might almost be an Englishman"....and by ROSCOE that attitude, Iv'e found still runs loose round this neck of the woods.

Education, an enlightened approach is what is needed....darn it, the way I see it I'll have a long wait. and I seem to have run on longer than I intended.

Now, how to write a neat finis to this. Some ed's manage to. Come to that some Ed's even manage to write longer editorials.

I suppose I'll just have to fiddle it, sort of write anything handy until the bottom of the stencil is in sight and I can gracefully bow out, sort of like,

this,

FAREWELL!!!!

Ken Cheslin.

PabloisajollyfinefellowPabloisajollyfinefellowPablcisajollyfinefellow

# SADO SUBTERRANEANS

by Jhim Linwood.

"Who barrelled down the highways of the past journeying to each other's hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation"

Allen Ginsberg.

## Part 1

This time I wasn't hitchhiking, winter had come, and I had run out of conversational tit-bits to keep motorists awake. (how does one bitch about the lousey state of British roads with the M1 newly opened)

I was travelling by bus to Birmingham to meet the new group of fans, who made their first appearance at the BrumCon. Behind me two ratty oppressed types were discussing the week's big event - The Russian Lunik. The older, and presumably wiser, was arguing that it was all a fake, a friend of his, he said he had a friend, who was in the know. The Moon, he explained, was infinitely larger than the Earth, and a rocket passing over 4,000 miles above it's surface couldn't possibly have taken a whole picture of the Moon's other side.

I ignored this Colonel Breen type, and returned to the interesting female in the seat opposite.

Entering Brum by bus was a new experience, as I'd previously entered by train - reading Science Fantasy entering, and catching up on two nights sleep leaving.

The outskirts were peppered with new skyscraper blocks, but when the bus moved into the Snow Hill district I began to feel at home in these beat Nottm. type surroundings.

I left the coach at a traffic-light stop, and immediately began to wonder where the hell I was. The only landmark with which I was familiar was, of course, the Imperial Hotel, where I hoped Ken Cheslin and Peter Davies were waiting for me.

After various resorts to ESP., I found myself outside a white stained church opposite Bennetts Hill. (actual name) It occured to me that on this particular day the behaviour of the Brumfolk was far from rational - a few men were rushing about dressed as women, no-one taking the slightest bit of notice.

The overall effect was not unlike turning-out time at certain disreputable pubs in Scho. Whilst in this mental daze I was almost run down by a dilapidated car ( an early Ford) and on it, in white paint was written "Give generously to our seat of learning" - quite harmless in itself, but mounted on the car's roof was a shining white privy!

Yes, yes, yes, the coin dropped, it was Students Rag Day.

I moved cautiously in on the Imperial Hotel like a TV guslinger, pupils moving suspiciously to and fro, looking for the appearance of a commercial.

My hand rested itchy on a copy of "Les Spinge". I saw the two of them at the main entrance, caps pulled down over their eyes, Ken Cheslin Looking not unlike the History Book pictures of Rasputin, the evil Monk, and Pete Davies, with his curious face: rather like "Punch". I drew my copy of Spinge, they recoiled in horror, as if they had just seen their own skeletons.

"Not here" Ken said, looking furtively round. After explaining why I was two hours late we moved off for a meal, yes, it was Lyons ('D'ya hear that Iver?) the only vegetarian thing on the menu was something like Beans on Toast, or tomatoes on toast. I finally settled for spaghetti on.

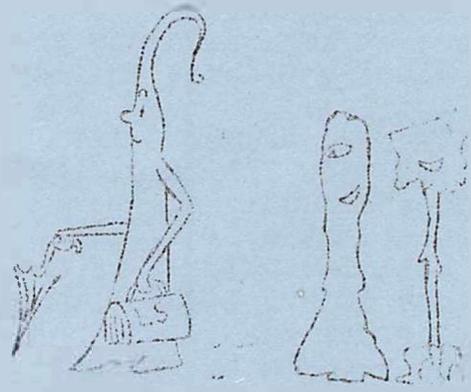
Ken began to talk about enrolling SADO members from Brumfolk. I suggested they see the mother who claimed her son was the result of a visitation she'd had from Venus Extraterrestrial Adultery, like.

We went to find a Stourbridge bus, and we waited outside a miniature mosque, which Pete told me was a War Memorial (taken semantically that means "in memory of Carnage")

On the bus we swapped info on the two circles: London & Stourbridge. Ken told me of their fabulous new member, Tony, who I was soon to meet. Their recruitment programme consisted of canvassing paper shops with leaflets, Tony read one, and called on Pete, who was out, Pete's mother plied Tony with tea and kept him there until Pete and Ken got back. That was the begging of Tony in SADO. When the group began, three femmes were members, but fannish life was too much, and they left (the most devastating case of fallout I have ever encountered). Now they meet every

saturday in each others houses, indulging in Tape-recording, photography,, boozing, and reminiscing about O'Toole.

