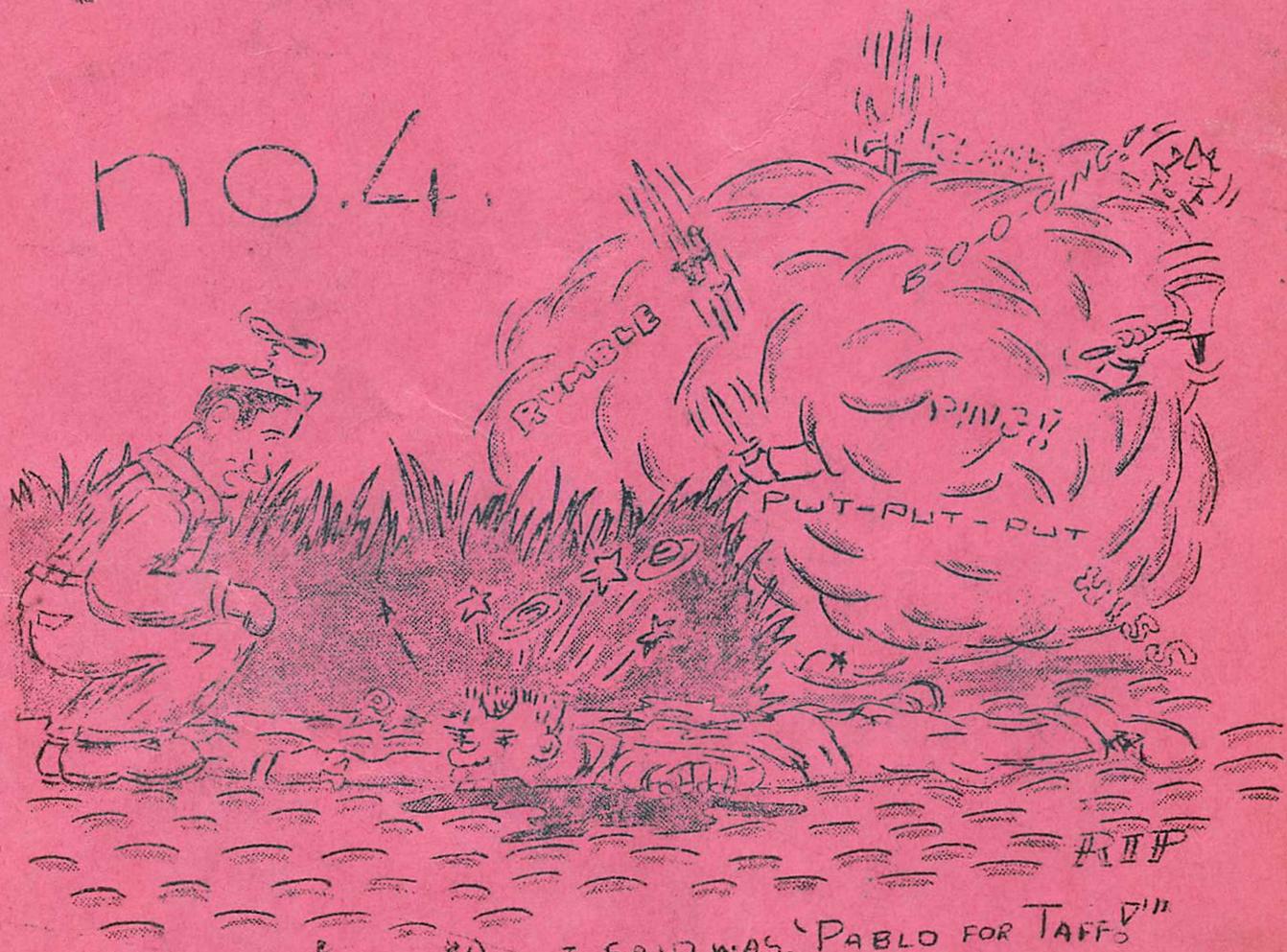


once

LES SPINGEE

more

no.4.



"COR, MATEY!
WHAT
HAPPENED?"

"ALL I SAID WAS, 'PABLO FOR TAFFO'"

MONROE

This is "LES SPINGE.No.4.". published by Cringebinder Publications, edited by Ken Cheslin, this issue dated Winter 1960.

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Trades or a Letter of Comment will get you a copy of this beesteamed zine although we are willing to accept money if all else fails...1/- per issue to the British address or 15c to Don...as I've said before tho'. I'd much rather you write.

All RIPillos, including the front & the back cover, cut by Dick Schultz hissel'...the Jeeves illos were cut by David J Hale, a newish SADOite except the ones on p.31 & 57, which I cut myself...the illo on p.28 is D J Hales', and he cut this...along with the fanzine reviews.

Oh, while I think of it, it seems very likely that I'll be able to publish no.5. before I have to go off to Durham...say sometime in Feb; or early March.

(the title has nothing to do with the above info, I just put it in 'cause I had to use some title, and mebbe this will make HIMSELF look kindly upon me.)

YE RECIPE

Front cover	Dick Schultz.
Monroe	no page no.
THIS!	no.1.
Worcester Sauce. . Editorial like. .Ken Cheslin .	no.2
Out of this World . . Rory Faulkner.	no.4
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Timoshenko. . Extract from a Schultzletter.	no.16
The Fanalitic Eye. Reviews of Fanzines by Jhim Linwood	no.24
Spon. . A sort of letter column. . Spingers.	no.30
Back cover	Dick Schultz

various illos throughout, mainly by RIP (dickschultz)
some by the Jeeves, and one by David J Hale.

Oh, so you've had a look to see ifen your name is in
the lettercol, now go ahead and read the zine.

KMPC.

WORCESTER



SAUCE



Yes...

Well here we are, another Spinge. It is possible that this will be the last issue for several months as I may have to go up to the north of England for a while on a course... You notice I say "possible" and "may", this is because, at the time of writing this, I'm not sure just what will happen; anyway I'll let my ~~faithful~~ faithful readers know when I find out for sure.

Hum... I have a sort of list here beside me, the second or third list actually, of the things I meant to write about... but in spite of typing out these lists, or rather, rough drafts, I still couldn't work out a coherent editorial. This is being typed straight onto the stencil, and I will just have to hope it turns out readable.

Let's see, umm, I've made a little note here about The Fellowship of the Ring. This is as good a place as any to let you British types know that I'm the British agent for the Fellowship. CO I PALANTIR, subs British 1/9 for one, 7/- for five.

For Folkein fans who are interested in talking or writing of The Lord of the Rings and things related to it I think this is just the thing they'd like.

Don't think your eyes are groggled if you spot a colour change about halfway through this issue, I thought I'd try using green ink. Not wanting to buy a new drum for the green ink I just poured the stuff over the black drum and hoped that the green would eventually win through.

Harrrp... yus, und the like.

This really isn't the proper place to write a review, but a certain Helmut (I'm only 16) Klemm, of 16, Unlandstrasse, Uffort/Eick, (22a) Kts. Moers, Germany, sent me his fanzine, "THE BUG EYE", a couple of weeks ago and asked therein that any fanzine eds., should review or plug, or do something to let fandom in general know that the zine exists... This is, as you may have guessed from the address, a Gerzine, it surprised me because I've heard that German fandom leans strongly toward the very serious, and is highly organisation prone.. The zine is a fanzine. Mebbe not a terrific fanzine, but all the same a FANZINE. Its half in German, (logical?) and t'other half is English... most of the English part is Doddering reviews of mundane type "s/f" films and things similar. There is also a section of the zine wherein the material has been translated into English, (from some other language of course.. yah!, same to you.). I can't really say, "get this for the superb material", but I would recommend that you ask for a sample... sort of to see how German fandom looks. That was the thing that interested me, "see how all they queer foreign type live", etc., Oh yes, one or two fairly decent illos round about page 10.

Belated, (much belated) thanks to all those poor fen who let Dick Schultz persuade them into signing those magnificent post cards for me at the Pitt-Con... were, and are, greatly prized... Und thanks too for the smaller, but no less appreciated post card you Liverpool shower sent to me all those long weeks ago.

I', saying I'm sorry, ... to all those readers of mine who (as they read this) will have noticed that the inside page, the back of the front cover, is all messy and inkstained. There are about 70% of the SPINCE covers marked like this.. explanation (but not excuse) (well, not really excuse) is that my dupor went take such thick paper, and like it. There were maybe 250 sheets of this thick pink paper hiding in my paper drawer and I thought I'd do Dick Shultzs' illo a favour by printing it on them, but of the 250 sheets maybe 40 came out decently, about 60 were completely ruined, and the rest got marked in the way you see. As it seemed a shame not to use these, the paper is nice, I used them and gave up the idea of printing the contents on the back. A lot of the duporing is finished now, just have to wait till Dave finishes cutting the stencils, (he supplies the pink paper, for free yet.

I rather think that this is all the editorial that I'll write, so, for now, farewell all,

yours,

Ken the Cheslin.

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Out of this World

by Rory Faulkner.

In these days of anxiety and strain there is hardly a man who does not dream of some quiet hideaway where he may rest and recover his sense of inner strength and integrity. Weary of the staccato beat of a speeded-up civilisation he longs to find, if only for a few days, a place where time is marked only by the leisurely rhythm of the changing seasons and the slow, sweet, swing of the stars in the curve of the sky.

Such a place is Mt. Wilson Observatory, here in California.

Although less than an hour away from busy Los Angeles so close, it seems light-years away in space. Life on the mountain top flows along in an ordered pattern, quite undisturbed by the daily crises that terrify a troubled world.

The day at Mt. Wilson begins when the first faint dawn-light that fades the stars brings the astronomers back from their all-night vigil in the huge dome of the 100 inch telescope. Walking along the wooded road that leads to the dormitory they meet other observers; who are hastening to uncover the reflectors in the tall sun towers, readying them for the daily solar observations.

Cheerful greetings and a few highly technical quips are exchanged, and the night men hurry back for a few hours sleep in the beautiful "Monastery"... --- so-called because it is strictly a man's world, with no wives or children here to disturb the monastic quiet.

This, "Monastery", is a hollow square of long, low, buildings located on a separate spur of the mountain, and barred to the tourists who daily visit the Observatory itself.