I then spoke proudly of the London Circle, who had seen the light and reverted to the true anarchist way of life. Of how the Symposium had been a flopnik, with half the London committee resigning on the spot - Pete and Ken were there, I wasn't - yet ~~was~~ was news to them. Yes the LO, that bastion of narrow mindedness and righteous thinking, had taken another step forward - the future would have been theirs - had not Lou turned the Globe fan-bar into a restaurant!.



"HE REALLY THINK HE'S ONLY THINK..."

Stourbridge is one of those places you forget about:- quick! I first heard of it in my Geology class, where my mentor assured me clay mines were found in abundance. But all I saw were a mundane collection of snops and one cinema (showing a Carolyn Jones movie yet)

The bus stopped at suburb called Lye where Peter lived, Ken lives 100 yards away as the bee flies, the intervention of a stream (Sheperds Brook) makes Ken a Stourbridgeite. So Peter lives in Lye, (but then he always was a bit of a sleeping dog)

Pete's house was reached by climbing a gradient of 1 in 1, Pete says here he trains for climbing Mt. Everest. (So that's who left all those footprints.)

It didn't surprise me to learn that Mrs. Davies was ill with flu, as almost every young fan I visit has at least one parent ill in bed when I arrive. It happened at Vic Curtig's place (Mum had flu) Alan Rispin's (Dad) and Bruce Kidd's (both parents with nervous exhaustion).

Then followed a session of doing things fans usually do when they have nothing to do. We wrote to RonB, challenging him to a game of postal brag, Pete showed us the wonders of his newly acquired typer, while Ken and I completely ignored him, and discussed a movie-serial we'd seen as kids: "The Purple Monster Strikes" We all agreed that the line "one drop of this will send you to Mars" (from the serial) deserves fannish immortality, as a catchphrase. Ken had brought his zap gun along, and we swapped methods of drawing a gun. The session ended with the three of us singing a fannish fugue of "The Purple People Eater" (or should that be "The Purple Peyote Eater")

Six o'clock and the three of us walked through Stourbridge to meet the third member of the terrible trio, Mike Kilvert. Mike works at a jewellers shop, and as we arrived his assistant (a small, haggard, underfed boy) was putting the window-bars up. A pleasing female assistant was replacing items of value on display with elephants of various sizes (metal ones). Soon Mike appeared - a tall, sturdy, redheaded youth, uttering a Byzantine-chant in a deep resonant voice.

We walked (I don't know how far) to Tony's house, located opposite a Bank, and paced the hollow sounding ground to the door. We knocked twice, the door opened half an inch, enough to allow three feet of rifle-barrel to point itself at the spot between my eyes,

"Go Away" it said.

Part two.

-----  
"Who talked continuously for seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bfidge"

Allen Ginsberg.

We rushed the door, and I found myself face to face with a smallish Groucho Marx type (English equivalent:-- RAF type). He (Tony) introduced himself as a sheep farmer demanding squatters rights against we four crazy hoods.

We were ushered into the livingroom (I'm tempted to say pad) where a church service was playing over the radio. We all found chairs, sat down, and began to talk. Beside me was a set of swords Tony obviously was a Conan fan. Tony mentioned an interesting discussion he'd started at work; Tony being foreman at a glass factory. His theory that Jesus Christ was a superman, a mutant, or what you call a teleport-telepath-levitationist. That all of Christ's miracles were plausible in the light of present day reserches by people like Rhine. Pity that Christ should fall into the trap of doing what the prophets (call them esp'ers) had foretold he would do. The sobering thought is that a normal homo-sap like Ghandi achieved far more for his people than Christ did, merely by laying down in front of trains.

Tony changed to a humourous subject by telling of an amusing character who keeps popping up on the walls of his glassworks lavatories, his name is O'Toole. O'Toole's popularity rested soley on an outetanding phisical disability, which is too lengthy to go into here.

Whenever a new drawing appeared enlightened workmen would spread the glad news: "There's a new one in ~~number~~ four". Recently the tioleta were replastered - obliterating O'Toole, but when the plaster began to crack our boy emerged triumphantly once more. The big enigma is - who is O'Toole's creator? No-one knows, or almost no-one.

Tony passed the sweet tin round and Pete earned himself a new name: Gannett.

After this three photo's were added to SADO's crazy selection: me, scolding, sword in hand breaking down a door, group: group; Ken reading "Lee Spange", me disgustedly reading the Daily Mirror. Tony then suggested we go to a nearby pub,

I said it was a nice idea, so we went. The first pub we found was typically English, the Blue Boar or something. We found an empty room, full of wicker chairs and tables and pictures like "Nelson at Plymouth" and "Steepchase & Nether Whickham"

I found satisfaction in sticking a 1/- price tag, from a remainder Galaxy, on the former. Tony made us laugh by pulling out his glass eye and spinning it on the formica table top. Mike did not laugh, I think he felt kinda sick. Tony told a few dirty jokes, we all coughed and spluttered down the cold English beer on the punch line. Ken told a shaggy dog story with an ending like

"People in glass-houses should not stow stones" which I didn't understand, maybe because it wasn't dirty.