It consists of two dormitories, living room or lounge, dining room, kitchen, and stewards quarters. Every convenience found in a city home is here to make the housekeeping easier, including a huge deep-freeze stocked with meat and frozen food, and a cool stone cellar in which is stored enough food for months. The garbage disposal unit is ingenious and deserves special mention. It consists of a large can riding out over a deep ravine on a pulleyed rope, with a second rope attached, to trip and dump the can at the end of its journey. The scraps fall several hundred feet into the forest below, and are promptly taken over by the squirrels and wild deer who gather there daily; lured by the dinner-call of the squeaking pulleys.

On three sides on the building the ground falls away steeply, to reveal a magnificent view of Los Angeles and the valley towns; as far as Catalina thirty miles off-shore in the Pacific.

At dawn, with the usual morning fog that covers the valley, and the scene of that eerie sea of cloud, with a few scattered peaks sticking their heads out of it here and there, the scene might be one on a misty Venus rather than on prosaic earth.

While in residence on the mountain the astronomers, engrossed as they are in their own special projects, maintain a superb indifference to the affairs of the outside world. No daily papers, no television, and the tinny blare of a record player never disturbs the thin, clear air.

Around the "Monastery" the silence is broken only by the sigh of the wind in the pines, the small noises of the squirrels and birds, and the click of small hooves when an inquisitive deer crosses the paved courtyard, where lizards lie motionless under the blazing eye of the slow-wheeling sun.

The magic of the sun and clouds, the tall pines and angled rocks the moon; a planet's gleam; the fragment of a dream from another world -- these things one will carry down with him as a solid bulwark against the frustrations of a workaday life, and the terrifying night thoughts that assail the reason.

One has but to recapture these memories to feel safe once more, reassured as to the majestic permanence of our universe - that "world without end" we believed in as children.

Jeeves & the fannish types

by Doc Weir.

It began with Jeeves' annual holiday not that Wooster would ever grudge a holiday to a loyal retainer like of such sterling worth, but the whole thing would never have happened but for Jeeves' aforesaid spot of desipere in loco.

I had spent it in Harrogate, gadding about with old Percy Fink-Nottle; Percy's pater has a well-developed case of family gout, so it's their tradition to spend an occasional month in Harrogate while pater undertakes a course of the soothing waters and whatnot. Unfortunately my Aunt Agatha was also at Harrogate. She and the Fink-Nottles were, luckily, at different hydros, but it was none the less a risk. If she knew I was anywhere near Harrogate she'd require my attendance, and that would be that. Accordingly I'd arranged that when Jeeves returned I should rendezvous with him at some place out of town, and we would forthwith beat it to the healthier elsewhere. You see, Jeeves' dignified presence stands out so in any crowd that Aunt A., who has nothing whatever the matter with her eyesight, whatever obscure things she may have wrong with her kidneys, and would be bound to spot him in a day or two, and would demand my presence forthwith.

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Well the day of Jeeves' arrival was a brilliant one; he had been spending his holiday in the Mediterranean and the Seamen's Strike had upset his return arrangements. The next day as I was sitting up in bed toying with the breakfast kipper the phone rang, the hydro's telephonist's voice informed me that a trunk call was coming through. The trunk line wasn't all it should have been, since it was connected to a hornet's nest in full blast and a battery of road drills, but booming through the din was Jeeves' voice. And it said, "I would suggest, Sir, that we meet at seven, this evening, at the George at Kettering, where I have secured accommodation".

I'd never been to Kettering, and I didn't see why Jeeves had picked a place so far off; however the hydro hall-porter knew both Kettering and the George, and came across with useful information, so that afternoon I climbed into the two-seater and wended my way Southwards.

The George didn't look the sort of place I was accustomed to, but Jeeves frequently finds marvellous food and drink within most unpromising exteriors. But there was no sign of Jeeves, whereas he usually steps out of the entrance just as the car begins to slow down.

I went inside, accordingly to enquire; there was no receptionist but there was a large man with all the external marks of a tough egg, whom I took to be the landlord. Obedient to the code of the Woosters I looked him firmly in the eye, and said; "My name's Wooster. Have you a room for me, booked by my man Jeeves?".

He looked down some sort of list, and said: "There's no Wooster on this list. You'd better see Jeeves for yourself". And with that he stepped to the back of the hall, opened a door into some smoke-filled space beyond and yelled, "Terry!, There's a lad here asking for you!".

Since at my present age I must admit that some of the gay dash of the twenties is lacking, "Lad" sounded complimentary, and even soothing, but the name of "Terry" as applied to Jeeves nearly made me drop through the floor!

"You call him Terry?" I ejaculated.

"They all do", said mine host, "short for Terylene I shouldn't wonder, seeing that lean is what he ain't an' all".

Next moment I got the shock of my life; you remember in that story about the lady with the death-house at Stonehenge, how the narrator first caught sight of Bulldog Drummond?, well it was just like that. In the doorway appeared one of the most fearful specimens of the giant plu-ugly Iv'e ever seen; he seemed about seven feet tall and all of four feet wide, and he was holding the largest beer-mug Iv'e encountered yet.

7

"This a friend of yours?" asked the landlord in a nasty voice, jerking his thumb at me. The giant rolled forward, and to my intense relief and astonishment smiled --- when smiling he looked quite attractive; then, "I can't remember you from Adam", said he, stepping up beside me, "but all fen are welcome! come along in and meet the gang".

With that he smote me between the shoulder blades; it was like being kicked by one of those outside horses with fur crinolines round it's ankles. I just lifted two or three feet from the floor and flew several yards into the smoke-filled room on the way some of the two or three feet got mixed up with someone else's feet, and I finished up semi-horizontal with a tinkle of broken glass, a sharp pain in my neck, and my head in something soft.

"There goes my gin-and-it" said a girl's voice somewhere close above me. "More of them falling into your arms, Plick!" said another voice, and there was a roar of laughter. I could feel something wet trickling down the back of my neck, and I wished I'd had an ant-eater's tongue to reach round to it--- gin-and-It would have helped to settle the reeling senses. Next moment however I rose with a howl of unfeigned agony--- apparently the broken glass had cut the back of my neck, and a hornet sting is soothing sleep-massage, let me tell you, compared with what gin-and-It can be in an open cut.



"No, man, you don't want to meet him. Haven't you heard? He's a Vargo Statten fan."



I saw a nice looking girl shaking broken glass out of her skirt and contemplating a large stain thereon of combined gin-and-It and home brewed haemoglobin.

"One of you get the first-aid box" said another voice, sharply, just by my ear, "Haven't any of you boys got any sense?". It fairly made me jump--- it wasn't my Aunt Agatha's voice, but it was so exactly

her manner of address that it made me go all hot and cold.

The speaker was a lady with the sort of figure that they used to call Junoesque, and wearing those cobra spectacles that have jewelled top corners that stick out sideways--next moment she had siezed me by the ears, and my face was in the vice-like grip of her knees. I could feel her mopping at the back of my neck, followed by the application of soothing balm of some kind, and elastoplat to top up with. "Good old Ella", murmured somebody, as I stood up, after release from the vice-like grip aforesaid. "Give him a glass of sherry, can't you", said Ella, still sharpley "You'd want a pick-me-up, any of you, after being clouted like that by Terry".

Next moment a glass of dark-brown fluid was shoved into my hand. "Put that down at once", said Ella, "You're shaking all over like a jelly, and it'll pull you together".

Well, of course, where sherry is concerned

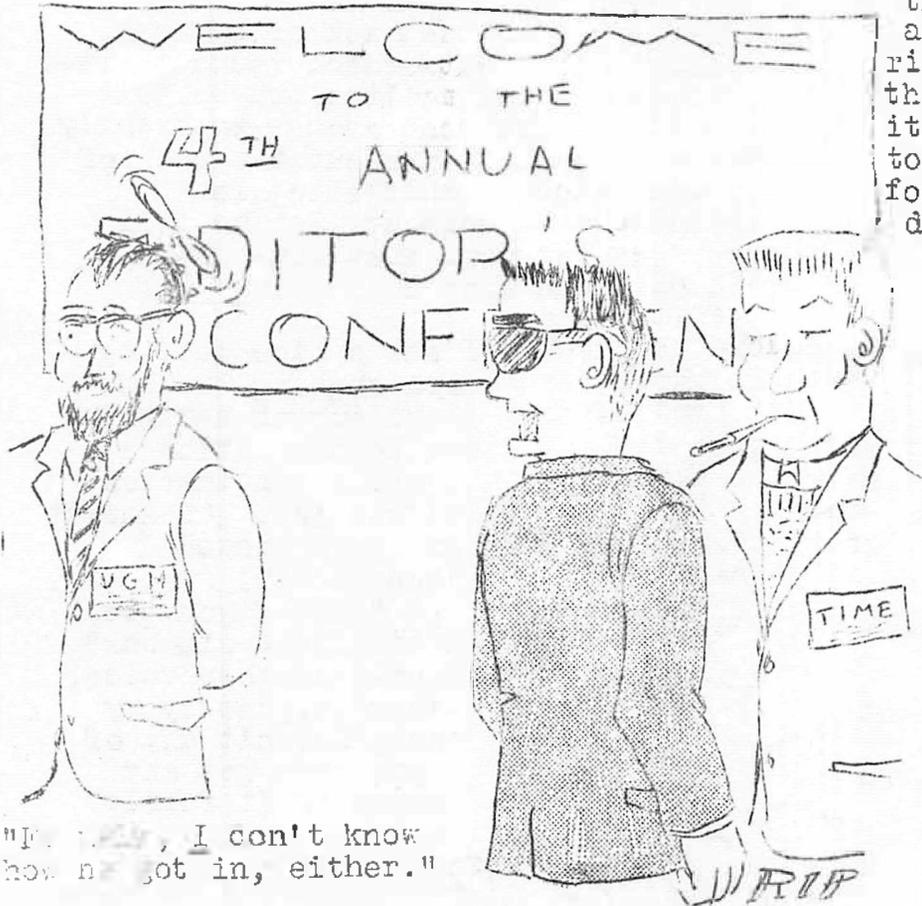
there's the aristocratic ritual; one tests the bouquet, lets it roll upon the tounge, and so forth, but, ---

dash it--one has to oblige a lady, so I up-ended the glass in one go.