Not to be outdone I told my favourite shaggy story - the tale of Pablo - The Bandit in the Spanish revolution (on the anarchists side)

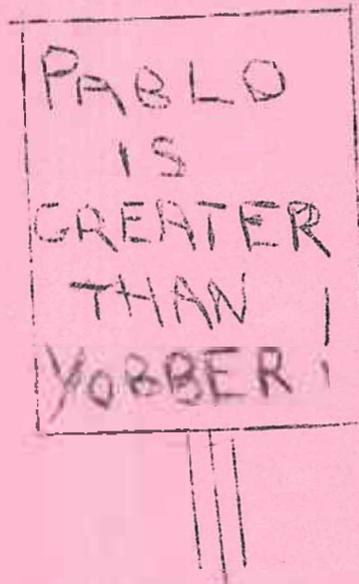
This was pepped up and considerably long-drawn as the others insisted in toasting the various characters as they appeared in the story.

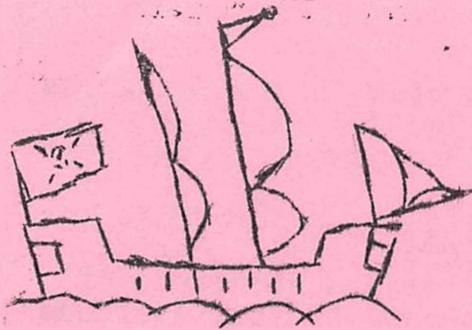
The King, the Captain of the Guard, and Pablo. When the tale ended (Mike had heard it before) we were considerably tipsy, and finished up by playing four dimensional fairy chess, this I would have won had not my queen been captured by the rebels in 1814.

As we left the pub I found a sundial and struck a match to get the time, it wasn't very accurate though, as the cold made my hand tremble. Also we found an incredibly shrunken cenotaph with all the dogs in the area paying their homage. Tony was trying to amaze us by passing a lighted shop window off as 3D TV whilst Ken and Pete restrained him from putting his hand through it.

Somehow we found our way back to Tony's house, where his pretty wife (a state nurse) was waiting for him. Tony insisted we all needed target practice, so he removed an antique clock to reveal a small target. I took two shots and surprised ~~myself~~ by puncturing the circle that comes after the centre. Ken thought he was in form and for over three minutes pointed the rifle rigidly at the target, and finally gave up saying he was too nervous.

I demanded we play "Buzoneer" which is the SADO equivalent of Ghodmington - a sort of 18th century "Monopoly". We all sat down around a board, with a crazy square hole in its centre, and set sail for over an hour. The objective was to capture loot to the





value of 20 points, either from Treasure Island or by looting the opposing ships. and, with everyone teaching me the game how could I help but win the first time? The game broke up with Tony's wife losing her boat on the floor someplace, and Ken impersonating Tony Hancock with cries of "Ha, Jhim lad".

At two o'clock Pete and Ken left, and Mike, whose house I was going to sleep at, left on his bike, while Tony prepared his motorbike to take me over to Mike's place.

Then followed a crazy-mad bike ride through two miles of sleeping Stourbridge, with Tony pointing out the constellations to me, and I said "Crazy, man" as we hit a bump at 120mph. Mike was dismounting when we stopped, me suffering withdrawn symptoms like speed being a drug with me.

So I said goodbye to this crazy-mustached-mad Stourbridge Subterranean-SF fan, and he and bike roared off into the neon-lit distance.

Part Three.

"...and a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops, off fire escapes, off windowsills, off Empire State, out of the moon...."

Allen Ginsberg.

I awoke somewhere around 11 o'clock and noticed that I had slept in a smallish well-kept room overlooking a road full of screaming children - this I thought for Remembrance Day was very noisy. Mike came in and we began to jaw about S/F, the resemblance between E.F.R's "Sinister Barrier" and "Quatermass" and the "Lit". We agreed that all of Kneale's stories had already been written, the first one, "The Quatermass Experiment" one, was a combination of every mutation story written. "Quatermass 2" was drawn from "The Puppet Masters" and Burke's "Twilight of Reason" and all serials were concerned with possession by an "Evil Force" yet all had a crazy vein of morality running through them - the mysterious "food plants", which sprang up like present day rocket bases, and isn't the swastika, the vilest, most evil, Blackmagic symbol of all, deeply embedded in everyone's subconscious. Mike suggested that I take a bath, and I felt vaguely insulted, until Mike said he was taking one himself.

Mike's Parents were nice fannish folk, and showed disapproval, (and rightly so) that their son should visit pubs where drunks toasted the King.

After a nice Sunday Dinner, we left to join the others at Pete's place, Mike said hello to a pretty dame he once knew, and felt he had because she didn't notice him - but then remembered he'd sold her a ring - it can happen to all of us.