For an instant I couldn't think what was wrong

and then I got it; that glass hadn't been brown sherry, it had been neat

West India rum, at Heaven-knew-how-many over proof!. Through the general blur of tears and coughing I could hear howls of laughte laughter all round me.



"I don't know how he got in, either."

Then someone took me by the arm, and pressed me back into an armchair: "Leave him be, can't you" said the voice of the ham-handed monster who had hurled me through the doorway, "Here, take this, lad; at your leisure. The George's special old ale never hurt anybody yet". And another vast mug was put into my hand. The old epiglottis feeling full of red-hot sulphuric acid, I hurriedly took a large swig.

Now beer is, of course, a markedly plebian beverage, such as the Woosters do not, in general, patronize, once they have reached years of discretion, but I'll say this for Terry Jeeves, his taste in beer is more than respectable!. That old ale was deuced strong -- I've tasted claret a lot weaker, and some alleged port that wasn't much stronger, but it went down just like cream, and the general feeling of ill-usage vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision.

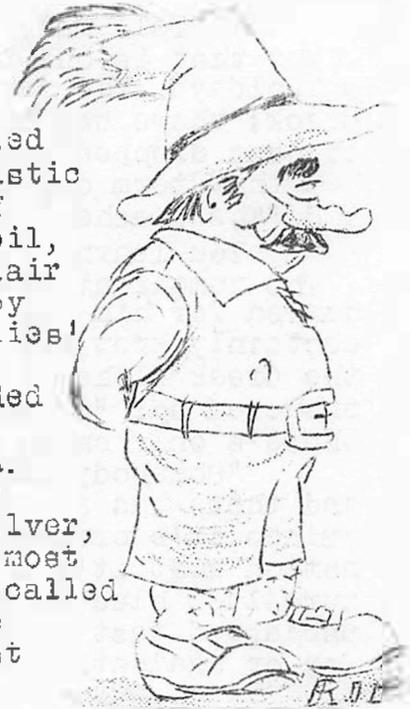
Well, for a bit after that they left me alone to get my bearings with the aid of the contents of the vast mug, and I was able to look around. I've knocked about a bit, but I've seldom seen a more curious crowd -- they were all sizes and ages, and of mixed social standing from even tougher eggs than the landlord to quite normal-looking high-class types.

But some of them were most peculiar. There was one enormous man clothed in what looked like futuristic suit of armour, made out of coloured plastic and tinfoil, while growing out of his hair were a pair of those knobby things you see on butterflies' heads, but--dash it--they

were eighteen inches long; he had a voice that sounded as though it was coming from far underground through several woolly hearthrugs, and people called him Brian. And there was a girl who fairly took me by storm; her clothing --- what there was of it -- was blue and silver, and she had blue and silver sequins in her dark hair, most lovely eyes and a charming little elfin face -- they called her Audrey, ..and when my mug was empty she brought me another without my asking, and smiled at me in the most attractive way..



"The new members an odd duck, isn't he? Claims he lives under a bridge or something."



The conversation, however, was some of the toughest I'd struck in years -- full of unknown abbreviations, like ASF and FTL and F & SF, and unknown words, like, bems, hyperdrive, paratime, and such; I might have thought I'd got into Harwell, a staff social, but in view of Audrey's costume it didn't seem likely, somehow.

After some time there was a bit of a lull in the conversation, and then a deep voice said; "I don't know whether you fellows have thought of it, but I call this chap's dropping in on us downright providential".

"Why, Doc.?", said several people.

I opened the optics -- they seemed inclined to keep shut after the old ale -- and took a survey of the speaker. He was not the type I care for at all; to begin with he was very thin, with a bulging brow and a pair of extraordinarily cold grey eyes behind horn rims. He was one of the few men in the room with tidy hair; it was going grey and brushed flat, and the top of his head stuck out through it at the back. Suddenly he took his glasses off, and I fairly jumped -- he had the longest face I've ever seen -- any lane that had no turning would have tied itself up into knots at the mere sight of it. When he had his glasses on it didn't show so much, especially as his vulture beak sort of nose took your attention off from it. He looked at me with just the expression of a Professor of Tropical Diseases regarding some more-than-usually promising tape-worm, and leaned forward.

"Tell me", said the Doc, "Do you know what psi is?".

Now that is one thing that has remained with me from my schooldays. The first term in the Lower Fifth everybody began Greek; there was an exam at end of term, and those who failed to pass dropped Greek altogether and did extra English instead, but that term our form-master had retired to a nursing home and "The Smasher" had deputised for him.

You learnt things under The Smasher --- or else!

The rumour at Eton was that he had his canes specially carved for him out of blocks of solid whalebone, and he certainly knew how to use them, so, as I was saying, I remembered the Greek alphabet vividly, not to say, painfully. Accordingly I answered up: "Of course I do. It's practically the finish --- there's only omega after it".

"Somebody ought to tell Campbell that" boomed the Doc., and there was a roar of laughter all round, "But", he went on, "Since it's pretty obvious that this chap hasn't the faintest notion what it's all about, and we've all been arguing ourselves blue in the face, here's the chance for a completely unbiassed test by someone without preconceived notions either for or against. Eric, get out the Hieronymous machine, will you?".

Eric was another plug-ugly type -- the large plug-ugly as you used to see him in the heyday of the Chicago gangster film in the thirties. He had black eyes and hair, and a swarthy skin; he wasn't as tall as Terry but whereas Terry's smile was kindly and human, Eric's was what they call sardonic. He disappeared towards the back of the room, and returned, carrying a most appalling-looking contraption -- it had radio spare parts sticking out all over it, and looked like an Iron Curtain invention for advanced brain-washing...

"Don't worry" said Doc., who was watching me like a hawk (or possibly, a vulture would fit better), "All you have to do is to turn this dial with one hand, with your other hand on this plastic plate here, and tell us if it feels different at any point -- wet, cold, or sticky or anything like that".

"It feels sticky now", I said, touching it. "Naturally!", snapped Ella, "It's all over marsipan and jam, since Sid's been playing with it directly after wolfing the whole of the Battenberg cake. You can give me that gin of yours to clean it with, Sid, you've had more than enough as it is".

If you'll believe me, that woman took Sid's glass of gin right out of his hand, and nobody said word -- a word Semiramis must have been one of the same type.

Anyhow, she swilled the plastic plate with gin and wiped it clean and dry. Then Eric unwound a flex from the side of the contraption, plugged in to the wainscot, and switched on, and a small glass circle in the top of the thing began to glow crimson. It all looked most alarming and I didn't like it at all. Unexpectedly, however, Doc., was quite charmingly reassuring.

"Look here!" he said, "All you have to do is this". And he started turning the dial round slowly with one hand while he gently stroked the plastic plate with the other. "If it feels different at any time, turn the dial to where the plastic feels most different, and tell us you've got a reading".

At one end of the contraption was a wire loop standing up; somebody put a halfpenny inside this, and I tried my luck; actually it wasn't even exciting -- at two places on the dial I felt the plate becoming gluey, that was all.

They put in a number of different things after that, where the halfpenny had been, and I got glueynesses at various places on the dial -- some of them coincided with places where I'd had it before, and some didn't.

If it had been chemin-de-fer they couldn't have been more excited about it. Goodness knows why. Eric, the swarthy plub-ugly, was almost foaming at the mouth; he kept saying; "He's got the gift".

Eventually they said : "Do you mind if we put a screen in front of your face, so that you can't see the specimens, so we can test you on thing that you don't know?". I'd got outside a third mug of ale by now, and was embarking on a fourth, and felt at peace with all the world, so I just nodded.

They got hold of a fire screen -- you know, one of those foot-square samples of Mid-Victorian embroidery mounted on a stand that will hold it at any height or angle -- and fixed it in front of my face, so that I couldn't see either the machine or my hands. Then they went on, and I just did what they told me. There was a good deal of whispering and laughing over what followed, and I gathered that they were wrapping up some things to see whether I, or the machine, would recognise them through the wrappings.

I'd just got a reading that produced a general roar of laughter, when a voice said. "Terry!", and there was the sort of interlude that novelists call an electric silence. I pulled away the fire-screen, and took a look.

Standing just in front of me was what you might call a commanding-looking woman -- she was deuced handsome, nearly six feet tall, and with greying hair, and she was holding a chunk of plasticine in one hand and looking at it as though it was a lump of muck -- which was curious, mind you, since sticking out of it was a sapphire-and-diamond cluster ring -- quite a handsome piece of junk..

Then she turned her gaze on the colossal Terry, in what they call a withering glance, and -- by Jove!-- he did wither. Being about seven feet tall he just shrank right down to about four feet. You never saw anything like it.

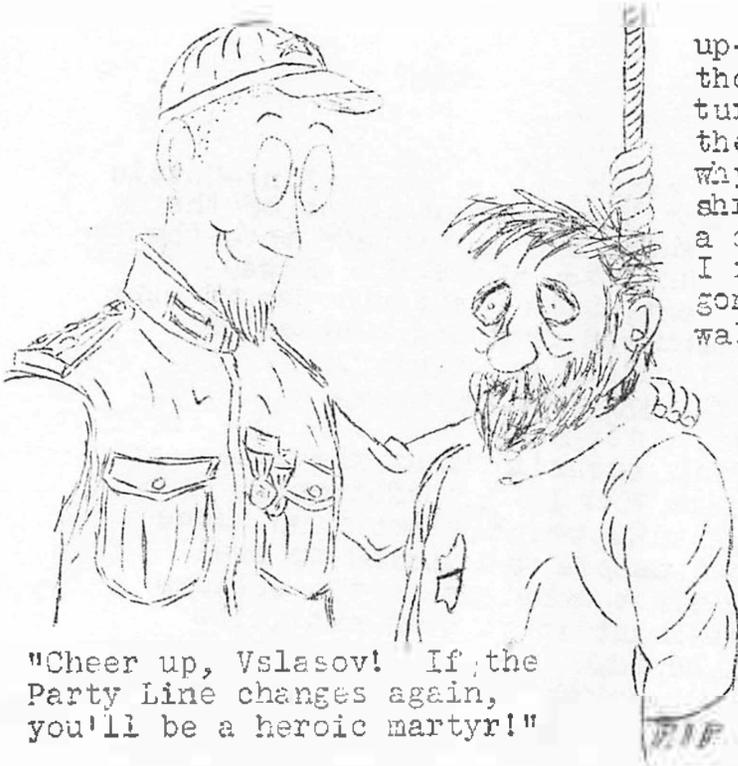
"Is that your sixth quart or your seventh, Terry?" she asked.