We found Ken and Pete playing around with the typer - writing their own fan diary, in which they described me as an "Handsome Fan" which despite being a blatant lie, was nevertheless

egoboo. They said they would see me to the bus stop in Birmingham, as they wanted to see some square film in Brum called "South Pacific" or something. I already knew Brum was a square, mundane town as "Pablo" or "Compulsion" wasn't showing anywhere.

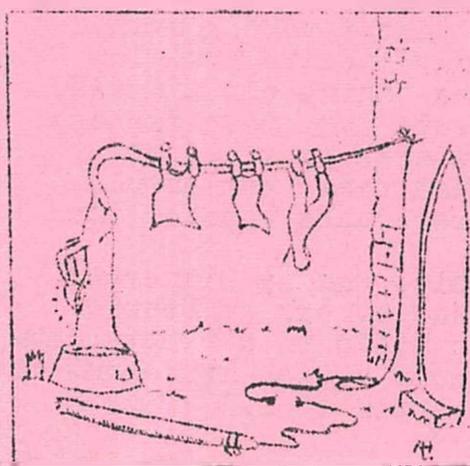
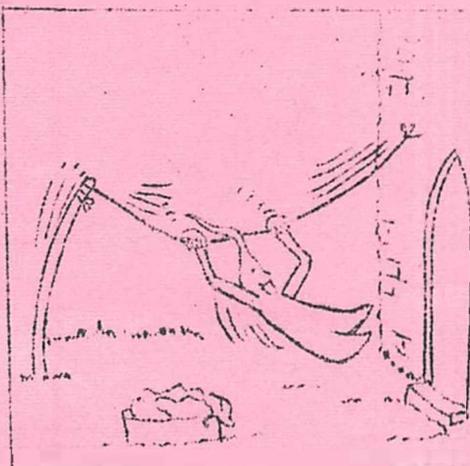
On the way to the Stourbridge bus station I noticed an enormous monstrosity of a Church, and I cried "Look, a medieval rocket" At the station we entered a cafe full of servicemen trying to make the waitresses, and sat down to four enormous milk shakes, which turned out to be 50% foam.

It was a 50 minute ride to Brum, with Pete and Ken pointing out the houses of their ex-girlfriends, and Mike recalling an uncle who had made a crazy marathon pub-crawl from Brum to Stourbridge. In Brum we enquired where the Nottingham busses left from, with everyone pointing in the direction of some place called the Building, (shades of Pablo!) As we made our way there, a young couple passed us, and I'd swear the girl made a remark like "yes, but in winter I wear my feet back to front"

Despite my frantic pleas the boys wouldn't let me have a final cup of coffee at Lyons as they wanted to get to the cinema in time, (which they didn't) The bus was waiting under a gigantic crane, this prompted Ken to mumble something about O'Toole, and we all laughed loudly at the esotericism. The bus pulled out dead on six - and I left Ken, Pete and Mike toasting Pablo while I pulled out a copy of "Astounding", and diverted my eyes as the bus passed the Imperial Hotel.

FINIS.....

PABLO!



# SADO HISTORY

In which we bring you up to date. Many things have happened since the last ish. You may remember that in the First Les Spinge Pete writes of the SADO getting three femme members, and also something about a cinecamera. Well here's what happened. First the femmes No. 1. Pat She was/is a regular S/F reader...but, in her opinion, fane are much to frivolous, SF IS A SERIOUS THING....well so it is, but that doesn't mean we can't give it a kick in the pants now and again, sorry I digress, as I said Pat feel that we're t carefee...see packed up practically right away, Gillian, we saw a couple of times, see had read some S/f, mostly in ARGOSY, she found herself a normal boy friend and we haven't seen her since (fickle femme) Ann (Pete's neighbour) hung around for a little while longer even borrowed a couple of books off me....round about november she made it fairly plain she was fed up...we hadn't seen her for months anyway, and is now happily, one hopes, back with old crew.

The proposed film, apart from the fact that we hadn't any money at the time, we have postponed...maybe after we have bought our Gestetner we'll think again of cinecameras.

Another thing we did not long after the first Les Spinge was to ask certain people for artwork or photos for our semi-official clubroom... (I say semi-official because we're using Tony Hill's spare room to store these thing in, Tony isn't too sure how long he'll be in this house, hence semi. The next place he gets will be about the same size of larger and we'll probably use it in the same way, unless something utterly unforeseen crops up meanwhile, like winning £75,000 on the pools and BUYING a clubroom.) any way - we wrote and we got quite a decent response, Ted Carnell, Bleary, Les Childs, Alan Dodd, Jeeves, and five or six others, all worthy of mention. (being a Goon fan I rather like the Chiefs photo best) New Worlds originals, cover submitted to NW: couple of Atomillos.... revenge was accomplished by taking photos of SADO and despatching the results to the several (now) quivering wrecks.

We also got some artwork at the Symposium auction. More about that later.

Lets see now, it must have been sometime late in October that we built the Heironomous Machine. It took us one frantic hour to build, and though a little rickety something happened. Around the 45 mark Tony and Michael got a tacky sort of feeling in their fingertips, this happened consistently even though they did not look at the indicator.... I'm not sure what happened with me, I though I got some thing once or twice, but it could well have been because Tony and Mike had got results before me, sort of auto suggestion like. Tony's wife (xrow) Daphne said her fingers felt numb but I reckon we can't really count that, and Pete, who ridiculed the machine from the start said he got no results whatsoever. Esp, Psi, autosuggestion, mass Hyptnotism, who knows..

I don't, though I read an artical not so long ago which seemed pretty convincing evidence for poltergeist's.....

SYMPOSIUM

London Oct. 3rd.

Well looking back from this enormous distance I can't remember a lot, particularly my time sense for the whole thing is shot to pieces...but I'll do my best.

We travelled up to London on Black, me, three of us and a box of floggable zines and Tarzan books. At Euston Station we were surreptitiously met by Jim Groves, who by his own admission only came along to collect us so that he wouldn't have to carry too heavy a load from Ella's place to the Sym. By underground to Green Park, thence afoot to Ella's abode. Found Archie Mercer, Les Childs and Evil Old Raspin lurking there. Being impressed as Ella's book toters we trudged, all of us, seven I think, round to a bus stop and embarked for the Sym site.

As our Horde marched down South Audley Street, someone, Archie I think, mentioned that this was the first Fen Party to be held in Mayfair, Man, Man we're Moveing. Three cheers for Plutocratic Pandem...

Outside the quality we encountered several more Fen. had our names duly ticked up, and entered the er, liver. (it WAS a cellar). From here on things get a little hazy, sorry, I should have made notes Bennett style.

Main guests were Walter Gittings And the Dietz's I, though a neo, have heard of Walter Gittings, darn it though I knew he was something to do with prozines but which one(s) I didn't know. I was quite impressed by what the fen who DID know him had to say.

Frank and Belle Dietz, Frank (to me) looked long and sunbrowned, great searchlight and cine camera clutched in his eagle hands much of the time, I was rather fascinated by the American accents not often I get to hear 'em first hand nowadays...Belle, well SHE likes cats so I'm rather biased toward her. I did speak to her a little but can't remember what about now.

Another time I sat down and had a long and interesting talk with Les Childs all about brewing and distilling, which according to most of the fanzines I've read should be something a Fan needs to know about.



BOYD  
RAEBURN  
SAYS  
WHO  
IS  
PABLO!

I visited the bar (stared in awe at Baron B, now and again, saw Ken MacIntyre and a ~~ch~~ Stanham lad disguised as a Polish General (or something). Around about this time, the London Circle sec, (Arthur something I think) Ted Tubb, Walter Gittings and some others got things organized so that the programe could Officially start. Walter G, and the Dietz's were introduced and a few words of welcome and thanks were exchanged. Sometime here too the Happy Couple arrived. Bobbie Wild with her (pract cly, brand new Hubby. Films came next, I think, Frank worked the projector and Belle did the commentry where

commentry was needed. Two Convention films, those U.S fen dream up some amazing cotumes for the fancy dress, and two others, "Born Of Man and Woman" and "The Genie".... Snore of Bjo Wells as the Dancing Girl brought loud cries from Ron Bennett of "Who wants a TAFV voting form. Get your Taff voting form now"... and beast like growls from several high strung lads in the audience. Some time after the film show (I think) we ate at the Buffet cum Bar. Also, maybe a little later, some of us went to see if we could get a cup of coffee.

We did find a place called the Moca. The Place was a little crowded but the manager asked us to wait a while

until a few customers left then we could go in, so we waited. As we stood there Ron Bennett, just to liven things up a bit, challenged a couple of Australians to name 50 of their countrymen who could get into Parliament, to which the Aussies replied the eleven would be enough how they managed to get cricket into it I don't know, anyway Ron was quick to notice that only eleven had been mentioned and suggested that this was proof that they darn well couldn't name 50 representatives.

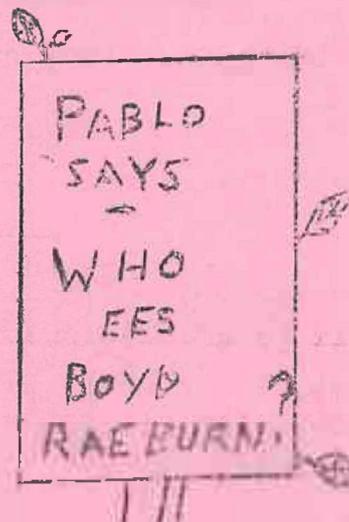
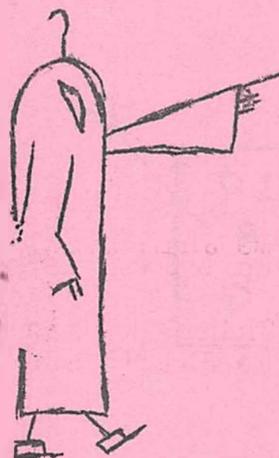
All very friendly, at that moment a dozen or so inmates surged out of the Moca and we were admitted. When we were seated Brian Burgess, who had got a little separated from us, produced a dozen or so photos of his holiday in Italy, passing them via three strange ladies to our party then back via the strange blokes he gave a running commentary on like in Italy, hotel prices etc.,