Terry seemed to have some difficulty in finding his words, but eventually : "I don't know, Valerie m'dear" he stammered, "I haven't been keeping count".

"It's quite certainly been too much, anyhow," she said severely, "if it makes you think that you can pinch my engagement ring when I'm in my bath and then mess it up in this disgusting fashion".

"Oh, come now, Val", said Ella, "Terry was only...."

Valerie simply turned her eyes on her, and, believe it or not, that Juno-Semiramis type just faded out in mid-sentence! Talk about a commanding presence -- I felt that if she were to tell my Aunt Agatha to stand on her head, Aunt A would simply



"Cheer up, Vslasov! If the Party Line changes again, you'll be a heroic martyr!"

up-end without a second thought. Next moment she turned her gaze on me, and then I appreciated just why; I could feel myself shrinking, surrounded by a desert of armchair, till I felt that I could have gone comfortably into a walnut-shell -- and so

that it wasn't transparent, I'd have been grateful for the concealment.

Before she could speak, however, the tough egg landlord hurtled into the room; he seemed to have shrunk too, and he was perturbed, not to say agitated. He came straight up to me, and addressed me with such marked

respect that everybody in the room turned to look at him.

"Begging your pardon, Mr Wooster", he said, "Your Mr. Jeeves is here, and is asking for you".

The light dawned -- small wonder he was looking agitated and respectful; Jeeves had arrived!, and had, in one swift action, put him abreast of the situation and where he belonged.

I oozed out into the hall, and there was Jeeves, as relieved to see me as I was to see him -- unless you'd known him as long as I have you'd never have spotted it, but an almost imprecipitable aura of anxiety about him changed to an equally imprecipitable one of satisfaction.

"'Pon my word, Jeeves, I'm pleased to see you!", I told him, "I was beginning to be afraid you' got lost".

"I am afraid, Sir", he answered, "that owing to the unfortunately poor transmission of the trunk telephone line, you misunderstood me. I informed you that I had secured accommodation at the "Cause of Jitterang", Sir, which you misheard as the George at Kettering. When you failed to arrive I took the liberty of telephoning to the hydropathic establishment, and the hall porter, vary fortunately, was able to inform me where you had gone".

Well, of course, that explained it, Percy Fink-Nottle had had a good deal to say about the new road-house on the A 61, the "Cause of Jittering", which had got itself into the news a bit by putting on some uncommon hot floor-chows.

We had to wait a moment, while the tough egg brought down my baggage, which he had removed from the two-seater to some lair above stairs, so I voiced an enquiry.

"Tell me, Jeeves", I said, "who are those extraordinary types in there".

"I understand, Sir", he answered "that they are members of the British Science Fiction Association".

"Science Fiction", I said vaguely "you mean those blokes who write stories about people who shrink or swell or move backwards in time, or fight monsters on tin-openers with other planets". I hadn't meant it to come out quite that way, but Jeeves, as usual, coped.

"Precisely, Sir", he agreed, "I understand that some of their number possess high engineering and scientific qualifications, Sir".

The grey matter suddenly clicked; of course! small wonder I hadn't been able to follow what they were saying; I had been taking a part, however small, in some highly brainy scientific experiment. Next time Aunt Agatha asked me what I was doing to justify my existence, I could come back at her smartly.

The baggage having arrived, I toddled out to the two-seater, leapt in, and took the wheel.

"Hop in, Jeeves", I yodelled, "and let us seek the "Cause of Jittering" forthwith, the further the wether, so to speak.

And then Jeeves did a thing I've only known him to do three or four times in the thirty-five odd years I've known him -- he hesitated.

"I beg your pardon, Sir", he said, "but since you have, as I understand, had four quarts of the "Georges" special old ale, I think it might be advisable that I should drive".

finis.....end.....the lot....etc.,

15

BEING THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF TWO.
EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER IN WHICH
DICK SCHULTZ
TELLS SOMETHING OF TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS
WHOM HE ADMIRES.... THIS ONE BEING
T I M O S H E N K O

Timoshenko, in 1941, was a young Field Marshal under 40 years of age in Stalin's armies. He had held a field command during the short campaign against Poland's eastern flank, and had stayed in the area during the abortive war against Finland. He was never a communist, but always a soldier, with a great love for Russia despite whatever government might be in control. He had been brought up in a hard school for officers. The aftermath of the Revolution, in 1919 - 1923, when Red fought White, and brother fought brother. One thing from this school he learned. To build his defences in the rear of the frontier and to retreat in good order before a superior host, so as to fight him again another day. He learned to attack with coordination from the other services when available, and to attack at all times, so as to confuse the enemy and conceal his own forces. Elementary lessons you would think. But in 1941 two great leaders had learned little if any of them. Hitler and Stalin.

Now, Stalin was very boastful of his successes in the Caucasus during the Revolution. But Stalin relied on superior forces to break the back of the enemies' resistance whenever met with. He never once had had to deal with a superior enemy, and was to be proved hopeless before such an event. But, as with all dictators, when he makes an error of judgement, his anger most likely turns toward the very one who most often told him so. But more of that later.

Let us turn to the spring of 1941, Europe, Hitler had given up hope of reducing Great Britain and was turned again to the east, where lies his ritual enemy, the Bolshivek State.

The USSR, sprawling across 170,000,000. citizens and almost a sixth of the worlds land surface. Therein lies the minerals and produce that could keep the German war machine fueled and in working order for a thousand years, or thereabouts. It is no great wonder then that the carpet chewer thinks of Russia, for Stalin is thinking Germany of in about the same terms that Hitler is thinking of Russia. As something to be gained and used for his own ends. It is with this in mind that Stalin put the three Baltic states under his wing, annexed Bessarabia and Bucovina from Rumania and warred on Finland, originally to outright annex her. Stalin intended to stall for two years, then invade Hitlers Festung Europa from it's wide-open rear door.

I don't care what you say, I still think she's Santa Claus.

Back in Berlin, Gobbels tried his damndest to get Hitler to send paratroopers to take Malta, and enough tanks and troops to take the Suez Canal and the middle east. At that time, don't forget, they could still count on help from the Vichy French in Syria. But it was to be for nought. Hitler had decided to invade Russia. And to that end involved himself in the Balkans to the extent of occupying Yugoslavia, Greece and Crete. His adventures in Yugoslavia was to eventually tie down much needed German troops, but thats neither here nor there.

At 4:14 on June 22nd, Russia and Germany were at peace with one another, and virtual allies. By noon Von Heeb's 18th and 16th armies were driving the light forces of Russia across the Lithuanian forests and plains, Von Bock's 9th, 4th, 6th, 17th and Hungarian armies (the last three under the aging Von Rundstedt) were swallowing compleat Russian divisions whole before Minsk, and the German 11th and the Rumanian 3rd was lying across the Pryt river, waiting for an announcement of war from Antonessus government. Geridian commanded the armour under Von Bock, and Falkenhorst, in the north, momentarily held a bridgehead on the Murmansk to Pertozavodsk RR, while Mannerheim, commanding Finnish forces, laid siege to Hango and Viipuri.

The war was on, and on Hitlers terms.

Some leared scholar once stated that due to it's expansion as you progressed eastwards an invading army from the west could never succeed. History seems to back this up, as all successful invasions of Russia came from the east.

(I think we can forget the Vikings as they set up a Kingdom

rather than invaded one). But Hitler came closest to succeeding more than anyone else, due in a large part to Stalin's magnificent blunders. Let me outline them...

First off, he conceived and set up, during the 30s, a defence line smack dab on the frontier, called (natch) The Stalin Line. This line wasn't bad as far as it went, seeing that it didn't even slow down Hitler's legions when they got to it. But it's basic fallacy was that it was built right on the frontier, and it wasn't built in depth. Therefore, it was penetrable to any force willing to pay the price, or with the time to smash it apart with artillery. It wasn't much even at that. A series of pill boxes, implaced artillery pieces and road blocks. There were more fortifications in the Maginot Line than there was in the whole of the ~~thousand~~ miles of the Stalin Line. Behind his back his generals called it Joseph's Folly, and his enemies knew it to have all the potentialities of an egg shell, and all the thickness of the same. They were right of course.

And so it came about that on June 22nd, Russia's divisions were in no position to defend, but were rather placed in such a manner as to attack, if Stalin were to give the order. They were, in short, a sucker for an attack. And so, because of this, whole divisions disappeared into the yawning maw of the German war machine in pushing a column into their ranks. They were cut to shreds by the Nazi shock troops and flying mechanised columns, and were helpless to retreat in an orderly fashion. They were destroyed where they stood, and were helpless to impede the German forces as they streamed down the roads to the east. Those who didn't escape to the woods to become guerillas were eventually captured or shot, or both.

At HQ Timoshenko knew immediately what had happened. He asked for orders allowing him to command the immediate retreat of the Forces in contact, or about to become so, with the German forces. He knew that he had to have breathing space to re-group his forces so that he might put up a decent concerted defence, and eventually go on to offence. Let the Germans absorb the areas of White Russia, western Ukraine, the Baltic states, for all they would be doing would to spread themselves thin and extending their lines of supply and support. The Russian Army was in no condition to stand where it was and give a good account of itself. It had to re-group behind a stable, or semi stable front, and then organise a good counter offensive. The troops were there, and while weapons were lacking in any quantity, the spirit

was there, and the factories were producing more weapons all the time. But they needed time, and a place to re-group!. It would be no use throwing in forces piecemeal, or letting the Germans come up to them while they were in disjuncted, incoherent positions. They would simply be chewed up and swallowed that way. What Timoshenko wanted to do was to retreat the line to Pskov-Smolensk-Dnieper, letting the slowest troops become grist for the German war machine, and slow it up. Once at that line they could put out a screen in front of the Germans, pull back under pressure, and organise their troops behind that line into a resemblance of a compact war-worthy division, complete with all its accompanying services, like Medical, Artillery, supply, HQ, et alles. And to rely on the closest possible cooperation between the Air Force, Artillery and the Army.