A couple of coffees later we decided to go back to the Symposium. We lost Ron and his girl on the way back, he said he knew a shorter way, he did. But we met up with Atom and Ella Parker, also prowling around for coffee and we returned the more or less together.

I reckon the next event must have been the auction, somehow we managed to get 10/- for our books, I bought most of 'em back myself in the end and gave them to Pete for his relative.

Also bought three drawings, two inks and one Durrroughs type on colour Mike Moorck and Peter Taylor sang (well they SAID they were SINGING) several items.

Which brings me to a rather interesting point. Peter (Davies) has been writing to Peter West since shortly after the Drumcon in the fond belief that he was writing to Peter Taylor. He found out at the Symposium and rather illogically has been muttering "Hang Peter Taylor" ever since. Just think of it if he hadn't made that mistake it is quite probable that he'd never have written to Peter West.



It stagger even MY Cosmic Mind!

Played Brag for a while, this is about 3-30 to 4, with Ron B and a few others, when they moved into the corner I packed up, last I remember of Ron at the Sym is him sitting there playing Brag for matchsticks.

From about 4 till 6am the survivors, maybe twenty sat round a table and talked. I remember Bob Richardson telling us about the St Fantony idea and noticing three sleeping fellows scattered around their room. Then about five to six we all decamped. Ella got a lift on Atom's bike while Sado Archie and Les Childs traded off looking for an open underground... someone should have told us they don't open till around 10am on Sundays. We enquired, well Les did, from a bunch of men sprawled across, on the floor, the entrance to an underground when the place opened but all we got was blank stares and a "nope". We went next to a bus stop, a taxi came bowling along first, however so we all squeezed in and rode to Ellas. Archie and Les departed to get some kip and Atom lay down "just for ten minutes" and didn't wake up for hours.

Round about 9 Ella fed us and then knocked us (SABO) out into the cold cruel world to catch our train. Eastern, Train and a few hours later home and bed. Symposium over.

From the Symposium until Jhim Linwood's visit nothing much happened.

### Jhim Linwood, His Visit.

Sat. Oct 31st. (I think, anyway twas a Saturday just before Hallow'een) This is Rag Day in Birmingham. The students from Brun University parade around the town, heavily disguised, and collect money for various charities. One lad looked very authentic as a dame, it was only when you noticed the hairy legs and blue chin that you realised that it was only a fantastic disguise. Another group were marching about in sackcloth and woad, beating dustbin lids and chanting amazing wierd Druid Songs. (like "Beer Beer, glorious Beer") Amid this galaxy of mad steaming students we waited for Jhim. And waited, and waited, and waited.

After one and a half hours of this we were getting a little weary (unknown to us Jhim was even then approaching) But we decided to wait another 15 minutes just in case. Seeking new worlds to conquer we trotted across the road to look in at the Gestetner shop. Ah there are certainly some astounding duplicators about, at astonishing prices though. We gazed longingly in the window for a while then just as we were about to decamp Jhim turned up. Details of our visit to an eatery and our thrilling journey home I'll omit. Oh one thing though, the rag students dressed as Ancient Brits got the name of our visitor mixed up. On the banner they carried before them was written not LINWOOD but MERCIA.

We sat in Pete's house for a couple of hours then, at about 5-30 we got a bus down into the village proper. Mike biked down to Tony's and we (Pete, Jhim, me) went down by bus. Arrived we sat nattering, sometime we took a couple of photos. Then at approx; nine pm we all upped and swooped down on the village. First to the Talbot, Jhim stuck a 1/- price tag on one of the establishments. "old masters" (repro of course) then flushed with success we staggered on to the Bell. There we had another drink and Tony and I had an interested audience of normals watching us play chess... no board, no men, just cringing 3d mental chess.....

It being ten pm now we strolled down the road and round to the town centre, clock, small memorial garden... and a sundial.

At 10-5 we were gathered round the sundial intending to check our watches, but as someone had cunningly switched the sun off we had to use a match to tell the time. To complicate things further some evil lad had removed the indicator, nevertheless, by the astute use of my finger as marker we were able to ascertain the time.

We were back at Tony's at ten thirty and stayed there for a few more hours playing "Buccaneer"... weel if Belfast can have Ghodminton who'll begrudge us our little relaxation?...

Sometime in the wee small hours we departed to get a little sleep. Jhim got a lift on Tony's mo'bike to Mike's home where he (Jhim) was to stay the night. Mike rode back on his pushbike and Pete and I, (NO buses this late/early) had to walk two or three miles home..

Early, er.. weel. At 2-30 next day, having fed and watered Jhim, Mike hauled him round to Pete's. Now we thought we'll go and see what time Jhim's bus goes... So off to the village again.



In the Village...  
Noone could tell us the time of the next bus from Brum to Nottingham. anyway Jhim was to be away for six. So we had a milk snake. I repeat a Milk Shake. in the little disreputable looking bus case and then travelled to Brum.

In the er...well..City..we discovered that the next Nottingham bus would be leaving in a couple of minutes.. Arrived at the stop Jhim enquired and found that this was the Last But

One Nottingham Bus....so he wanted to wait another hour with us and catch the next one...But,being cruel, and having planned to see the film "South Pacific" we quickly dotted him one and shoved him aboard the bus...amid tears and fiendish laughter JHIM was whisked away out of our ken

I suppose it was poetic justice that we we couldn't get in to See the FILM...all seats booked up weeks in advance. And so,gnashing our teeth,we embarked Stourbridgewards and went to the pictures,flicks,cinema,movies etc., there.

Another period of quiet followed this visit..though we had one enquiry about our Circle(at this date we've had no followup) Then on the 28th of Novmber Alan Rispin came to see us.

Well,about this visit I can't say very much..We went to Tony's again (to display him sort of thing/Tony/.) and sat talking there for hours and hours and hours....this time we had in a stock of Bheer,cider, Mandelion&burdock and an assortment of other things...fish&chips were also consumed sometime during the evening.Tony lives near the main Stourbridge to Wolverhampton road. We recited the Story of Pablo,a legend handed on by Jhim Linwood, and generally had a convivial type evening...Oh yes played around with Pete's tape too.Alan kipped at Hikes house.(Pete and I just havent got the room)and he departed

there about 11am next morning...taking,according to a later letter,just about four hours to get home.

Another period of inactivity followed this visit.We did get round to making enquiries about duplicators from some firms. Before we had any replies to these I had a letter from Alan R saying words to the effect "come and see us" so I went.

This next section of the SADO histortion er,history, I entitle,

A full and complete account of the adventures of a Midlander in the Region of Manchester & Liverpool. or perhaps,

The brief but graphic account of the introduction of PABLO to Liverpool,Cheltenham and assorted fen...

really though all this is to fill up the bottom half of the page so I can style a bigger and better title on the next full page...of course I could have stylo'd something like "Mal for TAFF" but then someone (I don't know WHO ) might have mistaken that for the title.

So,for the reale trulo account of the Ken Cheslin Memorial Swoop on Liverpool,look to the next page.

.....



# ME 'AN LASAAS

As Iv'e said befor I had a letter from Alan Rispin inviting me to come up to Manchester on the 9th.

I set out bright and early on sat., morning and arrived at Wolverhampton station. No train in sight or expected for 40mins or so. Feeling the early morning chill I looked for a place of warmth, the waiting room was the usual type of B.R. waiting room so I went into the buffet instead. According to the large notice on the wall to stay in the buffet you had to eat, or drink. So I bought a couple of cups of, er..well it was advertised as coffee, but.....anyway there I eat two cups of, the brew, my largest pipe going full blast and a copy of a two month old Scientific American in front of my face, and there I hid till the train came in. The train rolls in and I leap on.

Away we go Manchester bound.

And eventually we do get to the Soggy City. With a happy carefree smile I wait for Rispin to come and collect me from my post in front of the ticket barrier. But on Rispin,

After about twenty minutes I was getting a little worried, no need though. I was standing there wondering what to do next when the loudspeaker system blared out "will Mr Cheslin, a passenger from Birmingham, please report to the Station Masters Office"

And of course there was evil ole Rispin. I beat him a few times around the head, no blow on the nut ever harms Rispin, and the we went off to collect Dave Hall from a local pub. Dave found we had a few hours to spare so these two decided to show me the local Museum & Art Gallery. After we had peered round this place for a while we went over to the Library, reference library, reminds me of photos of the British Museum reading room. We decided to turn this round, domed room into a Planetarium at the earliest opportunity.

Sometime during all this we went and ate. ( I merely mention this for the sake of those lads who didn't have time to eat) We entrained for Liverpool, arrived too early and had to wander around for a half hour or so, returning to the appointed place (Hanover Hotel) we discovered John Roles and a few others blocking the pavement. En mass we surged down on the Hotel Hanover. The bar was closed even then so we all had to wait in a sort of lounge place till opening time. Bar doors opened wide, in surged the fannish tide, it was quite crowded, the vast majority of inmates being Fen, oh yes, someone had let Bennett in too.....

About ten minutes in the Hanover and we all troop out to dine. Golden Palace Eatery it's advertised in the LaSFaS marching orders. Nice too, a fiendish chinese restraunt. Plenty of fine tucker (Viva Tucker!) well cooked, coffee and a little while to recover until we proceed to our next objective.