But such was not to be. Stalin remembered the days when Timoshenko had been amongst those that had bitterly disapproved the appointing of commissars to each unit in the ~~army~~ and had fought it with quite a bit of vim and vigor. Stalin remembered this. And saw that Timoshenko wanted to retreat even further when the Germans were already advancing, ~~St. in the~~ due to the cowardice of the troops at the border. Stalin was another one of those who could never understand that retreating and advancing has little to do with the actual courage of the soldiers. Most do their duty to the extent that their weapons, situation and numbers allows them, and no more, regardless of nationality. This of course applies only to trained troops, and would be unapplicable to raw soldiers.

So Stalin gave the order, not for an orderly retreat, but for the insane one of advancing along roads already crowded with the retreating, and under a constant rain of German bombs and aerial bullets. "Not another inch shall we yield!". Naturally Hitler couldn't have hoped for a better ally. His Panzer columns just plain ran down the troops who were forced to stand at the positions that they held. Instead of running up against an organised defence they ran down an endless series of small, useless defences that served only to slow the Nazis down, when they should have been used to stop them. In the end Russia defeated Hitler despite Stalin.

Let's return to Field Marshall Timoshenko's tent. He knows that only one soldier in three even has a rifle in his forces. He knows that while much of the German armoured force consists of light tanks, and mediums, many captured after Munich and the Fall of France, the balance of power lies in

... Von Brok's and Rundstedt's hands. And they are using it. At this point, if Timoshenko had had orders to save what troops and equipment he could he would still have had to face a superior concentration of weapons and fire power, if not manpower, than that at his disposal at his proposed line at Pskov-Smolensk-Dneiper. But the Germans would have had to buck a determined and concertedly acting enemy then, and would have had to pay for every foot they got. And there's an awful lot of square feet in Russia. Once the Asia forces, some 80 divisions even now on their way from Siberia, arrived, the balance of power would pass to the Russians, and Hitler would be inexorably driven west, back to the Spree, back to Germany itself. And more weapons, more soldiers were pouring out each day, as Russia swung into the spirit of fighting the Motherland war. In other words the Germans would never have been able to advance beyond the line Kingissep-Lake Timen-Rzhev-Kaluga-Onel-Kursk-Kharkov-Zhandanov, before the balance of power returned to the Russians, and the drive west would invariably start. There would never have been any advance by the Germans in 1942. There would have been no Stalingrad or threat to the Caucasus, and the Russian army would have been at the very gates of Berlin before January 1945. In that position the Germans could never have launched any Battle of the Bulge, and would have been deprived of the Polesti oilfields at least 8 months before it was. The aerial siege of Polesti would never have taken place, and God knows what all those bombers might have done to Germany if they could have been concentrated there.

But; such was not to be. Stalin put Budenny in charge of the Ukraine sector, the result was dozens of grand, useless victories, as the counter attacks of the fragmented Russian forces spent themselves on the armoured sides of Rundstedt's armour. The result of this was that the strongest of all Russian commands met their worst disasters, as Rundstedt over-ran and surrounded group after group. True, as anyone will tell you, the over-ran and surrounded troops slowed down the Nazi legions. And the slowest, at least half, of the Russian armies would have been over-ran anyways, since Timoshenko considered them expendable, and would have to be used to slow them down anyways. But the whole Russian European Army was over-ran. The cream, the fast heavy armour, the mobile artillery, the shock troops and the crack outfits, those motorised, mechanised and fully armed, were fed to the Krauts to accomplish exactly the same thing that an organised rear-guard defence would have accomplished. This was disasterous.

The Russians felt the lack of the motorised troops, the armour, the vehicles and the guns from that campaign until after the war. If they had saved them, instead of wasting them, the whole war would have been shortened.

Timoshenko tried to do what he could. He didn't make his troops try to move forward where they would have been even more prone to disaster, but had them try to gather into local forces, capable of standing for themselves. It's an indictment of Stalin that Timoshenko had to disguise such elementary common sense, as forming up for advance to the front, or organising for the offensive. To his companion officers he told them to retreat from impossible odds, and he would try to cover for them. He did that alright. Literally thousands of reports of "cowardice" in the face of the enemy must have never gotten to higher channels, though Timoshenko had to bare his neck and interfere in Party communications to do so. He was helped in this, paradoxically enough, by Hitler himself. For Hitler had ordered that all commissars, particularly Military Commissars, were to be shot on the spot. Once they learned of this the Commissars were more apt to overlook any instances of "strategic replacement" that took place under their commands. Especially when they were facing SS troops. But the largest part of the Political Officers still reported any retreats ~~and abandonments~~, even when a command was apt to be 99% decimated, and further resistance patently impossible. The officers who ordered or "allowed" their troops to retreat were usually summarily shot, thereby robbing Russia of the services of hundreds of thousands of irreplaceable officers, besides creating even more dislike amongst Officer circles for the Party hacks. And meanwhile Guerdians tanks mopped the Moscow Guards at the bend of the Dneiper near Smolensk, and it was already too late to stop the Germans.

If Hitler had let Von Bock and Guerdian do as they wanted Moscow could have been taken in the late August of 1941. Rundstedt, despite a couple of mistakes, was steadily taking care of the numerically superior Budenny forces, and Von Leeb was at the gates of Pskov, having swallowed up a force twice his size by the simple process of defeating it piecemeal. True, Von Leeb was facing a superior force, but thanks to Stalin it was unable to retreat from its scattered position all over the Baltic Republics, and thanks to the poor roads and the Stukas, was unable to do anything more than get even more disorganised.

Timoshenko took advantage of an unexplained respite to "gather the forces for the offensive".

He then attacked Vyazma, partly to please Stalin, and partly to explore the German positions. He found them curiously weak, in that week in early August.

He conveyed this information to the High Command but Stalin just took it for a sign of German weakness, instead of a sign of a concentration of troops elsewhere.

The result was the annihilation of almost four armies in a huge pocket that was created when Guedian drove south from Bryansk to the Kneiper by Kremenchug. This resulted in the collapse of the southern front before September, but under Budenny's command it couldn't have held but much longer at any rate. I think that Hitler missed his chance by not driving on to Moscow. When he did try, after turning Von Boch back around facing east, it was already too late. The Army of Siberia was starting to arrive around Moscow and Kalinin, and winter was upon the 212 divisions of Hitler in Russia, not to mention the Italians, the Hungarians, the Rumanians, the Finns and the Fascist groups from Croatia, Serbia, Slovakia and the other occupied portions of Europe.

Timoshenko was removed from command just before Stalin gave the signal to counter attack. It was evidently a move to make Timoshenko's record one of defeat, "cowardice", and retreat ~~despite~~ orders to the contrary, and deny him the satisfaction of being in at the kill. Eventually Stalin put him in an "executive position", and took him out to command the brilliant defence of Voronezh in the summer of '42. This was his last command of note, and he was eventually broken down to a desk job, and when he died (in the '50s, I think 1952), there was no official mention of his services to the nation, though many of them, he had visualised the best, and done the most. Zhukov defeated the Germans before Moscow by using the principles of coordination between the services that Vorishilov dreamed up, and was credited for this by Stalin although he only used Timoshenko's work. Vorishilov was another canny commander, but was ever too much the Party hack to initiate a campaign without Stalin's professed commands. Which is why it wasn't till '43 that the Siege of Leningrad was lifted. And Malinovsky, (the present Commander in Chief of all Russian Ground Forces), was an over cautious person, who might be described as a mean Alexander Montgomery.

Zhukov of course was after only one thing in that war. Glory, and maybe the bettering of his position to the point that he could take over Russia from Stalin.

So now I've told you about my two favourite Russians, and you can compare the achievements of one who had

the support of his leader, and those of he who had nothing but the enmity of his. Quite a difference, what?. Maybe it's better for us that Vorishilov and Zh'ikov didn't follow in Timoshenko's footsteps, and that Stalin allowed Hitler to over-run much of Mother Russia.

But I can't help thinking of all the innocents that died to feed Stalins lust for glory and power, and so, despite the repercussions that it would probably have had on today's political position, I wish that Timoshenko had been allowed his way, and maybe been acclaimed the saviour of his nation. For he would have had a better influence on his fellow officers and the whole nation.

the end, of part two and this series.

comments on this and the first article would be gratefully recieved, Iv'e plenty more wordage by Dick if you want to see it, and I'm sure he'll let me re-print a good deal of it.

k r p c.

There was once, in Darkest Manchester, an immigrant French Poodle by the name of Elisa Broom. She was such a kind and gentle poodle and always tidy, shoving her discarded empty tins of Kit-E-Kat into a neat pile beneath the kitchen steps.

But then in a period when her master's funds were running low (there was a slump in the 2nd hand cane market) poor Elisa had to go without food for months at a time. Eventually, when the distraught owner got some few pennies he went out and bought two bones from the Local butchers shop.

The owner, himself a frenchman in exile, stewed one bone and gave the other to Elisa, poor thing, she was so hungry that in a very few minutes indeed she had torn Napoleon's bone apart.

perpertrated by evil ole

Alan Rispin.

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the Fanalytic EYE



Fanzine Reviews by Jhim Linwood

Bhis6 11325 S. Andy Main, 5668, Gato Ave, Colata, Calif.
U.S.A. Trade, LOC, or 15c. (no British agent apparently).