Which should have been Higher Babin -gton. But was in fact the LaSFaS club room. Panting, I mounted enough stairs to make Tiger Tensing think twice, and then, behold! ye olde clube roome.....

the Clubroom. I remember I signed my name on the wall, peered at the unusual wall paper and then went to have a look at the corner where most of the light was coming from. This was an alcove, luxurious, well lit, probably the most used room I thought.

Many new names on the wall later we descended the stairs and went looking for Central Station.

I had left by bag here earlier on - I collected it and followed the crowd. Tube train, a short walk, bus and then to 2, Arnot Way.

From here on my comments are rather fragmentary, I remember noticing the bar type structure in one corner and getting myself a cider or something similar, also around then some other fella who had got off the bus with us returned with more drinkables. For some time I must have wandered around, talking, toasting Pablo with Alan Rispin or just watching anybody doing anything.

The film show. Best thing I've seen for years, vintage Charlie Chaplin films I've never seen before, no doubt the man's terrific.

After these came the Sherrocks's holiday film(s).. Apart from the film itself and the Hymn to Harrison which everyone seemed to sing the moment he appeared in a scene, I liked the sound track. No voices, it was background music, daubed, Spanish type and very effective.

Films over and I set out on my wanderings again, had a look at Normans Fencyclopedia.

Discovered he had a couple more around and asked him to flog me a copy. (got it here now)

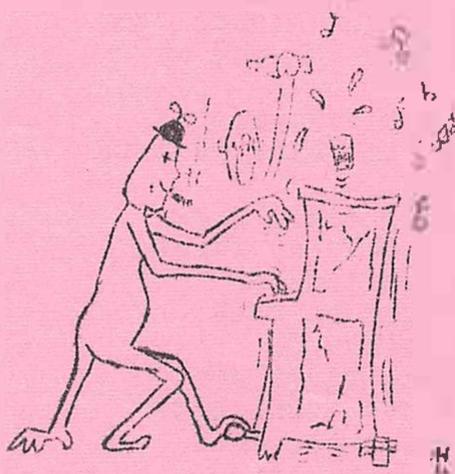
I did get around to a lot of people and after a while I returned to the main party where they were dancing to taped music, got captured by a femme (sorry I don't know who you are) in a yellow gold dress, (she was wearing the dress, not me.) and tried to dance too.

Leaving this room again I went wandering into a couple more rooms and eventually got caught up in a game of brag. Feeling a little weary by now (3am) I went to see if I could find a place to lay my weary head. Not an inch. In fact one thing that sticks in my mind is the absolute awe and amazement in John Roles voice when he said "There's no one in the bath!" Three o'clock I soon found was a poor time to look for sleeping space, I did curl up in the hall on a chair but I gave up after an hour and went back to the brag school. (Ron Bennett got 18/- for TAff on the side) I did glance into the hall later, both chairs held sleepers.

And later, about 7am, the cat came crying at the door. I let the fat beast in, it saw Bennett, I let it out again.

Came the dawn, plus, and the brag game packed up, the Sleepers started to stir and Leetle Mother Ina, LMI starts clearing up, John (Whiskers) Roles and some other lads help with the collecting and washing of the glasses etc.,

By 9-50 or so most everybody was up. Except Ron B trying to get some rest before returning to Harrogate. He didn't get much rest though.....



Ron lay there trying to sleep.

All was still, well nearly, till some bright lad crept in and started playing bragg on his pillow. The rustle of cards, a ten bob note waddling under his nose, and there was our Ron his hand twitching, a gleam sneaking thru the red of his bloodshot eyes, little tentacles of tosh reaching out, when I last saw him he was back in the game.

Well I chased Norman around the house till I had him cornered and got a Fancyclopiedia from him, then, because I wanted to get home to bed I said farewell and left with Dave Hall. This was about 11am.

A long and practicy uninterrupted journey. Home, kip, about 4-30.

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between the 10th & the 27th nothing unusual happen ed, on the night of the 27th, I had my accident, one week later Michael got dragged off to do his national service, and is now (March) at Oswestry in Welsh Wales, indeed, etc.,

When I finally got thrown out of hospital I went forth and bought a duper (this is being printed on that duper) and later the paper and ink.

Making use of Pete's spare room we set about dupering Spinge 2. Had some trouble at first but now we're getting control of the beast, we made a bloomer in that we haven't left enough margin on most of the stencils, we will remember this for Spinge 3.

April 4th was the first anniversary of SADO. We were going to celebrate the event but due to certain circumstances we cancelled it, better luck next year.

I hope ...HOPE... to have another SPINGE out in Sept or October... we'll see..

and this, apart from the ConRep i s the end of the SADO histry for this time.

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Tree Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,

Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,

Nine for ~~MORTAL~~ Men doomed to die,

One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne,

In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie,

One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,

One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them

In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

(just guess.....)