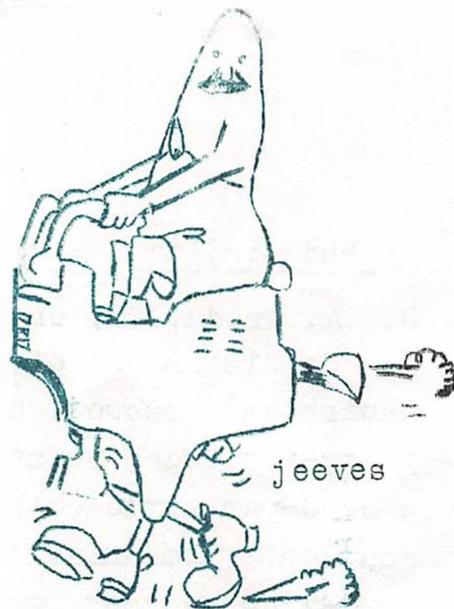
This is one of my favourite US fms, it's **beginning was very** neocish and goshwow, but it has gradually matured almost into a young-fan focal point. Canadian fan Rick Marcuse kicks off with a dead-pan style column which provokes some sensible comments by Andy on 'Communist' witch-hunting. Next is a long (17 pages-count 'em) Boycon report by Andy...can't wait for his PittCon rep in Bhis6. Dot Hart's '113' regular column 'Inside Anglo-Fandom' chronicles Dave Hall's visit to the big City. I'm surprised Dot calls Dave a fan..he's a neighbour of Alan Rispin, who's read a little sf in Argosy. I best remember Dave the night Al and I invited him out on a pub-crawl in Manchester, he decided to bring along a friend...his friend turned out to be a priest! After---

-4 pints Al and I were hot in argument over psionics, the priest who up to that point had been silent, made the devastating type statement; I think we should look at this from a Christian point of view !. I wonder what JNC would make of that ??

This concludes with a ten page letter-col, in which Bob Lichtman asks 'Why doesn't someone write a long article on the mysterious Tikki Hall?'. My only gripe with This is the way Andy insists on getting into everyone's act with wisecracks (in brackets) that invariably misfire. It would be a great improvement if this were dropped. The mimeo rope and use of almost every colour in the book, plus illos by Simpson, Rostler, Stiles, and Nelson give This an individuality that's sadly lacking in most young-fen zines.

JD-A 55 Annish Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Av.
Dixon, Ill, USA. 50c, 175 limited copies.

This is the best thing I've read fan-wise since Fancy 2 was pubbed last year. It contains 17 well-known fen writing on the general theme : The last 10 years in Fandom... all regular contributors to JD-A in its 10 years of publication. Herry Warner on 'Fing's aint what they used to be' DAG on focal-points, Sandy Sanderson on Joan Carr, Earl Kemp on being a fen, and a similar piece by Don McPhail. After a fake 'last-fandom' application form conceived by by Bob Tucker comes the best bit in the mag, a long article on fez-pubbing by John Berry. This ranks in the same category as 'The neo-fans guide'



-and certainly deserves re-printing as a separate item. Bob does a fake fan's diary, which I've previously read as Bob's magazine is reprinted, this is followed by Honey Wood, Rog Phillips, and Joe Gibson on the evils of drink, particularly Lynn's patent medicine hedecol. The mag abounds with good artwork by Barr, Eddie, Jeeves, Rostler, Prosser, Cawthorn, and Ejo..and I haven't yet stopped drooling over the Prosser illo on page 25 yet! The excellent multilith repo owes much to the unusual 'Emperor' type-face with which the stencils were cut. Highly recommended.

Vector 9 The official-organ of the BSFA. Editor, Jim Groves, 29, Lathom Rd. East Ham, London, E.6.

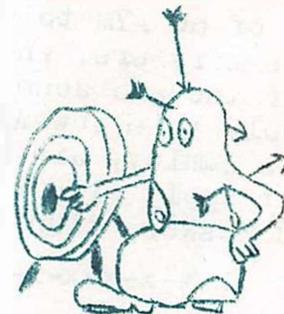
The cover by Eddie is Vector's best to date, it's nearly as good as the two colour cover he did for Bastion I, which is saying a lot. In his editorial Jimmie criticise the SF-Book Club, casts doubts on Psionics, and writes a tongue-in-cheek-account of a flying-saucer convention that Ella Parker and he attended. Ella writes about the interesting people that drop in on her for a chat...it seems that ISI is now THE social focal-point of Anglo-Fandom. Joe Patrizio writes a soul-searching testimonial on what the BSFA has done for him.

John Phillifant (better known as John Reckham) poorly constructs a crossword with such clues as 'He owe a lot to this chap?' and 'A try but not now'...general semantics anyone?

Doc Zeir and Ken Slater being sericon, a reprint by Ego Clarke on matter-transmitters, and magazine reviews by Phillifant, Groves, and now nra. Tom Healty round off the issue.

The letter-col ranges between goshwow and sericon, with Jim Groves seemingly picking argument pointlessly with a few correspondents. Jill Adams makes a sensible suggestion that as many BSFA members are under 21, and prevented from holding official positions they should act as deputies to the committee-members..I hope this idea doesn't go unnoticed.

The repo by Ella Parker is excellent, what I think is lacking are good interior illos..I'd like to see some full page artwork, Atom? Eddie?...Cawthorn???



jeeves

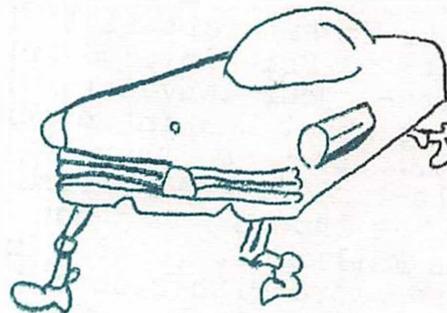
Vect 2 Ivor Mayne, 23, Chadworth House, Aswell Court, Green Lane London, N.4. Trade or LOC.

comments continued elsewhere.....

Vert...continued :-

A pleasant, personal, chatterzine, strictly for the radical-minded. This is published from Ivor's Swedish summer-quarters, and constitutes a letter substitute for those who've lost track of his movements. Ivor has quite a lot to say about the "Beat Generation" and echoes my own point of view ; that the original beats were a handful of individuals who simply stepped out of phase with the rest of conformist society. The unshaven weirdos, hiding behind dark specs, who were glorified by Lipton, are merely the products of a conformist society, rather than rebels. This is born out by ON THE ROAD...never once does

Kerouac encounter the stereotypes beatnik, and Kerouac has since said that he was ashamed of his photo on the dustjacket showing him unshaven, this he explains is because it was taken immediately after a mountain climb. I'm puzzled over Ivor's statement : " The nonconformist spokesmen in literature for contemporary England are the Angry Young Men, whose chief interests are marrying someone with more money than themselves, and meeting American millionaires who leave them small fortunes".



jeeves

I know of no AYMs to whom that applies ; John Osbourne married actress Mary Ore, who certainly had no more money than he, and John Braine and John Wain married within their own classes. It may apply to a few AYMs fictional characters like Jiminy Porter, Charles Lumley, Jim Dixon, and Joe Lampton, but it certainly doesn't apply either to the private or fictional characters of Arnold Wesker, Alun Owen, Colin Wilson, and Alan Sillitoe.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

x-x-x-x-x-

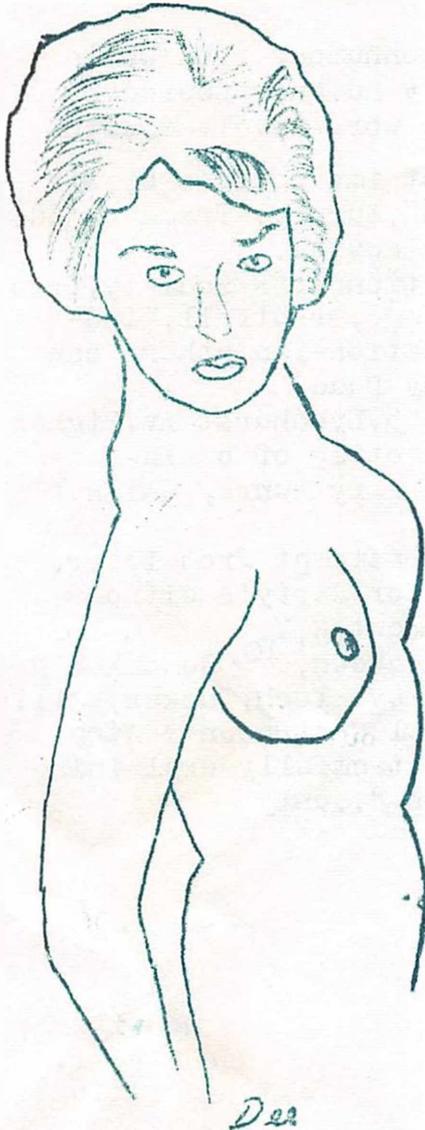
x-x-x-x-x-x-x-

Bane 2 Vic Ryan, 2160, Sylvan Rd. Illinois, USA. LOC , or trade. 3/6 for 4 from Don Allen.

In the editorial, Homily, Vic tells of a meeting with his neighbour, part time fan and part-time filthy-pro, Bob Tucker. Talking of Tucker ; has anyone noticed the new Pelican title " Epic of Gilgamesh " ? Bob writes a few pages of his latest novel and reviews PSYCHO, which I read, oddly enough just after I'd seen the movie.

Bane 2 continued....

Things that impressed me most about PSYCHO?...well, the sound of the birds that accompanied each murder, the interrogation of Bates by the detective, and the cat and mouse game between Marion and the policeman. Marion's murder wasn't so original; there was a suicide in " Party Girl ", the beating up in " Harder the fall ", and the fake murder in " The Fiends ".. all taking place in a bath or shower. The PSYCHOlogy was really



up the creek; a mixture of paranoid, shizo and homicidal-killer is impossible. Taken as a whole the film exuded a really powerful Lovecraftian atmosphere, but was sadly below par for Hitchcock (notice him catching a bus outside Marion's office ?) Back to Bane :-

Marion Zimmer Bradley writes on circus fandom, I would like to hear more about life in other fandoms...I've heard of Western fandom, whatever became of it? Nick Telasca exposes the Willis of juvenile delinquency fandom; Harlon Ellison, Buck Coulson reviews some books (including the mammoth Atlas Shrugges). Lichtman on n3f, and faan-fiction by Rod Brye complete the ish. Letters from all over, including Bloch, who's pleased with the Hitchcock interpretation of PSYCHO.

Bane's format tends to give the impression of boredom and lack of individuality, but as 2 is a great improvement on 1, I have hopes.....

Parasection I George C. Willick, 306, Broadway, Madison, Ind. USA.8 for 1 dol.

This comes from the giant-publishing stable of Lynn Hickman...need I say more about excellent repo, Don't ask me who Willick is, there's no introductory editorial so Tucker's article "Fan with a Mystery" could quite easily apply to the elusive George C. In fact Bob's bit deals with the mystery visit Campbell was paid by FBI men...or was it Campbell???.

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Parasection continued....

...was it really the FBI? Then follows a small 9 page symposium on sf by Dean McLaughlin, Gordon Dickson, H.L. Gold, and Lynn Rickman with Horace saying he needs good material..I'll say ~ The only piece of artwork in Parasection is Adkins excellent cover, showing a futuristic skin-diver discovering the ultimate in midgit-subs. Recommended to seri-con types.

ALSO RANS.....

Scotton Scribble, a magazine of goonhumour from Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Rd. Knaresborough, Yorks. Send 5d. or LOC if only to get Colin more involved with fiction.

Haverings (will travel) I & 2, competent fmz reviews by Eth Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Av. Surbiton, Surrey. Trade or 5d. ..recommended for editors seeking egoboo or advice.

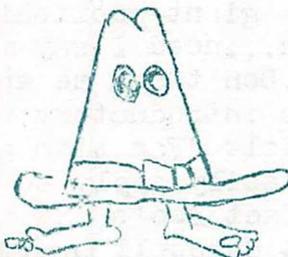
Sirius 27 official organ of International SF Society, free on request from Pete Campbell, Birddale Cottage, Braithfall, Windermere, Westm. Recommended for the organisation-fan, others can skip it..contains inevitable film reviews by Dodd.

Bungy 3 Al Rispin's magazine from 35, Lyndhurst Av. Higher Irlam, Manchester. Free on request or for a bottle of beard-conditioner. Notable for promising art-work by Mary Munro, which has messed up in transferring to stencil.

Paraphrase 1 remarkably good first attempt from 13 yr. old N.Y. fan Jeff Wanshel. Get this if only for Berry's bit on golf. Trade. LOC, from 6, Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y.

Grotin 1 so-so first ish from Fred McBoon, 10, Gomerish Rd. Killiecrankie, Perthshire, Scotland. Material by Bloch, Tucker, Willis, and Berry, plus two "outsid. " articles; Fidel Castro on " Stop calling me a beatnik " and Lawrence Olivier tactfully explaining "Why I refused to act in Ken Potter's plays " ..only recommended if you can afford it.

JHIM LINWOOD.....



jeeves



being something like a
letter column.....

LEN MOFFATT....writethes...

...I see by the title of your editorial in LS.3. that you are a Worcester Booster, or perhaps I should spell it Borcester. Now has-BNF Walt Liebscher was known as the Rooster Booster in days of fannish yore, and I reckon it is okay for fandom to have a Worcester Booster too. If none of this makes sense to you, don't worry about it. It may be an enigma to a lot of present day fans, save those who are ~~historically~~ historically inclined. (Hmmm...would a fan writing a history of WAW's SLANT become historically inclined? Okay, I pass..)

Boggs, Tucker and Bloch must be going to live to a ripe ollllld age, if Deckinger's tale of the APA Mailing Feud comes true. The Tucker in the tail, (no puns, please!), refers to the year '73 as being in the past at the time of the tale, which could place the tale's time somewhere in the 1980's...I think it would then be about time for Tucker and Bloch to unite in the production of the second ish of their Science Fiction Twenty-Five Yearly, which would have solved the story's problem of how to increase the number of pages in the FAPA Mailing. This would have been more fannishly probable, (whatever that means), than using a Bloch film-script to accomplish the purpose, and the same pungent punchline could have been used....

Using the names of real fans in The Purple Cloud was misleading, as none of the characters seemed to fit the names. Think it would have been more effective if fictionalized names were used. We know, for instance, that Lichtman is not Purple, that Willis has an aversion to killing, and so on. Mayhap this was part of the intended satire, and generally speaking the story was pretty good satire, if too grim, and too bitter(?) in places.

The ending was filled with fine fannish upbeatism, but then to follow the film version (I disremember the original story) it had to end with all three characters becoming lovey9dovey. Now, for some reason, I'd like to see George do a take-off on "On The Beach". I can think of an obvious variation on the title, but hesitate to name a fanne on which the titular character could be pattered. Better let well enough alone...

The length letter excerpt re Napoleon, Russia, etc., was a most unusual piece to see in a fanzine, any fanzine. It was interesting enough in itself, but inspires no comment from me. Maybe I'm wrong, but I think Dick could have made his point in less words, but then he was writing with the assumption that most, if not all, of the background details would be unknown to SPINGE readers. As a history buff I always enjoy other people's enthusiasm over their favourite historical characters or events, and this "short excerpt" does bear out the fact that Dick writes longer letters than most fen...

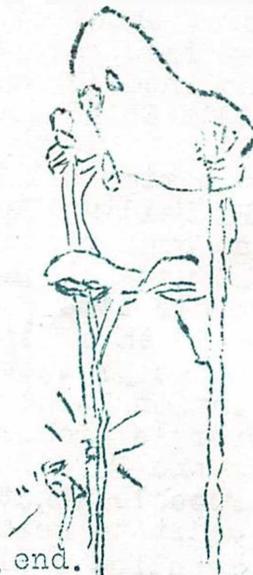
All in all, an enjoyable issue. Could have used more (and better) illos, tho' what you had were better than some I've seen. At first I tho't the ka-razy back cover was by Walley Weber, noting his "sig" in the upper left hand corner of the pic, but then I was P.I.P on the side of the desk, which seems to indicate it is by Dick Schultz. Tho' hardly as well executed as an Atom, it did give the intended impression of clutter and Too Much Activity, to fit the caption.

The front cover gave us a chuckle too....end.

s..the Schultz history bit of course was not written with the intention of publishing it, being as it was just a part of a personal letter to me. I liked it enough to want to let SPINGERS see it too....so....

(Ghod, that's only one letter, and here I am almost croggled allready...sigh...press on.).

jeeves



BETTY KUJAWA. sends a most interesting letter, written on a typer using one of those hand-writing typefaces, verrry nice it looks too..

.er, I blush, I'll just have to paraphrase some of this letter...

...she thinks that LS5 is an improvement...liked the front illo but tho't that the backcover was the cats whiskers, (or should that be 'jamas?').

"The APA Mailing Feud (not fued!) amused me highly ---the page count bit--ah yess. It may come to that. Wrai Ballard kindly lends me his mailings, and that funny page 5.. '235 pages? What's he going to fill 235 pages with? Not mailing comments I hope?'... I swear it'll come to that, too!

SABO History interested me--the Wolverhampton Writers Club meeting report, fascinating. And you--all... (honey--chile) digging Wally Cox... any way, Wally Cox as Hiram Holiday---geeeeeeze you poor dears--you've never gotten to see my boy Wally in his real glory--as the wistful, timid, school teacher in his much-beloved TV series MR. PEEPERS---now THAT was an epic of TV history!!!

If only they'd have shown that. Hiram was a short-lived series--not TOO bad, but far short of what Cox can do with better material. In PEEPERS the writing and the cast casting were exquisite---his best buddy and fellow teacher was played by a young fellah just starting out then--- Tony Randal, and the two of 'em were excruciatingly funny in that series. Even the theme music was a howl--played by a typical school orchestra--all off-key and off-beat rickky-tick corn with many sour notes. Cox is a delight--and just as hilarious in real life, when he's just being himself--he's just as he is in character.

Yeah--got a look myself at the Art Treasures of the Kremlin book...Breathtaking isn't it?, those jewels. ---yipe!

I could go on for pages raving to you about Lockes PURPLE CLOD story--it's perfect. And I wonder how Ella felt when she read it!! Har. Last woman on earth with Lichtman and Willis--that breaks me up!. The "colour problem", Courtneys' Boat... that Locke, watta clever funny-funny guy. Methinks you've gone and pubbed one of the B E S T fannish fiction tales of the Era....

Have a bit of interesting fannish info to add to Dick Schultz's very interesting article. You've heard, no doubt of Bob Pavlat?/?/..yus..#/ Well when he and Bentcliffe were here he was a-tellin' me of his ancestor who was a G.I. in that very Napoleonic Army--he was wounded then and was nursed back to health by a...

...Chechoslovakian girl...he returned with her to her homeland. Some generations later another ancestor of Bobs' emigrated from there to here. So there was a fannish tie-in to the whole thing--eh??

§...BK also liked the interlineations...§

Alan (the dreaded) Rispin...sez...

Yes, the 'RIPillos' were the best.....I hope that the Deckinger story wasn't all to give to the shuddering world the lousey pun ending? If it was, then I have lost all hope-- I've lost every scrap of S of W that I ever had. I liked the thing until that last line. Though it seemed a sort of fannish 'who's gonna do it' -- even to the 'surprise' of Bloch sending something at the last minute--it could have been endured. But the pun. Grrrrr....

§...er, don't blame Mike, I suggested that he write in the pun after I'd read the mss., so he added it then...§

I wish you'd write more editorial....The SADO History interested me greatly---specially the write-up of the trip up here. When everyone left, the place was a shambles, and so I cleaned up the kitchen, (I had to eat!) only. Saying I'd do the rest before my parents arrived home. They came home on the thursday--two days before expected....oooooh! I'll never be so procrastinating again!.

Georges thing - an obvious parody on the film with Belafonte in it - was up to his usual standard. Although I tend to find a lot of his stuff wordy now.

The extract from Dick Schultz's letter shows up a few things - Schultz can write long and interesting letters, and he has an admiration for Koslov. So?. All the same, it was interesting; an insight into history - a subject that I'm regretablely backward at.

§...procast..er whatever...easy lad, you'll do thyself an injury...§

Archie Mercer...types on with..

§...not too happy with the 'jaundiced paper' but says that the dupering has improved...§

The APA Mailing Feud, (a typo in the title, shame on you). Of course, really there'd have been only one proper end to this that I can think of, in which consternation ensues at the discovery that some other APA - NAPA maybe - or better still the 13-member CULT - is now putting out mailings bigger than FAPA and SAPS combined. Short of this, pretty well handled.

SADO History is long, but full of interest throughout, I hope enough person-to-person fanatic continues to happen to you for you to be able to continue at this length.

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more Archie.....I particularly commend the bit about Andy
winning an astronomical sum, it could hardly be better put.

The PURPLE CLOUD is, I think, the best fannish piece by
George (by George!) I've ever seen. It benefits by not
being basically surrealist, as most of his fannish pieces
are. Within the limits imposed by the fact that, (a), I was
unable to finish reading the book because it just wasn't
my style, and (b) I haven't seen the film, it struck me as
a very well-handled parody, and the gimmick at the end was
Superb.

Then Dick Schultz, and although I'm not quite sure
just what he's getting at, (not unlike I mean do you two
habitually discuss such matters in your correspondence?)
£....sort of, yes...£

...it turns out to make fascinating reading in its
own right. Rather the sort of thing that might be expected
in a personal apazine rather than in a generalzine, but in
this case at any rate, well worth including in either.

Of course, I do have one complaint about this ish.
The lettercol was too short.

£...satisfied now Archie?....£

Mike Deckinger...observes...

That was an interesting Schultz cover to it, (£ LS £), in
fact the whole zine seemed quite an improvement over
last issue, there were no poorly reproduced pages or
ink stains at all.

You handled my story well and my only complaint is that
you mis-spelled my last name. However, I must admit that,
while my last name has been mis-spelled before, (and my
first too!), you're the first one to mis-spell it by
leaving out the 'k'. You deserve an award of some sort
for devising a new way to mis-spell my name, you know.

(...£ order of the boot, mayhap?..£..)

£...likes SADO History too...£.

Locke's fan-fiction was quite long, and it was
fairly interesting, but to tell the truth I preferred the
M P Sheil story of the almost same name, even if it was
most unfannish.

I have no idea at all what Schultz is trying to
bring forth. What he wrote read like an archaic history
lesson. And do we have to learn history in fanzines?.

£...amazing the differing opinions on Dicks thing...£

The backcover was crammed with detail, and I thought
for a moment that Atom did it with a headache, till I
realised it was Schultz again. I like this detailed illo.

£...yus, t'was rather decent eh?...£

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John Roles... rolls. (eh?) on...

Purple Clod was very neatly worked out but unfortunately a parody. The development of the narrative was foregone and so greater reliance had to be placed on the fannish parallels and allusions, tho', as I said, these were nicely turned out.

The APA Fued (sic) piece was more punchy and I preferred it to the longer one. (Lovely wince-making pun).

As for (Russian) history, I'm very difficult. I'm red keen on some parts of history, other parts bore me stiff. This is one of the parts, (Napoleonic) that does just that.

Give me Ancient Rome, English or Continental Dark Ages, and I'm happy, then not until 1800 do I show any interest, but even then it must be social history rather than battles and politics... Aw, I'm just difficult.

£...on the subject of history I do not like to place special stress on any particular facet, believing that each angle is but a part of the more complex whole... certain events mayhap do have a special and significant effect, but I think that the actual event had the groundwork laid long before...£

George Spencer... (£ can't think of a new twist.£), writes...

Speaking of Hiram Holliday they're showing re-runs of the show locally, one every week-day. They won't last long at that rate, since as I recall, the show only lasted a year before folding because of low ratings. I've watched several episodes of the show, but it's kinda hard to keep from being bored. I like Wally Cox, but he's done better stuff...

I enjoyed the description of the trip to the zoo. Oddly enough, I decided I may go to the zoo myself, for about the first time in a decade. I had forgotten what a delightful... uh ... atmosphere there is in the monkey house. The keepers were in one cage trying to put a net over one monkey, and so he started screaming and bounding around and pretty soon the whole monkey house was full of wild, wild monkeys all bounding about and screaming and screaming and bounding. It was wild, wild. It's like what you would imagine at a formal occasion at which all the women arrive with the same dress on. Wild, wild....

Tell me, does Schultz always write such loooog letters? Gad.

£...not always, most times tho'..£

Liked the cover --- Keep it up... Not being a cynical fan, as you put it, I shall not say. "Who needs new blood?" The Red Cross can always use new blood. Even used blood. Just so it has some trade-in value, as it were....

£...plug?...£...

£This be shorter excerpts, or mere mentions, tho' I'm pretty sure that I have more letters lying around somewhere, (Rory Faulkner for instance..), and of course in some cases I got fanzines as trades instead of L O Cs...£ (how d'ye like me! pretty pound sign?...£££££ ££.

Also hoid from...Jhim Linwood, Peggy Rae McKnight, Terry Jeeves.. who says... "shoot your stencil cutter" on account of sundry spelling mistooks... and, "fascinated by the idea of the 'Escaped Prisoners' notice, must make some of these, to add to our reversable card which says succinctly, "Thanks", and, on the reverse, "CLOT"... P.16, 'I went down to get a parcel of Bennetts", Gad, do you mean you get 'em by the dozen?..... many thanks for Spinge 5, which arrived to-day. Not only has it given the postman the cramp, and our dog stomach ache, (I think it was a loose staple), but it also brightened up a gloomy day with that glow-type paper. Even before reading it I began to feel warm, cheerful and happy. Then I started to read the magazine...

£... Terry is branching out it seems, I've seen Soggies in a pro-taper zine, and in "Flight" the English amateur type flying mag.. amature that is in that it is for civvies as opposed to military (strictly military) people... er, bad definition there..£

Dorothy Hartwell liked George Locke's piece and "liked both your covers, back and front ones, superbly done, the backcover, such detail"...

Don Durward... liked Georges best too, and the RIP covers. Jimmy Groves.. "very good cover there, RIP is your artist I suppose but who is it?, he'd not mentioned anywhere else in the zine that I can see...£.. you've guessed by now, I suppose that RIP refers to Dick Schultz.. like RICHARD B Schultz.. (I think that's where the 'P' comes from, he did tell me but I seem to have forgotten...£

"... Ditto for the backcover.. " £.. and he also says he'd like to see longer editorials... we'll see...£ ... "APA Feud.. lovely build-up to a pun(ch) line. SADO History saves me the task of remembering it all myself... PURPLE CLOD... a good idea but far too long and detailed, it's probably a damn good take-off of the book but it becomes just a bit wearying after a while, Still, it's good fanfiction... If that's a short extract from a letter of Dick Schultz' then I can see you pubbing, someday, a 400 page oneshot called "A letter from Dick Schultz"!!!... Or is that what Spinge 4 will be".

Peter Mabey... liked the SADO History, and George Lockes' piece, but thought Dick Schultz' item was too long... "history leaves me cold anyhow, especially wars and 19th century..".

£ and that seems to be the end of the letterool for this issue.. see ya, keeds.

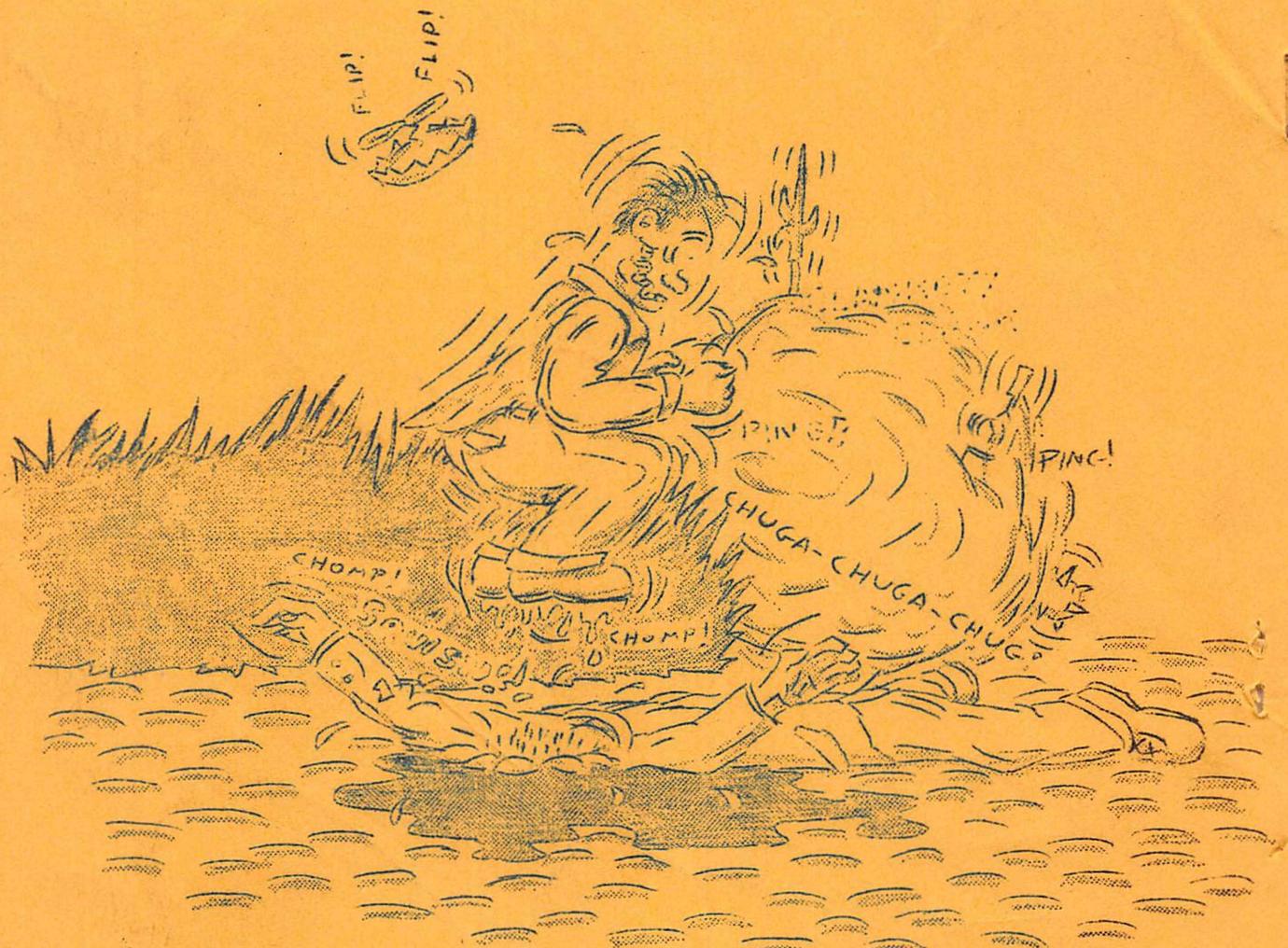
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Ken the Cheslin.

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OR
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but
above
all
SUPPORT
T. A. F. F!



YET ANOTHER

RIP

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